

Gertie Flies to Scotland
But does she find her family?

By Gill Huyton
Illustrations by Gill & Les Huyton

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Gertie Goose had been flying alone for many days and nights in search of her family. Her young wings had flapped thousands of times, her muscles ached, and her tummy rumbled with hunger.

“Where are you, Mummy? I miss you so much. I’m so sorry I refused to go with you and you had to leave me behind.”

On she flew, looking all around, hoping she would spot her somewhere in the pale blue sky. But Mummy Goose was nowhere to be seen.

Her tummy growled, “Feed me,” and Gertie started daydreaming of green grass and rows of fresh cabbages. Even a leafy green lettuce would do; she was that hungry.



"I must stop," she thought. "But where?" Looking down and all around, there was just the deep blue sea. "Keep going," she told herself, but she felt sad and weary. **Flap, Flap, Flap** went her wings hour after hour after hour. Amidst all the blue sea up ahead, she caught sight of a patch of green. Her little heart skipped a beat.

"Hurrah, at last! An island," she squawked and flew down at a terrific speed until she spied a good spot to land.

There was rich, green grass and a loch where she could get a much-needed drink, but she couldn't see any other geese.

She flew lower until her feet touched the ground. Then, "UGH!" she groaned as she tumbled head over heels until she finally came to a stop flat on her tummy.

"Nope, I still haven't got the hang of this landing lark," she chuckled.

