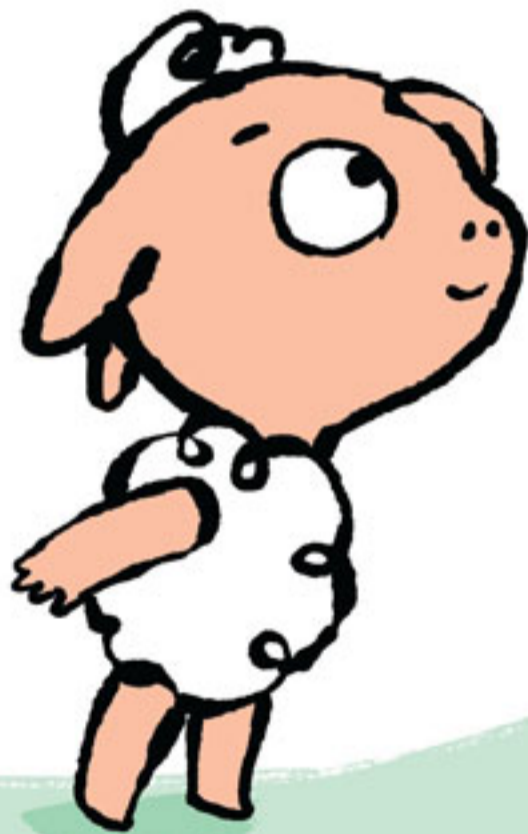


Lana Lynn Howls at the Moon

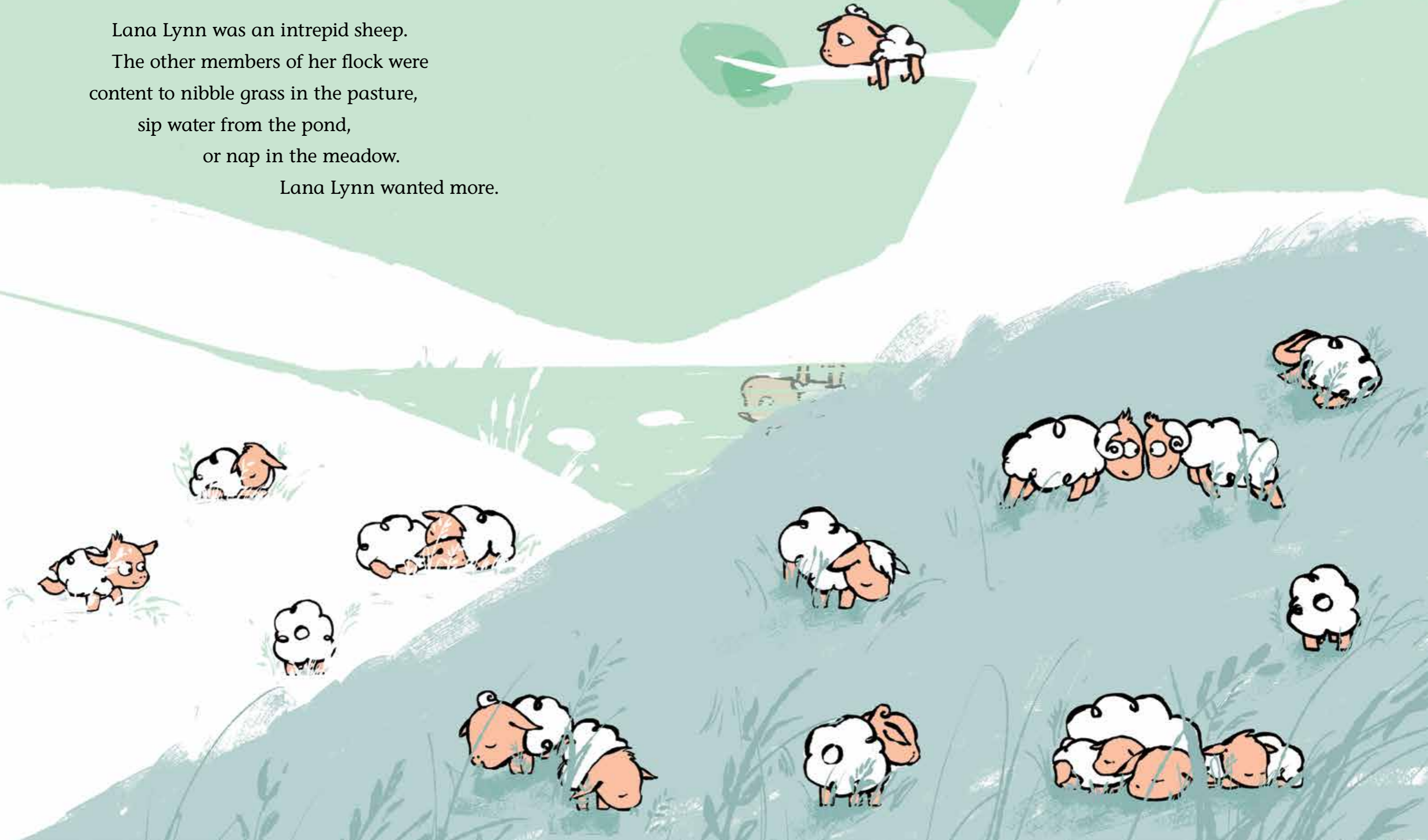


Written by
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Illustrated by
Anca Sandu

Lana Lynn was an intrepid sheep.
The other members of her flock were
content to nibble grass in the pasture,
sip water from the pond,
or nap in the meadow.

