

Tonight was not like any other night. No this story isn't going to start out like your normal story, because this story isn't about anything normal. A flash of blues and purples filled the blackened skies. The Heavens were crying and screaming and Earth was seeing its effects. Deep in the forest, a tiger lay hidden. The tiger needed safety from the storm while she prepared for her new cub. She stayed under a tall tree to keep her dry, while her cub was on his way.

The flashes that tore through the sky struck fear into the momma tiger. She sat there hoping her cub would come quicker. A thunderous boom echoed through the forest, creating flocks of birds, escaping their hiding holes. Momma tiger dug her claws into the Earth as pain ran through her body. White light blinded her, this created confusion which made her drop her guard. Confusion ran rampant through every inch of her body. She didn't notice the light had struck the tree she was using as a safe place. The Earth shattered when the tree hit the ground. Momma tiger feared what would happen to her cub.

One more flash ripped through her fear, striking the ground in front of her paws. She shut her eyes in defeat, assuming this was the end. The cries stopped, the lights stopped, it was calm in the forest. Momma tiger opened her eyes to see eyes staring back at her. Her cub was finally here, almost as if he was born from the lighting. He pounced on her nose, easing all the fear the storm had given. That was it! Storm! Momma Tiger had given the cub the name Storm. Storm, like the night he was born, wasn't completely normal, but they wouldn't realize that just yet.

The storm wasn't just a natural occurrence and that lightning bolt that hit the tree wasn't just any lightning bolt. No, that lightning bolt belongs to none other than Zeus himself. That night Posiden and Zeus had gotten into a fight over who should rule Olympus. It wasn't uncommon for the two brothers to fight. Most heavy thunderstorms were created by those two fighting, however, their fights had never ended like this before. Tonight was different and it was going to change history.

Months had passed since Storm was born, Momma Tiger had been showing Storm what being a tiger really was. She had been showing him the proper ways to hunt and gather food. Storm had been lucky, he hadn't run into any danger in the forest. Momma Tiger knew eventually his luck would run out, though. She was trying to prepare him for that day, however, no matter the amount of training she gave him, no one could have been prepared for what would happen next.

The sun was shining down on the backs of the tigers, warming their fur. Momma tiger and yawen which Storm followed. Storm had a tuft of his marigold fur sticking straight up, Momma grabbed him by the neck and pulled him closer, she licked the tuft down and cleaned the young cub. The day was nice and peaceful, Momma tiger thought today could be a relaxing day. A day for two tigers to lay and sunbathe. Storm stayed near Momma, but he pounced through the tall grass, playing hunter to the crickets. They tried avoiding his paws, but no cricket could survive the hunter of Storm. The forest critters felt calm, all guards were down.

A loud boom disrupted their peace. Momma's ears perked up, she knew that sound. It was a sound that is not often heard in the forest, but it was here today. Hunters. Momma looked around for Storm. She didn't see him, maybe he was scared and hiding in the grass. Momma

called out to Storm, but there was no reply. She panicked. Another gunshot echoed through the forest, rattling trees.

Momma tiger's eye searched through the area hoping to find her cub, but she found an orange haired man approaching her. The man's lips were hidden behind his horseshoe mustache, his chest big and proudly supporting the word Alma. He had his gun drawn ready. Momma hunched down, ready to protect. With every step the man took, Momma became more aggressive.

"Scotty, we've got a little one over here," a voice yelled from across the way. Storm, they found Storm! Momma tiger launched herself in the direction the voice came from. She needed to find her cub before this Scott man could. She saw the man whose voice was shouting, but she didn't see her cub. Panic washed over her. Suddenly, a flash of light came from behind the man.

A little snow tiger cub was sitting there, lightning shooting from his back, eyes the color of his fur, with hints of the sky in them. The cub stood on his back legs. Scotty ran to the side of his friend, raising his gun to the snow tiger. Momma was shook, the little lightning bolt was her cub.

Storm let out a roared and shot lightning out from his paws. Scotty and the friend jumped out of the way. They looked at each other confused by what was happening. Momma tiger stood in complete disbelief. She didn't understand how her tiger cub got lightning powers.

"Little cub, you're going to be worth a fortune," said Scotty as he reached for a net.

"I am not going with you," Storm stated. Scotty could understand Strom but his words were more growls. The friend stood up reaching for Scotty.

"I'm not sure we should mess with this, it's unnatural," the friend shook. Scotty brushed him off, he knew that leaving such an incredible discovery behind was madness.

"You are not welcomed here, Scott man."

"I refuse to leave to leave without my prize," a wicked smile slithered across Scotty's face.

"If you do not leave, I will make you leave." A thunderous boom of laughter came from Scotty.

"Little cub, you may have lightning, but you're still just a dumb animal. You'll never be able to get rid of me." Scotty reached in his bag to grab his net. He wasn't leaving without his little cub. Storm's eyes darted to Scotty's hand, but before he could realize what was happening Scotty lunged towards him. Storm let out a ferocious roar, rattling the whole forest. Lightning shot out from his paws striking Scotty in the chest. Scotty flew backwards smashing into a tree.

"I'm not going to kill you, Scotty, but you need to leave my forest. Immediately!" Storm shot more lightning into the sky. Scotty brushed off the dirt, trying to catch his breath. He was wounded very badly.

"Listen here Laddie, I will have you in my collection, if not today then tomorrow. Mark my words I will not stop," Scotty said hand on the net, ready to lunge again. Storm hunches down to all fours, opening his mouth and letting out an ear-splitting roar. Lightning bolting from his body. Scotty's friend grabs his arm.

“Let’s get out of here,” he quivered.

“I will be waiting for you, Scotty, you will never have me or this forest,” Storm shouting at the men with their tails between their legs.