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When Emma got back to the house, she found Carl and Aunt Stella in the kitchen. Drawers and cupboard doors were open, and in the middle of the table was a box with a red cross on it. It was overflowing with bandages and sticking plasters. Carl was sitting on a chair with both hands outstretched. He had three plasters on each hand.

“Oh, there you are, Emma!” Aunt Stella sounded quite relieved. “I was just about to go and look for you.”

Emma looked at Carl’s hands.

“Is it very sore?”

He shook his head.

“No, it hardly bled at all.”

At last Emma was able to breathe easy.

“I’m sorry I pushed you,” she muttered. “It’s just that it hurt so much.”

“I’m sorry I hit you. I didn’t mean to.”

At that moment, Emma felt she had the best little brother in the world.

“Now I’m going to make a cup of hot chocolate!” Aunt Stella said with a smile.

“And perhaps while I do that you two could look through these drawers for my key.”

“What does it actually look like?” Emma asked.

“It’s big and old with fancy curly bits. You’ll know it when you see it.”

They didn’t find a key despite rummaging through all the drawers. While they were drinking their hot chocolate, they tried to help Aunt Stella remember where she had last seen the key. She thought it might be over by the cabinet with the bits and bobs from Greenland in the room with the open fire. So they searched between figurines carved from walrus tusks and hunted around among the amazing model kayaks. Meanwhile, Aunt Stella told them about dog sledding over a glacier and sailing between icebergs. But they didn’t find the key tucked away in the cabinet.

“What a pity my memory is so poor,” sighed Aunt Stella.

Carl took her hand.



“We’ll find it. Don’t worry. Don’t you think so, Emma?”

“Yes, definitely.”

In the evening, when it was time to go to bed, Emma decided to tell Carl what she had seen by the lake. Fortunately, he believed her.

“It’s the feather!” he exclaimed. “I made a wish that the panther would come to life, and now it has.”

“I’m not sure it’s *that* panther,” Emma objected. “It’s still stuck there, dead, in the lounge.”

“It *is* that one. Do you think it will be back?”

“Perhaps...” Emma mulled it over. “I think it’ll appear whenever it wants to.”

“I think we should look for it. Maybe tomorrow?”

“Yes. Perhaps...”

She was thinking about the quetzal feather under her pillow. To be honest, she wasn’t quite sure if she wished for the same thing as Carl.