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Opening extract from  
**Wide-Awake Hedgehog**

Written by  
**Rosie Wellesley**

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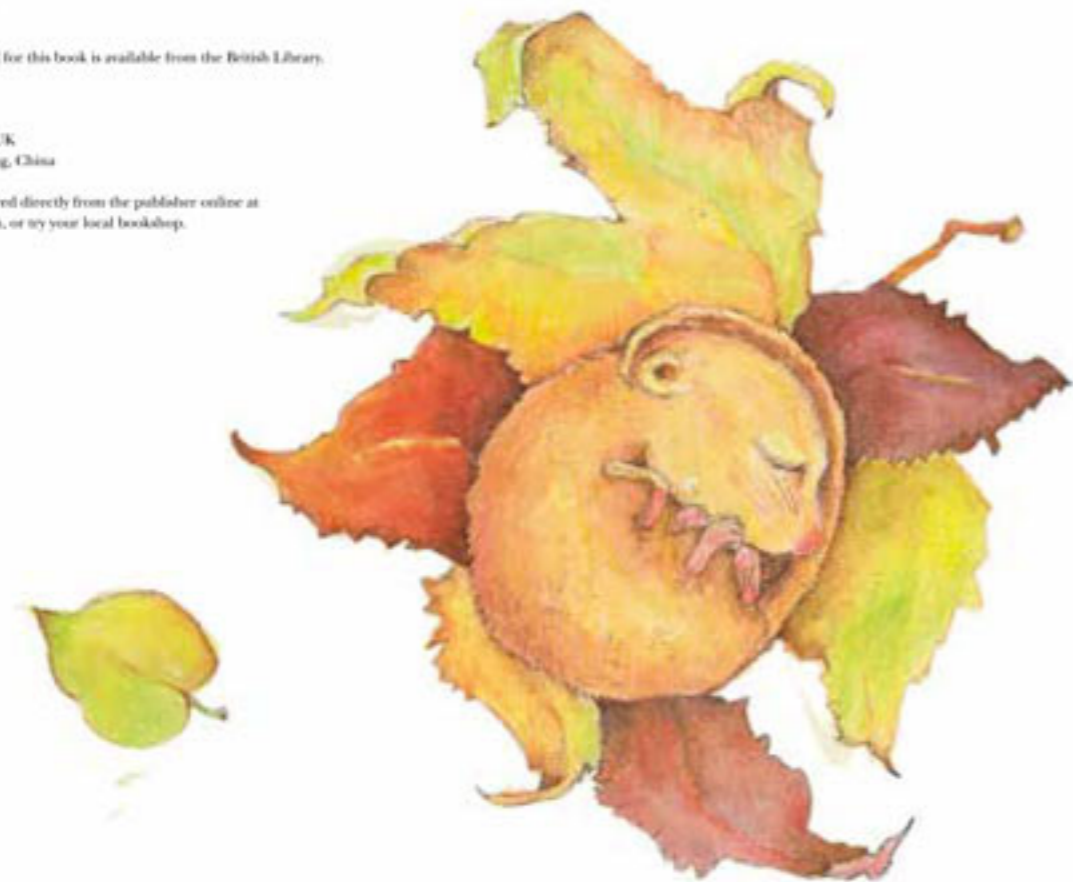
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# Wide-awake Hedgehog



Rosie Wellesley

PAVILION

The evenings were darkening and the leaves were turning gold. It was the time when hedgehogs should be settling for their winter sleep.

But Isaac the hedgehog was  
**NOT FEELING SLEEPY.**

Isaac wanted to **PLAY.**



But who would play  
with Isaac?





'PLAY?'

No time for play.


We are going going going,'  
warbled the swallows.

'we **MUST** fly south to the warm.

GO TO BED, MISTER ISAAC,  
go to bed or you will catch a cold in  
the winter.'

But Isaac was not  
cold, and he did not  
want to go to bed.

Isaac wanted to  
**PLAY.**



'IS THAT YOU, NORTH WIND?'

'YES,' she rustled.

'And although I am strong and  
you are small, I will play  
with you Isaac.'

I am the one who makes the trees dance. I make  
the ravens hover. I rustle the grass.

And now I will play with you, Isaac.  
Wet your finger and hold it up,  
then you will feel me.'

Isaac held up his finger and his eyes widened.





Isaac was not too small for this game.



Wind threw the leaves up in the  
air and Isaac snatched at them

falling until he was quite pink.





When at last Isaac grew tired of jumping and  
rowing and flying and sneezing he lay on

his back and looked at the sky whilst the North  
Wind drew pictures for him with the clouds.