BLACK THORN ACADEMY

The Big Coloring Book

Every creature. Every story.



BLACK THORN ACADEMY: THE BIG COLORING BOOK

This Book Is Yours

Eight coloring stories. One big book.

Meet Wally, Karson, Frankie, Victor, Cling, Milo, Miss Itty Bitty, and Principal Jekyl. Each one has a story to read and pictures to color.

There are no rules here. Color inside the lines or blast right past them. Use every crayon you own.

Fold the corners. Color every page.

Some people read with their eyes. Some with their ears. Some with both. Nobody misses the story.

Black Thorn Academy

Wally

Wally the Werewolf Learns Patience

Book 0

Read it. Color it. It's yours.

Scene 1 of 12



Wally the Werewolf was so excited! Today was his first day at Monster Manners School.



At Monster Manners School, monsters learn kindness, respect, and how to be their best selves.



During morning circle, Miss Bella, the kind and wise monster teacher, explained today’s lesson.



“Patience means waiting with a good heart,” said Miss Bella. “Sometimes the best things are worth the wait.”



But when it was time for recess, Wally got impatient.
He wanted to be the first on the playground.



He kept looking at the clock, watching the other kids play. It was so hard to wait!



Then Wally noticed something...



The butterfly didn’t rush. It took its time, and when it did, it found something beautiful.



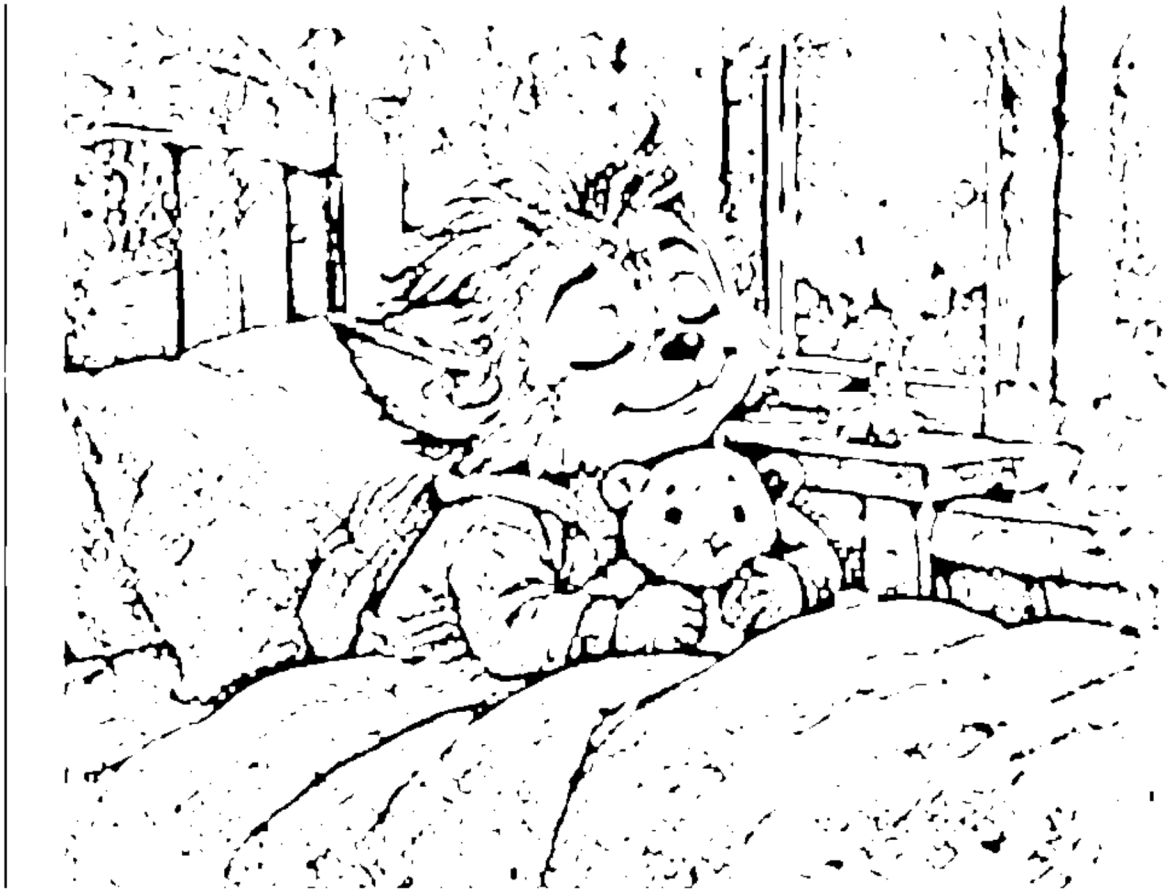
Wally took a deep breath and decided to be patient. He watched, he waited, and he kept a kind heart.

Scene 10 of 12



When it was finally his turn, Wally had the best time! He learned that patience can make the wait even more special.

Scene 11 of 12



That night, Wally smiled as he thought about his day. He had been impatient, but he tried. And he learned something important...

Scene 12 of 12



Patience isn't about waiting forever. It's about trusting, believing, and knowing that good things take time. And Wally would be patient again tomorrow.

Loved this? Hear it in the FREE audiobook



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every sense — so every reader can find their way into every story.

This color-your-own edition is FREE.
Find the full-color storybook and the free audiobook
wherever you found this book — and look for
the next Blackthorne Academy adventure!

Black Thorn Academy

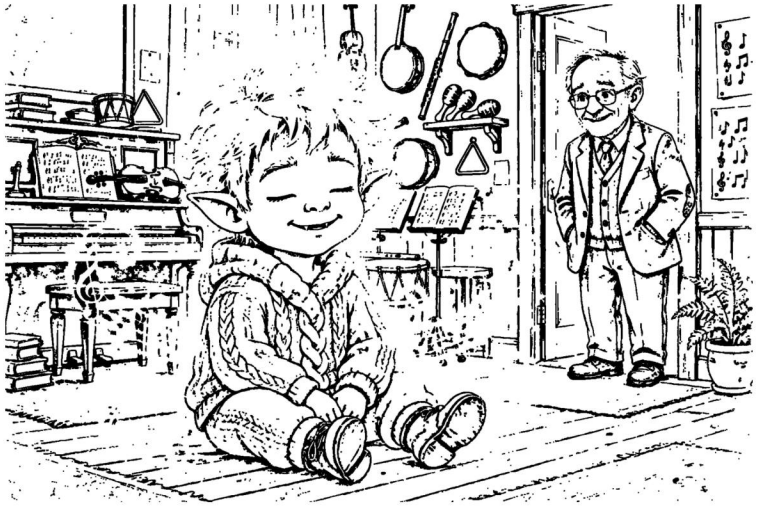
Karson

Karson Speaks Loud

Book 2

Read it. Color it. It's yours.

Color Karson's music room! What sounds do you see?



At Blackthorne Academy, the mornings were full of sounds.

Desks creaked. Chairs scraped. The little werewolf cub named Wally bebopped down the hallway, humming a song with no words.

Karson listened to all of it.

Karson was a boy banshee. He had short, tousled white hair and pointy ears, and he wore his favorite cream knit sweater every single day.

Keep reading - and keep coloring!

Karson did not use words to talk. His voice worked in a different way.

When Karson felt calm, he hummed. Soft and low, like a purring cat.

When Karson felt happy, he sang. High and bright, like bells in the wind.

And when Karson felt frustrated, he SCREAMED.

His wail rolled down the hallways of Blackthorne Academy. It rattled the windowpanes. Two bats in the belfry ducked their heads.

Karson screamed because he could not get the words out. Sometimes loud is just how a big feeling sounds.

Can you find Wally hiding in this picture?



On the first day of school, the new lunch lady did not understand. She covered her ears. She frowned.

"That boy needs to quiet down," she whispered to the cook.

Karson felt sad. He tugged at his knit sweater. He wished he could tell her: I am not being bad. I am talking.

Keep reading - and keep coloring!

