

Condor

The Raven

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By A. Nation

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Books by A. Nation

Domino Series:

Similar But Not the Same

Saga One - 2422

Deflection A Race Against Time

Saga Two - 2407 A.D.

CrossRoads A Moment of Decision

Saga Three - 2424 A.D.

Found-The Lost Ones

Saga Four - 2426 A.D.

Return There's No Easy Way

Saga Five - 2429

Desert Shock - Secrets Never Stay Hidden

Saga Six

Fatal Error – Death by Innocence

Saga Seven

Secrets Series

The Eye of the Matrix – The Stone Map

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Urban Series:

Where Did They Go?

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The Pottery Sale - What Lies Beneath

Urban Fantasy 2

The Cruise – Lost At Sea

Urban Fantasy 3

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For more insights to how this story progressed, see my blog at: [My Blog](#).

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This is a short after tale to The Pottery Sale

Vesda

Once revered in Greek mythology as the God of Prophecy or the symbol of death, the raven soars above the Earth as elegant as an eagle.

They are black, larger than crows, and their calls are raspy and guttural. Their unkempt feathers, claw-like beaks, and amazing mental capabilities set them apart in the world of corvid birds. Yes, they could be the best representative of their ancestor, the raptor dinosaurs.

One, in particular, flew into the clouds one day and noticed the land curved upward beneath him. Swooping down for a better look, he landed on a wooden drum next to an old timbered shack.

"Quaw, quaw, quaw" he called. Receiving no answer from his friends, he cawed again.

"Who goes there?" said an old little man sporting a white beard and a red pointy hat. He had a half slice of bread in one hand.

"Caw," the raven replied.

"Hmm, you must have just come in. Here, have some of my bread," the gnome said.

The raven pecked at the bread until nothing but crumbs scattered on top of the covered water barrel. The old man turned and entered the shack. Not having much else to do, the raven took flight to look for a better meal popping out of a mice hole.

Catching a thermal high in the air, he flew to one end of the world and back. Then he spotted someone digging into the earth. Soaring down for a better look, he perched himself on a nearby fence post.

"Well, look at you," said the digging person. "Having the best time of your life up there. You look like a condor the way you soared back and forth."

"Caw," the raven replied, tilting his head at the man with large claw-like hands.

"I bet you can talk. A lot of ravens do. I bet you're wondering where you are. So do I and a lot of other people. They call this place Vesda."

"Ves-da?" the raven mimicked.

"That's right. I knew you could do it. Oh, my name is Colin. What should I call you? How about Condor, just the way you fly. How about that, Condor?"

"Con-dor."

"Condor of Vesda. That has a nice ring to it, don't you think?"

"Caw, Condor."

"You're probably hungry," Colin said and pulled out a small wiggling rodent from one of his huge jacket pockets.

Flinging the varmint into the air, Condor caught the morsel in his beak with ease. In a flash, the mouse was gone.

"Caw," Condor said and took flight.

Looking down, he could see Colin waving and returning to his endeavors.

Condor watched as the people below built small homes and barns. One, in particular, was larger than the rest. It smelled of food.

Drifting down for a better view, he watched as a large burly man with black hair and a beard stepped outside to throw a pot onto the ground.

Condor landed nearby and noticed the pot had burned food residue with a hole in the bottom.

"Hey, bird, you don't want to eat that. I'll fix you something better," the man said.

The raven flew up and perched himself on the other side of the building on a porch railing.

The man came out with a bowl in his hand.

"Here," the large man said as he sat the container of ground corn on the porch floor.

The raven puffed up his feathers and announced, "I am Condor."

"Well, I'll be. I'm Bosloe to you small friend," he said as he shook his head and walked back inside the building.

Time went on as Condor met everyone in Vesda including a cat woman who took a swipe at him when he flew too close to her. Then one day a new person arrived. She called herself Susan.

He was pruning his feathers one day on a fence rail when he noticed a blond lady in a floral dress walking up the path toward him. She had dirt on her skirt and face.

"Who goes there?" he squawked.

The woman looked around and continued on.

"Ack, who goes there?" he asked.

"Was that you?" she said, turning to look at him.

"Awk, yes, yes it is I. Now, who are you?" the bird repeated.

"I am Susan. What's your name?"

"I am Condor, the biggest bird in the land." He took a couple of side steps, stretching his wings, clamping

his talons around the wooden post, and then returning back toward the woman.

"I think Condors are much larger," she said.

He peered at her and rasped, "Do you see any condors flying around?"

"Well, no, but I can't see anything up there. Too many clouds."

"Turn the perception around. I can see those below who worry about things never to come. Lives of self-interests dominate no one. Some without anything have all they need."

"My, aren't you the philosopher. Condor? Do you know how I can get home?"

He looked at the woman, cocking one side of his head and then the other so both eyes could focus.

