

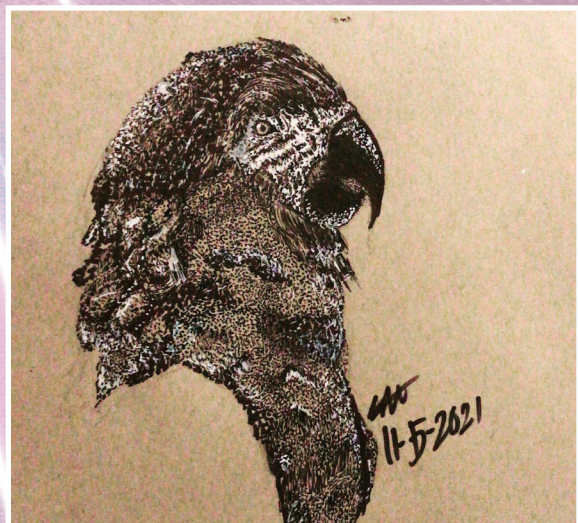


Wolf
Howl
February 2022
Arts Issue

ARTS ISSUE

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HOWL



Piece By Shelby Werner



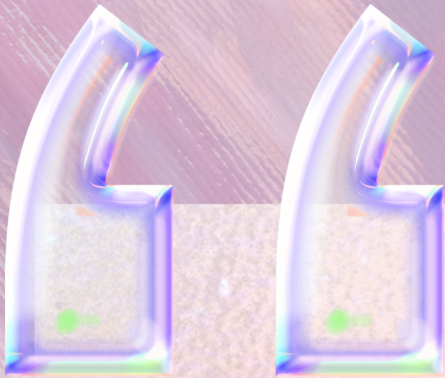
Photo Courtesy of Mirella Gomez



Photo By Kate Rogers

FEATURED ARTIST

MYHANH NGUYEN



I really like story telling, so I like to convert the stories in my head into a visual media. I really like to draw fantasy because you can incorporate a lot more color and wonder in there.

-Myhanh Nguyen, the
Wolf Howl's 2022
Featured Artist





To Cope With Gus

Nancy Beckley, 11

My car pulled off the freeway and into a parking lot of a little park. There were plenty of spots open towards the far right of the light where the playground stood, but I wanted a particular spot. If not that spot, close enough. Close enough to have that feeling once again. I pulled in and put the car in park, staring out into the open field. There were trees for a mile, but all spread out.

It was a miracle that I was able to get myself to come to this park. It's been a year since the last time I've been here. A year since the car accident. Looking into the distance, I spot a particular tree. Our tree. It still stood tall while the wind pulled on its branches. I stared at the tree that we came to so often. Memories flooded back like a waterfall. They wouldn't stop coming. Every moment we had under that tree just weeks before everything fell apart. Like the accident had happened yesterday.

The tree had a name. Gus. She named him the day we found this little park. It was our first date, and I packed a picnic for the two of us. I was so embarrassed. My face turned a bright shade of red. I thought I'd throw up. While I was making the food, I accidentally put the popcorn bag into my evergreen bag while leaving the popped bag in my microwave. After laying the blanket under Gus, and we sat down, I opened the bag with the food and looted around looking for the popcorn. I noticed it wasn't where I had put it. The evergreen bag contained sandwiches, cheese and crackers, chocolate desserts, but no popcorn. Only a plastic wrapper with un-popped kernels.

She asked what was wrong, and I shoved the un-popped kernels to the bottom of the bag. Trying to hide the bag didn't work. She ripped it from my hands and dug around until she found the popcorn. She made no sudden movements as she pulled it out and showed it to me.

I began to overheat, but then she started to laugh. She laughed so hard that she started crying. I was so confused. Why was she laughing? I poorly tried to explain to her what happened. She told me that it was okay, and not to worry; we had other food. Her gaze then followed the tree behind her.

"We should name the tree, as some kind of monumental moment," she had said to me. Her head spun back around, and the corner of her lips lifted into a smile, her brown eyes squinting from the sun.

