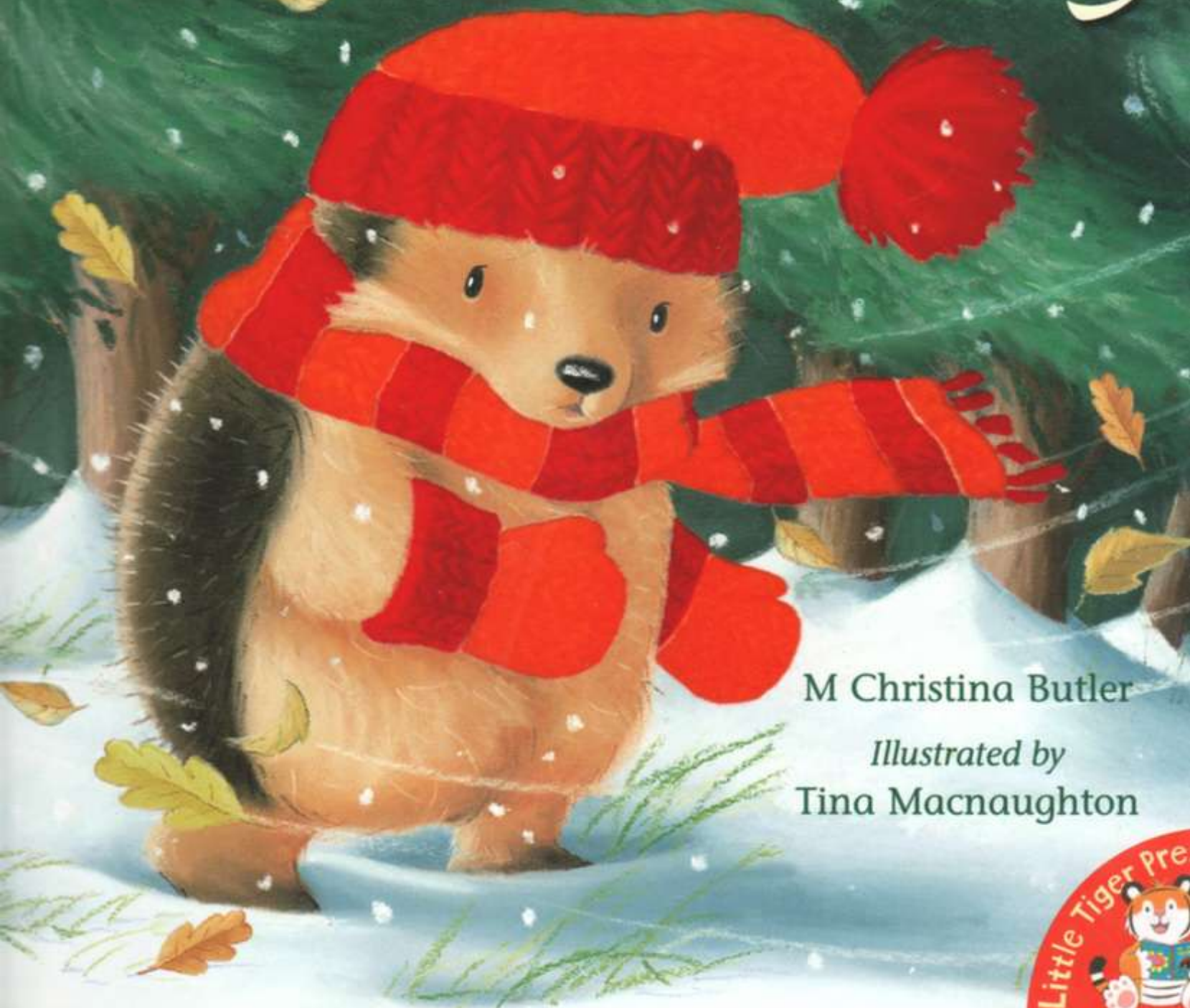


# One Winter's Day

A Touch-and-Feel Book



M Christina Butler

*Illustrated by*  
Tina Macnaughton





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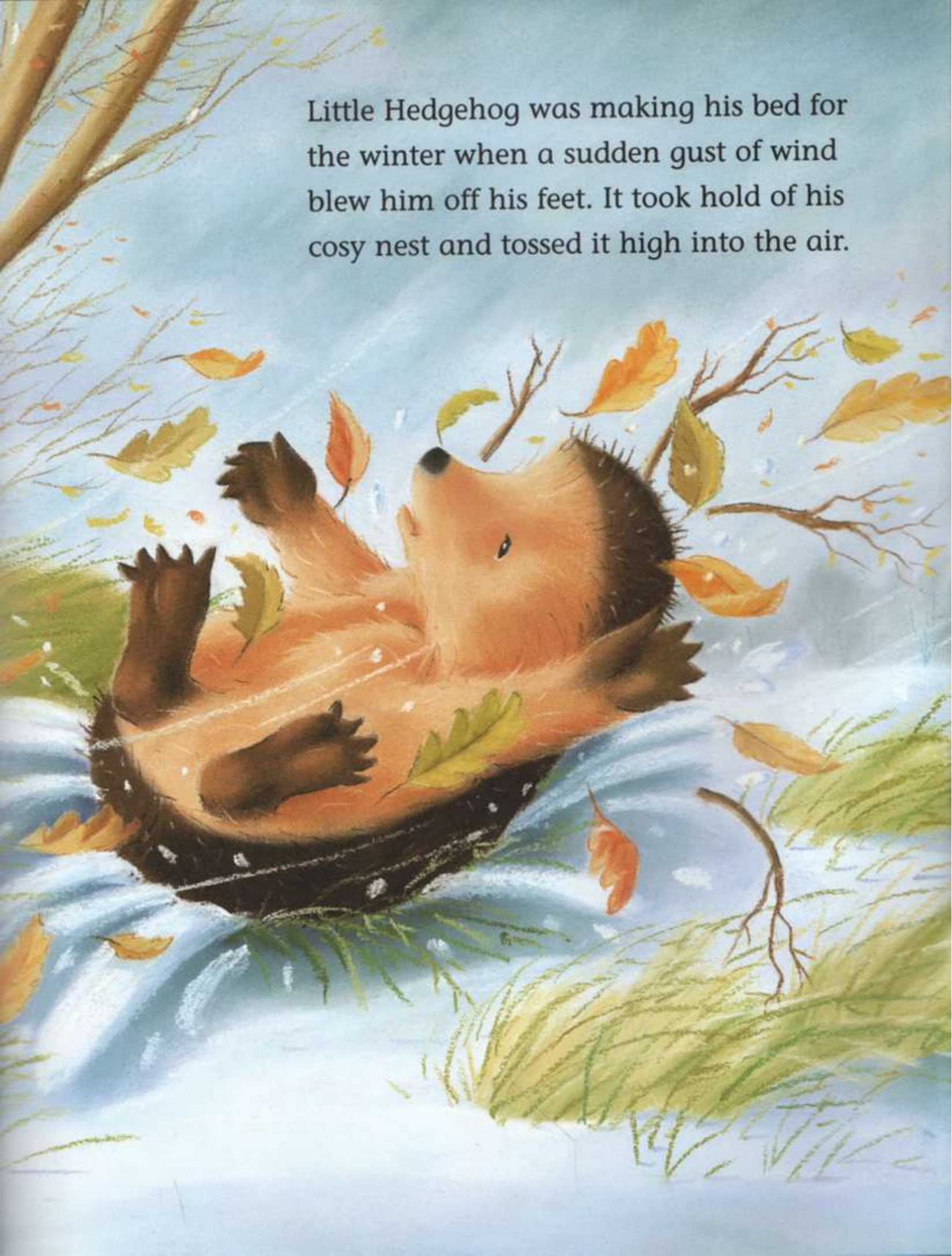
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Little Hedgehog was making his bed for the winter when a sudden gust of wind blew him off his feet. It took hold of his cosy nest and tossed it high into the air.





Little Hedgehog trembled as the wind whistled around him, and he wondered what to do.



He caught hold of his scarf, hat and mittens before they blew away, and tried to shelter under the tree roots. But wherever he went the wind was there as well.







“I’ll have to stay with Badger until this storm has gone,” he said at last, pulling his woolly hat firmly over his prickles. Then he snuggled into his cosy scarf, put on his mittens and, with a deep breath, he set off.



The wind was even stronger in the meadow. Leaves swirled here and there, and snowflakes filled the air.





Little Hedgehog hadn't gone far when he bumped into a family of field mice shivering in the long grass.







"I've never known such a storm!" squeaked Mother Mouse. "The wind has blown our nest far away, and my poor babies are so cold."

