

# The Eaglet has Landed!

'Nooooooooooooooooooooo!'

Andrew scrambled to grab the safety rope and prayed Louise's safety harness would hold.

Rock climbing is a dangerous sport at the best of times, but climbing down a rock face with an icy north wind fast approaching, was not their idea of fun. Neither time nor the weather was on

their side. But it was their job to rescue the eaglet and they had to act quickly.

Suddenly, the rope jerked to a stop.

'Are you alright?' Andrew yelled.  
'Never better. Lovely view from up here,' replied Louise.

Several rocks tumbled into the frothy sea below as Louise hung in midair 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 lowered herself down until she was level with the mass of twigs that hung to the cliff wall. No sooner had she arrived than 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 lay eyes on a human being, let alone be handled by one. Both Andrew and Louise agreed that it was better this way. However, whether the adult birds had been scared off by egg collectors or even killed wasn't known. What was known was that the baby chick had been abandoned. And if the storm didn't kill it, then starvation would.

Out of one pocket Louise took her pair of handling gloves. Out of the other she took a dead mouse and popped it into the rucksack that hung over her shoulder.

Wings flapping, 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 swift move, the ball of fluff had been taken from the nest and was eating happily in the dark.

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