"What do you want to name it?" I flirted, throwing her an extra cap I'd brought in case she needed some kind of protection from the sun, her pale skin finally getting some color. The wind picked up and blew leaves that had fallen from the ground onto our blanket. My puffy chocolate hair flew across my dark face, so I swept it behind my left ear. Early fall came too soon.

"How about..." she tapped her chin and went silent. "Gus."

"Gus?"

"Yes. Gus. Like the mouse in Cinderella. The first scene he was in was the scene where Cinderella fed the chickens uncooked corn kernels. We have uncooked corn kernels, so it's fate!" Fate. I began to think that this, right here, was fate.

"I love it," I said. I stole the bag back and started unpacking the rest of our lunch.

Reality hit me. The happy feeling, I had felt that day left, and the pain I have felt for the past year stomped on my chest. It was the feeling of finding out that the car accident on our way home one day, from this spot, killed her after the other car ran a red light. It smashed into us, flipping the car until we hit a pole. I was knocked unconscious. She was not. I woke in the hospital a week after the accident. I asked for her. I wanted to see her. I needed to know she was okay.

I begged my mother to let me see her. But the croak in her voice told me what had happened. My soul left my body. The accident had taken her life.

Before she could get any words out, I broke down. She broke down. The hands that raised me reached out to touch mine, and all I did was beg that it wasn't true. That she was in the next room over. I begged and begged. I wouldn't let my mother get a word out. Panic overtook me and my heart rate spiked. A nurse heard my screams and ran in. I screamed louder until my mother cut me off saying that the impact of the crash had killed her on-site. It's a miracle that I'm still alive.

I was in denial. I still am. We were to be wed in May. A year later, and my legs are still messed up. I can't walk without a cane, scars running up and down the sides. I still believe that I killed her because I was driving the car. Because she died. Because I still live. But my therapist reminds me that it was the other driver who took her life and almost took mine. He only got six months in jail and a moderately large fine.

Refusing to let the tears welling up in my eyes spill, I put the car in reverse. I couldn't bear looking at the tree. Then it's almost as if she spoke to me. Told me to go up to the tree. I put the car back in the parking gear and grabbed my bright pink cane, her favorite color, from the passenger seat. Shutting the car off, I opened the door and slowly made my way out of the car. The first few steps were painful, but once I was on both of my feet I was able to turn and shut the door of my mother's tiny black Ford.

Every step towards the tree was painful. People were staring at the girl who limped with a bright pink cane. I pushed them from my mind and stayed on my path towards Gus. My brain was telling me to turn around, that it's too much. And I'm not ready. But every other part told me to go to Gus, so, I could feel her again.

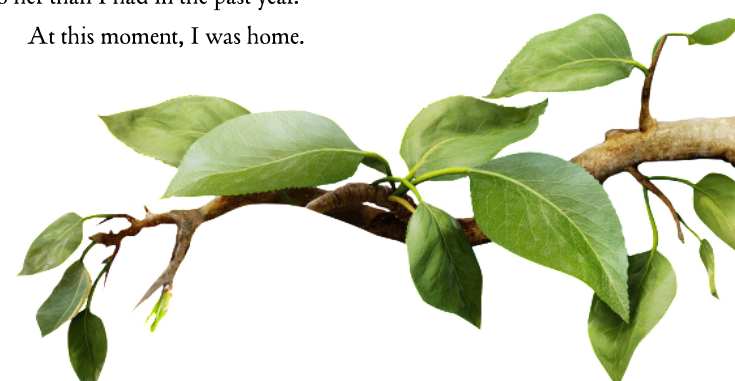
What would have taken someone a few minutes to walk took me ten, but I finally arrived at Gus. It was late fall and there are leaves on the ground. The trees and grass were still their healthy green, it's not cold enough for them to die yet. Gus and I stared at each other until I finally broke our contest and looked deeply at the bark to find the carving. Which we engraved months after the first time we ate under this tree. A heart with our initials. How cliché.

