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This evening I met an orangutan. It was just after 6 o'clock and I was up by the woods. Sometimes, after I have done my homework, I go for a walk because it is my favourite hobby. Dad doesn't mind, just as long as I am back before bedtime.

It's the best time. You get to hear the owls hooting, the wind whispering and the pitter-patter of the rain. You get to see the sun setting, the moon rising and the street lights waking up and casting peculiar-shaped shadows. That's when the foxes come out to scavenge and the bats come out to feed and I can watch them swooping and diving as they pluck minute insects out the night air. If you are already there when they come out, then they don't seem to mind. Sometimes, if they are feeling inquisitive, they will swoop by to see who you are.

This evening I saw a badger too, shuffling about in the mud, following a scent with its keen nose. Suddenly, without warning, he darted off into its den. I looked around and all the bats and birds had disappeared too. High above me, I heard a loud crack and I noticed leaves and sticks falling to the ground around me. Then nothing. Silence. It was like the wood was holding its breath waiting for something to happen. I was doing the same.