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First published 2023 by Two Hoots  
an imprint of Pan Macmillan  
The Smithson, 6 Briset Street, London EC1M 5NR  
EU representative: Macmillan Publishers Ireland Limited, 1st Floor,  
The Liffey Trust Centre, 117-126 Sheriff Street Upper, Dublin 1, D01 YC43

Associated companies throughout the world  
[www.panmacmillan.com](http://www.panmacmillan.com)  
ISBN 978-1-5098-8986-0  
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1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

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

Printed in China

The illustrations in this book were created using lino print and mono print.

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# DIG DIG DIGGER

MORAG HOOD



TWO HOOTS

It is a day like any other  
at the roadworks.

“I DIG,” says Digger,

“I ALWAYS dig.”



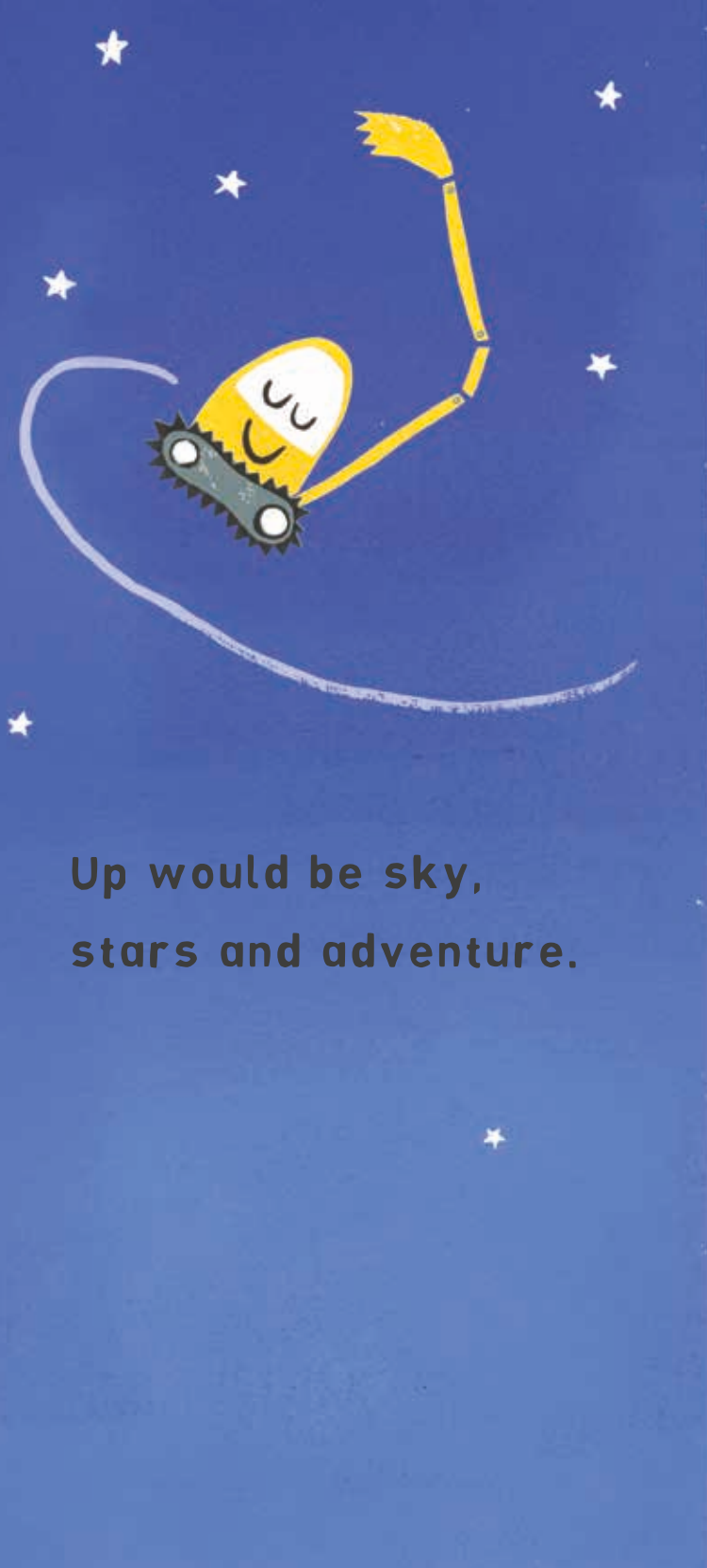


**“I don’t like  
digging any more.”**

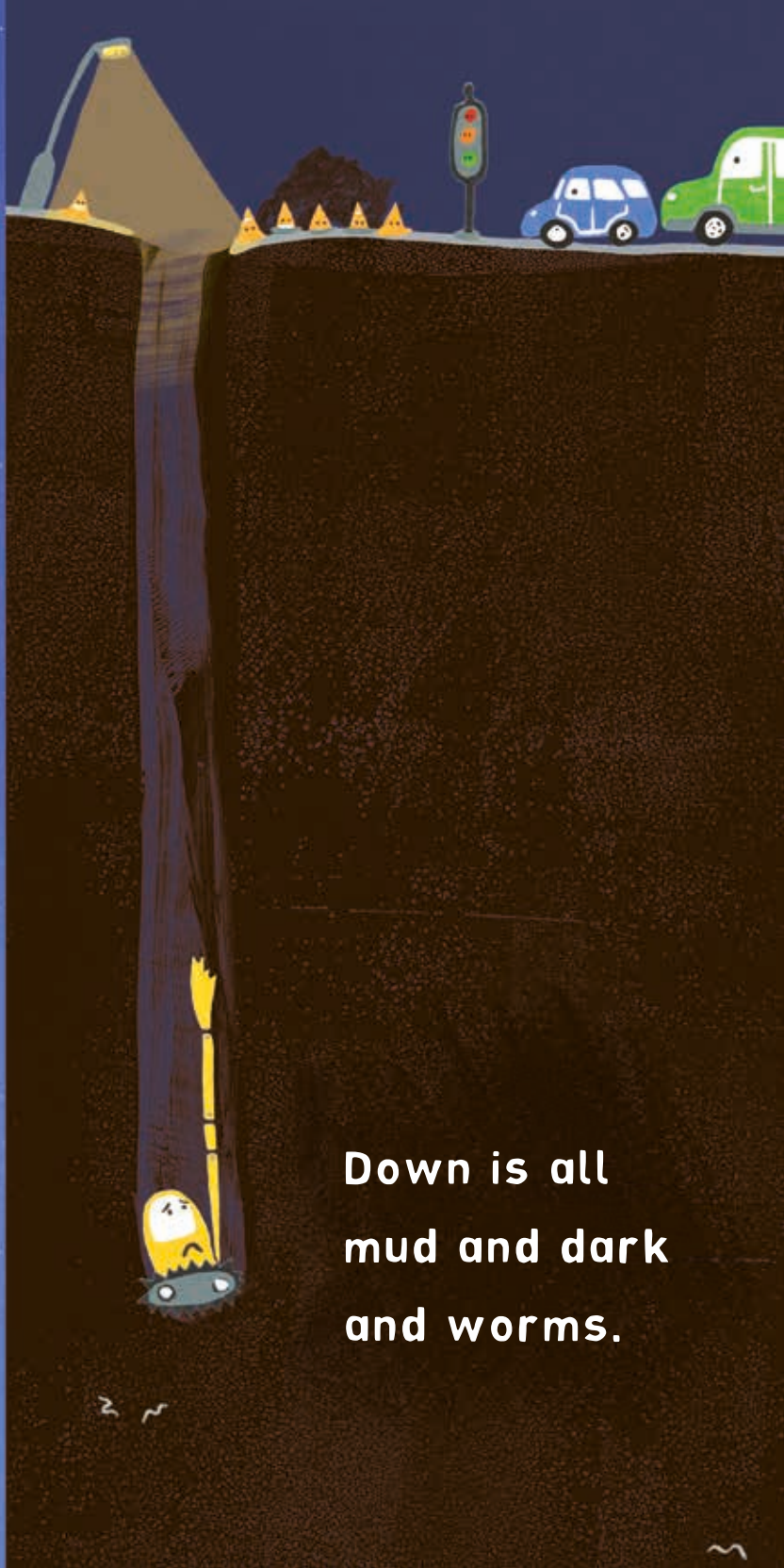
**Digger has heard of something exciting.  
It is called UP.**

