

The Day Off

I come to you not as a man, but as a warrior in many more ways than one.

Fresh off of a battle with a long hair on my neck that I missed whilst shaving. I find myself pondering the dreadful thought of a second war on the horizon - For there are no WNBA games on today. I write this message to you in hopes you read it, and more than that, understand thine wordings as gospel and knowith my scripture is that of truth and fact checked by the person with more than a hint of rabbit on their breath, breathing heavily over my shoulder. The day foretold by our elders is upon us now and the sky is exhaling into darkness. From my proper English, I reckon that you have come to the sane conclusion that I am from the past, and the raven in front of you is a time traveling raven. And Goodness Cheese! I bet a long time has passed. Are people still using the expression Goodness Cheese? It's worth noting my cousin Maryweather came up with that and it's really catching on. How are things in your time? Are most people cousins, like it is here? I'm attaching bird seed and instructions for taking care of time traveling ravens on the other foot of this raven that you have come in contact with. Not many people know this from my time, but you can actually use both feet of the raven to send messages. You're welcome to do the same upon your reply. *This neat trick has gotten me laid on many fortnights.* However, to make sure that this letter does get safely to you, I will keep it short, as with every word I write, I carve more lead in the parchment and I don't want to weigh down Charleston, *not that it matters, but that's the name of the raven squawking in front of you.* Go ahead feed him the seed I left you, I'll wait.

Sir Charleston is a slow eater, and a surprisingly quiet chewer, it's almost dead silent when he eats, did you notice that? It's a rare quality in ravens - that's all I'm saying. One of his many faults. There is a great deal of lead in parchment nowadays with the new number 1 pencil that just came out. This pencil is great, you can even erase what you wrote, mark my words (*you can mark my words on the other parchment that you attach to Charleston's other foot*) there will never be the need for a second pencil. This one is absolute cheese.

If you are reading this, you have made the correct decision to pee on the parchment in a last ditching attempt to reveal the true meaning of this message I left with the invisible ink. The truth is, I'm not a warrior. I am in need of your assistance. I wasn't lying about the long hairs on my neck, but I'm handling that burden myself. I'm of course referring to this sad day that I find myself in. There is no WNBA on today, and I am beside myself, a man without purpose is no man at all. I'm like a fish, in a sea of fish that also don't seem to have a purpose. The WNBA is my escape from reality and trust me, you don't want me to be aware of reality. Reality is that cold wet towel that you use after showering for a second time that day. It's already chilly and moist, the smell of mildew and balls envelops your senses as you dry yourself bottom to top. *I'm of course speculating, I haven't showered since the last time I shat myself, and I haven't shat myself since the last time I blacked out, and I don't remember blacking out.*

I think my point to all of this is I'm in the same boat as you, metaphorically. We both are haunted by the ghost of a night of no women's basketball, literally. But do you cry in front of the mirror? NO! I know you do sometimes, it's okay. Do you shake a mans hand firmly, knowing in your heart that you are superior? NOT A SINGLE TIME. It's people like ME and YOU that keep this whole thing going. Without US there would be no WNBA. So go out there and LIVE! Get out from in front of the TV and go touch grass.

You are not a day without what you seek, but a day free from the burden of having it.

On the Keeping of Ravens

Being a Complete Treatise upon their Nature, Sustenance & Governance Rules for the Custodian of the Common Raven

- I. Construct a commodious aviary of stout-timber; the raven requires free flight.
- II. Furnish a varied table: raw flesh, eggs, insects, berries, and grain.
- III. Replenish the water vessel each morning for drink and bathing alike.
- IV. Divert the bird daily with puzzles; an idle raven may become destructive.
- V. Address your raven with regularity; they will get used to your weird voice.
- VI. Permit not solitary confinement at length; these birds do mourn isolation sorely.
- VII. Secure all bright trinkets; the raven is an incorrigible thief of shining objects.
- VIII. Examine the plumage weekly for parasites, wound, or signs of molting affliction.
- IX. Supply perches of various girth to exercise the feet and forestall the formation of sores.
- X. Engage an avian surgeon annually, or directly upon the first sign of disorder.
- XI. Guard the bird from intemperate cold, bitter wind, and the harshest summer heat.
- XII. Maintain a steadfast daily regimen; ravens are most fond of ritual and routine.
- XIII. Reward obedience with delicacies; never raise the hand in punishment or anger.
- XIV. Replace the cage-litter twice in the week to prevent the spread of pestilence.
- XV. Permit the bird egress under supervision; fresh air and liberty improve the humour.
- XVI. Withhold avocado, Mexican food, and salt; such substances are a deadly poison.
- XVII. No porn after midnight.
- XVIII. Clip overgrown talons with great care, lest curling impede the bird's movement.
- XIX. Cultivate trust through patience alone; a raven's loyalty, once yielded, endures unto the very last breath of its keeper.