

TEN WORD TALES No. 6  
**Quest for a Quetzal**  
by The Story Spinner

CHAPTER 3



Resplendent Quetzals are probably the most admired of all the quetzals: they are resplendent in colour (very shiny) and in feathers (crests and long flowing tails). In the very old days, tribes in the forest would collect their feathers and wear them in battle, for luck.

Alanza loved all birds but she preferred delicate hummingbirds and all their weird and wonderful varieties and names, like the booted-racket-tail, with its fluffy legs and long blue-tipped tail-feathers, or the Andean emerald, with feathers that splintered into a rainbow of bright burning blues whenever it caught the sunlight. To find a new bird would be amazing. She was very excited.

She and her dad got up at 4am. Alanza said goodbye in whispers to her mum, who was awake, and tiptoed out, so as not to disturb her three little brothers, fast asleep.

They set off up the bumpy road to the reserve. Thirty people had gathered. The professor put everyone in pairs, Alanza with her dad. Maps and radios were given out as there was no phone signal up in the cloud forest.

Each pair was to start on specific tracks, spreading out in a star-shape from the lodge. They must check-in, for safety, every 90 minutes. Alanza and Javier had been given the southern tip of the reserve, Alanza's favourite bit of jungle. They switched on their head-torches, and stepped out into the dark.

**Read Chapter 4 tomorrow!**