I put my hand up to the carving, it bringing back the memory of that day. The pocket knife we used laid in the box of all her belongings I couldn't bear to part with. More emotions flooded in, and I didn't understand half of them. But I did understand the emotions of wanting to feel close to her. Gus was the closest thing that would bring her back to me.

I laid my cane against Gus and slowly fell into the tree. Once my chest met the tree, I wrapped my arms around him and laid the side of my face upon his bark. The tears I tried so desperately to hold back began to fall, one by one until I was sobbing into a tree. People all around looked at the girl who hugged the tree but went on with their day because it was none of their business.

And at this moment, I felt as close to her as when she was alive and closer to her than I had in the past year.

At this moment, I was home.



DEFROSTING

Paige DeBoer, 12

"Did you know I quite like daisies?"

He looked up at his goddess, ice crystals glistening in the sun. She was looking toward the sunset (or where it would be if the clouds weren't covering it), serenity etched into her face, arms wrapped around herself. He sat in the snow at her feet, also facing the shielded sun.

"I saw one once, at Market. Well, not just one, but a whole bunch." He looked up at her again. "I think you would like them too."

The petals had looked soft, velvety, but he didn't have the chance to touch. Someone else had swept them up, grinning at the lady behind the counter and plopping a few goldies down, all in the span of a few seconds. The lady had looked bewildered, hesitating to scoop the goldies into her hand. Even he knew those daisies weren't worth even one goldie, no matter how pretty he thought they were.

He sighed a bit wistfully. That had been before the freeze. He was a bit older now, a whole ten years (Mama had said he was growing up so fast, before she had disappeared). Dada said he was a decade, and he found he quite liked that word, almost as much as he liked the daisies.

"Danton! Get inside now, or the wolves will eat ya!"

He blinked, seeing that it was very much night time now.

"Don't worry Dada, she'll protect me!"

He could hear his father huff and march out the house. "Now, don't be silly, boy. Get inside."

As planets collided and worlds ended, all Janine could do was stand and stare, trying to remember how it all had happened.

The truth is it had started years before. It was a rivalry between aerospace businesses. One looked to further science and explore to expand the knowledge of space. Another sought money through routes of tourism. Both companies gained support and became successful. Things may have been fine if the rivaling companies hadn't been owned by siblings. Each tried to prove the other's beliefs were wrong. As they grew more popular, more powerful sources began backing each side. It escalated rapidly. Entire governments voted in support of one or the other. The entire world seemed to be taking sides on what should be done about the prospect of space travel. Rumors started and spread like wildfire. The Mars landing was fake. The sun acted under fission, not fusion. Barthoe Astronautics had spent \$10,000,000 to cover up an attempted alien rescue mission of Area 51. Most popular was that the Andromeda galaxy, which had been predicted to crash into the Solar System for ages now, was coming far more quickly than predicted. The fate of the planet was uncertain. Tensions were high and people were growing desperate. Dangerous things happen when people are desperate.

Dangerous things were happening. Things not a lot of people knew about. Things only Janine could fix. That was why she was here. She had to focus.

She ran forward to the base of the mountain. She had to get to the top. That was where the image was being transmitted from. A quick swipe of a key card unlocked the Drifter. The card would automatically charge an account, but money was never an issue for Janine Barthoe. It was a useful side-effect of being the daughter of a billionaire. A billionaire that she was now betraying the trust of... No. It was the right thing and she knew it. Things had happened before but it had either been harmless or done by people unrelated to the business. This would be considered a direct attack. If they pulled it off, there would be no going back. She had to stop that from happening.

The Drifter was an older model. Not nearly as fast as the one she had at home. Still, it would be unquestionably faster than walking. Faster was what she needed right now. She mounted the board and tilted her left foot forward while putting more of her weight on her right foot. It was a difficult sensation to get accustomed to without feeling as if you were about to fall, but hover tech had been around for a while now. It was far smoother than anything that touched the ground for rocky terrain such as this. She leveled out her back foot and tilted the front pedal as far as it could go.

