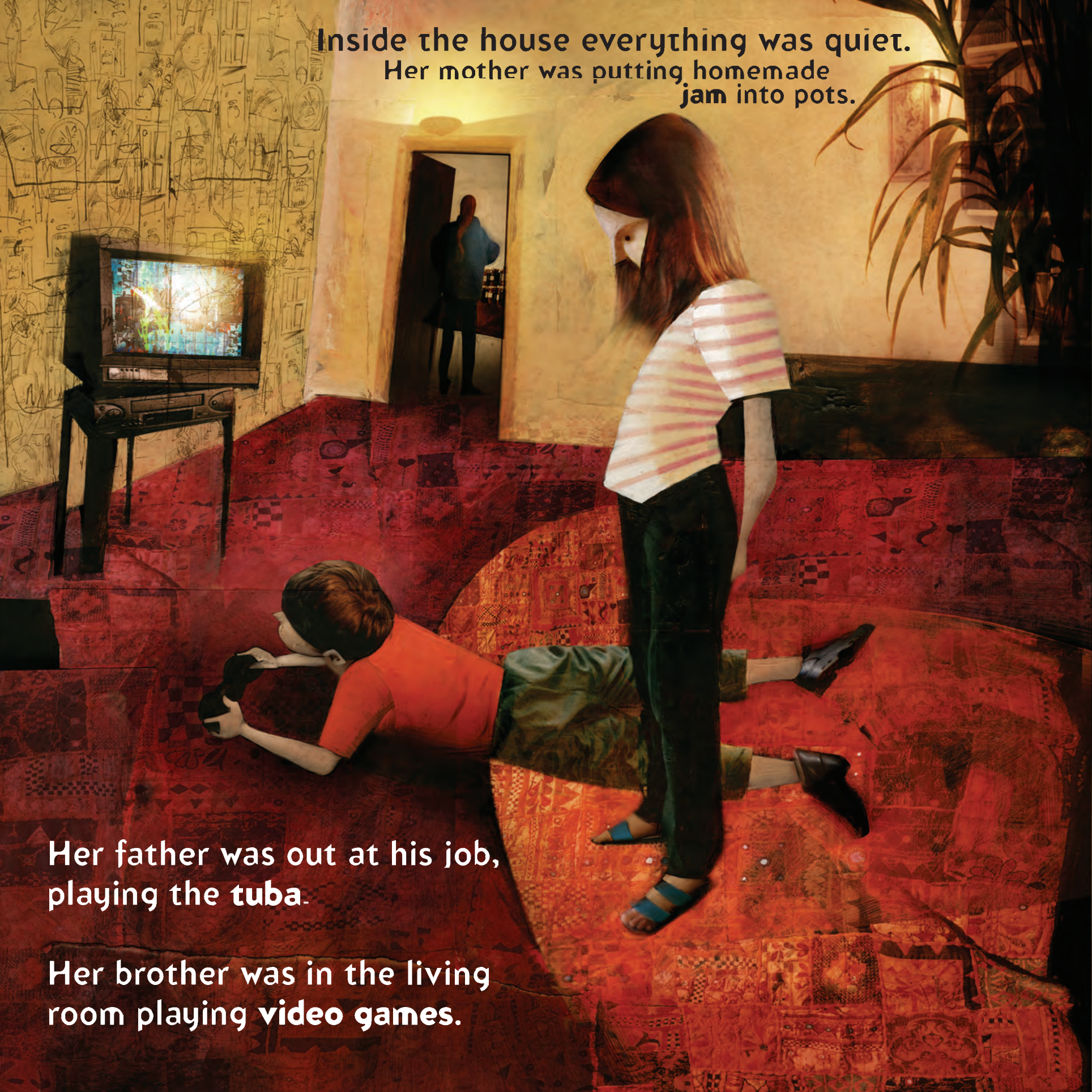


THE WOLVES IN THE WALLS



WRITTEN BY
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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.

A close-up photograph of a child's face and hand. The child's face is the central focus, with large, dark eyes and a slightly open mouth. The child's hand is pressed against a textured, brown wall. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights, creating a sense of mystery and suspense. The child's hair is dark and messy. The overall mood is eerie and unsettling.

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.