Miss Blackthorne, the green-skinned witch teacher, knelt down beside him.

"Karson felt frustrated," she said softly. "And frustration is a feeling, not a crime."

Karson nodded. His pointy ears drooped a little.

Can you find Wally hiding in this picture?



In the courtyard that afternoon, Karson played with his class. They were building a tower of smooth gray stones.

One stone. Two stones. Three stones. Up, up, up it went. Red leaves and yellow leaves danced around their feet.

Karson reached for a stone. Another student grabbed it first. Karson tried to say, "That one was mine."

Keep reading - and keep coloring!

No words came out.

Karson's chest got tight. His hands squeezed into fists. He felt the frustration rising up, up, up -

And out it came. A great big WAIL. Loud and long.

The students froze. The tower wobbled. Wally the werewolf cub popped out from behind a bush, covered in leaves, and clapped his paws over his ears with a grin.

But Miss Itty Bitty, the guidance counselor, did not cover her ears. She sat right down next to Karson in the grass.

"Your voice is strong," she said.

Karson stopped. He looked at her.

"You were telling us something important," Miss Itty Bitty said. "Frustration means something matters to you. What matters to you right now?"

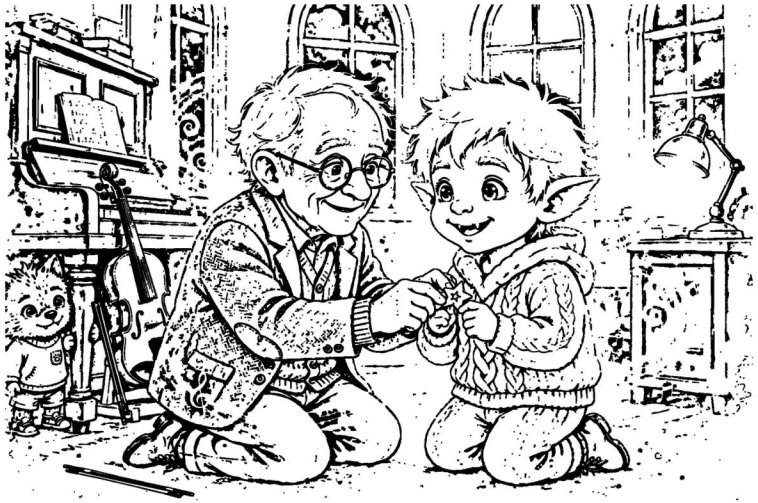
Karson pointed at the stone. Then he pointed at himself. Then he made a slow, patient sound - not a scream, just a hum - and tapped his chest.

"That stone was yours," Miss Itty Bitty said. "You needed it. And you told us."

The other student picked up the stone. He handed it to Karson. He smiled.

Karson felt warm inside. Like hot cocoa on a cold night.

Can you find Wally hiding in this picture?



That evening, Principal Jekyl found Karson sitting alone in the music room, humming.

"Karson," the principal said, "do you know what a banshee's wail is for?"

Karson shook his head.

"It is for being heard," said Principal Jekyl. "Even across miles. Even through storms. Your voice was built to carry."

Keep reading - and keep coloring!

Karson felt proud. His ears perked up. His voice was never a problem. His voice was his power.

Can you find Wally hiding in this picture?



One morning, the fire bell in the belfry broke. It would not ring. Smoke curled up from the kitchen chimney of the old school.

No one knew. The hallways were quiet.

But Karson knew. Karson could smell it. Karson felt scared, and the scared feeling rose up, up, up -

Keep reading - and keep coloring!

Karson opened his mouth and let out the biggest wail of his whole life.

It rolled through the hallways. It rattled the windows. It reached every single classroom.

Miss Blackthorne heard it. Miss Itty Bitty heard it. Principal Jekyl heard it.

And far down the hall, little Wally the werewolf cub heard it too, and he lifted his nose and howled along, just to keep Karson company.

Everyone came running. Everyone was safe.

That night, Principal Jekyl pinned a golden star on Karson's knit sweater.

"You spoke loud," he said, "and you saved us all."

Karson hummed. Soft and low. Happy.

From that day on, whenever anyone at Blackthorne heard a loud feeling - a wail, a cry, a shout - they stopped what they were doing and listened.

Because listening is how you show love.

And Blackthorne Academy was finally listening.

The End

This book is yours now - fold the corners, color every page.



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Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook ->

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Black Thorn Academy

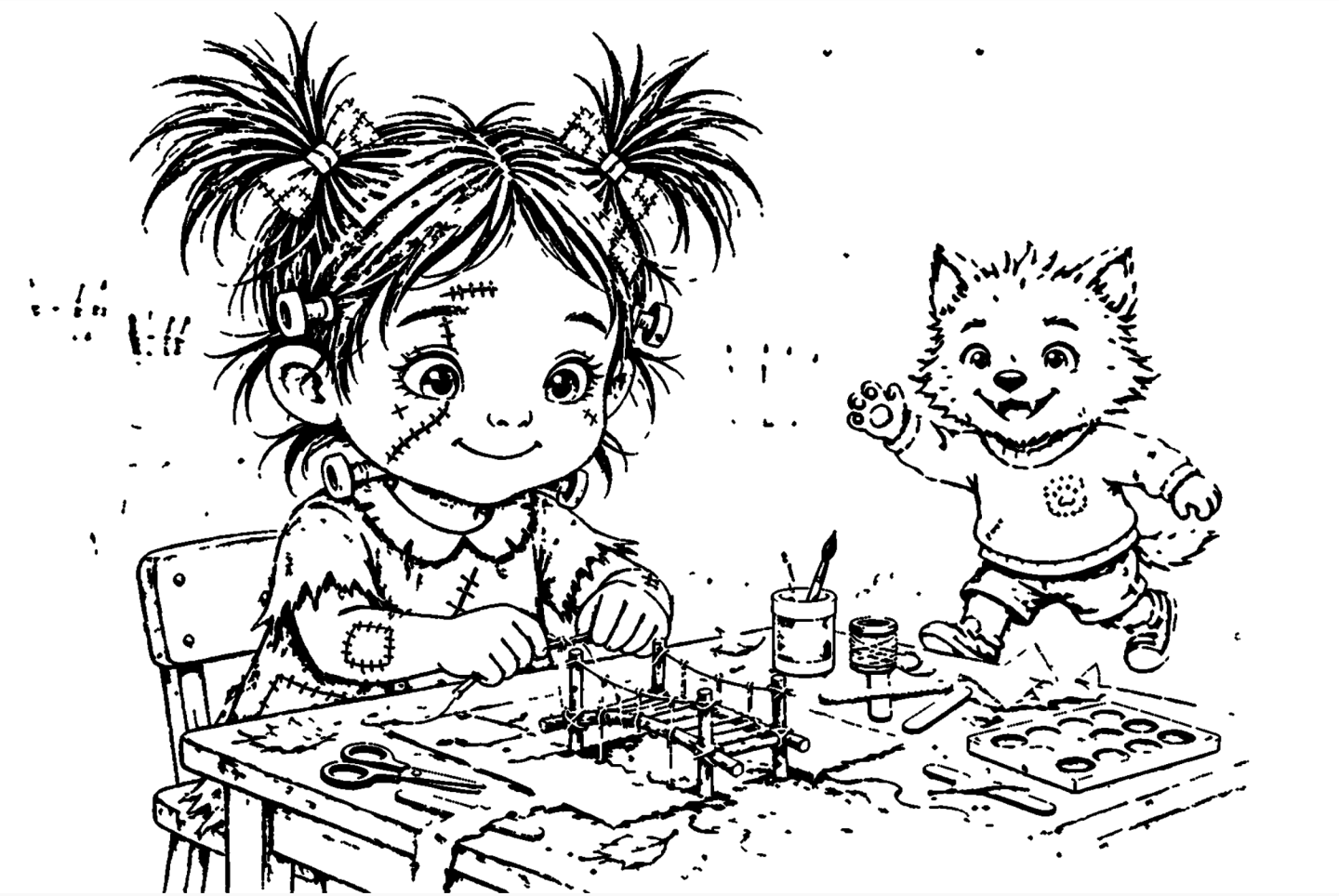
Frankie

Frankie, Piece by Piece

Book 3

Read it. Color it. It's yours.

