The Lone Wolf

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In a pack of wolves, a mother had a litter of pups. One pup was white, like her mother. One was black, like his father. One was unusually red.
The wolves grew up. The lone wolf realized he was different. His eyes and fur were different from his pack. He noticed he was different at the river. He saw his reflection. He was red with eyes cyan light blue.
As he grew up, the other wolves picked on him. He looked different. He decided to run away. He was sad and curious.
One day the weather got bad. The lone wolf was surrounded by a blizzard, but he saw a light. The light led to a cave.
There was a mineshaft in the cave. It was deserted. It was night time. The wolf was tired. He got grass and leaves to sleep on.
In the morning he hunted for food. He came across a lynx, rabbit, and bobcat. He ate those each day. The plains were beautiful with snow.
He returned to the mineshaft. There were cobwebs. It was dark. The wolf got scared. He lived in the cave for weeks.
The lone wolf was out hunting and saw a shadow running along the trees by the river. He went to get a drink. He found the shadow to be another red wolf. He had never seen another red wolf.
The red wolf led the lone wolf to his pack. Meanwhile, the lone wolf’s pack learned how rare a red wolf was and wanted to find him. They began to search. They came across the deserted mindshaft and spotted some of the lone wolf’s fur and tracks.
The tracks led them to the lone wolf and his new red pack. When the lone wolf’s family saw the red pack they wanted to form a new pack together.
Although his pack was different from the red pack they wanted to be with the lone wolf, he was family. Both packs hunted, ate, and slept in the deserted shaft together.