

## **A Bird's Eye View of Paris**

I'm looking over the rooftops of Paris. It's a Sunday morning and there is nothing much to see in the cold misty air, mainly because I struggle to see in the fog. As I shuffle around trying to peer through the whiteness, I see the empty roads with only the golden, orange leaves swirling around the streets. The silence is eerie. I'm lonely but I have to wait for her to come back home. She's late! I wait patiently but struggle to keep still. The fog lifts and the church bells chime loudly. I hesitate for a moment but then remember that my girlfriend won't return until later, so I take advantage of the time and decide to explore.

I flutter my wings and take off into the air in an elegant matter. A feather slowly falls to the ground but gently gets swept away by the breeze. As I fly, I hear the voices of happy cheerful people. It's like the sound of children frolicking in the park and the sound circles me as I continue my flight. I soar over the scenery and continue on flying until I see an ongoing line of people waiting beneath the Eiffel Tower!

The view is sensational but it takes a lot of effort for me to reach the top. It's a shame they don't let me use the elevator as it would be a much easier and less tiring way to reach the peak of the tall tower. I use every muscle in my body and all the effort a little dove can hold. My heart beats rapidly as I struggle for breath. A sudden, icy breeze whistles through my body and forces me to fight against it. I'm relieved of the pain when I rest on the railing of the highest floor of the tower.

My feathery wings are now drooping with exhaustion. I take two deep breaths to fill my lungs with the sweetly scented air. I cautiously turn around and make sure I don't fall off the edge of the railing. As I turn, I see the whole city of Paris. I see building after building. A flowing river splits the city but the bridges let the people mingle between both banks. There is an occasional patch of emerald, green trees where parks were built for the children to enjoy. I'm so high that the asphalt roads can barely be seen let alone the cars driving on them.

The view is lovely but there is only so much interest a dove can maintain. I'm about to take off again, but I want to take one last glance at the crowd on the observation deck. Many people are there, girls, boys, children, grandparents, babies and parents, all sharing the breathtaking view. A sudden feeling of sorrow hits my body like a sword cutting through my back. Every person on the tower has a friend or family member to share the experience with. I on the other hand am alone, away from my loved ones.

*Great, I come all this way to feel lonely when I'm meant to be having a great time.*

It's getting dark anyway and when the golden sunset fades away, I will be forever lost in the darkness. I flutter down the Eiffel Tower. I'm so sad I don't appreciate the cool wind blowing on my hot sweaty face. I reach my home which is just a small crack in the roof of an old wooden building. Once I'm inside, I put my head under my wing for warmth and fall asleep.

The morning wakes me. The golden sun is in the middle of the horizon and many people are about. I shuffle to the entrance of the hole and take off to find her. I fly for a while. Suddenly, I hear a distant chatter. As I glide closer, the noise becomes deafening.

At first all I see is a swarm of small black dots, floating in the sky but as they come closer to me I see that every dot has a set of wings, a beak and feathers and that, the dots are birds! There are hundreds of birds of many colours and sizes.

*Could she be among them?*

The birds swarm closer to me. What am I going to do? It's too late to turn back now. I cautiously flutter into the middle of the flock but have to dodge birds as they shoot past me. I fly left, right, up and down.

*When will I find her? Is she here at all?*

I clash heads with another dove. I start to see the world spinning and lose all sense of direction. Everything is a blur except for the faint silhouette of a dove. I open my eyes wider to see a white dove with bright, green eyes and a wide beak with a blue ring around it, so shiny, it makes the light bounce off it in many colours.

“Long time, no see,” she said and smiled.

I smile too. “I found you.” I replied.

My girlfriend tells me about her time in Spain and the bull fights that she watched. I tell her how lonely I was when she left. I take her to my home in the splintery crack, of the worn out roof. I also show her the view from the top of Notre Dame and the gargoyles that rule the building.

The sun begins to play its usual game of hide and seek. When it finally creeps behind the horizon, the silvery moon rises to take its place. The cold works its way into our bones, so we snuggle up to keep warm.

One month later on a Sunday morning, birds are singing and everyone is happy. Then suddenly, to our surprise, a cracking sound comes from the nest and then the small cheeps of a newborn chick echo through our rooftop home.

*By Sophie*