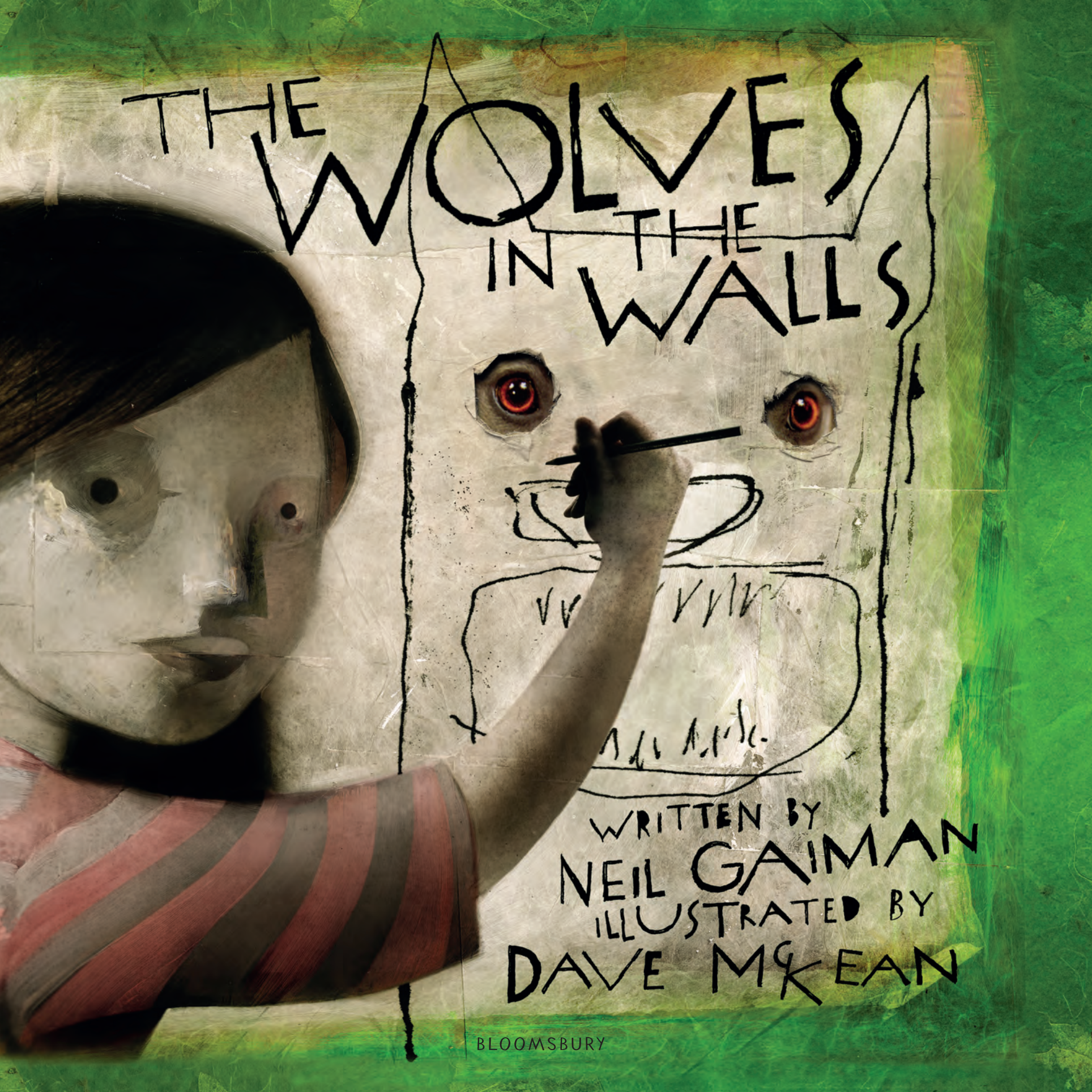
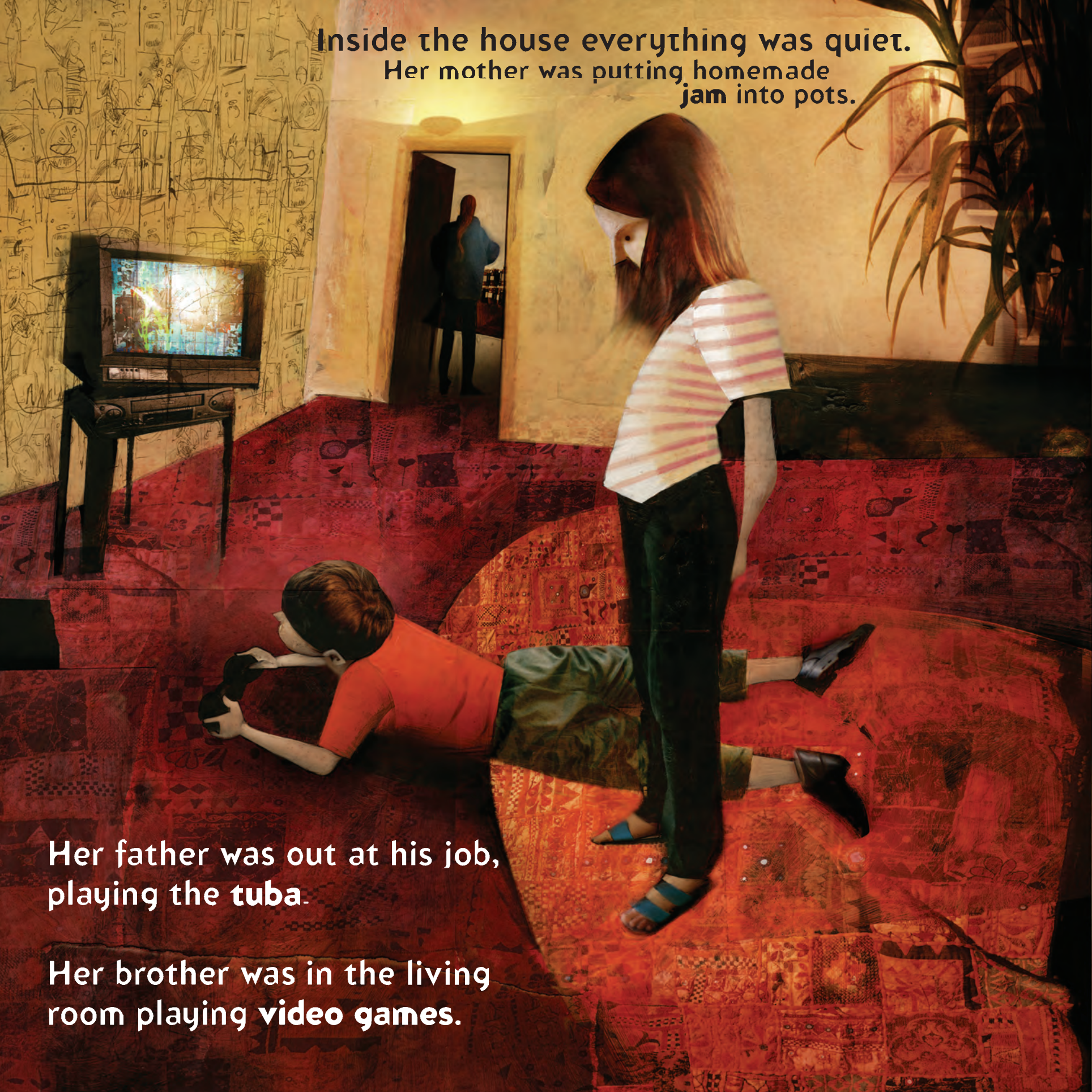
