

HENDRIX
THE ROCKING
HORSE

For Debbie

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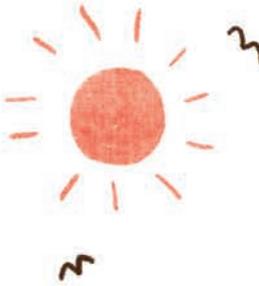
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HENDRIX THE ROCKING HORSE

Gavin Puckett
Illustrated by Tor Freeman

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FABER & FABER



Hello young reader . . . !

Thanks for taking the time,
in selecting my book of ridiculous
rhyme.

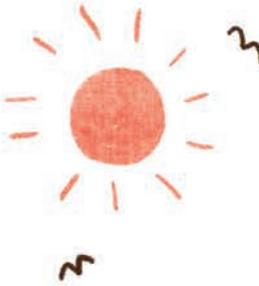
I'm Gavin, (you'll find my full name
on the cover)

the teller of tales, which you're soon
to discover.

It's taken me years to unearth these
strange fables,

by visiting farmyards and hanging
round stables

– and this is a series with just a
selection, of some of the weirdest in my
collection.



They're all about horses – each one
of them true,
and it's such a nice privilege to share
them with you!

Well, when I say “*True*,” I mean . . .
that's what I've heard.

(It's hard to believe, since they're all
so **absurd!**)

So, instead of returning this book to
the shelf,

why not read on and decide for
yourself?





Hendrix was raised on a West
Country farm,
in a spot quite well known for its
elegant charm.

The town was called Higgleston; a
picturesque place,
full of mythical tales and historical
grace.

It had quaint, RUSTIC COTTAGES
painted in white
with neat, little flowerbeds, pretty and
bright.

But Hendrix found Higgleston
frightfully dreary –
the silence around him just made him
feel weary!

He'd wake up each morning and stare
from his hill,
at the quiet, old town standing peaceful
and still.

There was NOTHING TO DO except
stare at the sky –
or occasionally gaze at a car passing by!



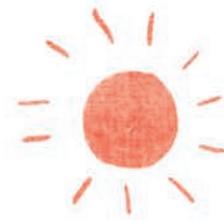
“I wish *something* would happen.”
he’d say, feeling blue.

Then one summer’s morning . . .

HIS WISHES CAME TRUE!

As he rose from his bed, Hendrix
rubbed his tired eyes,
then gazed down the hillside and
gaspd with surprise.

The meadow beneath him had
changed overnight . . .



to a **BUSTLING FAIRGROUND** and
festival site!

