

Helping you choose books for children



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opening extract from

All Because of Jackson

written by

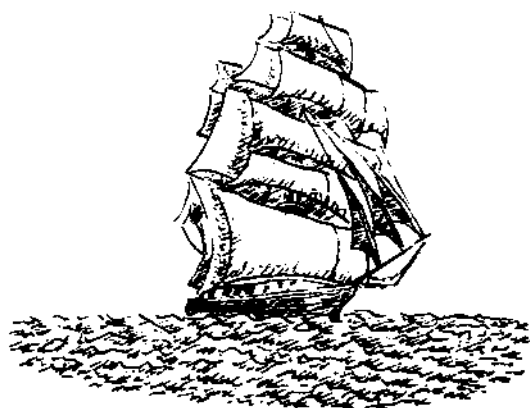
Dick King-Smith

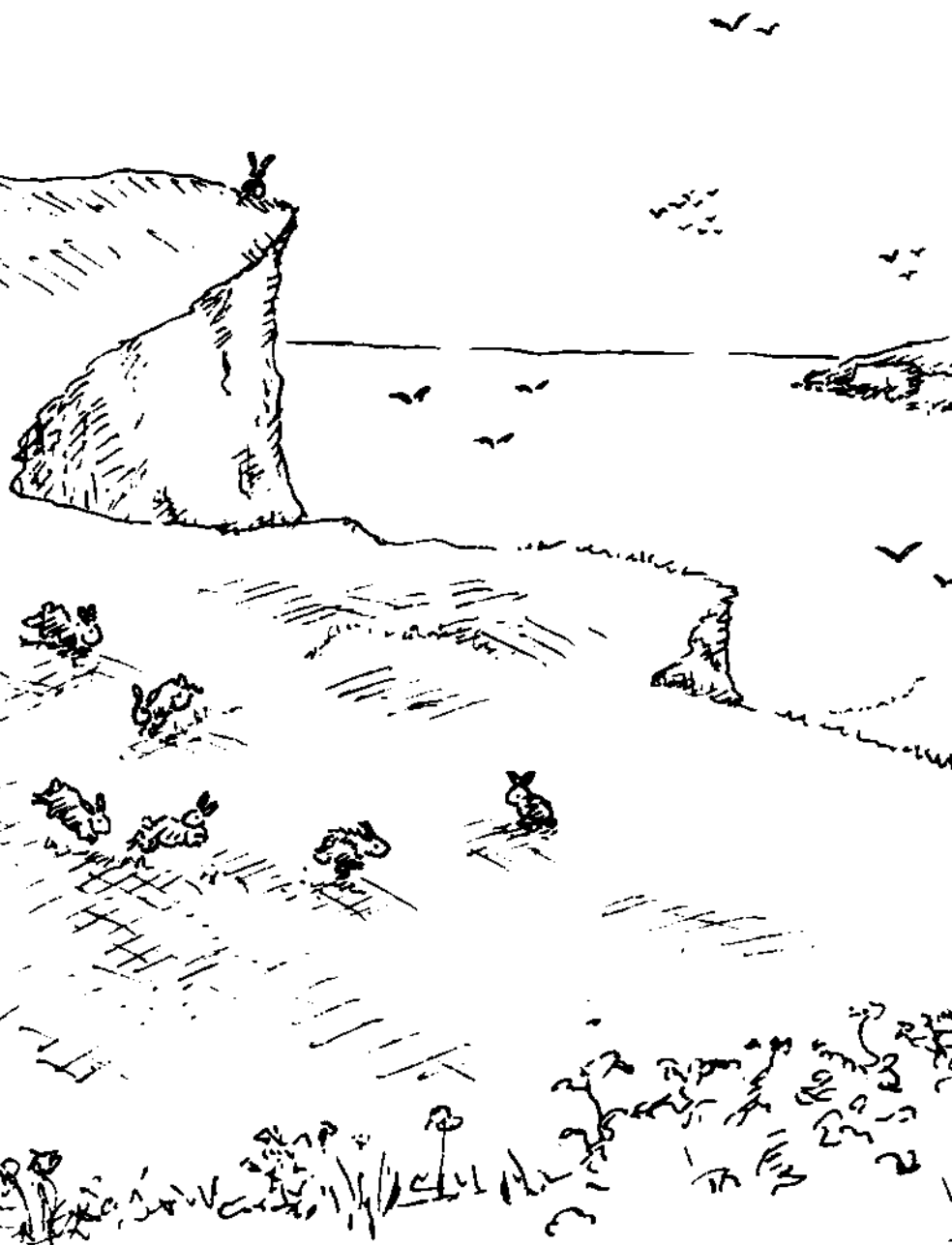
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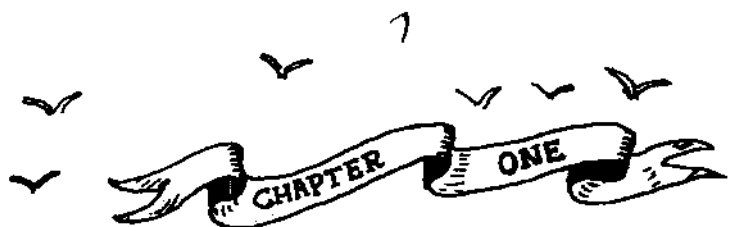
Young Corgi

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Jackson was a seaside rabbit.

He was born in a sandy burrow on top of a cliff, and as soon as he was old enough to come out and sit on the grass and look down at the sea, he was fascinated by it.

While his brothers and sisters played about in the clifftop field, Jackson would sit by himself and watch the waves rolling in to break upon the sandy shore.





He watched the tides go in and out, he watched the seabirds wheeling and diving, and especially he watched the tall sailing-ships gliding past in the distance. How beautiful they are, thought Jackson. How I should love to run away to sea and be a sailor.



He consulted his mother.

"Mama," he said.

"Yes, Jackson?"

"There are men on those ships, aren't there?"

"Yes, Jackson. Sailors."

"I should like to be a sailor, Mama."

"Silly boy," said Jackson's mother.

"Rabbits don't go on ships."

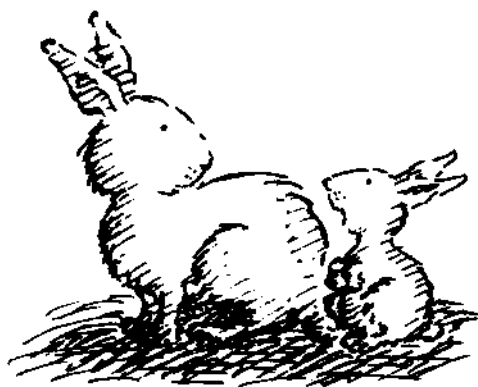
"But, Mama, the sea is in my blood."



“You go on a ship,” said his mother, “and your blood will be in the sea. Men eat rabbits.”

Jackson went away to think about this. I could hide, he thought. There must be lots of places to hide in a big sailing-ship. I could be a stowaway. I won’t tell Mama or Papa. I’ll just go.

So he did.



He set off across the clifftop field very early one morning, determined to find where the sailing-ships came in. That evening, climbing wearily to the top of a far headland, he looked down and saw before him just what he wanted.

There below was a wide bay, and on its shores a large seaside town with a great



harbour, in which lay a number of tall ships.

Tired out, Jackson found an empty rabbit burrow and crawled into it.

"Tomorrow," he murmured as he drifted into sleep, "tomorrow I shall go aboard my ship."

