

The background of the entire page is a watercolor illustration of a forest. It features several tree trunks in shades of blue, purple, and brown. The branches are thin and dark, with some small red leaves or berries. At the bottom, there are clusters of yellow and green leaves, possibly representing bushes or the forest floor. The overall style is soft and painterly.

Tanglewood

Gillian McClure

Published in 2025 by Plaister Press

1

Copyright @ Gillian McClure 2025

The moral right of the author/illustrator has been asserted

All rights reserved

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

Design: Lisa Kirkham

Printed in UK

Plaister Press

Registered address:

9 Trafalgar Street,

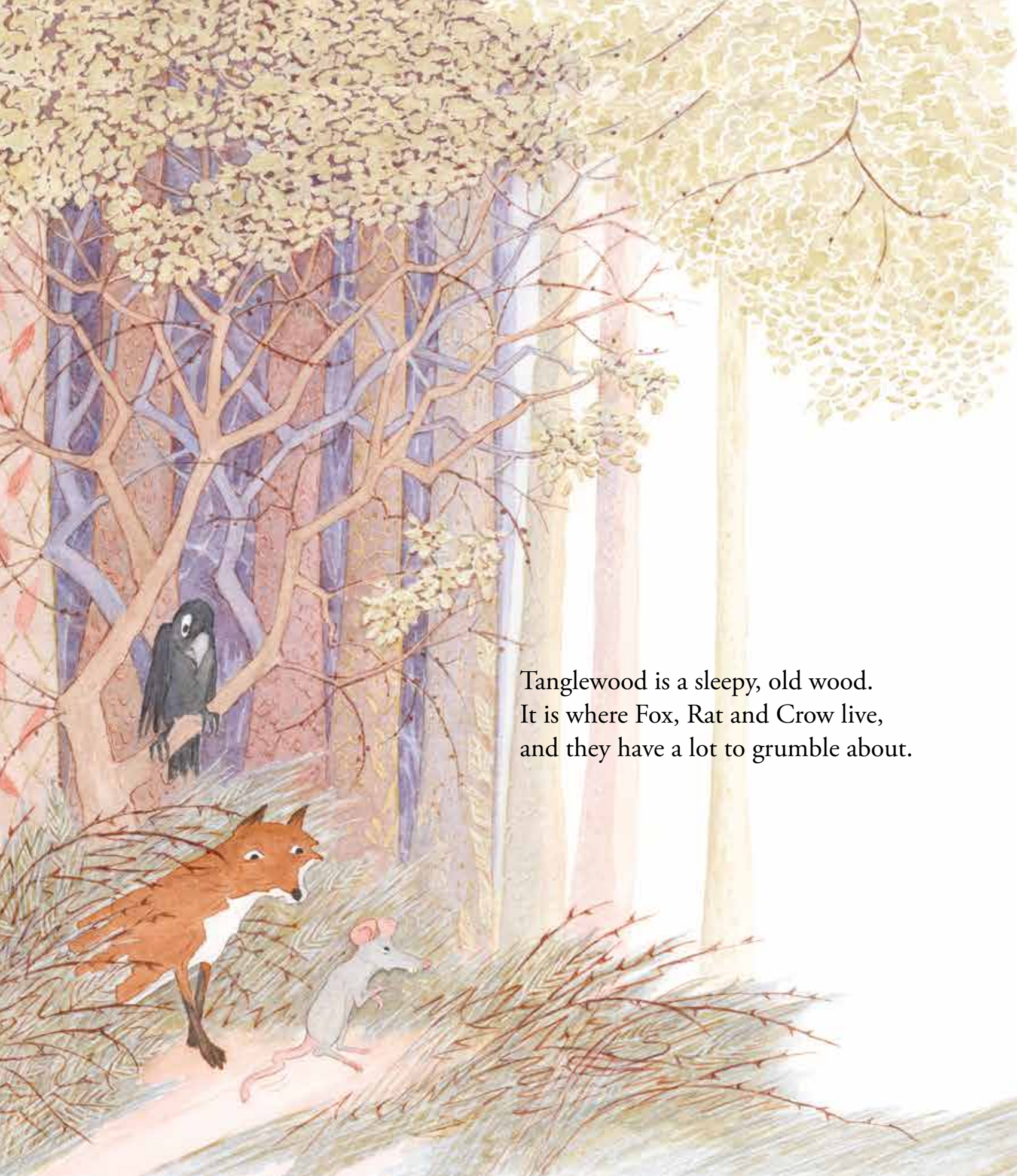
Cambridge,

CB4 1ET

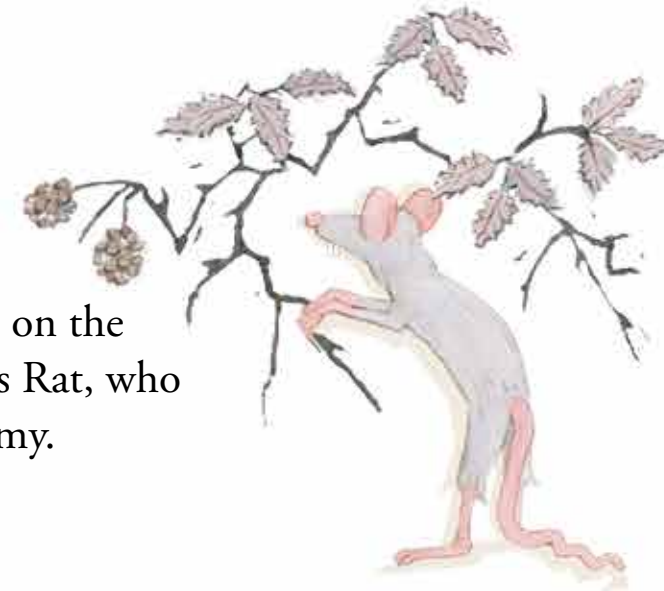
UK

www.gillianmcclure.com

ISBN: 978-0-9565108-9-1



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, rumbling tummy.



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



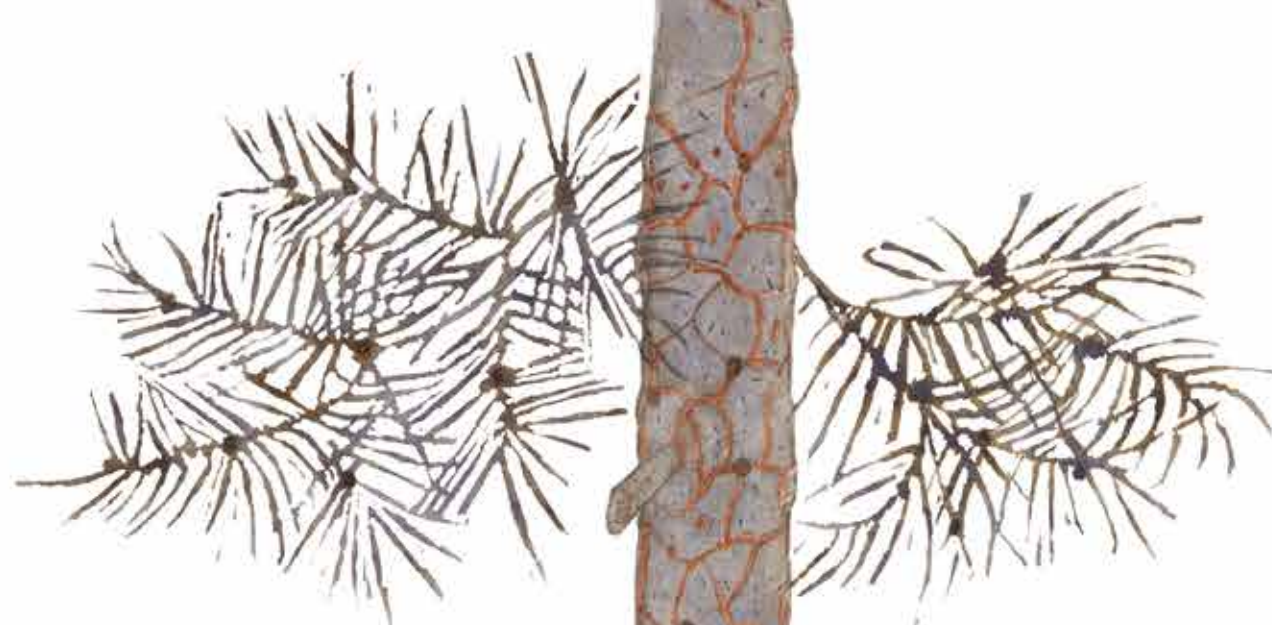
‘Long ago, things used to grow,’ says Fox,
flicking his jittery tail. ‘Now our wood is
dark and gloomy.’

