

## *The Blackbird*

*There was once upon a time a little girl who loved her mother very much.*

*Her eyes shone a beautiful turquoise and her red hair flowed down to her ankles and across the floor. She lived in a house that was so full of animals that a pair of love birds once nested in her hair.*

*But this happy house was constantly interrupted by the pain between her mother and father and so it was that the little girl grew to hate her father because he made her mother sad.*

*One dark December night her father came and woke her from sleep. He said,*

*“wake up child I need you to call for your mother, she has disappeared” .*

*The little girl climbed out of bed and began to call for her mother.*

*“Mother, Mother” she cried, but there was no reply.*

*“Call harder” her father demanded. She yelled as hard as she could whilst the tears streamed down her face.*

*“I cannot find her father, I cannot find her” She said.*

*With her fathers hand clasped firmly around her wrist they walked into the kitchen. There behind the kitchen door stood her mother. Her index finger pressed firmly to her red pouted mouth. Shh, she seemed to be telling her daughter, don't give me away.*

*Her white nightie skirted the cold stone tiles and the lace hem moved gently with the draught coming from under the door.*

The little girl froze. Torn between wanting to run and hug her mother and keeping her hiding place secret.

Too late, her father had seen her.

“What are you doing hiding from me, come back to bed immediately”.

The next morning the little girl decided something had to be done. She told her father that she had seen a rat, fat, with red beady eyes and a long snakey tail in the larder.

“He was eating the apples from your orchard” she told him.

“Go fetch my gun” he said. The girl did as she was told and went to fetch the gun.

Her fingers trembled and fumbled as she pulled the gun too. As she performed this task she heard the song of thrush outside the window.

She realized, for the first time, what it was to really love somebody.

She walked slowly down the stairs and into the larder. She raised the gun and shot her father bang, in the middle of his chest.

The rat popped his head out from under the apple store and smiled at her.

On hearing the noise her mother came running into the house. When she saw what her daughter had done she began to weep tears of sorrow for her little girl. And as her tears fell she slowly began to change into a beautiful blackbird. She then stretched out her wings and flew away and never returned.

