Isaac the hedgehog had slept through the winter, snug-safe and curled up under the leaves.

"Time to wake up!"

shouted Starling.

"Wake up, dozy friend, come on out and see spring!"

"Is this spring?" muttered Isaac, "It's so sludgy and wet."

Isaac crawled out from his long-winter bed.

"That worm looks delicious,
Can I share, feathered friend?"

Starling looked up from her breakfast.

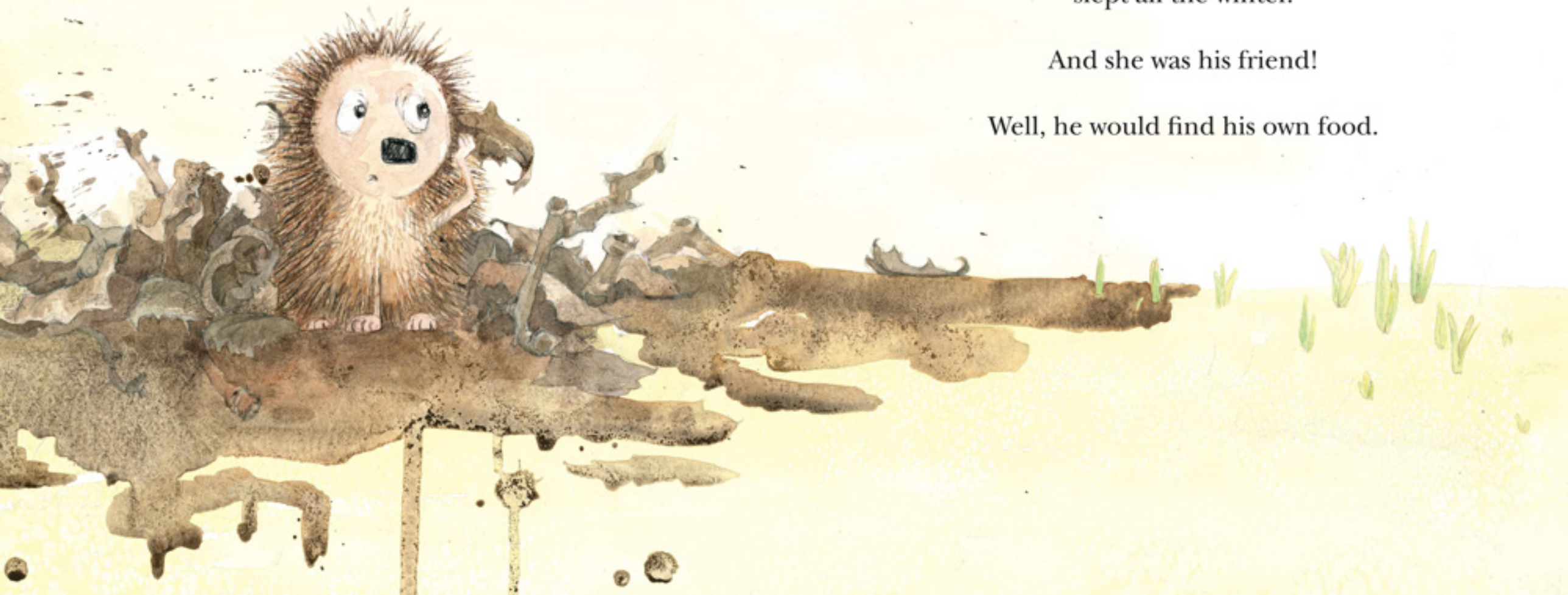
She laughed:

"Ha ha HA! Look at you!

Bad hair day for hedgehog!"

And still chirping
and smirking, off
the bird flew.

'Bad hair day?' thought Isaac,
feeling hungry and hurt.



She wouldn't look good if she'd
slept all the winter.

And she was his friend!

Well, he would find his own food.

So he upped and he offed and marched into the world.

A nose poked out of a hole in the ground.
It slunk through the mud, warty and squat.

"Are you hungry, too, Toad?"

Isaac spotted a beetle.

"Watch me, see how it's done"

Hedgehog leant forward and stuck out his tongue.

"Oh Toad!
You gluttonous wretch!
If you'd asked I'd have shared!"

With hurt feelings and hunger Isaac squelched on.

"But here is a slug!
Sleek, slimy and fat.

So slug-a-licious.

Breakfast at last!"

So tasty,
so juicy,
and…