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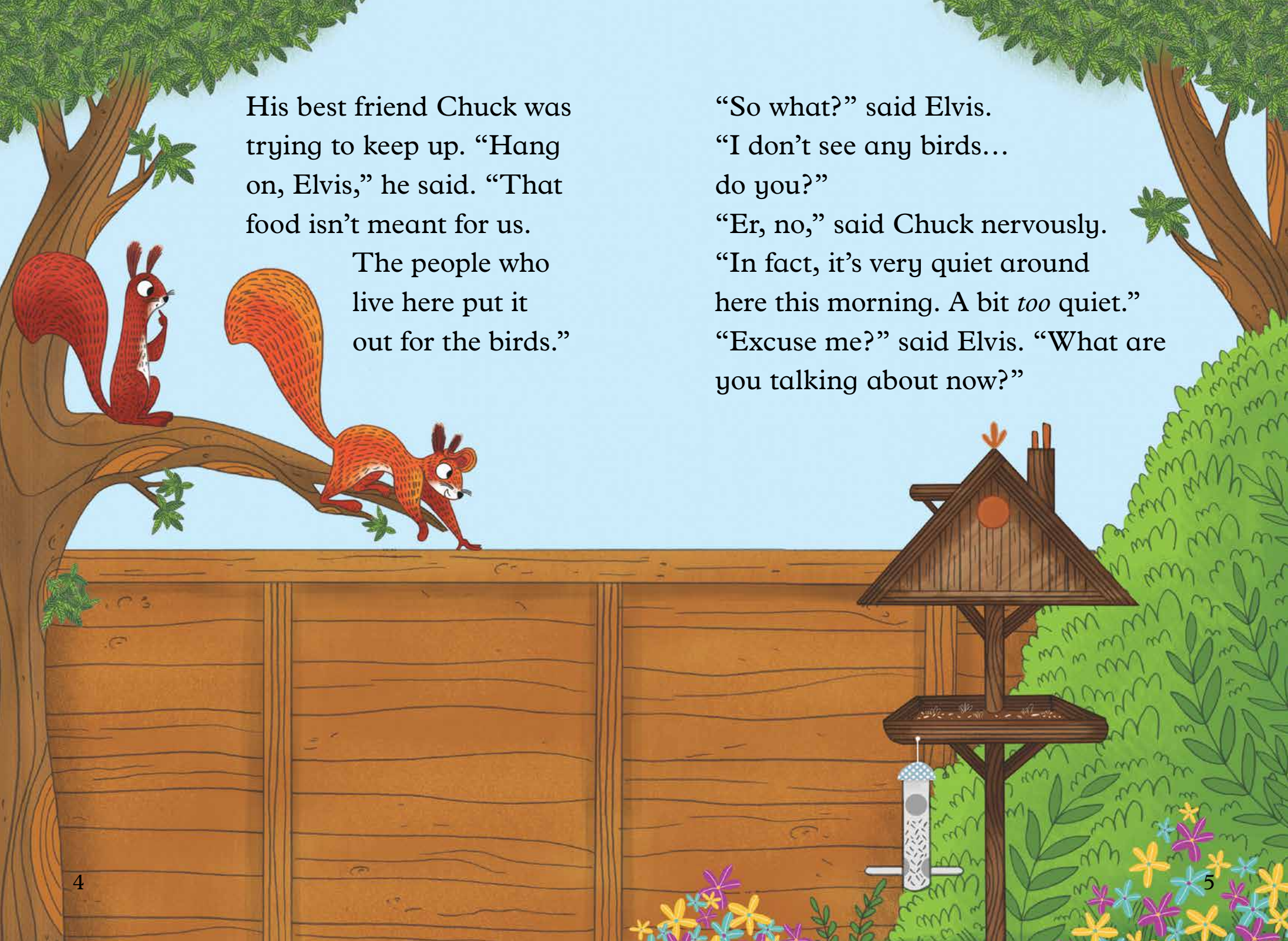
Chapter One

