

VUK

WAHUR CHASES KARG

S7 T2
L2

This is the second part of a story.
Read it and then... Create it!

WAHUR CHASES KARG

Wahur was lying in wait on the other side of the gap in the fence. Wahur was the traitor who had brought such shame onto the Free Nations by choosing to serve the Smooth Skins.

Karg had no time to hesitate. He shot off like a bullet, his tightened muscles carrying him far away from the danger. He heard Wahur's legs pounding furiously behind him. Karg ran for his life but Wahur ran only for glory. This was the chance of a lifetime. He would so love to drop Karg's lifeless body onto the doorstep for his master to find in the morning. The whole village would look at him differently from then on. His master would gaze at him with those wonderful, strong eyes and his smooth hands would stroke his head. Then, on moonlit nights, all his canine kin would bark his praises around the village.

But Karg was no easy catch. He had marked out his escape route as he came into the village. He darted through an opening big enough for a fox but far too small for Wahur.

But Wahur was tougher than he looked and he wasn't about to give in that easily.

With no thought for his own hide, Wahur forced himself through the opening and took off after Karg.

Karg had a decent lead, but he still wasn't safe. The mist on the meadow swirled and closed behind him, but Wahur kept gaining ground.

„If I can just keep going,” Karg gasped, „as far as the stream... I'll be okay... as far as the stream...”

Take notes of the most important information from the text!



*Your notes can be
Mindmap
Table
Drawing, etc.*

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Then the willows emerged out of the curling mist, and Karg bounded into the shallow waters, splashing loudly. He turned sharply, and ran a short distance downstream. Then he sprang back onto the bank and slid under the trees on the same side of the stream as Wahur.

Wahur reached the stream at top speed. He had heard the splash, and his nose was full of Karg's scent. Without thinking, he stretched out his long legs, flew across the stream and bounded off into the distance.

That was what Karg had been waiting for.

„Bye, stupid!“ – he whispered mischievously.

Karg then sped back towards the village, retracing the exact same path Wahur had just chased him along.

Wahur sprinted on and opened his eyes as wide as they could go. He should have been able to see Karg by now but all he could smell was fresh air. Karg's unmistakable, earthy odour was gone.

„That's impossible,“ he thought. „He couldn't have outrun me.“ And Wahur beat his long legs even faster, but he couldn't keep up the punishing pace.

He drew to a halt and gave the air a hesitant sniff. There was nothing but the cool, lifeless fragrance of the meadow. Now he knew that Karg had outsmarted him and he shook with rage.

He smelt the ground around him. Nothing! He returned to his own trail. Again nothing.

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He followed the track back to the stream and crossed to the other side. It was only there that he rediscovered Karg's scent, which was already starting to fade under the settling dew.

„He's made a fool of me,” Wahur growled heatedly. „He must have doubled back in the water!”

Wahur ran up and down the bank until he found the place where Karg had hidden. „He stopped here... and I just kept on running!”

Wahur was now bristling with anger. He wanted to tear Karg into tiny pieces. Wahur started home back along the path, the very same one that Karg had retraced to the village. The chase that had begun so fast had now turned into a slow march of shame.

Wahur was still taunted by Karg's scent, but he paid it no attention, believing it was left there as Karg had escaped. That was why the cunning Karg had followed the same trampled trail back to the village.