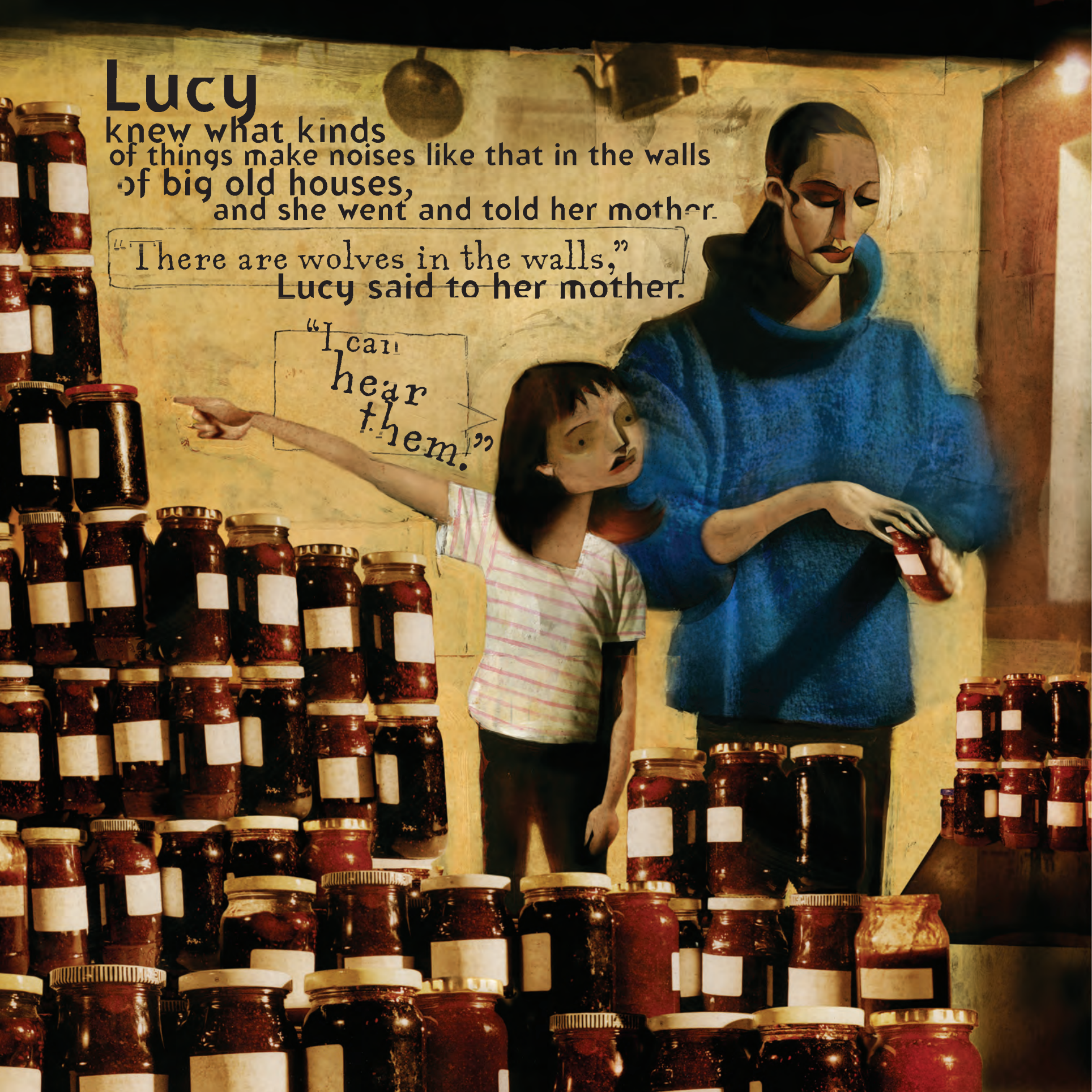
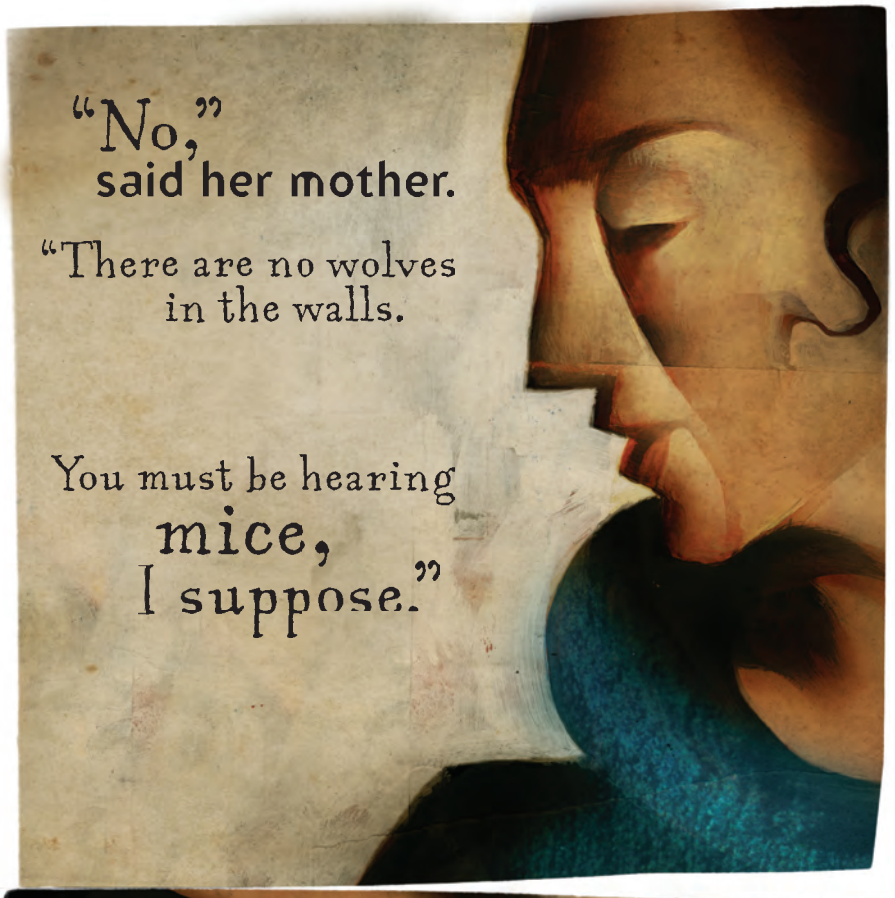
