

The Adventures of Rabbie, A Scottish Terrier



Chapter 2

Rabby Meets The Swans

The Lord and The Lady of the Manor House have placed a regal looking pair of mute swans into the area of the lake. They are called mute swans because they do not make any sound with their throats. The graceful and beautiful birds are snowy white with black-knobbed orange beaks. They immediately made themselves at home. They glided across the calm waters to nearly halfway, then returned to the shore. The pair walked out of the water and onto the grassy knoll which reached from the water's edge to the very lawn and gardens of The Manor House. On this day, they did not venture far from the water's edge.

Rabbie saw all this and was stopped in his tracks by the wonder of these new creatures. They seemed to be searching for food as they walked under the linden tree, then turned toward the hedgerow which lined a path toward the lawn. Here they pecked at the base of the hedge. Rabbie did not understand creatures who ate from the ground at all, but he was immediately drawn to this large pair of birds. It was in that moment of discovering new friends that he raced toward them, hoping for a pleasant romp across the lawn.

To Rabbie's surprise, as he neared the swans, they straightened their graceful necks, lowered their heads nearly to the ground...and attacked him! As he tried to escape the unfriendly creatures, one was on either side of him, pecking viciously at him with their powerful beaks. "Caw, caw, caw", squawked old Jock Daw from a limb of the linden tree. Jock's outcry startled the swans and, in that moment when their attention was drawn to the croaky old daw overhead, Rabbie made his escape. He ran as fast as his wee, short legs would carry him until he reached the safety of the cottage door.

With a deep sigh, he lay down on the doormat, his head resting on his front paws, and thought about his new and hostile acquaintances. Life for him was certainly going to be different. *Och*, thought Rabbie, *I may never again be able to stop at the lake and lap my fill of cool water.*

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