



**Week 122**  
**Raven Mad**

I never did believe in Heaven and Hell, Sort of thought reincarnation was a great idea but if Heaven existed it would be different for everyone, Quite fancied the idea of going to Narnia afterwards but that would be a very personal paradise for me,

Turns out we were all right, if my own experience is anything to go by,

Having given it loads of thought in my many hours of sitting on this fence, I'm pretty sure I got a bit of karma, When my raven friend Ragnar died I had given him as much love as I could so a final ritual of removing his jesses and holding his stiff body up to the sky with the words 'Fly free little brother and remember me' ,,,, that was just my own adornment, I really did want to imagine he would continue,

So it wasn't much of a shock to see him sitting on the end of my bed, his black claws gripping the metal bar, head cocked to one side, I had known for some time that I was on

my way out but I was a bit surprised to hear his croaky voice in my head telling me to sit up and stretch my wings, Groggy from my medication I failed to be surprised when I looked around to see Ragnar next to me and a sleeping human in the bed, *Lil ole lady looks peaceful* I thought,

Do I miss anything from the old days ,,,, well, I used to have a lovely singing voice but now I am limited to harsh Kaaaaaaaah sounds but as a swap for being able to fly ..... No contest! And I can still understand human speech as well as most other creatures which is much richer, And then there is Ragnar, Our relationship is much more balanced now we are both big black birds,,,,, now we can both speak and are able to do the aerial ballet that is corvid pairing,

On the whole it is much better than being stuck in one species body and mind,,,,,,