



In a forest far away, five little wolves were born.
Their den was under a hollow oak tree. Its twisted roots
held the little ones snugly, as if in a warm embrace.
The smallest wolf of all was Winter Cub. His short legs,
turned-up nose, and perky ears made him extra cute.



The little wolves felt safe in the care of their parents. And the rest of the pack looked out for them, too. Each day, the cubs grew stronger. By the end of spring, they were allowed to play on their own while the adult wolves went to find food. The little ones tumbled and chased on the soft forest moss. After playing all day, the tired cubs were happy to pounce on the food their protectors brought back.