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Opening extract from  
**Refuge**

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For all refugees and those who help them  
A.B.

For S.B.  
S.U.

£5 from the sale of every book will go to War Child UK,  
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# Refuge

Anne Booth & Sam Usher



**T**he man led me, and I carried  
the woman all the way  
to Bethlehem . . .



And then the baby was born.





The shepherds came first . . .

And after them  
came the kings . . .



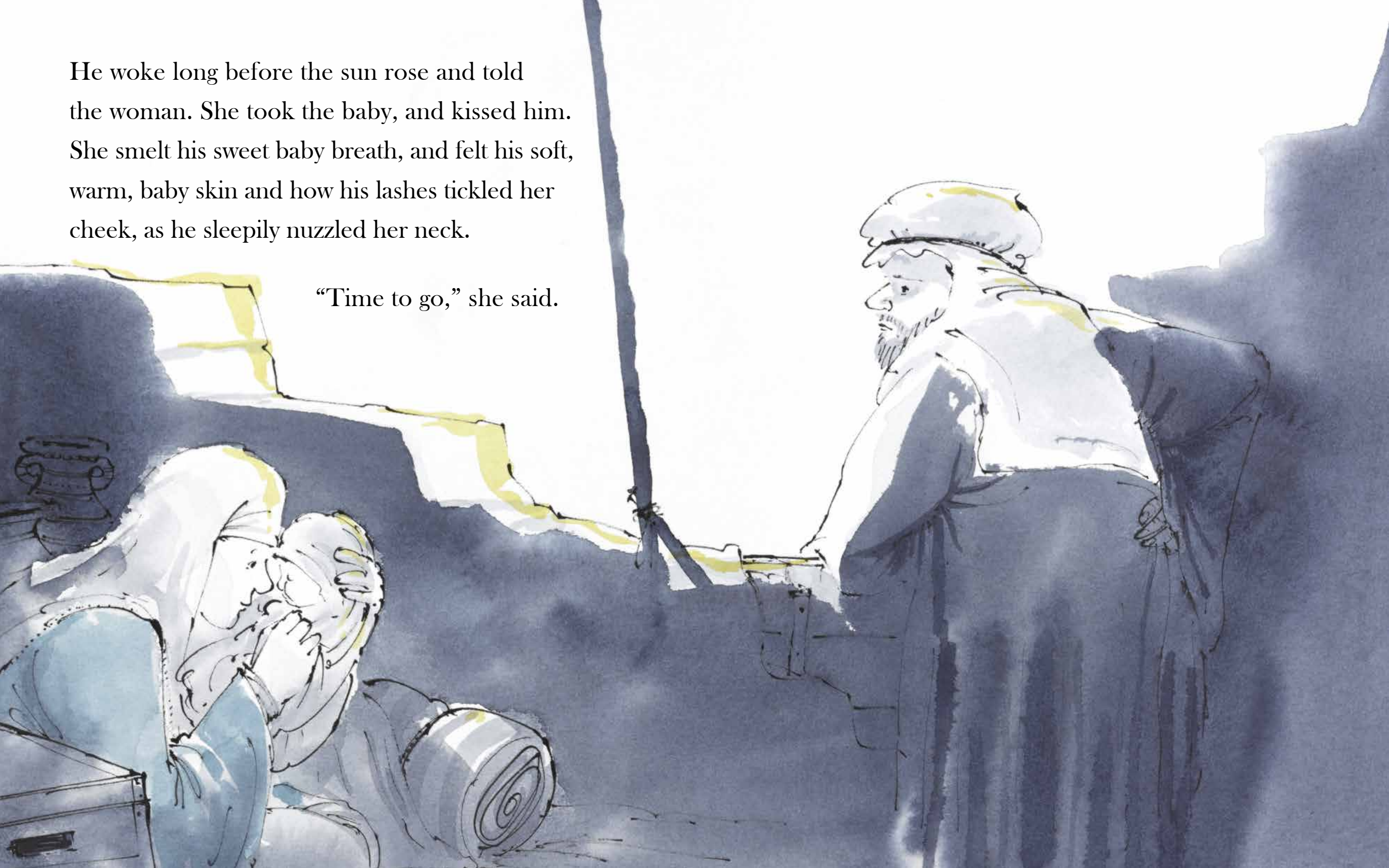
When the last king left, the scent of  
frankincense lingering in the air, we all  
slept and the man had a dream.

A dream of danger.



He woke long before the sun rose and told the woman. She took the baby, and kissed him. She smelt his sweet baby breath, and felt his soft, warm, baby skin and how his lashes tickled her cheek, as he sleepily nuzzled her neck.

“Time to go,” she said.



Then they wrapped him up warm and kissed him again, and the man came to get me. He patted me between the ears and led me out.

“Come on, old friend, we’re off on a journey again.”  
And we left some gold for the innkeeper,  
for he had been good to us, when others had not.

And we set off . . .

