

Audrey Chow

Thump! Thump! The pheasants were everywhere. I felt elated for my plan had worked! Meanwhile, my father was putting the pheasants into a huge brown sack while grinning like a madman. As he was putting the pheasants into the sack, he was counting them: *one, two, three, four.....ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY!* “Danny! We’ve made poaching history!” he exclaimed. Then, he laughed and prepared to put more pheasants into the brown sack.

Suddenly, everything seemed to go wrong. Behind the spiky pine trees, in the thicket, I could just make out a silhouetted figure of a man and a dog.

IT

WAS

A

KEEPER!

“Dad! DAD!” I cried frantically. “Look over there!” He then stared very hard at the keeper, who was starting to move closer to us. In the gloom, I could just see them moving, inching closer and closer, with the dog sniffing away. With the keeper’s every step, more snakes appeared in my stomach, slithering and biting. My face turned as pale as a ghost and I mouthed to my father, “What now?” My father then gave me one of his funny looks and his signature eyesmile.

As quiet as a mouse, he crept up to the keeper. There, behind the tree that offered the keeper concealment, the tree that the keeper was leaning against, my father tied the keeper’s legs to the tree! I was totally speechless! What a solution that only my father could think of! Then, cocking his head back and forth, he motioned for me to run.

I spun on my heels and ran, stumbling through Hazelle’s Wood. Somehow I’d lost my torch when I was picking up the pheasants. In a flash, I saw my father right beside me, looking alert and perky, while dragging the sack of pheasants along. As I was running, I could even hear the moans and groans of the keeper who my father had tied up during our escape!

After six and a half miles of running, we arrived at the caravan with our haul. As soon as we arrived, we gave away some of our pheasants to Doc Spencer and Sergeant Samways, and we all had a pheasant feast that evening.

But now as I am writing and enjoying a roasted pheasant, I can tell you that my father is the most marvellous father you can ever have.