Last week, I went to stay with my grandmother in the forest.

Yesterday, I wanted to go out. “Where are you going?” said my grandmother.

“To my friend’s house,” I said.

“I think there is a storm,” my grandmother said.

“The wolves come out in a storm. Don’t touch them!” she said.

Later, I went out. At first I saw lots of wolves. I wasn’t scared.

I touched them. Then I remembered what my grandmother said.

Too late! My teeth turned long and black and my arms had a lot of hair! I was a wolf!

I shouted and ran. I saw a witch.

Now I live with the witch. When there’s a storm, I scare people. Maybe I will scare you!