

The Raven, the Robin, and the Hawk

There it stood, black as midnight, face as fierce as fire. Unmoving, and unblinking. It stood there, watching. Watching with eyes that never blink. It watched closely, silently, fiercely. Watching and waiting on its prey.

Its prey sat. Unaware and oblivious. Picking at thin twigs again and again. Unaware and oblivious at how repetitive its actions were. Picking up a twig to move to the side. Picking it up again to move it back to its original spot, and yet it did not seem to mind the repetitiveness that dragged on throughout the day, but of course, it had to be kept busy, for it had to sit and wait. Sitting on the eggs that would bear its children, who would one day sit and protect their own eggs. And the cycle continues, again, and again. Repeating until the end of time.

It still stood there, blacker than charcoal, and fiercer than a dragon. Still and silent. Its gaze fixated on its prey. And on what its prey was sitting on top of. Its pride and joy. Eggs. Bluer than the sky. Speckled like stars in the night. Food.

The prey gave one more glance at its surroundings, and deciding it was safe, took off. Dusty brown feathers unfurled, catching the wind, and raising the small body higher and higher into the air.

This was the moment. The predator swooped down, opening large, dark wings. The wind carried the raven through the air and down through the trees. Eyes locked on its target, determination burning like a fire in its heart.

Out of the pink evening sky, a large hawkish flash of brown and red shot down at the smaller, yet still large black bird. The two bodies tumbled to the ground, thrashing about wildly. Clawing. Scratching. Blood spilt and flew through the air, staining the leaves that decorated the treetops.

The two collectively fell roughly to the ground, halting to a stop at the roots of a large oak. One of the combatants was left breathing. The other was not.

Meanwhile, the song of the robin could be heard somewhere, off in the distance, past the hills. It sang its sweet tune, so that others may hear it. And as it sang, the winner of that night's fracas began to feast on its meal.