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Opening extract from
Charlotte and the Wolves

Written by
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& Henrike Wilson**

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For Barbara, Claudia, Eva, Friederike, Gudrun, Julia,
Nureni, and Petra and all other courageous women
of all shapes and sizes
H.W.

For Vilma, any time.
A.S.



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CHARLOTTE AND THE WOLVES



BY ANU STOHNER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIKE WILSON



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Charlotte had always been different to the other sheep. She climbed trees and swam in the wild brook, and sometimes she even ran up the steep, sharp rocks where no sheep had ever been before. From there she could see far off into the distance, all the way to the high mountains and the big roads where dangerous cars drove.

Once when the old shepherd broke his leg, Charlotte had run all alone through the valley to the farm to get help, hurrying over the wild brook and the steep rocks and riding in the back of a truck along the big, dangerous road. Ever since then, the older sheep had stopped worrying about Charlotte's wild ways. The whole flock was proud of her – although they still didn't like to watch her climbing up high.





But there were a couple of young sheep in the flock who rolled their eyes whenever the older ones praised Charlotte.

“Baaaa, rubbish!” they said, when no one was listening.

“What’s so brave about going into the valley?” asked one.

“And on the way back she rode in a truck,” said another.

“The next time something happens, *we’ll* take charge,” said a third. He was called Wolfie, and he was their leader. Together, they called themselves “The Wolves”.