"My home has been blown away as well," said Little Hedgehog. "I'm on my way to stay with Badger, but I have just the thing to warm you up!" And he took off his woolly hat and gave it to the mice.



“Ooh! Lovely, lovely,” they squeaked,  
snuggling down out of the wind.  
“Thank you, Little Hedgehog!”





Little Hedgehog tucked his nose inside his scarf and ran along beside the racing river. Otter was on the bank, huffing and puffing on his paws.

“Hello, Otter!” shouted Little Hedgehog. “What are you doing?”

“Oh hello, Hedgehog,” replied Otter. “My fur coat keeps me warm but my paws are freezing!”





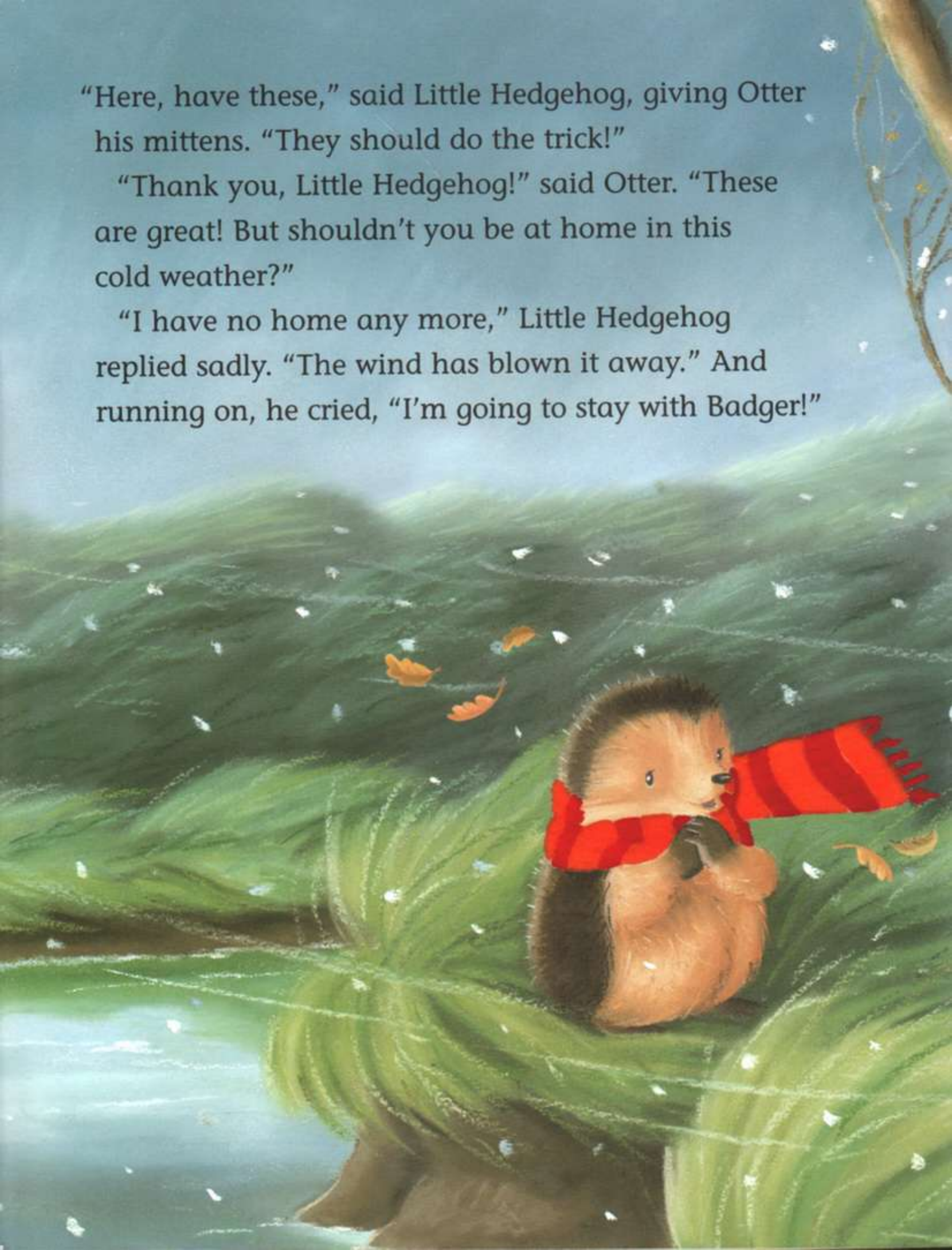




“Here, have these,” said Little Hedgehog, giving Otter his mittens. “They should do the trick!”