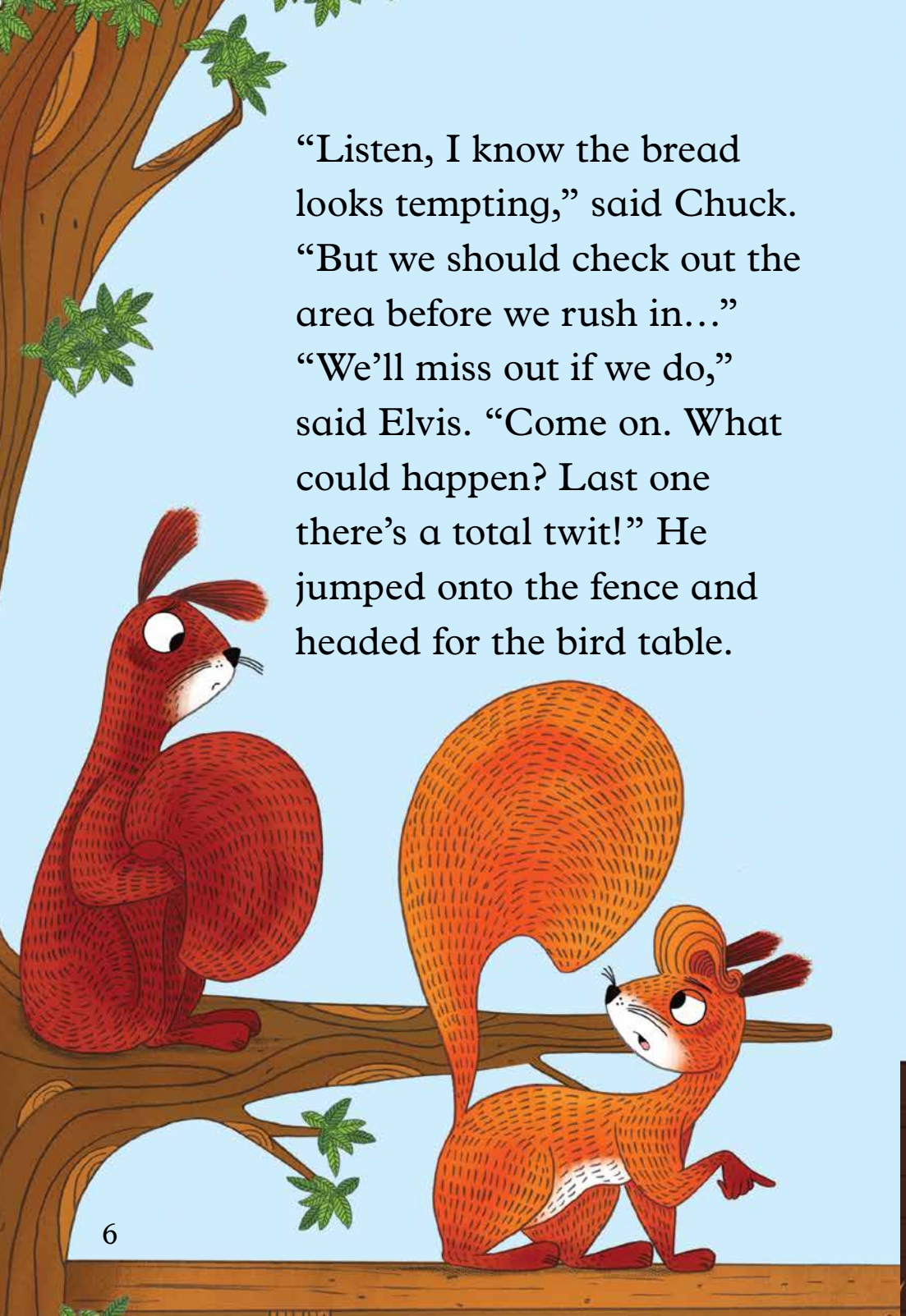
"Hurry up, Chuck!"
said Elvis the Squirrel.
"Breakfast is served!"
Elvis had spotted some
bread on a bird table in
the nearest garden and
was scampering towards
the fence.



His best friend Chuck was trying to keep up. "Hang on, Elvis," he said. "That food isn't meant for us. The people who live here put it out for the birds."

"So what?" said Elvis.
"I don't see any birds… do you?"
"Er, no," said Chuck nervously. "In fact, it's very quiet around here this morning. A bit *too* quiet."
"Excuse me?" said Elvis. "What are you talking about now?"

"Listen, I know the bread looks tempting," said Chuck. "But we should check out the area before we rush in…" "We'll miss out if we do," said Elvis. "Come on. What could happen? Last one there's a total twit!" He jumped onto the fence and headed for the bird table.



Suddenly there was a flapping noise and a shadow fell over them. The squirrels looked up and squeaked in surprise.

A big, dark bird swooped down from the sky, grabbed Chuck in its claws and flew off, cackling with evil laughter.
"Help me, Elvis!" screamed Chuck.
But there was nothing Elvis could do.

Chapter Two

"Phew, thank goodness he's gone," somebody said. Elvis turned and saw a group of birds landing on the bird table. There was a slim Magpie – the one who had spoken – a plump Pigeon, a small Bluetit and a tiny Robin.

"Who was that?" said Elvis. "And where has he taken my friend?"

"That was Ronnie the Raven," said the Magpie. "He's terrifying."

"We keep out of the way when he's around," said the Robin.

"He's probably taken your friend to his nest," said the Bluetit.

"Where he likes to keep his victims for a while…" said the Pigeon.

"Er, I think that's enough for now," said the Robin quickly.
"… before he eats them for dinner," the Pigeon added, ignoring her.