

The Huddle



For those who care, and for those that need it.

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No longer an albatross chick covered in fluff, Alba now had her big-bird wings.

‘Time to fly,’ she said, letting the wind lift her into the sky.



A large, swirling blue wave with a person visible inside the barrel. The wave is rendered with dynamic, brush-like strokes in various shades of blue and white, creating a sense of motion and depth. The person is silhouetted against the lighter water inside the wave's barrel.

Alba flew fast and far.

Far away from the things
she knew.

She looked for fish in the
water below but didn't see
the wave above.



It came crashing down . . .

... and dumped Alba on a rocky shore.



Her wing wouldn't move.



Too sore and too tired to fly, Alba closed her eyes and slept.

She was all alone.



But when Alba woke . . .