

First published in 2020  
by Walker Books Australia Pty Ltd  
Locked Bag 22, Newtown  
NSW 2042 Australia  
www.walkerbooks.com.au

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A catalogue record for this  
book is available from the  
National Library of Australia

ISBN: 978 1 760651 596

The illustrations for this book were created with  
pen, ink and Photoshop  
Typeset in Berkeley Oldstyle Book  
Printed and bound in China

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1



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# THE WOLVES

OF GREYCOAT HALL



LUCINDA GIFFORD



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“Why,” said Randall, “not just sort of! We have distinguished Scottish heritage. Now! Enough chitchat. I must read more!”

While Randall and Leonora read the rest of the article, Boris looked through *The Lupine Times* weekend magazine. He was happy to find an article on Scottish food, featuring photographs of fruitcake, shortbread, berry jam and light, crumbly scones.

“Why don’t we go to Scotland this summer?” he asked.

At this, Randall gave a low growl and placed his front paws on his lap.

When Randall put his paws on his lap, it meant he was about to make a Dramatic Statement. Leonora and Boris watched nervously. In the Greycoat family, Randall’s Dramatic Statements often led to Sticky Situations.

“Of course we should go!” declared Randall. He leaped from his chair and stood by the mantelpiece, his paw on his chest. “If wolves are to be reintroduced, we must seek an introduction! We, the Greycoats, shall show the Scottish people

how wonderful wolves can be. I propose that we travel to Scotland, our ancestral homeland, on the next available train!”







got out *The History of the Scottish Greycoats*.

It was an entertaining read, full of dramatic stories from hundreds of years ago. Boris read

about Lambert McLupus, the first wolf to become a Scottish baron. Lambert looked very proud in front of his castle, Wolfemina Hall, in the middle of a Scottish glen.

But the Baron had enemies. His treacherous brothers, Lyall and Lowell McLupus, plotted to take Wolfemina Hall for themselves



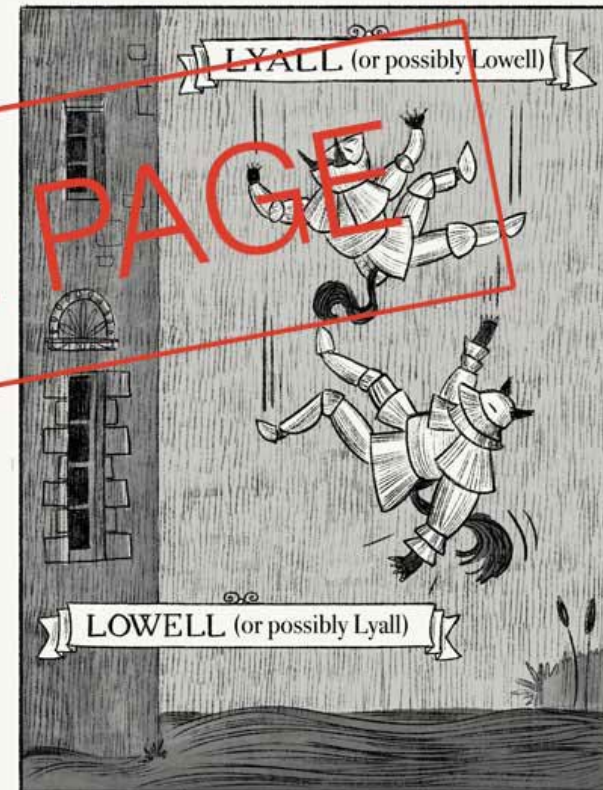
LYALL



LOWELL

They sneaked into the Hall and hid in suits of armour, planning to attack at midnight. But the wicked wolves got stuck in their armour. They wandered onto a balcony, tripped, and fell to their doom in the castle moat.

According to the book, the ghosts of the two brothers then spitefully haunted Lambert McLupus for the rest of his life.



It turned out that Lambert McLupus, the first baron of Wolfemina Hall, had three sons – Romulus, Remus and Rufus. Romulus was the oldest (though not by much as they were triplets), so he was in line to inherit Wolfemina Hall. But, like their uncles before them, Remus and Rufus were jealous of the heir to the title.