“Thank you, Little Hedgehog!” said Otter. “These are great! But shouldn’t you be at home in this cold weather?”

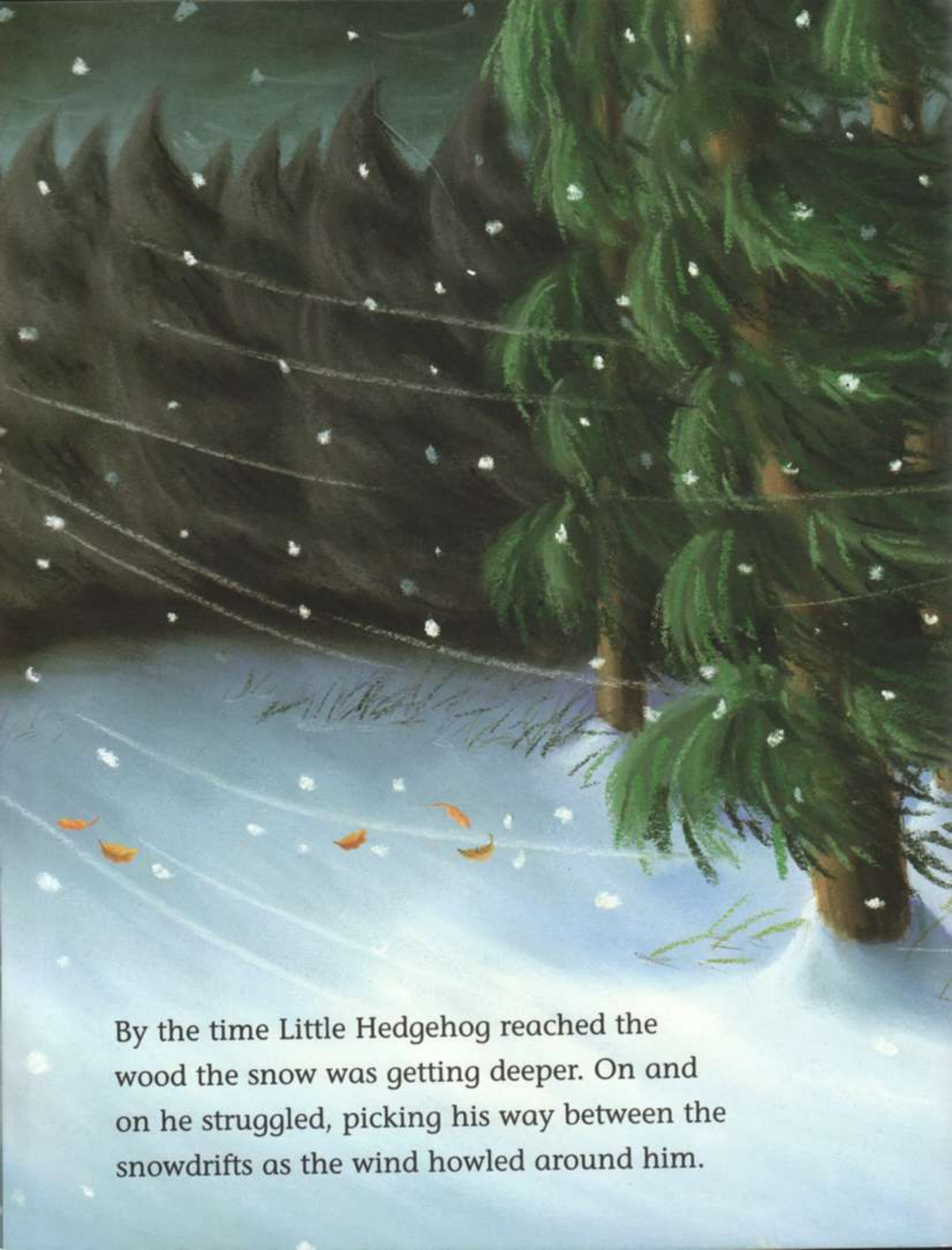
“I have no home any more,” Little Hedgehog replied sadly. “The wind has blown it away.” And running on, he cried, “I’m going to stay with Badger!”











By the time Little Hedgehog reached the wood the snow was getting deeper. On and on he struggled, picking his way between the snowdrifts as the wind howled around him.