

GLOUPP, A WOLF



A text of
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on images of
Fan.

Translation by Claude Hartley.

From 4 years.

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I have large slanting eyes.
But I have no scales!
My claws are long and sharp.
I have neither feathers nor beak.

Let's see...
I have eyes large and bright.
My ears are pointed and hairy.
I have a long muzzle in the middle of tufts of hair.
A muzzle which shows powerful fangs over my curled up lips.

One, two, three, four enormous paws, that's me!

I am, I am...

Guess who?



Yes, I am a wolf!

The wolf that you have no doubt met
in stories.

The one who in those stories lives in the depth of the forest
and eats Little Riding Hood and her grandmother.

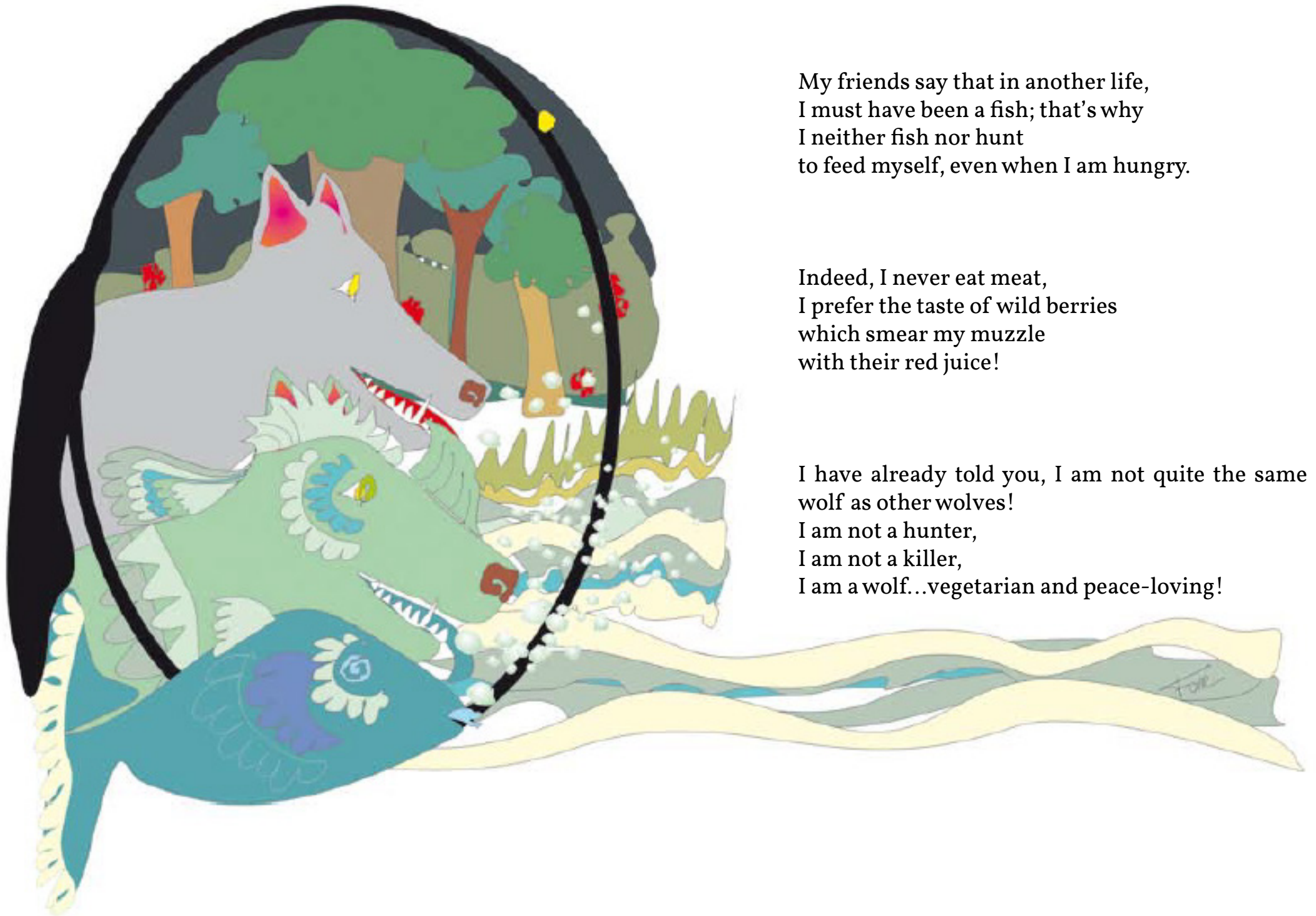
The wolf who in real life likes freedom
and the wide open spaces of snow.
The one who lives in packs and hunts for food.

