Thursday 17th December 2020

To be able to innovate a text as a class

Boris’ paws seemed to stick to the floor. He had practiced digging setts so many times but now he needed to, the strength wouldn’t come. He looked down at his dirty paws and did nothing. Nothing seemed easier. His new neighbour towered over him. He was taller than the one from the other woods. The other woods seemed a million pawsteps away.

The new neighbour walked Boris through a tunnel to where the other badgers were hunting for bugs. A chilly breeze blew through the entrance hole and Boris shuddered. He missed the musty smell of damp bark; this new woodland environment just smelt of stagnant swamps. He ached when he thought of his old neighbours; here, he knew no one.

Not quite knowing what to do, Boris wandered between the clans of badgers dragging his tail behind him. He could just see his little brother Bertie on the other side of the river bank surrounded by younger badgers.

He stood still sucking his paw looking lost and self-conscious; everyone else seemed to be foraging happily, bounding in and out as they hunted. He longed to go to him. He knew Mama would have. For a moment the memory of his mother held him fixed, paralysed. Once again he relived the moment the diggers moved in…

Mr Barry looked out across the leaf swept forest. Shrugging his shoulders against the frosty wind he slurped down his breakfast worm and glanced at the clans.

He could see the new arrivals, both badgers seemed uncertain of how to fit in. The Saucy Forest badger, Boris seemed bewildered. The badger from Bozeat had also not settled in and just looked miserable. She had already been with them for a week and had yet to settle.

Brenda stood on the edge of the river bank and waited. No-one came near her. All the other badgers seemed to be absorbed in their own foraging. She gazed out through the tree trunks and pretended to stare at something in the distance. Blinking back tears, she hugged herself and hoped no-one would notice.

“Why are you not hunting?” A striped nosed badger had approached her chewing a bug.

“Go away!” Brenda snapped aggressively.

“Please yourself,” muttered the badger. He spun round and raced back across the forest floor, bug legs flying from his mouth as he went. Brenda could see him chatting to some other badgers and pointing at her. Everything seemed wrong.

How she longed for her old school! Coral missed the sunlit playground in sight of the sea; her new school stood in the cold shadows of a tower block. She missed the thrill of playtime games; here, no one knew her. She missed the walk home along the cliff tops with her neighbour Amy; here, she had to catch the bus, alone.