

## Harry the Hedgehog Story

### Part 1

Harry the hedgehog woke up in a bad mood. He felt hungry and all his brothers and sisters had already eaten up the fat, juicy earthworms in the kitchen.

“Oh no!” said Harry. “That’s really not fair. You guys aren’t hedgehogs, you’re hedgePIGS!”

“Calm down!” said his older brother Vinnie.

Vinnie was only a few minutes older than Harry, but he thought he was a teenager by comparison.

“What do you mean calm down?” yelled Harry. “You guys have eaten everything! I’m starving and I may faint before I have had the chance to catch a worm of my own. Mum would have left enough for all of us, and you ate my share.”

Vinnie patted Harry on the head in the most annoying way, as if Harry were a small child. “Next time, get up with the rest of us. If you snooze, you lose,” he said, putting on his most superior voice – the one that made Harry want to explode with frustration.

“That’s it, I’m off to find my own fat worms for my breakfast!” yelled Harry.

The other hedgehogs laughed.

“Send us a postcard!” said Jenny.

“Watch out for humans!” called Timmy.

“Don’t eat some string by mistake!” giggled Vinnie.

Harry slammed the door of the neat little den behind him and thereafter began the adventures of Harry the hedgehog.

### Part 2

His little squiggly nose went up and down, side to side, as Harry sniffed under leaves and bits of wood for a juicy earthworm. He was fuming about the teasing he had received from his siblings. However, the day was turning out to be sunny and warm and his mood soon became much improved.

It isn’t normal for hedgehogs to wander around too much during the day. They prefer to hunt at night, but sometimes they change their minds, as Harry had done that day. First he came to a farmhouse, where cats and dogs dozed in the sun. As soon as he was spotted, one of the dogs seemed to explode, as it jumped up barking like crazy.

“Guys, hey guys, come check this thing out,” he yelled. “It’s all round and spiky, and if you touch your nose to it, you get hurt. COME AND SEE!”

The other dogs couldn’t resist charging up and seeing if their noses also got hurt when they touched the round spiky thing.

The cats were also really interested, but forced themselves to keep back a little longer, so as not to seem quite as stupid as the dogs. After all, a cat has a reputation to keep up. Then they too walked, in a dignified manner, towards poor Harry.

“Oh, I know what this is,” said one of the cats. “It’s a prickle pig.”

Well, that was too much for Harry. He uncurled himself and yelled, "Hey, less of the pig, if you don't mind! I'm a hog, a hedgehog!"

"Awesome!" shrieked the dogs. Harry was then bombarded with questions such as what exactly was he, where was he going, what was he doing, did he know the dogs in the farm next door, did he eat bones and so on, and so on. Harry's head felt like it was spinning, with so many questions being put to him at once.