The wolf, that animal feared and hunted
when you don't know him.
So listen to my story.

It is the story of a wolf who resembles
all the other wolves.

It is the story of a wolf who is not
like the other wolves.





My friends say that in another life,
I must have been a fish; that's why
I neither fish nor hunt
to feed myself, even when I am hungry.

Indeed, I never eat meat,
I prefer the taste of wild berries
which smear my muzzle
with their red juice!

I have already told you, I am not quite the same
wolf as other wolves!
I am not a hunter,
I am not a killer,
I am a wolf...vegetarian and peace-loving!

When I was little,
I spent hours and hours
observing the tiny animals
living around our lair,
talking with them, taming
them in a way.

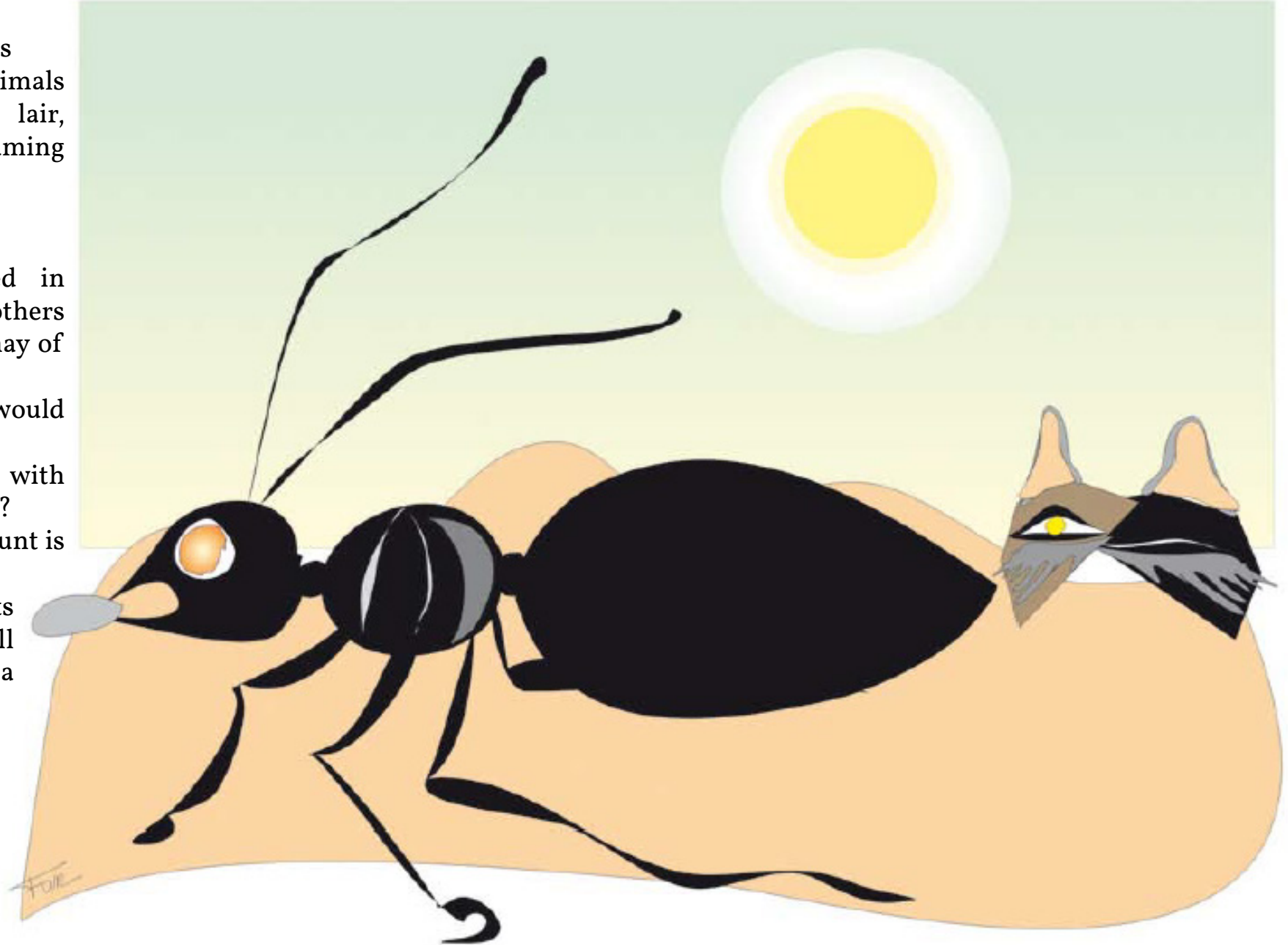
I was not interested in
hunting with my brothers
and sisters to the dismay of
my mother.

