

The Peculiarities of a Raven



By David Ellinger

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Raven:

Staring at the ceiling is what I do first when I wake up every day, and it is what I always like to do the very first moment my eyes open up from a deep sleep. You see, I don't function well until I am fully awake and I don't know when I am fully awake until I can stare at the blank white ceiling, then wiggle my toes and have the opportunity and the time to just stare and think.

The storm last night brought some heavy rain last night to the village, and the thunder was so loud it kept me up for half the night.

"So what is my name?"

"Well, that should be an easy question for most, but for a girl of my age, it is truly a total different situation."

But you see once you label me, then I am just another character in just another filing cabinet within your mind, and also in your inner perception, and then you would and could create specific judgments, feelings, and have an overall direct attitude towards who I really am or who I should be.

Right, Wrong, Indifferent, Good or Bad.

I guess from lessons that I have learned from the past, I feel like if I gave you my name, my soul itself would just slowly bleed away, and then like a torn old Victorian picture that was taken years ago, a piece of me would fade away into an empty darkness and would simply be frozen as a fixed image in time itself.

We are not unlike all organics that first are created, then grow old and die. They say it is simply nature's way of recycling and recomposing matter. But some say there is a real magic inside of all of us, a spark, an actual light within our souls that opens our imaginations, our true beings not only in this life, but also stays within us into the afterlife.

My age, well, you can ask? But what is a number and what I am now, will I not be the same tomorrow. My body may change, and I may have felt more pain, more anxiety, and then have collected more stuff, and there may be new aches, pain, and stiffness in my joints, but my total being. My very true being and nature do not change, not really. I believe that it may evolve but I don't believe that it change the raw nature of its actual elements that God has given us.

Now my hair color is natural and it is very Gothic black. I have never colored it a day in my life, and why when it has a perfect silky black color.

That has always been the root cause of the problem or that is what I have been conditioned to believe. I swear on the family Torah that what I am about to say is totally true. I would like to point out from the very beginning that it isn't entirely my fault that I came from a line of pagan witches sworn within absolute secrecy and mystery.

As we all know, Witches are truly the most fascinating and also always the most misunderstood beings of creatures on earth. Oh, you can see by my tone that I am a little sensitive on this important and personal topic, and I may be just rambling on concerning the Craft, but I need to know that I have your absolute attention before I go any further.

It could also be very well that it is just the onset of mental dementia, but not very likely at such an early and sensitive age that I am in.

A lot of scientist and mature adults say it is solely a psychological issue and the problem is one that only cognitive therapy can capture, describe, and resolve within all of my inner neurotic and behavioral teenage issues that I have recently been having.

So let's go ahead and see if we can sort out all of my sensitive personal issues if we can.

Your see: My lipstick is black, my dress black, my hair is yes check and correct again, black.

So very simply put and to the point that I have been trying to explain is that I like black. That is the way I have always like it. Pull back, tie it with a colorful stash if necessary, and then don't mess with it throughout the day.

Don't ever let the boy's play with it. My hair is the envy of all of my friends. I am not saying this to be prideful, but just trying to be honest. Boasting truly isn't a given trait that suits me very well, and doesn't run deep in any of our family traits.

You see, I always want to be a writer when I grow up or maybe a naturalist that travels the globe far and wide in search of the missing link.

My parents are both well-educated professors that teach at the nearby local community college. Of course they have their own big dreams for me, and that maybe I will follow in their foot prints and become an educator just like they are. They always say that I should become an educated mature well informed adult who has developed the necessary critical thinking that can always make the perfect and good solid moral decisions that will help us move our society towards a greater good and also help with the overall expansion of our consciousness towards each other. See what it is like, living with two college professors.

They both wanted to have more children, but they married too late in life, and then I arrived unexpectedly.

Surprise, Here I Am? The unexpected has always been a part of my inner DNA and makeup.

With my entire parent's education that they have taken and the simple nature of the birds and the bees that is very well stated may I say in numerous soft and hard cover literary editions.

You would think that it wouldn't be too difficult to understand or put together within one's observation.

You see, I never understand that statement.

Arrived unexpectedly?

It isn't like they sent out formal invitations asking for a new roommate and that I was someone that just came out of the cold for some meatballs and cheese platters to eat with them.

