

Excerpt Chapter 9

CYRIL'S ADVENTURE

Light slowly peered over the horizon as Cyril woke up. His bravery waned as the sun grew stronger. Butterflies aren't designed for this sort of affair, he thought. Danger loomed and he was frightened. There was no going back: once a hero always a hero. Think of the adulation when I return. What if I don't come back? No, I'm far too clever for that. Buoyed by this, he set off.

Flying over the plain, he headed for the Facility. Hundreds of Nokemys appeared and disappeared way below him. They mean business, he thought as he passed unseen, high above them. Eventually, shimmering in the distance, he saw the Facility. From high above he surveyed the scene. Guards were everywhere. Not a doorway or road was left unattended. Flying lower now, he had a closer look. Courage flowed through him and he flew amongst the Nokemys. None bothered with him. One took an idle swipe at him but he was way too fast, avoiding it easily. Careful, I must be careful, he thought. Flying over the building, he looked for a place to land. Enormous, flat and unguarded, the roof was an inviting airstrip. Delicately landing next to a large grill set into the roof, he looked around. There was no one.

Fear coursed through his veins. Outside, he had the freedom to fly. Now he had to go inside where he could be seen and swatted more easily. Invisibility was his only form of defence but it took time. Would he have the time? Heroics didn't appeal anymore. Home was all he wanted,

someone else could save the world. All thoughts of going any further had vanished when he heard a voice.

'Cyril, it's alright, there's no need to be afraid.'

'Silveree, is that you?' asked Cyril.

'Yes.'

'I thought you said you couldn't help!'

'I can't, but I can come with you.'

Cyril began to feel better now he had a friend with him.

'Come on, in we go,' encouraged the voice.