

Black Raven Death

Slechtvalk

A Falcon was sent into the air by his master to begin his hunt for food.

With firm beats of his wings he ascended into the sky to begin his search.

Then his eyes spotted far below him, a black figure stirring in the depths.

Circling up high in the sky, the falcon awaited the best moment to strike.

With great speed, the falcon dove upon his prey.
His wings folded to reduce the drag of the winds.
The prey didn't notice the threat from above,
When all of a sudden his sight went black.

Sharp talons piercing the flesh, death came swiftly.
There was no way to escape.

The slain bird was heavier than he expected.
The falcon couldn't maintain his altitude.
He felt reluctant to let go of his prey,
But the threat of sharp rocks was at hand.

Then a southern wind went through the air.

Drifting on the warm current,
Carried by the wind, the falcon quickly climbed again.
He shot through the sky over the forest when he heard his master's call.

In return, the falcon gave a shriek as an answer to his name.

His master wondered what the falcon was carrying.
The large black shadow he firmly held.

The black raven is dead.
He has killed himself a black raven.
An unusual prey for a falcon, but still, the black raven is dead.