Mr Peck was too shocked to answer. His mouth dropped open as Amy snorted gently to the hedgehog. Slowly it unrolled.

A sly look crept across Mr Peck’s face.

‘How often have you been doing this, my dear?’ he asked.

‘Never before,’ said Amy. ‘But from now on, I’ll be here every night.’

‘Hm,’ said Mr Peck. ‘You’re going to be here every night, you say.’

When Amy came home from school the next day, Mr Peck was in his front drive. He was fixing a large board to the gate. As soon as he saw Amy, he threw his coat over it.

Amy had promised to show her mum the hedgehog. It was getting dark when they stepped into the garden to see her hedgehog friend.