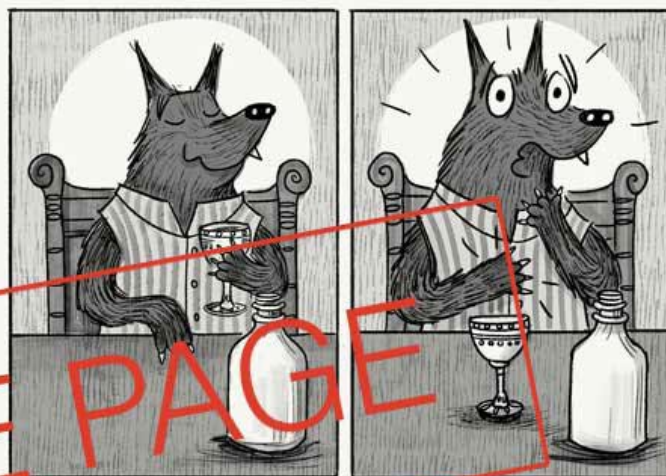


Romulus, Remus and Rufus McLupus

In fact, all three sons were bitter rivals. Each brother spent his life trying to get rid of the other two brothers. Finally, one day, after attempting to



trip Romulus with a rope, Remus slipped and fell off a mountain. Romulus celebrated the incident with a bottle of mead, forgetting that he'd poisoned the mead earlier when planning to gift it to Remus.



Romulus gloating over a glass of mead.

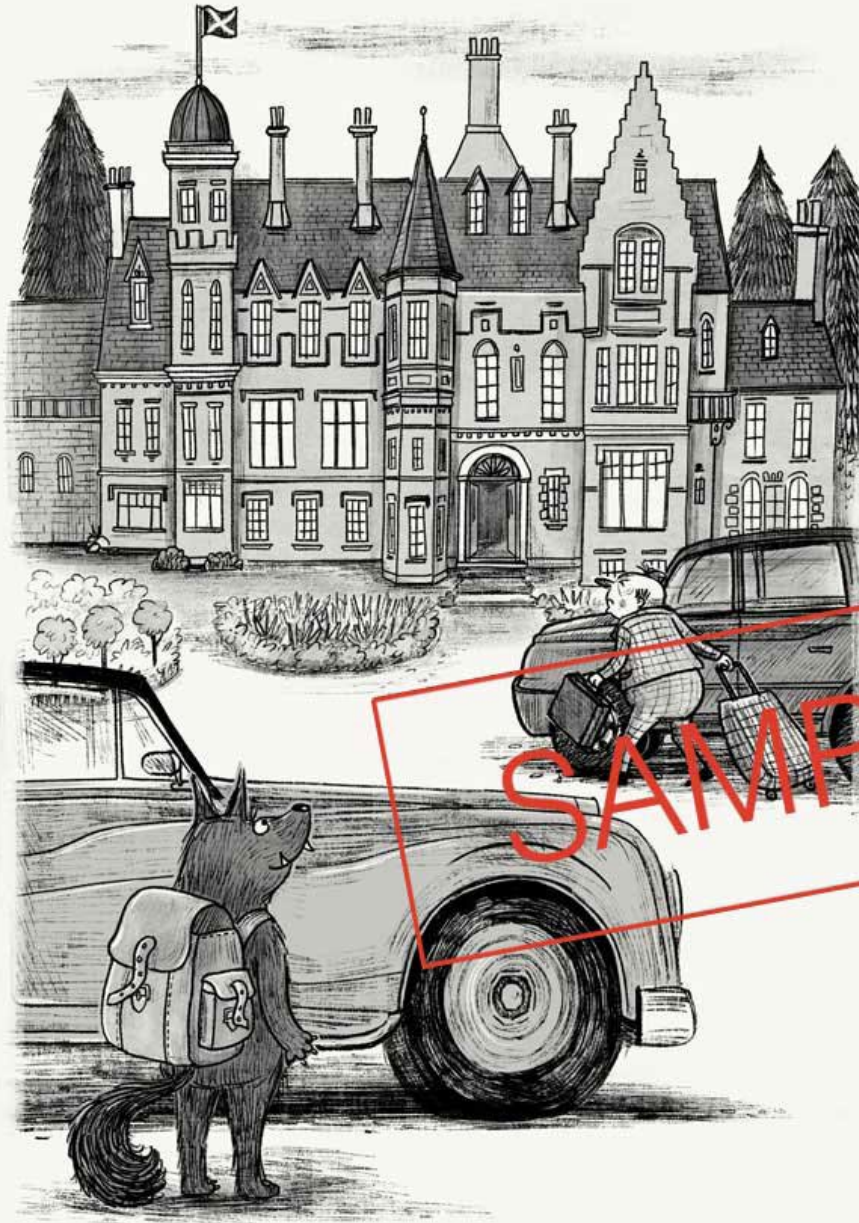
Romulus choking over a glass of mead.

