

# Is It Spring Yet?

by Jon Lymon



A rhyming tale of a hibernating hedgehog  
who's tricked into thinking that winter's over

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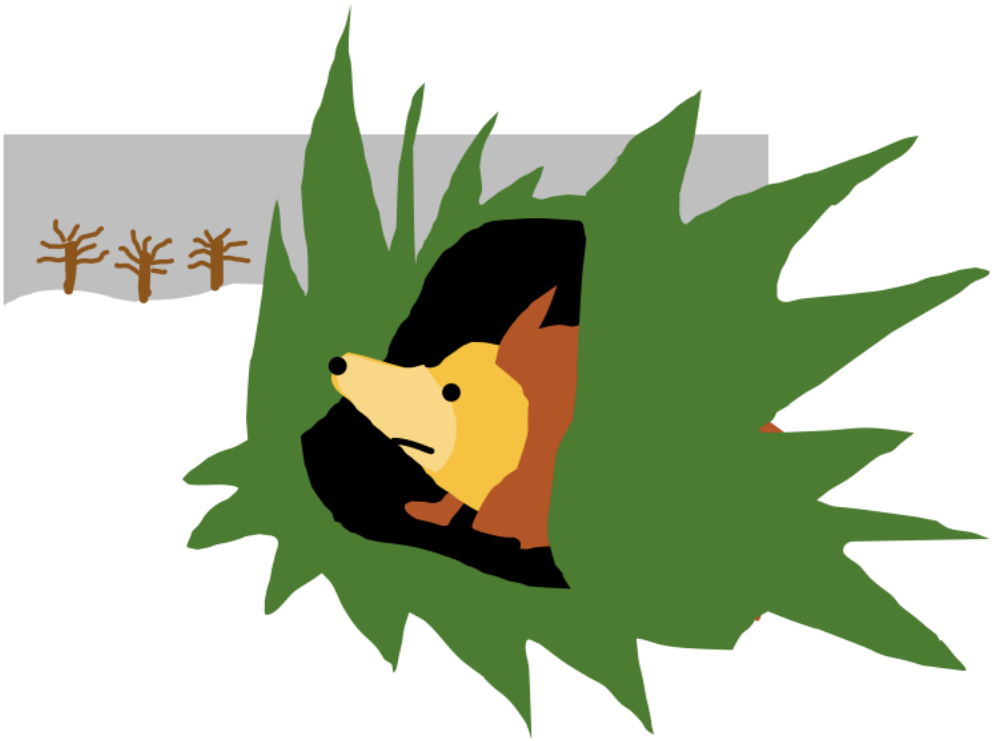


