

Freyja's Lost Pack

by Donald Armfield, ...

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The never-ending battle continues...

An onset slaughter, riding out chilled-wind currents during the winter solstice and its bitter grab it has on the humans. The frigid weather is a frozen constriction, like frozen boa constrictors clenching tightly with its frozen grasp. This time of year, the humans become easy targets, trapped in their own world of what Christmas has to look like; a group of carolers, late night mangers locking up for the night and even the occasional homeless man—drinking away his stolen funds as a donation bell ringer. This year though the humans will get a break in the small town of, Port Delany.

The Heodenings Hoard has rose from their dormant sleep, again. A hibernation of fertility to grow and devour the living. The blood thirsty revenants only surface every four years, in attempt to spread their deathly curse over the humans. They reproduce like ants, feeding the queen until the seed vessel bursts and out comes

the scurrying crawlers, morphing into the undead-living. Coming to the surface to strengthen their coven and become the superior-dead, to walk amongst the living. They must be stopped.

Our legend begins during the Hjaðningavíg, the never-ending battle against separating the dead into higher powers for the ultimate breed. In turning events before the Ragnarök. Odin resurrected a group of soldiers that had the ability to manipulate mortals and then feed on their blood. Later, the mortals resurrected themselves and carried out the curse to become the superior-dead.

Freyja, (mother,) seen this event coming before it happened. She traded some of her dead with Aesir in exchange for twelve creatures. Mother raised us as wolves, later taming us to become warriors. Our bodies grew in size and the appetite for mortals became large servings, but had to cease. Mother used the power from her gleaming torc, to diminish our hunger with the turn of the moon phrases. Our appetite became scheduled and equally satisfying. Mother then heard of Odin's revenants and the sickness they carried and decided to turn her pack against the Heodenings Hoard. Adding in one more cycle to our eating habits of mortals. A more powerful urge, to devour the wakening of The Hoard on every, fifty-third moon phrase.

After Ragnarök the pack dispersed, traveling to different parts of the world. The immortal living and a hunger to feed became cumbersome, but we would never let down our mother. In the turn of the centuries we became hated by the mortals.

The mortals have such a strong bond with one another and when one of their kind falls dead, they become raged with anger. With this new change of events our pack became the hunted.

The mortals found ways to numb our strength at first. Speaking in verse and calling upon larger Gods with strange artifacts in hand. We had no choice in the matter, but to retreat and full-fill our need to feed on something else during that full lunar phrase. Later the mortals created weapons, made out of silver, that burns when it comes in contact with our bodies. Then we seen one or our brothers from our pack fall dead.

With another change in events we came together and discussed what Mother said, "During a feed, the mortals must be dismembered, so they can no longer walk amongst the living." We tried the opposite of what Mother said. Leaving just one chosen mortal with all its appendages connected, sinking our teeth in, only to drink its warm blood.

During the next completely illuminated phase we could sense our new sibling, even in a different part of the world. That night after the monthly feed we howled a different tone. All of us looking up at the same moon.

Now hear us howl...

Port Delany

15:15 PM

(four hours til sundown)

Unlike most werewolves having a demonic curse or a witch's spell, our only form is a wolf. Instead when mortals are in our vicinity or we cross paths with one, unless they are considered food, our inner-power let's off an aura of shielded vision, disguising our true form as mortal look-alike.

As a pack our strengths become extremely powerful. Raised by a Valkyrie to battle as one but when our powers combine we bring death that reapers can't chase. In other meaning, when we choose to kill a monster, like the filth or The Hoard themselves, those beings astral bodies cross over to an alternate hall in purgatory, where it never returns, closed off by Hades himself.

Our keen scent has brought us to these parts of the Northern Hemisphere. We can smell the filth on the revenants when they rise up and out of the ground. The revenants never change their ways. It's always the night before the solstice and then they shelter themselves, usually in a cave or an old run down factory. The gloomy weather has already moved in, clouds pasted over the dark skies above. The Hoard may already be out there, spilling their repulsing sickness.

The scent became strong, near an old air base used for military training. A few of the bunkers look run-down and weathered. We stop outside a bunker labeled, "*Whit's Landing.*" One of my siblings' barrels through the large wooden doors of the bunker. We all howl at the sight beyond the doors. The revenants have already started transfusions of their repulsive venom. Tarnishing a few adolescent mortals, probably using the base as hideaway to experiment with drugs. The three teenage males and two females lie in puddles of their own blood, the gullet of their necks torn and mutilated. The blood seeping out of the teenager's necks is still warm. Using our strengths as a pack, we finish off the job, ravaging the unbeaten hearts of the poor mortals, before the change of becoming the filth.

A squall of sleet begins to blast out of the skies above. We bound through the freezing rain, down one of the old runways, following the scent of the revenants, coming to a stop near a slope, that travels down into a forest landscape below. The scent passes over the treetops, the revenants have taken flight. We huddle together in a circle and let out a long bellowing howl. With our strengths combined our bodies become one, housed behind sleek black feathers of a raven to take flight and continue pursuing the filth in its tracks.

Upon coming to a clearing overlooking the gloomy skies above. A pile of discarded animal carcass lies in heaping mess. The blood of the animals covering the fallen foliage from the trees of the forest. The revenants must be desperate, either for the taste of blood or in hopes the animals will be sickened by their curse. They must be driven for the thirst of blood, unless they have found a way to spread their filth on the little forest dwellers. To be on the safe side we morph back to wolf form and shred the chest cavities of the little creatures, disposing of their eternal organs. Having a small feast ourselves on the once beating hearts of the little creatures, the taste I have to say is exquisite.

