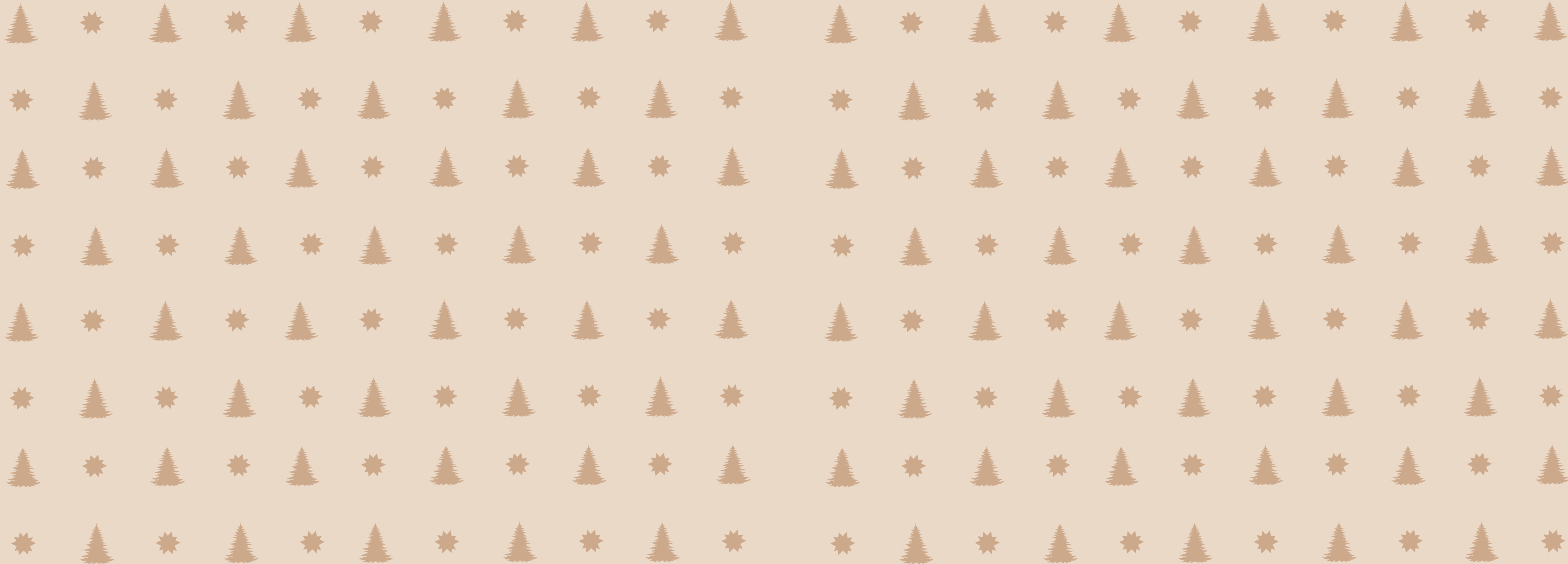
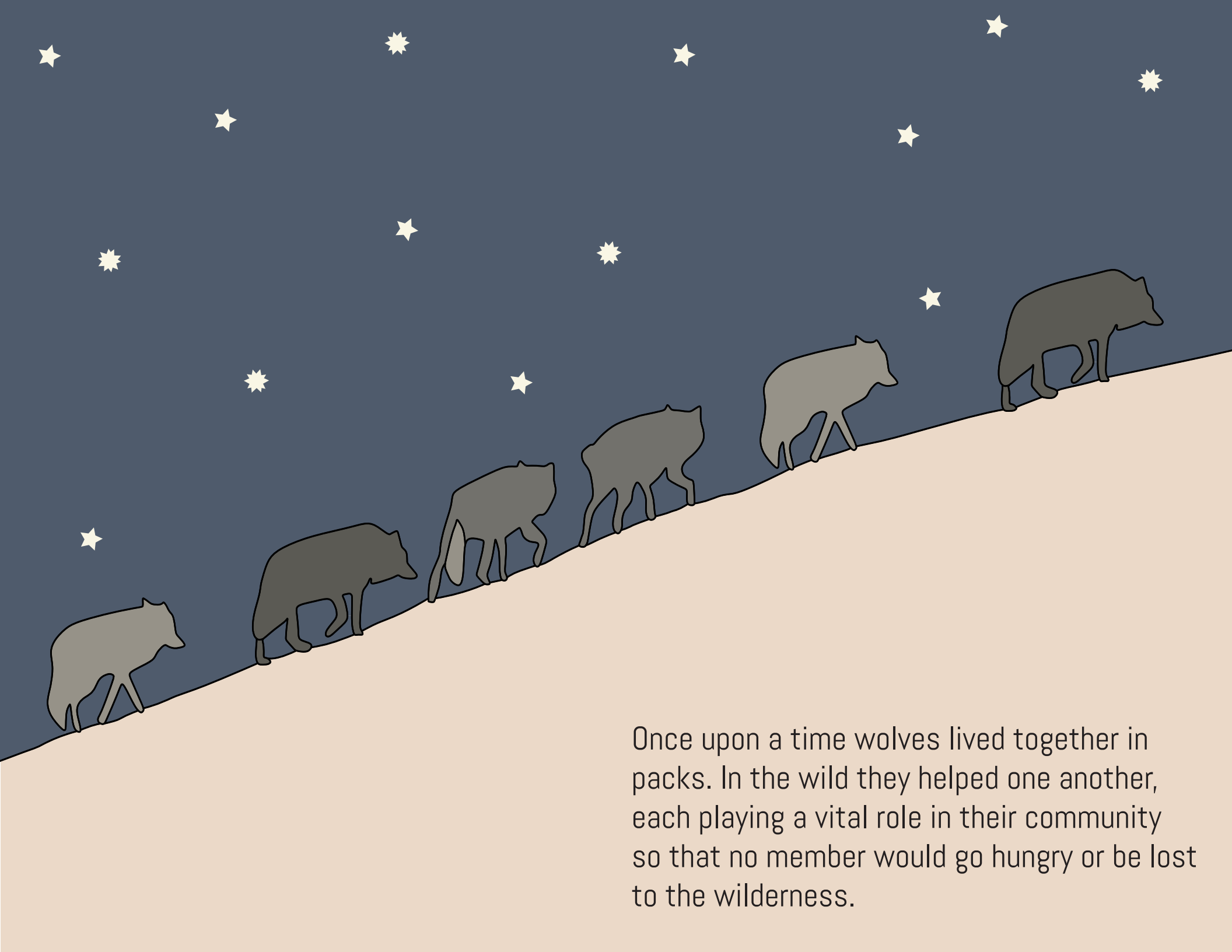


