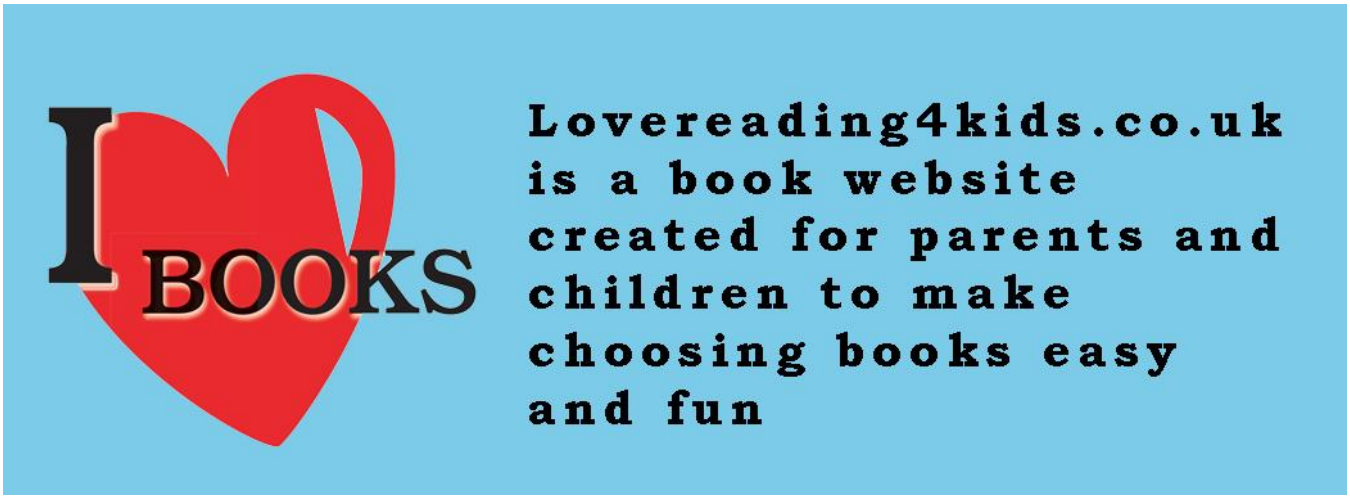

Opening extract from

Refuge

Written by

Anne Booth

Illustrated by

Sam Usher

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For all refugees and those who help them
A.B.

For S.B.
S.U.

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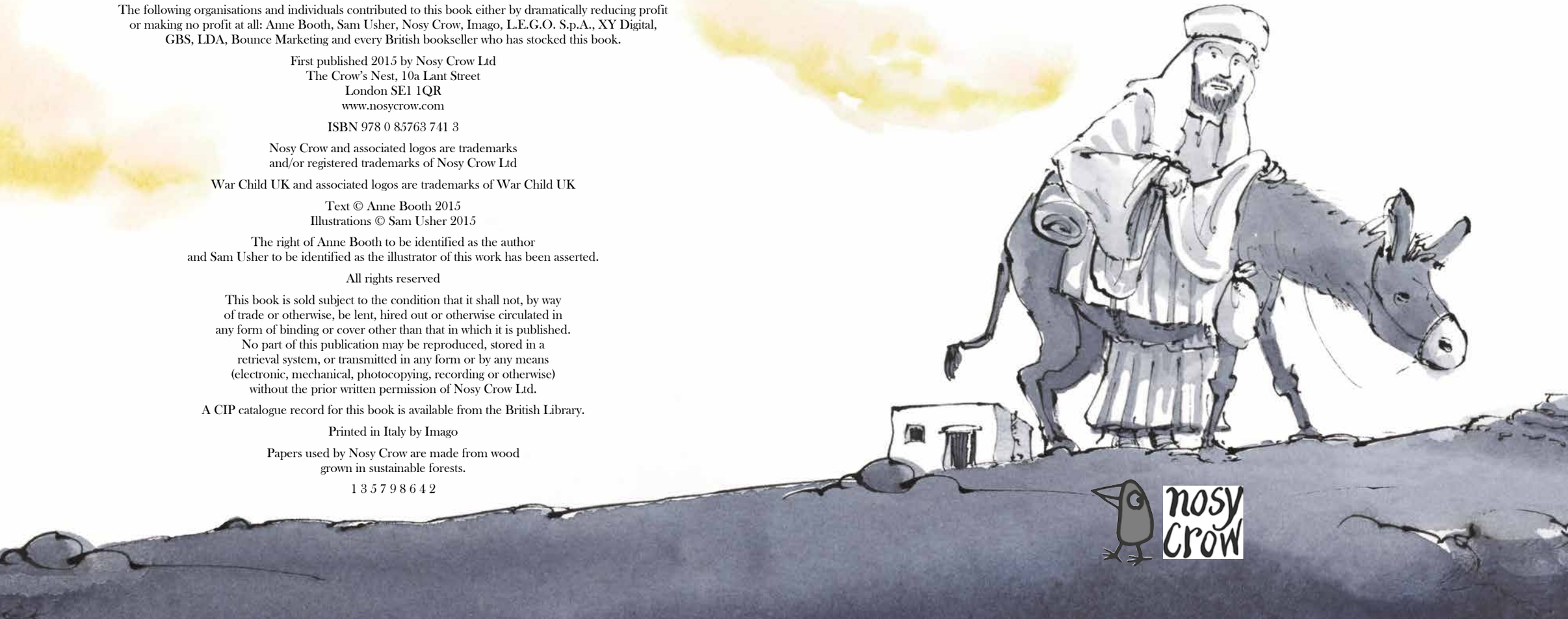
Refuge