Frankie wakes up



Psst — Wally bebopped past the art table in this picture. Find him and color him too!

Frankie wakes up

Frankie woke up at Blackthorne Academy. Her left eye blinked before her right eye did. That was normal for Frankie. Her stitch on her cheek itched. Her bolt felt buzzy. Her pigtails stuck out in two black spikes, just like always. "You are the strong one," said the mirror. Well, not the mirror. The kids in the hall said it. "You are the scary one," said a boy at breakfast. He covered his eyes with his hands. Then he peeked. Frankie felt sad. She did not feel strong. She did not feel scary. She felt like pieces. At school, Teacher Blackthorne said, "Today we build bridges." Frankie got brown sticks and red string and sticky glue. Her hands were good at building. Her hands were stitched on tight, and they knew what to do. "Careful," said Victor. "Those sticks are sharp." Frankie felt nervous. She dropped a stick. It clattered. She picked it up. She tried again. Her bridge held three whole blocks. Her heart felt proud and warm. Then Wally the werewolf cub bebopped past the art table. He was supposed to be napping in the reading corner. He was not napping. He waved a paw at Frankie and kept bebopping. Frankie smiled.

★ Did you find Wally hiding in this scene? ★

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook.

Lunch and the garden



Psst — Wally is hiding behind the rose bush in this picture. Find him and color him too!

Lunch and the garden

At lunch, Goo slid his pudding cup toward her. "You are the kind one," Goo said. Frankie stopped chewing. Nobody had said that one before. She felt confused. Strong. Scary. Kind. Which one was she? After lunch, Milo whispered, "You are the brave one. Your stitches don't scare me." Frankie touched the stitch on her cheek. It did not itch anymore. She went to the garden to think. The garden was quiet. The flowers were purple and soft. A ladybug with seven black dots sat on one petal. Frankie sat on the stone bench. She looked at her hands. One hand was a little bigger than the other. Both hands were hers. "I am pieces," she said out loud. "So what?" A small voice behind the rose bush said, "So what what?" It was Wally. He had been hiding behind the rose bush the whole time. He popped up with leaves in his fur. Frankie laughed. Her open-mouth smile went wide.

★ Did you find Wally hiding in this scene? ★

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook.

Picking her words



Psst — is Wally hiding in this picture too? Hunt for him!

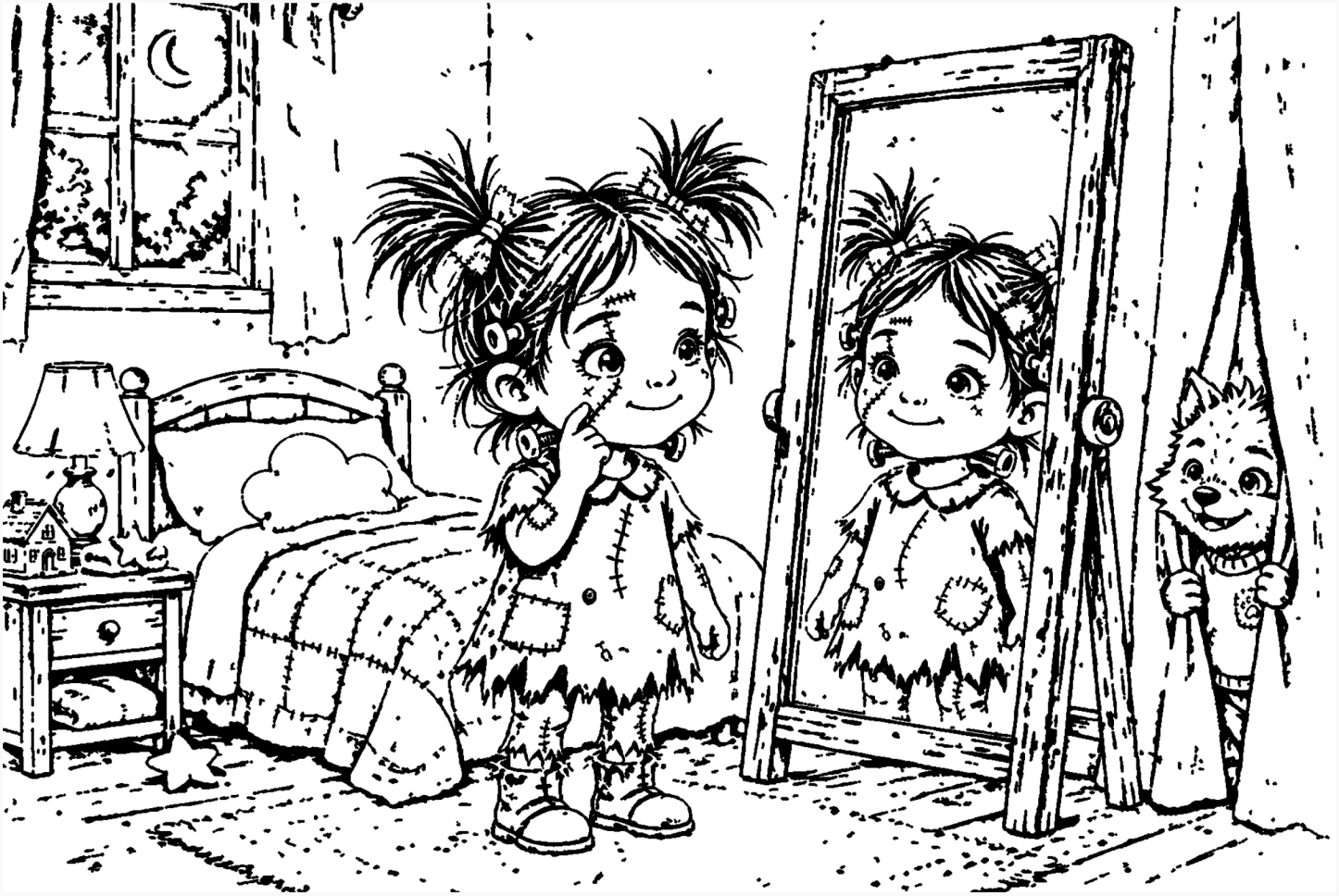
Picking her words

"Wally," she said, "am I strong or scary or kind or brave?" Wally tilted his head. "Can you be all of them?" Frankie thought about that. Her buzzy bolt felt calm. She was built from pieces. Pieces of strong. Pieces of scary feelings. Pieces of kind. Pieces of brave. Nobody else got to pick. She got to pick. "I pick kind," she said. "And brave. And mine." She stood up tall. Her pigtails bounced. Back inside, a little first-year was crying. Her paper bridge had fallen down. Frankie knelt down. Her patched dress rustled. "I know how that feels," Frankie said. "My bridge fell once too." She helped the little girl rebuild. Stick by stick. String by string. The little girl stopped crying. She smiled.

★ Did you find Wally hiding in this scene? ★

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook.

You are Frankie



Psst — Wally is peeking from behind the curtain in this picture. Find him and color him too!

You are Frankie

Frankie felt happy. The happy filled her all the way from her bolts to her boots. That night, Frankie looked in the mirror. "You are the strong one," said the hall kids in her memory. "You are the scary one," said the breakfast boy. "You are the kind one," said Goo. Frankie looked at all her pieces. The stitches. The scars. The patches. The bolts. Stitched-together is stronger. Frankie knew it now. "You are Frankie," she said to the mirror. "Piece by piece. And you are kind." The mirror did not argue. And she was hers.

★ Did you find Wally hiding in this scene? ★

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook.

THE END

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Black Thorn Academy

Victor

Victor Needs the Dark

Book 4

Read it. Color it. It's yours.

“Read it. Color it. It's yours.”

Victor Needs the Dark

Victor loved mornings at Blackthorne Academy.

