

### **The Million Dollar Question**

*Thunder cracked overhead—sharp and loud like a musket firing—causing a frightened, wet, and shivering Constance to hunker down closer to her galloping steed. The beautiful, black stallion raced frantically through the dark woods, lost and scared, but determined to flee from the three wolves he sensed pursuing them.*

*A brilliant bolt of lightning struck a tree directly in their path making the horse rear up and whinny with fear. Constance, momentarily blinded and stunned, fell off the horse and crashed onto the mossy leaves and moist, sharp twigs littering the ground. She could hear the hungry wolves closing fast around them, then a yelp, and a heavy thud. There came a shuffling of leaves in front of her, followed by a loud “thwack” and something falling limply nearby. She blinked rapidly to clear her eyesight, and through the blinding spots she could see a hulking figure swinging a large club of a tree branch, wildly at the remaining wolf.*

*The wolf timed its attack and successfully connected with the man, sinking its snarling fangs deep into his arm. The force of its lunge knocked the man onto his back and the wolf went for his neck. Valiantly the man blocked the forthcoming bite with his other arm, and wrestled furiously with the wild beast until he finally gained the advantage. Holding the beast’s gnashing head firmly between his hands, the man summoned the strength to snap its neck. Exhausted, he disgustedly rolled the dead animal off of his body and staggered to his feet. That was when Constance recognized her rescuer, it was Brent. He slowly walked over to her and swept her up into his strong embrace.*

*“You found me,” she cried wrapping her arms around his neck.*

*“Love found you,” he whispered before he blessed her with one sweet kiss.*

“Ohh,” Melody Wilkins sighed as she set aside the latest romance novel and once again turned her nose up at the tedious, English homework waiting in front of her. “Will we ever experience true love?”