



## CHAPTER 1

### "Dude, You Look Like a Poodle"

Karl's paws had never moved so fast.

As he raced to the outfield, ten other werewolves snapped at his tail.

"No way you'll get that ball!" one growled.

*Just watch me,* Karl thought, sprinting faster. *I'm like the wind.*

"Not going to happen!" shouted another werewolf. It was Alphonse, a tough cub from Karl's neighborhood.

Karl stuck out his baseball glove. Nothing anyone

could say would stop him from making this catch! Nothing!

Just then Alphonse said, “Dude, you look like a poodle.”

That did the trick.

*Whift!* Karl’s glove jerked the wrong way. As the ball whizzed past, he turned to grab it—

And lost his balance. He spun around like a lawn sprinkler. While he whirled, Karl had to admit his patchy coat *did* look like a poodle’s. His mom said his fur would even out as he got older. For now, though, he looked ready for a fancy dog show—not the biggest night of his life.

