

# Wolfmen: A Folk Tale

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When the world was still young, there were men and there were animals. The two were separate beings and they remained unbound to one another. It is true, that even then man tamed the animals and raised them, but this was not the same as binding. It is also true, that in those days the magic in the world had no home and roamed the whole earth wild. Today the magic is settled and lives in the earth and water but it was different then. There were no shapeshifters, or werewolves, or any other kind of creature - only man and the animals. But things slowly began to change. The magic was settling.

The first time magic touched the animals, the Wolfman was born. The story of the Wolfman goes this way. In the northern forest there lived a wolf. He was young, but clever and strong, and he used his strength to serve his pack as a great hunter. The wolf's pack trusted him to feed them when times were hard. The wolf would travel far in his search for good prey, and he could find it in places no other wolf had thought to look. He had roamed to all the edges of their range, and he had found a hut, tucked away in the trees, and he had found the man who lived inside of it. The wolf and the man had little reason to see one another in that time. The woods were pleasant, warm and kind, and the hunting was good that season. Besides, the instinct of both said to keep away, as wolf and man knew they were different from one another. Wolf and man had never been friends before, and neither saw a reason why it would be so.

The seasons kept changing, though, and after a time a drought fell over the land. The prey animals fled and food grew scarce. The pack of the wolf suffered, and they sent him out to find prey for them. So, the wolf went and he looked in every corner, crevice, and hollow he could reach. No matter where he looked, even in the most secret stretches, he could not find prey anywhere. The wolf was ashamed, and he felt as though he had failed his pack. He knew he could not return until he had found something. The longer he searched, the weaker the wolf grew, until his strength began to fade and he remembered the man and his hut. Men, even in those times, were soft, and could be caught by a wolf if he was desperate enough. The wolf knew the