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Opening extract from
Little Evie in the Wild Wood

Written by
Jackie Morris
Illustrated by
Catherine Hyde

Published by
Frances Lincoln Children's Books

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For Evie, who went for a walk in the wild woods with me,
and for her mum, Cathy who likes to work with stone.

And for the wild wolves, with love – *JM*

For Chloe, heading off into the wilds of the world – *CH*

JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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Little Evie in the Wild Wood

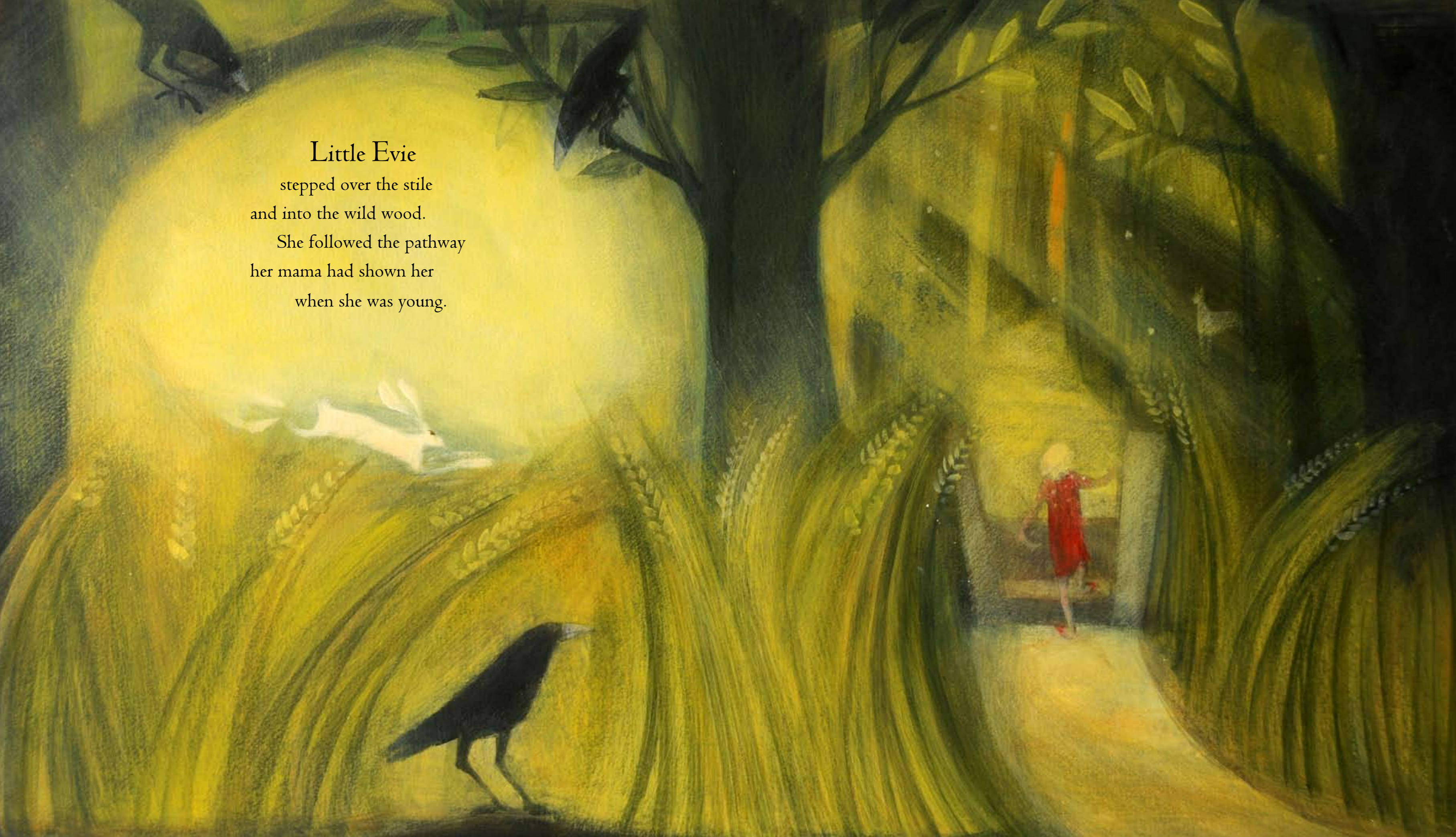
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FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Little Evie
stepped over the stile
and into the wild wood.
She followed the pathway
her mama had shown her
when she was young.





