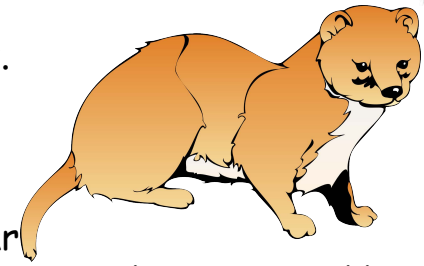

A weasel zipped along the forest floor; it was night. She poked her head underneath the year's dead leaves and sniffed. She stopped for a moment, one paw raised in the air, and her sensitive nose twitched. She listened for the sound of mice in the leaves, but all she could hear was a faint crackling as dead leaves fluttered from the trees. She continued her hunt. She glanced upward, and her sharp little eyes saw a mother bird sitting on her nest. The weasel hid in a bush while the mother fell asleep, then she leaped onto the tree. Her little paws clutched the trunk, and her claws dug into the bark. It was no effort to heave her little body onto the branch. The bird awoke as the weasel came towards her. She squawked in fury and began to beat the weasel about the head with her wings!