Dada didn't much like that Danton hung around the goddess. Danton had asked him, "Well, if you don't like her so much, why did you get a house next to her?"

He had just huffed and said, "Well, it was very cheap."

The town they lived in was nice, with quaint little shops (no one had market stalls anymore) and cozy houses. People liked the town so much, in fact, that they felt comfortable enough to sleep outside on the roads. At least until these men in very strange but fancy clothes came and carried them away, probably to put them into proper beds. It was very odd, though, because the people slept with their eyes open.

Mama had told him not to worry much about it, and then they would rush home, make a fire, and drink this weird liquid that made his insides feel warmer.

"Drink this." Dada placed the brown ceramic bottle in front of Danton. By now, he was expected to pour it himself. He started opening cabinets, looking for the cup that was exactly the size he needed. Dada sometimes put it in the wrong place.

Finally he found it, nestled just inside a cabinet near the sink, surrounded by other taller cups.

He set it on the table and went to work unplugging the cork. Once he managed to get it free, he very, very carefully poured out the drink until it reached the top of the cup.

"How much is left in there?" Dada asked.

"About half, I think," Danton said, before taking small sips from the cup. It took a few minutes for him to empty it. When he was done, he tipped the cup forward towards Dada, showing him it was all gone.

"Good lad. Off to bed now."

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

Image Courtesy of
Timothee Duran
from UnSplash

Elenna Chipman, 10

Eventually, she reached the highest peak of the mountain. It had taken longer than she'd expected to get there. Too long unless she could pull this off quickly.

The projector was on a level portion of the rocky face. She ditched the Drifter and slung off her bag in one fluid motion. She snatched two devices from her pack. The first was a standard mobile. At least it had been standard before she'd swindled some parts from her father's workspace to modify it. The second was a small electronic chip. She was really hoping she wouldn't have to use that one. She blew a strand of dark hair out of her way as her fingers flew across the screen. She tapped in the proper codes to sync the mobile with the projector but frowned as an error message appeared on the screen. Perhaps she'd typed the wrong code in her anxiety. She tried again and this time... the same. What was wrong?

"Janine."

She flinched, startled. She knew that voice. She knew what she had to do. She'd known from the start that, despite all her efforts, this was how it would end. With a single tap of the mobile's screen all the company files appeared. Everything her father had worked so hard to build. Everything that he'd been so excited to show her so that she could take over someday. Everything that the projector was sending up to reflect an image off of the ozone and deceive the planet into thinking that the world was ending. Everything that was sending false read-outs of planets in locations where they weren't and wouldn't be for another thousand years. She inserted the chip, wiping it all away. As Janine turned to face the man who'd addressed her, the illusion slowly faded from the sky, leaving it a crystal blue.

"Father."



this old house welcomes me
with a cold embrace
the floorboards creak
battered from the past
children who used to run across them
i can still hear their cries
four rooms
i make my way through each of them
reminiscing in the dark memories the doors
hold on to
the glass panes stained with tears and blood
hum a song of remembrance
only they do not know it is their last
drywall has cracked
insulation wilted like rose petals
the chimney smiles at my return
whispering my name like a prayer
one that won't be answered
for i cannot bear to spend another night
in this house full of sorrow
i find myself in the kitchen
pressing a final kiss to the cracked countertop

it returns the affection
dust coating my chapped lips
the foundation shudders at my touch
as fingertips collect dirt from the marble
a whip of cold air from a broken window
slicing my cheek
i strike a match
irises consumed by the reflection of the flame
the brick cries out
wood screeches
this is our final resting place
a burial site to us forever
the match slips between my fingers
and suddenly the floor is engulfed in its fury
my hands are shackled to the tile
chains rattling in protest of my betrayal
i feel a tear slip down my cheek
not of sadness, but relief
the flames lick at my feet
scorching my skin
the house cries, begging to be free of this
destruction
but i do not utter another word
waiting until we are nothing but a pile of ashes

i will not allow that of
which i built
to take anyone else's life
but my own
this is my prison
and only i deserve to rot.
in its walls.

