

DASHER

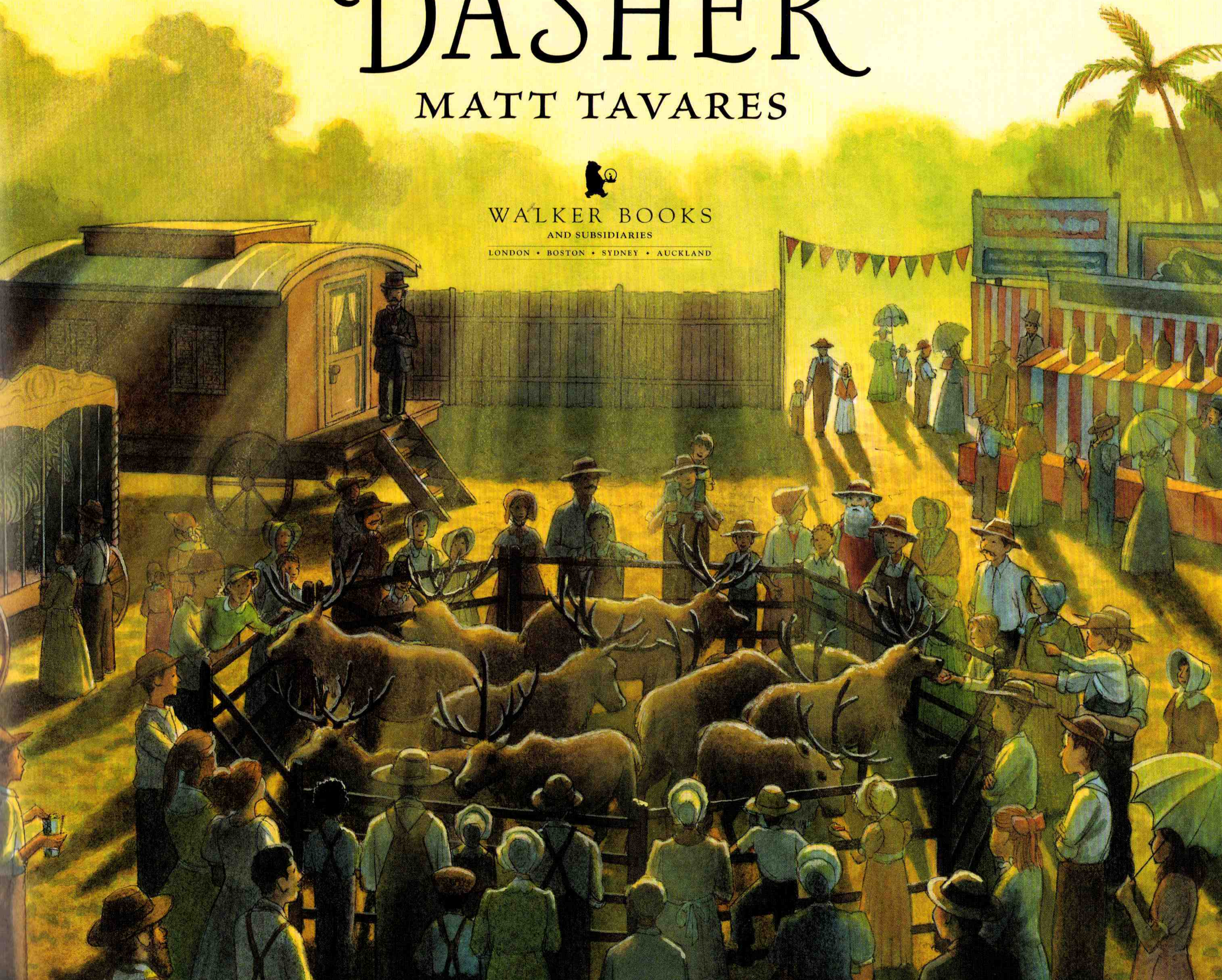
MATT TAVARES



WALKER BOOKS

AND SUBSIDIARIES

LONDON • BOSTON • SYDNEY • AUCKLAND



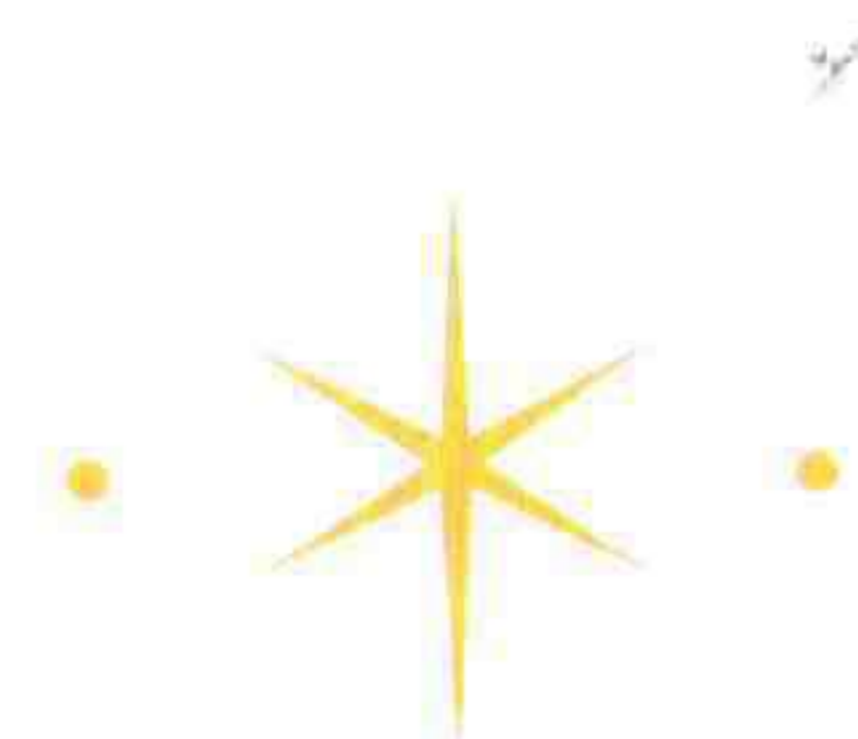


LIFE WAS NOT EASY for the reindeer family
of J.P. Finnegan's Travelling Circus and Menagerie.
They spent long days crammed together under
the hot sun as an endless stream of curious people
jostled to catch a glimpse of them.



Even at night, there was little rest. Some nights, to pass the time, Mama would tell stories.

“It was a magical place,” she would say. “The air was crisp and cold, and the ground was always covered with a cool blanket of white snow. Your father and I were free to roam under the glow of the North Star.”







Dasher, the youngest reindeer, loved Mama's stories.

"Is that the North Star, Mama?" she asked.

"The very same," Mama said. "We always knew we were home when it was directly overhead."

"I wish we could go there," said Dasher.

Mama sighed. "I do, too," she said. "But Mr Finnegan is not kind to animals who try to escape."

