

The Half Birds

Brodie was half peregrine falcon. Nobody knew, besides him and his long-lost twin, who was assumed to have been caught by the Bird Hunters (a group of people who hunted birds for no reason whatsoever). Brodie had been bursting to tell someone his secret, but he knew that if he did, the news might spread to the hunters who would be delighted to catch a half human, half bird, as it would make them famous.

Brodie had always preferred to be a bird and never really enjoyed being a flightless mammal. One day he was out hunting when all of a sudden he became entangled in what looked like a net. 'A net?' Brodie wondered, 'Who would put a net in a tree? Wait, why am I even asking myself? I know exactly who would do that - the bird hunters,' he said darkly. Just then he heard a shout and quickly changed himself back into a human...

The hunters climbed up the tree but gasped in surprise to see a human, not a bird. 'Who are you and why are you up here?' said a suspicious voice.

'I was climbing this tree to get a view of the woods and got tangled in this net,' said Brodie.

'Mmhm,' said the hunter. 'How come you didn't spot the net and climb past it?'

'I was paying too much attention to a squirrel that was scampering about just over there,' said Brodie pointing to an overhanging branch just above them.

'Very well then. We shall leave you to your view,' said a hunter kindly, but Brodie was sure that there was a hint of suspicion in his voice. As soon as the hunters were out of sight, Brodie flew away home.

The next morning Brodie carelessly flew into another trap and once again he heard the shouts of the hunters. However, this time he didn't change into a human properly and remained a full bird. Terrified, he struggled against the deadly strings that were tightening with every

move. 'Look here!' cried one of the hunters. 'Isn't that a peregrine falcon?' cried another.

'Don't usually find peregrine falcons here.' It was the grim-voiced hunter from yesterday!

At the hunters' base there were thousands of birds in cages of all different shapes and sizes.

'In you go!' barked a hunter and shoved Brodie into a cage next to a golden eagle.

Brodie said to the eagle, 'How long do they keep you in here?'

'Don't know, but I have been here for 12 years. Hey, I recognise you,' said the golden eagle. 'Aren't you Brodie my twin?'

'Yes I am!' cried Brodie. 'I knew I recognised you.'

They planned to escape by shape shifting into humans and unlocking their cages. Soon they were out of the hunters' base.

'Bye,' said Brodie.

'Goodbye,' replied Bobbie, then flew up to the mountain.

And about the other birds, you wonder? Well, let's just say the hunters had a bit of trouble with them.