My parents, honestly, do try their best, but they don't understand me. They don't understand me at all. But then again, I don't believe anyone can fully understand me. I am way too complex for that.

Now they both do understand that I do like black, and so that is what they gave me as my birthday, Christmas, and any other special occasions, the gift of black.

My favorite outfit is my tight pair of black jeans and wearing the black mossy sweater without a bra.

My mother took one look at this outfit, and told me that I would look beautiful in Pink, and had me try on a numerous Pink dresses with inserted bras the last time we went shopping together at the mall.

I was simple horrified. Pink? I just stared at her as if she just entirely lost her entire mind, lost her mind completely. Hello, is anyone there?

Black is it, it is all I wear and all I am. Pink is not me. It may be the favorite color for that cheerleader down the street but not for me, just not at all.

My dad called me his work of art in progress. He bought me for my sixteenth birthday this cool skeleton necklace and pentade earrings, real gothic silver and all. I was so excited that I almost wet my panties.

Well, I got one parent well trained, just need to get the other behavior modified. As B.F. Skinner said, "I have never seen a behavior that shouldn't or couldn't be modified in one way or another with positive reinforcement."

Now that is a true optimist: one that has eternal hope within hope itself within and by every reward and positive response.

It seems to me that it is always the natural struggle between who you are and the environment that you are put into and the functionality within.

I just can't wait to see what this new day has in store for me. True wonderment and joy, but then you never totally know for sure until you take that first step outdoors into the real world. As my mother always says, "you have to take that first step, if you want to go in any direction" I think she got that from one of her old hippie Buddha books in the closet.

Well, today is Saturday and it's my favorite time to year: Mid October.

The leaves are changing and there is a slight chill in the morning air. It had rain last night that had clean the air, and also has created a slippery film of water on them.

I just recently turned sweet 16, so today I was going to walk down to the village shops down at the harbor and see if I can get a part time job. My folks said I need to get one, and to start saving for my future. Like most teenagers, I am just having my issues with just keeping up with the present rather than to worry about the future.

Looking out of my bedroom window with the curtains open, I have a view of the large walnut trees and maples that line our street. The colors are simply wonderful and the leaves have already started to fall. I see my next door neighbor, old John racking up the leaves on his front yard.

I decided that I can't go out looking for a new job, until I put a new fresh of polish on my nails. Of course, the polish is black. Now, the question is what shade of black should I use? I just can't use any other color.

People say my best trait in addition to my black hair is my piercing blue sapphire colored eyes. My mother said it's a very good trait to have because it is one trait that doesn't change with the age of time. Being sixteen and old, I was very comforted with my mother's kind words.

My lips stick is candy black with the taste of peppermint. My mother said I am too old for flavor lipstick any more. I just buy it anyway, and wouldn't be without it. I will still be using it until I am hundred and ten. I just love peppermint. They say it is good for my indigestion too.

I can tell that my body is changing becoming more mature, but my friend's say I am way too thin and should need to buy more padded bras to help enhance my curves.

For God sake, I am just sixteen. I am a teenager, not a hooker. My friends always laugh when I make this point. I normally just wear an extra tee shirt at this point any way.

Did I tell you? No one touches my hair. That is where I draw the absolute line. I only use this one shampoo that has lavender and lemons scents. I also wear the length of my hair just over my shoulders. I was told once that I should get a short bob style. Yea, if you want to send me off to a monastery and make me a nun, otherwise forget about it, and by the way did I say hands off the hair. I don't mean just touching it, but also any personal comments about it.

Well, my nails are all dried now and if I do say for myself they look absolutely wonderful. The perfect shade of black, it's just a little bit before ten now in the morning, and the shops will be opening soon. I pulled my favorite tight black jeans on and my lucky black sweater top. I then slipped on my new skeleton necklace around my neck, and putting on my matching pagan silver earrings.

I opened up the door to my room, and headed down the staircase to our living room. The wooden stairs made a creaky noise with every step just like Old John bones next door. I held onto the wooden railing while making my way down the steps. My mother was baking already in the kitchen. I love our kitchen with dry flowers hanging for the ceiling above a round antique lace cloth covered table with a stone floor.

“Where’s dad?”

“He’s working already. You know how he likes to get an early jump on the day. So Raven, what is your schedule like today? Do you want to do some gardening with me today?”

