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Opening extract from

Clever Polly and the Stupid Wolf

Written by

Catherine Storr

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1. The First Story

THIS book has twelve stories about Polly and how she always managed to escape from the wolf by being cleverer than he was – which wasn't very difficult because he was generally not at all clever. In fact he was rather stupid.

The very first story of all, which tells about how Polly met the wolf for the first time, has really been told already, in a book called *Clever Polly*. But because it's very annoying not to know how things started and how the people you are reading about met each other

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in the beginning, I'm going to put it in here. So really this book has thirteen stories about Polly and the wolf and that is all the stories there are at present about them.

This first story is a very small story because Polly was very small when it happened, so the story was just big enough to match her. And here it is.

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2. Clever Polly

ONE DAY Polly was alone downstairs. Camilla was using the Hoover upstairs, so when the front doorbell rang, Polly went to open the door. There was a great black wolf! He put his foot inside the door and said:

'Now I'm going to eat you up!'

'Oh no, please,' said Polly. 'I don't want to be eaten up.'

'Oh, yes,' said the wolf, 'I am going to eat you. But first tell me, what is that delicious smell?'

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'Come down to the kitchen,' said Polly, 'and I will show you.'

She led the wolf down to the kitchen. There on the table was a delicious-looking pie.

'Have a slice?' said Polly. The wolf's mouth watered, and he said, 'Yes, please!' Polly cut him a big piece. When he had eaten it, the wolf asked for another, and then for another.

'Now,' said Polly, after the third helping, 'what about me?'

'Sorry,' said the wolf, 'I'm too full of pie. I'll come back another day to deal with you.'

A week later Polly was alone again, and again the bell rang. Polly ran to open the door. There was the wolf again.

'This time I'm really going to eat you up, Polly,' said the wolf.

'All right,' said Polly, 'but first, just smell.'

The wolf took a long breath. 'Delicious!' he said. 'What is it?'

'Come down and see,' said Polly.

In the kitchen was a large chocolate cake.

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'Have a slice?' said Polly.

'Yes,' said the wolf greedily. He ate six big slices.

'Now, what about me?' said Polly.

'Sorry,' said the wolf, 'I just haven't got room. I'll come back.' He slunk out of the back door.

A week later the doorbell rang again. Polly opened the door, and there was the wolf.

'Now this time you shan't escape me!' he snarled. 'Get ready to be eaten up now!'

'Just smell all round first,' said Polly gently.

'Marvellous!' admitted the wolf. 'What is it?'

'Toffee,' said Polly calmly. 'But come on, eat me up.'

'Couldn't I have a tiny bit of toffee first?' asked the wolf. 'It's my favourite food.'

'Come down and see,' said Polly.

The wolf followed her downstairs. The toffee bubbled and sizzled on the stove. 'I must have a taste,' said the wolf.

'It's hot,' said Polly.

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The wolf took the spoon out of the saucepan and put it in his mouth:

OW! HOWL! OW!

It was so hot it burnt the skin off his mouth and tongue and he couldn't spit it out, it was too sticky. In terror, the wolf ran out of the house and NEVER CAME BACK!

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