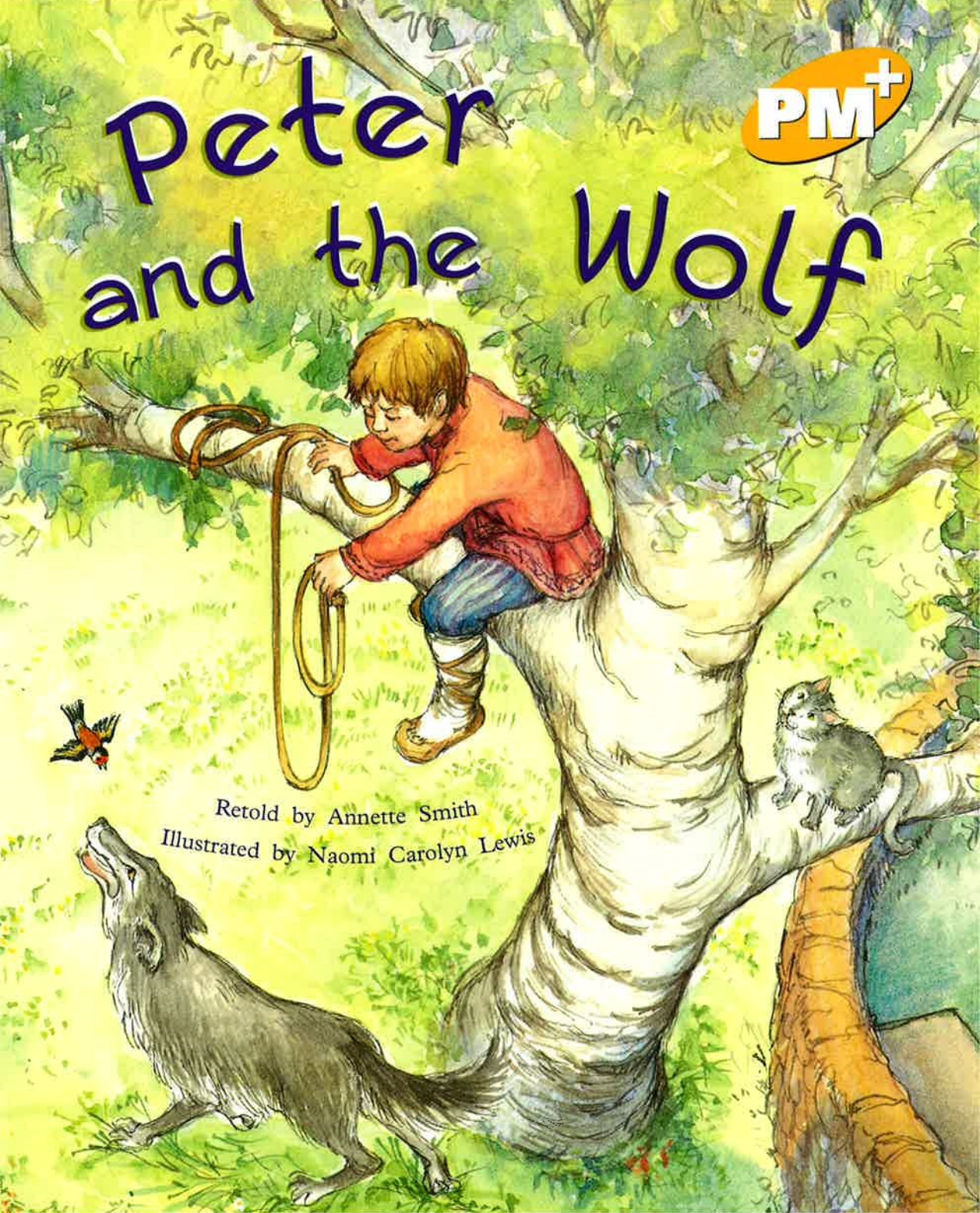
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Peter and the Wolf



