

# ★ One Snowy Night ★

The cold wind woke Little Hedgehog from his deep winter sleep. It blew his bed of leaves high into the air and he shivered in the snow.

He tried to sleep again, but it was far too cold.

Suddenly, something fell from the sky, and landed right in front of his nose. It was a parcel, and it had his name on it. It said:

*“To Little Hedgehog with love  
from Father Christmas”.*





The Little Hedgehog opened the parcel as fast as he could. Inside, there was a red woolly wobble hat, hedgehog size. He put it on at once. He pulled it to the back, he pulled it to the front, he pulled it to one side, then he pulled it to the other, but no matter how he stretched it to fit, his prickles got in the way every time. By now the hat was far too big for Little Hedgehog.

He took it off and gazed at it, until at last he had an idea. He gave the hat a shake and wrapped it up again. He tore a bit of the label and wrote on the rest

*“Happy Christmas, Rabbit. With love from Little Hedgehog”.*

Then off he ran to Rabbit’s house. Rabbit was out so he left the parcel on his

doorstep.

It was snowing hard as Little Hedgehog tried to find his way back home. The snowflakes flew all around and he wasn't sure which way to go.

'Oh dear, oh dear,' he said, as he patted to and fro. 'I shouldn't have come out in this weather. But I'm sure Rabbit will be pleased to have a nice woolly hat to wear.'





'Bother the snow,' said Rabbit rushing home. He spotted a parcel lying on his doorstep.

'What's this?' he squeaked with delight, ripping off the paper. 'A wobble hat?' he cried. 'For me?'

He put it on at once. He tried it with his ears inside and then outside. He pulled it this way and he pulled it that way.

But no matter how he stretched it to fit, his ears got in the way. Every time.

By now the hat was very much bigger. It was far too big for a rabbit, so Rabbit wrapped the hat up once again and wrote on a corner of the label.

Then off he went to Badger's house.

The cold weather made Badger very grumpy.

'Merry Christmas, Badger!' shouted Rabbit.





mirror.

'Very nice,' said Rabbit.

'What did you say?' said Badger.

'Very nice,' yelled Rabbit, hopping off.

'Don't you like it?' asked Badger, turning round.

But Rabbit had gone. Badger took the hat off.

'This is no good for me,' he said. 'I can't hear a thing. What a pity! It's such a nice

'Who's there?' growled Badger.

'Happy Christmas!' repeated Rabbit, giving him the parcel.

'A Christmas present', said Badger.

'For me?'

Badger put the hat on. He pulled it down over his ears.

'What a hat!' he said, looking in the

colour.'

So Badger wrapped up the parcel and marched off to Fox's house. He didn't bother with the label.

Fox was going out exploring.

'There you are, friend,' said Badger merrily. 'A Christmas present, especially for you.'

'Christmas!' snapped Fox, puzzled.

'Yes, Christmas,' called Badger. 'Time to be nice to each other.'

And he plodded off.

'A hat!' said Fox, opening the parcel. 'What do I want with a hat?'

Then he looked at the hat again. He made two holes for his ears and put it on.

Satisfied, he went on his way.



The white fields twinkled in the moonlight. Fox sniffed around and found a small trail. He followed it this way and that way until suddenly he stopped.

There was something under the snow. Fox began to dig and dig until he found a small hedgehog. It was cold and did not move.

'Poor little fellow,' said Fox. He put the hedgehog inside the red woolly hat and carried it to Rabbit's house.



Rabbit and Badger were having supper.

'Look what I've just found in the snow!' cried Fox, bursting in.

They all looked into the hat.

'A hedgehog!' said Badger. 'What's a hedgehog doing at Christmas here? He should be fast asleep.'

'It's my friend, the Hedgehog,' cried Rabbit. 'He must have got lost going home in the snow.'

Little Hedgehog opened his eyes.

'Hello,' he said sleepily. 'This is such warm bedding.'

The friends all looked at each other.

Rabbit grinned and Fox scratched his head.

'Hum, I think this woolly hat is just right for Little Hedgehog.'

'Happy Christmas, Little Hedgehog,' they all cried.

But Little Hedgehog was fast asleep.





M. Christina Butler  
*One Snowy Night*  
Little Tiger Press, 2004