

The boy with the bird– Art

Below is an extract from *The Wilderness War* by Julia Green which describes an incredible moment experienced by Noah.

Your challenge is to create a piece of artwork (drawing, painting or sculpture) which explores this moment. Consider how you will make the audience focus on the most important part of the text, how you can communicate where the moment takes place and also what the mood and atmosphere is. Would certain colours, shapes or forms do this best?

Photograph your artwork and upload it to seesaw.

He climbed the lookout tree and sat for ages on the wooden platform, his stomach churning, his mind blank.

Crow landed nearby, on the rowan tree. Noah knew it was a rowan tree because he'd looked it up. It had berries in the winter. Its other name was *mountain ash*. They grew wild in places like Scotland. But someone must have planted this one.

One of the people who had once lived in the street, and gardened here.

Urgh. Why had he never thought about all these signs that the Wilderness had once been gardens and orchards, and owned by someone? He felt stupid.

Crow flew over and landed right beside Noah's foot.

Noah fished into his pocket and found some seed.

Noah kept very still. He held his arm out straight, the seed safe inside his closed fist.

Crow flew up. He perched on Noah's arm, cocked his shiny dark head and looked right at him.

'So, you are getting braver, Crow.' Noah talked very softly, the way Crow liked. 'Brave enough to let me touch you, yet?'

Crow moved his head, as if he was listening.

Noah slowly stretched out his other arm, and moved it closer, slowly, slowly, until he was touching the bird's head with one finger. He waited, holding his breath. He stroked Crow's head.

He opened his hand out, and Crow pecked up the seed.

Noah let out his breath. Wow. That was amazing. Crow trusted him at last.

And then the moment was over. Natalie came running through the grass, making a racket, scaring everything. Crow flapped up and away.

