The Huddle



For those who care, and for those that need it.

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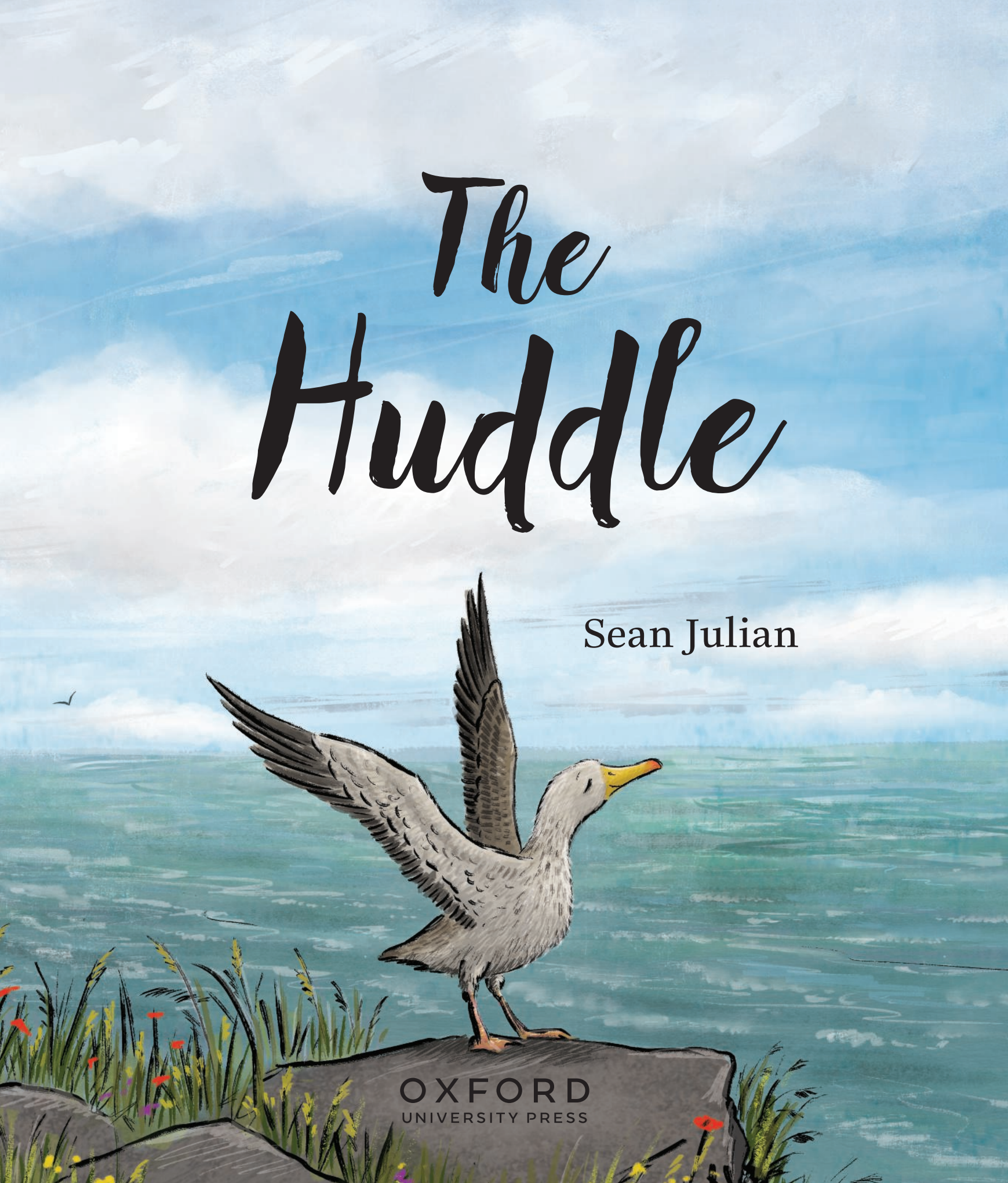
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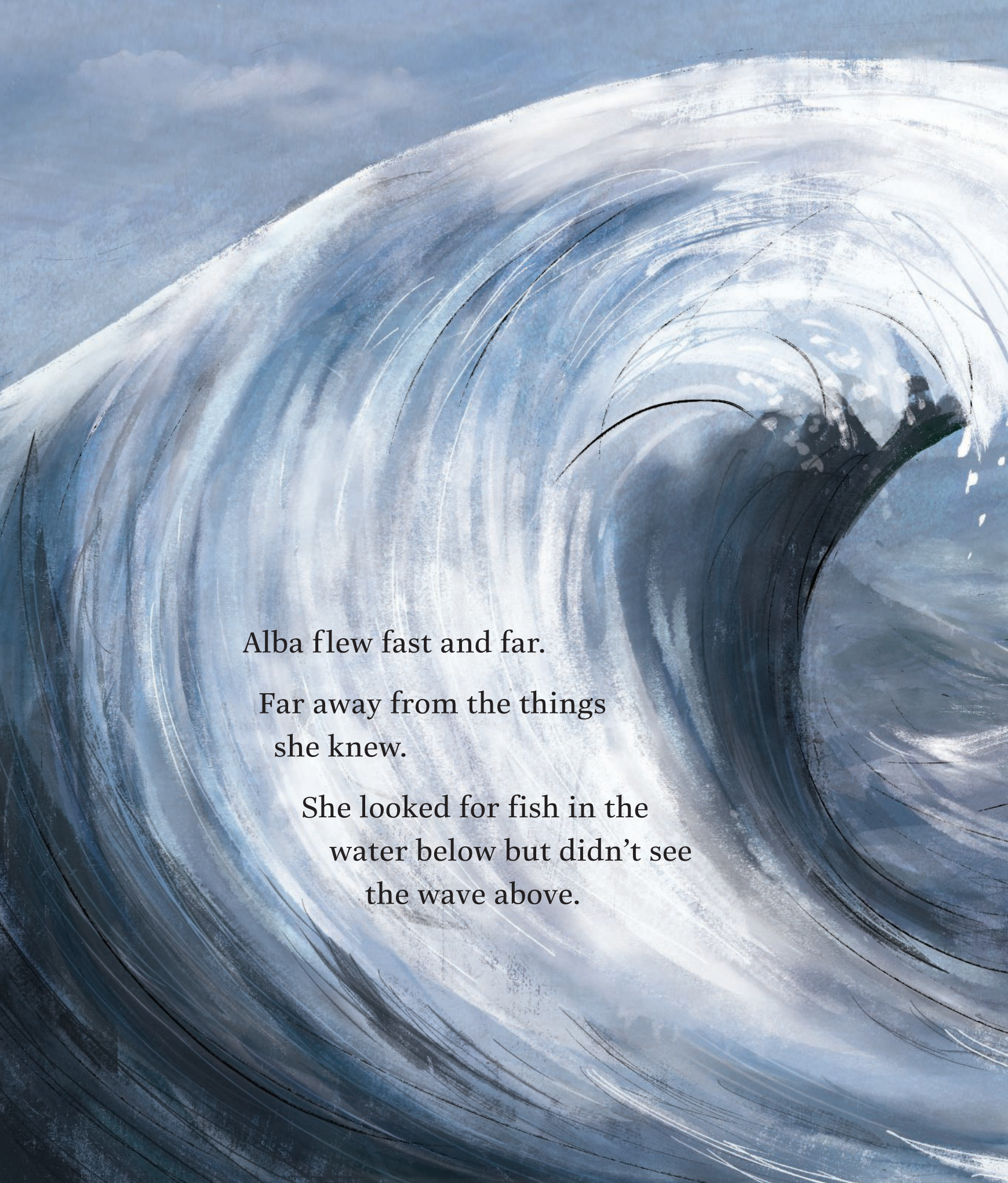
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No longer an albatross chick covered in fluff, Alba now had her big-bird wings.

‘Time to fly,’ she said, letting the wind lift her into the sky.





Alba flew fast and far.

Far away from the things she knew.

She looked for fish in the water below but didn't see the wave above.



It came crashing down . . .


. . . and dumped Alba on a rocky shore.

Her wing wouldn't move.



Too sore and too tired to fly, Alba closed her eyes and slept.

She was all alone.



But when Alba woke . . .