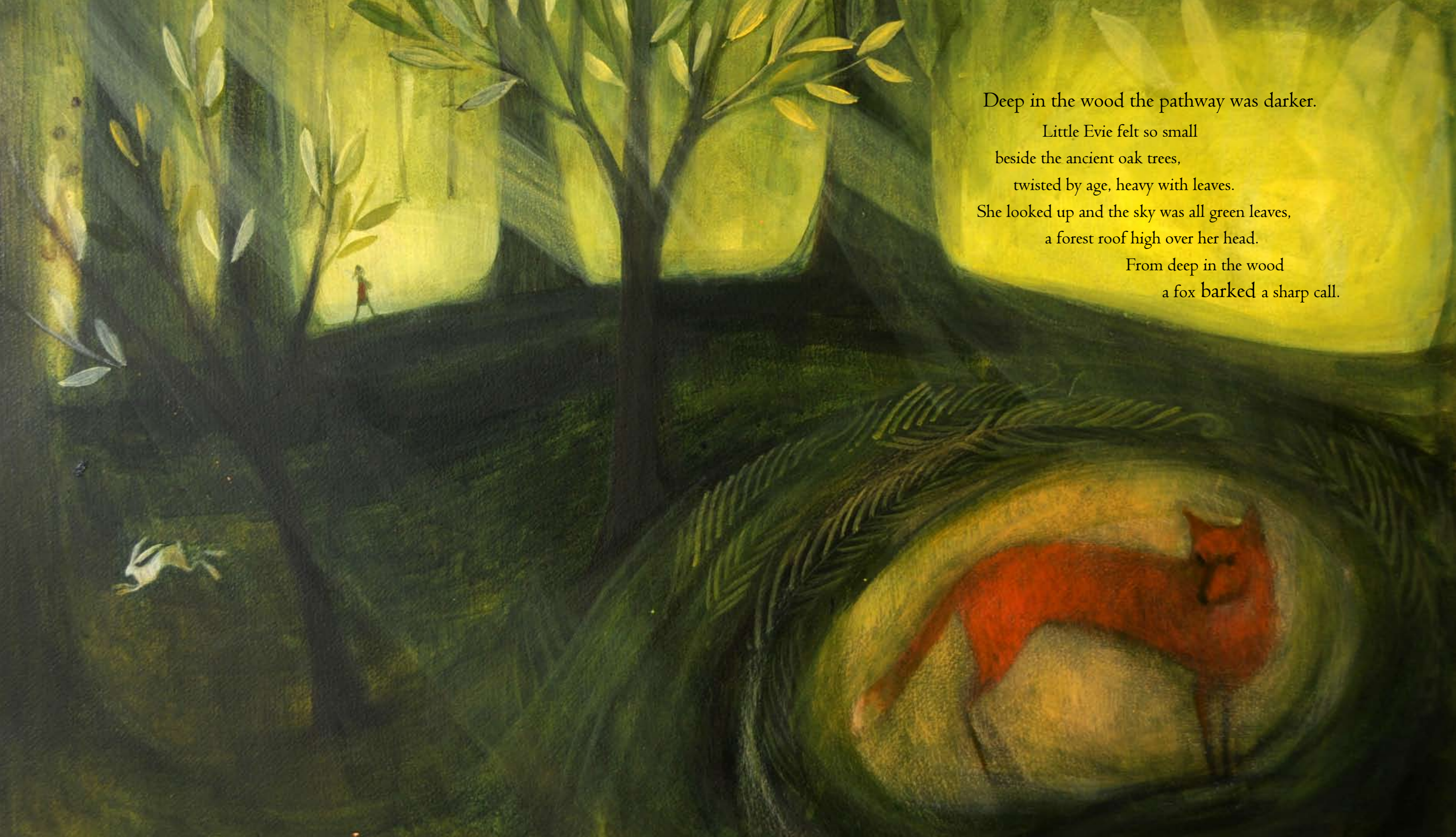
Small birds chattered. Insects hummed.

The wind sang a soft song high in the tree tops.

The woodpigeons called a soft-voiced warning.

“Be careful, Evie, Be careful, Evie.”

She looked back and could just see
the bright gold of the field
in afternoon sunshine,
like a gold ring
behind her.

