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Opening extract from
Wide-Awake Hedgehog

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Wide-awake Hedgehog



Rosie Wellesley

PAVILION

The evenings were darkening and the leaves were turning gold. It was the time when hedgehogs should be settling for their winter sleep.

But Isaac the hedgehog was
NOT FEELING SLEEPY.

Isaac wanted to **PLAY.**



A watercolor illustration of a flock of swallows. One swallow is in flight in the upper left, wings spread wide. Several others are perched on a thin horizontal line across the middle of the page. More swallows are scattered in the sky above and below the line. In the lower right, a swallow is perched on a vertical post, looking towards a hedgehog. The hedgehog is also on a vertical post, looking up at the swallow. The background is plain white.

'PLAY?

No time for play.
We are going going going,'
warbled the swallows.

'We **MUST** fly south to the warm.

GO TO BED, MISTER ISAAC,
go to bed or you will catch a cold in
the winter.'

But Isaac was not
cold, and he did not
want to go to bed.

Isaac wanted to
PLAY.

'IS THAT YOU, NORTH WIND?'

'YES,' she rustled.

'And although I am strong and
you are small, I will play
with you Isaac.'

I am the one who makes the trees dance. I make
the ravens hover. I rustle the grass.

And now I will play with you, Isaac.
Wet your finger and hold it up,
then you will feel me.'

Isaac held up his finger and his eyes widened.





Isaac was not too small for this game.



Wind threw the leaves up in the
air and Isaac snatched at them
falling until he was quite pink.





When at last Isaac grew tired of jumping and
rowing and flying and sneezing he lay on

his back and looked at the sky whilst the North
Wind drew pictures for him with the clouds.