

GILL LEWIS



THE ISLAND VET

Devil Bird Island

Illustrated by
IRINA
AVGUSTINOVICH

Devil Bird Island

ALSO BY GILL LEWIS:

Island Vet 1: Pirates and Sea Monsters

Island Vet 2: Rescue at Seal Bay



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Illustrated by
IRINA AVGUSTINOVICH

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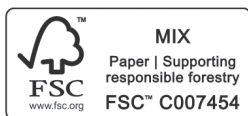
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*For Wendy, Chris and Dobbins
of the Teifi Ringing Group*

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Haven Islands

GANNET CRAG

WEST HAVEN

Lighthouse

Dolphin Cove

GULL HAVEN

Seal Bay

Eagle Crag

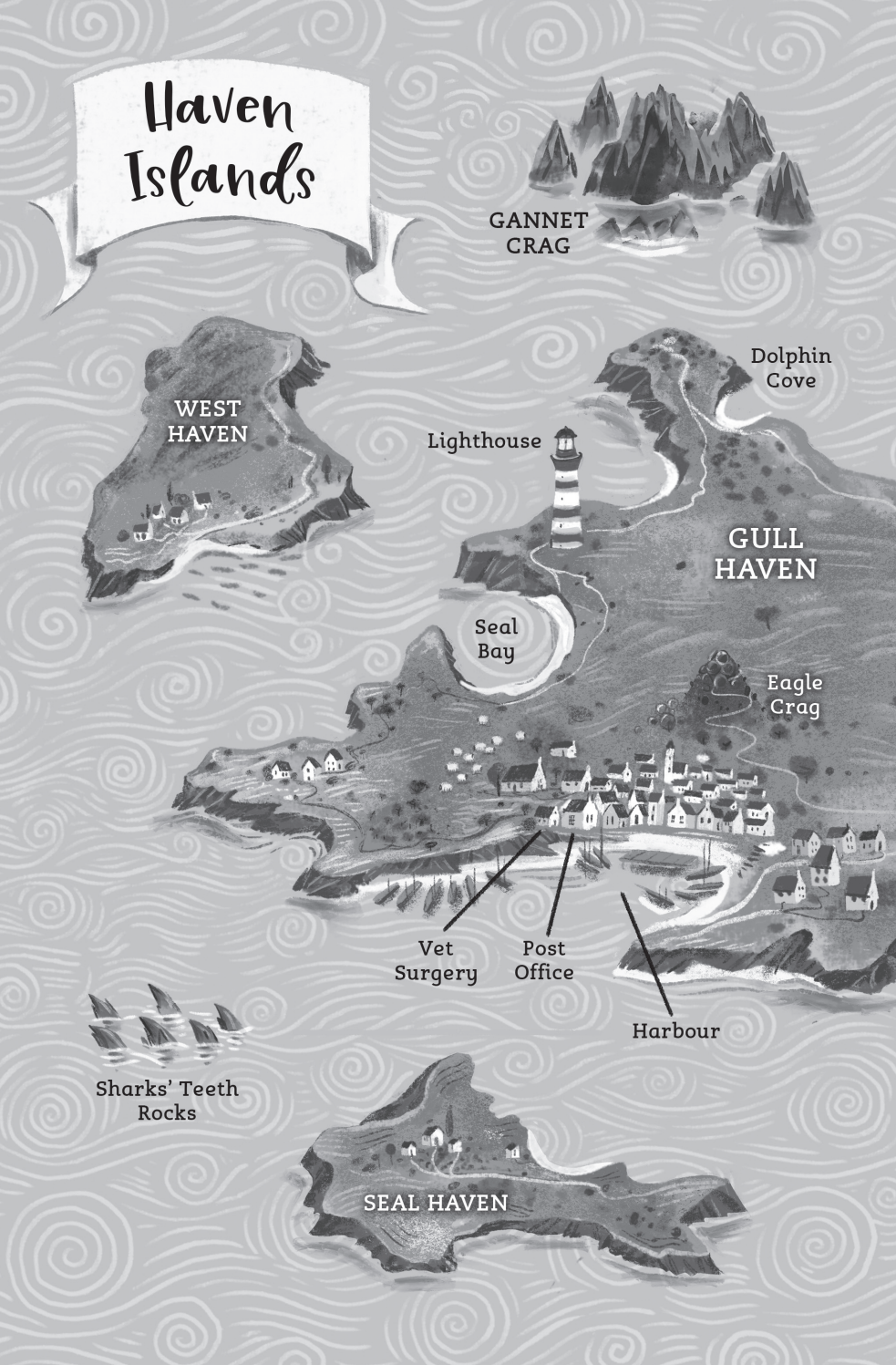
Vet Surgery

Post Office

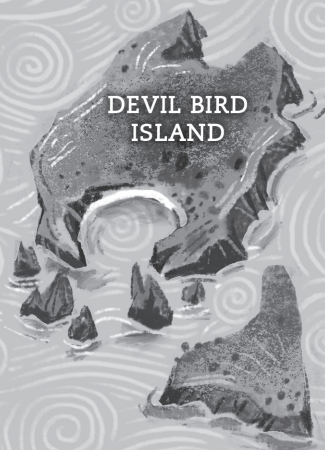
Harbour

Sharks' Teeth Rocks

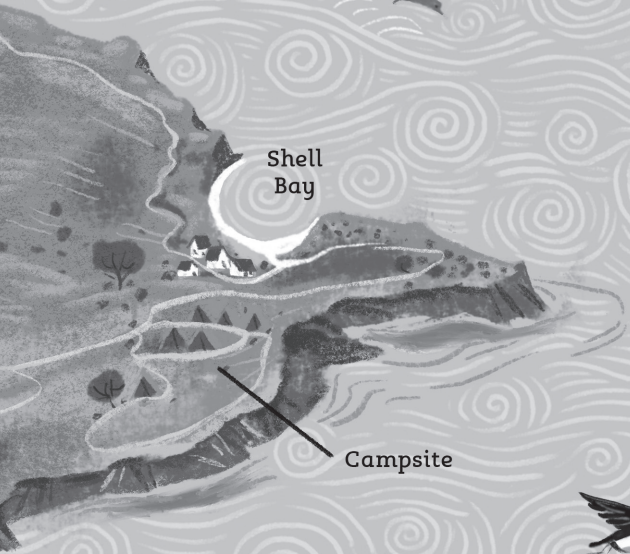
SEAL HAVEN



DEVIL BIRD
ISLAND



Shell
Bay



Campsite



EAST HAVEN





Puff in the City

Tia was feeling hot and cross.

“Happy Birthday, Tia!” Granny said with a big smile.

But Tia didn’t feel like smiling. She was feeling grumpy. They were waiting for a table in the cafe at the zoo. And there was a very, very long queue.

Mum gave Tia a nudge. “Cheer up,” she whispered. “This is Granny’s treat for you.”

Tia took Granny's hand. "Thank you, Granny," she said.

Tia and Mum were visiting Granny where she lived in the city. Granny was taking them to the zoo for a birthday tea because Tia loved animals. But the zoo was noisy and crowded. There were lots of people. It was so busy that there wasn't any room in the zoo cafe to sit down and have a drink and a bit of birthday cake.

"It's very busy here, isn't it?" said Granny. "Why don't we go to the zoo shop instead? You can choose your own birthday present. Then we can have an ice cream in the park before you go home."

Tia smiled. That sounded perfect.

She walked all the way round the zoo shop. It was hard to choose what she wanted. There were books about animals, T-shirts printed with wolves and dolphins, flamingo mugs and

butterfly cushions. There were so many things to choose from. But then she saw exactly what she wanted. It made her think of home, of where she wanted to be right now.

A soft toy puffin seemed to be looking at Tia. It was different from the other toy puffins. Its



