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INTRODUCTION

The log cabin sat nestled deep in the Blue Mountains outside of Sydney Australia. The pristine woods were filled with towering trees, and the craggy mountains lined the horizon. A young eight-year-old girl played in the backyard of the cabin. She had large blue eyes. Her hair was long, brown, and messy. Her small face was covered with freckles. She loved being in the

outdoors. She had an inquisitive nature and a great love for animals. She was Georgia Livingston.

She watched the squirrel as it played with an acorn at the woods edge.

She smiled.

“Hello little Squirrel.”

The Squirrel stood up. It looked at Georgia.

The squirrels little eyes looked at the girl.

“Aren’t you cute?”

The Squirrel tried to break the acorn. It fell and spun over the acorn. It fell on its backside. It caught the acorn in its feet. Georgia laughed.

“Silly Billy.”

The Squirrel jumped up. It ran into the woods. Georgia was disappointed. She called after the Squirrel.

“Hey, wait!”

She chased the squirrel into the woods.

Georgia ran through the woods. The trees towered over her. She stopped.

The Squirrel stood on the log. It held the acorn in its little arms.

“There you are.”

The Squirrel looked at her. It turned and ran away again. Georgia ran to the large fallen log. She looked down. The egg lay under the log. It was very big and green. Georgia said amazed.

“It is an egg.”

She leant down with excitement.

“A big egg.”

She looked around.

“Where is your momma?”

She heard the adult voice filter through the woods. It was her father’s voice.

“Georgia! Georgia!”

She picked up the egg. She held it under her jacket. She flashed a smile. She told the egg.

“Do not worry. I will look after you until your momma comes back.”

CHAPTER 1

WHAT ARE YOU LITTLE EGG?

The little girl with long brown hair ran with the egg tucked gently under her jacket.

She ran from the woods. She skipped through her backyard, past her toys, and through the back door of her cabin.

Dan Livingston sat at the kitchen table. He was a strongly built man, and he had a weathered face. He was dressed in dirty farming gear from a long day working in the fields. He watched his daughter walk quickly past the kitchen door.

He called out quickly as she disappeared out of sight.

“It was getting late honey”

He heard Georgia call back.

“Sorry Daddy.”

Georgia walked up the stairs with the egg under the jacket.

Georgia closed the bedroom door. She lowered the egg gently to the bed.

She looked at the egg.

“I bet you are so cute.”

Georgia heard her father call out, “Georgia! Dinner’s ready!”

She moved the egg onto the pillow. She looked at the egg amazed.

“Wow!”

She ran out the door.

The wind lightly caressed the nighttime woods.

Georgia sat at the kitchen table. Her father placed the vegetables on her plate. His weathered face looked at Georgia.

“You know how I feel about you playing in the woods at night alone.”

Georgia said with a guilty look.

“I am sorry Daddy.”

Her father looked at his bright eye daughter. He told her.

“Just, I cannot loose you like I did your mother.”

Georgia ate her vegetables.

“I miss Mummy too.”

Dan Livingston looked sad.

“Do not be so sad Daddy,” said to cheer her dad up.

“I love you.”

He smiled.

Georgia made sure her bedroom door was closed. She placed the blanket over the egg. She patted it lovingly.

“All warm and comfy. Tomorrow we will find your momma.”

She kissed the egg. She turned off the lights. She went to sleep.

The light cover of fog hung over the woods as the sun rose.

Georgia ran from the back door of the house with the toast in her mouth. The egg was tucked under her jacket. Her Father shouted from the kitchen window as he watched her run towards the woods.

“Don’t you want the rest of your breakfast?”

Georgia ran towards the trees. She did not hear her father. She looked at the egg in her jacket.

“Let us find your Mommy.”

She ran into the woods filled with towering trees.

The morning light faintly cast down on Georgia as she ran with the egg through the woods.

Georgia stopped at the large fallen log. It was the same fallen log that she found the egg under the previous day. She looked at the ground around the log. She looked for any animal footprints that showed the mother had returned for her egg. There were no footprints to be seen.

“No animal footprints. My dad says mommy’s always come back for their babies.”

Georgia looked sad. She looked at the egg.

“I do not think your mommies coming back.”

She put the egg to her cheek.

“I am going to care for you. I am going to love you so much.”

Georgia sat at her computer. The egg sat in small basket covered with the blanket.

“I have to learn how to care of you little egg,” Georgia said.

Georgia searched the Internet Website’s with the pictures of reptile eggs. The Internet Website’s flashed across the screen as she searched. Georgia

wanted to learn how to take care of the egg. Georgia read the Website's with a serious expression.

The snowy white Owl sat in the tree outside, as if watching the little girl through bedroom window. Georgia sat at the computer for hours reading how to care of big reptile eggs.

Dan Livingston walked along the corridor towards Georgia's room with the plate full of cookies.

The doorknob in Georgia's room began to turn. The doorknob stopped, as if the door had been locked. She heard her father call through the door.

"Georgia honey!"

Georgia looked around. The door shook as her father tried to open it. She heard her father's voice again. It was more urgent this time.

"Why is the door locked?"

Georgia panicked.

She said quickly as she jumped up from the chair.

"Wait a minute!"

She threw the blanket over the egg. She changed the website to a screen filled with little Princesses. She ran across to the door. She unlocked and opened the door. Her father stood looking at her questioningly.

"Why was the door locked Georgia?"

She said innocently.

“Even little girls need privacy daddy.”

He placed the plate of cookies on the bed. The egg that was concealed under blanket sat next to the plate of cookies. Dan Livingston looked over her room.

“You have been up here all day. You need to eat,” he told her worried that she had been hidden away in her room all day.

She nodded.

“I will eat.”

She took a cookie from the plate and ate it. Father moved to the door. He told her as he left.

“And don’t stay up too late honey.”

Georgia swallowed the cookie, and said.

“I won’t.”

The door closed and Georgia gently locked the door again. Georgia flicked the computer screen back to the website filled with the pictures of reptile eggs. She pulled the blanket off the egg again. She smiled.

“It says I have to keep you warm.”

Georgia placed the lamp over the egg.

“Until you hatch.”

She looked at the egg.

“They say it is good to sing to babies. So I am going to sing to you.”

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