

# THE RAVEN

*By William Kevin Black*

# The Raven

William Kevin Black

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# ÂSZero

a black abyss

A lithe boy tinkers over a machine in a garage. There is a knocking on the door. It flies open, revealing a redhead, who pounces on the boy. They laugh.

Outside, in a field, the machine is turned on, whirring with energy, anticipating its function.

Sparks begin to fly, the steel machine heats to a white. An explosion sears the grass, leaving the tips blackened.

The boy rushes over to the girl, holds her in his arms; crying.

Ra gasped as he jolted upright, hitting his head on the shelf above his bed for the hundredth time. Sighing, he lay down and held his head. One day, he used to tell himself, the dreams will stop. But you can only lie to yourself so many times before you stop believing. Sliding out of bed, Ra slinked over to the bathroom. Ra watched his reflection run its fingers through his hair, going over the white streak he had had since eight years ago. His reflection was a constant reminder of his failure, always reminding him of that day. <Though he considered dying it when it first appeared, he had decided to wear it as a sort of penance.><explain this later w/ Leia> He quickly washed his hair and got into clean clothes. After eating a quick breakfast, he headed out to face another day.

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The deep orange leaves beautifully complimented the dark brown of the oak treesâ€™ bark. Only a few leaves still hung on, determined to resist their execution. Ra shuffled through the streetlight-lit leaves on his walk to school. Ra had always loved the dark. He always could find a sort of relaxation therein. He loved the feel of the dark, its cool tendrils enveloping him in a lukewarm embrace. The wind blew back his coat tails, gently pushing him

back. The scent of old leaves filled the air, its soothing aroma sedating the senses. Just as the first rays of sunlight peeped over the treetops, Ra entered into his school.

Ra sat in his first class of the day, setting his bag down to the side, and activating the display on the desk. The short holographic display lit up, bringing up his programming simulation. He just barely finished the skeleton for the system when the bell rang, and class began.