Ok, so now you know my name. My name is Raven.

It was one of those new age hippie names that they pulled from the hat for me. In a way, it does match my personality. If they named be Sparrow, Robin, Hawk, or Eagle, then we might have some specific issues that we need to discuss. But Raven, it totally works. It is also a black colored bird.

Let me explain my name to you. My full name if you must now know is Raven Rebecca Ann Swartz. Now you know my entire name.

You see Rebecca, is my Granny’s name, may she now rest in peace. She died when I was just five. I remember the smell of butterscotch whenever I think of her. I was told that butterscotch was her favorite candy to eat. So whenever I have butterscotch or even smell it, I remember my good old granny, Rebecca.

“Thanks, mom, but I just did my nails.” “I am going down to the harbor stores and looking for a part-time job now that I am sixteen and all”

“Well, here is piece of freshly baked spice bread.” “Good luck today, and give your old mom a hug, or are you too old now to give a simple hug your mother, being sixteen and all.”

“I am never too old to give my mother a hug.”

“Be safe, and give me a call later on so I know how you are doing. Ok.” Raven’s mother then took her purse from the counter and took out her billfold. “Please take ten dollars just in case you need anything”

“Thanks, mom, I will give you a call, you are the very best.”

Raven finished the piece of spice bread with a small glass of orange juice that she got out of the refrigerator. She put on a light jacket, and shouldered her swing purse on, and off she went out the front door unto their wooden porch ready for the start of a brand new day and the hopefully successful search of the perfect very first part time job.

Village:

The trees hugging the sidewalk as their leaves are in their beautiful autumn colors adorning the mid-morning sunlight glow. Raven smiled and stretched her arms out to the endless blue sky, and said today is going to be such a special day. She waved to her Old John, the neighbor who was still raking the wet leaves in front of his house. Old John stopped raking for a minute to wave back to her.

She had a few stores in mind for a part time job. There was the small women's fashion boutique, the fruit juice bar, the ticket counter at the harbor cruises. The walk to the harbor was uneventful, but for a few squirrels that stopped their winter nut gathering to stare at her passing by. It did give her plenty time to think and ponder what job she should like and should go after. She did enjoy hearing the crunching of the fallen leaves underneath her feet as she walked the cement village sidewalks.

All of the neighborhood houses in the village all had much the same Victorian architecture with wide front porches. Most of them were already decorated for Halloween with pumpkins of all different sizes having been gathered for their traditional carvings.

A small group of sea gulls flew past overhead. Raven decided to go down to the sandy beach area first to give the shops more time to open up and not wanting to be seen as too overly anxious to be the first to arrive by the shop owners. She wanted to be seen as being cool and collected, and not to over eager looking for a job.

There was an empty hippie van at the beach that had no tires that the surf kids use as a club house. A group of boys were already in the van putting on their tight wet suits and talking about the waves, each other, and of course girls. Jason, who was one of the kids that Raven knew from school, jumped out of the van carrying his surfboard and went over to greet and talk to Raven.

"Hey Raven, what up, do you want me to teach you how to surf?" "It's a lot of fun once you get use to it" Raven, laughed, "me surf?" "The only thing that I can do with water gracefully is to drink it. I also wouldn't want to do anything that would mess up my hair."

Jason smiled, "Well it's your lost, and you don't know all of the fun that you are missing. You do know how to swim don't you or are you just afraid of water?"

"Neither, and I am definitely not afraid of water", replied Raven, starting to get annoyed with how the conversation was going, while at the same time her heartbeat seems to have doubled or may even had triple. Raven looked at Jason and she started to get even more self-conscious.

"Look your friends are calling for you, so you better get back to them."

"Well, may be another time", said Jason. "Yes, may be another time", said Raven.

Jason brushed his sandy hair back and took his surfboard and headed back towards the water.

Raven smiled. Boys, he sure has nice hair. But boys are just trouble, and who needs to learn how to surf any ways. You just spend all that time in the ocean like a bobber on a fishing line.

Raven sat on one of the nearby park bench, and watched Jason and his friends surf for a while. Jason was one of the more popular kids in school. He was also in her English class at school for third period in the school day, and she has caught him looking at her several times, and always wonders how much was he attracted to her or how much was just boy's hormones.