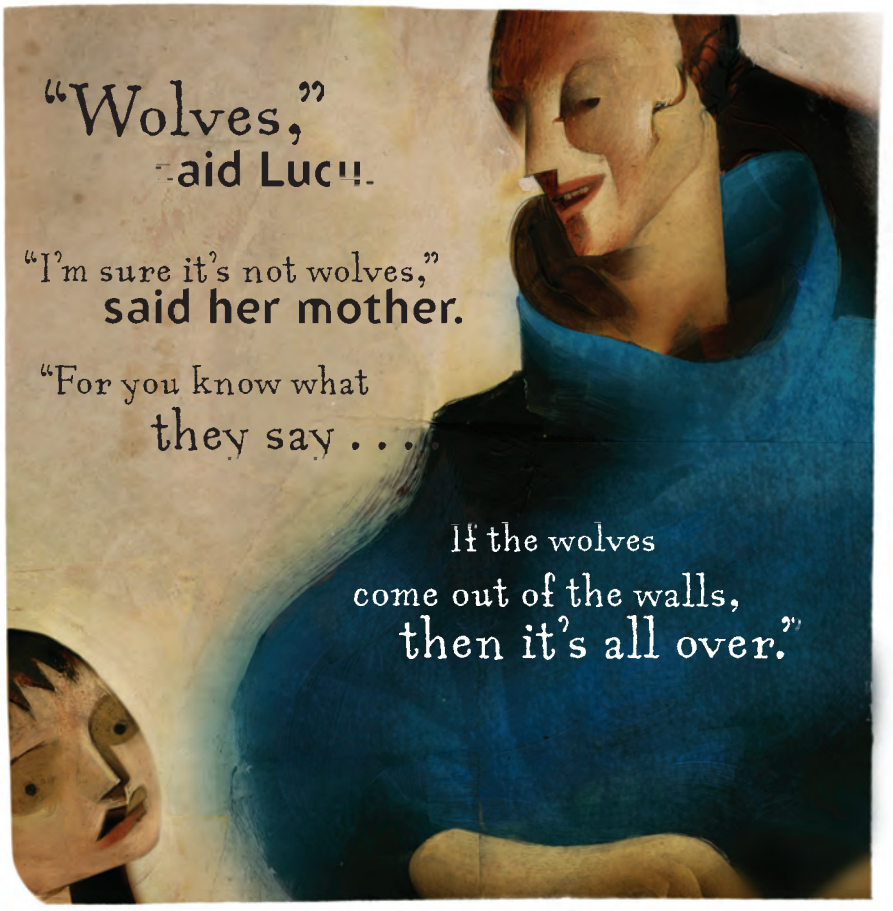

THE WOLVES IN THE WALLS
