Hop shivers in a dark wood.

One hundred, hungry-eyed wolves watch her through twisted trees.

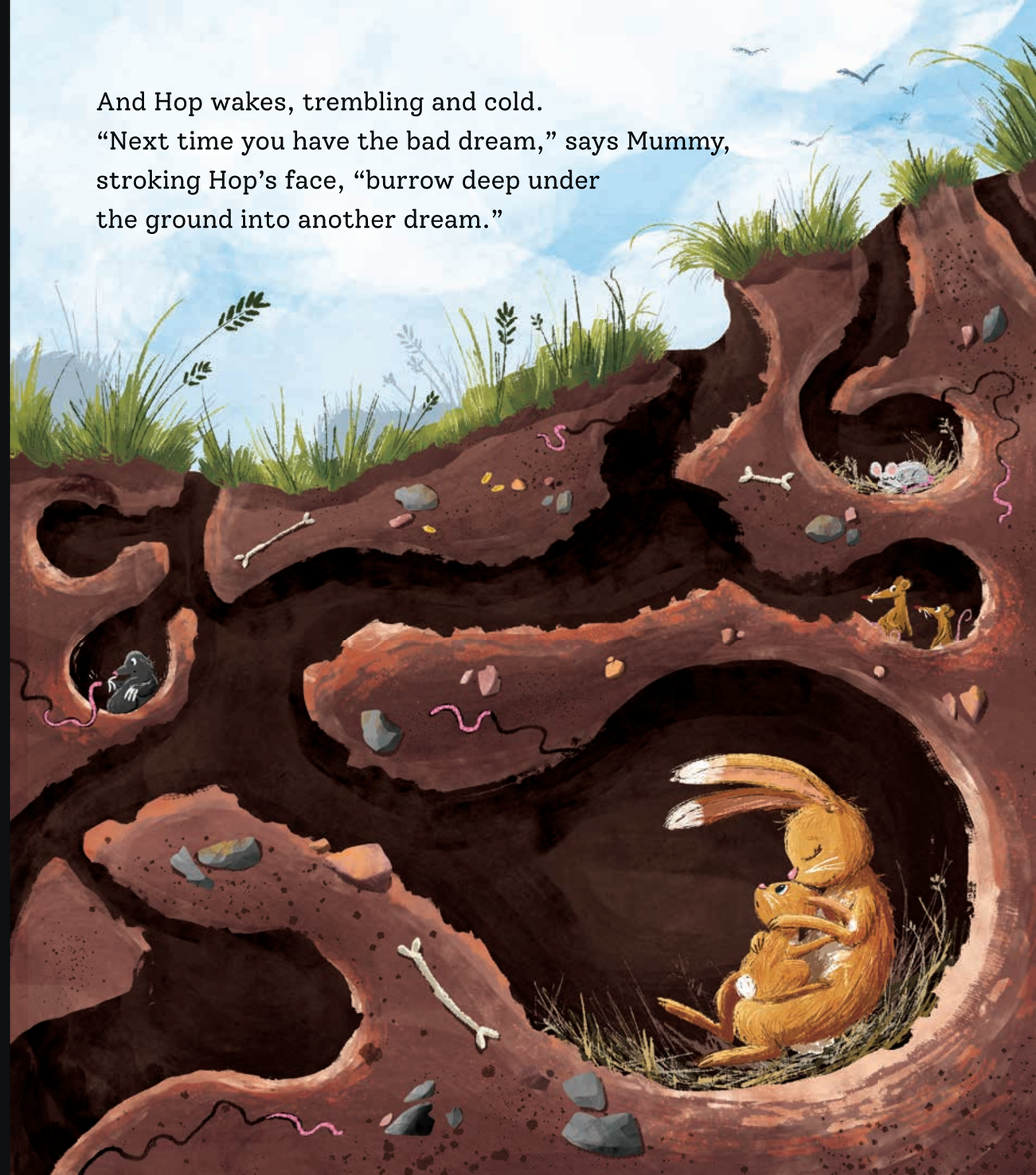
Hop sticks out her
tongue and runs.

Fast.

But wolves...

are faster.

And Hop wakes, trembling and cold.
“Next time you have the bad dream,” says Mummy,
stroking Hop’s face, “burrow deep under
the ground into another dream.”



Hop shivers in a dark wood.

One thousand, hungry-eyed wolves watch her through twisted trees.