Anne Booth & Sam Usher



The man led me, and I carried
the woman all the way
to Bethlehem . . .

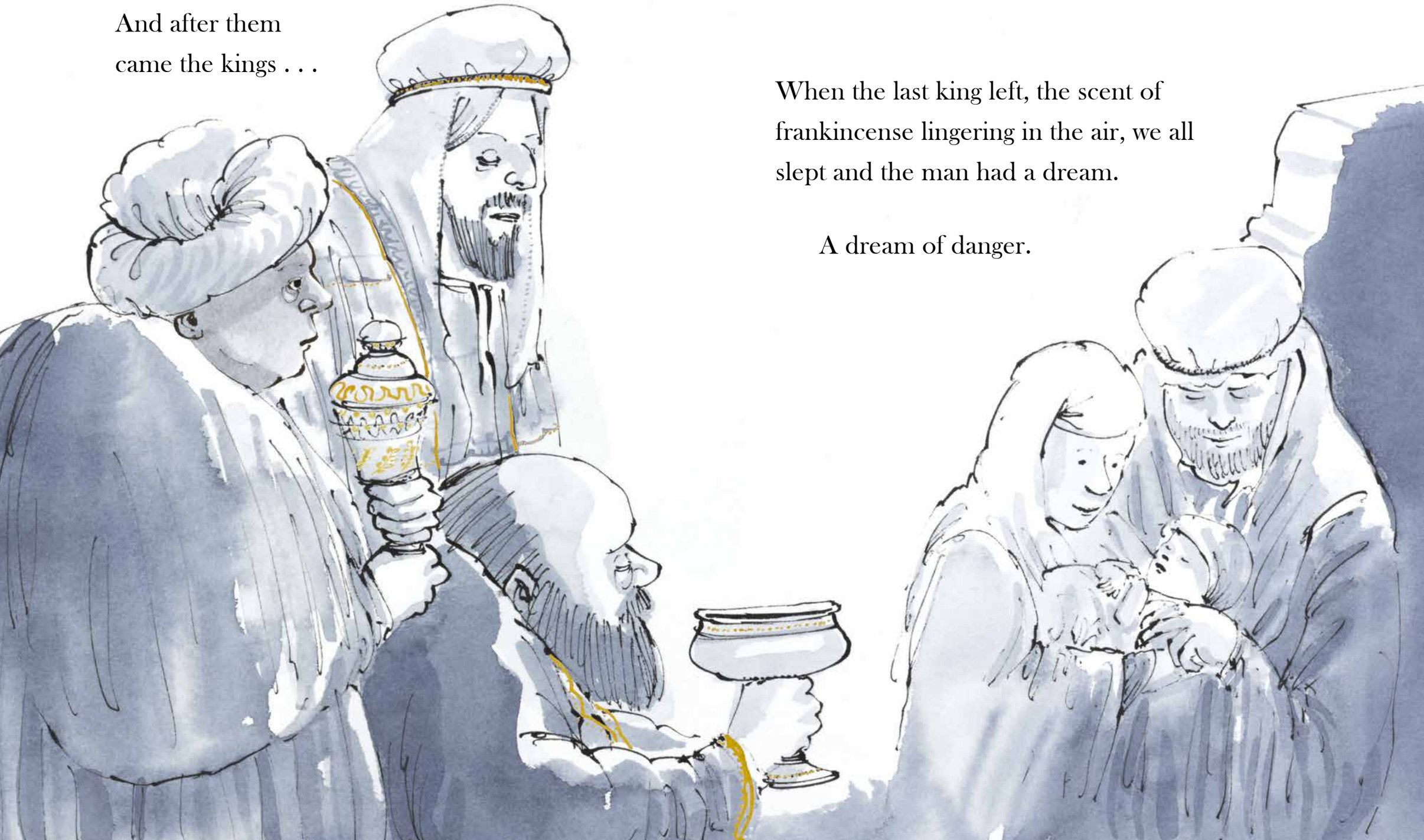
And then the baby was born.