beak was a bit wonky, which gave him a cheeky look. It was as if he was saying, “Take me home, Tia.”

“Please may I have this puffin?” asked Tia.

“Of course,” Granny said. “Happy birthday, love.”

Tia held the small puffin in her hands. There was a paper tag tied with string around the puffin’s neck, which said: “This puffin belongs to ...”

So Tia took a pencil from her bag and wrote her name on the tag: “This puffin belongs to ... Tia.”

“What are you going to call him?” asked Granny.

Tia thought for a moment. “I’m going to call him Puff,” she said. Then she hugged Puff against her chest and thought of home.

Tia and her mum lived on the Haven Islands, where Tia's mum was the island vet. Puffins came to the Haven Islands each spring to lay their eggs.

Tia loved seeing Granny in the city but, even so, she couldn't wait to get home. The puffins were coming back to the islands right now, and she and her friend Nat were going to camp on one of the smaller islands to see them. Nat's dad was a wildlife ranger on the islands and they were going to help him count puffins. *Counting puffins, thought Tia, must be the best job in the world.*

*

After ice cream in the park, Tia and her mum said goodbye to Granny. They were going home at last. Tia held Mum's hand tight as they got on the underground train. It was rush hour and she didn't want to lose Mum in the busy crowds.

There was no room to sit down as people squashed against each other inside the carriage.

The doors opened at the next station and people pushed past Tia and her mum.

“My purse!” cried Mum. “Someone’s taken my purse.”

Tia looked down and saw Mum’s handbag was open and her purse was gone.

“There’s the thief!” shouted Mum. She pointed at someone running along the platform. She pulled Tia with her off the train. “Come on!”

But the platform was crowded, and the thief ran up the stairs and out onto the busy street.

“It’s too late,” said Mum. “We won’t catch him now. We’ll report it to the police.”

But Mum’s purse wasn’t the only thing missing. Tia wasn’t holding Puff any more.



She must have dropped him on the train as they squeezed through the people in the rush to catch the thief. And now the train had gone.

“Puff!” wailed Tia. But the train vanished into a deep, dark tunnel. And just like that, Puff, Tia’s cheeky puffin, was gone.