



Bramble *the* **Hedgehog**

Jane Clarke

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To my grandpuppy, Dutch – J.C.

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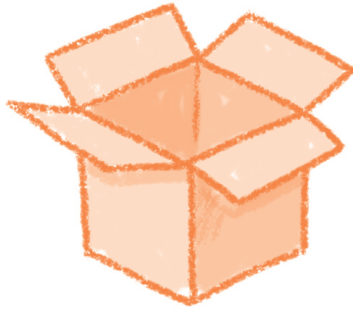
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Chapter One



“Peanut?” Dr. KittyCat meowed.

“Where are you?”

The floor of Dr. KittyCat’s clinic was piled high with cardboard boxes stamped MEDICAL SUPPLIES.



But there was no sign of Dr. KittyCat's mouse assistant.

A sudden, loud yelp came from the middle of the boxes.

"Eek!" It was Peanut. "I'm boxed in!" he squeaked.



“Don’t panic, Peanut.” Dr. KittyCat put her furry paws against a heavy box labeled COLD PACKS. She pushed with all her might until she had moved it far enough for Peanut to scramble out of the gap. His fur was ruffled up, and he was clutching a crumpled piece of paper with what looked like a list on it.

“All the medical supplies I ordered arrived at once!” Peanut showed Dr. KittyCat the delivery list. “There are boxes of toothbrushes and toothpaste, triangular bandages, stickers, paw-cleansing gel, wipes, and cotton gauze swabs, as well as cold packs and all sorts

of medicines.” He sighed. “All this will take forever to unpack.”

“It’s important that we check and put away all the medicines ourselves. But most of these supplies are quite safe for anyone to handle,” Dr. KittyCat said thoughtfully. “Call the school and ask if any little animals would like to come to the clinic at the end of the day to help unpack the supplies and put them away,” she suggested. “We can take the volunteers to the carnival afterward as a reward.”

“That’s a great idea!” Peanut scrambled over the boxes to his desk. He picked up the handset of the telephone

and dialed the number for Thistle town School. He twisted the cord around his arm and listened to the dial tone as he waited for someone at the school to pick up. *Ring . . . Ring . . . Ring . . .*



After school, the clinic was full of excited volunteers. All the little animals in Thistletown had come to help! Peanut scampered from box to box, checking things off his list and telling everyone where to put the supplies.

“These look fun,” Posy the puppy woofed as she unpacked a box full of brightly colored toothbrush and toothpaste sets. “I’ll need a new toothbrush when my grown-up teeth come in.” She grinned, showing Peanut the gaps in her front teeth.

“I’ve already got my new teeth,” Ginger the kitten meowed. She was heading for the stepladder with an armful of bandages.