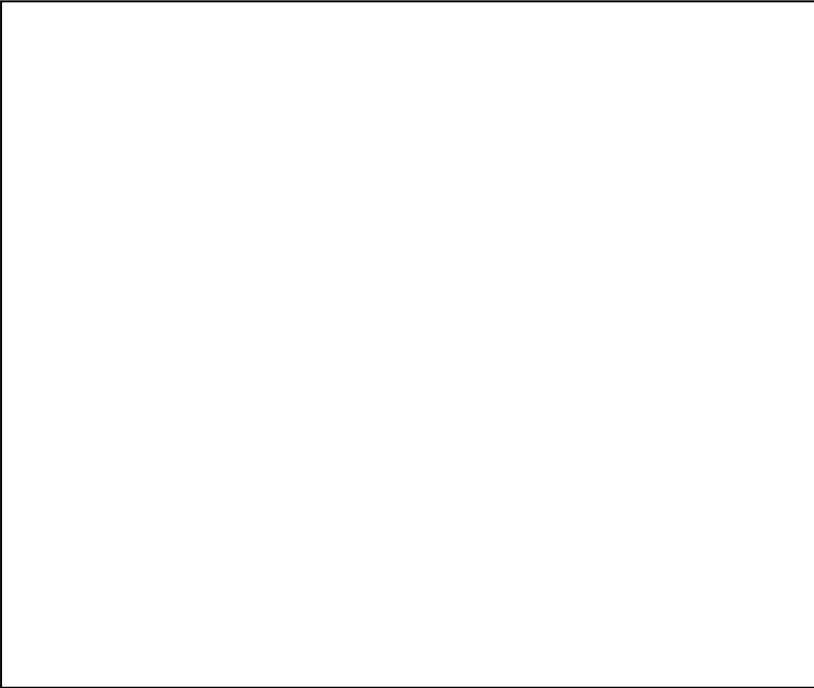


# THE WEREWOLF OF WALTHER POINT

*A Ghost Story For Brave Souls*



The fog rolled in, wrapping itself around my shoulders like a stale, wet, grey cloak. It gathered deeper and deeper, like an old friend happy to see me after a long absence. And it hid me.

It hid my presence from the watchful eyes in the cabin before me.

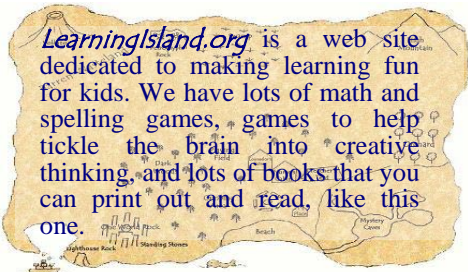
What is in the cabin? And who is hiding outside the door?

***Find out in this creepy tale that you can illustrate yourself.***

**Written by:**

**Illustrated by:**

**Caitlind L. Alexander**



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