

The clearing was circled with strange standing stones.

A black shape slunk from the trees. Then another. A terrifying howling filled their ears. Wolves! Brendan picked up a stick and swung it around like a sword. The wolves snarled and snapped, their teeth bared and their green eyes flashing fire.

One of the wolves lunged forward and sank his teeth into Brendan's cloak. Dropping his stick, Brendan scrambled desperately onto the tallest standing stone. Pangur leapt through a gap in the wolf pack and into the undergrowth.

Another shape loomed up behind the wolves. An eerie, plaintive wail chilled the air. The wolves cowered and slunk back into the forest. What monster was fierce enough to scare the wolf pack? Brendan closed his eyes and began to pray.

'Is this your cat?'

A small white-haired girl, about eight years old, stood in front of the stone, holding a very annoyed Pangur Bán.

Where had the monster gone? Was *this* who had scared the wolves?

'You're a ... a fairy! What are you doing here?'

'What are *you* doing here – in *my* forest? You've come to spoil it, haven't you? Where are the rest of your family? Cutting down the trees or hunting the animals, I suppose?'

'I haven't come to spoil anything! And I don't have a family.'

