Name:			

In the heart of the forest,
There prowls a solitary figure,
Graceful and elusive.
The wolf, with eyes like orbs of amber,
Moves with purpose through the moonlit maze.

Its coat, a tapestry of earthy hues,
Blends seamlessly with the dappled shadows,
A master of camouflage,
Stealthy and silent as it navigates the wild.

With each step, the forest breathes,

A symphony of rustling leaves,

A chorus of chirping crickets,

A whispered melody of unseen creatures.

The wolf's presence is a testament,

To the untamed spirit of the wilderness,

A reminder of the ancient bond,

Between predator and prey,

1.

Between predator and prey,

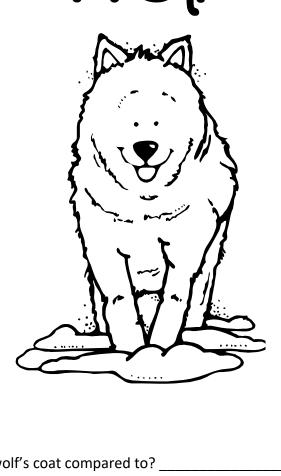
1. What is the wolf's coat compared to?

Yet beneath the fierce exterior,
Lies a soul of depth and mystery,
A creature of loyalty and devotion,

To its pack, its kin, its home.

2. How is the forest personified in the third stanza?

In the stillness of the night,
The wolf's haunting howl rises,
A lament for the untamed beauty,
Of the world it calls its own.



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