**The Night I met a hedgehog**

Last summer when out in my garden,

I met a hedgehog on a moonlit night,

He rolled into a ball when he saw me,

I could see he got a bit of a fright.

In a gentle voice I asked him,

Why he was shuffling about,

He didn’t look up as he answered,

I’m just searching for stuff with my snout.

“I might find a juicy fat slug,

Or other fine creature to eat,

You’d never know what kind animal,

Might be lurking right under your feet”

He said goodbye as he left me,

And waddled off out of my sight,

Then from the hedge I heard him saying,

“Yummy, that’s the third snail I’ve eaten tonight”.