On a dark and misty night when the wind was howling like wolves, a strange feeling occurred like he was being watched by a number of animals. He checked outside his window into the gloomy, mysterious forest. There was a bird of prey lying on the floor. It looked like the wing was broken so he picked it up and rushed with it inside. He was confused with the sight of a peregrine falcon in his arms. He couldn’t let his Dad find out or he’d kill it and feed it to his dog and his cat and even his dad might eat it. He decided to name it Peter and after a few months it got better. He fixed his wing but that never stopped the bird from leaving, it stayed with him. A few days later, he woke up to see it had gone. He looked all around for it then it flew through the window with a stick. No ordinary one, a special one with ancient carvings that looked a lot like worms. Then all of a sudden it started glowing. Why…?