

The Robin, The Wind and The Raven

By Rose Taylor

Through the damp, misty air, the small Robin stared at the hanging bird-feeder. Only a few sparrows called out in the hedge, running along the garden. The Robin jumped up and spread its wings, like a parachute it glided down to food. It tilted upwards and slowed down to a stop, the Robin perched on one of the stands and took a few seeds, nuts and meal-worms.

The wind pushed against the feathers of the birds, its cool breeze soaking their skin in fear. Not only was the wind cold, but it brought a strange smell, the birds leaped back to their hedge, terrorized by something. The Robin looked around, curious and frozen in its spot.

A vast shadow swooped over where the Robin was perched. A loud 'Caw!' echoed through the moist air. The Robin understood now, without hesitation it flew back to the tree. A few rooks scattered as a bigger bird dove down, it was a Raven. Not just a raven, but thee Raven. The Raven was lurking in the shadows, waiting to attack a solitary bird.

The Robin crashed into the tree, hiding in its dead leaves. An eye peered through a small hole in the leaves, and of course, it belonged to the Raven. He cawed again and scratched at the tree. The Robin dove down and landed in the bush, the leaves seperated for a split second to let its welcomed guest in for safety.

A strange howl came from the wakened wind. The Raven looked around, now the predator was the prey. In a loud 'Whoosh', the wind exploded into the tree, breaking off the very branch the Raven was on. Horrified, the Raven stood frozen as he plummeted to the solid ground below.

Soon the sky cleared and the sun came out from its hiding. The birds tweeted and fluttered about, happy and aware that no predator was around to eat them. The Robin quickly grabbed more food, still scared of the closing shadows.

The sun bounced off the feathers of the Robin, giving a beautiful look and warming each creature to their soul. She flew up and landed on the self-made, twig nest. Three chicks stood up, opening their mouths as wide as their heads, awaiting for food. The Robin leaned down and fed each of the three chicks, preening herself then warming her chicks with her soft feathers.

Across the street, on another tree. A Raven sat with her chicks, keeping them warm while she waited for her mate to get back with food. No matter how long she waited, she did not know that her mate would not return.