

# CHARLIE AND THE WHISPERING WOOD

*The Thread Between Two Worlds*

*"Where a thread begins, friendship always finds a way."*



WRITTEN BY

**CATH MUERMANS**

ILLUSTRATED BY

**CATH MUERMANS / ATELIER DUDDLES**



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PART OF THE SERIES  
**THE DUDELS TALES**



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### A Little Piece of Fabric on the Street

Charlie kicked a small stone and sighed. It was one of those ordinary days. The kind where all the houses looked the same, all the bicycles were the same colour, and even the clouds seemed bored.

Until he saw it.

A tiny piece of fabric lay in the middle of the pavement. Grey, with a few almost silvery threads woven through it. It shimmered softly in the light, as if it didn't quite belong to the rest of the street.

Charlie looked around. No busy neighbour, no cyclist, not even a pigeon.

He bent down and picked it up.

It felt soft—warmer than he expected.

As if it had been cut from a jumper that someone had hugged for a very long time.

“Who do you belong to?” Charlie whispered, before he realised he was talking to a piece of fabric.

In his pocket, the fabric felt heavy and important—like a secret.

The rest of the walk home, he could think of nothing else.

What if this little piece of fabric had once been something bigger?

A cushion?

An old teddy bear?

A... creature?

Up in his room, Charlie carefully placed the fabric on his desk, next to his pencils and notebooks.

Between the lines of his maths book, he began to draw around it.

First just a shape.

Then a little longer... a body... long arms... a funny nose.

Slowly but surely, it began to look like an animal.

"You look like a sloth," Charlie murmured happily.

"With very long fur.

And maybe a slightly silly mouth."

The fabric lay still.

Of course it did.

It was just fabric.

And yet...

Charlie had the feeling there was more to it.

That evening, when his mother called, "Dinner!", and Charlie hurried downstairs, his eyes flicked back to his desk one last time.

The fabric was lying there, just as before.

Or... almost.

For a brief moment, it seemed as if the little piece of fabric moved.

As if it wanted to come with him...