-end

MY BODY IS A MACHINE I NO LONGER CONTROL

Kate Rogers, 10

the little girl who wants to tell
stories still resides in my body.

she's tucked away,
safely encased in my ribs,
taking up the space where my
lungs should be.

she breathes for me,
manually keeps my heart beating,
provides my brain with the
electricity it needs to function.
sometimes i can hear her crying,
but she always makes sure to
keep my body going.

maybe it's our body now.
maybe it's always been hers.

EMOTIONAL BAGGAGE

BOBBIE EVANS, 12

A small box begins its life
The celebration of a plus sign.
The box begins empty.
The little plus is getting bigger.
The box is filled with hate
The box is filled with bills.
And infant formula, and divorce
papers

The box is filled with
memories

A new apartment

A new friend

Another try in life

Another reason to leave

The box fills again

New house. New name. New
life

There have been many boxes
filled and left

There have been new titles
New laundry detergents and
new cereals

The box is empty again

The new apartment is above
anything.

the first precious plus
sign.

She's ever been in before
All by herself

She worked for it

That last final box

She throws away the remains.

Studio Art & Painting



Olivia Gibbons, 12



Aurora Mena, 12



Teagan Sanders, 12



Autumn Jett, 12



Abby Dominguez, 11



Asia Cruz, 12



Myhanh Nguyen, 11



Avery Keyes, 12



Shelby Werner, 10

Studio Art & Painting



Yavhe Valentin, 10



Makena Colihan, 10



Jesus Corona, 12



Sunny Ramirez, 11

FIDM Fashion



Jewelry & Ceramics



Alexzandra Hernia, 12



Ammerah Regino, 10



photography:



