

Ending spotter

little metal camel

I watched the girl stumble into the deep, natural tunnel. Fossils and animal paintings lined the walls but her gaze was fixed on the scruffy parcel nestled between stones on the floor. I noticed her tremble as, with gentle hands, she unwrapped the bundle.

With a sparkle of light and a metallic tinkle, the model of the little, metal camel fell into her hand. Finally, the royal treasure was back with its true owner. With a giggle of delight, she looked at her prize and carefully tucked it into her satchel.

It would be a struggle to safely smuggle the camel back to the castle but she held her head high. She would tackle each puzzle, scuffle and battle with her usual, noble bravery.