He loved his desk in the cool, quiet classroom.

He loved his purple cape with the little bat.

And he loved his friends.

But at lunch time, the cafeteria was LOUD.

The lights were BRIGHT.

The big lamps buzzed. BZZZZZ. BZZZZZ.

The buzzing hurt Victor's ears.

The bright light hurt his eyes.

Victor felt sad. Victor felt squeezed.

He covered his ears with his hands.

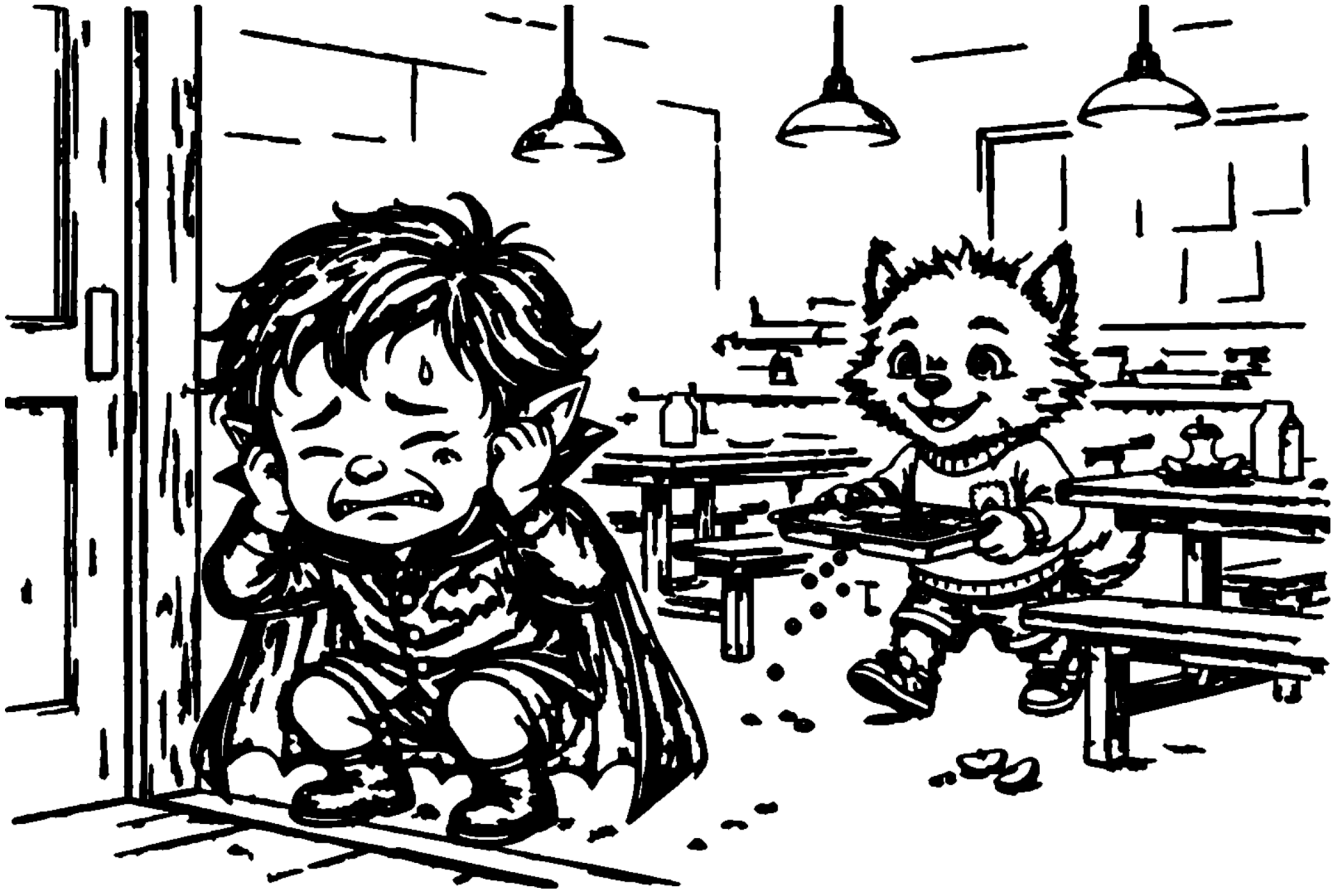
“I need the quiet,” he said.

Out in the hall, Wally the werewolf cub bebopped by with his lunch tray. One, two, three peas rolled off his plate — plip, plip,

plip. “Hi, Victor!” he said, and bebopped on.

Victor slipped out the back door.

Color the cafeteria LOUD and BRIGHT!



Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

Victor Needs the Dark

Outside, the garden was dark and soft.

The big oak tree made a shady tent of green leaves.

No buzzing. No bright lights.

Victor felt calm. Victor felt quiet.

He sat on a smooth gray stone.

One stone. Smooth and gray.

Then Victor heard something.

A tiny cry.

“Meep... meep... meep.”

Victor's ears heard what no one else could hear.

He followed the sound. Behind the garden shed, something small was stuck.

Color Victor's quiet, dark garden.



Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

Victor Needs the Dark

A baby bat.

The little bat had flown into a pile of leaves and could not get out.

His tiny gray wings were tangled. His tiny pink nose shook.

“Meep,” he said. “Meep.”

The baby bat was scared.

Victor felt sorry for him.

Victor felt brave.

Carefully, carefully, Victor moved the leaves.

One leaf. Two leaves. Three leaves.

He lifted the smallest branch.

Out wiggled the baby bat.

“Thank you,” hummed the little bat. “Meep.”

Victor smiled. He felt warm. He felt proud.

Color Victor and the baby bat.



Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

Just then, a big shadow swooped down.

It was the mama bat, with wide, wide wings.

“Meep! Meep!” called the mama bat. That was bat for “Where were you?”

“Meep! Meep!” said the baby bat. That was bat for “This kind boy saved me.”

The mama bat nuzzled Victor's cheek.

Victor giggled. It tickled.

Back inside, the cafeteria was still loud.

Still bright. Still buzzy.

But Victor was not sad anymore.

He told his friends about the dark garden.

He told them about the little bat.

“Come sit with me sometime,” Victor said. “The dark is nice and quiet.”

And they did.

That night, Victor lay in bed and thought about his day.

He was kind to the little bat.

Being kind made his whole heart feel warm.