That was the first thing my mother taught me when I became a teenager, that boys hormones are the only thing on their minds. Hormone s were mind altering that affected boys, so they only had one thing on their mind and that was to get between my legs and up my shirt, and that I need to always defend myself from them and not let them take advantage of me in any way manner or form. If my parents had her way, I wouldn't even get my first kiss until I was in my thirties.

For it is education that is important, not lust or lower level instincts of hormones and all, unless, I want to get pregnant and then work at the local diner as a waitress for the rest of my life while living in a nearby trailer park and all.

Talking about jobs, Well, I guess I can't postpone my job search anymore, so she got up from the park bench and brushed the sand off her shoes.

Before leaving the beach, she watched Jason catch one more wave. He sure is cute, Raven said to herself. She then followed the path up the hillside to the harbor shops. The shops had all brick and stone fronts and shared the feeling and the character of a small Italian village.

Raven decided that the fashion boutique shop would be the first store to seek a job in.

She opened up the door and a small bell rang notifying that a customer had entered the store. She pretended to be looking at a few dresses and winter scarves.

She then gathered up her courage and went up to the tall well-dressed lady behind the counter. Raven knew that first impression were important so she made good eye contact and smiled: "Good morning"

"Well good morning to you, young lady, May I help you find anything, something in Black, perhaps?"

She didn't know why and maybe it was the nerves and all, but her statement made Raven laugh. It's a small town as some say, a very small harbor town. Everybody knew everybody.

Raven, summed up her courage, "Well, as a matter of fact, I am looking for a part time job. Do you have any openings?"

" Oh, I am sorry, but with the recent recession and all, we can barely keep the staff that we have."

Raven look down at her shoes, she does this often as a simple nervous reaction to any possible conflict, as if looking at her shoes might change a given situation.

She then went to the Harbor cruise ship ticket booth, and there was an older gentleman wearing a navy captain hat. He looked like a sailor, and could be identical to the face on the potato chip bag back at home in the kitchen. The man was very nice, but he too did not have any open part time positions.

It might not have affected Raven so deeply, but she then got the same answer at every store that she went to that morning. She started to feel one of her tension headaches starting to come on.

She saw that there was a small farmer's market going on within one of the main side streets. She decided to look at several of the vendors tables of jewelry. The headache was becoming stronger by the minute while thinking of where to go next to inquiry for the part time job. It was time for a break; rejection was and is such a sensitive and touchy business.

She laughed to herself, and decided to get a small ice cream cone from the malt shop nearby. Her favorite flavor of ice cream that she loved was there, and could never get enough of chocolate pecan.

She was eating her ice cream cone and her headache was just slowly getting better. A group of teenage girls walked by and smiled at her. She smiled slightly back. It was one of those groups. You know the type, all flash and no substance.

"Why do I let other girls get to me so much?"

I am just as good as they are, and Raven wonder why she wasn't in any special girl groups, but was very much the loner on the outside looking in

She then saw it; a red lettered help wanted sign in the glass store front window of the very last store in the row of red brick buildings from the malt shop,.

The store was call simply: "Curiosities and Antiquities".

Curiosities and Antiquities:

The empty sunken eyes sockets of a human skull stare into the wet rain covered street from within the show case window next to some blue and green antique bottles and a display of old surgical medical tools.

A black bird flew to the sign above the door, and almost seemed to be calling her, and demanding her direct attention.

Raven finished up the ice cream cone and smiled. It is never a bad day with chocolate pecan.

She then crossed the slippery street that was still wet from the storm from the night before. She was half way across the street when her foot went into a pot hole and she felt that she was falling, but it seemed that something invisible held her for a second so she could catch her balance. She just made it to the other side as a truck loaded with lumber passed closely by.

Her heart was really beating now. She stopped for a second to gather up her thoughts and emotions prior to entering the store. The store's door had antique stain glass window with the image of a mermaid combing its hair, and it was very heavy to open.

The first thing she notice when she entered the store was the strong scent of lavender in the air. There were several narrow tables and cabinets full of vintage and unique collectables. The light came from sky windows from the roof, and the light was reflecting off the dancing dust particles in the air.

The carpet was lush green and felt like you were walking on actual grass. She picked up a glass globe within it was Alice from Wonderland sitting under a tree reading a book.

