

The story of the poacher

Whilst the lions chomped away on their prey, the hazy sunlight shimmered throughout the savannah. Every living creature drank from the calm flowing river. The gazelles, who were herbivores, ate smooth refreshing grass. The outstanding puffy clouds travelled across the gorgeous baby blue sky. White foggy smoke awakens from the oven like ground. From a distance away you can hear stomps, perhaps it's the poachers or big, bold dusty elephants. There was an enormous chestnut brown tree, waving its sharp branches everywhere.

Just behind the tree was a small but very well decorated cottage. Inside the cottage was an old man, with a male tigers head placed on top of his grey hair. He was speaking in a deep voice to a group of young children, "I have brought you all here today, because as you already know I am getting very old. I am actually ninety six, so that's why I need one of you to bring me, a beautiful, fierce and considerable (big) animals head. I will give you three weeks. By then I want to see an astonishing animals head, and then and only then will I decide on who will be leader of the tribe." He then sent all the children off to the desert, in search of an animal.

Rita, who was feeling anxious, set in search for her animal. She was going to hunt a peacock, because she listened carefully to her leader when he said beautiful, but ignored him when he said fierce. Rita had been travelling for three whole days in starvation and thirst, until her eyes directed towards a watering hole. She had a smile on her face; it grew larger and larger as she approached the watering hole. She felt disgusted as soon as she saw zebras rolling in the watering hole, as soon as they got up they were completely brown. So Rita carried on walking for 4 and a half hours until she found herself eye to eye with a river filled with rocks. She thought hard on how she could cross it and then finally had an idea. Rita found a plank of wood and fixed up a steady and safe float. As she was being dragged by the wind along the water, she felt exhausted, she almost felt like sleeping, to be honest, that is exactly what she did! When all of a sudden....

She heard a Clack...clack...clack! She woke up in an instant and found herself surrounded by vicious crocodiles. Rita screamed, shouted and cried out for help at the top of her squeaky voice....but no-one came, so she took out her silky and sharp bow and arrow. She shot arrows into each and every one of the

crocodiles eye. All of a sudden, she jumped onto the flat surface smiling with joy. She wondered around the unknown desert, until she saw it. The thing that she dreamt of finding ...she saw an amazing beautiful astounding peacock! Her breath was taken away on how beautiful it was. As she approached the peacock with her axe she felt a shiver down her spine almost like a part of her body was telling her to stop. She ignored that part of the body and killed it any-way. She approached her home in fear although she was confident to her show her leader how brave she was. When the time had come the leader understood how much she put into finding this small creature and crowned her leader. Many years had passed and whilst Rita slept the peacocks soul whispered into her ear a horrible tune just like this: pretty little critter come to me I'm going to have you for my tea...