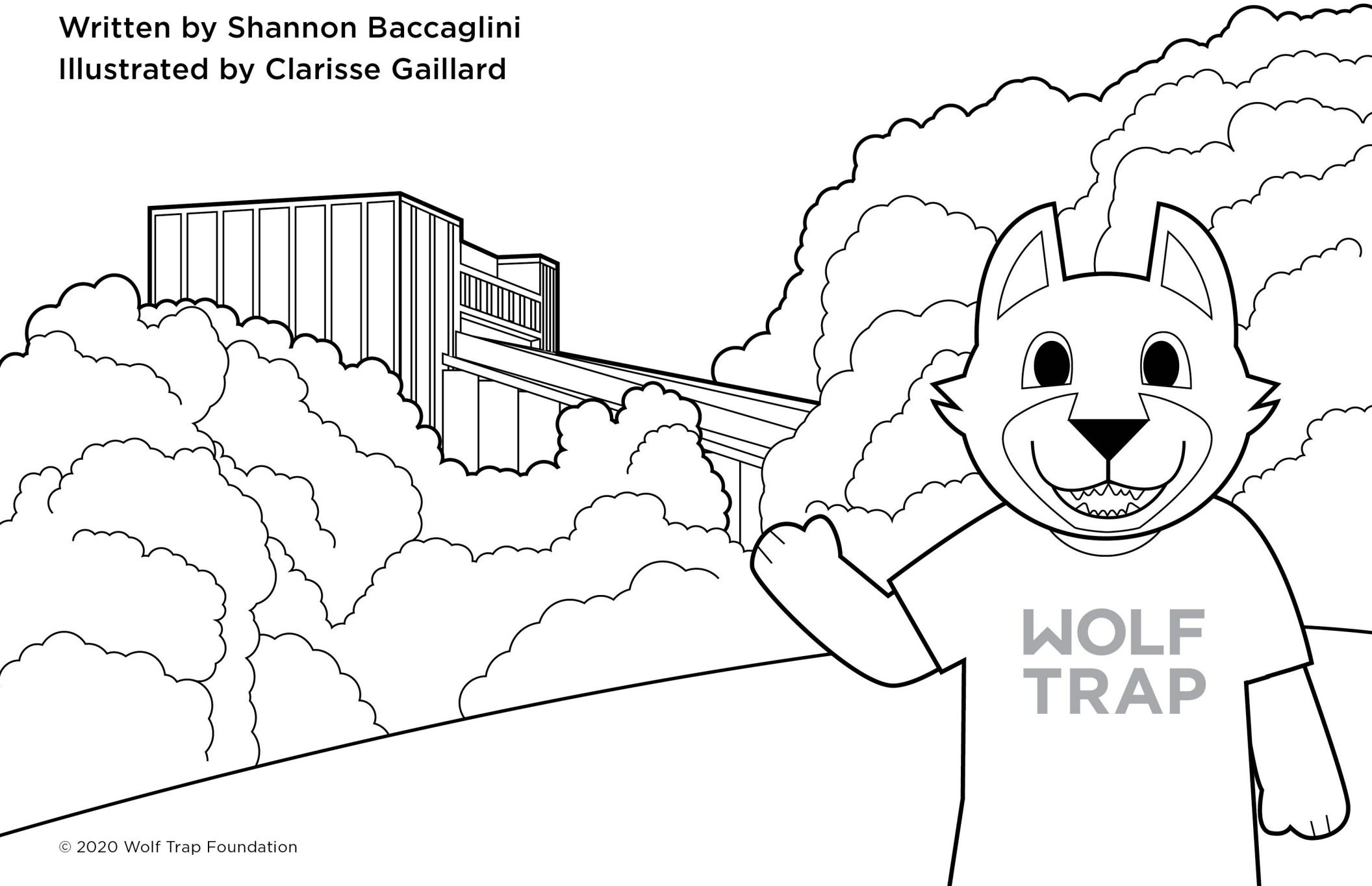


Wolfie's Magical Song

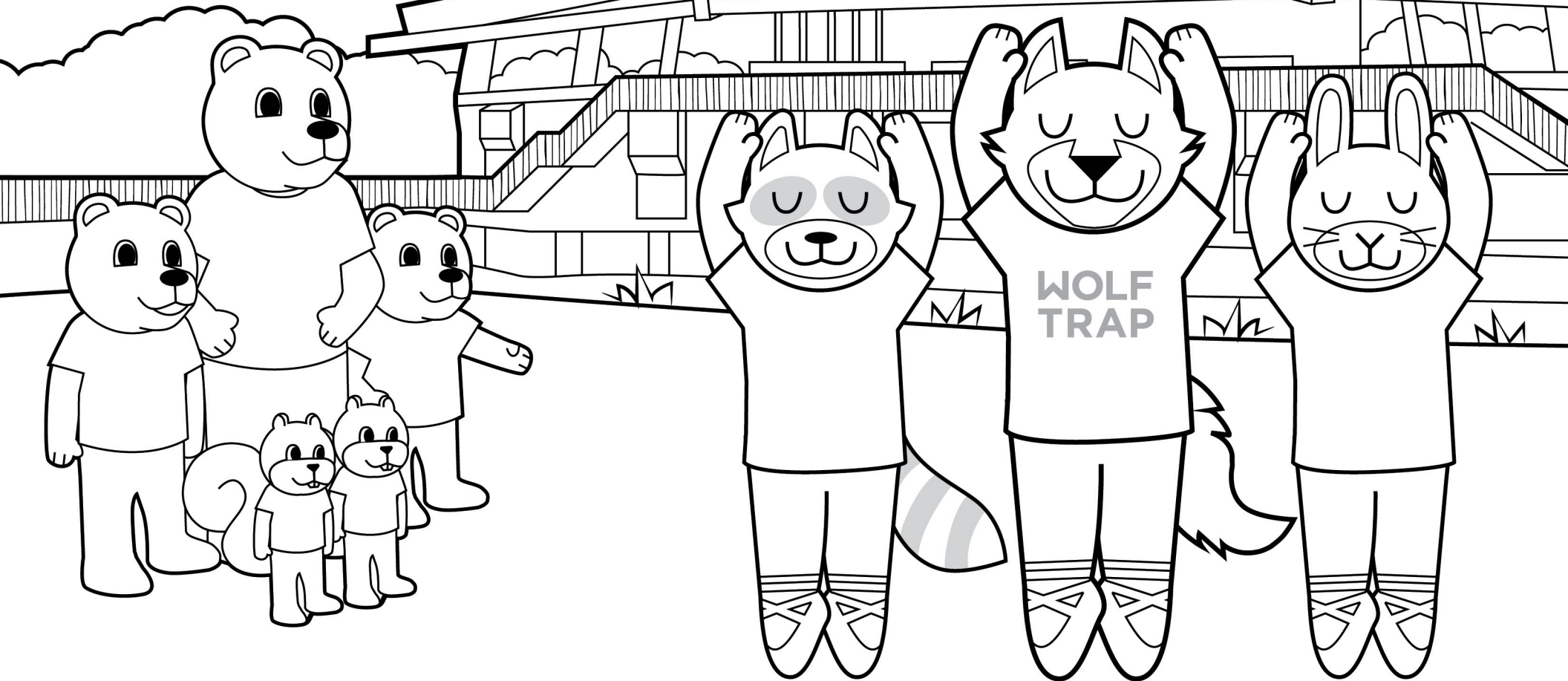
Written by Shannon Baccaglini

Illustrated by Clarisse Gaillard



Wolfie lived at Wolf Trap,
A beautiful national Park,
Where every summer, dance and music
Would visit this landmark.

