

The Wolf

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Forgotten Fireflies

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Daybreak. But not quite—for the whispering night and singing day have met in the middle, a glorious sunrise that shone light on a forest once cloaked in that night. The petals of spring dappled the grass and the silky flowers sparkled when the skylight reflected off of their dewdrops. Everything here belonged where it was, nothing out of the ordinary, as peaceful as can be. Weeds were not weeds, but plants just doing their part. The breeze itself seemed to carry the peace and serenity. A paw touched the ground. A black, furry paw, belonging to the wolf. He moved gracefully through the forest with no hesitation in his step. Whether he walked, trotted, or dashed, it did not matter, for he knew where he was going. He was hunting, but not for food; no, he was hunting for something else. This wolf went on this way down the path his paws made, gleaming bright eyes piercing through the early morning light. He was searching for something, and only time will tell when he will find it.