WRITTEN BY
NEIL GAIMAN
ILLUSTRATED BY
DAVE McKEAN
BLOOMSBURY

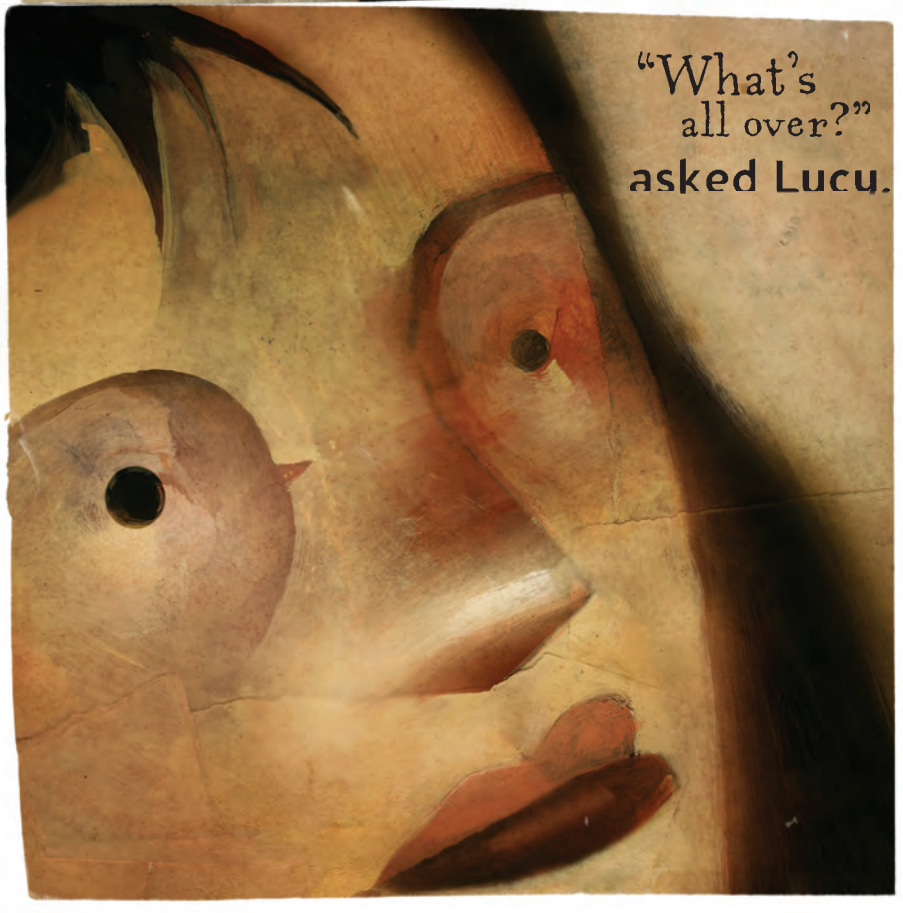

Inside the house everything was quiet.
