

My choice

I breathed. I tried to regain my senses, but my thoughts were escaping from me, like water between fingers. Where was I ? Who was I? I didn't know. I was about to panic, when I had the idea to look around me. I was in a forest, next to a river, between two huge cliffs. On my back, I had a bag and a parachute. I took off the parachute and opened the bag in which I discovered a map of Canada, a compass and a bottle of water. OK. I will not die because of thirst. I was reading the map, when suddenly a strange sentence appeared in my spirit: 21, Lake street, Inuvik, Canada. I was sure that I had said it millions of times. Whose address was it? Maybe mine, but I couldn't know. On the map, Inuvik was the northernmost city, so I decided to walk in this direction, because I hoped to find my memory there.

During all the day, I walked along the river, in this forest which seemed infinite to me. Out of the blue, while I was looking at the sky, two men attacked me. They were thin and miserable, but determined and strong. After a short fight, I was going to be beaten, when the first attacker fell down on the ground. I turned the head and I saw a big white wolf which was butchering the two men. Then it looked at me, its big blue eyes in mine and it licked my face. I could hear it repeating:

"Don't worry. You're alive! Don't worry, you are alive..."

"Thank you..." I whispered. I began walking again but I was no longer alone. I had a wolf.

Day after day, the white wolf, which I had decided to call Rocky and I, Flow (because I also needed a name) went up the river. Regularly, Rocky hunted and I prepared the dinner for us. We lived together, happy, he was my only friend and I was its only friend.

A morning, when we woke up, we heard strange noises near the forest. People were talking, laughing... Rocky was afraid, but I understood: it was a city. I decided to ask a gardener, who was spraying flowers behind a big castle.

"Where are we?" I enquired.

"You're at 21, lake stree in Inuvik, on the castle's gardens." he answered, drily.

"Sorry, but whose castle is it?" I asked. I was very impatient, because it was the address which I had remembered !

"It belongs to the duke of Mackenzie, but he disappeared one month ago after a parachute jump near a forest. He has never been found... I don't know many details because I'm a new gardener. The last one was dismissed not long ago like the one before him: this master was so wicked! If he is dead, it serves him right! But now, I had to work. Good bye. "

"Thank you, good bye..." I muttered, confused.

I joined my wolf, at the edge of he forest.

"Rocky", I said "I have bad news. I'm the rich and mean duke of Mackenzie, but I don't know him. I will not be able to live with you, because I'm a human, and you are a wild beast. Do you understand me? "

He groaned, watching me with his beautiful blue eyes, and I knew that I was not the duke of Mackenzie. In my new life, I was Flow, Rocky's best friend.

"I can't leave you..." I whispered, deep in my throat. And together, we ran away. The forest was waiting for us.