

# The Birds

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*Been wanting to write this ever since I saw the movie last. But it's been ages since I saw it so I probably got a bunch of it wrong. This is just a different view of one situation.*

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# 1 - The Birds

## The Birds

The shiny feathers of a crow's head turned at the sound of the others' caws. Its beady black eyes watched intently as the flock took to the sky. The crow lifted his wings, the wind catching the feathers and lifting him into the sky. Strong wing-beats brought it closer and closer to the sky. The flock looked like a windless tornado as it ascended up into the drizzle. It flew over the lake at cloud-level, watching as the black car wound its way around as it raced towards the school.

The crow pulled its wings next to its body and dove down to the schoolhouse, riding the currents before pulling up, wings and tail spreading to slow itself down before landing in the monkey bars. It cawed loudly, throwing its head back as it welcomed more of his flock.

It sat there on the metal pipes, long, curved claws curling around the bar, the surface worn shiny by

years and years of children's hands as they played on the playground. It looked down its thick, black beak as more of his kind landed beside him, their wings flapping slightly as they rearranged the feathers. A quiet singing came from the small red schoolhouse and the crow emitted a loud caw in anticipation.

A cloud of dust was coming its way, a car barely visible as it rushed towards the schoolhouse. A man stepped out and the crow cawed again, but did not leave his perch; one was nothing when the school was full of them. The man looked at the crow and then disappeared hurriedly inside the red building. As soon as he was out of sight, the rest of the flock came down like a black cloud, quickly occupying every perch.

No sooner did every bird find a place to rest did the doors of the schoolhouse open slowly. Every crow grew quiet as they watched the man lead a group of children and their teacher out into the streets. The humans turned their back on the birds and carefully walked down the road, careful not to make a sound.

The crow watched intently, its wings rising slightly as the breeze played with his feathers. Then, the humans started running! The flock exploded into the air like a bomb in hot pursuit. The noise was deafening as hundreds of wings snapped open and beat at the air. They quickly overcame the humans and dove down, grabbing at their hair and clothes with their feet, pecking at faces and hands as they flailed about. The crow veered sharply to the left upon noticing the man jump into the car with another human. It dove beak-first into the flannel hood of the car, puncturing it as it struggled to reach the humans below.

The engine roared and the crow was flung off the car as it sped forward, dust and gravel being thrown into the air. Ignoring the fleeting car, the crow went after another victim. It didn't understand why, though. Just something inside told it to attack and it obeyed its instincts. It looked up at the rest of the flock; dozens of bodies already littered the ground. Only the fleeing car and a few stragglers remained alive, the rest were the result of a madman's experiment.

