I BOOKS

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

Opening extract from

Refuge

Written by

Anne Booth

Illustrated by

Sam Usher

Published by

Nosy Crow Ltd

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

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

For S.B.
S.U.

£5 from the sale of every book will go to War Child UK,
registered charity number: 1071659

The following organisations and individuals contributed to this book either by dramatically reducing profit or making no profit at all: Anne Booth, Sam Usher, Nosy Crow, Imago, L.E.G.O. S.p.A., XY Digital, GBS, LDA, Bounce Marketing and every British bookseller who has stocked this book.

First published 2015 by Nosy Crow Ltd
The Crow's Nest, 10a Lant Street
London SE1 1QR
www.nosycrow.com

ISBN 978 0 85763 741 3

Nosy Crow and associated logos are trademarks
and/or registered trademarks of Nosy Crow Ltd

War Child UK and associated logos are trademarks of War Child UK

Text © Anne Booth 2015
Illustrations © Sam Usher 2015

The right of Anne Booth to be identified as the author
and Sam Usher to be identified as the illustrator of this work has been asserted.

All rights reserved

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way
of trade or otherwise, be lent, hired out or otherwise circulated in
any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published.
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 Nosy Crow Ltd.

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

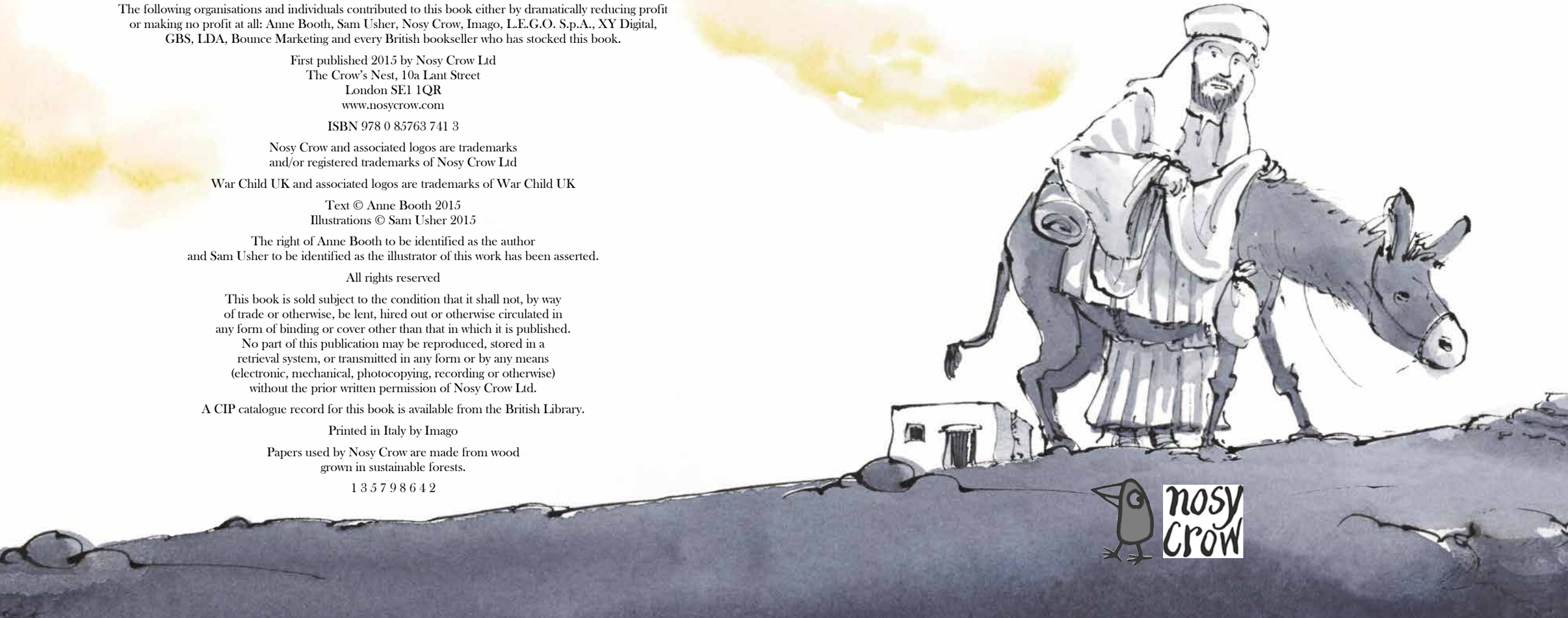
Printed in Italy by Imago

Papers used by Nosy Crow are made from wood
grown in sustainable forests.

