



## **Excerpt from POSIE PIXIE AND THE COPPER KETTLE**

" Oh pips and petals ! Where am I going to live ? " muttered Posie Pixie in a fluster , as she hurried through Whimsy Wood one warm August afternoon . Her little bluebell hat jingled and tinkled as she bobbed up and down

and scurried like a squirrel amongst the pink and purple foxgloves . " Summers coming to an end and I must find a new home for the autumn ! " she said , looking at the woodland flowers that had started losing their petals .