

## The Hedgehog

Max sat and watched for quite a long time, fascinated by the red man and the green man. He rather wished they could have been a red hedgehog and a green hedgehog, but that was not really important, as long as hedgehogs could cross here safely. That was all he had to prove, and the sooner the better.

He edged forward, until he was just behind the waiting humans, and watched tensely for the little green man to walk.

What Max had not bargained for, when the bunch of people moved off at the peep, peep, peeping of the little green man, was that another bunch would be coming towards him from the other side of the street. So that when he was about halfway across, hurrying along at the heels of one crowd, he was suddenly confronted by another.

He dodged about in a forest of legs, in great danger of being stepped on. No one seemed to notice his small shape and, indeed, he was kicked by a large foot and rolled backwards.

Picking himself up, he looked across and found to his horror that the green man was gone and the red man had reappeared. Frantically, Max ran on as the traffic began to move, and reached the far side just in front of a great wheel that almost brushed his backside.

The shock of so narrow an escape made him roll up, and for some time he lay in the gutter whilst above his head the humans stepped on to or off the pavement and the noisy green man and the silent red man lit up in turn.

After a while there seemed to be fewer people about, and Max uncurled and climbed over the curb. He turned right and set off in the direction of home. How to re-cross the street was something he had not yet worked out, but in his experience neither striped bits nor red and green men were the answer.



