



Copyright: Irene Marshall



Short Synopsis...

There are so many things going on in the old Oat Field these days, that it is not surprising we keep hearing tales from there. One such tale that is worth listening is about Rudie Woodmouse and the day he went looking for Dinosaurs. He liked to tell the tale himself, but he didn't always get his facts right. So, for a change we will hear what really happened. Rudie lives with his parents, in a cosy cottage, which nestles between the roots of an old blackthorn tree in the corner of the Oat Field. Around the brightly painted door of the cottage pennywort leaves cluster like little green tables and chairs. In fact, Mrs. Woodmouse used them for that very purpose when the sun shines and it is warm enough for all to eat outside. On this particular day though, there was still a chill in the air after winter, and that was why Rudie was wearing the jacket his mother had made him. She had knitted it out of two skeins of web her good neighbour; Jocasta Spider had spun for her. "Just wash the web in dew to remove the stickiness and it will knit-up beautifully" the old lady had said. So Mrs. Woodmouse had done just that, and when it had dried she had soaked it overnight in blackberry juice to give it a bright pink colour, and when it had dried again she knitted it up with her little pine needle pins tapping away for the best part of two days. When the jacket was pressed and the buttons sewn on, she put it on Rudie. It was a perfect fit. "I look great. Don't I?" said Rudie, beaming at his reflection in the mirror. "Yes dear, you do," replied his mother. "And make sure you stay that way too." "I don't wish to see any mess on that jacket when you come home!" "I promise," said Rudie. "I'm not going far! "Perhaps you can call on Mrs. Spider to show her how nice your coat looks," said his Mother. "And invite her round for tea this afternoon. Now if there is anything Rudie dislikes doing, it is calling on neighbours, especially Mrs. Spider. For one thing, when you rang her doorbell you never knew from which of the very dark corners of her web home she would appear. Sometimes she would descend from above and tap you on the head, scaring you to bits. And another thing; she talked too much, and Rudie only liked talking to his friends --- or himself. As he stepped out of the cottage and into the spring morning sunshine, he decided that today would be a day of great adventure. "So if I start thinking about adventures and things like that," he thought, "then I'll most likely forget to call on Mrs. Spider!" which is precisely what happened. By the time he had reached the entrance of the little path, which led to Mrs. Spider's home, he was looking in another direction and walked straight past it...





Author-Artist Graham Marshall, born in Bordesley-Green Birmingham, England. His legacy, (a fraction of which being featured here), represented a marvellous and varied and comprehensive body of work that span half-a-century. His favourite subjects were always small animals, a theme he demonstrated in this book...



Rudie's Mum knitting his jacket.



Rudie looking great! in the mirror.



Rudie met his cousin and pet-Ant.



Rudie being cheeky to Mr. Bumble-Bee.



Stanley Harvest Mouse and Ptolemy.



Ptolemy and Rudie Mum.



Mr. bumble Bee sleep disturbed.



Rudie riding on the Bwoingy stick.



Rudie hanging from a long reed.



Rudie spat-out by the fish



Rudie telling how he found a Dinosaur



Rudie having his bath

"THE ADVENTURES OF RUDIE WOODMOUSE" is in A-4 format. It is refreshingly conventional in lay-out. The story is populated with more than twenty small-animal characters, all living in an imaginary picturesque community in meadows and on the bank of a "Great River," with "Rudie Woodmouse" the main character. The book is Children-friendly in content. Edited by a school teacher, this book is ideally crafted to engage children in every developing stage of reading comprehension...