

For my horse-friends, Winnie,
Diesel and Wilson, and for Anna,
who brought them home – R. D.

For my loving family, and for all
the sweet animals that inspired the
illustrations in this book – A. F.

First published in 2024 by Nosy Crow Ltd, Wheat Wharf, 27a Shad Thames, London, SE1 2XZ, UK

Nosy Crow Eireann Ltd, 44 Orchard Grove, Kenmare, Co Kerry, V93 FY22, Ireland

www.nosycrow.com

ISBN 978 1 83994 684 4 (HB) • ISBN 978 1 83994 685 1 (PB)

Nosy Crow and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Nosy Crow Ltd.

Text © Ruth Doyle 2024

Illustrations © Alexandra Finkeldey 2024

The right of Ruth Doyle to be identified as the author and of Alexandra Finkeldey
to be identified as the illustrator of this work has been asserted.

All rights reserved

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, hired out or otherwise
circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published. No part of this publication may be
reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical,
photocopying, recording or otherwise) without the prior written permission of Nosy Crow Ltd.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Printed in China

Papers used by Nosy Crow are made from wood grown in sustainable forests.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 (HB)

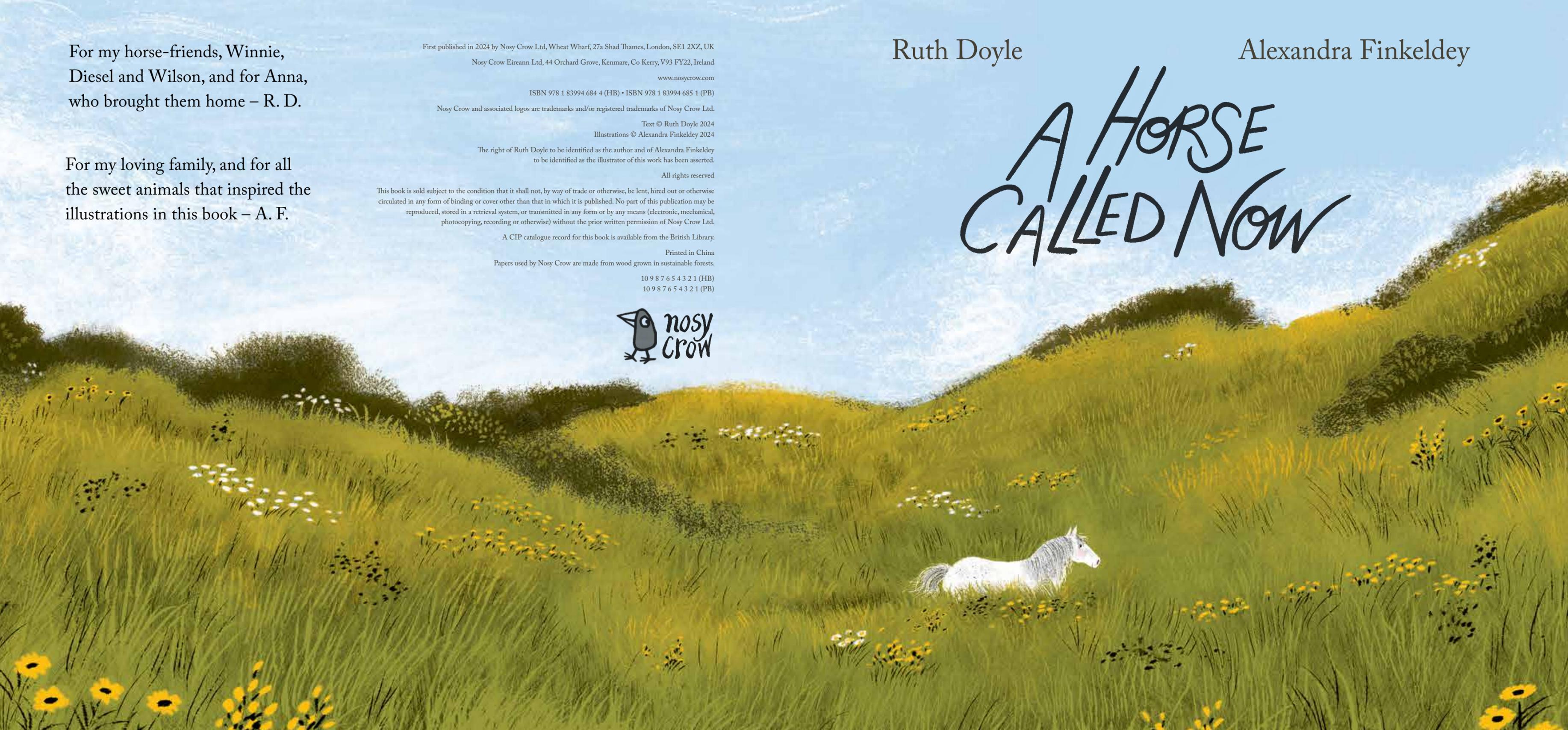
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 (PB)



Ruth Doyle

Alexandra Finkeldey

A HORSE CALLED NOW



A horse called Now stood in her field of green,
swishing her bright white tail. Her soft eyes
saw the tiniest blinks of magic –

buds opening,

dragonflies dancing.

Her sharp ears listened to
the music of the air and earth –

birds singing,

the chatter of crickets.



And, loudest of all, the BOOM-BOOM
heartbeats of the other animals, as they
worried and hurried.

Rabbit and her babies ran zigzagging to Now.
“Fox is chasing us!” they called.

“What did you see?” Now asked.

“I saw a flash of red . . . it might
be his scarlet coat!” one squeaked.

“It might be his huge tail
that trails FIRE!” said another.

“He might run faster than the
combine harvester!” cried their brother.



“Or he might not,” the horse smiled.

“Can you see him now?”

They peered at the horizon . . .

“No . . . but he might sneak up . . .”

“Or he might not,” said Now.

“At this moment, all is well.

Why don’t you enjoy some

sweet dandelions?”



Just then, Hen and her fluffy
chicks burst from a hedge!

“Help!” Hen flapped. “There’s a
swooping bird trying to catch my
chicks! It might be Magpie!”

Now looked up at the quiet sky.
“Tell me more,” she said.



“Magpie might have a beak as sharp
as a farmer’s knife!” cried a chick.

“Chicks might be her favourite snack!”
cheeped another.

“AND she might have wings that wrap
and trap us!” squeaked her brother.