



Ambrose Follows His Nose

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They came upon a patch of daisies and Biddy sat down in the grass with her tracker rabbit, Ambrose, by her side. Birds sang, Ambrose nibbled and Biddy daydreamed.

Two scents stood out to Ambrose from the moment they had entered the orchard: one was very strong and, frankly, utterly disgusting.

The other was much gentler and reminded him intensely of the hutch that was his home.

It was not until a little later, when he saw a flash of lilac fur among the grass that he realised precisely what – or who – it was.

‘Roly!’ he cried in excitement, bounding towards her.

But she had vanished.

When Biddy opened her eyes, after what felt like a split-second, she saw Ambrose lolloping away.

She lunged for him, missed and scrambled to her feet. ‘Ambrose! Come back!’

But he had disappeared down a large hole in the side of the bank . . .



