



giving
nature
a home

Little Hedgehog and the Big Outside



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Little Hedgehog and the Big Outside



Little Hedgehog was born in a nest of leaves at the bottom of the garden. Everything in his world was brown. Little Hedgehog was brown. His mother was brown. The leaves all around him were brown. His brown nest was warm and cosy, and he wanted to stay there forever.



One night, his mother said, "The time has come for you to learn about the Big Outside. It is a wonderful, exciting place, and all hedgehogs – even little hedgehogs – must find out all about it". Little Hedgehog didn't like the sound of the Big Outside. He liked being indoors in his snuggly house of leaves and couldn't imagine being anywhere else. But he always did what his mother told him, so he agreed to go.

"The most important thing about the Big Outside is to use your senses to help you," said his mother. "You must look and see, listen and hear, sniff and smell, touch and feel. That's how you will keep safe and find things that are good to eat."

As the sun set, Little Hedgehog followed his mother out of their warm nest into the colder Big Outside. Little Hedgehog looked up and saw pretty flowers. They were red, blue, green and yellow. He had only ever seen brown before and all he could say was "Wow!"



Little Hedgehog listened and heard a blackbird singing at dusk. Its song was so beautiful that all he could say was "Ahhhh!"



Little Hedgehog sniffed the air. He could smell the sweet smells of the flowers. He could smell the soil, the leaves, and the damp in the hedge. He breathed in and all he could say was "Mmmm."





It was dark by the time Little Hedgehog came to the trees. He touched one tree and its bark felt rough. He touched another tree and its bark felt smooth. He found a stone and poked at it with his paw. It was the hardest thing he had ever felt.

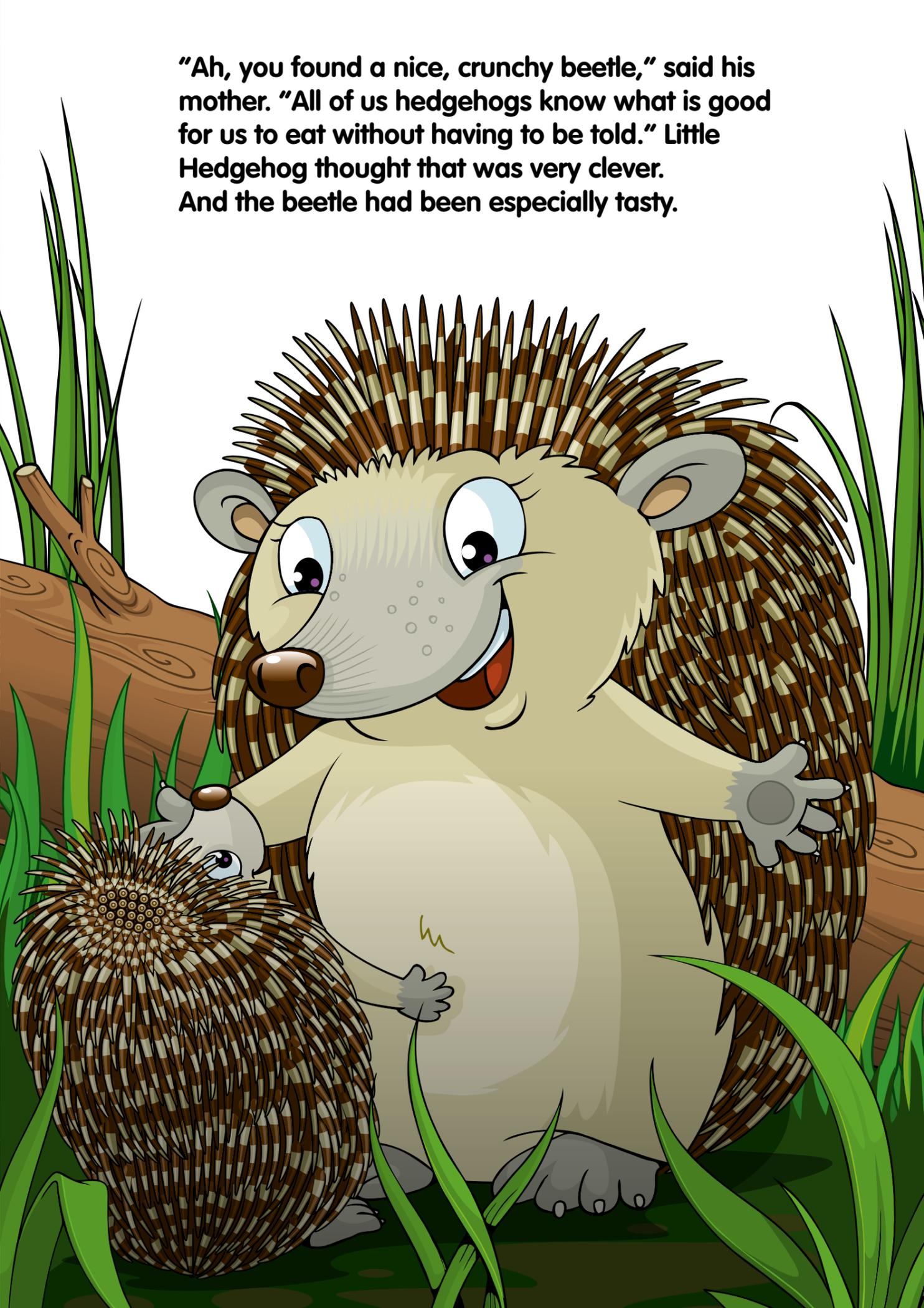


He found a bramble thorn and touched it with his nose. All he could say was "Ouch!"



Just then, he saw something small and dark. Before he knew it, he had opened his mouth and started to eat it. He waited until he had finished (for he knew it was rude to speak with your mouth full) and then all he could say was "Yum!"

"Ah, you found a nice, crunchy beetle," said his mother. "All of us hedgehogs know what is good for us to eat without having to be told." Little Hedgehog thought that was very clever. And the beetle had been especially tasty.



When they saw the first light that told them the night was over, a tired Little Hedgehog and his mother returned to their nest. The Big Outdoors had been very exciting and he couldn't wait to go back for more adventures, but now he was glad to be back in his warm, brown, cosy nest.