"Vintage 1905"

"Do you like it" Raven suddenly felt self-conscious and quickly put the Alice from Wonderland globe back down on the table, and turned to the voice that was standing directly behind her.

An old elderly lady with a sea glass green necklace from the roaring twenties and wearing plain round wired glasses was smiling and looking kindly at her. Her hair was almost pure white as snow, and was tightly braided in a weave. Raven has seen this lady several times before in passing in the village but has never been formally introduced to the lady before in person.

“Good morning, young lady”, she said to Raven. “The first thing you need to know” is that you should never touch the merchandise because you never know what you may pick up. “You see you must always ask for its permission”. “How would you like it if someone picked you up and started playing with your hair” Raven dropped her head as if it was an automatic reflex. “Don’t they teach you anything in school” “Please look at me when I am talking to you, I must say that I am much more interesting than the dust mites crawling on the dam floor”

“That also reminds me, there is a vacuum in the far corner. “Please start vacuuming, you do know how to clean, of course you do, or is that something I have to teach you also? Raven reaction wasn’t what she expected, she starting to cry.

“Poor, Poor, Girl, I know it’s your hormones and well I know I have been told numerous times by other folks, that I can be lacking in the necessary social graces at times. But you know, there are always so many things to do, and so little time. Don’t you agree?”

“But you know, the cleaning can wait; let’s get to know each other more before we start all of the work that needs to be done. Shall we have a glass of tea? I have just made a fresh batch of herbal green tea, with just a dash of chocolate and pecans?” Raven took out a handkerchief from her purse and wiped her tears away.

“What a way to have your first job interview? You are here for the job aren’t you? I must say that I am not much of an interviewer either.”

“Don’t you worry though my child, for what I lack in social graces, I make up with my extraordinary intuitive abilities, by the way has anyone every told you that you worry too much.”

“All of the time”, replied Raven nervously. She didn’t want to release too much information as she was thinking this lady was a little bit on the unstable side and all.

She walked Raven to the back of the store to a small kitchen area with her hand over Raven’s shoulders, where there was a small stove next to a circle oak table with an antique white lace table cloth on top.

She pour some tea out of the kettle into two small black rose porcelain cups and gave one to Raven.

The herbal tea was exactly what the doctor has ordered and seemed to settle Raven’s nerves.

“So Raven, Welcome to Curiosity and Antiquities.”

” I am so glad that you came in, we are going to be just the best of friends. You did come in regarding the help wanted sign in the store front?”

“Yes, I saw the sign from the malt shop across from the street.” I just turned sixteen, and I really need a part time job to start saving money for college.

“Excellent child, just excellent, not only are you a hard work but you want to be well educated. Don’t ever be embarrassed of whom you are child, or who you want to become. Just before you entered the store, my Angel’s told me that you were going to be my next store keep. Since I woke up out of bed, they have been showing me visions of a divine picture of you holding a Raven. Doe’s a Raven mean anything to you? “

It’s my name”

“Your name? just splendid , absolutely splendid my dear, just what the Angel’s told me. My name by the way is Holly. Just like in Christmas Holly. You know they are simply never wrong my dear, never.”

“Who are never wrong”, said Raven

“The Angels of course”.

“You have one standing right next to you now, don’t move or else you will scare it always” Oh my you do take everything way too seriously. Now just close your eyes, Raven. Try not to think of anything, let your mind simply wonder and go anywhere it needs to go. What do you now see my child?”

“I see a gothic church, and there are rose petals on the floor, and there is a stone alter that has carvings of a garden with vines and oak leaves. Hundreds of candles are lite and are reflecting off the walls with beautiful murals of Angels and Saints.”

“Excellent, Excellent, my child, please continue on”

What are you wearing? “I am wearing a beautiful white lacy dress.” “Do you see any angel next to you?”

“I think so, I do feel someone holding my hand, but there is no one there. I am feeling like I am now being lifted onto a stone table. My heart is beating and my hands are both starting to sweat.”

“Don’t worry Raven, I am here with you.” “Holly, My body is starting to levitate above the stone table.”