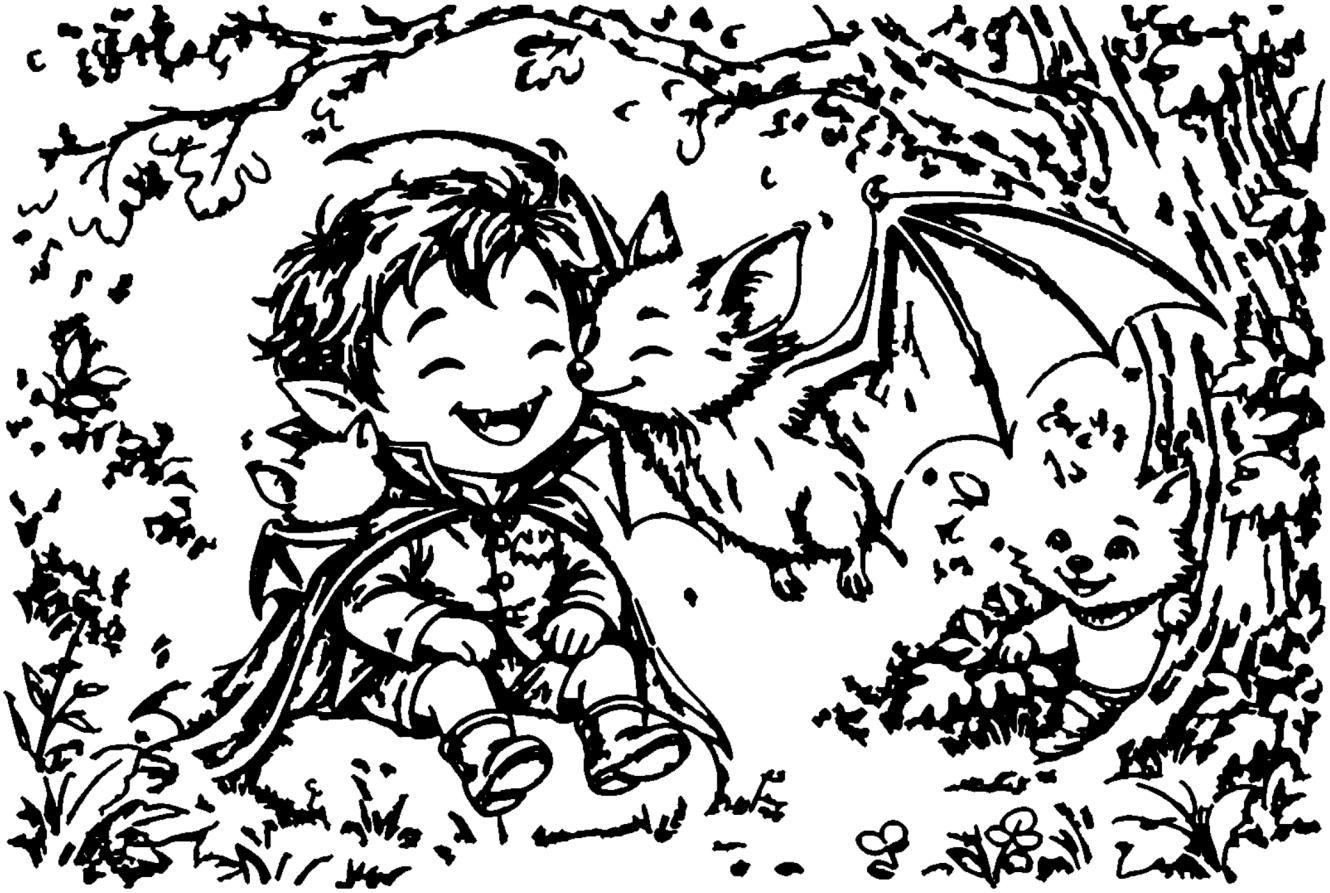
Victor smiled into the dark.

The dark was his favorite place.

Kindness was his favorite feeling.

The End

Color the mama bat's big, wide wings.



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Black Thorn Academy

Cling

What Sticks to Cling

Book 5

Read it. Color it. It's yours.

At Blackthorne Academy, the mornings were full of sounds.

Desks creaked. Chairs scraped. The little werewolf cub named Wally bebopped down the hallway, humming a song with no words at all.

Cling jiggled along behind him.

Cling was a slime kid. He was round and soft and see-through, like a gummy drop left out in the sun. He had big, bright eyes and a smile that wobbled when he walked.

When Cling felt happy, he glowed bright green. When he felt calm, he turned a soft, sleepy blue.

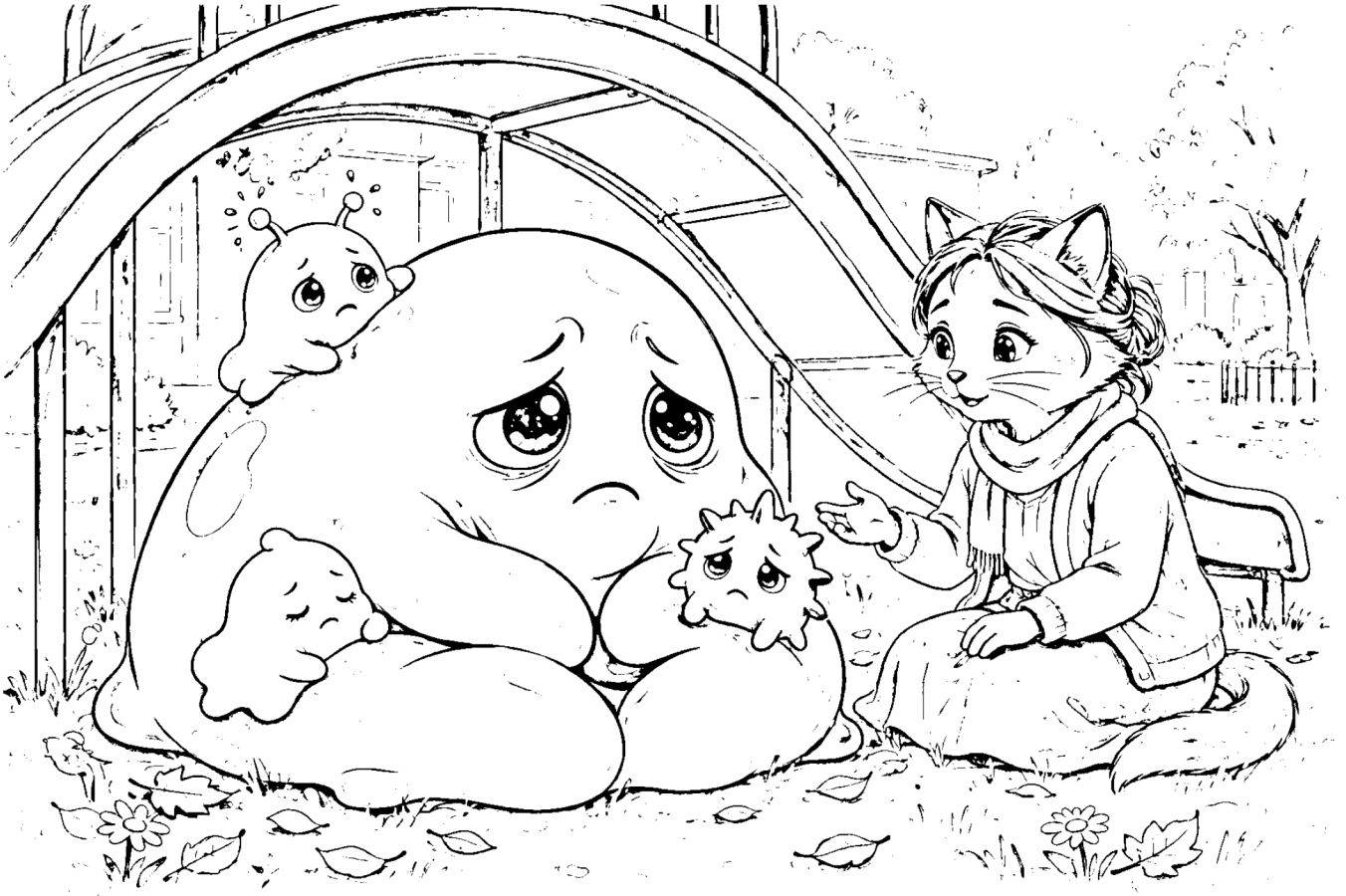
But Cling was sticky. And not just his body.

Feelings stuck to Cling.

When his class laughed at lunch, the giggles landed on Cling, and he bounced twice as high.

When the music room filled with singing, the joy stuck to him, and he glowed like a lantern.

Cling did not mind. Being sticky felt nice.



Scene 1: Gray days need good friends. — color this page!

Pssst — Wally is hiding somewhere in the pictures. Can you find him?

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

Until the day everything stuck at once.

It started in the hallway. Victor the vampire kid was squinting at the buzzing lights. They were too bright and too loud, and Victor felt overwhelmed.

A big blue feeling floated off Victor — and SPLAT. It stuck to Cling.

Then, in the classroom, Frankie was nervous about show-and-tell. Her hands shook a little. Her smile wobbled.

A wobbly yellow feeling floated off Frankie — and SPLAT. It stuck to Cling.

Then, on the stairs, Milo the mummy boy was frustrated. His wraps were coming loose, and nothing was going right.

A spiky red feeling floated off Milo — and SPLAT. It stuck to Cling.

One feeling. Two feelings. Three feelings.

Cling turned gray. He felt heavy. His bounce was gone. He could not even jiggle.

• · •



Scene 2: Feelings stick to Cling. — color this page!

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

“I do not feel like me,” Cling said in a small, sticky voice.

