**Extract taken from ‘Shiver’ by Maggie Stiefvater**

**All around me, leaves were dying gorgeously in red and orange; crows cawed to each other overhead in a vibrant, ugly, soundtracks. I hadn’t been this far into these woods since I was eleven, when I’d awoken surrounded by wolves, but strangely, I didn’t feel afraid.**

**I stepped carefully, avoiding the little streams that snaked through the underbrush. This should have been unfamiliar territory, but I felt confident, assured. Silently guided, as though by a weird sixth sense, I followed the same worn paths that the wolves used over and over again.**

**Of course I knew it wasn’t really a sixth sense. It was just me, acknowledging that there was more to my sense that I normally let on. I gave in to them and they became efficient, sharpened. As it reached me, the breeze seemed to carry the information of a stack of maps, telling me which animals had travelled where and how long ago. My ears picked up faint sounds that before had gone unnoticed: the rustling of a twig as a bird build a nest overhead, the soft step of a deer dozens of feet away.**

**I felt like I was home.**

**The woods rang with an unfamiliar cray, out of place in this world. I hesitated, listening. The whimper came again, louder than before.**

**Rounding a pine tree, I came upon the source: three wolves.**