

# Wolf Girl

By: Malia W.

I sat under the great oak in my back yard, the wind blew a steady breeze but only enough to make the leaves dance from where they lay on the branches. I imagined my parents lying next to me on one of those checkered picnic blankets, smiling and pointing at the clouds trying to determine whether they look more like turtles or rock. But those kinds of things don't happen in my world they only happened in fairytales. Yes, I have lived a pretty normal life, well kind of in a way it's not so normal. I never knew too much about my dad, my mom tells me he was a magician because as soon as I was born, he went and made himself disappear, but I don't blame him, if someone came and told me that my daughter looked the way I do I would probably leave. See, my life is kind of normal but there is one thing that makes me different, maybe a little too different, I am a teenage girl named Winter but instead of a human body I am stuck with the body of a wolf, a girl in a wolf's body. In a way I could say it's a gift at least that's what my mom says, it's a gift, use it as one, but every time she says that she always ends the conversation and looks away. My mom likes to protect me from the cruelty of other's words, dodging bullets left and right just so that I don't have to say anything to anyone. If it were up to me, I would stay underneath this tree forever it is the one thing in this world that makes me feel normal, like a real girl. But it's not always up to me and I can't always have my way my mom made that very clear on the day that *they* came.

I was in my room curled up on my pink fluffy rug when I heard the knock, I didn't bother getting up to see who it was because I can't answer the door with paws anyways. I could hear the clacking of my mom's shoes against the hard floor as she made her way to the door, but her footsteps were cut short and I could smell her fear from a mile away. I got up stumbling a little on the hard tile that fought against my nails, I tried to get to my mom, but she signaled me to stay put and continued towards the door. I now peek around the corner so that I can catch a glimpse of what is going on, two men in black suits sit on the couch holding a piece of paper out to my mother, she looked as if she were about to cry but nodded and took the paper. After the men left and we were alone she sat me down and looked me straight in the eyes. "Winter" she says in a serious tone "that was the social services people, because the government legally considers you my child and I am not homeschooling you, you are required by law to go to school." Her eyes dropped in an apologetic sort of way, "NO" I yelped and ran to my room trying my best to slam the door behind me with my snout.

Now I sit here now with twenty-four desks all lined in rows with a seat attached to each one, that is except for mine, my flank lays on a cheap pillow that my teacher probably got from the clearance pile at *Walmart*. Every eye in the room lay on me, a few kids from the back started barking like dogs, then my teacher walked in, he was an angry old man with no hair and the first thing he said to the class when he entered the room was "So, when did they start letting you kids bring your pets into my class." I held a straight face while everyone else laughed at their teachers' cruel joke. As soon as the bell rang, I ran out of the class but as I was backing out the door, I rammed into someone, he looked down and said, "You okay?" He didn't laugh or bark,

nothing along those lines what he did surprised me, he smiled. I shook my head startled by his act of kindness, but I didn't see him walk away, being swallowed whole by the large groups of children that roamed the hallways. I tried and tried but whatever I did I couldn't get the thought of him out of my head, I had to know who he was, at least his name.

I have been at school for almost two weeks now and I still can't seem to find him anywhere. Everyone else has found *cute* little nick names for me, the worst being "Wolf girl" by a kid named Jack in my homeroom class, the leader of the barkers. Now I pace the hallways avoiding anyone who may bark or howl at me and hoping that I might run into him again. Then one day it happened I was sitting in the bathroom doorway when I spotted him across the hallway, I got up and darted towards him not even acknowledging that the floor was hard until it was too late. I was going too fast and as I attempted to stop, I rammed into a row of lockers. He looked down at me once more, chuckled and said in the most calm, friendly voice "You must really like running into things don't you, Hi I'm Levi." I squeaked in a high voice "Hi, I'm Winter." "I like Wolf girl better, it suits." he stated and for some reason I wasn't upset with that anymore, because I am a Wolf girl.

Word Count: 980