

Snailworth's Story

Snuffling his snout, Snailworth peered blearily out of his nest. It had been a long winter and he was still feeling quite sleepy from his long hibernation. He yawned hugely.

Suddenly, a loud noise made him jump in the air and gaze wildly around. What was that? What could it be? Was a sneaky fox lying in wait to pounce on him the minute he stepped out of his cosy nest? Sighing in relief, Snailworth relaxed his muscles, as he realised what had made the sound. His tummy! It really had been a long winter and he was very hungry. He needed to find something to eat quickly.

Snailworth shuffled slowly out of his nest, peering about for foxes and badgers. Quickly, he darted down towards his favourite log. He always knew there would be a rich supply of slugs, woodlice and earwigs. Carefully, he tiptoed towards the log. Wait! What log? The log was gone! Snailworth threw back his head and gaped at the huge *thing* where his favourite log used to be. A massive, wooden stick grew up from the ground and towered above Snailworth's head. Way up at the top of the stick, he could see a square shape with some funny symbols on. They looked a bit like this:

Carp-nt—s P—mar- Sc----l Fete!
Sat---d-y Ap-il 21-
Ple--ty to see an-- d--!

This silly old stick was in Snailworth's way! Even worse, someone had *stolen* his log! Where was he going to get some yummy bugs to fill his growling tummy now? Snailworth's snuffling got a bit more frantic and his little legs scrabbled at the bottom of the stick frantically. No bugs. His tummy snarled angrily and he began to pant in distress.

Without warning, something hard bounced off Snailworth's top left spine and rolled around into the dirt in front of him. It was a small, round, stripy object. A snail! Snailworth gobbled it up hungrily, then twisted his head round eagerly to see where it had come from. A waddling shape filled his view. A brown, spiky sort of shape. A brown, spiky, *friendly* sort of shape. Another hedgehog! Not just any hedgehog either. It was his sister, Earwigetta.

"Wiggy!"

"Snaily!" They had a snuffly cuddle. They were very pleased to see one another after a very long hibernation apart.

"Come on, Snaily. I'll show you where I found them. They may have moved our favourite log, but there's a lovely new log pile over behind the shed. It's absolutely *crawling* with bugs!"

Snailsowrth followed his sister gratefully. They feasted on delicious bugs all afternoon and, when they were full up, they curled up together to take a nap. Hibernating is tiring work!

By Betsy Maytham, © TT Education