

Thief!

Last week I was met with an attempted robbery. Not on the public thoroughfare, but at home on my own terrace! The target for the thief was not gold or money, but something as private as my underpants!

Even though I stepped out on the terrace and whispered my Pst!, the thief did not retreat. The criminal seemed quite large from the short distance, so I gave up, although the thief still worried my laundry. I retreated to go inside to find an effective weapon.

I found my broom. Still the thief tore my laundry. Gesticulating with the broom, I finally crowned my struggle with success: The thief took the flight. I managed to ward off the theft!

Now, when I try to remind, some small things have disappeared from my ter-

race. I always have believed the missing things were blown away by the wind. But now I have a new explanation:

The Raven! I believe this criminal creature is quite young and it had not learned to be afraid of people.

After the attempted robbery at my terrace, the black bird continued to my neighbour. The neighbour was braver than I. She shooed away the bird with her bare hands. Suddenly I find myself looking anything but elegant and brave, standing with my weapon used to overcome the large black bird.

The raven is only a bird. But it is a special bird. I feel that behind the staring eyes of the black bird, we can recognize a wise creature, for which we must be very respectful.



Qaqortoq, August 2017

Quit

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