All



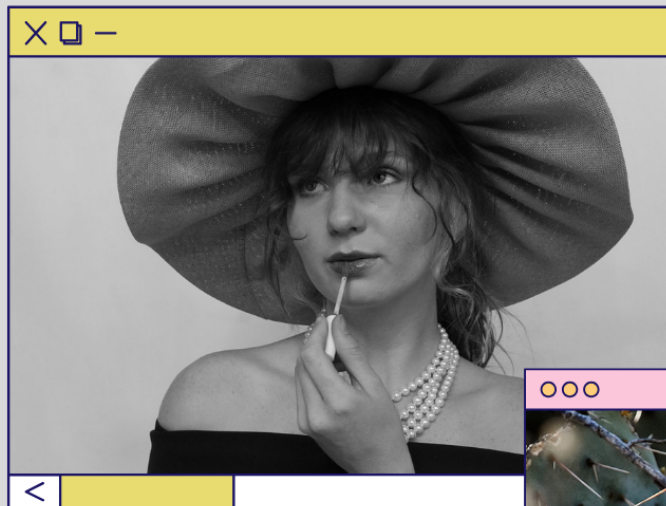
Images



Wolf Howl



Katharina Nienhaus, 12



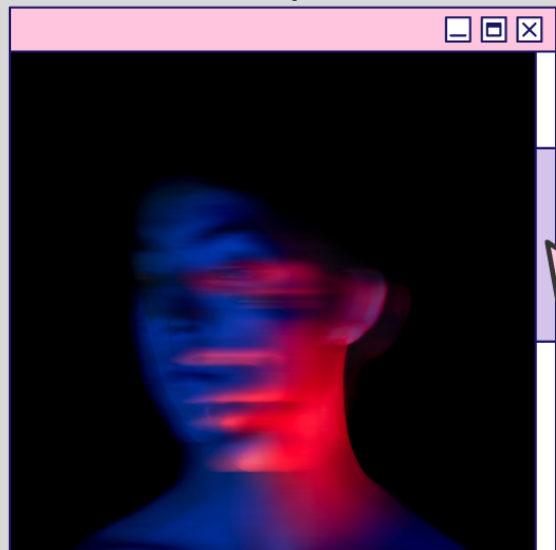
Riley Klumb, 12

Jake Jurado, 12

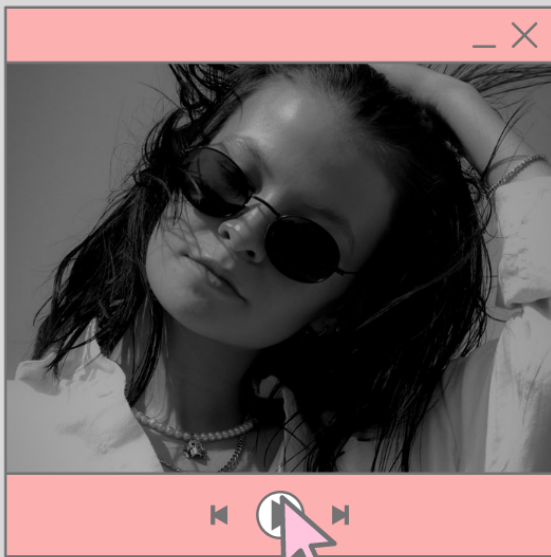


Ian Hirota, 12

Preston Patrick, 12



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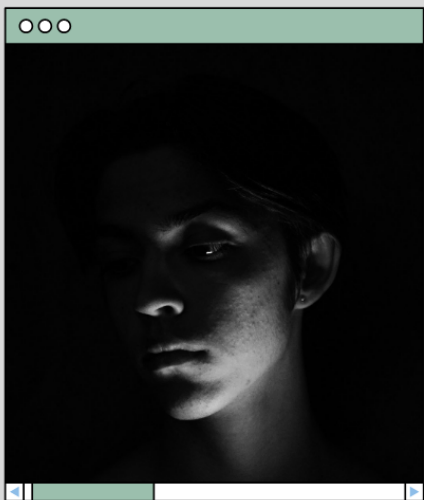
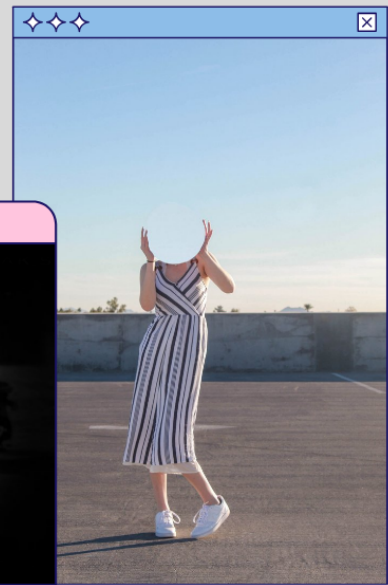