*The Story of the*  
**POLISH HILL**  
*as a Wolf Pack*







Once upon a time wolves lived together in packs. In the wild they helped one another, each playing a vital role in their community so that no member would go hungry or be lost to the wilderness.



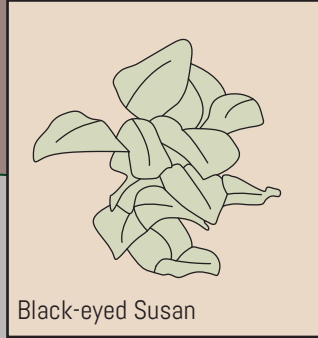
Then one day they were then packed into cities. The cities were sustained by their labors and the farther they grew a part the stronger the city grew.



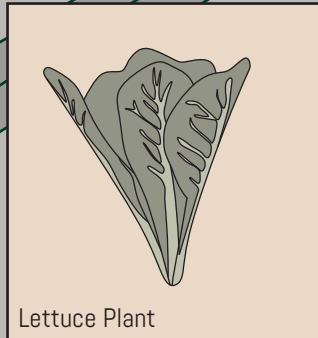
The more they worked the more isolated they became, each alone and lost down their own paths confined to their lonely hideaways.



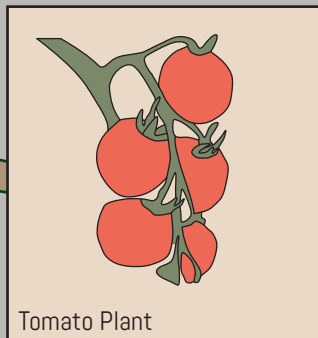
Native Switchgrass



Black-eyed Susan

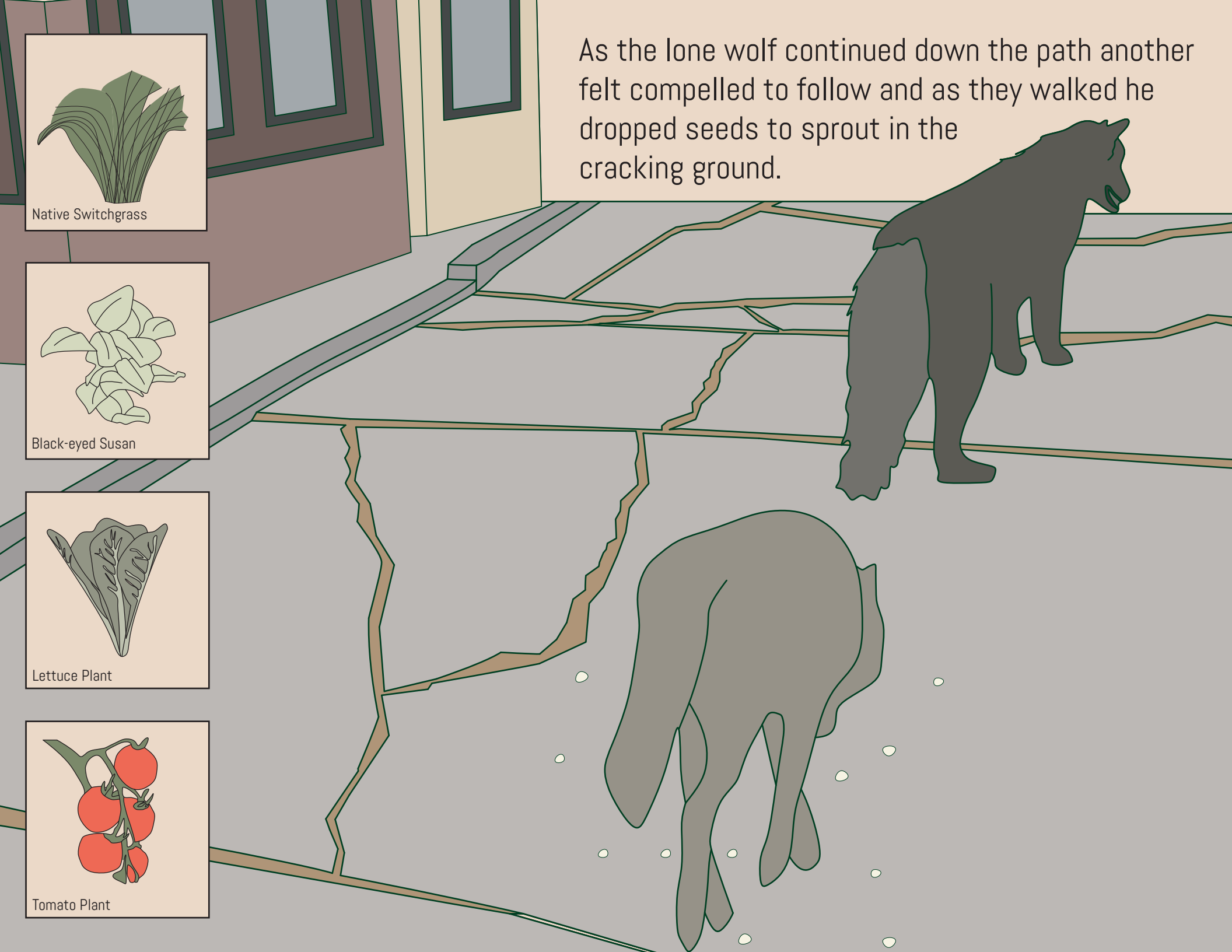


Lettuce Plant

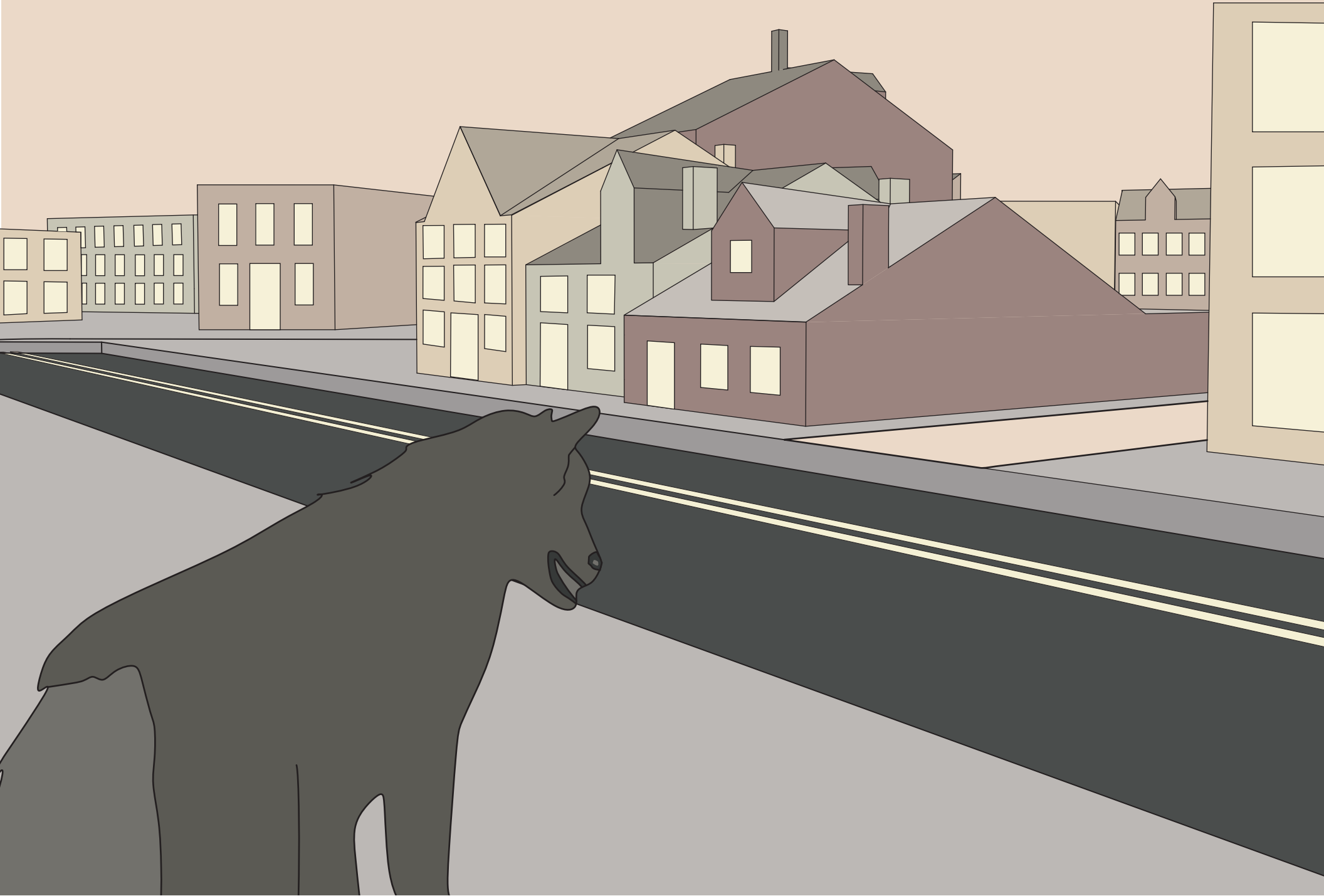


Tomato Plant

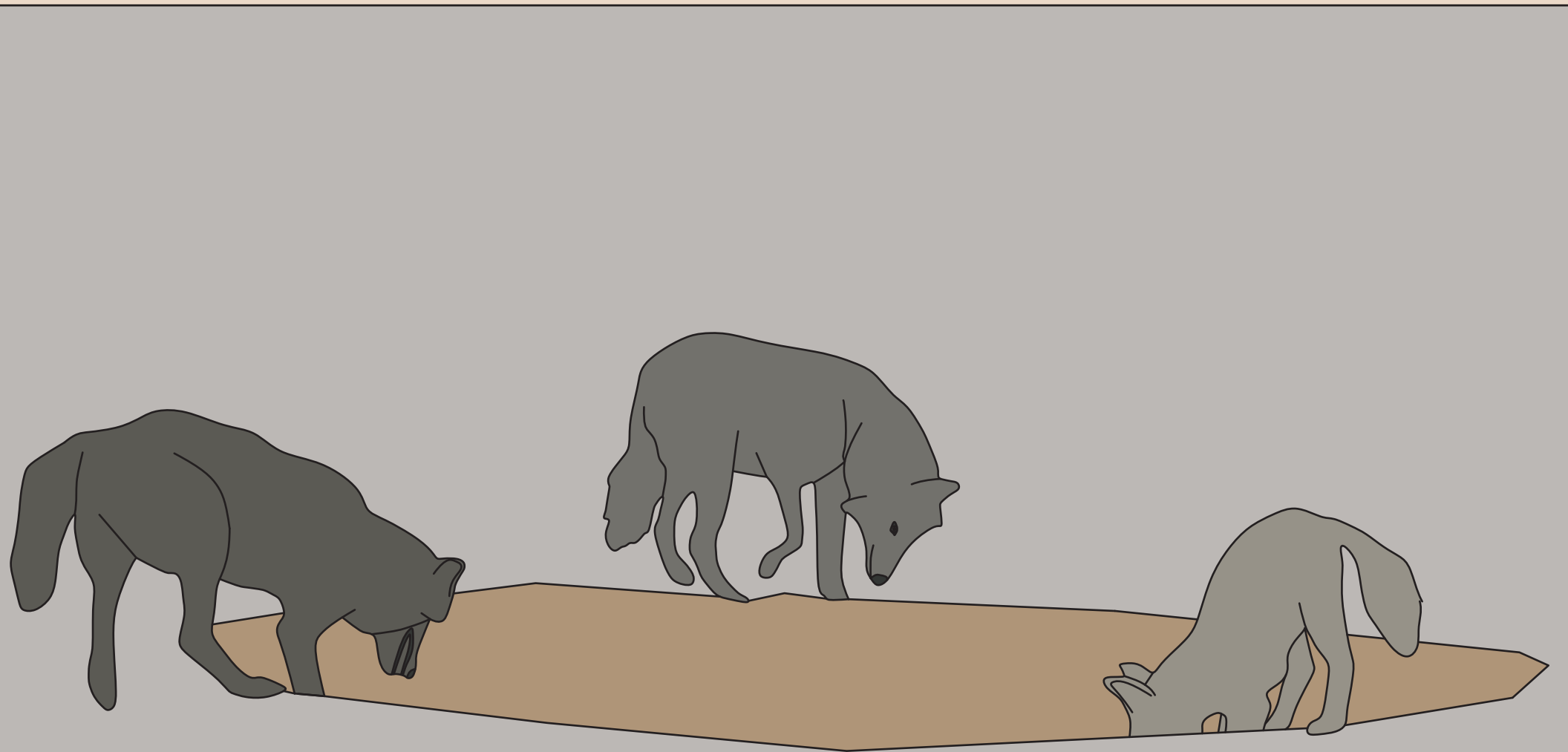
As the lone wolf continued down the path another felt compelled to follow and as they walked he dropped seeds to sprout in the cracking ground.

