

Birdsong.

At the bottom of the stairs, the tunnel widened and the light grew brighter, and he began to catch flitters of movement all around. He realized the walls were filled with birdcages—no, *made of* birdcages, all kinds, wire and wicker, boxes and domes, from tiny cubes to grand bird palaces. Inside them, there were too many tiny darting shapes to count. The walls and ceiling flickered as the birds pattered about, all of them singing, so that the whole mass was in constant motion.

Horace walked through, wonderingly, and emerged from the tunnel of birds into a long and high stone room, hazy and golden. The birdsong faded. The room stretched back into darkness along a line of stone columns that rose high into wooden rafters. The golden haze came from curious amber lamps affixed to the columns, small stone containers from which drifting swirls of glittering light lazily rose. A long row of tables ran down the center of the room, and wooden shelves stretched along the walls. Shelves and tables both were piled high and crammed with bins and boxes and containers of all shapes and sizes and colors. The room was deserted.

Extract: The Keepers, the Box and the Dragonfly
By T Sanders

Read the text above and think about the pictures it creates in your imagination.

Draw the picture and label the things that are in that visualisation. Does the picture in your head change?

You may need to draw more than one picture!