



# BIRDS

By Karena Christen

"Tera, hurry up. I didn't bring you all this way just to sit there doing nothing." Tera's mother frowned.

"But, Mommy, are you *sure* it's safe?" Tera asked again.

"Yes."

"Absolutely certain?"

"Yes."

"Okay, okay, I guess I can try." Tera wheeled her small, pink bike up to the middle of the steep hill, took a deep breath, and got on, "I'm gonna do it."

"Just hurry up." Tera's mother sat down next to some pigeons on the park bench. It was going to be a long wait.

"Here I go," Tera said, "3...2...1...WHEE!" Her little feet left the ground and, with one push, the tiny bike shot down the hill, upsetting the pigeons, seagulls, and ducks that were waiting at the bottom.

"Keep your feet on the pedals," Tera's mother barked. The girl did not, to her mother's annoyance, but she did turn her wheel back and

forth, resulting in the only other person on this path shaking his old head and grumbling about when children used to respect their elders.

Tera came to the bottom of the hill, breathless with dark hair that flew back in her face when she squeezed her squeaky brakes.

“I wanna go again.” Tera ran over to her mother, cheeks pink with exhilaration and eyes starry with excitement followed by a flock of birds.

“Fine, you can go a few more times.” Tera’s mother wasn’t looking forward to walking home, so she readjusted her seat on the bench. A busy woman like her deserved a chance to rest.

“What are you doing?” Tera asked her follower, a black-faced seagull with a white body and wings.

“Caw,” said the seagull.

“What?” Tera asked.

“Will you take me for a ride?” the seagull said, “It’s been so long since I’ve ridden.”

“Oh, um, sure,” said Tera, gesturing to the basket of her bike, “come sit up here.”

“Thank you very much,” the seagull said, “but I know my friend Don would love a ride too.”

“Okay,” Tera said, picking up the pigeon. “Anyone else?”

“That’s Bill, Jo, and Margret,” said Don, pointing with his beak at a duck and two seagulls, “They love going down hills.”

“Oh, so do I!” Tera exclaimed, putting the birds in her basket, “Let’s ride down that big one.” So the little girl brought her bike (and the five birds sitting in it) to the top of the hill. “Let’s go.”

“3...” The seagull squawked.

“2...” Don cooed.

“1...” Jo and Margret said together, their black beaks opening a bit as if to smile.

“GO!!” Bill quacked, and Tera pushed off, her legs flying wildly in the air. Tera’s mother looked at her daughter and shook her head, deciding that she would tie those feet to the pedals if it came to it. The bike rocketed along the path, slanting down towards the canal.

“I don’t think my bike can swim,” Tera screamed. The birds just sat on the wooden slats of the basket, their beady eyes trained on the water in front of them. Tera tried to spin the wheel away from the river, but to no avail. Her bike rolled off the path, only a few meters from the water. Now just one. Only a few centimetres...

The seagull let out a loud, strong caw, and ten or so birds flew towards the bike, grabbing everything around Tera that they could. Two pigeons swooped down and grabbed her T-shirt, pulling her up by the armpits. The birds squawked, flapping their wings and saying,

“Wow, she’s heavy,” as they slowly navigated her towards the grass on the bank, as instructed by the seagull, who had adopted an authoritative tone.

“Don’t put her too close to the big blind one,” the seagull squawked, flapping his wide wings in an effort to keep the bike from being unbalanced.

Tera looked down at the wide river, a large smile creeping across her face.

The pigeons set Tera down lightly on the half-dead grass, landing on her shoulders. A troupe of seagulls and ducks set down her bike

beside her, then looked towards the seagull.

“On behalf of all my fellow avians,” he said, “I’d like to make sure you’re okay and thank you for the ride.”

“I’m fine,” Tera said, smiling broadly, “Can we go again?”

“Oh, no,” said the seagull, “We must be off.”

As one, the birds flew into the darkening sky.

“Tera!”

“Yes, Mommy?” Tera asked.

“Keep your feet on the pedals!”

“Yes, Mommy.”



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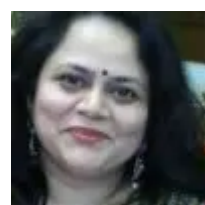
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## 14 thoughts on "Birds"



daisy

May 21, 2020 at 12:44 pm

i like it



Kasia

May 20, 2020 at 4:02 am

What a fun read! I love riding bikes and could feel the excitement Tera had in learning a new skill!



Maria

May 19, 2020 at 6:57 pm

I'm impressed and ready to read more. If this young writer can already do this so well, she should be able to write a novel before age 12!



Susan Gordon

May 19, 2020 at 5:19 pm

Such a joy! This story was very well written.  
Thanks



Jackalynn

May 18, 2020 at 12:15 pm

Very cool! Imaginative and fun. Nicely written dialogue. The ending line is perfect! It made me laugh.



Heidi Christen

May 18, 2020 at 4:05 am

A great story by a great young writer! I love your fun ideas and vivid imagination!

Linda Bayne



May 18, 2020 at 1:23 am

What a wonderful, descriptive story! I felt like I was riding with Tera down the hills. You have a great grasp of vocabulary and used it to advantage in this story. Well done!!



Jan Cline

May 18, 2020 at 12:26 am

Fun and imaginative story! As I was reading this, I could visualize the scenes like it was a little movie. Your word choice was amazing. I can tell you're an avid reader. Writing dialogue can be tricky, but you did a great job. I would love to read more of your stories. Keep it up!



Carol

May 17, 2020 at 11:40 pm

Loved your story Karena! You are a very talented young lady and I look foreword to reading more of your stories.



**Carol Blackwell** (<http://Short%20kid%20stories.com>)

May 17, 2020 at 9:58 pm

Delightful, I can see her hair flying and imagine that it was your mom, only her hair was more red , but maybe Grandma might be the one as she would have definitely wanted to go one more time and skip the pedals. Thank you, we will share with the boys,



Jill Pulk

May 17, 2020 at 9:45 pm

Girl, you've got talent. I was captivated by your story. Descriptive with just the right amount of details. Keep on writing!

Phil Cox

May 17, 2020 at 8:17 pm

Great job on your story. I sepecially enjoyed how you paint a wonderfull picture in my mind of this young girl and her experience. Super Job!



Nzinga

May 17, 2020 at 8:10 pm

A very well written and imaginative story! I was engaged from the beginning until the end. A nice read for all ages!

Nancy Scott

May 17, 2020 at 7:45 pm

This is a wonderful story! I especially love your descriptive language! It was easy to get a picture of your story in my mind. Keep writing!