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## **Excerpt from POSIE PIXIE AND THE TORN TUNIC - Book 3 in the Whimsy Wood Series**

Before long , Posie had reached the blackberry bushes by the woodlands edge. She put her baskets down on a nearby moss-covered log and undid the buttons on her rose-hip hooded coat , while she decided where to start picking .

Out of the corner of her eye , she saw the baskets rise up a little and then move slowly along the log all by themselves . . . .

Thats strange , muttered Posie to herself . I've heard of flying broomsticks , but floating baskets is just silly ! So brushing down her purple tunic and drawing herself up as tall as possible , she marched over to the naughty baskets with her hands on her hips .

" Now look here ! " she said firmly , whilst wagging a finger at them . " I've carried you to this lovely spot by the blackberry bushes , so the least you could do is sit still ! " And with that , she lifted the baskets up swiftly by their handles .

Well , you'll never guess what she saw underneath ? A team of teeny tiny ants !

"Conkers and crab apples ! " Posie said in amazement , as she stared at the dinky insects . " I thought my baskets were floating by themselves , but you little ones were carrying them away ! "