Their Garden, His Rules

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I live in a garden that belongs to an eagle who is always hungry and never seems happy; whenever he has eaten, he eats again; whenever he's been on holiday, he's away again already. The eagle has a lot of friends, like lions, and panthers, and vultures, and sharks, and crocodiles. They all love going to the big garden by the beach, to eat and rip all the colourful plants and fruits… they sometimes come back to the eagle's house in a big group with rose and marigold petals caught in their fur and feathers. There's sunflower seeds under their claws and their noses are always coated in pollen; their breath ends up stinking of blueberries and they always come back with a bunch of foxgloves.

The eagle doesn't come out here all that often, so everything's gone bad: there's grass that looks like wheat; the bees can't make friends with any flowers except an old grey sunflower who has to bend over a lot; beer cans are everywhere and they stink, and there's old Indian and Chinese takeaway tubs all over the place and they've all got about 5 million flies and there's maggots wriggling around like old milk!

When the eagle has his friends around for tea, he always says:

"I hate that bastard garden! Look how fucking shite it looks!" It's like he always forgets that he's the one who's let it get so bad. It makes me and my mum really sad to hear it cos we want it to be really nice! And then one of his friends will say:

"You know what the problem is? Its all them mice you got mate! Wanna get one of us round and we'll sor' it!" We're not doing anything bad! All we want is to eat our grains and even eat your bugs! We help keep your garden tidy, we're just living somewhere you don't even care about! How can you say it's our fault the garden is bad when you won't do anything to make it better?

Me and Mum sneak into the eagle's house sometimes. It's so much nicer in there… it's warmer and there's loads of places to hide. And the food… there's so much! There's meats like lambs and beef and chickens but also loads and loads of veggies and fruit! But whenever we do, we have to listen to the eagle get really mad about things: how there's a load of jellyfish on the beach ("sand scroungers" he called them), and how some blackbirds are migrating south cos it's warmer ("can't they just go somewhere else? Why they coming down here and stealing my sun?! I'd have them if they ever came near me!"). He's really mean… I think he's even started putting out traps in the garden now too; one of my friends has been crying a lot recently, saying he misses his dad…

Why does he hate us? What have we done?