The clouds rolled in upon each other, its hungry saliva raining down upon the huge leaves of trees. In response, the trees rustled, protesting, as drops of water sailed across the air. Lost in the forest, Alder shivered in his drenched clothes. His class had left him behind while looking for the required berries. A distinct memory of Ms Belladonna hollering at Hawthorn lingered in Alder’s mind, dancing and mingling with the dark storm clouds. The rainforest seemed to cackle mockingly as Alder continued creeping along. ‘Where are we?’ hissed a voice behind Alder, making him jump. He sighed with relief when he realized it was Sequoia. The leaves stared at them, curious of why such beings would be in their home. They whispered to each other, gossiping about Alder and Sequoia. The clouds watched on, high-headed and regal at their authority in the sky. Vines draped from branches, mischeviously veiling any exits like tightly-closed curtains.

Alder and Sequoia moved along, wary of their curious surroundings. Occasionally, a vine or two would reach out and make a grab at them, before swinging back into the forest. A tree arched its magnificent back, shimmering with raindrops. Next to it, another tree groaned creakily at the howling wind that sweeped its humid cloak around the forest. A bromeliad sighed as a tiny pool slipped into its green, leafy cup. Suddenly, a call echoed through the rainforest, disturbing the plants. They rustled, irritated at the call that interuppted their damp peace. The call came again, this time more clear against the furious storm. ‘ALDER! SEQUOIA! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?!?!’ ‘Ugh,’ grumbled Sequoia, ‘I don’t think Hawthorn needs to yell that loud.’ Together, Alder and Sequoia dashed towards the voice, shoving and tearing plants heedless of the rage of the plants. A branch whipped at their faces as they ran, shoving a faceful of angry leaves in their faces. They shoved it off, running until – CRASH! ‘Ow ow ow…’ groaned Hawthorn. ‘Sorry,’ apologized Sequoia and Alder. Ms Belladonna began running towards them, a look of fury on her face. An enraged hawthorn swiped at them, coincidentally whacking Hawthorn. Sequoia and Alder glanced at each other as the sleepy sun emerged, lazily sweeping clouds away. They were about to be in big trouble!