In her distress she would
say:

— “What shall we do with
you when you grow up?

A wolf who does not hunt is
not a wolf!

A wolf who protects
ants and other small
creatures cannot be a
real wolf!”



That's when Mr
Hedgehog became my friend.

He taught me how to
recognise the fruit and wild berries
on which we gorged ourselves!

And mother would again say:
— “A wolf who eats wild berries is
not a wolf!”

And my brothers and sisters
made fun of me:
— “You are not a wolf!”





The older I grew, the more the pack laughed at me, and the more the other wolves laughed at me the closer I felt to my little friends.

I talked to butterflies and birds.

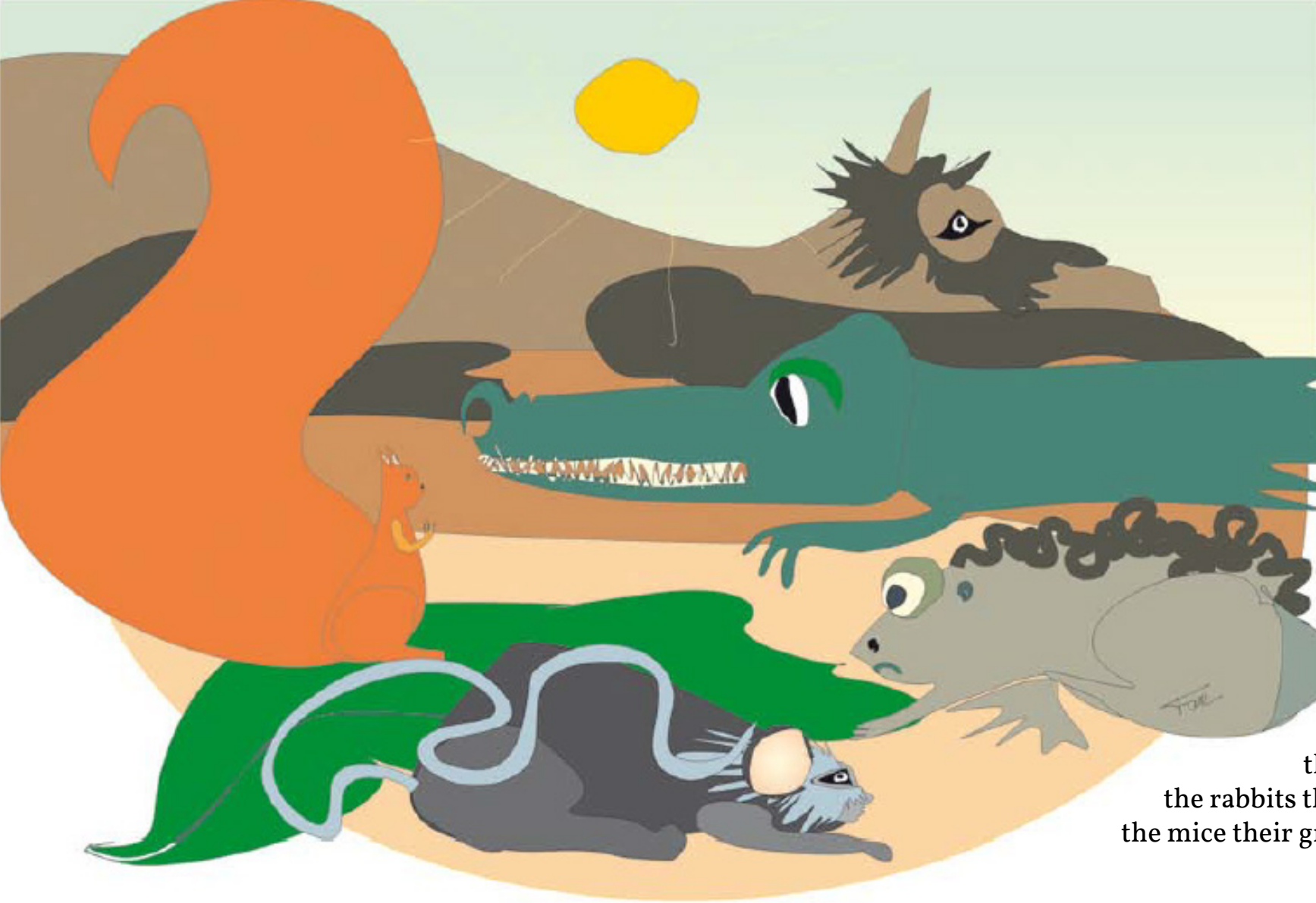
I played with mice and squirrels.

The bees gave me their honey.

I picked wild carrots with rabbits.

But one day as I went past the wolves they bared their teeth and growled at me.

I had to leave...



My little friends
told their friends
what was happening
to me,
and the friends' friends
of their friends and...

Wherever I went
the bees gave me
their honey,
the squirrels their nuts,
the rabbits their carrots,
the mice their grain...

I basked in the sun
by the water with frogs,
toads and crocodiles...

I had become...Gloupp, the wolf who was not like the other wolves, the wolf who never hunted, who fed on wild vegetable and fruit, mushrooms and honey.

I travelled the world.

At first, those who had not heard of me would obviously be wary about me! Can you imagine that! A wolf wanting to live among them, like them!

But very quickly, they got to know me. Even the monkeys in their distant islands invited me to share their meal. As I am very greedy, I stuffed myself with coconuts!



When humans heard that I was a vegetarian, they opened their doors,
they who used to shoot wolves or confine them in pens or zoos.

I have slept by the fireside, wrapped up in blankets, head to tail with the house cat.
Who would believe it! A wolf and a cat becoming the best friends in the world?



Now, I am old, very old.

The bees give me their honey,
the squirrels their nuts,
the rabbits their carrots,
the mice their grain...

Sometimes I think of my family.

Of course I have sometimes missed
Mum, my brothers and sisters,
but I have no regrets,
I have made so many friends.

I am Gloupp, the big peace-loving wolf,
a wolf not like other wolves,
but an old and very happy wolf!





Dear parent,
You have just read this
album with your child.

Why not keep up the
magic of the tale with a
game?

Invite your child to tell
himself/herself the
story.

Start by giving him/her
these few words:
— “You are the wolf, you
wander around. With
your wolf’s eyes, you
see...
Tell me what you see.”

Story of wolves- Children stories.

Imaginary game created by Fan.

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#Wolf #Vegan #Travels #Differences #Prejudice #Respect



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