

**MYSTERY DISAPPEARANCE OF THE
NATIVE BIRD, BLUE WREN**

THE GAZETTE

Missing Blue Wrens

The woodland forests of Sackville are now experiencing an eerie silence as the native bird 'the Blue Wren' is decreasing in numbers and has disappeared, almost completely. A group of teenage detectives calling are trying to solve this ecological dilemma, but so far they have no lead.

The gardener of the nearby school has been reported in to be a possible suspect as he experiment with supposed 'spells and potions'. No clues have yet been found but the group of teenage detectives assure us that it will be solved.

Part 1

I glance up from the newspaper. I had solved some weird mysteries before, but nothing like this. A disappearance this major could be the extinction of an entire species.

I hopped into the passenger seat of my dad's rusty ute, smelling the usual musky metal smell. We drove in silence, the dilemma annoying me as I try to figure out what could cause this. An entire form of bird could not just .. disappear.

We arrived at Sackville, the main part in the bush where blue wrens were mostly sighted. What instantly alerted me was the deathly silence. As I crunched through the dense bushland nothing seemed to be put of the ordinary, except of course, the lack of birds. I came across an old school hidden in the bush . A gardener waived to me. He seemed to be making some sort of fertiliser, though he didn't look comfortable about it. All of a sudden a boy burst through the bush , startling me.

"Hey your one of those investigators, come with me. I just saw something, and it doesn't look like a help to animals."

Then, just as fast as he came, he left again, with me struggling to keep up. Then suddenly he stopped and stared up at a tree. I turned my quizzical gaze towards the tree and gasped out in horror. Accompanying a fearsome scratch lied a smear of a red, thick liquid.

Blood.

THE GAZETTE

Good news for Blue
Wren!

Near Sackville a baby Blue Wren has been found. Scientist have used it to figure out what caused this crisis but so far there have been no breakthroughs.

The blood on the tree was a big clue. The goanna was a local animal and definitely a suspect. The previous morning I crafted a Blue Wren from silk and materials. As I was climbing the tree my hand slipped and my hand scraped against an orange mushroom with awkward green spots. As if creating a reaction, my hand burnt like a chemical invading my skin. This didn't seem normal. "Son, why are you climbing the Blood woods? You'll get the sap all over you." The gardener spoke to me in his gruff voice "Blood wood?" I inquire "The tree creating the blood like sap" If that was not real blood I'm back to page 1



