

## **Bird Boy**

My name's Pearl. I live in a little cottage near the beach. I live with my mum and my dog named Poppy. We're not the wealthiest family... but that doesn't matter! I normally go to the beach when people my age go to school. We're too far away from any schools close by, we don't have money for a bus, a taxi and of course we can't buy a car! Anyway... it's too far away to walk. My dog is a beautiful sausage dog. My mum's quite old with white hair and a big flowery dress. She's ALWAYS wearing a scarf (I think she wears it when she sleeps). I have ginger hair and lots of freckles. I have a birth mark the shape of a heart on my cheek. I wear some old baggy shorts and an old baggy T-shirt everyday.

"Mama!" I yell.

"Yes?!" called my mum.

"I'm going to the beach, Mamma!" I scream, "Poppy's coming with me!" My little sausage dog bounced around, she loved going to the beach.

"Ok, be careful!" my mum screamed back. I ran to the beach, Poppy chasing after me with her tongue sticking out. When we got there I raced off to the cliffs. It was my favourite part of the WHOLE beach. It was where the birds nested. Hundreds and hundreds.

"Look at them Poppy! I say, aren't they just beautiful" – I was cut off by a boy. He had brown hair and blue eyes. He was very skinny. "Clear off!" he shouted, "My birds!" I was taken aback. "Excuse me?" I mutter nervously.

"BLA BLA BLA" he yells, "My name is Tonyo! Stay away from my birds! Get of my beach!" This time I froze.

"Did you just say get off my beach?" I ask calmly.

"G-get o-o-off my-my b-beach!" he stutters nervously.

"DID YOU JUST SAY GET OFF MY BEACH" I scream at him. He scrambles up the cliff and runs away. He's quite a wimp if you ask me. I went closer to the cliffs. I could hear the birds LOUD AND CLEAR. I realise there's a sort of ... path in the cliff. I clamber up until I feel like I'm going to go deaf because of all the birds. It's then I find a hole in the cliff. It's very big. A bird wouldn't live in that ... a human would. I fell. Next thing I knew... I was in my house. My house felt a lot colder than normal. It felt more open... I look around. I'm in the cliff.

I was shocked. This was my room. The sack on the floor where I sleep; The pile of rag's where Poppy sleeps; The rusty old wardrobe; The paintings ... all the paintings that I drew of the birds! Then I realised I wasn't alone.

“Hello”, he says. I’m not sure who he is ... A boy came into view. I know who he is now ... the boy on the cliff!

“You again?” I groan.

“Don’t be rude!” he laughs.

“Fine ... what’s your name?” I ask reluctantly. He hesitates before saying “I don’t know,” we both just stand there before he says “call me bird boy!”

“What about the paintings?” I ask.

“Oh... yea... I didn’t do that,” he says, “I just found this!”

“Then... who did it?” I mutter more or less to myself. Bird boy runs to the end of the hole.

“Come here!” he snaps. I walk to stand next to him. He grabs hold of me and jumps.

“AHHHHHHH!” I scream. He seems surprisingly calm... We’re about two metres from the ground now... One metre. I close my eyes... then I open them. I’m flying! Wait... “How are we flying?” I ask him.

“Look down!” he says. I looked down. There were birds! Hundreds! All flying, really close to there. We were standing on them?” I ask horrified. “A little bit of weight on each one! It doesn’t hurt them!” he answers. I turn around. BOOM! Straight into the cliff. It didn’t hurt though... We went straight THROUGH the cliff!

“Oh no... oh no, oh no, oh no... Bird boy mutters.

“Where are we?” I ask.

I didn’t mean to go here! This is the guy who made that replica of your house’s house! “Well... that’s not confusing at all...” I say. Then we hear something... A man steps out. “GET! OUT!” The man screams.