

Chapter 10 Jack Sprout & The Story of Redtail McCallister

“That's when Redtail McCallister came staggering out of the East Woods. He was worn out and haggard looking. Most of his strong colorful feathers were broken or missing. His normally clear eyes were hollow and his face was drained of color. His legs were shaking so badly he was barely able to stand. The high speed flying and tight turns had taken their toll on him.” said Harry.

“What've you done?” we all shouted. “How could you do this to us? We thought you were our friend.”

“Look around,” wheezed Redtail, “look what you've done to our high mountain meadow home. You're killing it! You keep this up and we'll all die from the smoky skies, pollution, dirty water and barren hillsides. Never will I let you treat our home like this again! Remember this day for the rest of your lives!” shouted Redtail McCallister with all the energy he had left in his body.

“With that, the tired red-tailed hawk turned and limped back into the East Woods. He wasn't seen again for several months as his wounds slowly healed. Finally, when fully recovered, he began patrolling our high mountain meadow skies once again.”

“We stopped our old bad habits and began taking better care of our high mountain meadow home. Beaver Creek Meadow is now the healthy, colorful, lush place you see today. The land is green and clean, the sky and waters are clear, and the rainbows are bright. We've learned our lesson,” said Harry.

“Well, Jack Sprout, that's the story of Redtail McCallister the red-tailed hawk. Now you know,” they said.

“Wow! That's the greatest story I've ever heard! I'll be sure to get off on the right foot with Redtail. He won't have any trouble with me. I promise!”

In my next story, I meet Rapidfire Rabbit. He was causing trouble in my fields until Redtail McCallister came over and solved the problem.

Until next time, keep growing!

Jack Sprout