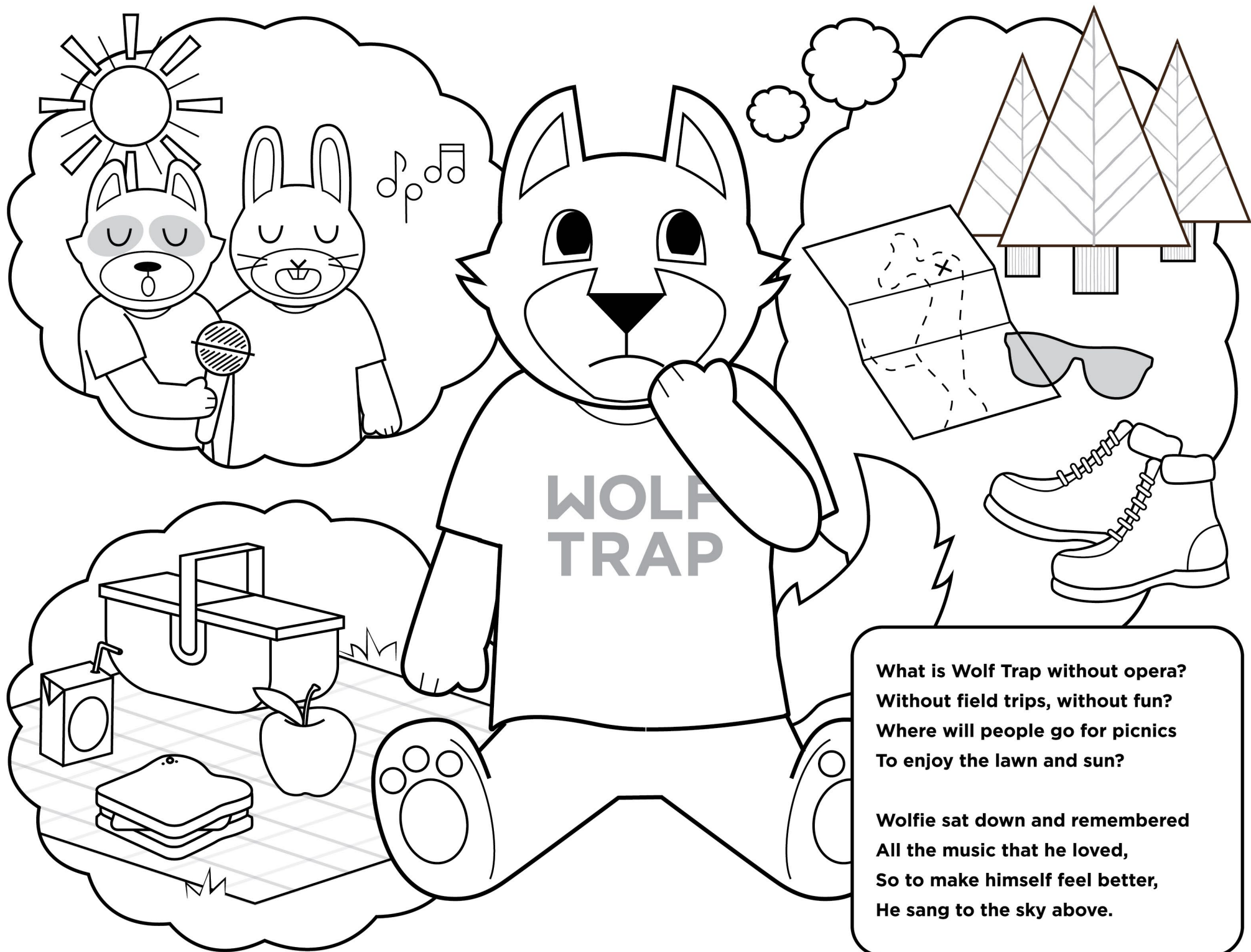
Wolfie loved this time of year,
When all his friends came out to play,
They'd sing all night under the stars,
And practice their ballet.





But this time it was quiet,
No dancers and no bands,
No country, pop, or R&B,
No artists or stagehands.

The Park had fallen silent,
The world felt upside down,
And Wolfie was so lonely,
That he couldn't help but frown.



What is Wolf Trap without opera?
Without field trips, without fun?
Where will people go for picnics
To enjoy the lawn and sun?

Wolfie sat down and remembered
All the music that he loved,
So to make himself feel better,
He sang to the sky above.