

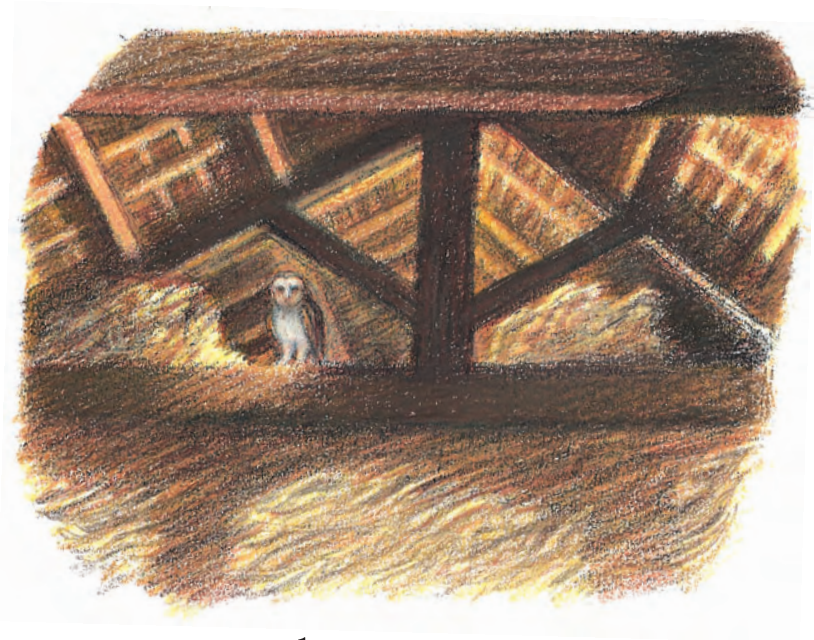
Opening extract from
Animal Tales

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Chapter One

SOMEONE HAD TO clean out the old barn. Grandad had a bad knee and her mother and father were busy, so Annie had to do it all by herself. But she wasn't alone. You were never quite alone in the old barn.

Screecher, the barn owl, looked down at her from his perch on the beam above her. She knew that the swallows would be watching her from their nests high on the roof joists. But the owls and the swallows were as much a part of the barn as the mud walls and the thatched roof and she paid them no attention.



It was hot work and smelly too, but Annie was used to that. After all she had grown up on a farm and on a farm there were always smells of one kind or another. This was no worse than most.

‘Be nice if the cows would learn to clean up after themselves,’ said Grandad from the door