

# The Chase

"Step on it. He's gaining on us!"

Pippin and Blackberry zigzagged across the field, past the dandelion patch they had been eating that morning and into the shade of Bluebell Woods.

The musty smell of damp fur was getting stronger and both could hear the footsteps getting nearer.

If only they had listened to wise old Burdock. She had told them to stick close to the woods but Pippin and Blackberry were both far too busy to listen to boring adults talking about boring safety. All they wanted to do was to go on an adventure. Little did they know they were being watched by two beady eyes from a hill not too far away.

"I'm getting tired" cried Pippin. "I'm not going to make it".

"I've told you already, I'm not going home alone, now come on – HURRY!"

All they could do now was run – run as fast as they could. Through the woods and past Mr Briggs' farm they ran, and all the time the panting was getting louder.

Pippin began to cry, her tears streaming down her face. "You go Blackberry. I'll just stay here and try and hide in the grass".

"It's no good, Pippin. He'll only sniff you out. You know what a keen sense of smell he has. You won't stand a chance".

They ran and they ran and just as the beast was about to grab them..... Whoooooosh! Into the hole they dived, into the darkness they called 'home'.

