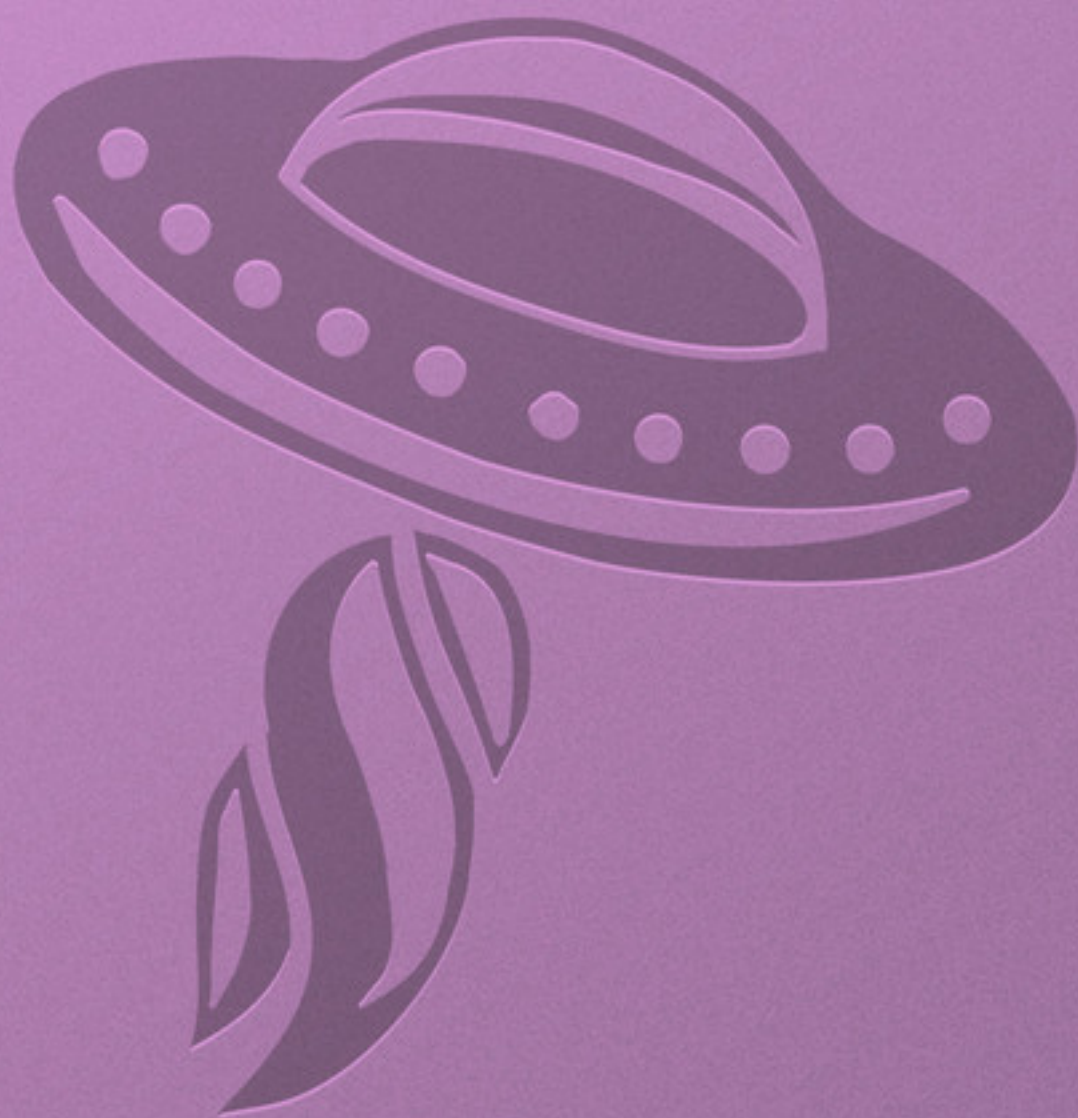


Henry Lion Oldie

Nevermore



Henry Oldie
Nevermore

«Автор»

Oldie H. L.

Nevermore / H. L. Oldie — «Автор»,

New edited version.

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Nevermore

*Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'*

E. A. Poe, "The Raven"

...Dead gray waves were running over the dead molten sand and with metronome precision rolled back to the horizon where the foaming sea medley touched upon the dull sky, torn by gaping atmospheric holes and large tornadoes. The sky was unwillingly spitting small, glowing splashes into the filthy spittoon that was Earth, the soil lightly steamed, cooled and caked into a crust – it had been steaming for a few years. The wind roaming along the coast, whistling in the dry skeletons of a few remaining buildings, and stirring the dusty veil of ashes, showed the bones buried underneath. The sky gazed at the remains indifferently. Uncaring...

At first the amount of corpses was so large that ravens, crazy with joy, indulged in luxurious feasts. Due to radiation the air was almost sterile, and their banquets lasted for weeks –months... Decay progressed slowly, and when many lost their feathers and died in the general hubbub and wing-flapping, their bodies remained untouched. Their winged brothers, ones with better luck, preferred human flesh.

Little by little the ravens noticed where the invisible death lurked and kept away from those places. The food was growing scarce, and it was getting harder to find bodies untouched by decay and beaks. Catching rats was out of question; during the first days after the End, in spite of all prognoses, rats were not as lucky as ravens. Gloomy birds dug in the ruins, flew from one spot to another, raised light rustling ashes and did not wish to realize that the time of plenty had lapsed...

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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