

Jasmine

Sunlight bubbles through dappled autumn leaves, and the forest is light, and airy. The bare branches of the trees sway in a chilly breeze. A petite figure springs from the dry leaf litter, and closely observes its surroundings. It is a squirrel, and it sets off, snaking through the fallen leaves, all the while chocolate eyes surveying the possibilities of danger.

The small creature swiftly clambers up a nearby oak, and as it does so, a hawk, keen on the prospect of prey, spies it. As it closes in, the squirrel becomes aware of its presence. Glossy, sun-soaked feathers rustle as the menacing creature looms over the small, cowering animal. Majestic wings spread, it takes flight once more . . .

Leaves drift silently to the ground, reserving their place amongst others, as a chase begins overhead. Glittering talons reach out grasping for their fresh kill. The squirrel leaps from tree to tree, panicked. It retires to the safety of a nearby clump of leaves, though it still is aware of the hawk present outside. Determined for a mouthful of prey, the hawk claws at the leaves. Dazed, the squirrel leaps out to a branch, and then to the ground.

Gwyneth

At around midday the forest is so quiet and calm; everyone is at work, all the children are at school, it's deserted. A tiny squirrel twitches in a nearby tree, it jumps down, wary and alert. She darts silently through rays of hazy sunlight and falling leaves fluttering down on a gentle breeze. But, unbeknownst to the squirrel, it's in mortal danger. From the branches of a particularly high tree it is being scrutinized by prying eyes. The hawk takes off soaring effortlessly on tremendous wings. He is sleek with mottled plumage and powerful talons. All peace is forgotten as this colossal bird swoops down with a malicious purpose. But as many of us forget; everyone needs to eat