Retold by Annette Smith

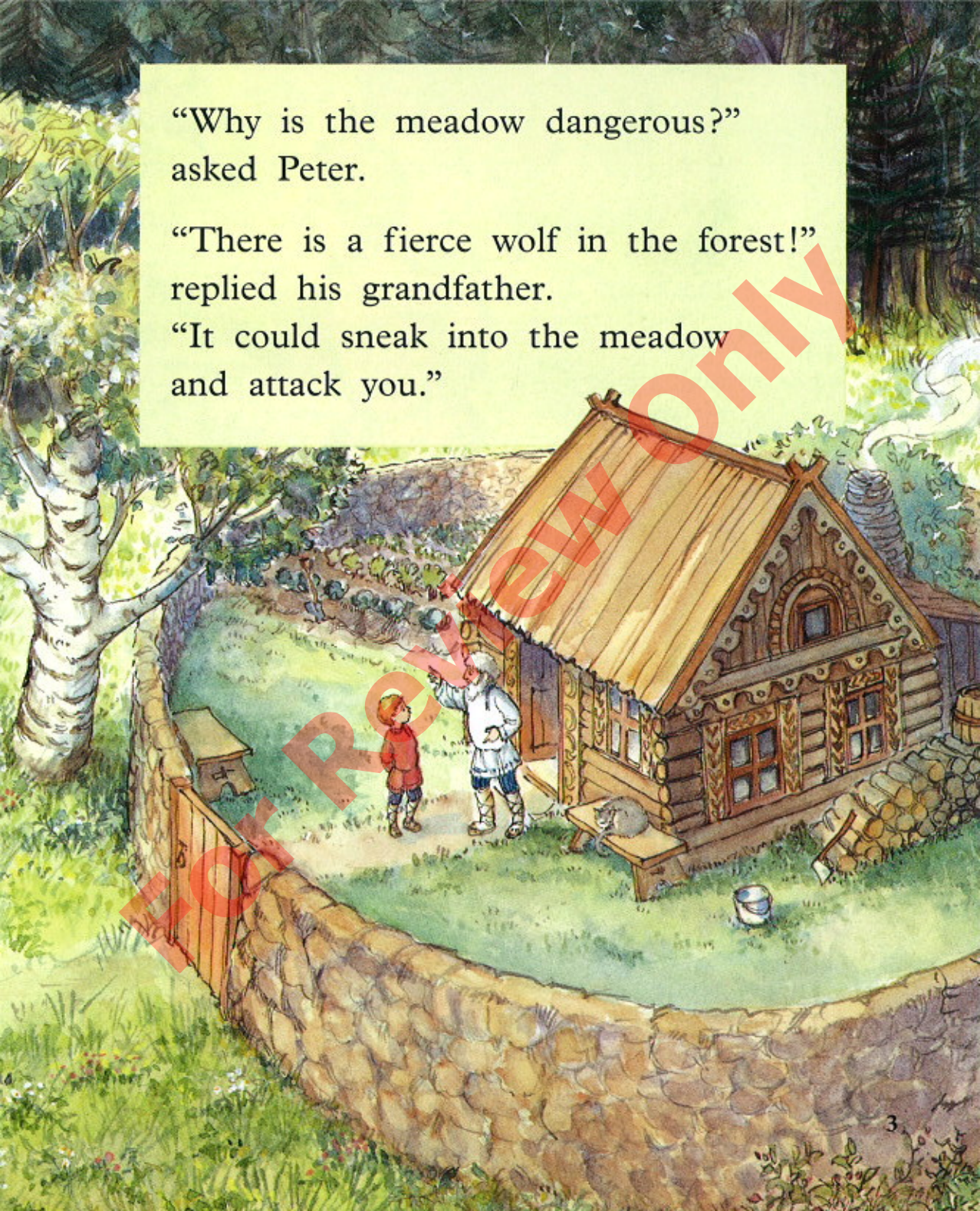
Illustrated by Naomi Carolyn Lewis

Once upon a time, a boy called Peter
lived with his grandfather
in a small wooden cottage
at the edge of a dark forest.

In front of the cottage
was a beautiful, green meadow.
Peter liked to play in the garden
around the cottage,
but he longed to go into the meadow.