Lana Lynn wanted more.





Lana Lynn wanted adventure.



She wanted to run through the wild woods.

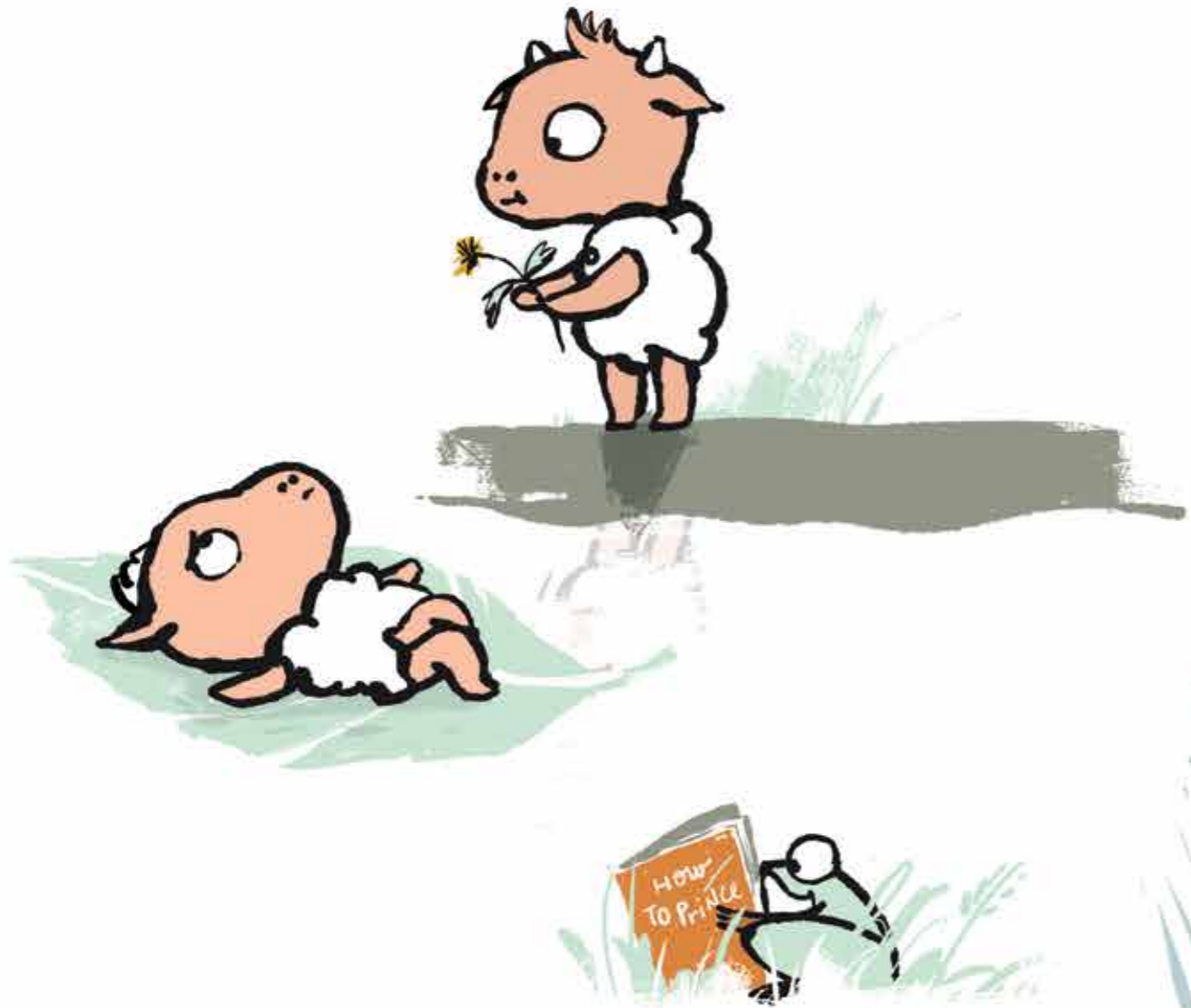


She wanted to stay up late.



She wanted
to howl at the
moon.

The others thought Lana Lynn was an odd sheep.
“Lana Lynn, come nibble some grass,” said her
best friend, Shawn.



“Fiddle-dee-dee! Grass is tasteless! Not for me,”
said Lana Lynn.

“Lana Lynn, come sip some water,”
said Shawn.

“Fiddle-dee-dee! Water is boring!
Not for me,” said Lana Lynn.

