

The Holy Raven

“This is my worm!”

“No, that’s mine!”

Oh, those two idiots, quarreling over their lunch again. I flew down from the high ground and head to the grassland. My eyes are now locked on them. I spread my white wings wide and let the sunlight radiate in between the feathers. Those mortals could never do that, for I am the one and only “Hugo the White Raven”. Sweet Eagle, how I enjoyed being a God.

“Alright, thou listenth, this is the line,” I pointed at the dried hay among the green grass, “Me doth put this worm on the line. To whom it walks, the whom shalt eat it.”

The worm went to the raven on my left and I announced to her: “It is thy meal.”

Then I flew back to the roof while the sun highlighted my silhouette.

This is how I am different from the average ravens, those pathetic mortals. My bright wings share divinity. My body outsizes even the most gigantic of black ravens. My beak speaks a mighty voice. Behold, I shall be the ruler above all ravens and no raven shalt dare to doubt me. Let’s keep it this way forever.

One evening, two birds raced towards our grassland. Leading the flight, a young raven, possibly hatched a few weeks ago. Closing in, a huge white bird pursued. Being twice the size of that chick, he stabbed him with its claw, crushing him on the ground with both of his wings held high and shouted,

“Thou hast non-escape.”

He lifted his beak high, ready for a killing strike. But midway through his strike he stopped, stared at me.

“Spare that child, me orderth thou.”

When I expected him to erupt with anger, He gave an astonished face. At the meantime, he let go of the child, who was too frightened to make any move.

“Brother?” asked the white bird, scanning me from head to claws. “Oh brother, it is thou!” He exclaimed, “How me thought me is the sole seagull in this area!”

This noun alarmed me, I roared,

“Hold stranger. Doth thou said ‘seagull’? Me is Hugo the God Raven! Go away my fellow kinsmen, this bird is lying!”

Later that night I was on the roof, walking to and forth. I heard someone landed. “Whatever thou hast to say, shut up.”

The seagull said “Nay, looketh, we art the same. Same white feathers, same yellow beak, almost the same size, hath a clear compare my lad.”

I didn’t believe it and said: “Thou art mad.”

He rushed to my back and asked me: “Is there a feather off thine tail?”

“Aye, so what.”

“Doth thou also hath a scar on thy left-wing?”

Surprised by his observation, I gasped,

“How doth thou know?”

He responded: “Looketh, we art brothers. Days after thou hatched, we fought. Me plugged off one of thine tail feathers, and bit thy wing! Then me pushed thou off. Perhaps that’s why thou is forgetive”

Once he finished his sentence, I said, “Me only remember attacking someone’s neck.”

“Interesting, look,” He tilted his neck and displayed his scar to me, “this is what me got after me plugged thine feather off! That’s why me bit thou and kicked thou off!”

Heard his story, I asked him “Thou is so violent, from thine birth?”

“Listen, Hugo, we seagulls art madeth violent and almighty. Why give them peace and justice when thou can be a predator? Come, let me show thou.”

The largest raven now stood on the ground. He protested,

“This child has told us, you are a seagull like him. We won’t be ruled by birds that are different from us!”

In response to his rebellion, I roared,

“Behold, me brethren! Me is strong. Me is mighty. Me lead well. None other birds could lead thou right, especially him.”

I pointed at their new leader. Suddenly my brother dashed down, pierced his beak into the rebel’s neck and slaughtered him. He then turned to me,

“We are predators. We shalt eat them. If thou is not with me thou is my enemy.”

The other ravens, seeing their new leader was down, rushed to us, bit us and attacked us with their claws. They were shadows in the dark, I couldn’t see where they were. One beak stabbed from my back, and another cut into my heart.

The sun rose from the East, a janitor walked on the grassland outside Doyle hall, found a dead seagull on his way. “Poor pathetic bird” and threw it in his garbage cart. In the opposite corner, two ravens quarrelling.

“This is my worm!”

“No, that’s mine!”

A seagull flew down, ate the worm in front of them and killed one of them, a new body now added to the janitor's work effort.