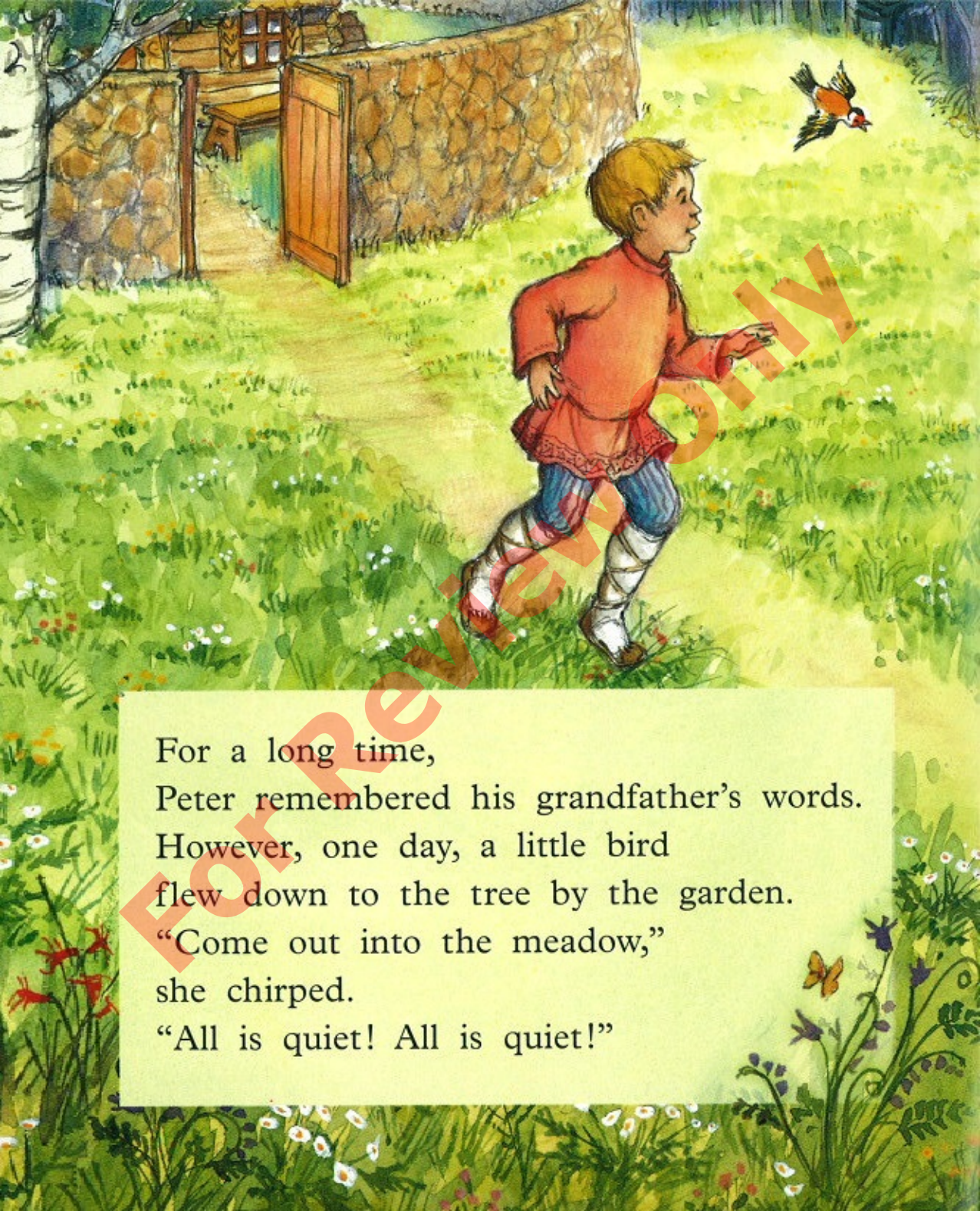
Grandfather would say to him,
"Stay near the house, Peter.
Never, never go into the meadow.
It is a very dangerous place!"

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"Why is the meadow dangerous?" asked Peter.

"There is a fierce wolf in the forest!" replied his grandfather. "It could sneak into the meadow and attack you."

