**Me and a Pack of Wolves**

**By: Reagan G.**

I was excited and sad as I went in the black car. I was excited because I was going to see wolves for my friend’s birthday and I was sad because it was going to be a long drive. The whole ride made me sicker than someone with the flu because I’m car sick. When we rode up a hill my ears felt like they were filled with water.

When we got there it looked so cool! Leaves were everywhere! Then we went on a bus up a BIG hill. On the hill there were a lot of camps and people. After that we saw wolves all in the same big pen. When we looked we couldn’t talk or else the wolves would run away. Then we saw more wolves but this time there was a guy who told us about the wolves, they also had NAMES! It was just… amazing even though it was cold as artic the wolves just made it better, but I don’t know why. “How do they get all of the different colored wolves?!” I kept thinking. The wolves are so pretty, the black ones are dark as midnight, the white ones are the kind of snow you want to have in the summer. The best part was the man got the wolves to HOWL! When I listened to that sound of wonder it was like the sound that you can’t stop listening to. When we got on the bus down the hill I’m thinking “I wish I could hug a one of the wolves!” When we went in the car I was sad, but I got to see wolves.

I learned that on the outside you can feel cold and sick but something can make you warm and happy on the inside.