He slid away from everyone and hid under the big slide in the courtyard. He curled into a gray puddle and stayed very still.

Wally the werewolf cub bebopped past the slide, humming his wordless song. He peeked underneath.

“Cling?” Wally whispered. “You look like a rainy day.”

Cling did not answer. He felt too heavy to talk.

Then Miss Itty Bitty, the guidance counselor, padded softly across the courtyard. She sat down in the grass beside the slide.

“That is a lot of gray for one small slime,” she said gently.

Cling sniffled. “Everything stuck to me today.”

Miss Itty Bitty nodded. “Let us look at what stuck. Can you tell me the first one?”

Cling thought. “The blue one is buzzy. It feels too loud.”

• · •



Scene 3: Under the slide. — color this page!

Pssst — Wally is hiding somewhere in the pictures. Can you find him?

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

“That is Victor’s overwhelmed feeling,” said Miss Itty Bitty. “It floated off him in the hallway, and it landed on you. But Cling — is it YOUR feeling?”

Cling thought again. “No. My hallway was fine.”

“Exactly,” said Miss Itty Bitty. “What about the yellow one?”

“The yellow one wobbles. It feels shaky.”

“That is Frankie’s nervous feeling about show-and-tell. It is hers, not yours.”

“And the red one is spiky,” Cling said. “It feels grumpy.”

“That is Milo’s frustrated feeling. His wraps kept coming loose.”

Miss Itty Bitty smiled. “Feelings can visit, Cling. But they do not have to move in. When a feeling sticks to you, you can ask: whose feeling is this?”

Cling sat up a little. He was still gray, but a small spot of green peeked through.

“But Miss Itty Bitty,” Cling said, “if the feelings are not mine, what do I do with them?”

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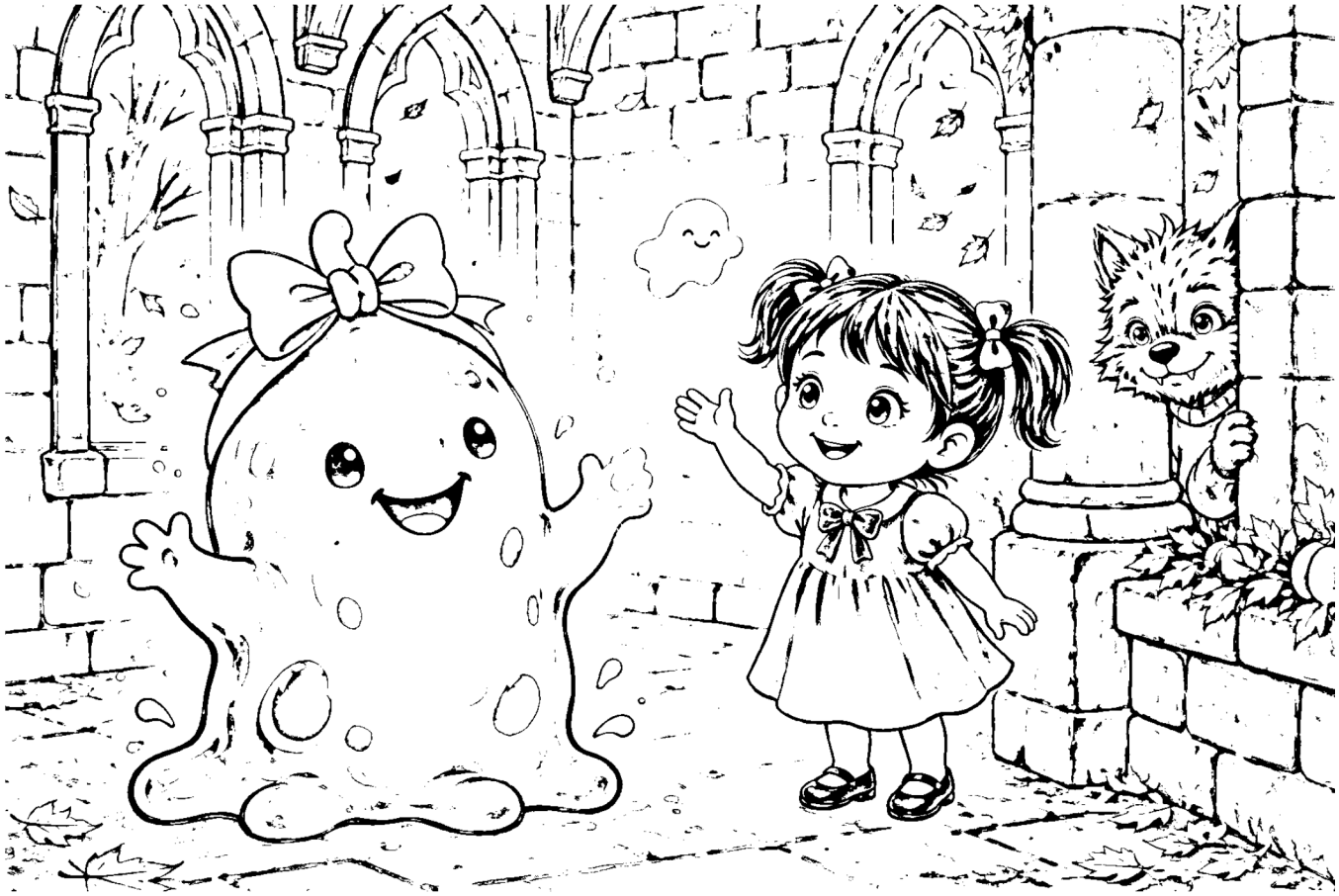

Scene 4: Glowing bright green again! — color this page!

Pssst — Wally is hiding somewhere in the pictures. Can you find him?

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

So Cling stood up. He was wobbly, but he walked back inside.

He found Victor first. “You felt overwhelmed,” Cling said. “The lights were too bright and too buzzy.”

Victor blinked. “Yes,” he said softly. “That is exactly it.” And some of the blue unstuck from Cling and floated away.

He found Frankie next. “You felt nervous,” Cling said. “Show-and-tell is scary when everyone is watching.”

Frankie smiled her open-mouth smile. “You noticed,” she said. And some of the yellow unstuck and floated away.

He found Milo last. “You felt frustrated,” Cling said. “Your wraps would not stay put, and nothing went right.”

Milo unwrapped one hand and gave Cling a small wave. “Thanks, Cling,” he said. And the last of the red unstuck and floated away.

Cling stood in the hallway, glowing bright green again. Light and jiggly and bouncy.

• · •

Far down the hall, little Wally the werewolf cub lifted his nose and howled with happiness, just because Cling was glowing again.

Cling bounced all the way home that day. Boing. Boing. Boing.

He was still sticky. Feelings would still land on him — that would never change.

But now Cling knew his stickiness was not a problem. It was his gift.

Because nobody — nobody — understands how someone feels like Cling does.

And kindness is noticing how someone feels.

• . •

The End

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color every page. No rules except yours.

Books for Every Sense

Some people read with their eyes,
some with their ears, some with both.

Keep going with Cling!

Loved reading and coloring this story?

• Hear it in the audiobook edition →

• Learn feelings + colors in the Learn-While-You-Color book →

• Play with the feelings cards and activity sheets →

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Black Thorn Academy

Milo

Milo Unwraps

Book 6

Read it. Color it. It's yours.

At Blackthorne Academy, the mornings were full of sounds.

Desks creaked. Chairs scraped. The little werewolf cub named Wally bebopped down the hallway, humming a song with no words at all.

Milo walked quietly behind him.

Milo was a mummy boy. He was wrapped from head to toe in soft, cream-colored bandages. Every morning, he added one more layer. Then another. Then one more, just to be safe.

Milo wrapped himself up tight so nobody could see what was underneath.

Not his elbows. Not his knees. Not his face, except for two kind brown eyes peeking out.

"If I am all wrapped up," Milo thought, "then I look just like everyone expects."

• · •



Scene 1: Milo draws Wally in the courtyard. — color this page!

