

THE RUMBLING ADVENTURE OF HARE



It's a beautiful day in Harefield.

The sun is shining brightly.

Hare and his friend Hedgehog are running through the grass.

As they giggle and play, the blades of grass tickle their tummies.



Suddenly, Hare stops and lets out a sigh.
He always plays in the same green meadow,
with the same tickling blades of grass.

“What’s wrong, Hare?” Hedgehog asks, concerned.

“I’d love to play somewhere else.” Hare says.

“Somewhere I’ve never been before.”

Hedgehog’s eyes light up with excitement as she thinks for a moment.

“I have a brilliant idea! Let’s go to the forest!”



Hare stands still and thinks.

Mum and dad warned him about the forest.

He's only allowed to go as far as the big old oak tree if they're not around.

Suddenly, Hare hears a strange sound.

"Rrr-rrr-rrr."

"Hey, where's that sound coming from?"

He looks around.

"Rrr-rrr-rrr."

Hare scratches his ear, how bizarre!



RRR
RRR
RRR

“Hey, Hedgehog, do you hear that odd sound too?” Hare says.

Hedgehog perks up her ears and listens carefully.

“What sound? I don’t hear anything!”

Hare shakes his head. Maybe he imagined it.

