

Wolf raced off into the silent, smoking trees.

"BIG, BAD  
BEASTIE,"

Wolf muttered.  
"How bad can they be?"

Sooooo  
bad!

"I'll show them!"  
Wolf tutted, stamping  
over the rickety bridge.

That baddie  
burnt my bush!

The very  
rickety bridge . . .

Uh-oh!

Come quick!  
Wolf is going  
to rescue us.

Go, Wolf!



“AYYYYY!” wailed Wolf, splashing into the river.  
“What happened to the bridge?!”



“The beastie burned my bridge,” sniffed the troll. “The—”



“The big, bad beastie,” huffed Wolf. “I know! Well I’m off to throw him out of my book!”



Wolf stormed down the path towards a cave. A very dark, very shadowy cave.

“Um,” said Wolf. That cave looked spooky! Slowly he crept inside.

