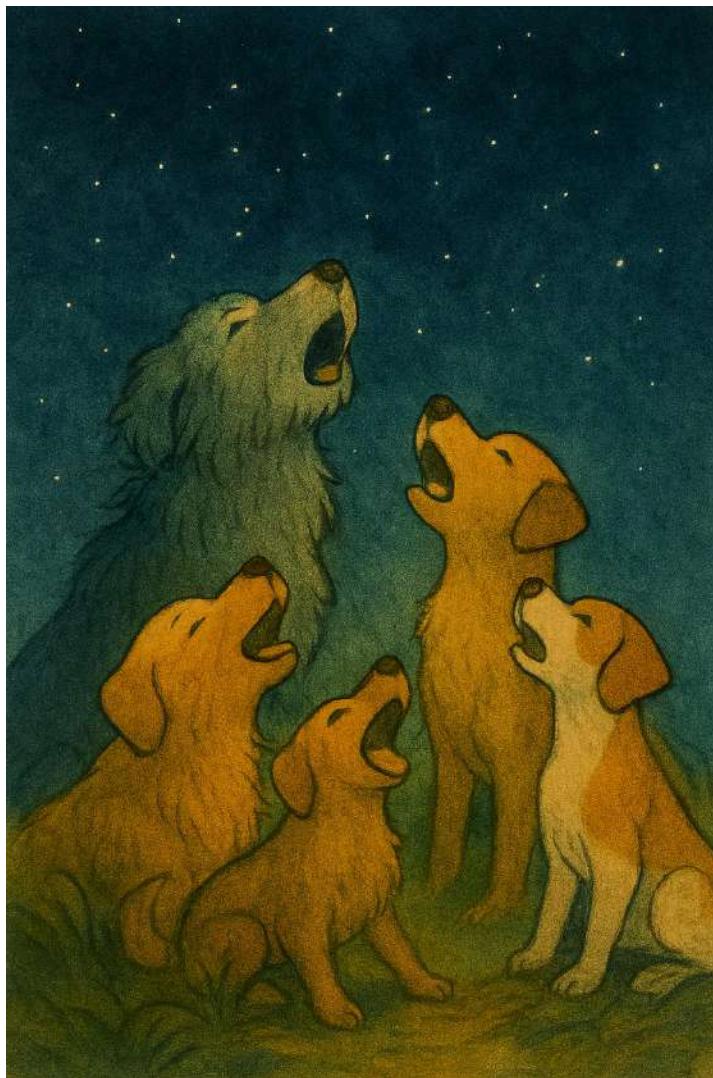


LE VILLAIN PETIT TOM

THE WOLF CUB LEFT IN THE RAIN



Chrismaela MANUHAAPAI

English

Animal Stories

Small steps in shadows, a heart full of hope. A child left aside learning to cope. He searched for love in a puppy's eyes. And found quiet peace beneath the skies. His laughter was rare, his silence deep. He gave without asking with gentle grace. A treasure of kindness, no one could replace.

Parents, hear this cry in the breeze. The voice of a child lost with ease.

He asked for no gifts, no grand acclaim
Just one warm hug and one kind name.
Tom is gone, but his spirit stays.
In every glance, in quiet ways.
Let his memory guide your view,
to see each child as a gift from God.

