

The Eaglet has Landed!

'Nooooooooooooooooooooo!'

Andrew ran to grab the safety rope and hoped Louise's safety harness would hold.

Rock climbing is a dangerous sport at the best of times, but climbing down a cliff in a cold north wind was not their idea of fun. Time and the weather were not on their side, but it was their job to rescue the eaglet and they had to act fast.

Suddenly, the rope came to a stop.

'Are you alright?' Andrew yelled.

'Never better. Lovely view from up here,' replied Louise.

Several rocks fell into the sea below as Louise hung in the air like a spider hanging on her thread.

'Very funny! Now get a move on. Those dark clouds are rolling in and they're rolling in fast.'

Carefully, Louise dropped down until she was level with the nest that clung to the cliff. The fluffy head of the sea eagle chick popped up to see what all the fuss was about.

Normally, chicks in the wild would never see or touch a human. But whether the adult birds had been killed or had been scared off by egg collectors was not known. What was known was that the baby chick had been left alone. And if the storm didn't kill it, then having no food would.

Out of one pocket Louise took her pair of thick gloves. Out of the other she took a dead mouse and put it into her rucksack.

The chick's beak stabbed at Louise's hand.

'Here you are little fella. Don't be scared. Mummy's not going to hurt you.'

And with one fast move, the ball of fluff was taken out of the nest and was eating happily in the dark.

Louise now felt something wet on her cheek. She looked up at the black clouds. Taking a deep breath, she grabbed the rock above her head and began the dangerous climb back home.

