

## Two Ravens and a Window

Grades 7-8

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Day after day passes, no more significant than the last. With nothing to do, nowhere to go, I stared out my window. The dull, dreary, grey sky, stretching on, with no end in sight. The bare trees, naked with no trace of color. The pond, once crystal clear and full of life, is now soiled and brown. No color, no flora. The outside is a sea of grays and browns. Turning away from the window, I sigh. The outside has offered no avail to my already low spirits. I feel no motivating force, no reason to get up. And so, I lay, in what has become my prison. These four walls have trapped me. I am no better than a criminal, encaged in this hollow cell. A ghost of what once was a home. Time keeps ticking, days pass, weeks pass. Still that relentless sense of despair and grief keeps me anchored to my bed. It's begun to get colder, so I go to get another blanket. In my closet there is an old wooden chest, full of spare blankets, and pillows. Opening the chest, a flash of red catches my eye. A large homemade quilt embroidered with the design of ravens. I had received it before the pandemic. Made by my Grandmother. I feel my heart clench. My grandmother was one of the millions of victims of this raging disease. I clutch the blanket and crawl back to my bed. Clinging to the blanket, sleep claims me quickly. The next day I look out the window to see a layer of white, coating the hillside. The stark contrast of the bright snow against the somber landscape I've become accustomed to is foreign to me. The dark clouds are still covering the shine of the sun. As I'm staring out the glass, I notice my cell phone. I can see the lavender case reflecting in the window, from under my bed. I remember, weeks ago, the last time I used it. Picking it up, I see the missed calls and text messages. I know they're worried, but I can't dig up any feelings to care enough. No guilt. No shame. Just sadness, fear, and desolation. I'm almost numb. A walking zombie. An empty soul. A shell of my former outgoing, extroverted self. I feel as if I'm a time bomb, ticking and ticking. Just biding the moments, I have left, until it's my turn to meet the end. It's like I'm being slowly crushed by a

boulder. Whenever I feel like I might get out, might be saved, it crushes down even harder. The dread has gotten worse, since seeing my grandmother's quilt. It reminds me that I too, will soon join the list of names. The list of lives that have perished due to this plague.

As the sickness gets worse, it comes to the point where I'm unable to even sit up. I truly have become a prisoner, shackled forever to this spot. Never to see the light of day, have children, do all those things I once planned to do. I pray death claims me soon and swiftly, as I can no longer breathe on my own, a machine does it for me. The machine has a humming noise that keeps me up. I wasn't ready for this disease. I wasn't ready for my life to end so soon. Everything happens for a reason they say. Why? Why do all these innocent people have to suffer? I ponder these questions, day after day questioning life, and what happens when you die. Is there heaven? Will I be welcomed with lush gardens, and pools of light? Or will I be trapped forever in a fiery hell? Weeks pass, and I remain unable to breathe myself. I turn my head to try and see out my window. Oh, how I used to love my window, love the views. Now I just seek distraction from my looming rest. I've accepted my days are now numbered. Glancing out I see two ravens sitting on the fence post, looking at me. Remembering the old myth of ravens being harbingers of death, I stare back and smile at them.