

they had no time for making slings. Ah Chu's urgent whistle told them that. Much-to-Learn flung his good arm around his father's neck and they hobbled back to their hideaway.

'Two heartbeats later, the Chimera glided down to its birth^{place} amongst the splintered wood of the workshop.

'Safely back in the bushes, Wise-as-an-Owl flipped through the pages in the Book of Spells until he found the page he needed: *How to Destroy the Chimera*. Tashi tried to peep over his shoulder, but it was too hard to read the words in the dusky light, the ancient writing crawling over the paper like spiders' legs. ^{ancient writing} His friends were making ^{Lotus Blossom made} Much-to-Learn as comfortable as ^{she} they could with a sling and a splint, so he turned to help.

new para
simplify here?
run on?

Soon the old man lifted his head. "Yes, it's quite straightforward. Once we get the ingredients from my library—"

'Ah Chu choked. "Go back ^{in?} down there, do you mean?"

"Just give me a list," Tashi said quickly. "I know where all your potions and mixing bowls are kept, Wise-as-an-Owl, ^{I'm quick and light -} and being quicker and lighter than you, it will be easier for me to clamber over all that wreckage. Look," he went on, "it's nearly dark and the Chimera has been quiet for ages. In a little while I'll creep down and see if it's ^{asleep} gone to sleep."

~~Later,~~ Tashi wished he felt as brave as he had sounded. He thought his pounding heart would surely wake the Chimera as he carefully felt his way over the smashed walls and windows. A droning noise greeted him as he drew near. The Chimera lay, eyes closed, wings furled amongst the wreckage.

his?

Tashi tiptoed ^{to} past the library in the main house, where the moonlight poured through the windows, lighting up the shelves of beakers in its cold, eerie beam. Working silently, Tashi found the ingredients on his list, one by one, and put them into a large mixing bowl. He was almost finished when a flurry of wings rose up behind him.

We need scary tension here!

suggest that instead of the owl, the serpent's tail could

come into play...

'He stood, transfixed, as his insides turned to water. He tried to slow his frantic breath, to make his hands still. Maybe the creature would think he was a statue, or a piece of wood. At long last he peeped behind him, and laughed with relief to see an owl flying off for its night's hunting.

let picture show the moonlight on beakers etc

too difficult for young readers?