

# White Wolf

A Texas Scary Story, Retold (again) by Chase Young

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## Narrators 1-11

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Narrator 1: She snapped awake out of a deep sleep, screaming aloud in terror.

Narrator 2: In her nightmare, a large white wolf had been chasing her around and around the house, gaining on her with every step until it finally pounced on her and ripped out her throat.

Narrator 3: She lay shaking for hours, unable to sleep after such a terrifying dream.

Narrator 4: But morning finally arrived, and the day was completely normal.

Narrator 5: Cherie forgot all about her dream, until the moment her parents reminded her that they would be going out that night to celebrate their anniversary.

Narrator 6: Cherie turned milk-white. In her dream, the white wolf had come to kill her while her parents were out celebrating their anniversary! She started shaking and begging them not to go.

Narrator 7: Her parents were astonished at her behavior, and finally shamed her into staying home alone that night.

Narrator 8: Fearfully, Cherie locked herself into the house as soon as her parents left, checking every door and every window.

Narrator 9: She tried to laugh it off as she got into bed, and finally she shook off her irrational fear and fell asleep.

Narrator 10: Cherie snapped awake suddenly, every muscle tense. She heard the tinkling of falling glass from a broken window, and the snuffling sound of a snout pressed to the floor.

Narrator 11: It was the sound of a hunting wolf.

Narrator 12: A werewolf. Real wolves did not break into houses when there was plenty of game outside. She could hear the click-clicking of the creature's claws on the wooden floor.

Narrator 13: The musky, foul smell of wet animal fur combined with the meaty breath of a carnivore, drifted into the room.

Narrator 1: She could hear the werewolf's panting right outside her bedroom. Then her body was out of bed and she sped through the bathroom and down the back stairs.

Narrator 2: She heard a soft growl and then the sound of animal feet pursuing her as she raced down the steps and tore open the back door.

Narrator 3: A glance at the window beside her showed a reflection of the werewolf leaping down the last few steps behind her.

Narrator 4: Cherie's feet screamed in protest as she ran painfully across the sharp gravel driveway toward the tool shed with its shovels and baseball bats. Anything she could use as a weapon.

Narrator 5: But the huge, red-eyed wolf was suddenly between her and the tool shed, stalking toward her.

Narrator 6: The cold wind pierced her skin as she turned and fled around the side of the house. She gasped as the white wolf howled and took off after her.

Narrator 7: She could hear the terrifying sound of the creature's pounding feet. Faster, faster, she commanded her legs, panting desperately against the fear choking her.

Narrator 8: She would run around the house and back down the driveway, she thought with the clarity of sheer horror.

Narrator 9: She felt the wolf snap at her back leg and felt the sting of teeth. She put on speed. The wolf veered away from her suddenly, and she felt a rush of hope. She couldn't hear the wolf now, couldn't see it in the cloud-darkened night.

Narrator 10: She kept running around the house, heading back toward the tool shed. To her intense relief, she heard the sound of a car coming down the road in front of her house. Her parents were back and would save her from the wolf!

Narrator 11: Then her heart stopped in panic as she turned the last corner and saw the shape of the white wolf as it stood balanced on the porch railing right in front of her. It sprang upon Cherie, and she ran for the driveway.

Narrator 12: Just then, her parent's car pulled into the driveway, its headlights blinding the white wolf as it pulled toward the house.

Narrator 13: Frightened, the wolf backed away from its kill and then ran away.

*Scripted by Chase Young*