Pssst — Wally is hiding somewhere in the pictures. Can you find him?

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

At school, Milo sat very still. He did not raise his hand. He did not run at recess. Running made wraps come loose, and loose wraps showed skin.

Skin was the thing Milo hid most of all.

One windy afternoon, the class went to the courtyard for art. The wind danced through the trees. Red leaves and yellow leaves swirled everywhere.

Milo held his sketchbook tight. He was drawing Wally the werewolf cub, who was rolling in a pile of leaves nearby, giggling.

• • •

Then a big gust of wind came — WHOOSH!

Milo’s wraps fluttered. One came loose around his arm. Then another around his ankle. A long ribbon of bandage danced away across the grass like a kite tail.

Milo felt scared. He grabbed at the loose ends. His hands shook.

"No, no, no," he whispered. "Stay wrapped. Stay hidden."

• · •

Frankie, the Frankenstein girl, looked up from her drawing. She walked over, her boots crunching on the leaves.

"Want help?" she asked.

Milo froze. Frankie could see his wrist now — the skin underneath, plain and ordinary and his.

But Frankie did not stare. She did not gasp. She just picked up the loose bandage and held it out.

"You draw really good," she said, nodding at his sketchbook. "Wally looks exactly like Wally."

Milo blinked his kind brown eyes. "You are not... surprised?"

Frankie smiled her open-mouth smile. "I am made of stitched-together pieces," she said. "I know what it is like to worry about what shows."

She helped him wind the bandage back — not too tight, just snug. One loop. Two loops. Three loops. Done.

"There," Frankie said. "How does that feel?"

Milo took a breath. "Lighter," he said, surprised.



Scene 2: The wind dances — Frankie helps rewind. — color this page!

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

That evening, Miss Itty Bitty, the guidance counselor, found Milo sitting on the library steps, rewrapping his ankle for the fourth time.

"You wrap very carefully," she said, sitting beside him.

"I have to," Milo said. "If I do not, people will see me."

Miss Itty Bitty was quiet for a moment. Then she said, "Milo, can I tell you a secret?"

Milo nodded.

"Underneath all those wraps," she said, "you are still you. The wraps never changed that. They just made it harder for the rest of us to see you."

Milo looked down at his hands. Slowly, carefully, he unwound one bandage from his wrist. Just one.

His skin was warm from the day. A red leaf was stuck to it.

He laughed — a small, surprised laugh.

"It is just... me," he said.

"It is just you," Miss Itty Bitty agreed. "And you were worth seeing all along."



Scene 3: Library steps with Miss Itty Bitty. — color this page!

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

The next morning, Milo wrapped himself the way he always did. Old habits are cozy.

But he left one small window unwrapped — a patch on his wrist, where the red leaf had been.

At recess, he ran. He ran fast, and his wraps fluttered, and he did not stop to fix them.

Wally the werewolf cub raced beside him, howling with joy.

And Milo — mummy boy, wrapped and unwrapped, hidden and seen — laughed all the way across the courtyard.

Because trust is letting someone see you.

And Milo was finally letting himself be seen.

• · •



cene 4: Milo runs at recess — Wally races beside him! — color this page

Pssst — Wally is hiding somewhere in the pictures. Can you find him?

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

The End

This book is yours now — fold the corners,
color every page. No rules except yours.

Books for Every Sense

Some people read with their eyes,
some with their ears, some with both.

Keep going with Milo!

Loved reading and coloring this story?

• Hear it in the audiobook edition →

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MeekDuke Books publishes for every kind of reader — every mind, every sense. So every reader can find their way into every story.

Black Thorn Academy

Miss Itty Bitty

The Counselor Is In

Book 7

Read it. Color it. It's yours.

At Blackthorne Academy, there was a cozy room at the end of the quiet hallway.

It had round cushions in every color. A little fish tank with three orange fish. A warm lamp that glowed like honey.

And on the door, a wooden sign read: THE COUNSELOR IS IN.

Inside lived Miss Itty Bitty.

Miss Itty Bitty was the guidance counselor. She was also the fill-in substitute. She was also, as the kids whispered, a total ninja badass.

• · •



Scene 1: The cozy room at the end of the quiet hallway. — color this page!

Pssst — Wally is hiding somewhere in the pictures. Can you find him?

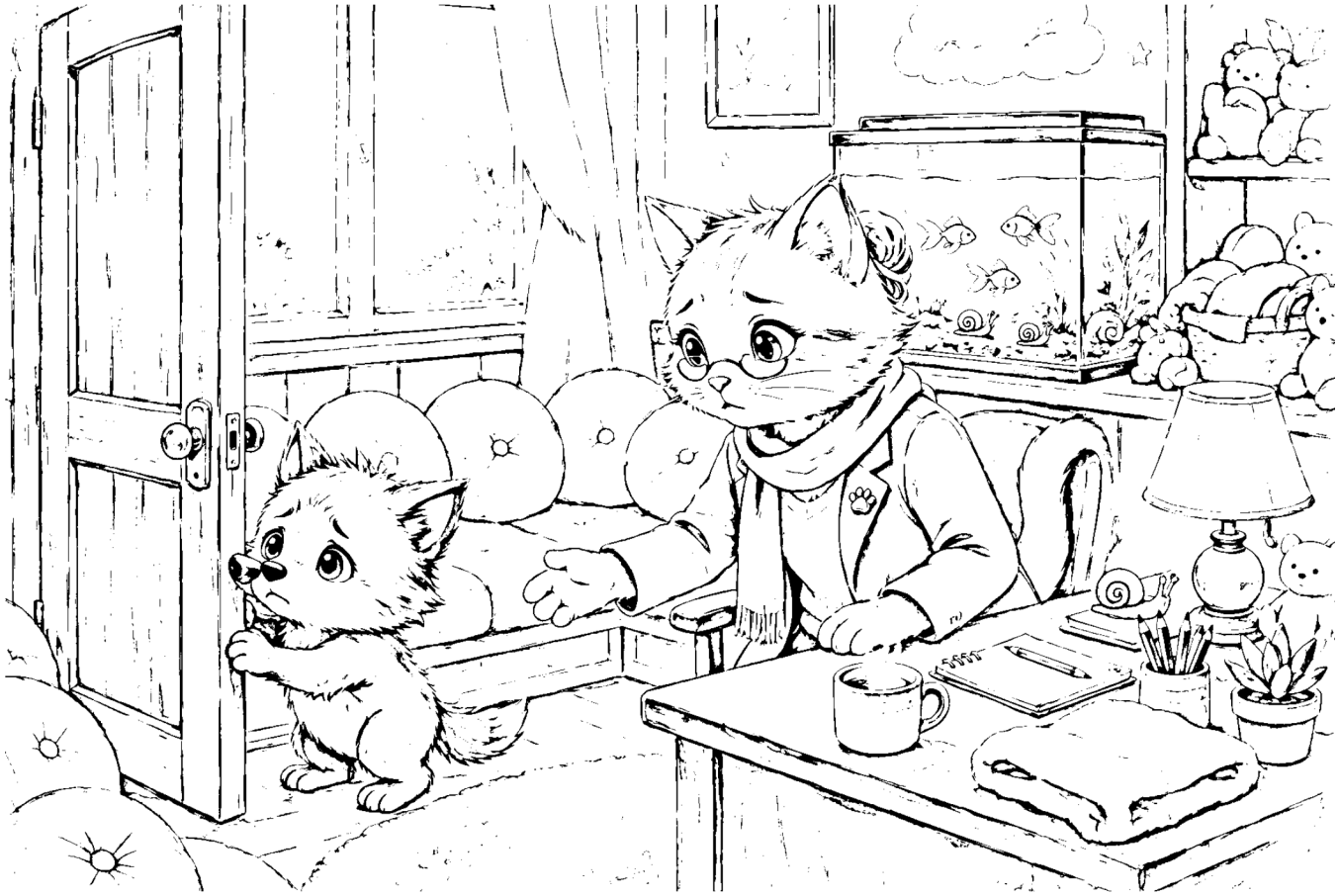
Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

She had not always been a counselor. Once, she had been Teacher Blackthorne’s small tuxedo cat, napping in sunbeams. Then, with a swirl of green magic, her teacher had transformed her into a humanoid cat-woman — because the school needed someone exactly like her.

