FROM BORN TO DANCE…

The moment when it all begins………..

The thatched roof of Hilltop Cottage poked raggedly above the

hedgerow bordering the lane. In the long grass opposite, Red

Tabby waited patiently. As soon as the cheese shop had opened,

the ginger cat, who knew every stop on the milkman’s route, had

made a bee-line for the cottage. Now a tell-tale clip-clop reached

her ears and, moments later, Dylan plodded over the brow of the

hill.

‘Hallo Dylan! Hallo Emlyn!’ Emlyn’s favourite customer,

Widow Medlar, stood waving from the doorstep of Hilltop

Cottage. ‘Kettle’s on!’ she called brightly‘

Emlyn quickly reined Dylan to a halt and disappeared inside for his

regular mid-morning cup of tea. Left to himself, Dylan moved

off to enjoy some temptingly lush grass that grew at the edge of

Widow Medlar’s front yard. Red Tabby followed after him, a

thirsty eye fixed on the equally tempting goods stacked up on

Emlyn’s cart.

On this particular summer’s morning, Widow Medlar’s

windows hung wide open. As Emlyn settled to his tea, she

switched on her brand new radio, sending a catchy tune dancing

out onto the warm air. The lively rhythm set Dylan’s fore-hooves

twitching. ‘Tippity-tap, tippity-tap’ they went – his rear-hooves

joining in, ‘tappity-tip, tappity-tip.’

In his imagination, the sun became a giant spotlight beaming

down on his chestnut flanks as he danced – blond mane and

tail flying – before a vast audience. He lurched and lunged

between the shafts, jerking and pulling on his harness, his

horseshoes making satisfying clicking noises on the widow’s

flagstones.

*That horse could be a star,* mused Red Tabby as she watched

Dylan’s antics from a safe distance. *He could really go places –*

*but not while he’s hitched to that milk cart.*

The cart bucked and bounced as Dylan’s hooves tapped faster

and faster. Soon, Emlyn’s milk bottles were jiggling violently up

and down in time to the jaunty music. Red Tabby watched

hungrily while butter pats and eggs came tumbling down.

Milk and

cream ran in little rivers along cracks and into crevices, forming

deliciously inviting puddles. Cream ran in little rivers along cracks

and into crevices, forming deliciously inviting puddles. This was the moment she’d been waiting for.

FOR MORE OF DYLAN AND RED TABBY’S ADVENTURES

SIMPLY FIND AND OPEN ANOTHER TREASURE CHEST!