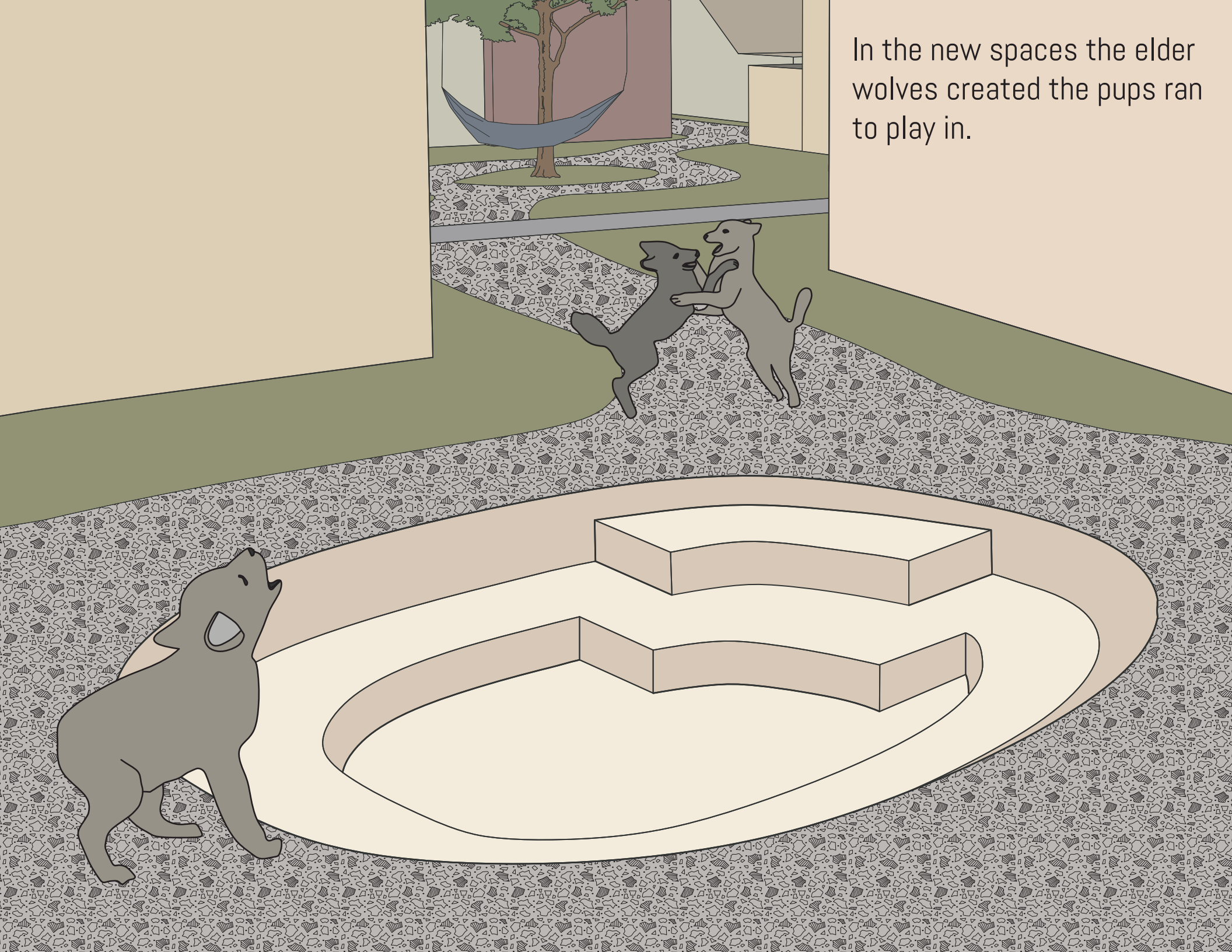


One morning a lone wolf awoke to find a new path had sprouted through the hard, rigid boundaries of movement and he felt compelled to cross to it.