**And she really  
wants to go.**

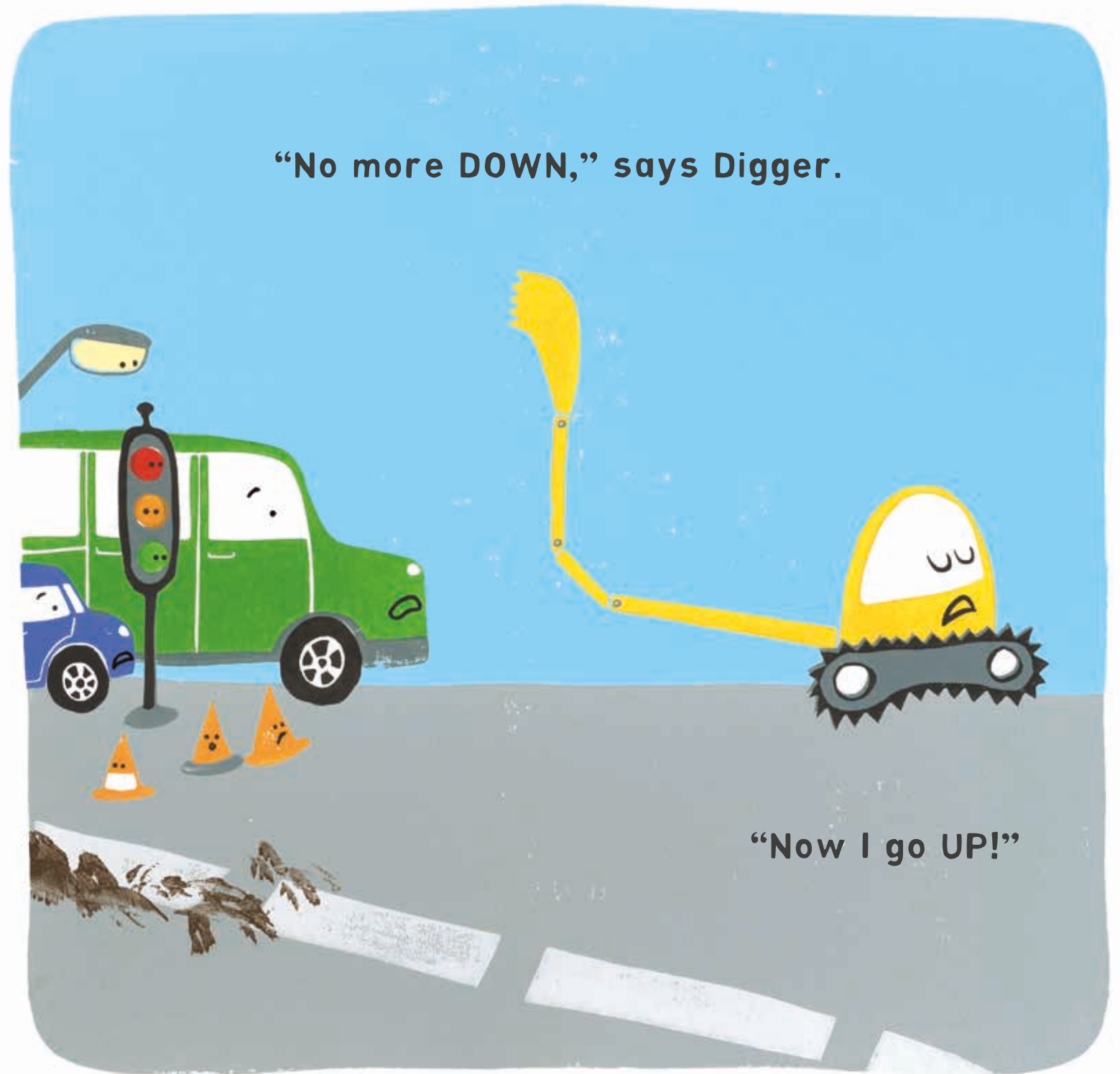




Up would be sky,  
stars and adventure.



Down is all  
mud and dark  
and worms.



“No more DOWN,” says Digger.

“Now I go UP!”

But up is quite tricky to get to.

“I REACH!”

“I CLIMB!”

“I JUMP!”

“I FLAP!”

But then, when everything  
seems lost . . .





**“I FLY!”**

**“Bye, Lamp-post.  
Bye, Traffic Lights.  
Bye, Big Car and Little Car.  
Bye, Cones . . .**

**“I’m going on an adventure.  
I’m going by myself!”**

