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opening extract from

Little Wolf's Book of Badness

written by

Ian Whybrow

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The Lair, Murkshire

Dear Bigbad

I have had no reply to my many letters to you. I therefore have no choice but to send this one by the paw of my eldest cub, Little Wolf. I want you to be his teacher.

Little is a bad boy at heart, I am sure, but he is worryingly well-behaved at the moment. He has been far too nice to Smellybreff, his baby brother, and only yesterday he went to bed early without being growled at. His mother and I think that it is time he left the Lair and had some adventures. We want him to go to Cunning College to learn his 9 Rules of Badness, and earn a BAD badge, just as you and I did long ago at Brutal Hall.

We are at our wits' end. You are our only hope. We rely on you to make a beast of Little Wolf.

Your anxious brother,

Gripper



WARNING!!!

THIS PAPER HAS BEEN TREATED WITH SPECIAL POWDER THAT WILL SHOW UP THE PAW PRINTS OF ANY SMALL BEAST SNEAKING A LOOK AT IT.

On the road to Lonesome Lake
Day 1 – morning

Dear Mum and Dad,

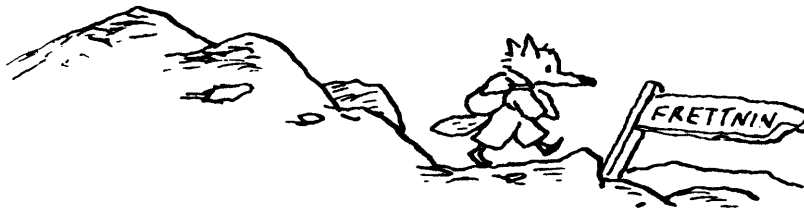
Please please PLEEEEEZ let me come home. I have been walking and walking all day, and guess how far? Not even ten miles, I bet. I have not even reached Lonesome Lake yet. You know I hate going on adventures. So why do I have to go hundreds of miles to Uncle Bigbad's school in the middle of a dark damp forest?

You say you do not get on in life these days without a BAD badge. But I know loads of really bad wolves who never went to school. Ever. Like my cousin Yeller for one. I know you want me to be wild and wicked like Dad, but why do I have to go so far away? Just what is so wonderful about Cunning College in Frettnin Forest? And what is so brilliant about having Uncle Bigbad as a teacher? Is it all



because Dad went to Brutal Hall and they made him a prefect and he got a silver BAD badge when he left? I bet it is.

There is another four days' walk, maybe more to Frettnin Forest. Let me come back and learn to be bad at home.
PLEE-EE-EEZ!!!



Your number 1 cub,

Little Wolf

PS Don't forget to say Hello baby bruv to Smellybreff and tell him not to touch any of my things.

By Lonesome Lake
Day 1 – night-time

Dear Mum and Dad,

I am a bit lost.

I think I have come to Lonesome Lake just where the River Rover runs up to it. I used Dad's map as a tablecloth for my picnic lunch. Now it is hard to tell if you have come to a river or a bit of bacon rind.



I have not had word from you to return home, so I must continue on this stupid long journey, even though I might never find Uncle Bigbad. He never answers Dad's letters. Maybe Cunning College is closed, and he has moved from Frettnin Forest. Anyway, how will I know I have found him when I do?



I have got the Wanted poster that you gave me, but it is years old. Maybe he has changed. What will he look like now? Too scary, I bet!

Just now the sun fell in the water. I did not like it. Now the moon has come up and I can just see my pen and paper but I wish it was brighter. My tent is stupid. It falls down all the time, so I have curled up in my rucksack. Camping is my worst thing, and maps too. I am frozz, I am hopeless.

Yours tiredoutly,
Little Wolf

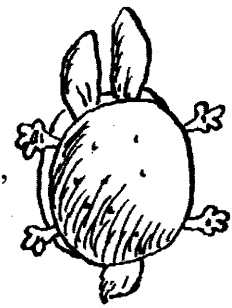


Up the hilly end of Lonesome Lake
Day 2 – morning

Dear Mum and Dad,

I woke up this morning feeling a bit tickly with ants in my rucksack. They were small but plenty of them, and quite tasty for breakfast. Then I was more cheery. I started walking soon after the sun jumped out. It was hiding behind a hill.

3 hours later.



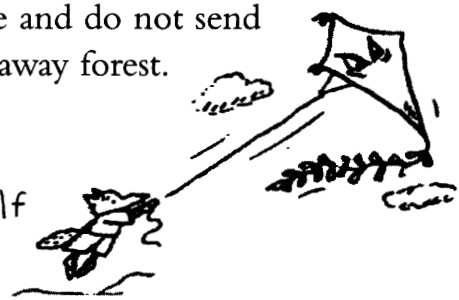
I have stopped now for a rest and one of Mum's rabbit rolls. Yum yum, only 25 left, worse luck. Shall probably starve... You know I am a hopeless hunter.

You just think I am a goody-goody, I bet. Is that the reason why I have to go away for badness lessons? But I told you I only cleaned my teeth last week for a joke. And brushing my fur, and going to bed early, that was just to trick

you! You ask my cousin Yeller, it was his idea. He said let's *pretend* being good. I just said OK. Then you were s'posed to say, "Oh no, Little Wolf has gone barmy." Then I was s'posed to say, "Arr Harr, tricked you, I am a bad boy really." But no, you would not listen, you did not understand. You said I must go to Cunning College, I must live in Frettnin Forest until I get my BAD badge and learn Uncle Bigbad's 9 Rules of Badness.

I bet you won't make Smellybreff leave home when he is my age. You will just say, "Oh yes, my darling baby pet. You stay here safe with us and watch telly all you want." And what about Yeller? I 'spect you think he is a small bad wolf but no. You do not see him doing good things like I do. Like the kite he made for me to take with me, with yellow wolf-eyes painted on it. And sometimes he says pardon when he burps, too. Bet his mum and dad are nice and do not send him to school in a faraway forest.

Yours fedduply,
Little Wolf



Spring Valley
Murkshire
Day 3

Dear Mum and Dad,

Aaah, the hunters got me in Lonesome Woods, urg.

Only kidding, I am all right really. Had you worried though, eh?

Walked miles today and have got to Spring Valley, but still a long long way to go. Have eaten most of Mum's rabbit rolls already, book, shame. I can smell your present for Uncle Bigbad, lots of lovely mice pies. Yum, yes please, scoff scoff (not really).



I wonder if Uncle is as greedy as you said. Hope he is not ~~cool~~ cruel, I am only small. That reminds me. Tell my baby bruv Smellybreff not to chew my teddy bear or I will chew him back.

Dad's map is a bit wrong because there is no big black monster between Lonesome Woods and Murky Mountains. I looked and looked but it is only trees here. Off to Roaring River tomorrow.

Love from

Little Wolf



PS. Oh dear, it was not a big black monster on the map. It was a squashed ant, sorry.

Under bridge
Roaring River
Murkshire
Day 4

Dear Mum and Dad,



I am writing this under a bridge at a town called Roaring River. This makes six bridges I have crossed on my journey, and still not even in Beastshire yet. I am sure it is much much further to Frettnin Forest than Dad said.

Spent last night in a bus shelter. Quite warm and unscary, with my torch switched on going flash. Mum always says yellow eyes are friends with the dark. True, but it is still nice to have a torch when you are a small loner.