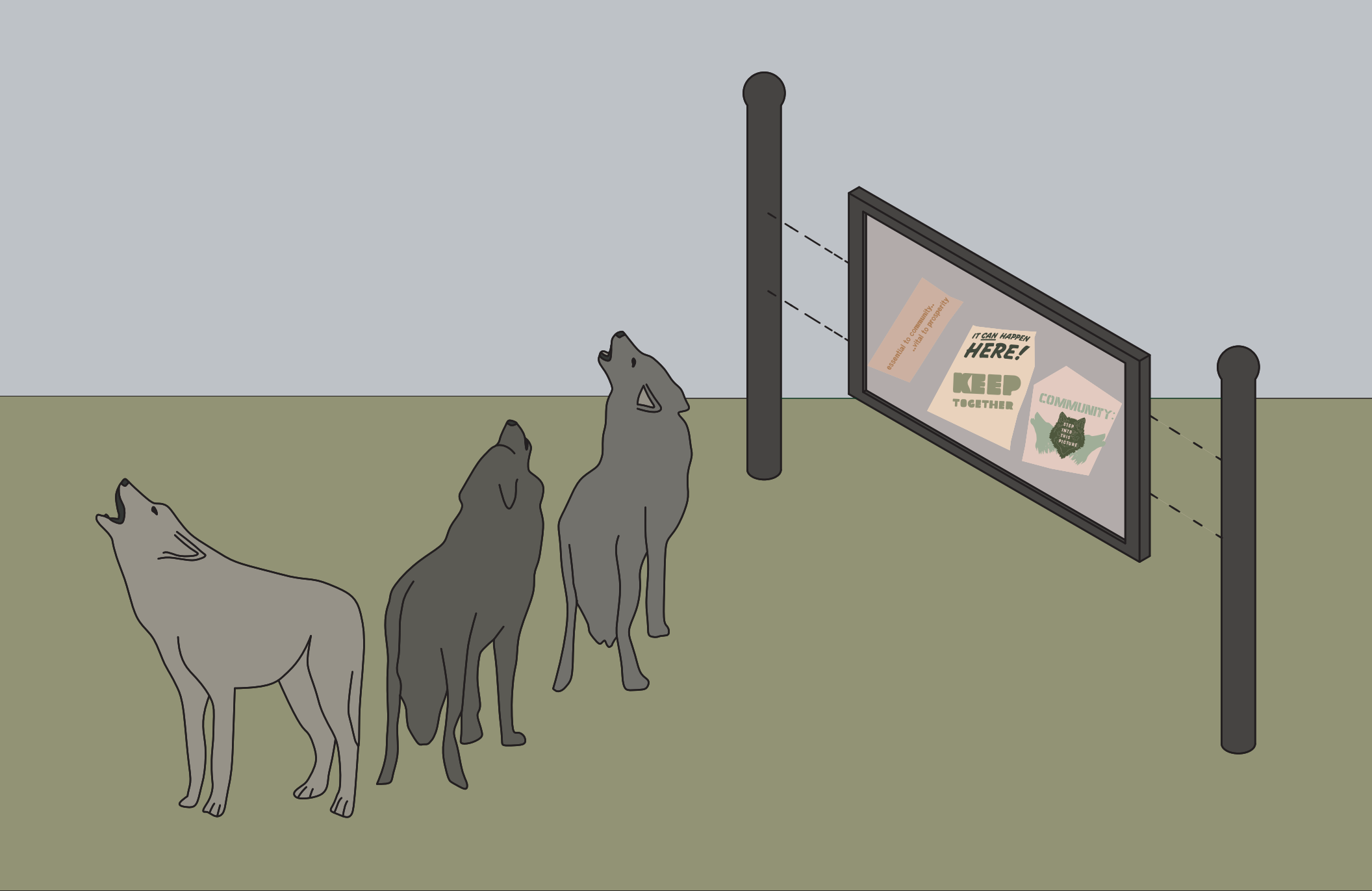


Where the paths converged the wolves came upon a wolf digging a hole and they quickly joined him. Together they built a den.

