

The Scarlet Macaw

Outside, the storm rumbled. Inside the treehouse was dark. Georgina scrambled down onto the leaves and began to search for the teddy.

Suddenly a flash of lightning struck in a forest clearing, but that did not stop George. She stopped to have a rest. As fast as a bullet something swooped across a tree. Her heart was pounding with fear. Something scarlet flew passed. What was it?

Crouching in the dark, she began to think back how she ended up in such a mess. Only a few hours before when George was playing in the treehouse after her uncle left to grab some mushroom. And without thinking put her teddy on the window sealing, but there was no glass.

Without warning, a hand curled round her shoulder. Frantically she swooped round. It was her uncle and he had the teddy. "Georgina!" he hissed.

Ten minutes later, they were back at the treehouse. Gorge had her precious teddy and lay tuck up in bed. Beyond the trees, nothing moved, nothing stirred, except for a scarlet bird...

By Freya