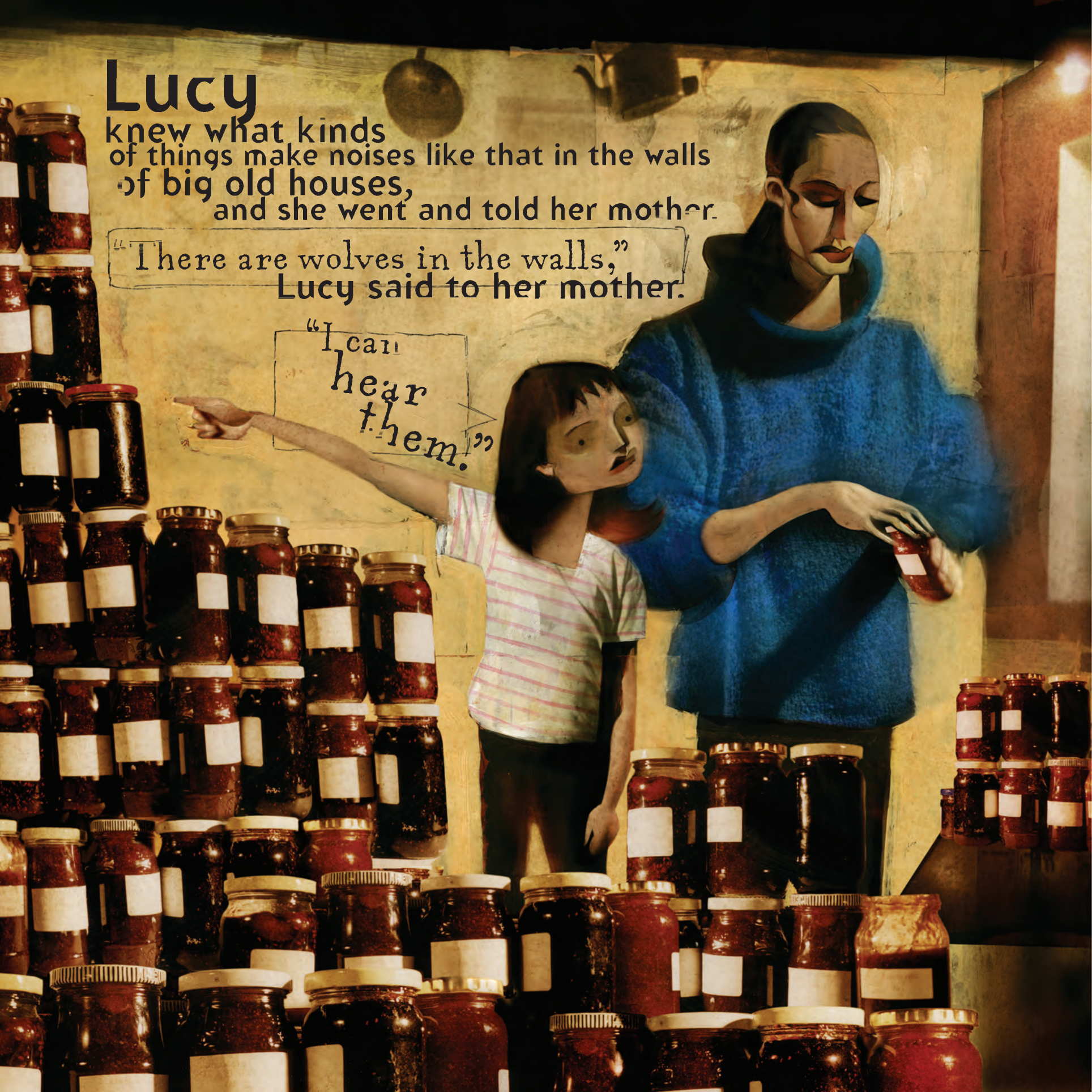
They were
sneaking,
creeping,
crumpling
noises.

