

A white heron

[People](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

A White Heron - Alternate Ending " The tree seemed to lengthen itself out as she went up, and to reach farther and farther upward. " Her pale face glimmered in the new sunlight that appeared just over the horizon. She sat atop the mighty tree for a lengthy amount of time, taking in the true beauty of the scenery. As Sylvia was drawn aback with the breathtaking view, a white flash caught her eyes. It was the heron. Sleek, mysterious and mind-blowing; it careened atop the treetops.

She followed it attentively, being sure to know the exact location of its nest. After all, the boy back home was willing to pay a sum of none in trade for the location of the nest. Sylvia carefully made her way down the large tree, as she descended, she tired. When her bare feet reached the familiar wet ground of the forest, she knew she had a decision to make. Emotions welled up inside her, and she was overtaken by her conflicting thoughts. If she told the location of the bird, it would be killed.

If she kept it to herself, however, it would remain in the world, but she would forgo the money and friendship from the hunter. Her tiny, torn up feet carried her across the forest floor as if they were not her own, as if they were automatic. A blank stare covered her face, and tears plagued her eyes. She loved all woodland beings, especially the heron. It was rare, and it was magnificent. Sylvia knew she was getting close to arriving back home to her eager grandmother, who wanted the money, and the hunter, who desperately wanted the heron.

It was not a winning situation for her either way. She could not bear to see the bird destroyed, yet was so tempted to keep a friendship as well as help

her grandmother. Just as she became entirely overwhelmed with the gravity of the situation, she had reached the gate and heard the ever so friendly voice call out, " Slyly! Slyly! Have you returned? " Panic stricken, she walked monotonously to the front porch. Two eager faces awaited her arrival. One was familiar, wrinkled and warming; tender eyes looking softly at her filled with hope.

On the contrary, the other was freckled and enthusiastic. The hunter looked at her keenly, wiped a crocodile tear from her face and asked, " Sylvia, did you find the location of the bird? " This was it, when her decision had to be made. Tear stricken and unable to decide, she replied with a meek mimes. " She took him into the forest to show him the location of the bird. Sylvia turned away as he raised his gun, eating one final glance at this magnificent creature. One thunderous, echoing shot later, and it was done.

The pristine, white feathers were now stained with a crimson rose red blood. As the hunter gathered his kill, he could see the pain in her face. He looked down upon her with a bittersweet glance, " I am sorry to have taken this creature from your realm; rest assured I will compensate in paying your grandmother double my original offer. " He picked up the small tearful child with arms wrapped around his neck, and returned her home to her grandmother before saying his final goodbyes and being on his way. A White Heron By skies win