

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

Wide-Awake Hedgehog

Written by

Rosie Wellesley

Published by

Pavilion Books

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

This edition first published in the United Kingdom in 2016 by
Pavilion Children's Books
1 Gower Street
London WC1E 6HD

An imprint of Pavilion Books Company Ltd.

Design and layout © Pavilion Children's Books
Text and illustrations © Rosie Wellesley

The moral rights of the author and illustrator have been asserted.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

ISBN: 9781843653097

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Reproduction by Tag, UK
Printed by 1010 Printing, China

This book can be ordered directly from the publisher online at www.pavilionbooks.com, or try your local bookshop.



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.

But who would play with Isaac?





'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.



'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.

'Is that you, North Wind?'

'**YES,**' she rustled.

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





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.