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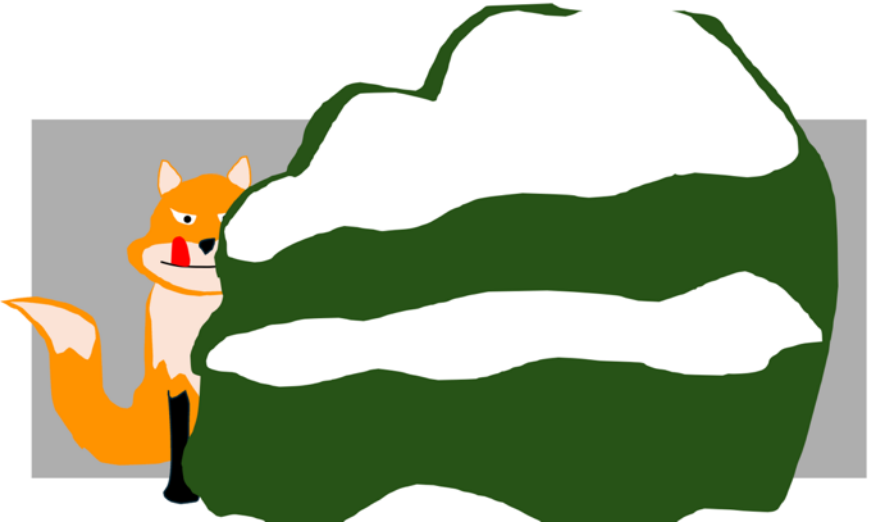
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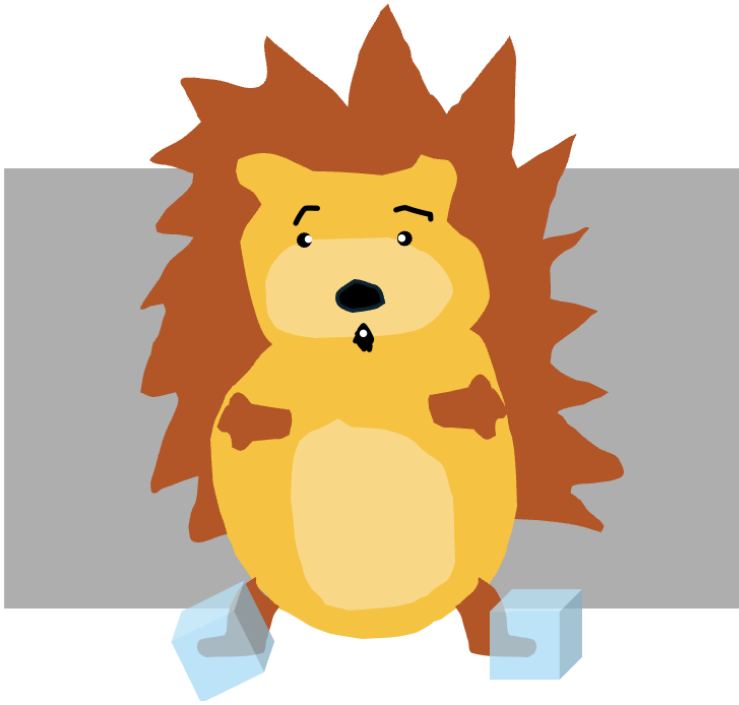
Bedge the Hedgehog poked his sleepy head  
Out of his deep dark winter's nest  
And wondered, 'Is it spring time yet?'  
So out he crept to give it a test



Fox was waiting near a snow covered bush  
Licking his hungry lips  
Bedge asked him 'Is it spring time yet?'  
'Yes, come out, let's play among the tulips'

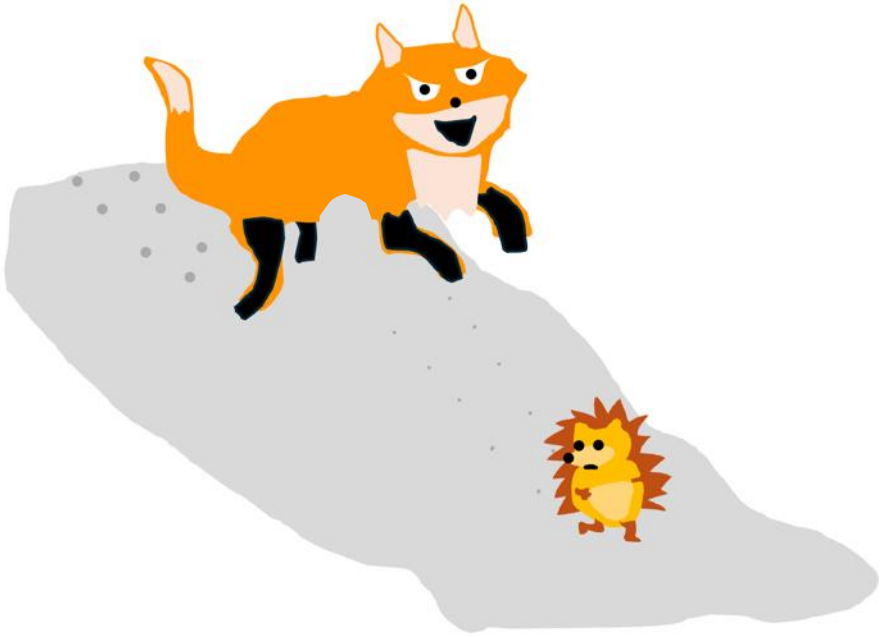


Bedge thought that sounded like a lot of fun  
But a snowman shook his head and frowned  
As Bedge followed Fox  
through the snow to the wood  
A short way uphill on slippery ground

