**Clifford and the Mysterious Egg Story Trail (Extract)**

Clifford was a mouse who lived with his family in Cliffe Castle under the floorboards at the end of Hallway, past Sharp Screw, at Old Boot next door to Old Hammer.

He had always lived there and he clearly remembered the day that Mr Butterfield arrived.

Clifford and his sister were playing tig when Front Door flew open, bang! There in the doorway stood a small, plump man with a very wide grin and a rather pointed sticky-out black moustache on his red face. A small brown dog flew past the man’s legs, slid across Hallway floor and chased the two young mice into the kitchen. They raced across the floor and hid, shivering, under Cook Crabtree’s skirt.

 ‘Come, little Bijoux!’ called the man.

Mr Butterfield and his family had arrived. Clifford’s life would never be the same again.

Many years passed. Clifford saw the hall transformed into a fairy-tale castle with fancy turrets, tall towers and glamorous glasshouses. The Mill-owner’s fortune had made him king of his castle which he shared with his workers.

Clifford’s family’s measly breadcrumbs were soon replaced by fine morsels of fillet steak. Old Boot was exchanged for an unused gem-encrusted Jewellery Box.

With no need for anything, Clifford sought adventure and excitement. He travelled with Mr Butterfield, in his suitcase. Now, it was on one of these trips to a land called Poland that Clifford found himself sharing the homeward trip with a rather large oval object. Clifford’s grandpa later explained that the strange object was called ‘Egg’. Grandpa had seen one once when he had visited Outside, a place he rarely went as it was rumoured to be full of danger.

Grandpa told the children that when Egg was heated up, it would transform into a small flying creature. Clifford, excited by this myth, decided to hunt for Egg. He found it whilst rummaging around in the bottom of Mr Butterfield’s wardrobe.

‘Yes!’ squeaked Clifford with excitement, as he carried Egg back to Jewellery Box.

‘That belongs Outside. Put it back where you found it,’ Grandpa ordered angrily.

Clifford was not going to put it back. He wanted to see the magical flying creature hidden inside. So that night, when everyone was asleep, he loaded Egg onto his go-cart and slipped through a small hole next to Front Door.

Outside Castle was ablaze with bright light. For the first time in his life, Clifford felt alone and frightened.

Fearful of being seen, Clifford scurried off to the right of Front Door. There before him loomed a large rocky cave. ‘Too big to hide in,’ he thought. To the left of the cave, he saw two small openings in a wall of what looked a little like a chimney breast. Pulling himself and the heavy load through some burnt sticks and piles of ash, he made his way up from the first opening to the second. The walls around him felt warm and there were little pieces of charred bread scattered around ready for eating, just like the ones he ate when they lived at Old Boot. ‘Although it’s a bit smelly,’ he thought, ‘this would make a perfect home for Egg and me.’