

A Dingoes Tale

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A late summer began to take over the grassy plains in inner Queensland, the smell of parched soil and eucalyptus leaves filling the air. The change in season left animals restless, some wanting to build new homes, some needing to migrate, while some felt the instinct to hunt. Our pack arose this night, following trails and smells, in hopes of finding something of worth to search for. Noses started to perk up at a scent, miles away and yet, the wind seemed to be blowing it closer and closer by the second, our restless minds becoming eager.

We began our search, hunger taking over our minds. Soft pats of paws against the dying grass could be heard in the dead silence of the paddock that this smell lingered in. Our eyes turned to a pierce of fiery red in the shimmering moonlight. Shadowy figures lingered in the distance, just out of our sight, edging closer and small dots of lights could be seen swaying just above the hills as the moon rose higher into the eery night.

Suddenly, the silence broke, gun shots echo across the fields, rippling a death piercing sound. Panic strikes us in an instant. We began to hurriedly flee, running with the wind in a scattered panic. The smell of fresh meat filled our noses, causing a stir of confusion and wild hunger amongst one another. Our paws started to strike the ground harder with each running step. A late night of scavenging for our meal had turned into a hunt, us now being the prey. Running with fear in our eyes and panic in our hearts, we head towards the trees and prayed for some sort of coverage, something to save us from this horror. Howls were let out in pain as bullets pierced our fellow kin. Please someone save us, we cried and cried, pleading for a miracle.

Shots travelled in the wind once more, getting louder and louder, a never-ending escape. The whines and growls of the others could be heard, the sounds of thumps and tumbles of falling bodies could be heard one after the other like domines, the sound of the bullets blasting out the barrels getting closer. A harsh and ear-piercing whip echoed loud and violently, a whimpering and limping body of my friend swayed in the wind beside me until he collapsed just like the rest of them. In a moment of realisation, it now became apparent that the fresh, bloody meat smell was right under our noses.

I began to shake and tremble as I looked around in hopes for a way to disappear, but it was too late. The wind had stopped, the shots that were so far now fired off around us, and pools of blood were beginning to form around the paws of those that were left. Blood stained our fur coats, our battered paws, and terror filled our eyes. That same fiery red of manic behaviour had now become a deep mourning sorrow of blood shot horror couldn't escape us anymore.

The sound of a high-pitched whine rang in our ears, a warm liquid pouring out our bodies as we began to fall to the ground, one after the other. Eyes twitched all around, bodies squirming until their last breath left. Red took over the night, eyes of those who lay in their pool of despair became clouded and grey, the life leaving their aching bodies.

In a moment of stricken horror, I stood still, and then, I felt the warm liquid leaving my body and spill all around me. I tried to hold onto, the light dragging me close. I fought for it, my last breath. I began to feel euphoria all around me, my mind dosing off into a different world.

A trail of blood and death followed out the woods that night, our bodies began to be dragged away by men in their boots and guns.

Every night our kind passed by, the same scent hooked us, lured us in, the smell captivating our souls of an unescapable cycle. Every night a trail of what once was life and prosperity, gone in an instant. This night my kin and I had fallen for the same fate as many of us before. Nothing could stop those before, just like nothing had stopped us then.