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Excerpt from POSIE PIXIE AND THE LOST MATCHBOX

Posie stretched, got up and put her purple pixie boots, leggings and tunic on.

Then she brushed her hair and teeth, like every good pixie should.

Once she was dressed, she turned to Wibble, who was now warming herself by the stove.

" Righty-ho, I'm off to find myself a petal-perfect pixie bed ! " Posie said and she stuffed her arms into her crimson-coloured coat.

" Squeak ! Squeak-squeak, squeak? " said Wibble, looking crossly at Posie's stone table.

" You're quite right. I should have breakfast before I go, but I'll get it from The Woodland Store. I need to go there first as we've run right out of thistle-milk, " Posie replied .

" Squeak squeak ? " said Wibble, pointing her antennae towards Posie's twig hat stand.

" Ants and acorns ! What a silly pixie I am ! Fancy forgetting my bluebell hat ! " she replied, shaking her head. " Lucky you reminded me Wibble ! "

The little woodlouse shrugged and started cleaning her six feet. Posie grabbed her bluebell hat and pulled it onto her head. It jingled and tinkled as she did so.

" Okey-cokey ! I'll be back later, " called Posie skipping out her dock leaf front door.