

London through a Raven's eye – 2nd

Central London is a whole different world. You never know what the day will bring you, shiny treasures or delicious food, but the people are a whole different story.

Humans they come in all different shapes and sizes, some are small, they look like ants from afar yet others so tall they could catch me in mid-flight! Also humans are so selfish they have a whole basket full of food and share non with me and my friends I guess, but mostly me!

Just because I am Raven doesn't mean I can't have friends even if they are all pigeons. See I am the only Raven here I escaped from a castle. It was a wretched place where us ravens were forced to entertain the humans. And all under the sinister eye of the raven master. He still gives me nightmares but luckily I am far away from him.

So now I am here and there is nothing he can do about this. Well that is enough about my past so let's talk about the present in London. London is a wonderful place full of food, people, treasures and food. There are lots of places in Central London such as: St. Paul's Cathedral, London Bridge, Trafalgar Square, Tower of London and Big Ben. And you know what, Trafalgar Square is where I met Claws.

It was a normal day while I was out scavenging for scraps I saw a graceful shadow soar over the busy hustle of the eager humans. I thought it was yet another pigeon so I continue as normal until then it hit me, the smell of old rotting soap the raven master would smother us in. I stopped immediately, beak sealed tight, eyes wide open. Then I saw it a beauty like no other.

She was everything. Feathers as black as a mine's top hat but her eyes are something else. Her eyes were a beauty as rich as the earth's soil; stained with the colour of hot chocolate on a cold winter's night that wraps around you like a blanket; pulling you in its warmth and makes you feel at home. Those deep pools of dark-cinnamon swirls could seize thousands of untold stories, which imprisoned the sweetness of chocolate and the bitterness of strong coffee. They are filled of raw emotion and if you observe closely, they will reveal to you the exact thought that crosses the marvels of her ominous mind.

Without thinking I went. She was the most enchanting thing I have ever seen, and that is why I can not be with her. Hoping I would blend into the unforgiving dampness of the shadows. All I could see or think was a faint screech, from a memory which ran through my veins. A memory I cannot forget.

By Ruqqiya