With the kids, Miss Itty Bitty was super chill. She was the sweetest. She listened more than she talked, and her purring made everything feel safer.

But everyone knew: if anything ever threatened her kids, Miss Itty Bitty would go feral. Cat or cat lady. It did not matter.

• · •



Scene 2: Wally knocks on the cozy door. — color this page!

Pssst — Wally is hiding somewhere in the pictures. Can you find him?

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

One Tuesday, the cafeteria was extra buzzy.

Trays clattered. Voices bounced off the stone walls. The big enchanted chandelier hummed like a beehive.

Victor the vampire kid sat at the end of a long table, squinting. The lights were too bright. The hum was too loud. His head felt buzzy all over.

He wanted to ask for a quieter spot. But the words felt stuck.

• · •

“I can handle it,” Victor told himself. “I do not need help.”

He tried to eat his lunch. The buzzing got louder. His hands started to shake.

So Victor slipped away. He hid under the stairwell, where it was dark and quiet, and hugged his knees.

Wally the werewolf cub bebopped down the hallway, humming his wordless song. He sniffed the air. He peeked under the stairwell.

“Victor?” Wally whispered. “You look buzzy.”

Victor nodded, small.

• . •



Scene 3: Soft purring under the stairwell. — color this page!

Pssst — Wally is hiding somewhere in the pictures. Can you find him?

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

Wally thought for a moment. Then he turned and ran — paws pattering all the way down the quiet hallway, straight to the cozy room at the end.

He pushed the door open with his nose.

Miss Itty Bitty looked up from her cushions. One glance at Wally's face, and she was on her feet.

"Show me," she said.

Under the stairwell, Miss Itty Bitty sat down beside Victor. She did not ask a hundred questions. She just purred, soft and steady, until Victor's shoulders came down.

"The cafeteria is too much today," Victor said quietly.

"Thank you for telling me," said Miss Itty Bitty. "That was brave."

Victor blinked. "It was?"

"Asking for help is the bravest thing there is," she said. "It means you know yourself. Come on. Let us fix your lunch spot."

• . •



Scene 4: Victor’s cozy corner table. — color this page!

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

On the way back, they crossed the broom closet hallway — just as the old enchanted broomstick broke loose from its hook and came zooming straight at Victor, bristles first!

Miss Itty Bitty moved like lightning.

Her back arched. Her eyes went wide and wild. She let out a hiss that rattled the windows — HSSSSSS!

She leaped, batted the broomstick aside with one fierce paw, and landed between Victor and the danger, fur puffed, tail huge.

The broomstick clattered to the floor. Victor stared.

Miss Itty Bitty shook herself, smoothed her blazer, and turned around with her sweetest smile.

“Sorry about that,” she said, totally chill again. “Now. Lunch.”

In the cafeteria, Miss Itty Bitty spoke to the lunch lady. And just like that, Victor had a cozy corner table near the window — quieter, dimmer, his.

Victor ate his whole lunch. His head felt clear.

• · •

“Miss Itty Bitty?” he said.

“Yes, Victor?”

“Today I learned two things. One: asking for help is brave. Two: you are scary when you want to be.”

Miss Itty Bitty laughed, and her laugh sounded like purring.

“I am scary for you,” she said, “never at you. That is what I am here for.”

That afternoon, Victor told Frankie about the quiet corner. Frankie told Milo. Milo told Karson.

And soon, the little wooden sign on the cozy door got a lot of visitors.

Because every kid at Blackthorne Academy learned the same thing:

When something feels too big, you do not have to carry it alone.

You just walk down the quiet hallway, knock on the cozy door, and ask.

• · •

Asking for help is brave.

The End

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Books for Every Sense

Some people read with their eyes,
some with their ears, some with both.

Keep going with Miss Itty Bitty!

Loved reading and coloring this story?

• Hear it in the audiobook edition →

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• Play with the brave-words cards and activity sheets →

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Black Thorn Academy

Principal Jekyl

Both Sides of Principal Jekyl

Book 8

Read it. Color it. It's yours.

At Blackthorne Academy, every day started the same way.

The big front doors swung open. And there stood Principal Jekyl, tall and kind-eyed, welcoming every student by name.

Some mornings, Principal Jekyl was sunshine. His smile was bright. His laugh rolled down the hallways like warm honey.

On sunshine days, he told jokes at assembly and raced Wally the werewolf cub across the courtyard — and lost, every time.

• · •



Scene 1: Sunny mornings at the front doors — color this page!

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

But some mornings were different.

Some mornings, clouds gathered behind Principal Jekyl's eyes. His smile was quieter. He moved a little slower. His laugh stayed tucked away.

The kids called those the thunderstorm days.

One gray Tuesday, Wally the werewolf cub bebopped up to the principal's office and peeked through the door.

Principal Jekyl was sitting by the window, watching the rain. He did not look sad, exactly. He looked... stormy.

• • •



Scene 2: Principal Jekyl's umbrella tools — color this page!

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

Wally padded inside and sat beside his big chair.

“Are you okay, Principal Jekyl?” Wally asked in his small voice.

Principal Jekyl looked down at the little cub. He smiled — a small, honest smile.

“Today is a thunderstorm day, Wally,” he said. “Some days are sunshine. Some days are thunderstorms. Today is a thunderstorm.”

“Do the thunderstorms scare you?” Wally whispered.

“No,” said Principal Jekyl. “Because I keep my umbrella ready.”

• • •

He opened his desk drawer. Inside, in a neat row, were his stormy-day tools.

“One,” he said, holding up a smooth gray stone. “I breathe. In for one... two... three. Out for one... two... three.”

Wally breathed with him. In... out. In... out.

“Two,” said Principal Jekyl, holding up a little notebook. “I write down the cloudy thoughts, so they stop swirling in my head.”

“Three,” he said, pointing out the window at the garden. “I walk. Even in the rain. Especially in the rain.”

• . •



Scene 3: Be gentle on thunderstorm days — color this page!

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

Wally thought about this. “Did you always have an umbrella?”

Principal Jekyl was quiet for a long moment. Rain tapped against the glass.

“No,” he said at last. “Before all this — before the school, before the doors and the desks — I knew what stormy felt like. Every single day felt stormy. I did not have tools yet. I did not have anyone to show me.”

Wally's ears drooped. “That sounds lonely.”

“It was,” said Principal Jekyl. “And that is exactly why I built Blackthorne Academy. So that no kid — no cub, no slime, no mummy, no banshee, nobody — ever has to weather a storm alone.”

“Every mind has weather, Wally. I just wanted a school that is not afraid of the rain.”

• · •



Scene 4: Rematch in the courtyard! — color this page!

Loved this scene? Hear it in the audiobook →

That afternoon, Wally told the other kids: it is a thunderstorm day. Be gentle.

So Frankie drew Principal Jekyl a picture of the sun. Victor saved him the quiet seat at lunch. Karson hummed a soft, low hum outside his office door. Cling glowed a calm, sleepy blue. Milo left a red leaf on his desk.

Principal Jekyl looked at all of it — the picture, the seat, the humming, the leaf — and his clouds parted, just a little.

“You know what?” he said to Wally. “Thunderstorm days are not so bad. Not here.”

• · •

The next morning, the sun came out. Principal Jekyl stood at the front doors, bright as a lighthouse, welcoming every student by name.

“Wally!” he called. “Rematch! Courtyard! I am winning today!”

Wally howled with laughter and took off running.

And as the little werewolf cub raced the principal across the sunny courtyard, he understood something important.

Both sides belong. The sunshine AND the thunderstorm.

Because the man who knew the rain was the one who built the shelter.

And Blackthorne Academy was the shelter — for every kind of mind, in every kind of weather.

• • •

The End

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