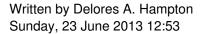
The Eagle and the Wolf



There is a great battle that rages inside.

One side is the soaring eagle. Everything the eagle stands for is good and true and beautiful, and it soars above the clouds. Even though it dips down into the valleys, it lays its eggs on the mountaintops.

The other side of is the howling wolf. And that raging, howling wolf represents the worst that's in me. He eats upon my downfalls and justifies himself by his presence in the pack.

Who wins this great battle?

The one I feed