**A Night time Adventure**

The sky was dark, but the full moon provided light. The night was still and quiet enveloped the fields and the woods. Until you listened carefully for the small rustles that said nocturnal animals were abroad.

Moving softly Hetty made her way to the edge of the woods. Some sixth sense told her that tonight adventure was abroad. She moved forward slowly and carefully senses alert for any unusual sounds or disturbance.

Now the blackness is deeper, the moon obscured by the trees, but this doesn’t bother Hetty her eyes are well adjusted to the night. Paths open up before her, a decision required and made.

Choosing the nearest path, for she knows this will take her into the heart of the wood, she treads carefully, silently, senses stretching to catch any sound or movement. A soft rustle in the leaves causes Hetty to stop patiently waiting, listening for further movement.

After a few minutes with no further sounds she continues on her way deeper into the wood. That she is trying hard not to give away her presence is clear.

Eventually of course they will find out that she is there, but she wants to retain the element of surprise for as long as she can.

She stops, suddenly, her eye catching a movement under the tree ahead she freezes trying not to be seen. What was it? a falling leaf or something more substantial, one of the woods residents or someone else, like her exploring, absorbing the experience of being alone in the wood at night.

To late Hetty realises that she has been spotted, there is no help for it but to run. The chase begins.

Sure footed and unworried now about noise Hetty dashes through the wood, undergrowth scattering in all directions. She is faster but her progress is hampered by a fallen tree branch.

Hetty takes a leap trusting to her speed to see her land safely on the other side. Without breaking stride, the chase continues. The pursuer and the pursued zig zag this way and that trying to escape, trying to find a hiding space. A hedge of brambles provides respite for the pursued, heart thumping, a short moment to rest but relief is brief and fleeting, discovery is imminent.

Run, run, run as fast as you can for the pursued is running for his very life.

But the end is close, both are tiring. Hetty makes one last effort, and with a snap of a neck and the crunch of bone she is the victor. The rabbit is no more.

As the sky lightens and the day dawns, light filters through the trees and we see that, well fed and content the cat sleeps after her nights adventure.