

The Cabin

My hand chills as I release it from my glove to write this final journal entry. This is the first time I've noticed the black on the tips of my fingers. It's been at least three days since I ran out of food, and at least a month since the snow set in. My dog Wolfe and I are alone together. I've resorted to using the furniture as fuel for the fire. Thankfully the log cabin is furnished with extra beds and few mouths. I sit against the wall with one pillow and two blankets. The rest has been used as fuel. Sometimes I wonder if it was really worth it.

I'm tired of seeing my breath. I'm tired of freezing every time I go to the bathroom. I'm tired of the smell that has accumulated from my waste. I'm tired of gritting my teeth in hunger.

It's hard to write when you're rocking yourself to stay warm. I've been looking at Wolfe for the past few hours now. Not with the look I gave him before the storm as my only companion, but out of fear and desperation; a look bred from hunger. I don't know what it looks like, but I can only imagine that it's similar to the one he gives me. Occasionally he shows me his teeth, and I pull my lip up to show him mine.

I have a radio and a few extra batteries, but that's no good to me now. I was able to hear a few sounds the first few days, but it shortly turned to a crackle. Now it's become static. I assume it's because more snow has fallen. I can't stand listening to it any longer. I'm tired of the monotony. I keep it on just hoping to hear another man's voice. Telling me I'm not alone. That help is on the way.

Wolfe tried to warn me, but he didn't know from what and I didn't know either. We were out hunting that morning before it started snowing. The elk was in my sight. I only had three bullets. I only needed three, but they were my last three. I had missed my first shot. I wounded with the

second, and then he interrupted my third making me miss again. We tried tracking it, but Wolfe scared the elk and I eventually lost its trace. I gave up. I can't help thinking that if I didn't get mad at him, we wouldn't be here now. I know that's a lie.

While quietly writing in my journal that night, Wolfe became very skittish. He started barking and sprinting from me to the door. He wanted to be comforted, but at the same time he wouldn't let me. That's when I started to notice the snow. It didn't bother me. It was winter and we were in the mountains. It had already been snowing a lot this winter and there was a nice coating on the ground and trees to prove it. I didn't think anything of it.

I feel asleep that night listening to the radio. I woke up to the popping of the radio station trying to come in. I looked around the cabin. All the windows were white. I couldn't even open the door. I was trapped.

Our exchange of glances is getting more furious now. I've got to strike first. I'm going to kill my best friend before he can kill me. I'm not sure how long it's been since we've started this stare down. The fire's diminished, and it's getting even colder now. I want to re-kindle it; get the heat back again. I can barely see. I see little more than the glow of what remains of the fire, and its reflection in Wolfe's eyes.

I should have killed him when the thought first came to me. It was when food started to become scarce, and I was tired of feeding him. I only gave him half of his usual portion. I think he knew we were running out of food. What he didn't know is that I'd eat his other half when he slept. He didn't think of me as raw meat then.

I could have done it in his sleep. He would never have known. I'd be full, and I wouldn't be afraid.

My lips are so cracked it hurts to breathe. At one point they started to bleed, but I think the bleeding stopped because of the cold. I think Wolfe can smell my blood. I know he can. That's what started it. I went to break the last table so it would fit in the fireplace. I was having trouble. I grunted. That's when they started to bleed. That's when he first looked at me with the same look I gave him not long before.

I'm going to kill him. I'm going to slash his heart out and eat it. Then, I'm going to wrap myself in his bloody fur and use it as a coat. I bet it will still be warm. That's it. Now is the time. Agh! I leap up from the wall, but I fall face first because of my frost bitten toes. How long have I been in here?

I look up. In two hurdles he's only a few feet away. I try to stab him with my dull knife. He dodges, but not without injury. I've cut his side. He's bleeding now. I follow his movement, and try to turn over to attack again. It's too late. I see his teeth sink into the back of my leg; right under my butt. The pain! I will not die before he does! The shock rushes through my whole body. I try one last time to jab him, but before I can even extend my arm he's retaliated. His fangs pierce my throat. I can no longer move. Blood fills my mouth and I can feel it running down my throat. In his eyes I can see the look he used to give me, before the snow.