“It’s ok, Raven, I am her with you” “Just remember to keep on breathing” “Take a breath in, and then release, then take another one”

“How do you feel?” “I feel intense heat entering throughout my body, and it is now moving down between my legs, into my stomach area, to my breasts, and then into my throat, and skull area. I am seeing a beautiful angel now holding my head and stroking my hair. My whole body is starting to shake, and getting more and more excited. The air around me is becoming very sensual in nature, and every inch of me is starting to vibrate and tingle. I feel like I am going to explode into thousands of stars of true ecstasy. I am starting to, oh my god, oh my god, what is happening to me. She felt like every cell in her was exploding at once.

Raven, gasp, and suddenly opened her eyes wide, and she was unexpectedly no longer sitting at the lace covered table in the back of the store having tea, nor was she on the stone table of where her visions took place, but now she was standing silently outside the store holding a long straw broom sweeping up the leaves.

It was twilight and evening was approaching with a fog bank entering the harbor and rolling in from the ocean into the village.

“Well, there you are? Well, it’s time to dose up shop now?”

Raven wondered what just happen to her. One minute she was sipping on a cup of herbal tea around noon time, and now it was almost evening outside of the shop.

Holly smiled at her. “You passed the test, you got the job. Now remember it is only part time. Come back tomorrow and we can finalize your schedule for the whole week.”

Raven handed the broom to Holly still not fully understanding what just occurred to her.

“Thank you again. Dear, and see you tomorrow.”

” Get some sleep, it always good to get a full night sleep when you are young and growing”

Raven started to tremble again and wondered what had just happen to her. She started walking home and felt a cold numbness though out her body. She looked down at her legs and her black jeans were completely soaked and wet with perspiration.

As she got closer to her house, she could see the glow of the yellow porch light. Under the porch light were her mother and dad on the bench sitting nervously together for her arrival home.

Her mother spoke first, “What happen to you? Why didn’t you call us? We are both worried half to death about you, when you didn’t return this afternoon or answer your phone. We were about to call the police”.

“I know mom, dad, I should have called, but everything is alright now.

“Are you sure”, as they both knew when Raven was trying to over sell one of her lies.

“Yes, I am fine, and I am home now”. “Really I am just fine; I am not small child anymore”.

“In any case you should be exited for me, I got some wonderful news. Today, I got my first part time job.
“

“Congratulation” “We are so very proud of you” “Next time you have to call us if you are running late.”

“Now go ahead and get yourself dean up. You look like a total mess, and how did your jeans get so wet.”

“I also have saved dinner for you, and it is your favorite meal vegetable lasagna.”

Raven gave her a big hug. "Are you ok?" "I am fine, Mom" "Let me just go first and clean-up for dinner, and I will then tell you all about my day."

She then ran upstairs to her room.

Only Raven knew that everything wasn't alright, and nothing would ever be or could be the same for her again.

She was starting to get concern. She felt very nauseous and felt cramping in her midsection. She went to the bathroom and looked into the mirror and her face was a pale light gray. She quickly lifted up the toilet lid and started to vomit. Not just the oh my gosh I overate vomit, but the type that you do when you get the stomach flu. Raven has been asked numerous times if she was bulimic and anorexic due to her height and weight.

She didn't vomit as a habit and really didn't have a body image issue. But body image wasn't on her mind right now, but vomiting definitely was.

It seemed like it has been at least ten minutes of pure vomiting into the toilet, and her head seem to start spinning in circles. All of a sudden she saw or imagined a hand or was it a claw that reached out of the toilet and grasped her long black hair. She screamed, but as she screams it seemed as if her whole entire body was being lifted up into the air and pulled into the toilet. The strange part of it all, at least to raven at the time was how her body seems to stretch like taffy.

Not the small sea salt taffy, but you know the type. The long flat bar type that you can stretch from a few inches into a three foot long or longer piece. She remembered taking one last deep breath, and then it was as if she was in a tunnel, or was it the copper plumbing. She felt water rushing by her and she decided not to open her eyes but could feel it in her ears.

It was her first time being flushed; I guess that is what you would call it. I guess there just isn't any nice or polite way of saying it.

Maybe this is the tunnel that people experience when they are having an afterlife experience. But shouldn't there be a light shining in front of her. She opened her eyes, and only darkness reflected back. She felt every turn and pull of the flushing process and one time she felt as if she had gotten stuck , then there was a sound not unlike the sound of a loud vacuum and out she went.