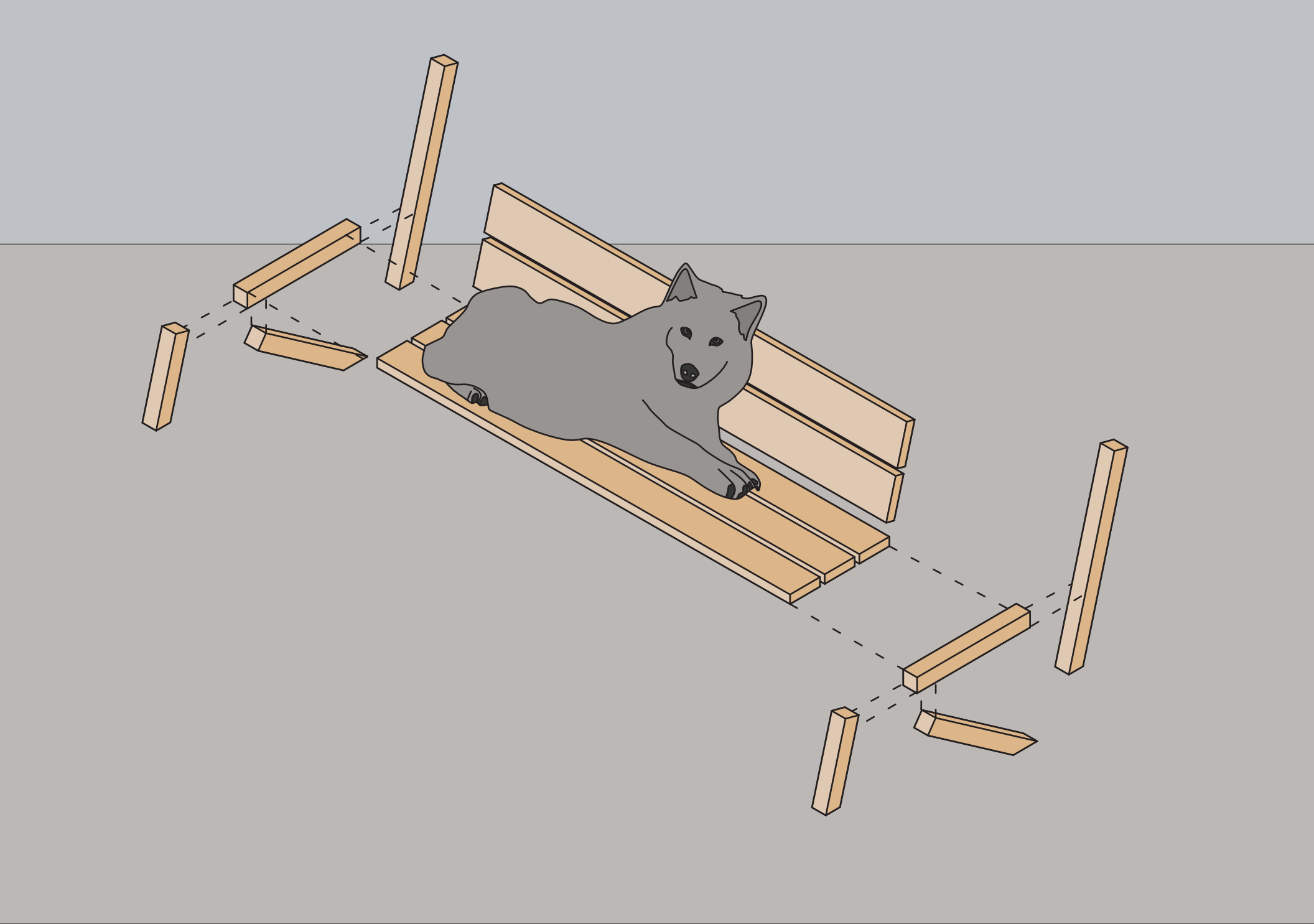




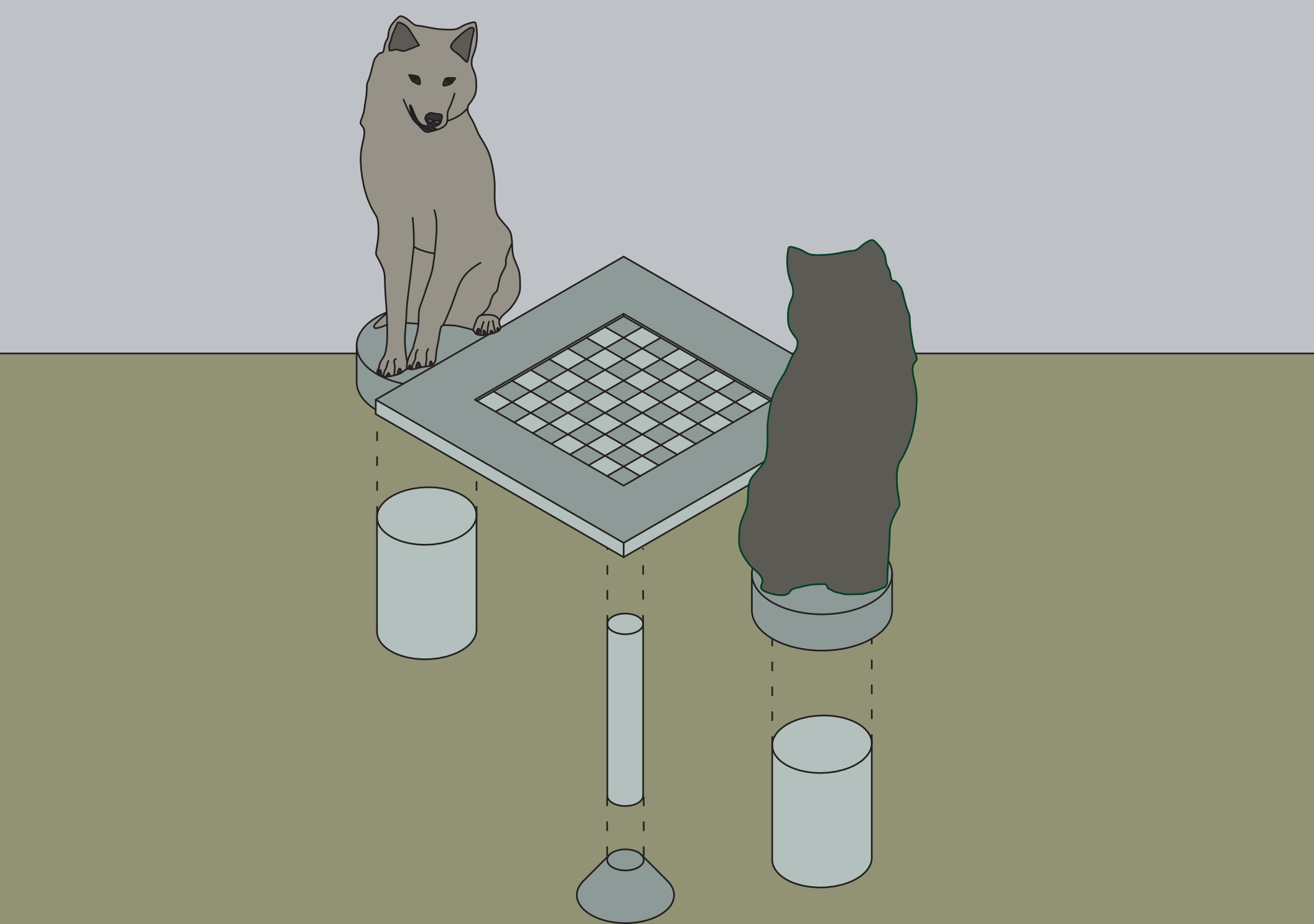
In the new spaces the elder wolves created the pups ran to play in.



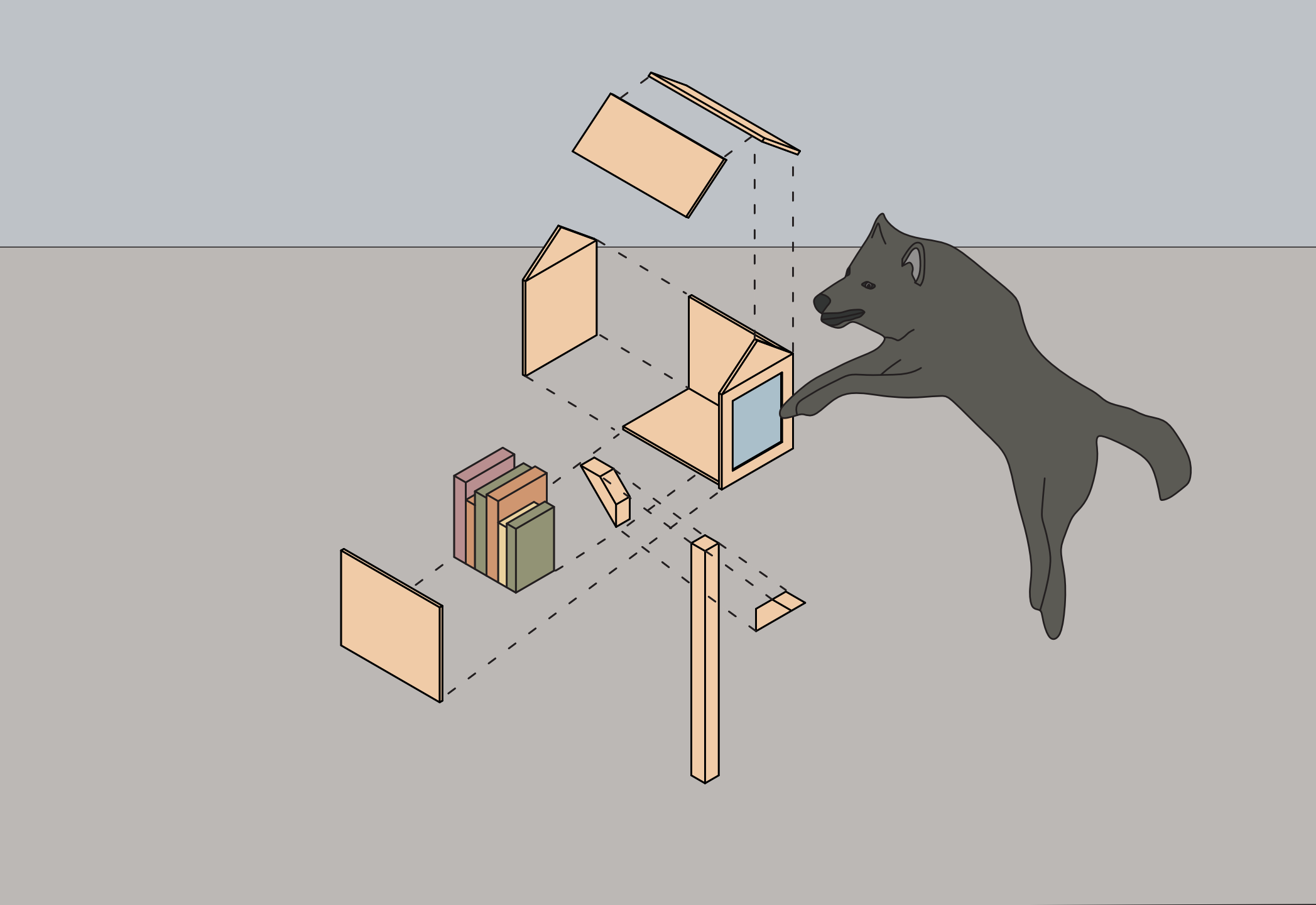
The wolves felt compelled to keep together the more they did the stronger their community grew. They began to make fixtures that would allow them to communicate and spread ideas across their pack.



