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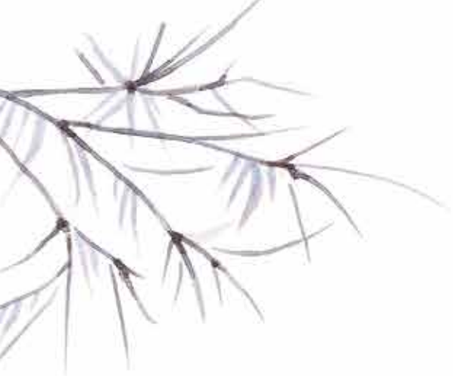
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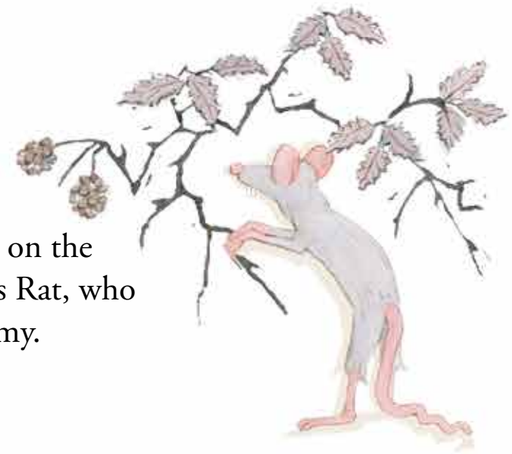


Tanglewood

Gillian McClure

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Tanglewood is a sleepy, old wood.
It is where Fox, Rat and Crow live,
and they have a lot to grumble about.



'Why don't the blackberries on the bramble bushes ripen?' asks Rat, who has an empty, rumbly tummy.



'Where have all the bugs and grubs gone?' asks Crow, pecking the ground with his clackity beak.



'Long ago, things used to grow,' says Fox, flicking his jittery tail. 'Now our wood is dark and gloomy.'

And deep down, below ground, nothing moves.
Tanglewood knows something is wrong.

One day, Fox pushes his way through the tangle of bracken and trees and finds Rat and Crow.

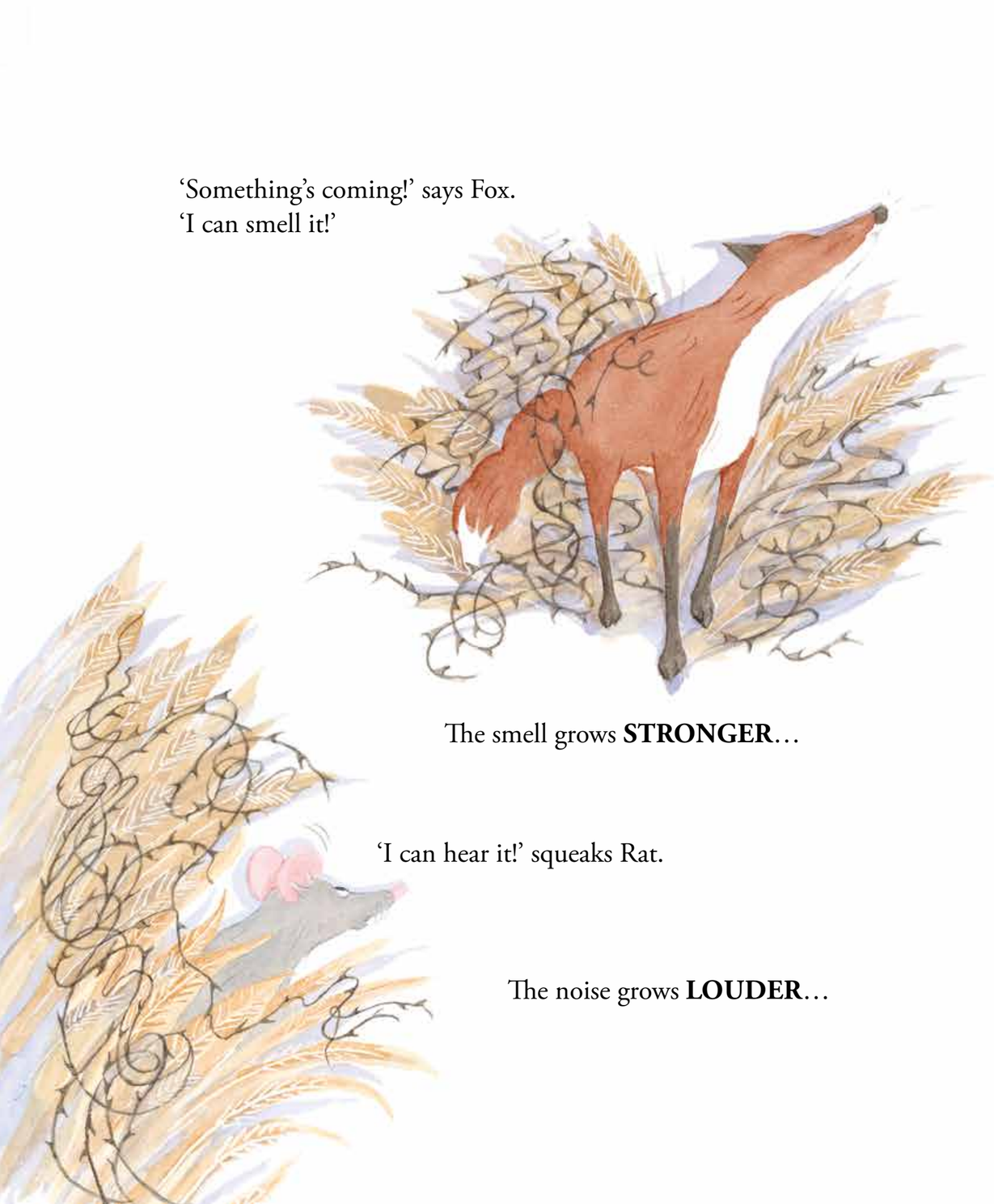
'There's trouble,' he says. 'Come and see.'

'What is it?' asks Rat.

'A footprint,' says Fox.

'A BIG footprint,' says Crow.

‘Something’s coming!’ says Fox.
‘I can smell it!’



The smell grows **STRONGER**…

‘I can hear it!’ squeaks Rat.

The noise grows **LOUDER**…

‘Oh no!’ says Crow.
‘I can see it!’

MUNCH...

MUNCH...

MUNCH...

There it is!

Rat and Crow jump.

‘Squawk!’



‘Eek!’



Fox’s jittery tail hides between his legs.

‘Who are you?’ he barks.



‘**BISON**,’
the creature replies.

And deep down, below ground, things start to stir.
Tanglewood holds its breath.