

## Crow Song - Alya, Year 6, VIC

The Lyrebird, Mockingbird, Thrush, and Starling are all known for their songs. But I hear a Crow song.

I stare out at the dead lands of Morich, red hair rippling in the wind, basket in hand.

A sort of sadness hangs in the air, for the dusty brown lands were once rich. Lush and green they were, at a time when a single footstep wakes a village of scurrying creatures, just waiting beneath the surface.

Now, as I step toward the barren oak tree, all I hear is a crow song.

The rocks feel smooth and sharp against my bare feet.

The sun dares not show its face.

The clouds declare reign over Morich for the first time in months.

I hear a crackle, a crunch, a snap — *I hear a crow song.*

Then I see her, my beautiful Eira, my beautiful bird she is. Lured by the skyfall, her big black eyes stare out at the land. “Rain,” they say, “rain!”

I call her to me. She settles on my arm, letting out an excited chirp.

I am excited too, for in nature, rain means life, something I've been trying to propose for a long time.

Today I bring dandelions. Their seeds can travel amazing distances by wind alone. I hope the seeds carry; I hope the stark landscape can rush with life once again, that the birds and bugs chirp and scuttle.

Normally I'd give Eira my basket, letting her carry it up and up, flying high then with accurate speed she'd dive, twisting and turning, making loops upon loops and letting the plants fall daintily on the hard stone and dirt. Before long she'd be out of my sight. But the rain is much too hard.

I always wonder? I wonder what she feels? I wonder what it is to be so free, to fly to the highest tower and live in the smallest tree? To have not a care in the world, but to hold the care of those you love — *love...* I wonder how anyone can doubt it? When the feeling has overwhelmed me for the last six years since I found Eira.

She was small and hurt, she had a broken wing, but not a broken spirit. I nursed her back to health, and I always knew she loved me back. Every morning I would find her singing her crow song huddled up in the hollow of the old oak tree, one of the only trees that survived.

Now Eira always helps me spread the flowers. Because I'm on a mission to bring back life in Morich. A mission that hasn't yet been successful, one that nobody had the heart to attempt. *My village, the self-serving fools. My village, the guilty traitors.*

We used to be friends with the people of Morich, many neighboring villages were until the fire. The fire that six years ago tore through Morich, burning the once lush land. A world covered in soot it was, for Eira, the animals, and the people — well, what was left of them — and nobody did anything about it. That's an anger I will never let go of.

I never lived in Morich, never felt the true devastation, only smelled the ash. For that, I'm lucky.

So the sadness that hangs in the air is not the sadness of one girl but the sadness of hundreds of resting souls.

For that, *I am mourning.*