

There once was a Wolf who
was mean and quite hard.

Who'd turned things around
with . . . a library card.

He'd made some new friends
and he'd learnt how to share,

and he now took a satchel
of books everywhere.



But . . . one day the wolf,
looking sullen and glum,
slumped into the library
and sucked at his thumb.



"There, there!" Mrs Jones said. She asked him, "What's wrong?"
As Wolf began howling, "I just don't belong!"



In all of these stories I'm always the crook!
Can't a wolf be the hero? The star of the book?"

Mrs Jones pondered, then nodded her head.
“So write one!” the clever librarian said.
“A pen and some paper – that’s all that you’ll need.
You could *write* the story that you want to read.”



Could I be a hero? Wolf thought to himself.
He looked round the library and searched through a shelf.

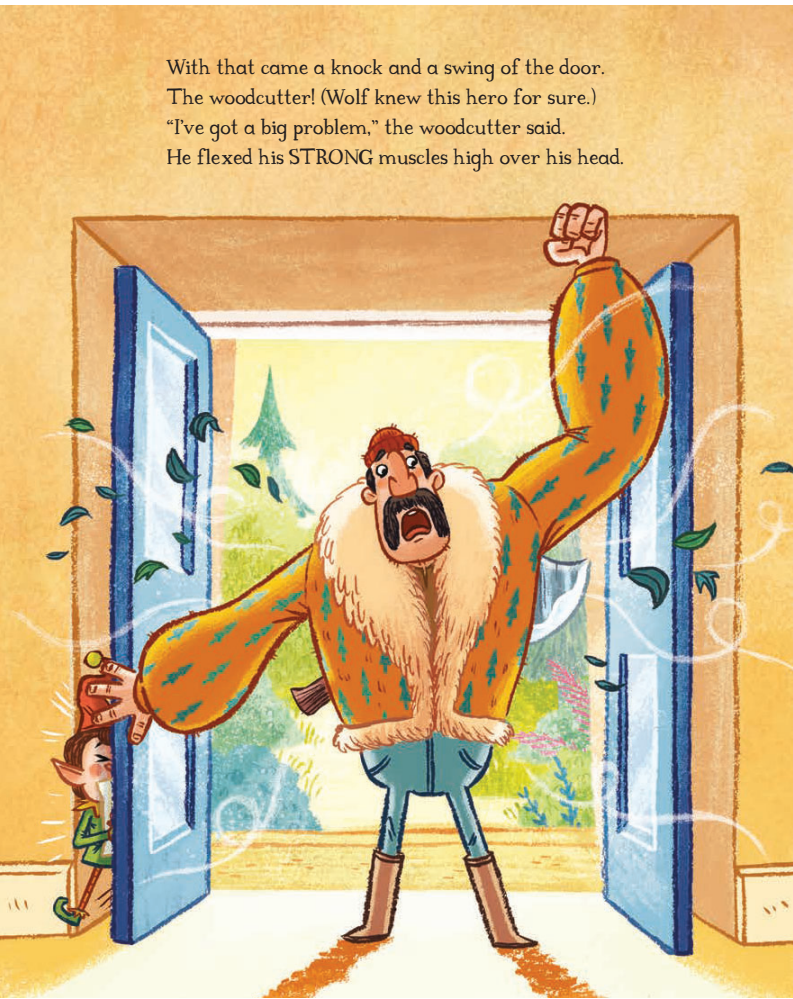


These heroes are HANDSOME.

They're TOUGH and they're STRONG!

I can't be a hero.
I might get it wrong.

With that came a knock and a swing of the door.
The woodcutter! (Wolf knew this hero for sure.)
“I’ve got a big problem,” the woodcutter said.
He flexed his **STRONG** muscles high over his head.



“My axe isn’t working.
It won’t cut my wood.
I might need a new one.
Oh, this isn’t good!”



But then, Wolf remembered
a rather good book,
called ‘All About Axes’.
He said, “Take a look.”

