

I
do

Edit and improve together

Once I had to go back to the orphanage before I could head to the city.

It was hard.

You know when you've survived a fire and saved a girl from certain death and have to go all the way back up a mountain to the orphanage you've just escaped?

That's what happened to me.

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Zelda is nice enough: she's kind, she likes my stories, she's fun. Unfortunately, when you're on a journey to find your parents and book hating people keep burning things, those attributes are just not enough.

I decide to share the small amount of bread Mr Kopek gave me – I let her pick a piece off first. She nearly takes it all. I don't say anything, she's only little; maybe her parents didn't have time to teach her about sharing. Stop it Felix. I can't be thinking about parents right now, I need to make a plan. None of my other plans had included a small child who won't stop crying.

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Suddenly, I hear shouting. I can't tell what they're saying but recent experience tells me shouting people is probably not a good sign. "Zelda! Quick! I need you to hide under here!" I whisper through gritted teeth. She does exactly as I ask which I know is hard for her because she hated the straw sticking in her back and really doesn't like the dark. Maybe she can tell from my voice that I'm worried?

I peek over the haystack, I can see people, maybe the people who own the field? Ah yes, they must be out on their morning walk to look at the sheep. With guns. Now I remember there are no sheep in this field- no time to worry about that, the quite sobs from the haystack are getting louder and the haystack is starting to shake. I move the hay aside push my way in so I'm covered and squashed up next to Zelda.

"Please don't cry, we have to stay really still – like we're playing hide and seek."

"They should have told us and counted to ten if we were playing hide and seek – don't you know anything?" Zelda says.

I don't have time to respond as the voices are getting louder. I close my eyes and hold my breath as the voices and footsteps seem to go right past us and begin to get quieter.

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We wait longer than we need to before emerging from our hiding place. The time in the haystack has helped me make my decision: I have no choice. With a heavy heart I give Zelda the last bit of water.

"Come on," I say. "It's a long journey up the mountain and we want to try get there before my friend Dodie eats all the soup."

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Read up to page 73

I	the	my	you	said	
your	are	be	he	no	
a	and	he	I	in	is
it	of	that	the	to	was
as	at	but	for	had	him
his	my	no	not	on	said
so	they	we	with	you	your
what	all	an	we	so	
to	me	call	her	there	
want	go	old	some	he	
all	did	are	be	been	big
call	do	go	then	I've	into
like	me	my	no	of	old
she	see	some	there	they	what
by	came	well	get	has	have
her	here	if	like	little	look
made	make	our	up	or	out
this	were	will	when	where	who
about	back	before	come	could	down
first	from	just	more	much	new
now	off	one	only	other	over
right	their	them	two	want	went
which					
does	tall	come	watch	who	
were	brother	any	there	where	
two	small	love	many	here	
once	buy	worse	thought	talk	
caught	bought	walk	could	anyone	
would	great	son	water	should	