

Arthur The Crow

By Alanah Starkey (Grade 4A)

I walked down the street to the local shopping strip. As I was going past the shops, I noticed a shop that I could have sworn had not been there previously. I thought it strange, so I decided to have a closer look. I went to the door and slowly opened it. A bell tinkled as the door moved, to let the shopkeeper know that somebody was entering...

The inside of the shop was strange, with jars of dead man's fingers, dried death cap mushrooms, Dead man's foot and so on lining the dusty shelves of the shop. This was strange since all I had seen from the outside was a restaurant sign with the word 'closed' on it. Suddenly the bell behind me tinkled again and in strode a family of trolls, followed closely by a warty old witch, looking like she had come straight from a fairy tale. The family of trolls went straight for the Dead man's foot and the witch went to the corner that sold toads and broomsticks. I found this extremely puzzling, so I looked at the sign again and gasped to see it say, 'Warty Warehouse'. Someone behind me chuckled and I turned to see a crow in a cage! The crow didn't look like the other crows, it was cleaner and sleeker and didn't have red eyes. "Nice to meet you" it said but all I could do was gasp, a talking crow! Whatever next? "Oh well, if this human can't talk, I will stop talking to it" the crow said so I hurriedly said "Nnice ttto mmeet yyou" in a trembling voice and the crow said, "that's better, I like polite humans" in a cackling voice "Are you real?" I asked and the crow said, "of course girl, what do you think I am, an alien?" and I said "of course not" hurriedly, not wanting to displease him.

"How did you get here?" I asked the crow.

"I'll tell you the story" the crow said and so he began telling the story "A long, long time ago when I was a young crow, innocent and not ready to go out into the dangerous forest. I had two sisters and one brother. One day a terrible storm struck, and we were stuck in the nest for days while our parents were hunting. They had been gone for a while, but we were not worried for hunting took a long time these days. We waited for hours but they did not come back so I, with my older sister set out to find them. We were the only ones with wings for we were the oldest kids. We travelled through the storm but could not find them, so my older sister flew lower into the undergrowth, hoping to find them resting under cover from the storm. Suddenly a fox sprang out of a bush and tore one of her wings. My sister, unable to fly with only one wing, fell as blood spurted out of the place where her wing had been. She got eaten by the fox while I flew on, too cowardly to try and get revenge on the fox. As night struck the storm stopped and by then I had reached the city. I was just resting on a rooftop

when a sharp claw swiped at me. I flew off a little distance and saw a cat on the rooftop, thin, bedraggled and looking like he hadn't eaten for days. I shuddered before flying several rooftops away. I went to sleep and had a horrible nightmare, as if I had been killed as my sister had been then thrown roughly into a cage. When I awoke, I was here, in this same cage and in the corner were some dry pellets, barely enough to keep me alive. If I am kept in here any longer, I will develop red eyes and become a servant to witches!" At this point the crow was crying so I soothed him and in a desperate attempt to do so I said, "I'll buy you and set you free" immediately he perked up "Really?" he asked "Yes" I said for I pride myself in not breaking promises. So, I bought him from the gnome shopkeeper. And, as I was walking back home with him sitting on my shoulder (I had dumped the cage earlier) I asked him suddenly "What's your name?" "My name? My name is Arthur" Arthur the crow said, and we smiled at each other as we walked back home to my house together.



Arthur on bridge looking down on the forest he spent early childhood in.