Her mother was putting homemade **jam** into pots.
Her father was out at his job, playing the **tuba**.
Her brother was in the living room playing **video games**.

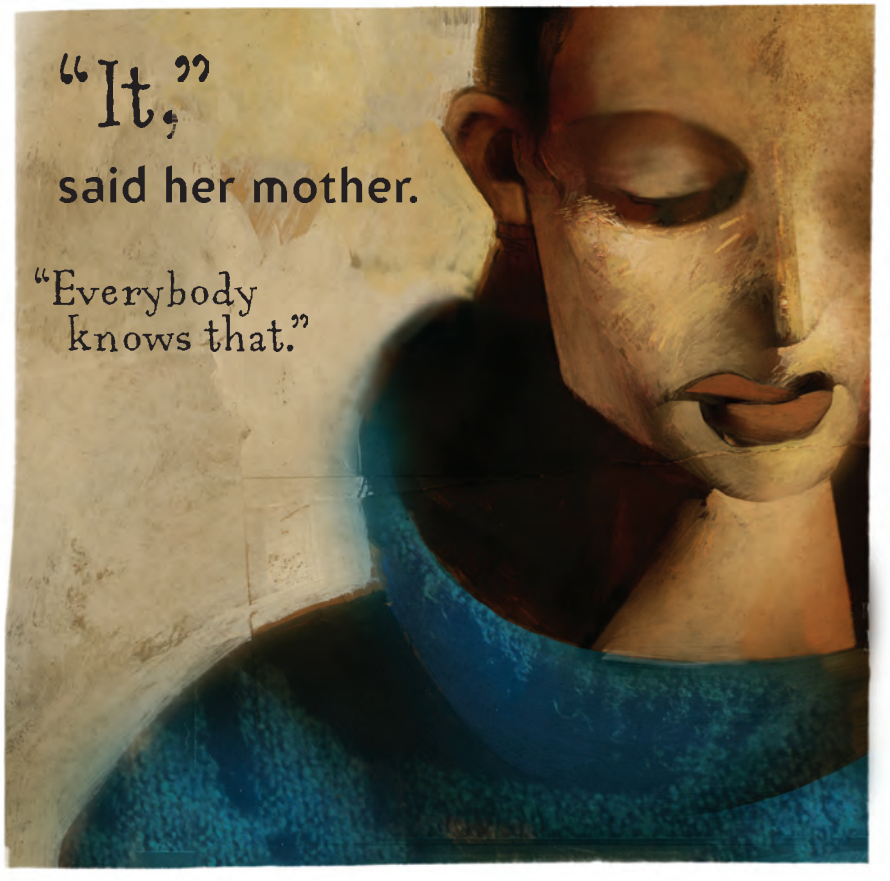

Lucy heard noises.
The noises were coming from
inside the wall.
They were
hustling noises
and bustling noises.
They were
crinkling noises
and crackling noises.
They were
sneaking,
creeping,
crumpling
noises.


Lucy
knew what kinds
of things make noises like that in the walls
of big old houses,
and she went and told her mother.
"There are wolves in the walls,"
Lucy said to her mother.
"I can
hear
them."


"No,"
said her mother.
"There are no wolves
in the walls.
You must be hearing
mice,
I suppose."


"Wolves,"
said Lucy.
"I'm sure it's not wolves,"
said her mother.
"For you know what
they say . . .
If the wolves
come out of the walls,
then it's all over."


"What's
all over?"
asked Lucy.


"It,"
said her mother.
"Everybody
knows that."