

# Freedom...

by Judith

Standing in the culvert entrance to the tunnels, Vincent lifted his wrist high. Perched there, the juvenile peregrine falcon he'd been nursing back to health, ruffled its feathers in anticipation of release.

With the impending dawn, the sky was slowly turning pink. Vincent made sure no one was in sight, before removing the bird's leather hood.

Gleaming black eyes stared fixedly into sapphire, as the two assessed each other. The bird spread its wings, and gave a piercing cry.

"Fly!" Vincent swept his arm forward, launching the raptor into flight.

Like an arrow it immediately disappeared into the golden morning...