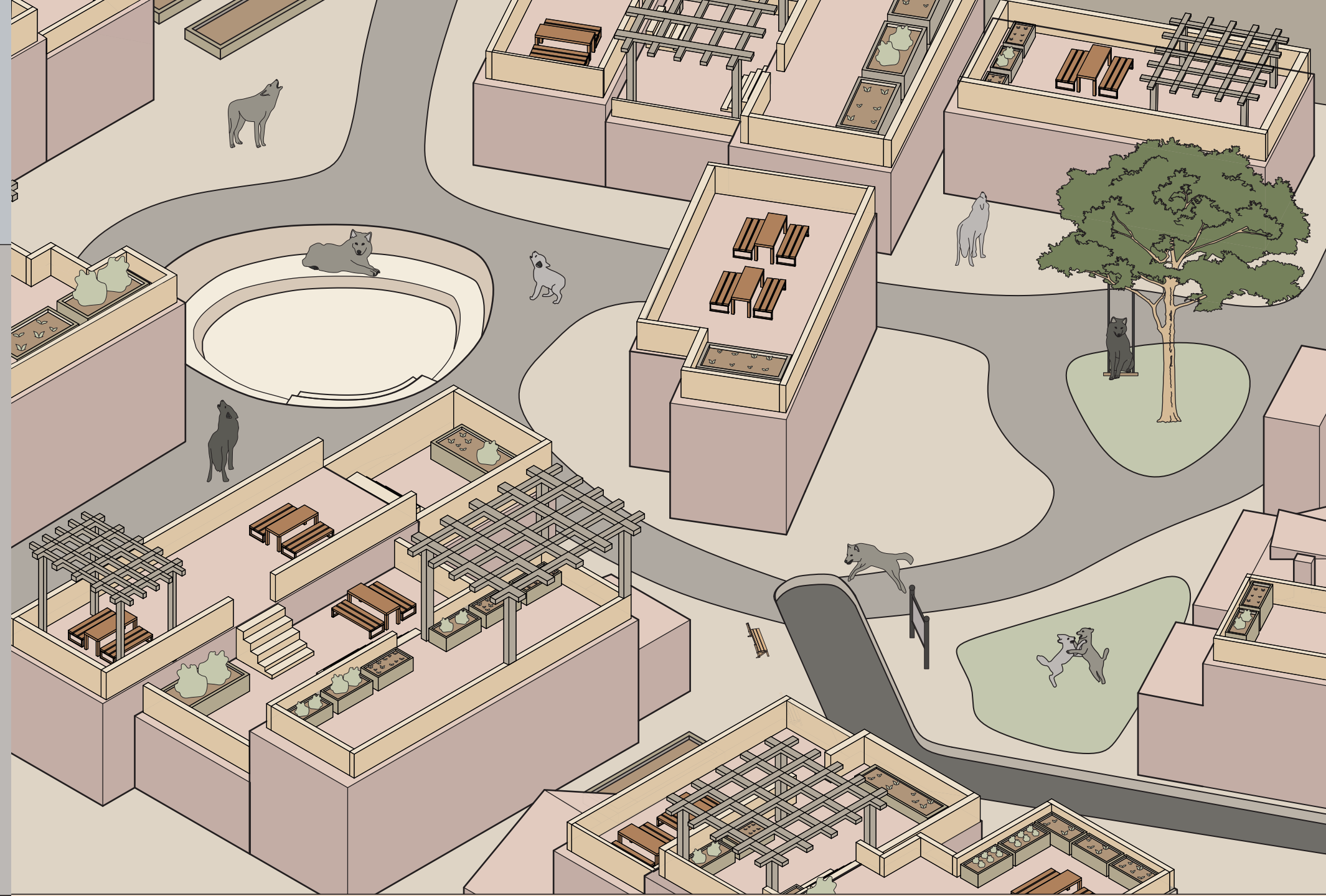
They kept working for and with each other and built their own systems to guard over their pack...



They kept together and found place for spaces to play together and learn from one another...



They kept together and built their own shelters to pass down wisdom...



Together they were able to rebuild their pack and now no one went alone and no one was left without.