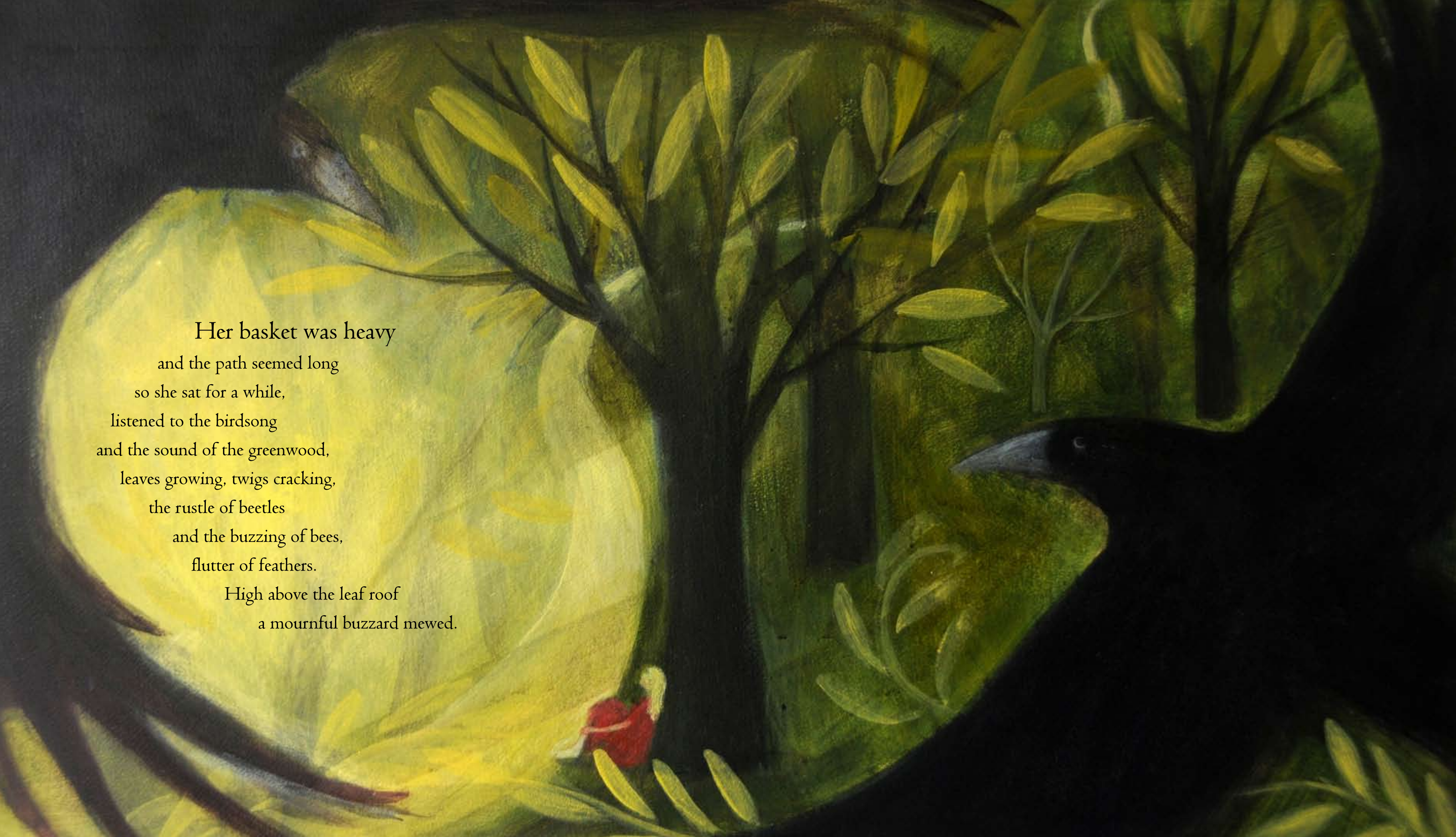


Deep in the wood the pathway was darker.

Little Evie felt so small
beside the ancient oak trees,
twisted by age, heavy with leaves.

She looked up and the sky was all green leaves,
a forest roof high over her head.

From deep in the wood
a fox barked a sharp call.

A painting of a forest scene. A large, dark tree with many leaves is the central focus. To the left, a path leads through the trees. A small figure in a red dress is visible on the path. The background is dark, suggesting a dense forest. The overall mood is somber and quiet.

Her basket was heavy
and the path seemed long
so she sat for a while,
listened to the birdsong
and the sound of the greenwood,
leaves growing, twigs cracking,
the rustle of beetles
and the buzzing of bees,
flutter of feathers.

High above the leaf roof
a mournful buzzard mewed.