Seven Payne, 12

Kaydence
LeBreck, 12



Ian Hirota, 12



Preston Patrick, 12

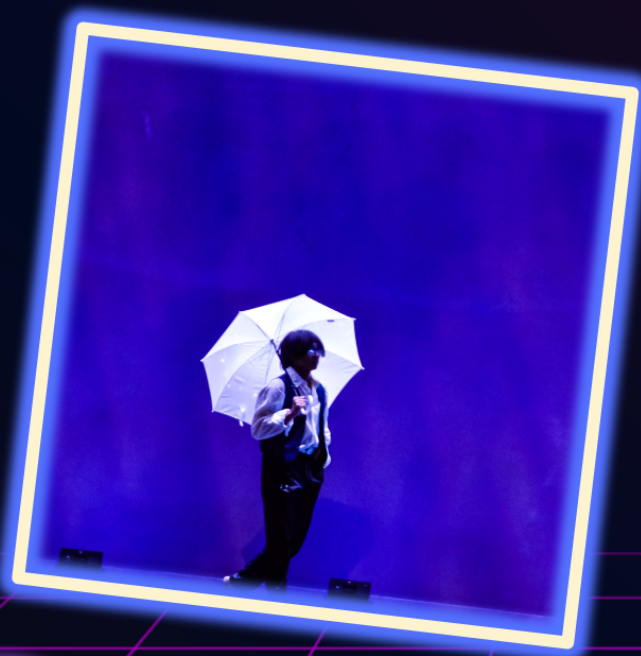
Kamille Escobar, 11



Zoe Smith, 12

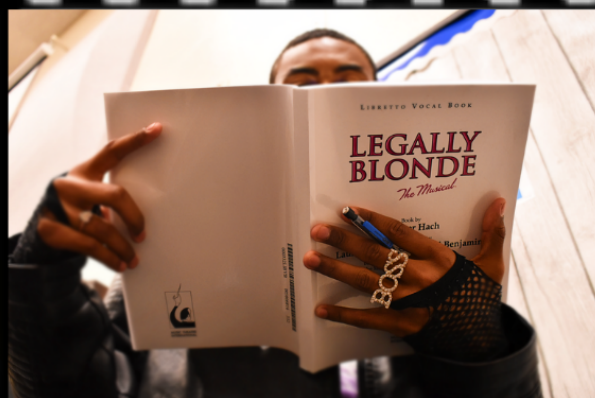
DANCE
DANCE
DANCE

PHOTOS BY:
MIRELA GOMEZ

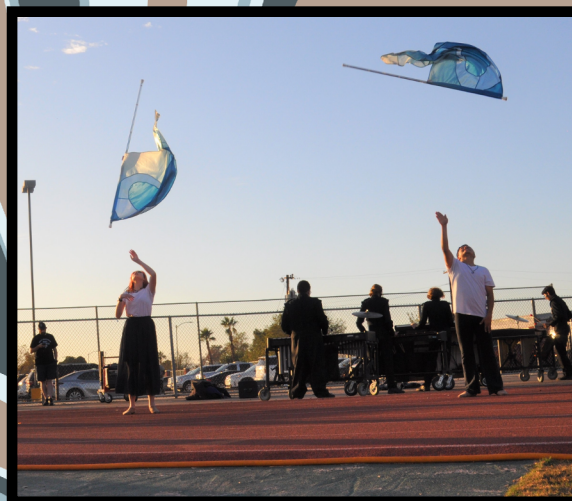


THEATER

Photos by Paris Estrada



B A N D



All photos by Madeline Moran

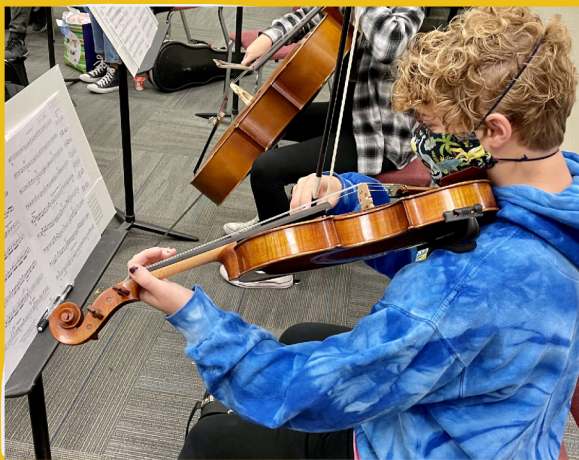


All photos by Madeline Moran



"Orchestra is a great chance to try different styles of music, and it's an amazing community full of dedicated people!"

Lee Price, 12



Orchestra

Photos by Makena Colihan and Griffin Eckstein

Choir



Photos by Makena Colihan

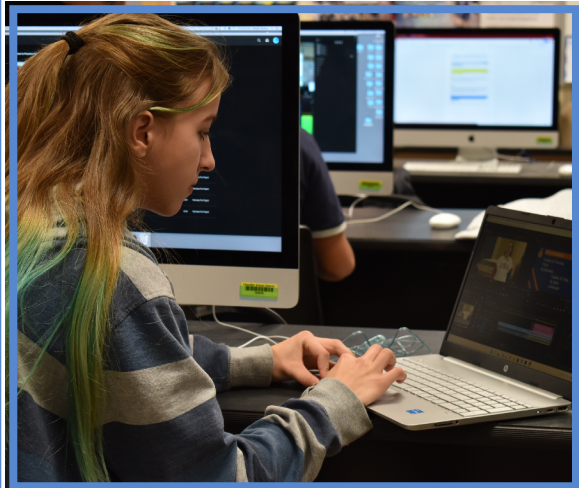
"Choir explores many styles of music, and whether you're a beginner or a master musician there's a home for you!"