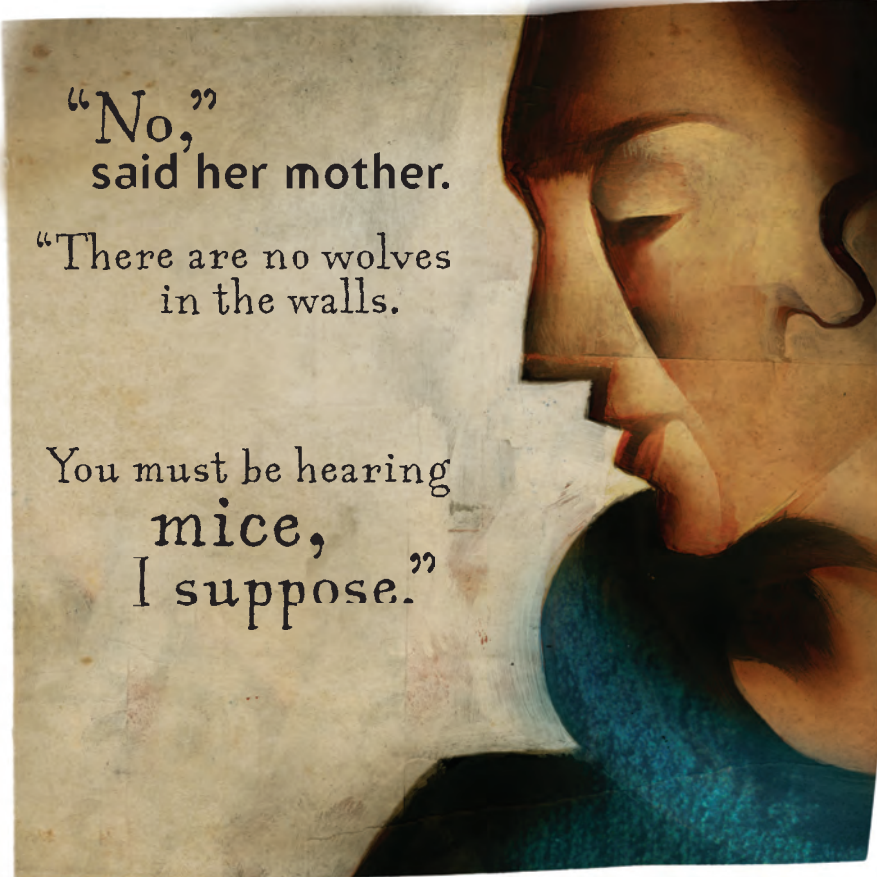
Lucy

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."

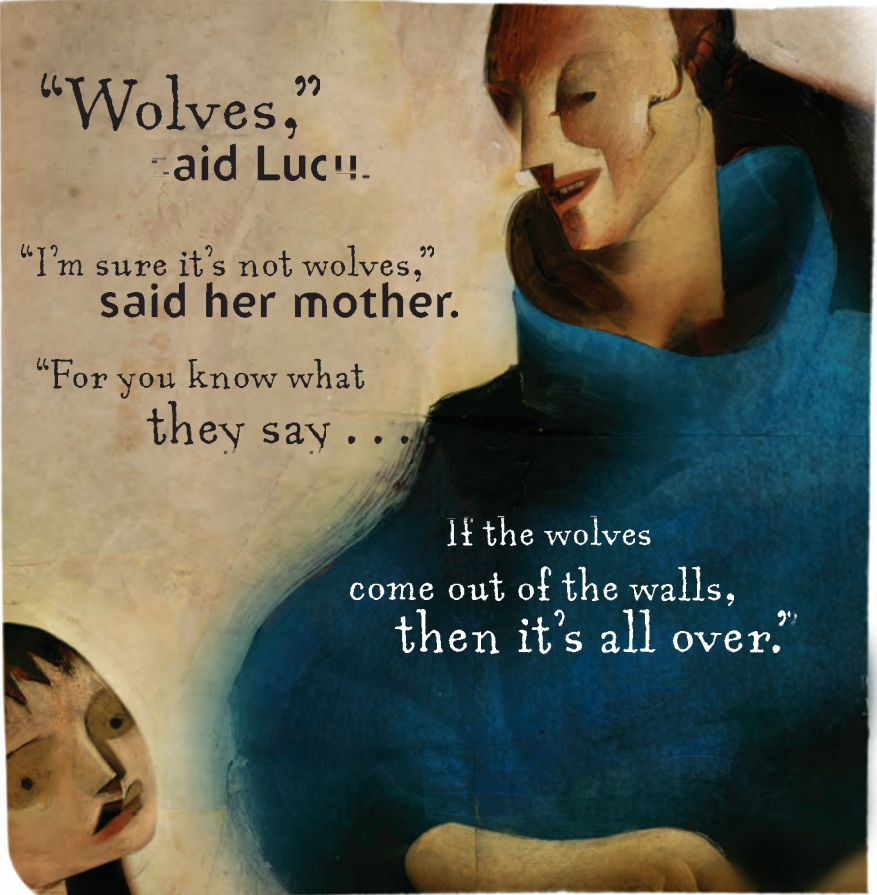




"No,"
said her mother.

"There are no wolves
in the walls.

You must be hearing
mice,
I suppose."

