

The Feather of the Shapeshifter

By NS in Class 4

Midday, on the busy streets of Paris, the smell of fresh baguettes flowing softly through the warm summer breeze. The gentle ding of the bicycle bells going by like music, while Parisians sit happily drinking Beaujolais wine and tourists walking excitedly towards the Eiffel tower.

The bird sanctuary was just outside the busy city, much quieter and peaceful. The smell of the pond was revolting, damp and unpleasant, but it was the perfect place for terrific bird watching, and Agent 2894 Z needed terrific bird watching.

As Zedd was gazing at his reflection in the pond, he was wondering what his enemy Simone was doing next. Simone hasn't been able to kill for 15 years and he knows that this is torture for him. Zedd never thought bird watching would be one of his undercover operations but was finding it calming. Zedd was only 26 years old and life was hard. His hair was changing with every operation he took, not as black as it used to be, like liquorice. Wrinkles were now seen under his shape shifter glasses, but, his green eyes were still as bright as emeralds.

Simone stood hidden in a bush beside a bird enclosure looking for a target. Staring at all the birds made him extremely mad, a vision of his past hit him like a boulder.

"Stupid, savage rats of the sky! " he mumbled under his breath. Thinking back at his horrible memory of being tortured by hundreds of rotten, old birds at Champs Elysee s. So badly damaged from his broken neck, you would think his head was attached to his chest, sunken and stiff. This is why he must get his sweet revenge and kill all birds of Paris.