

The strange noise

Once upon a time on a september morning I got up very early and went with my grandpa in his forest to collect fresh mushrooms. We drove very deep into the forest. The trees stood very close and only on some places the sun could shine through. It was a little bit foggy and very quiet. I only heard the rustling of the leaves and some singing noises from the wind. We started to collect mushrooms and after a while I heard a strange noise, which sounded very scary and like the crying of a baby. I was really terrified and looked for my grandpa, but he was not there. Where on earth was he? The noise repeated and I went lonley, very carefully and slowly into this direction. Very excited about what I would find, I suddenly realized that there was blood on the ground. I followed the blood trail and heard the horrible noise again but louder. My grandpa was still missing. Some seconds later I found a deer with a trap on its leg lying in the grass under a bush. Now I shouted for my grandpa as loud as I could. Fortunately he came to me. Then we helped the deer out of the forbidden trap and it ran away. Hopefully it wasn't hurt so bad. After that we took our mushrooms and drove home. I asked my grandpa: „Where have you been?“ He answered: „I found a place with a lot of shrooms, which I collected all.“ 😊



The links from the photos:

<https://pixabay.com/de/photos/schotterweg-sonnenstrahlen-wald-1789903/>

<https://pixabay.com/de/vectors/falle-erfassen-grizzly-b%C3%A4r-bein-33819/>

<https://pixabay.com/de/photos/reh-capreolus-capreolus-ricke-tier-880581/>