"I am but a mere bird that flies at will. As long as I have access to food I won't leave."

"In other words, you don't know. Do you know of two scientists that would know how to leave?"

"Down the road, you shall find," was all he would tell.

The next few days Condor noticed a change in everyone's attitude. Something to do with what the woman said. The two resident scientists, known for their explosive mishaps, were building a new machine.

The 'sun' was out today and the soft glow bathed the land. High up in the sky, Condor, the raven took advantage of some of the thermal air currents. The raven flew down near the store and perched on the railing outside.

"Look there's Condor," said JackOput, the local farmer.

Everyone was still in the middle of eating Susan's great cobbler. When Jack pointed to the raven, they all got up and came outside to see if the bird knew if the cat lady, Thyla, had caught a mouse for an experiment.

"Caw."

"Condor, what is happening? Where is Thyla?" Bosloe asked.

"Awk, she's with Fin. She caught a fine one. Awk," he replied.

Everyone forgot about their cobbler and marched down the roadway toward the warehouse to see the experiment for themselves. Condor flew overhead.

After several trial runs, days later, the machine worked. Many people had come from all parts of Vesda and were leaving through this machine. Not wanting to be left alone, the raven flew overhead and entered the portal with his human friends.

Several people now poured out of this 1950s home. Condor followed them out and into the sky. He had forgotten how free this felt as he soared to the top of one of the swaying pine trees.

As everyone began to resettle back into the small town of Firth, Idaho, he stuck around to watch Susan go about her daily life. Then one day he noticed a shadowy figure rustled the nearby bushes from across the street.

"Awk," he tried to warn the cat woman.

"Go away Condor," Thyla remarked and changed position on the maple branch.

"You can't stay there long. You'll fall."

"How would you know ol' feet clamps?"

"This is a terrible way to repay your friends for helping you when you first arrived in Vesda and Susan who became your friend. She saved your life. Awk"

"You don't have to remind me, bird."

"Something's amiss, I hiss," he squawked.

"You win, Condor," she said in a whisper.

Creeping down the tree, her movements remained silent as she peeked into Jack's tent at the base of the maple tree. She thought she would head indoors. Condor stood watch in the tree and cawed at the half moon.

Out of the corner of his eye, the shadow from before, slipped into the home through the bedroom window.

Condor took flight.

Bosloe's home was just a block away. He landed on the sill and began pecking at the window.

"Wha—? Condor, go away. It's late," Bosloe said turning over in his bed.

"Caw, trouble, Susan, get up you lazy lard," the raven called.

"Susan?" the man asked and grabbed his pants and dressed.

Condor flew over Bosloe, as the large man ran down the street toward Susan's home. Thyla had just entered from the back porch. Hearing a racket inside, Bosloe pulled out his phone and called the police.

The raven soared above until the police came out of the woman's home. Landing on the peak of the roof, he perched down to take a much needed rest.

Bailory

Strange things always happen when Hobs, the gnome is involved. It's Condor's job to keep an eye on everyone.

Cracking the old door of the back of the warehouse, he watched Hobs rush down the wooden steps, down the alley, and head for Susan's home.

"Ho, Hobs. What do you know?" The raven asked.

"Not much, and you?" Hobs replied not wanting to chat with this gossipy bird.

"Winter comes, strange things runs," said Condor.

"Good night, Condor," Hobs replied and began walking under the tree boughs covering the sidewalk.

Condor just ruffled his black feathers and squatted into a roosting position on one the tree branches.

Later on, while he peered down from his lofty perch, he spotted his friend, Hobnobby running down the street.

With a thrust of energy from his legs, he took off from the branch and glided overhead in the thermals following the little man.

"Ho, Hobs, such a hurry you go. Scurry here, scurry there, whatcha know?" he cawed. He wasn't the best poet, but he loved to try.

"Go away Condor, I don't have time for you or your theatrics."

“My, my, secrets will bite you in the end.”

Hobs stopped. “If you must know, I’m going to the library,” he explained and trotted on down the sidewalk.

“Tisk a tisk, tiska tat, what an odd place for Hobs to be at,” the ebony bird rasped as he soared high onto the next limb atop a lofty fir tree.

One day he did get his chance to find out what Hobs was up to. When Hobs entered the old building, he flew in after him. Hobs muttered a chant and a door appeared on the blank wall. He flew over Hobs head and into the countryside of Bailory. Spotting another raven in the leafy tree ahead, he flew over.

“Caw, I’m Condor,” he said as he landed near the female raven.

“Caw, you can call me Ink,” she replied.

This is where Condor wanted to stay.

About the Author

A. Nation travels the west with her husband. I decided to write in a futuristic fashion creating interesting adventure stories that have a moral realization. Whether from prejudice, political crime, retribution, or enslavement, the sagas shall continue.



For more insights how this story progressed, see my blog at: [My Blog](#).

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