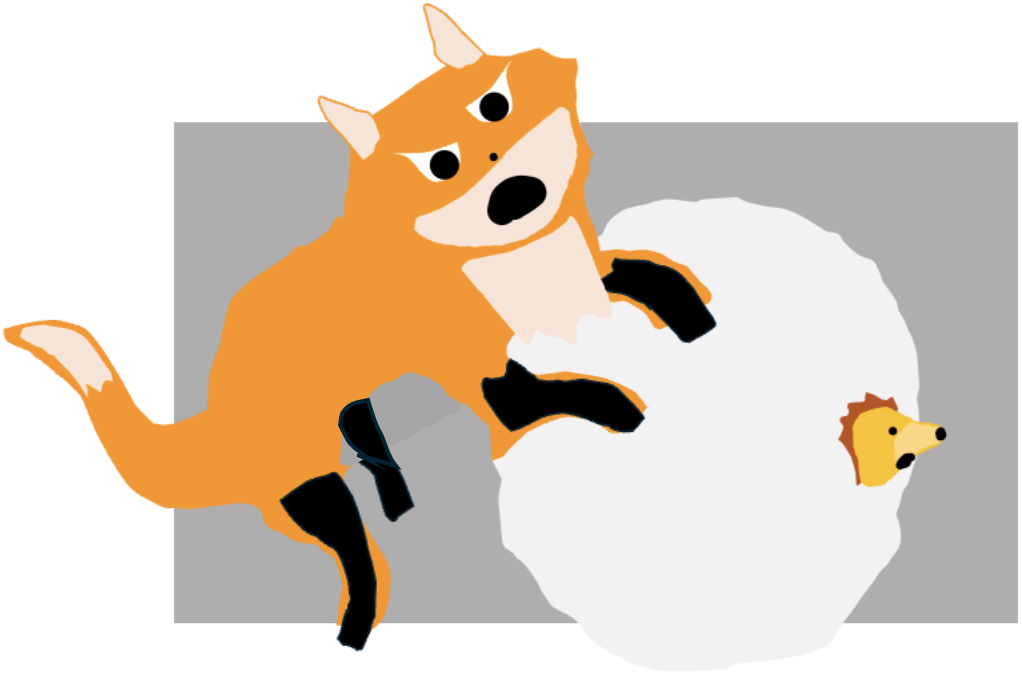


‘We’re nearly there, not far now,’ said Fox  
But Bedge’s feet had started to freeze  
And when he looked and saw no tulips ahead  
He started to run back to his nest in the leaves





‘What’s the matter?’ said Fox, quickly giving chase  
As the panicking hedgehog did flee  
Bedge said, ‘How can it be spring  
with so much snow about?’  
‘I know that you’re tricking me’



Bedge scampered down the hill at a very fast speed  
Gathering a coat of white as he rolled  
By the time he reached the bottom of the hill  
He was hidden in a big ball of snow



Fox sniffed around the icy white orb  
But he couldn't reach Bedge safe inside  
And eventually he gave up and skulked off back home  
Leaving Bedge to roll back to his nest to hide



Bedge cursed himself for trusting naughty Fox  
He'd nearly become the sly creature's next meal  
Relieved, he snuggled down to sleep again  
To wait for the day when it was springtime for real

2



Bedge slept and dreamt of much warmer times  
For how long he really didn't know  
But when he poked his head out of his hole once again  
The ground was no longer covered in snow



‘Is it spring time yet?’ Bedge called out quite loud  
‘Yes, it is,’ said the same sly old Fox  
‘Come out and have a picnic with me  
Over the hill, on the other side of those rocks’

