

The Raven, written by *Edgar Allan Poe*

Rewritten By Claire Gardner

The Reraven

One midnight it was cold and dreary,
While I was thinking, tired and sleepy,
Of endless pages dry words bore.

Suddenly to my surprise,
As I slowly shut my eyes,
I heard the sound of someone tapping,
Tapping on my chamber door.
It's some visitor I mumbled,
Knocking at my chamber door.
Only this and nothing more.

And I really do remember,
It was the middle of December,
And every dying tree,
Left it's shadow for all to see.

I really wanted the night to end,
Because I had sought to lend,
From the sad books with no end,
Sadness of lost Lenore.
From the rare and pretty girl,
Who the angels named Lenore.
Nameless here forever more.

And the awfully scary scrapings,
That I heard around my drapings,

Filled me with the kind of fear,
I had never felt before.

And to keep my scared heart beating,
I stood up and kept repeating,
“it is just a guest, knocking at my bedroom door”
“it’s some really late night traveler, standing right outside my door.”
Only this and nothing more.

Suddenly I got more brave,
Then the door a push I gave.
“Sir or Miss”, I quickly said,
“Your forgiveness I would adore”

“The fact is, I was asleep”
“And I barely heard the peep”,
“the quiet peep of you knocking”,
“knocking at my bedroom door”.
And then here my eyes I opened,
To see to whom my words were spoken,
But there was darkness there and nothing more.

And to the night that was so blackened,
I stood as my bravery lacked,
Thinking ideas that were so scary,
No one dared to think before.

And then as you could assume,
I ran back into my room,

But then again I heard that knocking,

A little louder than before.

“It must be something on my window”,

“It’s the wind and nothing more”.

So I walked out to my window,

My shield being a pillow,

And in stepped a tall black raven,

That must have flown in from the shore.

There he sat upon a bust,

And looked at me in disgust,

With disgust and nothing more.

So I looked at him in wonder,

And then startled by the thunder,

I covered him in questions,

Simple and complex questions galore.

But, to my sad dismay,

All that that raven did say,

Wasn’t of excitement, yet still made my interests soar.

Quoth the raven “nevermore”.

So I marveled at this creature,

Though his answer didn’t feature,

Anything of much excitement.

All he said was “nevermore”.

But not a single person,

Has had their own life worsen,

By talking to a raven,
At their bedroom door.
This is foolish. Nothing more.

But again I began thinking,
What this animal could be linking,
By coming to my door,
And then quoting nevermore.

As I stood there simply guessing,
No real thought I was expressing,
Something really strange happened,
Inside my bedroom door.

Suddenly the air grew thicker,
And the lights began to flicker.
It was then that I did realize,
Something evil was in store.

“Bird!” I shouted “thing of evil!”
“to haunt me forever, God has sent you to my door”.
Then the raven said “nevermore”

“let that word be the last,
Let it fall into our past”
I said somewhat out of fear,
But mainly out of horror.

“leave no feather as a memory,

Or a token you have given me”

Then sadly quoth the raven “nevermore”.

And the raven never moving,

While he sat, my suspensions proving.

His terrifying shadow, draped across the floor.

And my soul from out that shadow that lies flitting on the floor,

Shall be lifted – nevermore!