*How wicked!* thought Boris. *Serves him right!*

And so Rufus, the surviving triplet, inherited Wolfemina Hall, becoming the second Baron McLupus.







## CHAPTER 5

### Discovering a Castle

In the foyer a whiskery black dog with short, stubby legs rushed at their ankles, barking gruffly.

“Hamish!” said the receptionist, “lie down!”

With a warning growl, Hamish trotted over to a red velvet cushion. He lay down, eyeing the wolves with suspicion.

If the receptionist was surprised to see wolves, she didn’t show it.

“Welcome, Mr, Mrs and Master Greycoat,” she said. “You’re in the Jacobite suite. And don’t mind Hamish. He thinks he runs the place.”

The first thing Boris noticed about the Jacobite



And Randall stepped into a nearby chamber, leaned back and opened his throat.



"Aroooooo  
... Aroooooo!  
Aroooooo!"

"Arooooo!" echoed on the walls, "Aroooooo!"

"Aroooooo ... Aroooooo!" echoed in the dungeons below.

"It really carries, doesn't it, Mum," said Boris, desperately wishing he was somewhere else.

"Aroooooo!"

echoed eerily from the loch below.

"Aroooooo!"



"Well," said Randall, cheerfully, "I think I'm done."

They emerged into the courtyard, where there was some kind of commotion. A group of people were crowded around the large man in the suit, who was leaning against the wall, his face pale.

"I heard it!" he cried. "The howling ghost of Kiltercalder! It chills me to the bone!"

"Maybe it was Alexander the Wolf?" said his lady friend, looking puzzled.

"Hey!" she yelled, seeing Randall. "Are you Alexander the Wolf?"

"Certainly not!" said Randall. "If you read your history you'll learn that Alexander the Wolf was a terrible individual. Utterly barbarous."

"Nothing like a real wolf at all!" added Leonora.

"Aroooooo!"





Randall had started to learn the Scottish bagpipes, but the manager of the Highland Hotel had asked him to please stop learning them on the grounds.

Now Randall was learning Scottish hammer throwing. The hotel manager had asked him to please learn a long way from the Highland Hotel.



Boris studied his pebbles. He was running out of room. Maybe he could take some pebbles back. And get a few new, smoother ones.

“Okay,” he said, “can we go to the beach today?”

“I would like to spot a rare speckled lapwing,” said Randall, looking up from his paper, “but we’re going to a distillery after lunch, to see whisky being made.”

“Well, I’m only a cub and not at all interested in whisky,” said Boris, firmly. “And it will be a tour with lots of waiting and questions about whisky. And no dungeons or puffins or hauntings or beaches or cake.”

“Mmm,” said Leonora, “well, we’re still going.”

“Maybe I could go to the beach by myself?” asked Boris. “I won’t go in the water and I’ll be back by four.”

His parents looked at each other. Boris thought they seemed relieved.

“I don’t see why not,” said Randall, “as long as you remember to pack lunch.”

“And take a snack,” said Leonora.