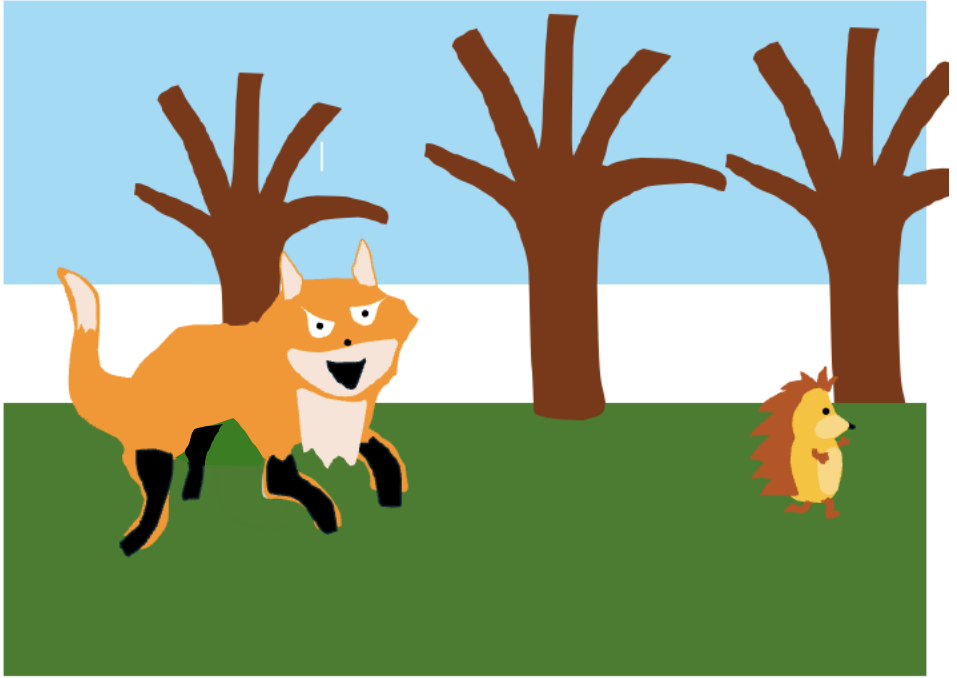


Bedge thought a picnic sounded a great idea  
Because he really was feeling very hungry  
As he followed Fox up the big steep hill  
A small robin looked down  
from a bare tree at him glumly





Bedge reached the top and he saw the rocks  
But there was no sign of any picnic  
Suddenly he stopped and turned around  
And started running back home in a panic



‘What’s the matter?’ said Fox

giving quick chase again

As the frightened hedgehog did flee

Bedge said, ‘It can’t be spring with the trees so bare

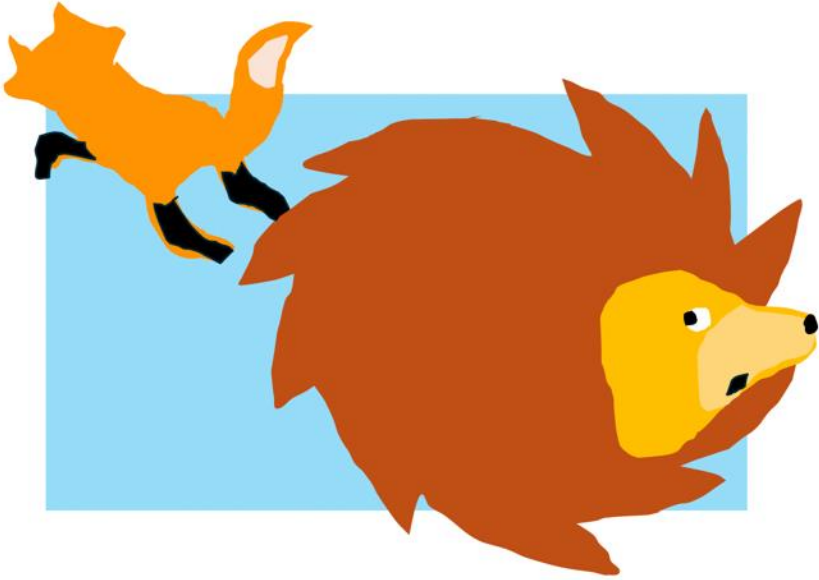
I know that you’re tricking me’



