To M, G and I.
Always roar loud, my wild ones.

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HEDGE LION

Robyn Wilson-Owen

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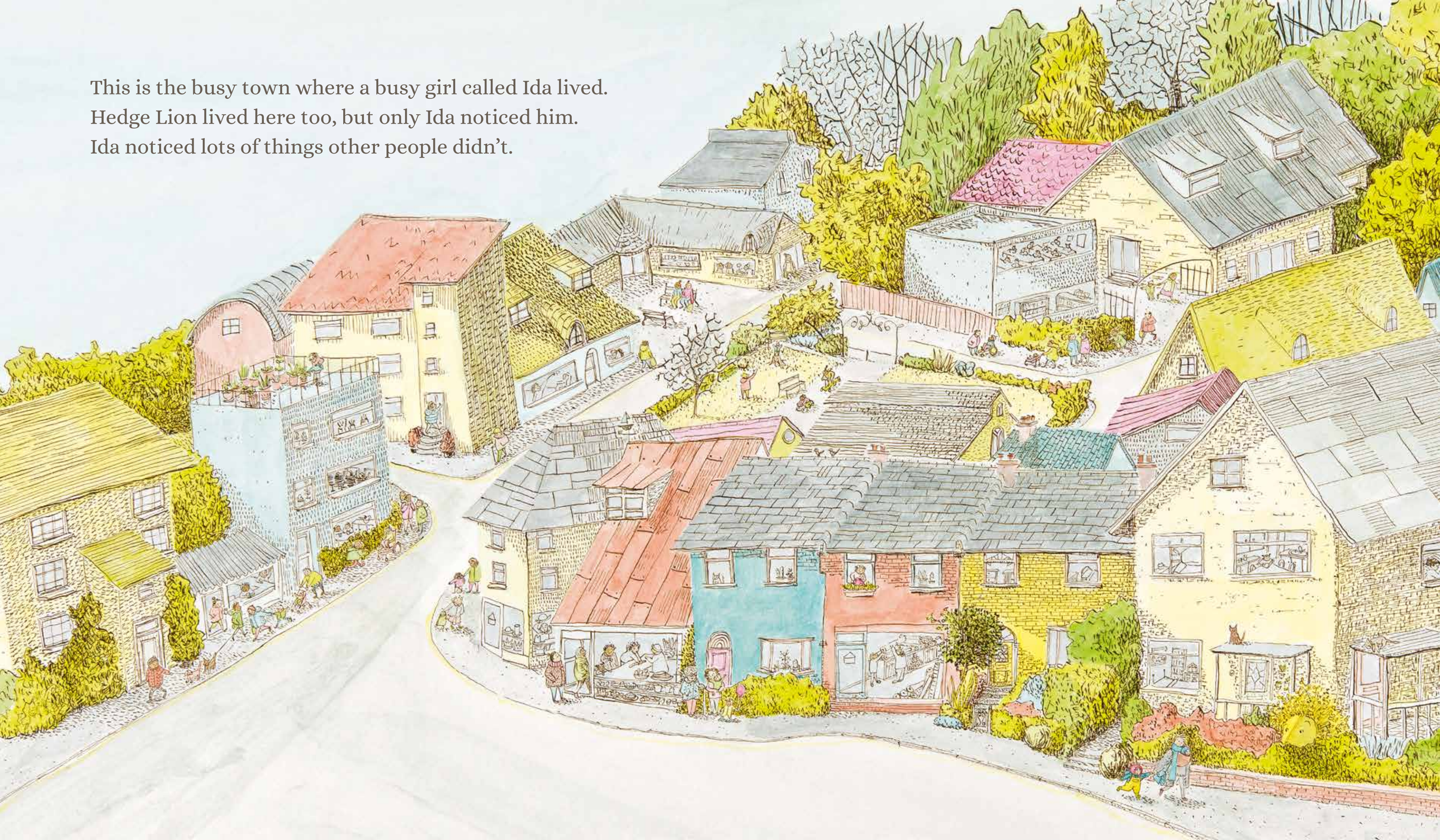
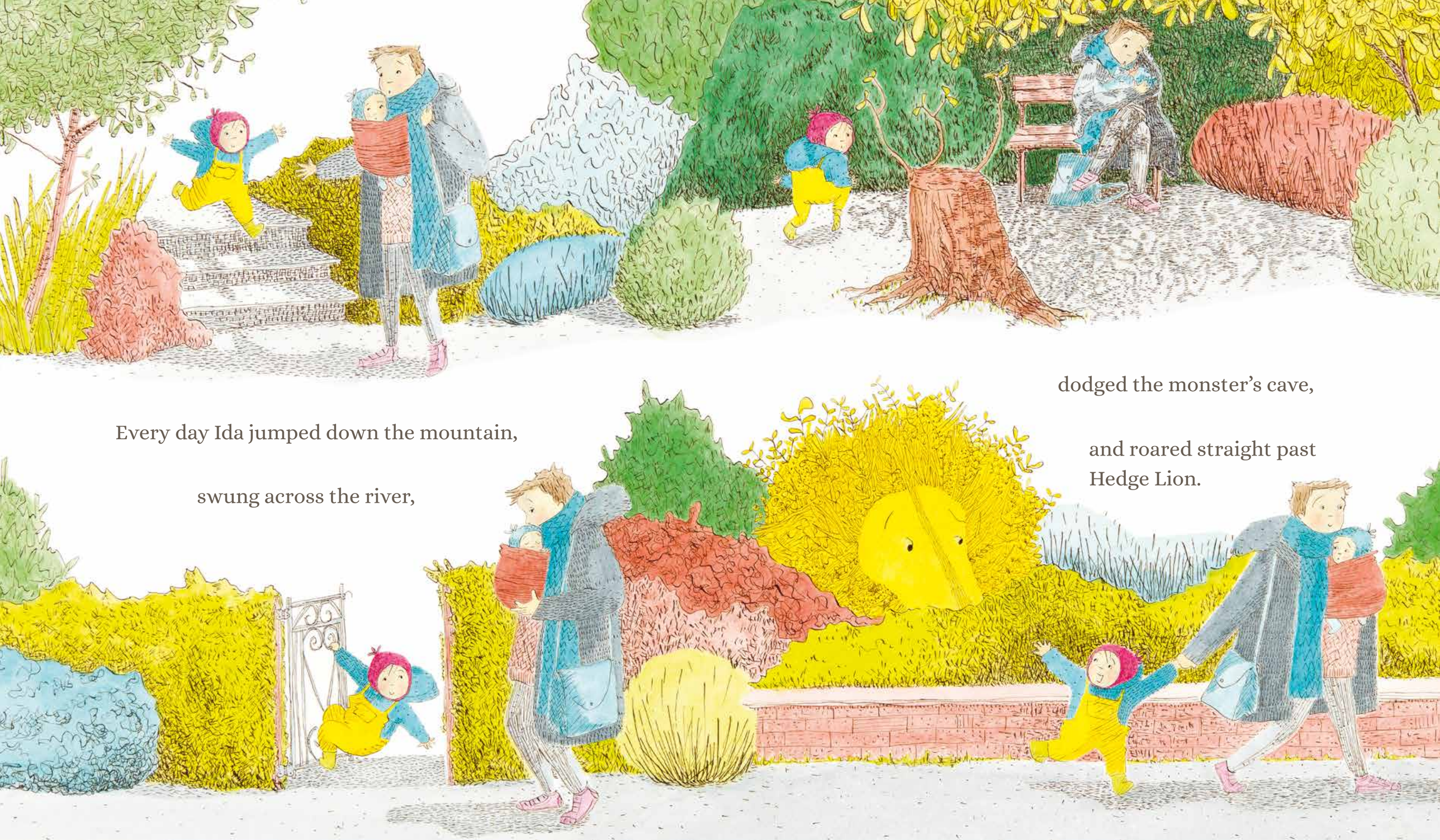


This is the busy town where a busy girl called Ida lived.
Hedge Lion lived here too, but only Ida noticed him.
Ida noticed lots of things other people didn't.



Every day Ida jumped down the mountain,

swung across the river,

dodged the monster's cave,

and roared straight past
Hedge Lion.

Every day Hedge Lion sat still.
Very still, and very quiet, and very hedgy.
He kept all his roars inside. He wanted the world to see a hedge, not a lion, because no one is scared of hedges.

One day Mum stopped, so Ida stopped.
"Come and play with me, roary lion."
"I can't come and play, I'm a hedge."
"You are not a hedge. Hedges are not furry."
"Some hedges are."

"You are not a hedge. Hedges are not warm."
"Some hedges are. Lions roar. I don't. I am a hedge."
"Hedges are not stubborn," grumbled Ida.