1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

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 . . .

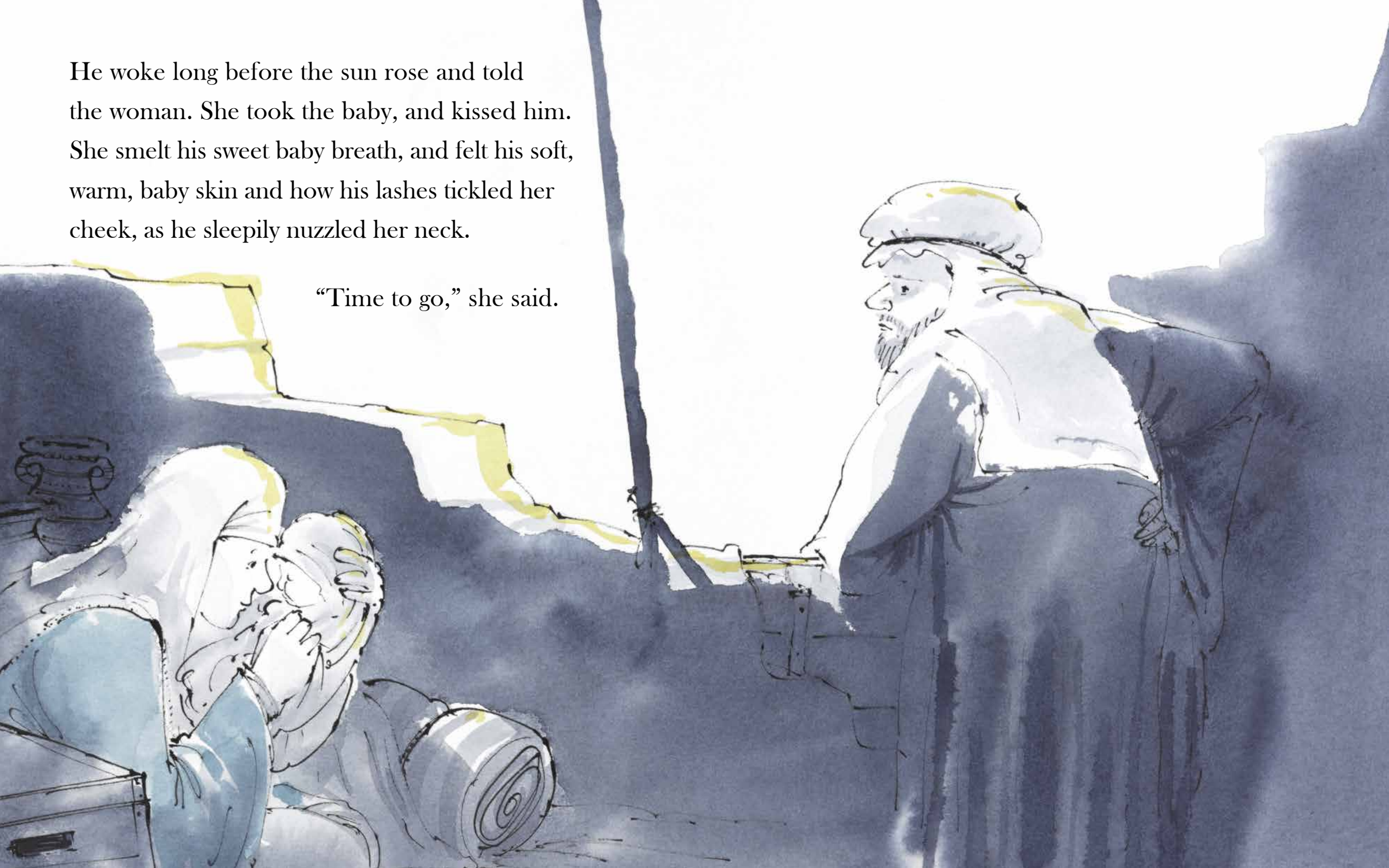
And after them
came the kings . . .

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 . . .