Further into the forest we come to an evacuation site, where a group of lumberjacks has equipment spread out over a fifty-foot radius. The site is at a dead silence, not even a bird can be heard from the treetops above. As the leader

of the pack, my siblings follow me into the center of the evacuation site. We can all smell the foulness of The Hoard, but can't seem to get an eye on their hiding spot.

Suddenly a pair of lumberjacks spring out from behind a bulldozer. They are infected by the Heodenings Hoard, hissing at us and ready to strike. Their mouths are open, exposing their fangs, saliva dripping from their hanging tongues. My siblings and I take a fighting stance, digging our paws into the ground, snapping our jaws with a series of barks and fierce growls. Our wolf form quickly alters, growing in size; limbs and torso modifying, bulging into a muscular mortal-form. We stand on our hind legs ready for the infected lumberjacks to make first strike.

The new filth dashes through the air collectively at full force. One of my siblings grabs hold of one of the assailant's throat. His claws dig into his neck and he throws the former lumberjack across the site, tearing a chunk of flesh out of his neck in the process. Myself and two of my siblings catch the other lumberjack in mid-air and begin to mangle its body. Our sharp claws separating flesh from the bone and rupturing its eternal organs. The other cursed-lumberjack makes a second attempt at an attack. It's exposed insides of the neck, looking like an eruption of the esophagus. Our keen reflexes are no match for its attempt. Grabbing hold of the lumberjack and slamming him to the ground. Ravishing and mutilating its corpse, partially chewing on its insides and then spitting them onto the ground.

We take one last look at the corpses of the lumberjacks, then slam our heads back and howl at the full luminescence moon in the sky above. "Aaaaaarrooooo!"

The Hoard will not spread its filth, during this solstice. It will all end before dawn, just like all their other striving years. A struggle to spread their curse in results of failure.

Port Delany

**4:18 AM
(one hour til dawn)**

We followed The Hoard's disgusting odor to the boarder of the town plaza. The hail and wet weather came to a calm, with small flurries still dusting the grounds. Standing on the boarder of the plaza we can see the early rising humans, getting ready for a day's work. As I mentioned before, our true form quickly alters when a human catches a glance of us. When our bodies morph into normal wolf-form our vulnerability decreases in power. It's our only downfall against The Hoard, as opposed to humans, who have come up with a few ways of killing us. Staying in the shadows and darkened alleyways is our best bet.

A large overnight factory has the strong stench of The Hoard, lingering out of it. We will have to cross the road under the streetlights. We can't risk being noticed by humans. My siblings follow in steps behind me down the darkened alleyway to the edge of the building. As the leader, I peek my head out around the corner and see no mortals in the open. I also notice the factory across the way has a window

open on the first floor level. I turn to my siblings and motion toward the open window. We make a dash for it jumping in the window without being spotted.

Individually we scatter throughout the main lobby of the factory, hiding behind pieces of furniture and underneath three different tables, cluttered with various magazines. The lobby is dimly lit by a small lamp on a center table, and a string of floodlights heading down a corridor to the west of the building. I notice there is no humans in sight, so I crawl out of my hiding spot, the pack follows my lead. The stench of The Hoard is very strong, they must be down the other end of the corridor. We move stealthily, retracting our claws inside our paws so they don't click along the tiled floors.

I hear a scream echo overhead, we speed up our trot and barrel down the remaining length of the hallway. The scream came from a room at the end of the hall. The pack and myself enter the room and freeze in our fighting stance. Our lips draw back with a snarl, showing our jagged canines. At a quick head count, I notice The Hoard hasn't increased in size since our last encounter. The leader of their hoard and his six stinking revenants, feasting on the overnight staff of the factory.

The Hoard pauses from their pathetic slurping and turn their heads in our direction. They hiss at us, with their dark crimson tongues peeking out along their lip line. Within the blink of an eye we morph into our lupine-superior form. At the same moment one of the revenants flies through the air at one of my siblings. My brother swats at him with a stiff arm, like a buzzing bug. The ugly immortal slams against the wall on the other side of the room. The other five revenants hiss and rise up off the ground and hover over the three corpses of the overnight staff, lying on the ground in a pool of blood.

The battle went one-sided quickly...

*Our enhance capabilities reign supreme;
an inner-rage endowed in our blood, with
a tight seal over the spread, of such filth.*

*A twenty minute battle; irresistible,
overwhelming to the odds, a waste of time
...the filth will never multiply*

*With daylight's crest, just coming over the horizon
a weakness to its curse; dread, fear of vaporizing,
into the landscape—the cross over to alternate purgatory.*

Port Delany

5:22 AM

Adieu we HOWL to you...

As the solstice moon fades with the crisp morning sky, I lead my pack north. Disappearing into the morning fog, passing over the forest. The brisk winter weather, feathering the grounds with a light dusting of frozen particles. We find our way up an eminence slope, overlooking the early morning tundra below.

The Heodenings Hoard has failed once again during the quadrennial event. Now they must sleep with their disgust, hidden from existence until further adieu. The mortals that have fallen may have been more, the repulsive curse circling around inside their discarded human vessel's. We will not know for sure until the next winter solstice. The pack will continue to hunt the humans and large creatures to survive. Our immortal existence of one purpose and one purpose only. To keep this filth from becoming the superior-dead.

We arch our neck back and express our love for the orb of the night, with a long melodiousness howl. **Aaaaaarrrooooo!**

