



Do Birds Eat Paint?

By Olivia

Tanny came rushing in.

'Katie! They've seen them again!' She gushed.

'The birds?'

'Yeah. Four of them!'

'The colourful ones? How come everyone else gets to see them and not me? I -'

'That doesn't matter!' Tanny interrupted. 'This time, we've noticed something new! There are strange markings on the bird's feathers! Vivid splashes of colour, some of them just look like delicate, white snowflakes, and others look like blossoming flowers! It was incredible!'

'Oh, I wish I was there! They sound so pretty!'

'They were. But you're the one stuck inside on your phone! Anyway, the strangest thing is, that it seems the birds have been stamping their patterns out onto the bark of the trees. They're everywhere. They really look quite beautiful, but -'

'On the trees? Are they still there? I want to see them! Where are they?'

'They're out on the trees on the nature track, but don't go yet. We think that the birds are spitting it onto the trees.' Tanny explained.

'Spitting? These birds spit out paintings onto trees? Well they must have had five tubes of non-toxic acrylic paint for dinner last night!' I joked.

'Listen, if we're going to catch one of these birds graffitiing on our trees with their saliva, we have to be quiet and hide so we can watch them.'

'Why should I be involved with this? I have better things to do.' I protested.

'Like what?' Tanny inquired. 'And besides, just a few moments ago, weren't you saying how you wished to see the birds?'

I finally gave in. 'Fine, whatever.' I slowly and reluctantly turned off my phone and got up. Then we grabbed some supplies and went outside to look for this strange species of bird.

As we stealthily crept behind a large gumtree, I thought I heard some twigs cracking behind us.

'Tanny!' I whispered. 'I heard a noise behind us! Like, a twig cracking!'

'Don't be such a catfish!' (That's Tanny's word short uses instead of scaredy cat.) 'We're fine!' she hissed.

But I heard it again. So did Tanny, I could tell by the look on her face. It was getting closer.

I swiftly turned around to just see in the corner of my eye, a small boy who looked about 12 running away from us.

Did you see that T?' She nodded in reply.

We silently stood up and crept carefully over to where the boy was. There we found a can of bright fluorescent orange paint, just like the paint on the old tree next to where I was standing.

But we still haven't got a clue as to where these rare birds come from.

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