An information processing approach to reading (Munro 1995)

My Pet Eagle

It was a blue sky day in late December. There was still snow on some of the hilltops and not a cloud in sight. David and Carl had set out early for Lake Albina this morning. They were on the lookout for David's pet eagle.

David had raised the eagle from when it was a chick. He had found the wedge-tailed eagle in a fallen nest. Poachers had killed the birds' parents.