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Opening extract from
Song of the Golden Hare

Written by
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For Lyn Oates, who has seen a golden hare.
For Cathy Cooper and a piece of synchronicity.
For Nicola Davies who suggested 'silver'.
For all the singers, and most of all for the innocent hare.



JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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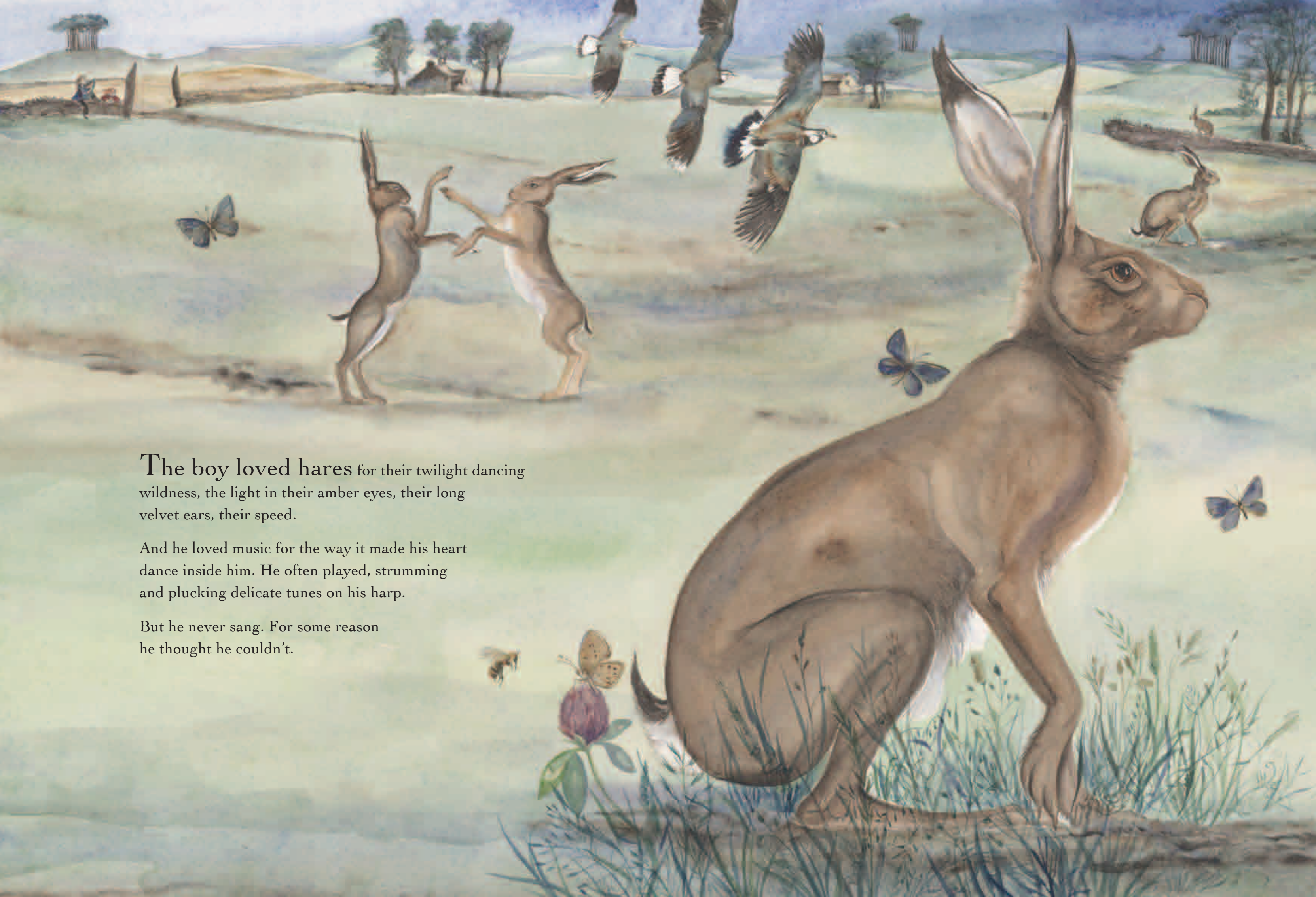