THE WOLF CUB LEFT IN THE RAIN

Thanks AI for the cover and the illustrations

English

MATA-UTU, HAHAKE, Wallis et Futuna

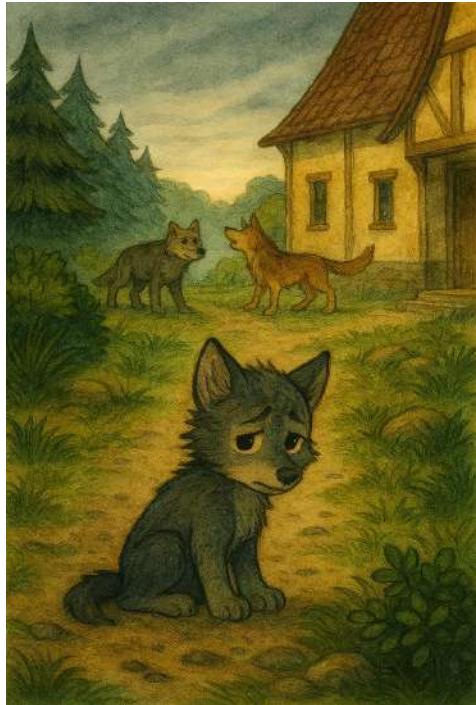
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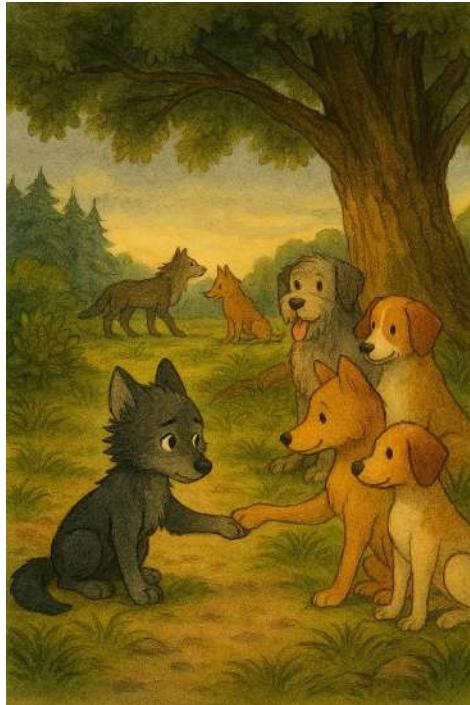
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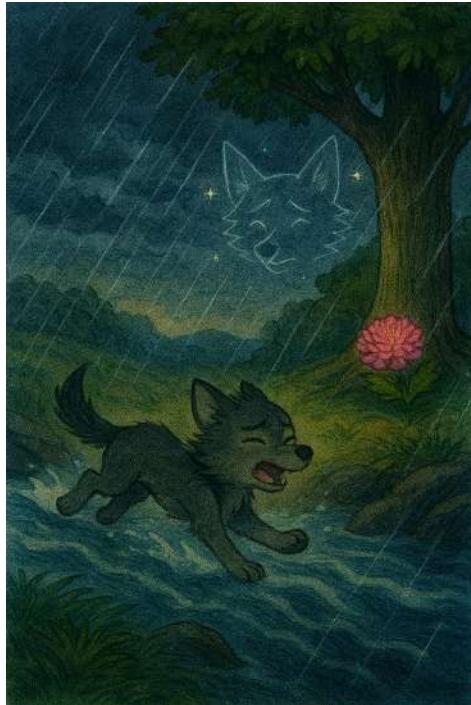


Once upon a time, in a quiet village nestled between forest and field there lived a young wolf cub named Tom. Unlike the other wolves who ran in packs and followed the old ways, Tom was different. He was gentle, curious and drawn to the company of stray dogs who roamed the village outskirts.



These dogs, though rough around the edges, welcomed Tom with open hearts. They played together, shared scraps of food, and curled up under the stars. To them, Tom was not a wolf to be feared but a brother to be loved.

But in the den where Tom was born, his parents saw things differently. They didn't understand his bond with the dogs. They thought he was wasting his time forgetting who he was meant to be. They were too busy, too distracted to notice the loneliness in his eyes or the quiet ache in his heart.



Then came the night of the storm. Rain poured from the sky like sorrow itself. Thunder rolled across the hills and the wind howled louder than any wolf.

That night, Tom playing outside vanished.

The next morning, the village awoke to the news : the little wolf cub had been swept away by the floodwaters. Alone. Gone too soon.

His parents wept but their tears came too late. Only then did they realize that love isn't about blood or tradition—it's about presence, kindness and the ones who wait for you to come home.

Now, whenever the skies darken and the rain begins to fall, the dogs gather beneath the old oak tree. They lift their noses to the wind, listening. Somewhere above the clouds, they believe, their little brother runs free—wild, joyful and finally understood.

Seasons passed, and the old oak became a silent sanctuary for the pack. Every rainy evening, the dogs gathered there, eyes glistening with a memory no wind could wash away.

One day, a curious young pup named Will asked the others :

— Why do we come here when the sky cries ?

The eldest dog, his muzzle silvered with time, replied :

— To listen for Tom.

— But Tom is gone, isn't he ?

— No, little one. Tom became the rain, the wind and the light.
He's everywhere love refuses to fade.

Will looked up.