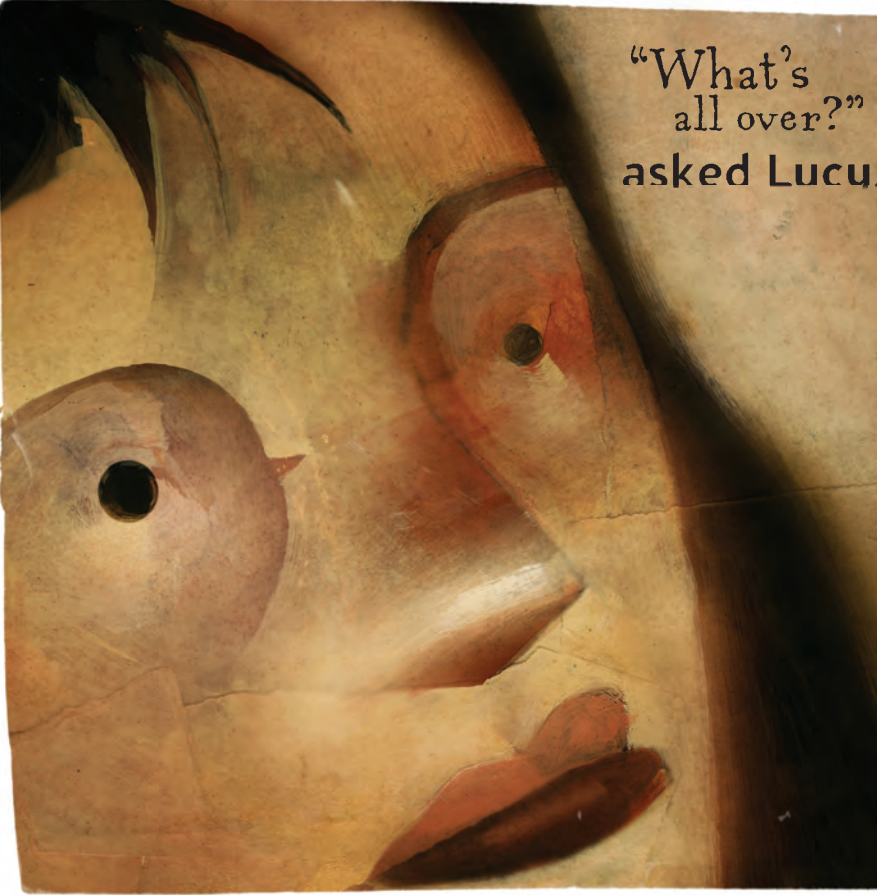


"Wolves,"
said Lucu.

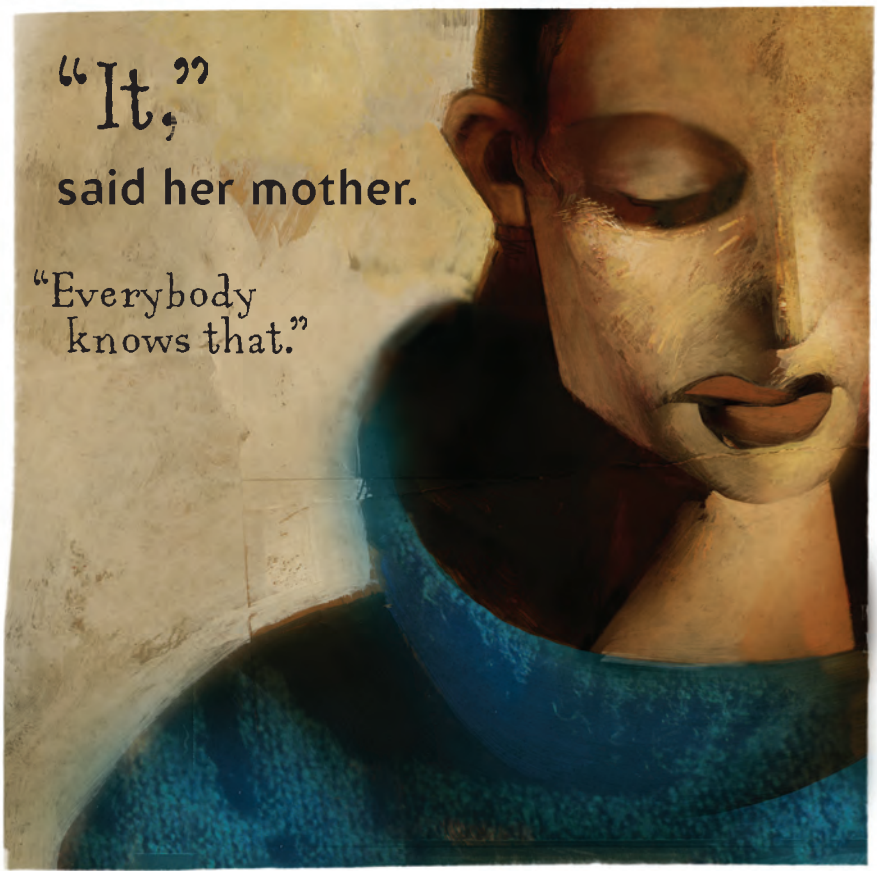
"I'm sure it's not wolves,"
said her mother.

"For you know what
they say . . .

If the wolves
come out of the walls,
then it's all over."



"What's
all over?"
asked Lucu.



"It,"
said her mother.

"Everybody
knows that."