*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.

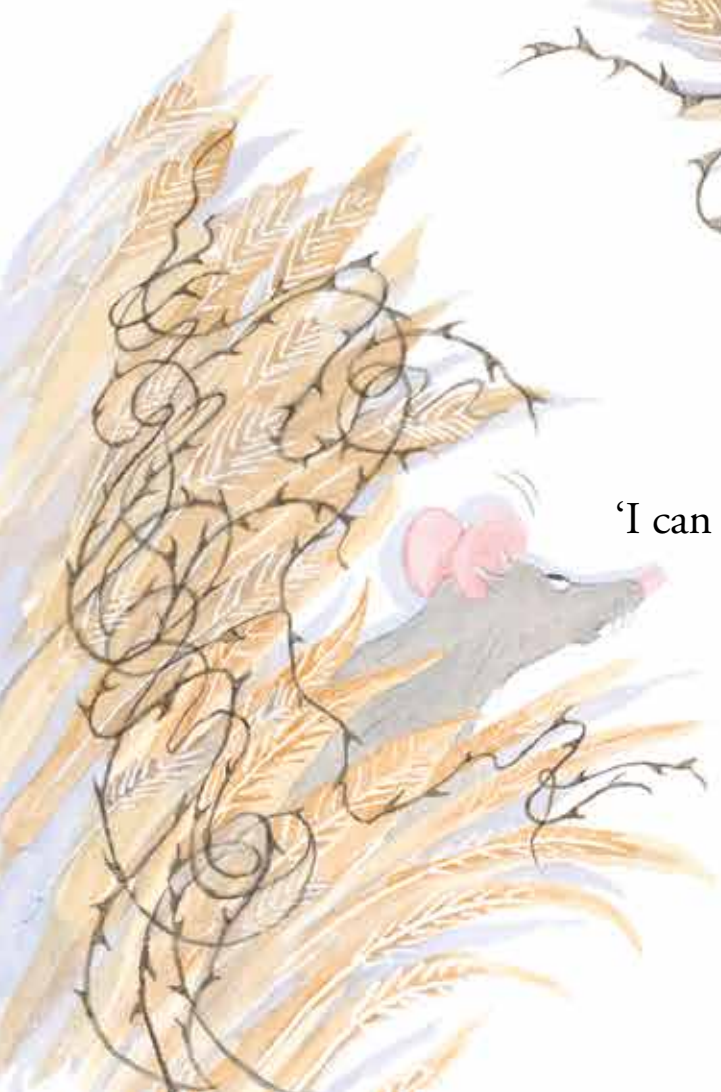


‘Something’s coming!’ says Fox.
‘I can smell it!’



The smell grows **STRONGER...**

‘I can hear it!’ squeaks Rat.



The noise grows **LOUDER...**

‘Oh no!’ says Crow.
‘I can see it!’