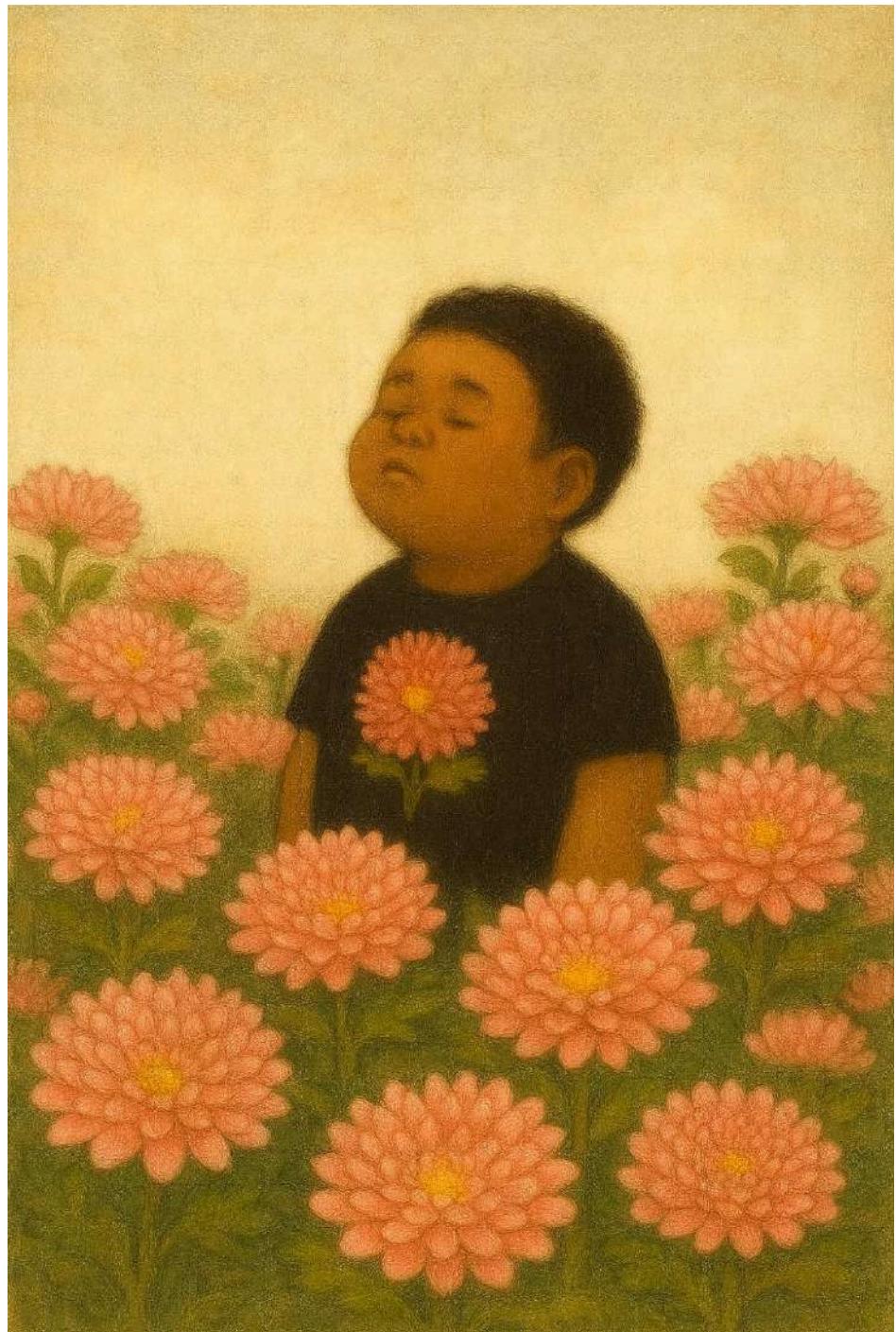
A raindrop landed gently on her nose.

It was warm, soft—almost alive.

That night, the pack howled not in sorrow but in hope.

Their song rose to the clouds and somewhere beyond the hills, an invisible wolf answered with rain. Since then, every young pup in the village learns Tom's story.

Not as a legend but as a truth : the tale of a wolf cub who chose friendship over fear and freedom in the rain.



This fable is dedicated to a young boy from my village,
taken too soon with the wind that rose that evening.
It tell the story of a lonely wolf cub who, in his search
for love and belonging, finally finds his place among a
pack of dogs.

And even when the unexpected strikes, Tom will
remain forever engraved in the hearts of those who
loved him !



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