



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Trixie's Burglar

Mary Graham Bonner

It was the middle of the night, and Trixie the parrot had her head tucked under her wing. The whole house was asleep.

Then something made her wake. She lifted her head and looked around with sleepy eyes.

There was someone in the corner. Standing very still in the dark, with only a small light that flashed once and went out.

Trixie was uneasy — but she decided this must be a very peculiar sort of guest. She had better be polite.

"Hello," she said.

The man in the corner made a low, irritated sound.

He didn't answer me, thought Trixie. I'd better try again.

"HELLO," she shrieked.

"Will you be *quiet*?" the man hissed.

"No," said Trixie clearly. "Never still."



She said it rather loudly. Upstairs, her master heard the parrot — and he knew at once that something was wrong. Trixie only ever said "never still" when there was someone in the room.

He came downstairs. As he reached the hallway, he saw a man disappearing out the window — which had been left open. The burglar had spent the last few minutes trying to throw a heavy coat over Trixie's cage to silence her. He hadn't managed to take a single thing.

Trixie ruffled her feathers and went back to sleep.

Instagram: @riri_reading · Pinterest: pinterest.com/ririocom