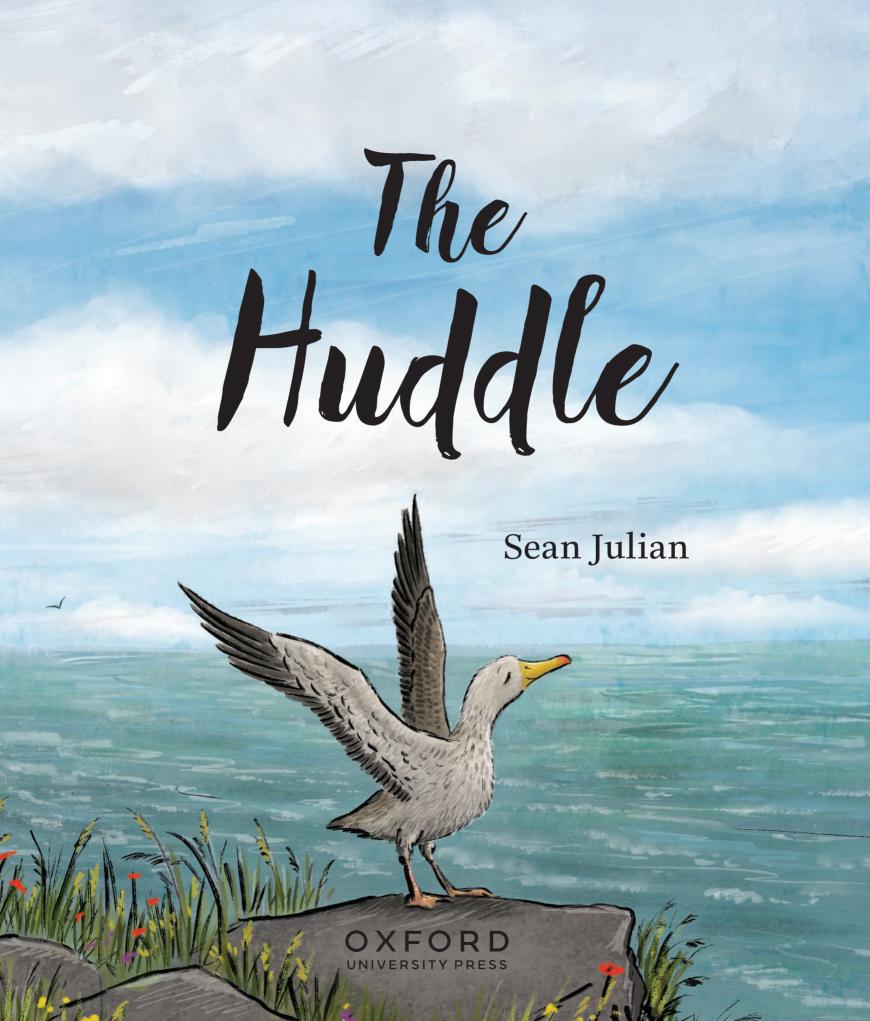
The Huddle





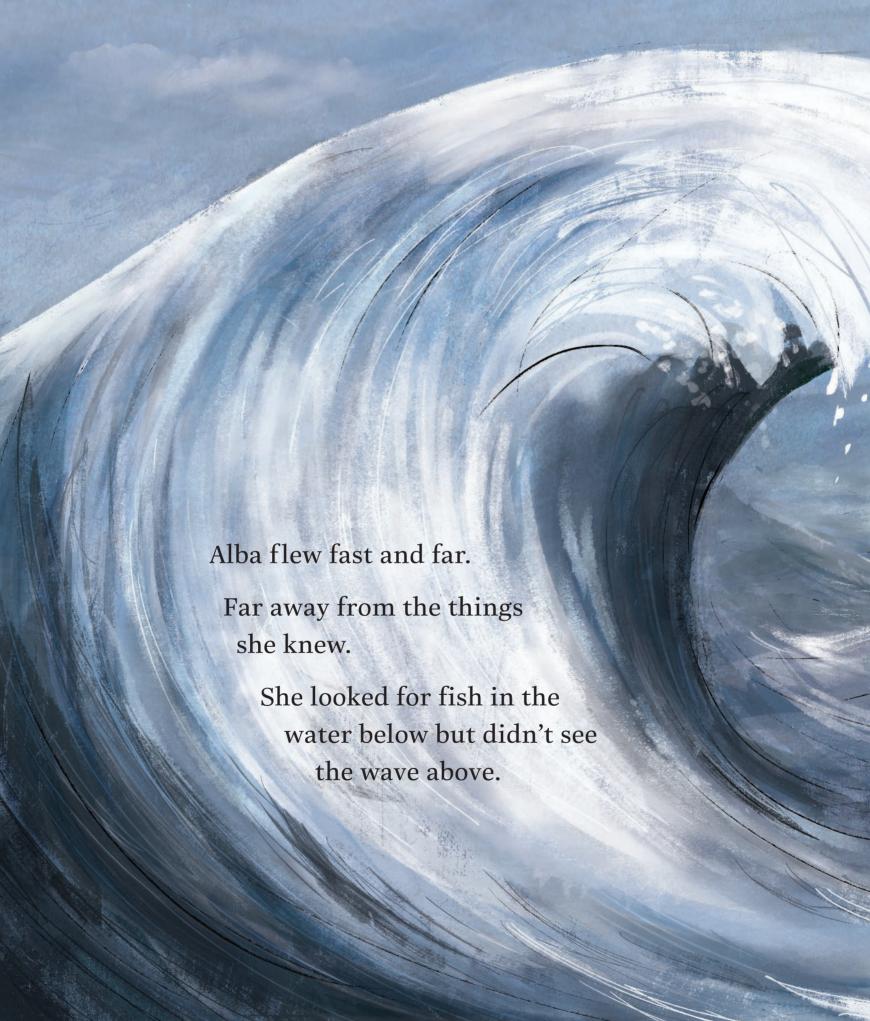




No longer an albatross chick covered in fluff, Alba now had her big-bird wings.

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











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

She was all alone.



But when Alba woke . . .