For Review Only



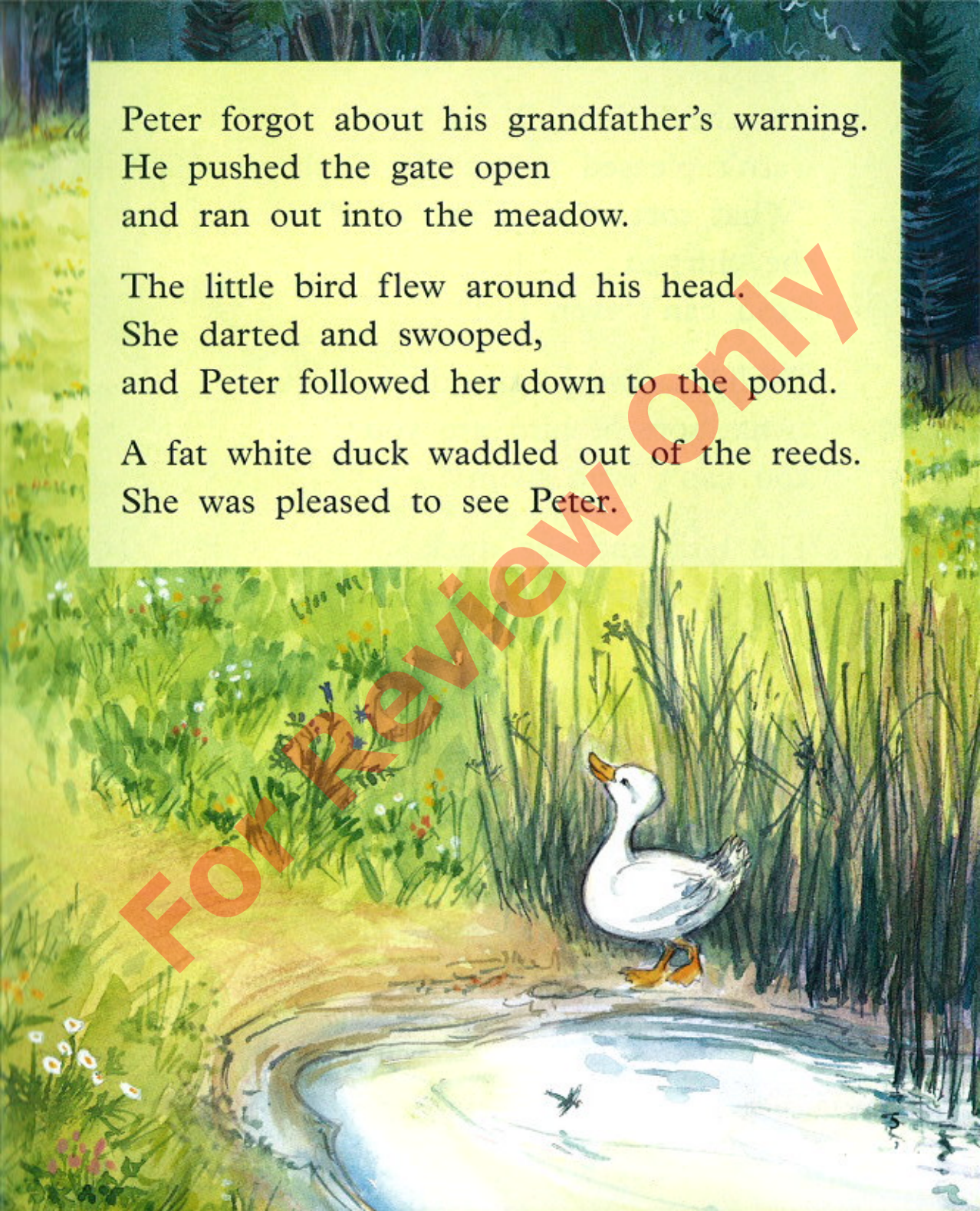
For a long time,
Peter remembered his grandfather's words.
However, one day, a little bird
flew down to the tree by the garden.
"Come out into the meadow,"
she chirped.
"All is quiet! All is quiet!"

For Review Only

Peter forgot about his grandfather's warning.
He pushed the gate open
and ran out into the meadow.

The little bird flew around his head.
She darted and swooped,
and Peter followed her down to the pond.

A fat white duck waddled out of the reeds.
She was pleased to see Peter.



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But the little bird
wasn't pleased to see the duck.
"What sort of bird are you?"
she chirped.
"You can't even fly!"

"Well," answered the duck,
"what sort of bird are you?
You can't even swim!"

The bird and the duck
were making so much noise
that they didn't hear the big grey cat
creeping through the long grass
behind them.

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