
Lou Carter
The GREAT HAMSTER GETAWAY
Illustrated by MAGDA BROL
BLOOMSBURY



For Enid and Wilf
L.C.

For Mia and Neli
M.B.



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Raffleton Grey was as bored as could be,
with nowhere to go and nobody to see.
His round-and-round wheel never went anywhere.
His house in the corner was gloomy and bare.
The food was so tasteless he turned up his nose.
The wood shavings always got stuck in his toes.

And so he would dream every day to be free,
to run on the pebbles and splash in the sea.



To snooze by the harbour and breathe in the air



and gobble up crumbs
people dropped at the fair.



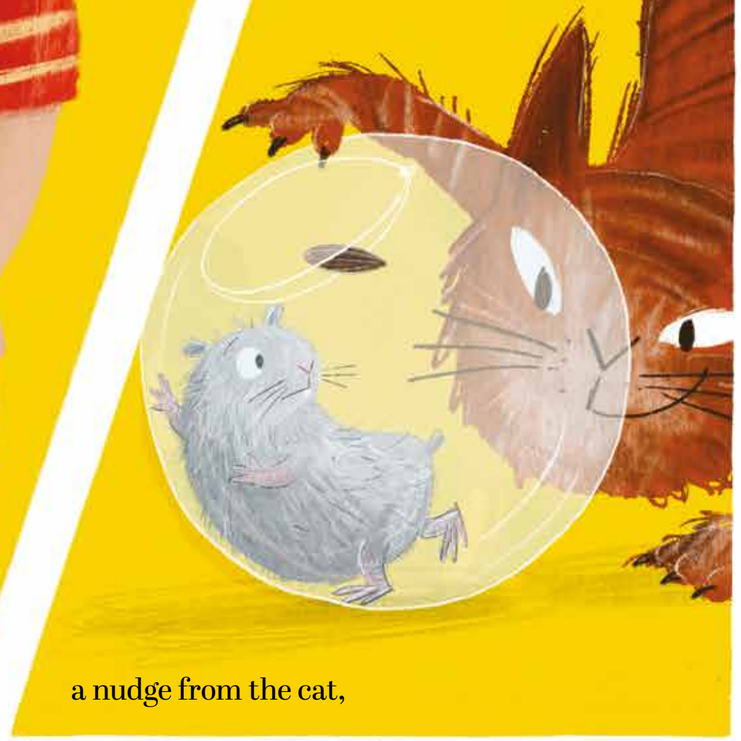


"It's time!" he declared as he gazed at the stars.
"Tonight is the night I escape from these bars!"

His plan was quite simple
and all he would need



was a roll in his ball
and a sunflower seed –



a nudge from the cat,



a bump from the chair,





a seesaw,

a duck . . .


. . . and he flew through the air.
Through
branches
and
leaves
he
came
tumbling
down
and landed beside something
scruffy and brown.



It scuttled and hid
in the shade of the tree,
and Raffleton gasped,
"You're a HAMSTER . . .
like ME!"

"No need to be frightened –
I'm Raffleton Grey."
And then he said proudly,
"I'm running away!"

The other one smiled,
"I'm Puckerford Brown.
I've run away too
from my owner in town."