Bedge ran down the hill at quite a fast speed  
But this time he couldn't roll in the snow  
Fox ran alongside, his mouth open wide  
Looking forward to poached hedgehog to go



Fox sniffed at Bedge and got ready to bite  
When the hedgehog rolled into a tight ball  
Fox's jaws snapped down on his sharp little spikes  
'Owww! Owwww!' you should have heard Fox bawl



In terrible pain, Fox ran back home again  
There was definitely no meal for him today  
Bedge stayed stock still and waited until  
It was safe to run far away



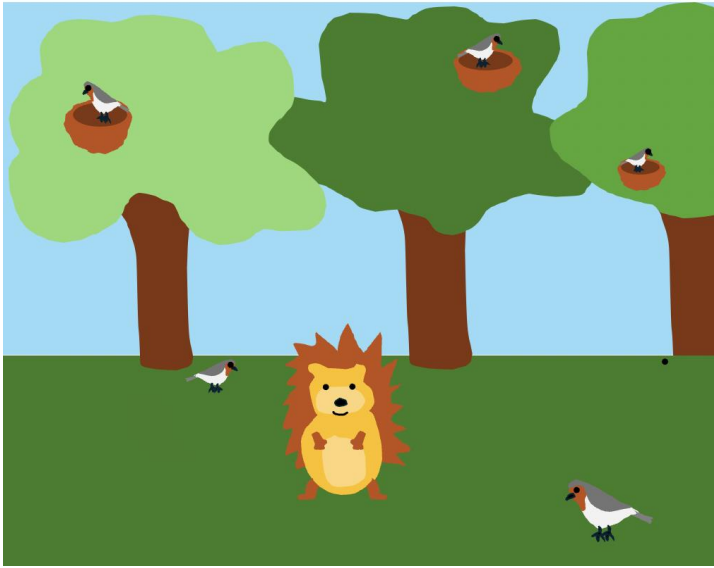
‘How silly of me, I’ve made the same mistake again  
I won’t listen to that sly Fox anymore  
I’ll make sure I don’t fall for his tricks again  
And I’ll only go out when it’s spring, not before

3



Bedge awoke with a start and sniffed the fresh air  
The world around him felt so alive and so warm  
‘But is it really spring time yet?’ he asked  
And poked his head out to see if it was for sure





He expected to see Fox, but no Fox came  
And the birds were all nesting in the trees  
There was no snow anywhere  
The branches weren't bare  
They were covered in beautiful green leaves



Bedge took a deep breath and smiled a short while  
It was warm and sunny all around  
'A great day to play with Fox,' he thought  
'Let me see if he's anywhere to be found'



Bedge walked up the hill, looking for Fox  
Enjoying soft green grass under his feet  
He reached the top and looked to the rocks  
And saw Fox running toward him at great speed



‘Hi’, shouted Bedge. ‘Is it spring time yet?’

As Fox came galloping his way

‘Yes’, said Fox, ‘but I’m being chased by dogs  
I really haven’t got the time to stop and play’



‘Oh no,’ said Bedge, and he turned to run  
As the baying hounds sprinted their way  
‘Why don’t you get into a ball and roll down the hill?  
It’ll really help you make a quicker getaway’



‘I can’t,’ said Fox. ‘I’m not like you.  
If I were you, Bedge, I’d run away and hide  
These dogs are fast and hungry too  
Out of the way, quick, you’d better stand aside’

