

Move More Glossop – helping people across Glossop to move more and find ways to build movement into everyday life.

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This story is available online along with an audio version of the Harriet story



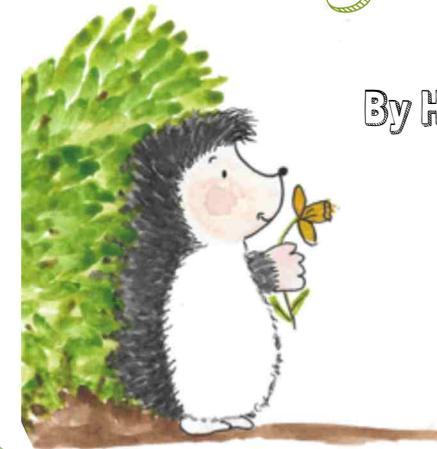
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STORY WALKS No. **7**

Springtime
with
**Harriet
the Howard Park
Hedgehog**

By Helen Thornhill



Harriet in Spring

a story by Helen Thornhill



Harriet the Hedgehog  woke from her snug sleep on the first day of Spring. Harriet had been in hibernation since the start of Winter. As she came out of her cosy leaf-covered nest, she stretched her legs and shook her body, her spines crackled and she murmured as

she opened her eyes to the morning sunlight. Harriet loved this time of year, the fresh smell of new growth. (Marker 1)

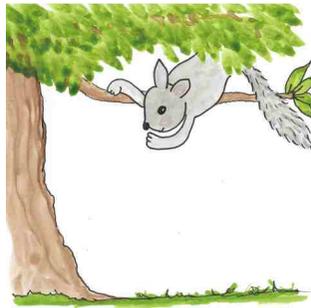
Harriet's tummy rumbled, 'ooh' she thought, 'I must get something to eat, but I'm really thirsty and need a drink first' so off she wandered towards the pond, stretching her legs as she went. At the pond Harriet leant over to take a long lingering drink, she paused after each mouthful enjoying every drop.



Harriet sat on the pond edge with her feet dangling into the water, she listened to the birds singing as they collected twigs to build their nests. Mallard ducks Molly and Mack  swam over to Harriet, they greeted her 'Lovely to see you Harriet. It's a lovely Spring day to come out of hibernation,



I bet you're really hungry?' Harriet nodded, 'Yes' she replied, 'I must get looking for some snails '. Harriet jumped up and bid Molly and Mack goodbye, as she headed off she passed the statue (Marker 2) and went up the hill towards



the play area (Marker 3). Sam the Squirrel  was busily stripping bark from a silver birch tree  to feed her newly born kittens, hidden high in the tree. 'Good morning Harriet' said Sam, 'this bark is so smooth, feel it,

it's shiny and paper thin, perfect for my babies'. Harriet, touched the tree, 'Oh yes, it's smooth, how lovely, so different to the bark on the horse chestnut tree'.

Harriet continued on, she knew the best place to look for snails, they were under the dense undergrowth of the rhododendron bushes that lined the path leading away from the play area, so Harriet put her nose to the ground and started up the hill, looking under the rhododendron bushes as she went. Harriet could hear the leaves rustling in the wind, she stood still to listen for movement in the leaf litter, out of the corner of her eye she could see movement, quickly she jumped onto a big juicy slug, she quickly swallowed it licking her lips, 'Yummy' she thought, 'that tasted good'.



Harriet continued up the hill to where the path splits, (Marker 4) here she took the last path, she was looking for the flower bed, she knew this was where she'd find her friend Milly the Mole.



(Marker 5) Milly was happily digging in the flower bed, she loved freshly dug soil, it was the perfect place to get fresh juicy earth worms. Milly popped up her head, 'Harriet, it's so nice to see you, did you have a good

sleep?' She said. 'Yes, it was so peaceful, I feel all fresh now' Harriet replied. Harriet put her hands in the soil, she felt the newly dug soil and smiled, 'Soft and ready for new growth' she thought. 'Lots of young buds for the juicy slugs to feed on, how lovely'.

Harriet waved goodbye to Milly and continued down the hill back towards her nest, along the way she saw Will the Water Vole, he was splashing in the waterfall. Harriet thought 'How fun it would be to join Will for a play in the waterfall' but Harriet was tired after her first day, so she headed on home to have a nap.

