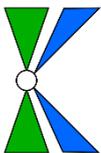


1758 AE2

bncdoc.id	ABX
bncdoc.author	Hassall, Angela
bncdoc.year	1989
bncdoc.title	Jubilee wood.
bncdoc.info	Jubilee wood. Sample containing about 39208 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
Text availability	Worldwide rights cleared
Publication date	1985-1993
Text type	Written books and periodicals
David Lee's classification	W_fict_prose

<1758/c>	<p>shot it?' said Philip's Dad. 'I don't know owt about it,' said Jack. 'Dead in t'field it was. It weren't the dog I locked in the tractor-shed, that's all I know.' 'She shot it,' said Lee. 'The old lady.' 'Mrs Wright, d' you mean?' said Jack. Lee nodded. 'That caps it, that does,' said Jack, moving the pick-up so Tom who was coming up on his tractor could get past. Tom stopped by Jack and turned the engine off. 'I met the doctor,' he said. 'He's had old Mrs Wright taken into Atherton hospital.' 'What for?' said Philip. 'What's the matter with her?' 'Pneumonia,' said Tom. He leaned out of the cab window. 'There was a message for one of you boys.' 'What?' said Philip. 'She said to look after her hens.' 'Will she die?' said Philip. 'Of pneumonia?' 'She'll be all right,' said Tom. 'You see.' 'The likes of her'll go on for a bit yet,' said Jack. 'Anyone'd get pneumonia living in that draughty old house,' said Philip's Dad. 'She was all right in the wood,' said Lee. Philip stood on Lee's foot and Lee's voice trailed away. That was their secret, the three of them, the night in Jubilee Wood. Philip's Mum came out of the house. 'A lot of thanks I get for doing a good deed,' she said. 'I wish I'd never told Joyce,' she said. 'She said it couldn't be Rebel that had killed the lamb. She called me all sorts of names, said I was a liar. I told her Barry should have kept him in, and she said if I started criticizing him, she'd get Don to the phone.' 'I'll fettle her,' said Jack. 'Where is it she lives?', 'Forty-eight Hill View,' said Philip's Mum, turning to Philip's Dad. 'It's a good job the sale has fallen through. I don't want her shouting names at me over the fence.' 'I'll be taking him, then,' said Jack nodding at the sack in the truck. He leaned out of the cab window. 'You'd best be getting down to</p>
 <p>Key: Footprint ConEn1 Footprint ConEn2 Footprint ConEn3</p>	<p>those hens of the old lady's</p> <p>, ' he said to Philip. 'She'll not likely be doing them for a while.' 'Can I?' said Philip, looking at his Dad. 'All right, son,' he said. Philip and Lee ran down to the Old Rectory. They let the hens out. 'There's four eggs,' shouted Philip. They took two each. 'She said there'd be eggs come the longer days,' said Philip. He looked at Lee. 'What about the one you nicked?' 'I'll give it her back,' said Lee, running off to the far side of the orchard. He was pulling something out of the hedge. 'What are you doing?' shouted Philip. 'I got some wire,' said Lee. 'What for?' said Philip. 'What d' you want wire for?' 'That trap,' said Lee. 'I've burnt all the plans and that,' said Philip. 'I can make it,' said Lee. 'I know how. I don't need plans.' 'All right, then.' They tugged at the wire. 'Will we mend the fence?' said Lee. Philip nodded. He knew Mrs Wright wanted the fence fixing. A plane flew over. They both looked up at it. 'He didn't come back,' said Philip. 'Who?' Lee was looking for the bits of the fence that were buried in the grass. 'Him with the Spitfire.' They both faced each other and saluted. </bncdoc><bncdoc></p>