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an extract from

The Brambly Hedge Complete Collection

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Published by

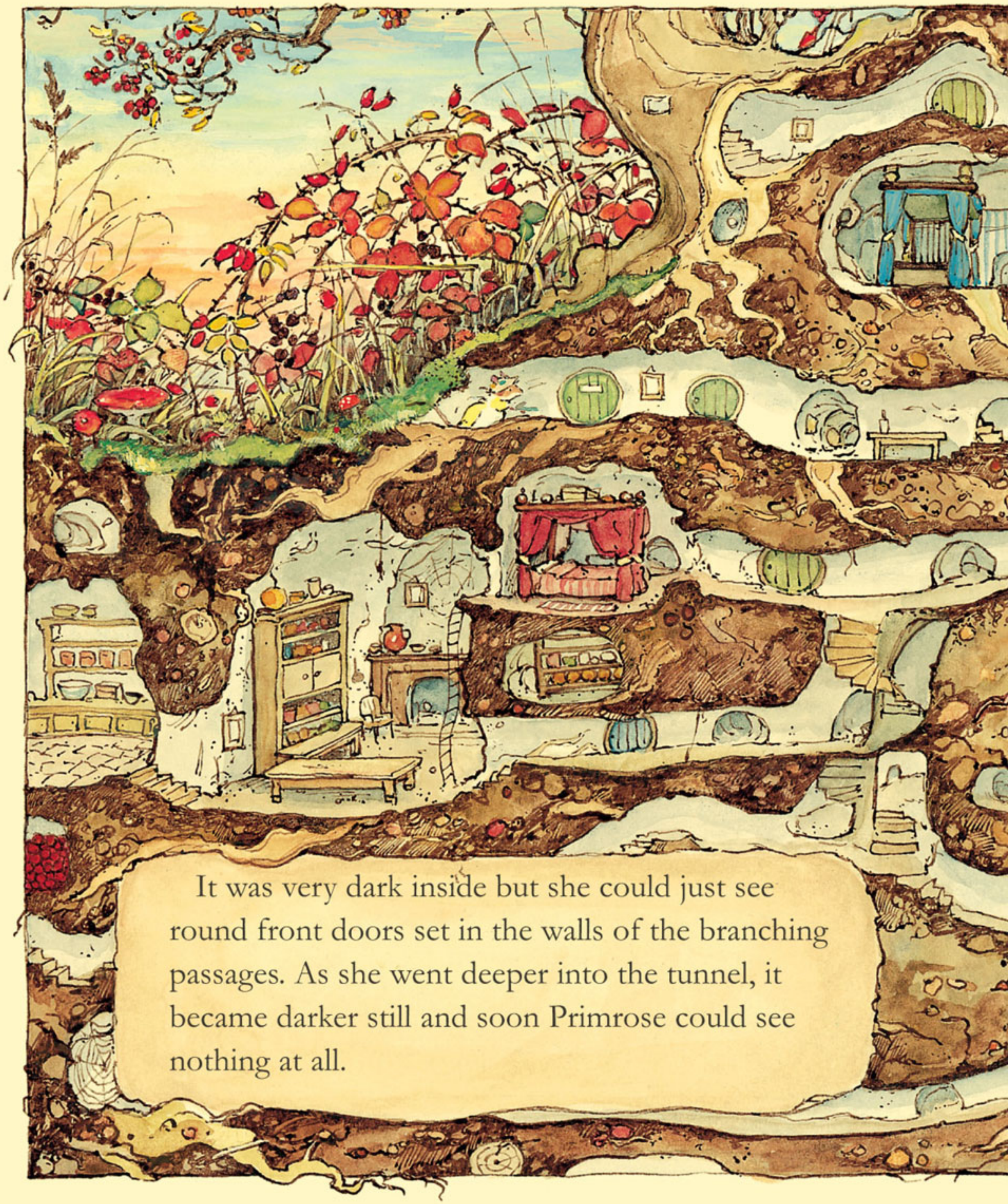
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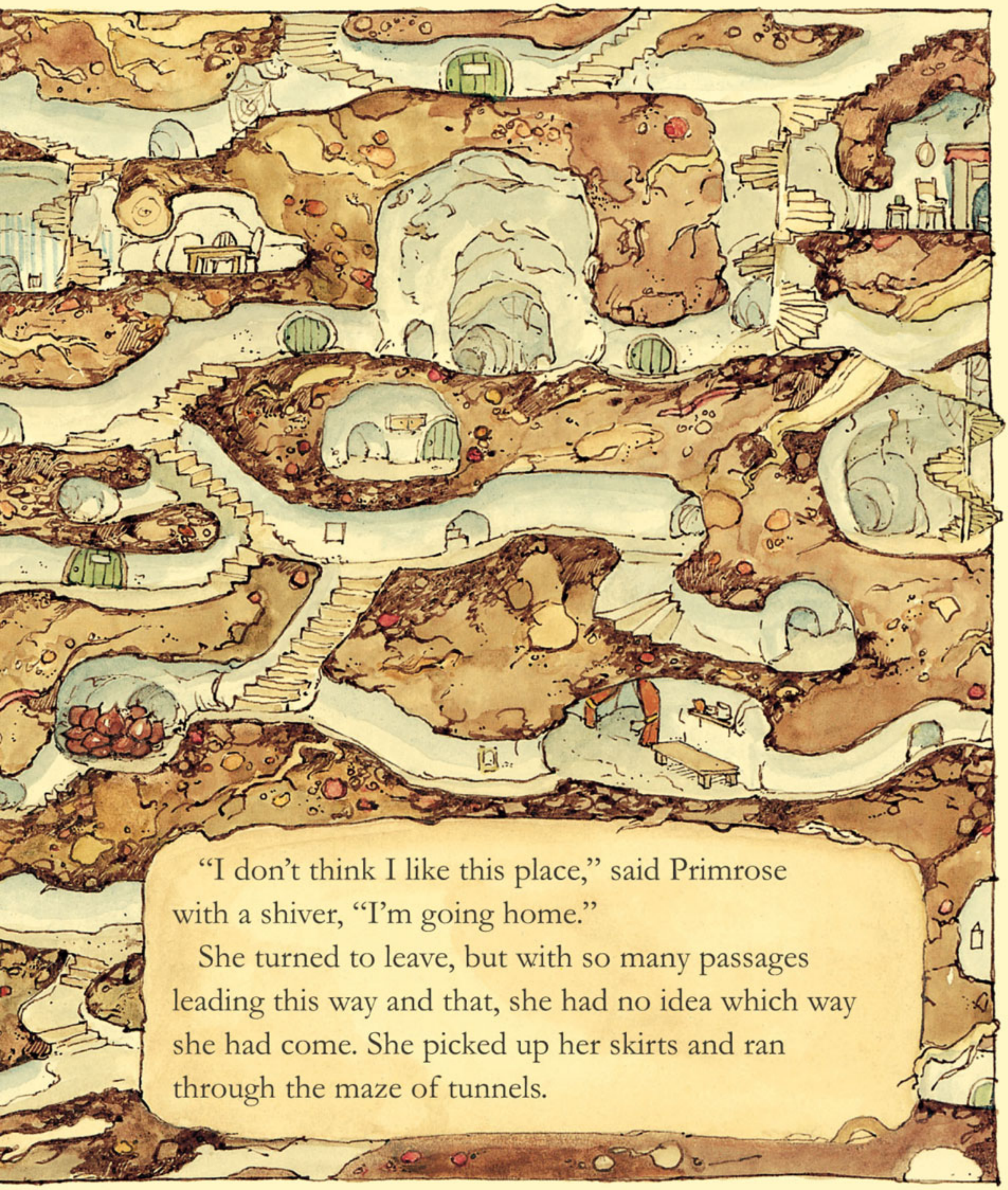
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It was very dark inside but she could just see round front doors set in the walls of the branching passages. As she went deeper into the tunnel, it became darker still and soon Primrose could see nothing at all.



"I don't think I like this place," said Primrose with a shiver, "I'm going home."

She turned to leave, but with so many passages leading this way and that, she had no idea which way she had come. She picked up her skirts and ran through the maze of tunnels.

At last she saw a glimmer of light and ran towards it. The passage opened into a thick clump of brambles and briars under some tall trees. Primrose had no idea where she was.

"I can't see the oak tree," she said in a small voice, "and I can't see the willow by the stream. I think I must be lost."

It was getting very dark. Big drops of rain began to fall and splashed through the leaves around her. Primrose huddled under a toadstool and tried not to cry.

In the distance a lonely owl hooted and the branches of the trees above creaked in the rising wind. There were little scrabbling noises in the bush quite near to Primrose, and these worried her most of all.





It got darker and darker and soon everything disappeared into the night.

Primrose was just trying not to think about weasels, when to her horror she saw five little flickering lights coming through the woods towards her. She could just



make out five strange figures behind them. They were shapeless and bulgy and seemed to have no heads at all. Primrose wriggled further back into the brambles.

The figures came closer and closer and Primrose realised that they were going to pass right by her hiding place.