Kyle Collins, 12

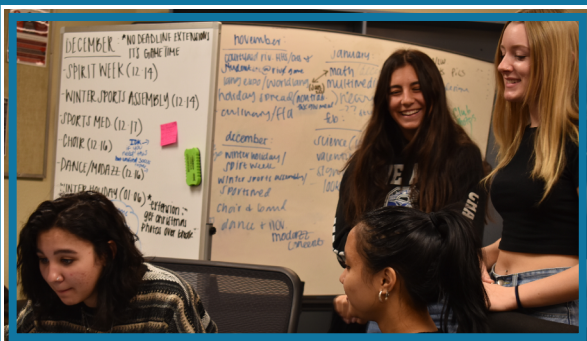




Photos By Annie Payne, Jazmin Hernandez, Felise Jones, Angela Carlton



Photos By Jazmin Hernandez, Felise Jones



"[What I like best is] being able to channel my creativity with the medium of my choice."

— Jonah Pililia'au, 12



WOLF NEWS

YEARBOOK



"I like how Yearbook gives me the opportunity to record the school's history and set it as a token for people to look back on."

— Mariana Castro, 11

"The good thing about this class is that there's a lot in terms of variety. You can work with math, be creative, or even work with chemicals."

- Mason Barletta, 10



Photos By Annie Payne, Jazmin Hernandez, Felise Jones, Angela Carlton



GRAPHIC DESIGN

WOODSHOP



Photos By Jazmin Hernandez, Felise Jones



"The best thing I like about this club is that you can let your imagination run wild."

- Reeled Allen, 11

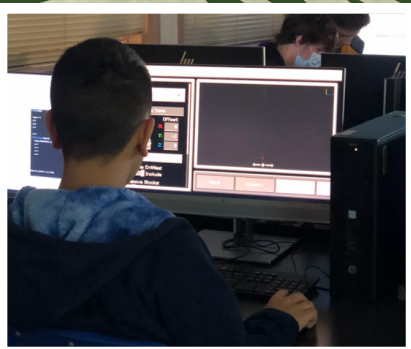


AGRICULTURE

All photos by Kate Rogers



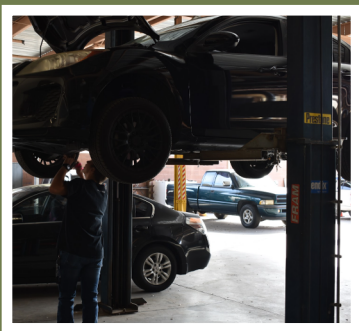
"I love FFA because I have been able to make so many new friends ...it not only gives you opportunities and experience but also helps you grow skills that you will need in the real world." - Jayda Schmerfeld, 11



ENGINEERING

All photos by Claire Jones





AUTO

All photos by Claire Jones

CULINARY

All photos by Kate Rogers



Wolf HOWL

NEWSPAPER

The Best Club on Campus™

AS SEEN ON
TV



**VISIT OUR WEBSITE OR FOLLOW US
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Simone King

Asia Cruz

Imani Davis

Griffin Eckstein

Madeline Moran

Annie Payne

Alina Amaya

Mya Beard

Sammie Bourland

Angela Carlton

Makena Colihan

Paris Estrada

Liani Flores

Jazmin Hernandez

Troy Johnson

Claire Jones

Hossana Mubarikiwa

Andrew Phillips

Kate Rogers