



Wolf Tales

Spring 2015



The Time Issue

Letter from the Editor

Editor
Catalina Pera

Advisors
Maigon Buckner
Jessica Jones

Special Thanks
Kathryn Parsons

Dear Readers,

Thanks for reading this inaugural issue of *Wolf Tales!* We hope you enjoy reading through our intriguing collection of student work. May they inspire you to unleash your own creativity and potential in your chosen form of passionate expression.

Next semester, we will be collecting student work for our Fall 2015 issue (the theme: *Mirrors*, keep an eye out for details this fall), so feel free to submit your latest and greatest works. Teacher and staff submissions are welcome, too.

Thanks again for reading!

Enjoy!



Catalina Pera

On the Cover

Untitled

by Michael Elizarraraz

WANTED



Marketing assistant for future *Wolf Tales* issues.

Duties:

- Publicizing submission calls, releases, and information

Requirements:

- Creative
- Personable
- Reliable
- Open-minded

For further details, contact pera.catalina@gmail.com

Table of Contents

- 4 **Time and Life**
Lola Dukowski
- 5 **Untitled**
Chrisoula Clark
- 6 **The Role**
Sarah Wright
- 7 **Untitled**
Hannah Rose Ryan
- 8 **2 Poems**
Amanda Parisse
- 9 **Untitled**
Ariana Fisher

Suggestion Box

- Got any cool ideas for new sections, columns, or departments? We are always in search of fresh material and new things to do.
- Got any questions, comments, or concerns? We're always happy to hear those too.

Please contact us at pera.catalina@gmail.com.

Time and Life

By Lola Dukowski

Time and Life sat quietly; a mother and child listening to the soft clicks that resonated throughout the room.

Click click

"Mom, why do the clocks have to stop?" Life asked, holding a doll whose clock has long since stopped; a creature who had long since died away on the Earth.

"Dear, it is to make more room for your new creations," Time said.

"I know it hurts to see your work stop, but for every one that has stopped, you have learned, and a new one has been born."

Time held her child, who had yet to grasp that the dolls she made were beings that lived and thrived, and when the clock nestled in the chest of each doll clicked to zero, the whole species had died.

Thump

A doll fell to the floor, a doll with long brown hair and empty brown eyes. This doll was humanity, and the little clock on the doll's chest was at zero.

"I guess you're gonna have to make a new doll now, Life," Time said, smiling as her daughter held the doll, learning what had gone wrong. She ran her hands over the doll before placing it on her work table.

"Yeah, I guess that one wasn't as perfect as it could have been."

Life smiled happily as she gathered the items for a new doll. The two smiled content and happy in their jobs of waiting, watching and building the world beneath them.

Untitled

by Chrisoula Clark



The Role

by Sarah Wright

I know I am no princess,
And shall never be a queen.
If highness I'm not to be,
Then I, the villain would be.

Truth be told as I could be a villain,
But too independent and brave I can be.
They say—the warrior's role shall not be mine,
But I shall play the part with pride.

A warrior—brave and gallant,
Shall be the part for me.
But I am too brilliant,
But all the roles could be me.

I feel that I have forgotten a part you see
But as the narrator's role is perfect for me.

Untitled

by Hannah Rose Ryan

My painting is a metaphor for the release of one's creativity onto a canvas. The image depicts various color paints dripping down the girl's face, but does not reveal the top half of the painting to the viewer. The fact that the viewer cannot see the top of the head leaves something up to interpretation by the viewer. My idea was that the paint was seeping from her brain and onto the literal canvas to create a metaphor for how art is created, but without my idea presented to the viewer prior to their analysis of the art, they get to decide for themselves where the paint is ultimately coming from.



2 Poems

By Amanda Parisse

Urban Dystopia

The Factory is belching smoke.
There is a layer of smog.
You can't see the stars anymore.
The situation is poor.

One Day

One day the world will stop the hate.
One day they will realize the damage they have caused.
One day they will open their eyes and see the death and destruction.
One day they will ask for forgiveness.
This day has not come yet but it will happen soon.
If it doesn't we are damned.

Untitled

by Ariana Fisher

