



Further side stories from the book
Hob Hill – The Beginning.

It is recommended that you read the book
first to understand the whole story.



The
Squirrels

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How did Fayer, Asher and Bash end up in the Old Wise tree when the intruders came?

The sun was slowly sinking below the treeline when Hobs, Fenn and Bash spotted the squirrels, running up and down the trees. Rarely did they see the squirrels, but when they did, it was an exciting time for the Hobs.

Fenn quickly ran to Fayer and Asher's home, snuggled deep between the roots of one of the larger trees in Hob Glen.

"Fayer, Asher, the squirrels are here," Fenn shouted at the door, made from moss sandwiched between bark from a tree's trunk. Not all Hobs use doors on their homes but when the entrance is wider than normal, they come in handy to stop any wandering animals or the rain and wind.



Fenn heard a squeal of excitement from inside and smiled. Opening the door Fayer ran out with Asher following holding a hazelnut each.

"Thank you, Fenn, where are they?" asked Fayer.

"Near Old Wise," he replied. Fenn, Fayer and Asher went quickly in the direction of the oldest oak tree in Hob Glen, Old Wise. With its huge trunk and strong branches, it gave a feeling that it had seen and heard a lot throughout its years, quietly observing from the middle of the glen. Asher was in front when the squirrel ran past, making him flinch.

"That was close!" Asher smiled.

"Oh, I didn't see it," Fayer replied sadly.

Arriving at Old Wise, Bash was there quietly waiting, they could hear and see movement in the branches. Out popped a squirrel, which then ran down the trunk as



though to greet them.

“Hello,” Asher said in a soft voice, as he laid the hazelnut on the ground. The tall squirrel picked up the nut and started to nibble it.

Fayer slowly moved closer to the squirrel and began to softly stroke it. “You are lovely,” she said.

Another squirrel approached.



Placing down her hazelnut, Fayer could see its stunning dark eyes, wiggly nose, and fine whiskers. Its rustic orange fur looked like fire against the dull, darkening woodland.

After a short while, Fenn went back to his home for a drink, leaving Fayer, Asher and Bash with the squirrels.

Bang! A loud noise boomed around the glen; the squirrels darted away. The hobs startled at the sudden noise, stood still for a moment, unsure what it is. Then they heard Tall-Ones (humans) talking in the distance.

“Oh, no,” Bash said worriedly.

A rustling noise was fast approaching. The hobs flung up their hoods, quickly hiding in the long, thick grass around the bottom of Old Wise’s wide trunk. A Tall-One ran past them close, his big, heavy, feet, vibrating the ground.



Then another ran past shouting, "I have to be quick, can't stop long."

"No problem, just help with the first platform and then we will finish the rest tomorrow," replied the other.

Two more men joined them carrying ladders. Clattering and banging began.

Bash whispered, "We have to find a hiding place this is no good."

"Where can we go, they are so close?" Asher replied so quietly Fenn hardly heard him.

"We have to climb the tree and swing over to Old Wise," Fenn stated.

With a narrower, rougher trunk, the Hobs prefer to climb the smaller tree that faithfully grows next to Old Wise.

Fayer shook her head from side to side to show her disagreement.

A Tall One came towards the Hobs, holding a long, white cotton banner, as it



unfolded, he wafted it into the air to straighten it. The banner flew above the Hobs heads causing a strong wind to gush around them briefly. He was close.

Looking down at the banner the Tall One spoke loudly, "Save our trees, your kid did a good job on this mate."

"Yeah, he did, he's a good un."

The Hobs crouched low in the long grass, staying still, hoping the Tall One would not see them.

Luckily, he slowly walked away with the banner trailing on the ground behind him as if stroking the grass.

"I hope Fenn is safe," whispered Fayer.

"He will be well," replied Asher reassuring her, even though he was worried himself.

"We have to climb the tree now, I will go first," whispered Bash, urgently to Fayer and Asher holding each other's hands.



Asher whispered to Fayer, "You go next."

Fayer was trembling, she did not like to climb trees. Bash had now reached the highest branch of the smaller tree. Fayer began to climb, slowly and carefully up the trunk as Asher followed.

At the other side of the trunk, a Tall One suddenly came close, the Hobs froze with fear. Fayer slipped a little, making a noise. The Tall One turned his head towards the trunk as if he had heard.

"Frank," shouted another. The Tall One replied, "I'm here," walking quickly away.

Sensing Fayer's nervousness, Asher climbed up next to her. Fayer slipped again, and she began to tremble even more.

Asher reassuringly said, 'Nearly there.'

Fayer took a deep breath and reluctantly continued, feeling relieved when she had finally reached the branch. The



Hobs now felt safer as the leaves hid them a little.

Bash grabbed the twine the Hobs left safely tied to the smaller tree, ready for swinging over to Old Wise. Tying the twine around his waist, Bash swung first. Fayer reluctantly followed with her eyes closed. As she reached Old Wise, Bash caught her; she was safe. Fayer was grateful it was nearly over as Asher followed.

They had reached the safety of the bushier inner tree of Old Wise. The Hobs settled on to a higher branch, listening to the Tall-Ones as the darkness had finally engulfed the land.





Who will rescue the Hobs? Will they be seen?

This story continues in the book, *Hob Hill – The Beginning*. If you have not already read the book and would like to know what happens, please visit [here](#) for further details. Thank you for reading!

