Raven’s Nest
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Young Writer’s Contest
Short Story Entry (4th & 5th grades)
I listened to the old-time music. It brought me back to when I was young. Oh, how much I would dream, when I was young. How lovely my dreams were, but the violence: blood smeared on the wall and a knife in my hand. I would stalk a black figure until the figure faded to mist and that mist turned to blood.

I was usually woken up, though, by noises from the other room. It was always my parents fighting. Until one day, it stopped. I had no more violent dreams. I had no more dreams at all. My parents had gone. I didn’t know if they were dead or alive. I never remember that day clearly, only a dark figure at the door. After that, it was all a blur. I was hauled away and never saw my parents again.

The sound of a wine glass dropping snapped me back to reality. It was my glass, now on the floor. I had had several drinks to work away the stress of working night shifts. One of the waiters heard my glass drop. He whispered to his boss. I could make out one of the words—“wasted.” I knew they were going to kick me out. I needed to leave before they could, but my feet wouldn’t move. Maybe I was a little wasted, but still conscious. As the guards came over, my legs stiffened. I let them drag me away, too tired to feel embarrassed. They threw me under a tree. As I hit the ground, the breath was knocked out of me.

I got up eventually, but my feet kept buckling. I fell down again and again. After what seemed more than a million tries, I managed to steady myself. I looked up. It was a raven’s nest. I realized climbing a tree might be my only hope for shelter tonight. I found a grip and started climbing up. Soon enough, I made it to the raven’s nest, studying my feet on the nearby branches. I turned to see that I was at the top of the tree. My body shook as I realized how high I had climbed. All of a sudden, a raven swooped beside me. She shot straight down the hollow
tree. Rustled by the flying bird, my branch began to break! Falling, falling, and then I felt a hard force against my head. I blacked out.

When I woke up the first thing that I heard was the raven’s caw. And I saw an old man with a hatchet. “Get that son of a gun!” I wondered what was so horrid about a raven. A bird couldn’t cause too much harm, right? The old man glared at me. “What the …?” His words trailed off. “A human?” “Come here,” he said in a demanding tone. Suddenly, I heard a thundering sound. I rapidly looked around. The ground jerked from under us and the old man disappeared. As I slid along the shifting ground, I saw a dark shadow loom over me. The dark figure stretched its long arms out to me. I scooted away desperately. All of the sudden, the raven swooped over and clasped its boney talons around my body. At that moment, I realized how giant the raven was. The raven and I came off the ground. It cawed gently in my ear, “You can’t trust them.” The raven dropped me into its nest.

The raven flapped its giant wings and took off into the air once again. Maybe to get dinner? I looked down and saw dozens of the black figures running after something. I realized they were running after the raven. The raven made a circle and flew back to me. “I have something to offer you,” the raven crowed. “What is it?” “I can change your past,” crowed the raven. “I can change your childhood. Take you to a world where you had good parents.” I told the raven I needed to sleep on it. That night I dreamed. I dreamed of all the times I had with my parents, the good and the bad. When the time came for me to answer the next morning, I told the raven, “no.”

One year later, I revisited that tree. Somewhat to my surprise, the raven was still there. I explained to the raven what I had come to understand since that day we met. That even if our
times together weren’t always so great, my parents made me who I am. It seemed like the raven
was smiling at me. The raven nodded to me and said, “I’ll always be here for you, Triss.” That
voice, so familiar. “I love you mom,” I whispered.