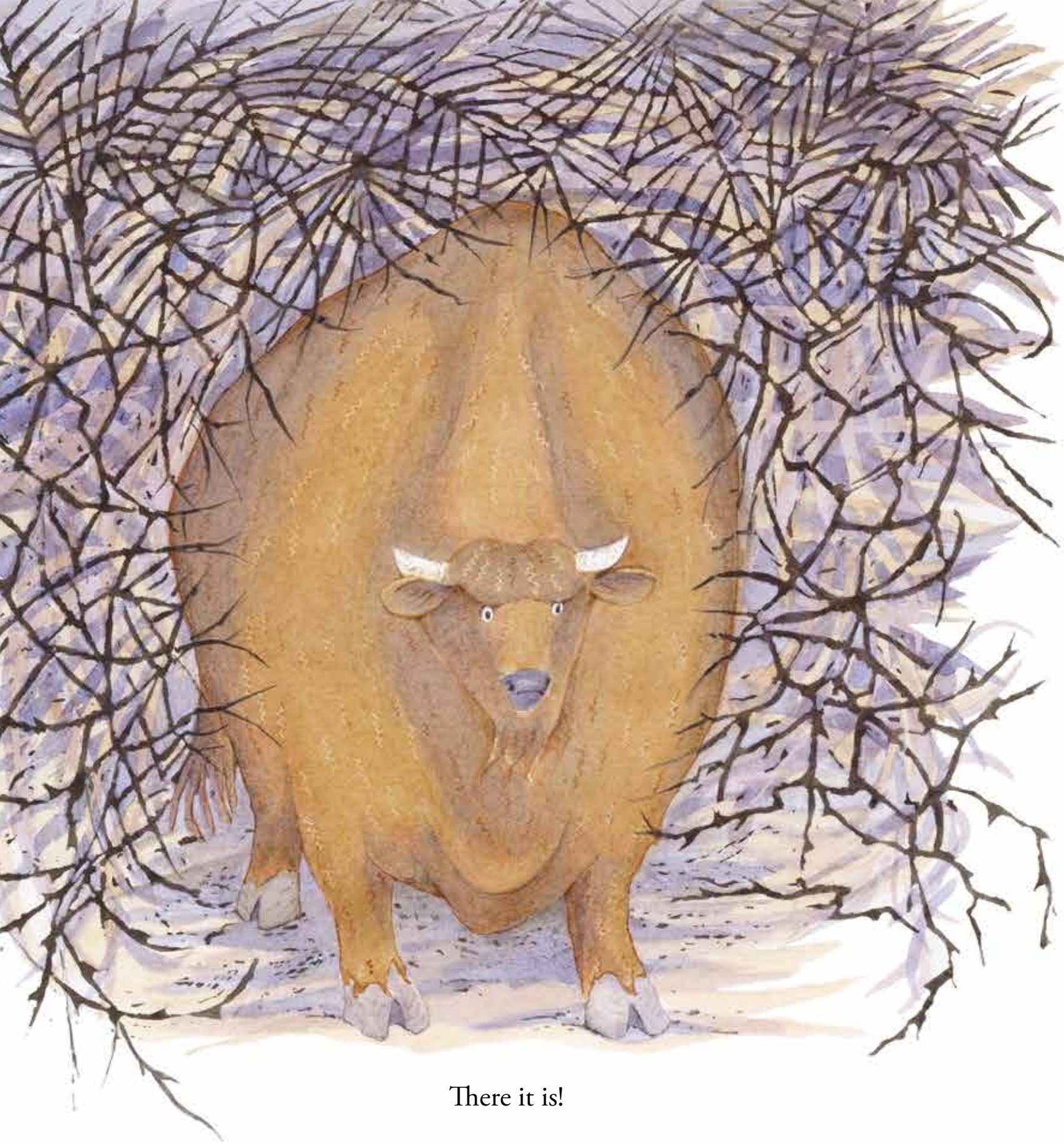


MUNCH...

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.*