She landed in what seem to be mud. It at least felt like mud. She feared the worst and put her hand up to her nose. It smelled like peppermint. Well it could be a lot worst; I could have fallen into S---

Bird Land:

“Hey you there, what are you doing? Can’t you read the signs?”

Raven was still getting her bearings and she hit her head hard while landing so she was just starting to get her focus back. Standing in front of her was a human size Red wing black Bird.

“Are you for real?”, as raven held her head that had a bump the size of a goose egg.

“Girl, get it together will you. If they, The Canaries find you first, they are going to put you in a locked cage and make you sing the same song over and over again for your daily seed. Do you get my drift my featherless friend?”

“Where are your feathers anyway, no feather’s, no wings, and you look like a straight bean poll”

“A total mess that is what I see before me?” “What am I going to do with you” “Now if brother, hawk sees, you, one two three, meal time, you know what I mean.”

Raven was simple amazed and couldn’t believe she was looking at a human size red wing black bird that was actually talking to her. “You are definitely not around here and definitely, not a talker.” “You are not a worm are you, your pale and you came out of the mud” “If I had the clear sense within me, I would eat you and be done with it” “Well, not all at once, you would give me indigestion, but I would break you up into smaller pieces, and freeze dry pieces of you, so you could last all winter long in the deep freezer”

Raven started to cry. “Oh, here we go again”, “True drama in the hood. Ok, I got an idea, and it just may work, at least short term. My misses and I have a nest of eggs, and we really need to have some of our own time, you know what I mean, personal time. But those darn eggs are getting in the way and they need constant warming. Have you ever done any egg warming before? “

Raven shakes her head, “well this is not promising at all, not at all.” Raven saw that she needed to help the matter and then tried to smiled, “I have done some babysitting in my neighborhood were I came from, I watch the children and the houses while the parents go out to have a break from child rearing.”

“Then you do have some skills, may God have mercy on us now and may the heavenly chorus start to sing”

“Ok, here is the deal, you need to get out of this mud bath right away” “You then come home with me, and I will show you how to do egg warming properly, and you can stay with us for the night.” “You will be totally safe”

“How does that sound”

There was a big noise that just sounded which echoed through the mud flats that raised every hair on Raven's back. It was also getting darker by the minute and the night was starting to closing in all around her.

There wasn't anyone else to talk to or any other good options before her, Raven took a deep breath. She was told never to talk or go with a total stranger, and how much stranger can you get then this talking red wing black bird that was jive talking in front of her. Raven thought carefully to herself before making a final decision.

"Ok, I agree", reply Raven. "Excellent, my little lassie" "Let's shake wings on it" "Sorry forgot you have no wings."

"So how are we going to do this," said raven getting a little impatient and concern about where the last howling came from and that it sounded like it was closer and was starting to close in around her.

"Ok, let's get going", the large red wing black bird laid down next to raven, "go ahead and jump on, hold on to the rope that I just tied around my mid-section."

"Just like a horse", said raven. "A horse, what is a horse?" said the red wing black bird. Before raven had a chance to answer, the red wing back bird was in mid-flight.

Raven felt the breeze against her face and body, and she was afraid to look down. The ride was more comfortable than raven thought. She could tell that he was trying not to make any sudden turns or maneuvers that would startle her or bounce her too much.

It was now getting darker and darker; raven really couldn't see much of anything in front of her. Then she saw them, they were lights in the distance by the foothills of the mountains that were flickering.

"Is that where you live?" "Yep, that is where we all live."

"It's Bird land." As they got closer, raven would see the outlines of large trees that were larger than redwoods that had hanging lanterns that you would be able to be seen in a Chinese garden.

It was a perfect landing, and the red wing black bird took off his rope. "Welcome, to my humble abode"

This made Raven giggle, and then all hell broke loose. The Screen door blew wide open almost off its hooks, and there she was Mrs. Red wing black bird, Mrs. RWB for short.

"Now just calm down, I can explain." "The heck you can, what are you thinking of? Bringing this trashy filthy featherless bony little thing to our home, our sacred beloved love nest with our eggs, and what do you think the neighbors are going to say?"

"Oh, here you go again, making quick emotional assumptions, without listening to me first."

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