

Episode 9

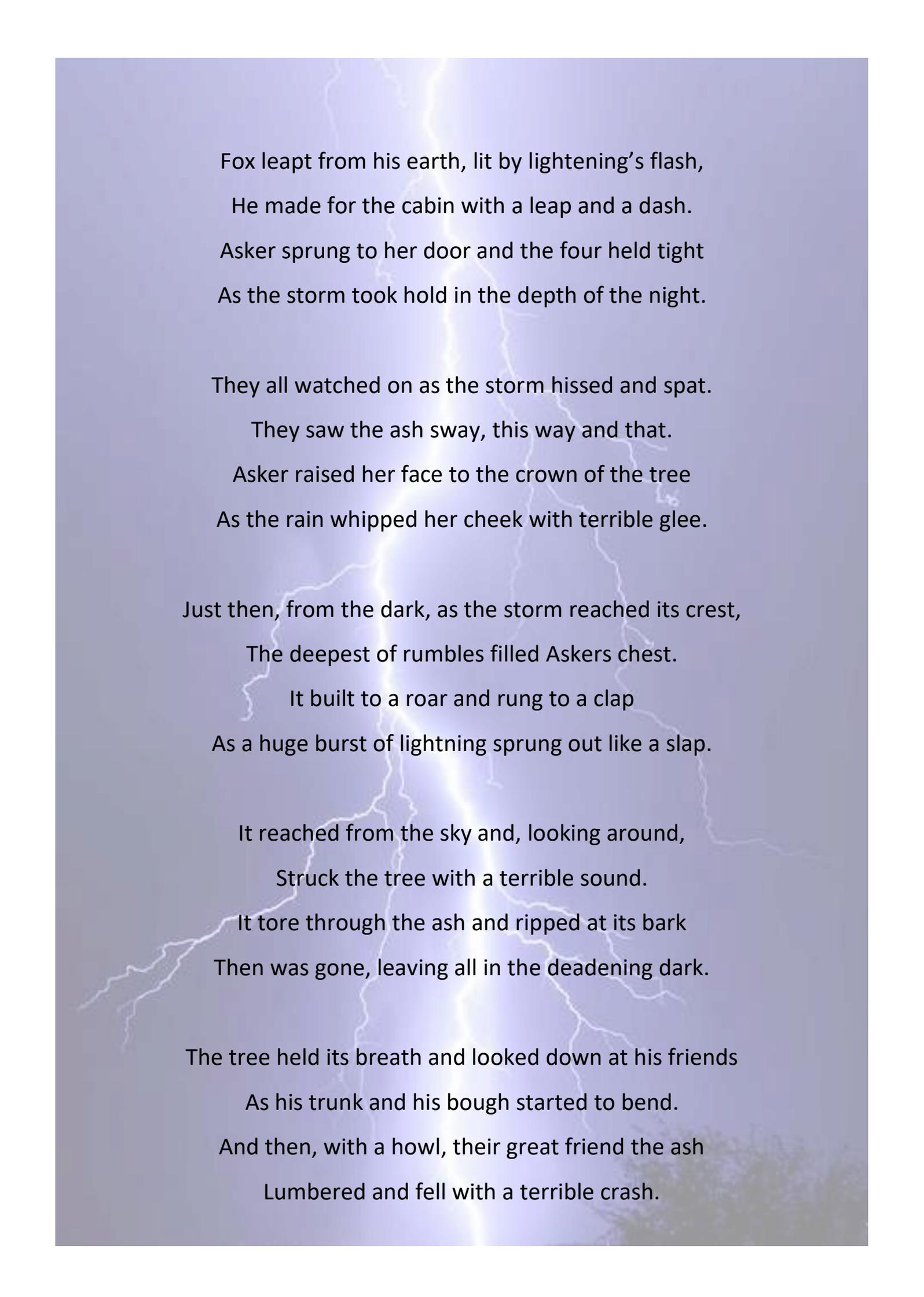
The Storm

Late in the summer, in the heat of the wood,  
The night brought with it a darkened hood.  
The wings of a storm loomed wide overhead,  
Filling the thicket with depth as it spread.

The rain came on tiptoe, one spot at a time.  
It tapped out a rhythm as the wind blew the rhyme.  
It sucked in the day as a chill filled the breeze.  
The squall charged the forest with a deep chested wheeze.

The squirrel cried out as she leapt from her nest,  
Her heart rapped with fear in the small of her chest.  
She dashed to the bough where the magpie held tight  
And they leapt, full of worry, towards Askers light.

The fox, from his hole, watched the sky turn black,  
While the gale flicked its whip with a fearful crack.  
Then a deep hacking cough rose up from the storm  
And the leaves from the ground whipped through as a swarm.



Fox leapt from his earth, lit by lightning's flash,  
He made for the cabin with a leap and a dash.  
Asker sprung to her door and the four held tight  
As the storm took hold in the depth of the night.

They all watched on as the storm hissed and spat.

They saw the ash sway, this way and that.

Asker raised her face to the crown of the tree  
As the rain whipped her cheek with terrible glee.

Just then, from the dark, as the storm reached its crest,

The deepest of rumbles filled Asker's chest.

It built to a roar and rung to a clap  
As a huge burst of lightning sprung out like a slap.

It reached from the sky and, looking around,

Struck the tree with a terrible sound.

It tore through the ash and ripped at its bark  
Then was gone, leaving all in the deadening dark.

The tree held its breath and looked down at his friends

As his trunk and his bough started to bend.

And then, with a howl, their great friend the ash  
Lumbered and fell with a terrible crash.