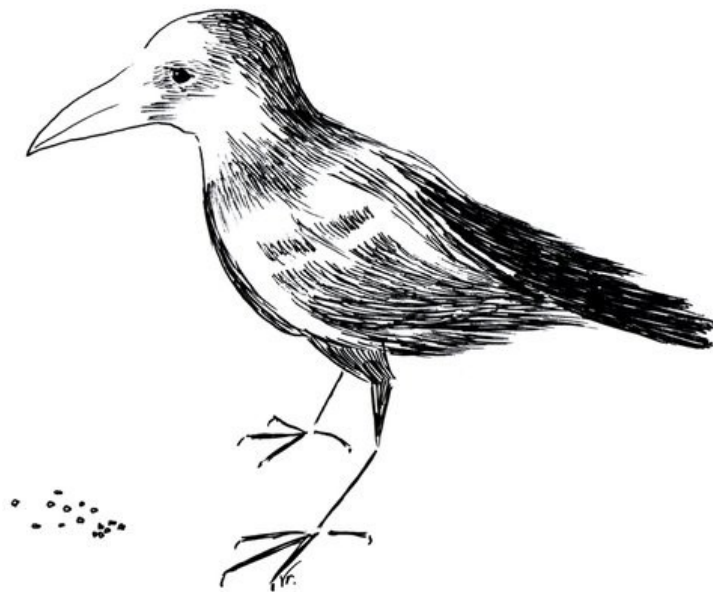




Vrita / The raven

# The raven

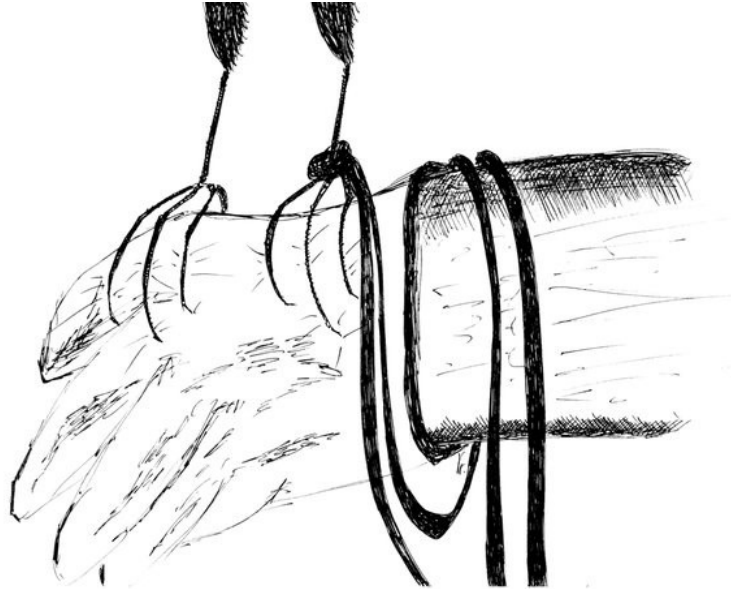


The raven was born in the darkness of the leaves and in the noise of the wind. In the height, in the warmth and in the cheep sound. The time went by, the raven grew up and he learned to fly. He learned to find and to get his own food. He was black and free, on its own and for himself.

But once, when he was still young, he was caught in a snare. He crashed and beated but he couldn't fly away. He was carefully taken away and began training. He wore a little cap on his head, he was feeded or punished, and he was brought to sleep on a tiny perch. He was trained. He was showed to people, they caressed him, they made him dirty, they put him on filthy human's shoulders. The raven wanted to die, but he didn't know how. So he waited for death to come to him by herself.



## Vrita / The raven



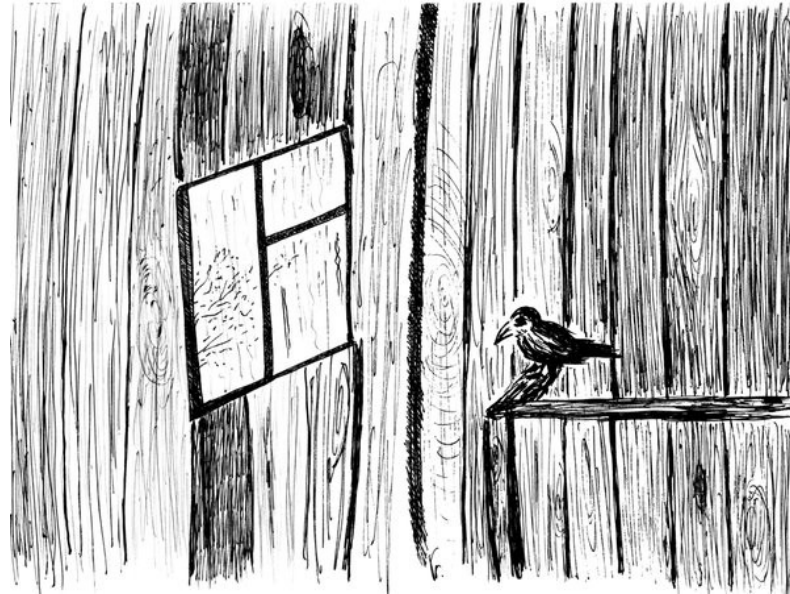
The raven was tired and relaxed. He was accustomed to human scent, to life at the bottom, to be tied to a hand. He lost consciousness during the night in the enveloping dozing, and half asleep he executed commands. Months passed, then years. The raven accepted everything and he almost died when he met a human.

This was another useless holiday, loud, flashy, steamed, hot and sunny. The black raven listened without hearing, watched without seeing, he went and clung to its feet, and suddenly caught freshness. He felt the gentle weight of a hand on his feathers. He turned his head and met with the human eye. The man stroked the crow, looked into his eyes, and then walked away and disappeared into the crowd. The raven seemed to wake up. He tried to take off, forgetting about the noose, but the owner quickly called him back down. Black wept, scored wings, as in a snare, but the owner swore and took him into the cage at home.

The raven had not slept in his house. The raven thought, suffered, watching the rain, feeling the smell of nature - there, behind the wall, remembering the human, and shouted and called a quick death.



## Vrita / The raven



Until he remembered that the owner had left open a window, and removed the loop when he brought the bird home. After all, the raven had long been domestic.

The raven found the window and fluttered out. Freedom. Search! Search until the last moment! He swung his heavy wings and flew into the sky.