Song of the Golden Hare



Jackie
Morris

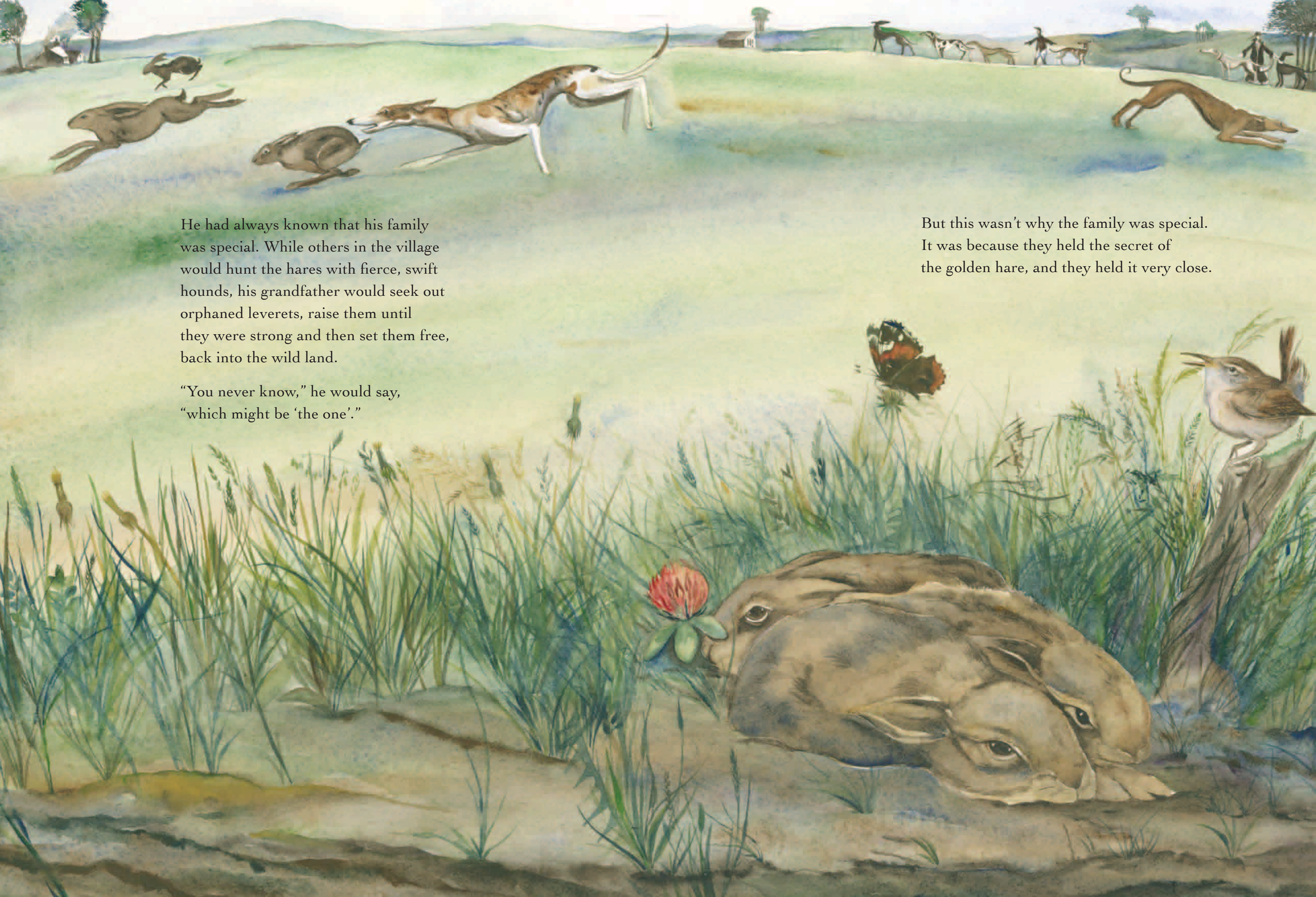
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CHILDREN'S BOOKS



The boy loved hares for their twilight dancing wildness, the light in their amber eyes, their long velvet ears, their speed.

And he loved music for the way it made his heart dance inside him. He often played, strumming and plucking delicate tunes on his harp.


But he never sang. For some reason he thought he couldn't.



He had always known that his family was special. While others in the village would hunt the hares with fierce, swift hounds, his grandfather would seek out orphaned leverets, raise them until they were strong and then set them free, back into the wild land.

“You never know,” he would say, “which might be ‘the one’.”

But this wasn't why the family was special. It was because they held the secret of the golden hare, and they held it very close.

An illustration of two brown hares standing on their hind legs in a grassy field at night. They are facing each other in a boxing stance, with their front paws raised and touching. A large, bright full moon is in the background, and several butterflies are flying around. The scene is lit with a soft, blueish light.

Once, every fifty years or so, all the hares in the land would gather together. In a clearing in the woods, the males would strive to win the heart of the Golden Queen of the Hares – for a new queen was needed.

A few people, who had heard rumours of golden hares, thought this was why hares boxed in the twilight. But the family knew that the hares would sing, and this was how one hare would win the queen's heart.

It was the task of the boy's family to keep the old queen safe, to make sure that at the end of her days she reached the shore and crossed to the Island of the Golden Hares.

For others who had heard of the golden hare thought to catch and kill her, sure that her golden coat would bring wealth and health to whoever possessed it.

And how the boy ached to hear the hares sing. No one knew when it would happen. His mother had lived her life without a whisper of hare-song.

Grandfather often sang strange soft melodies when he tended the orphans, gentle music as the tiny creatures rested, warm in the bowl of his huge hands. The boy would try to catch these melodies in the strings of his harp, weaving the tune with his clever fingers while Grandfather hummed and sang.

And then one day the hares began to move.





The boy was awake early, out in the twilight dew-dropped morning. At first one, then two, then more and more hares began to move across the land from east to west, shadows made long by low morning sunlight.

He ran home, woke his sister and they gathered together food, a blanket, a flask for water. And away they ran, hand in hand, following the hares, leaving behind two sleeping people and a note: "We are gone, for the hares are running."