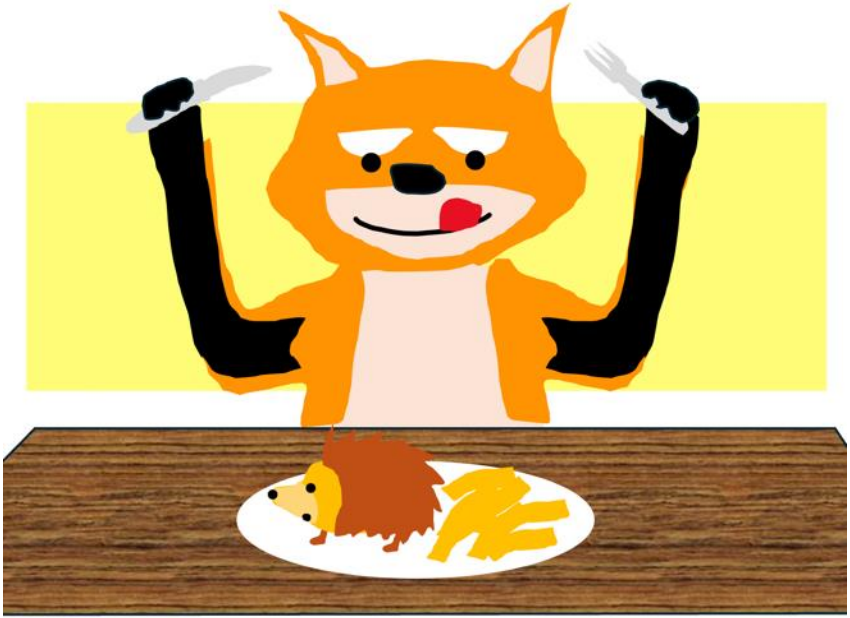


But Bedge wanted to help, he couldn't leave now  
Poor Fox clearly wasn't enjoying this new game  
'Roll into a ball and use your spikes  
Then they won't be able to eat you, no way'



'I can't,' repeated Fox, 'I'm not like you  
I have no spikes just soft brown fur  
Now go, just run, this is my problem  
Hide in your nest, I'd stay there for sure'





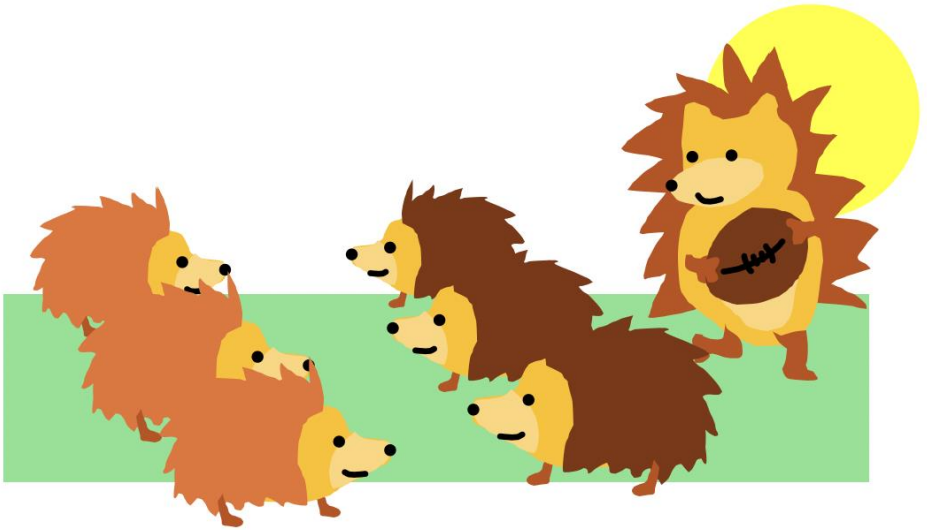
‘This way,’ yelled Bedge. ‘Come hide with me  
You’ll be safe in my nest for a bit’  
But as Fox fled,  
‘Why are you being so kind to me?’ he said  
‘All I saw in you was something to eat’



Bedge stopped in his tracks  
and watched Fox race away  
Chased by dogs that barked, howled and squealed  
So Fox really didn't want to be friends after all  
He didn't want to play, he just wanted a meal



Bedge wandered a while, not sure what to do  
Until a voice called out, 'Hey, do you want to play?'  
It was another hedgehog like him  
this one called little Jim  
Bedge looked up and said 'Yeah, why not, OK'



Bedge never did see that sly Fox again  
So he had no idea if his game was that much fun  
But as summer days shone, he forgot Fox had gone  
Playing with Jim and other new friends in the sun



From that Spring on

Bedge never trusted the words of strangers

And he always thought for himself every day

And he tried not to make the same mistake twice

And only asked those of his own size out to play

THE END

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