

## LCM Speech Festival Hong Kong 2022

Prose • 11-12 years

An extract from

### **Five Children and It**

by E Nesbit

Then Anthea cried out, "I'm not afraid, let me dig," and fell on her knees and began to scratch like a dog does when he has suddenly remembered where it was that he buried his bone.

"Oh, I felt fur," she cried, half laughing half crying. "I did indeed! I did!" when suddenly a dry husky voice in the sand made them all jump back and their hearts jumped nearly as fast as they did.

"Let me alone," it said. And now everyone heard the voice and looked at the others to see if they had too.

"But we want to see you," said Robert bravely.

"I wish you'd come out," said Anthea, also taking courage.

"Oh, well — if that's your wish," the voice said, and the sand stirred and spun and scattered and something brown and furry and fat came rolling out of its hole and the sand fell off it, and it sat there yawning and rubbing the ends of its eyes with its hands.

"I believe I must have dropped asleep," it said, stretching itself.

The children stood around the hole in a ring, looking at the creature they had found. It was worth looking at. It had ears like a bat's ears, and its tubby body was shaped like a spider's and covered with thick soft fur; its legs and arms were furry too, and it had hands and feet like a monkey's.

"What on earth is it?" Jane said. "Shall we take it home?"