The shepherds came first . . .

And after them
came the kings . . .

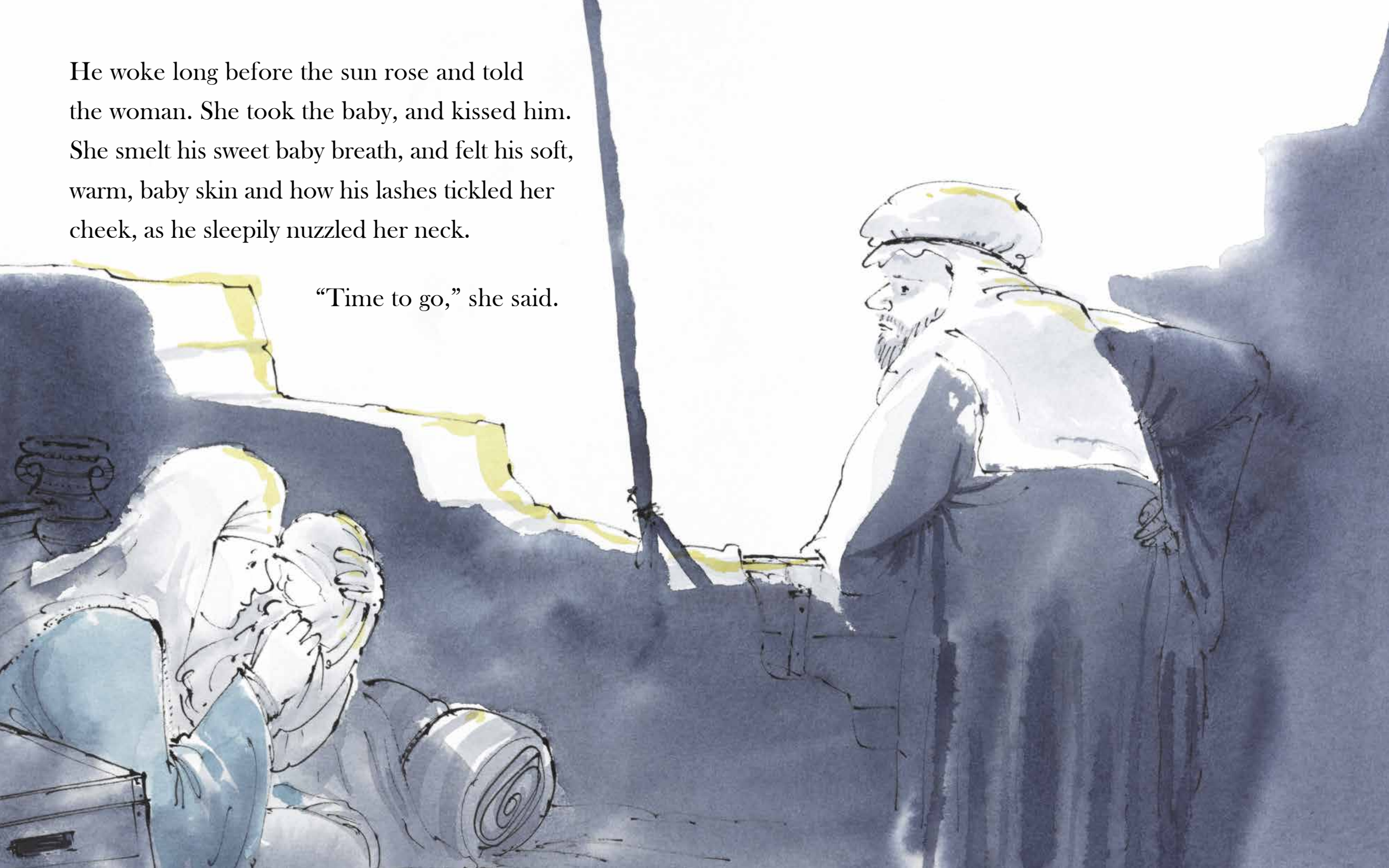
When the last king left, the scent of frankincense lingering in the air, we all slept and the man had a dream.

A dream of danger.



He woke long before the sun rose and told the woman. She took the baby, and kissed him. She smelt his sweet baby breath, and felt his soft, warm, baby skin and how his lashes tickled her cheek, as he sleepily nuzzled her neck.

"Time to go," she said.



Then they wrapped him up warm and kissed him again, and the man came to get me. He patted me between the ears and led me out.

"Come on, old friend, we're off on a journey again."
And we left some gold for the innkeeper,
for he had been good to us, when others had not.

And we set off . . .