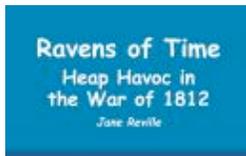


Ravens of Time

Heap Havoc in the War of 1812

Jane Reville





Peck, the raven, struck the goblet, spilling wine on the British soldier's coat. Tally lifted a bowl of ice cream in her claws, and dropped it on his head. What are those ravens up to in the White House? Join their adventures, and get the scoop as the ravens travel through time to the War of 1812. They create confusion when they meet the British plotting destruction up and down the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland.



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**Heap Havoc in
the War of 1812**

Jane Reville

Illustrated by Martin Reville

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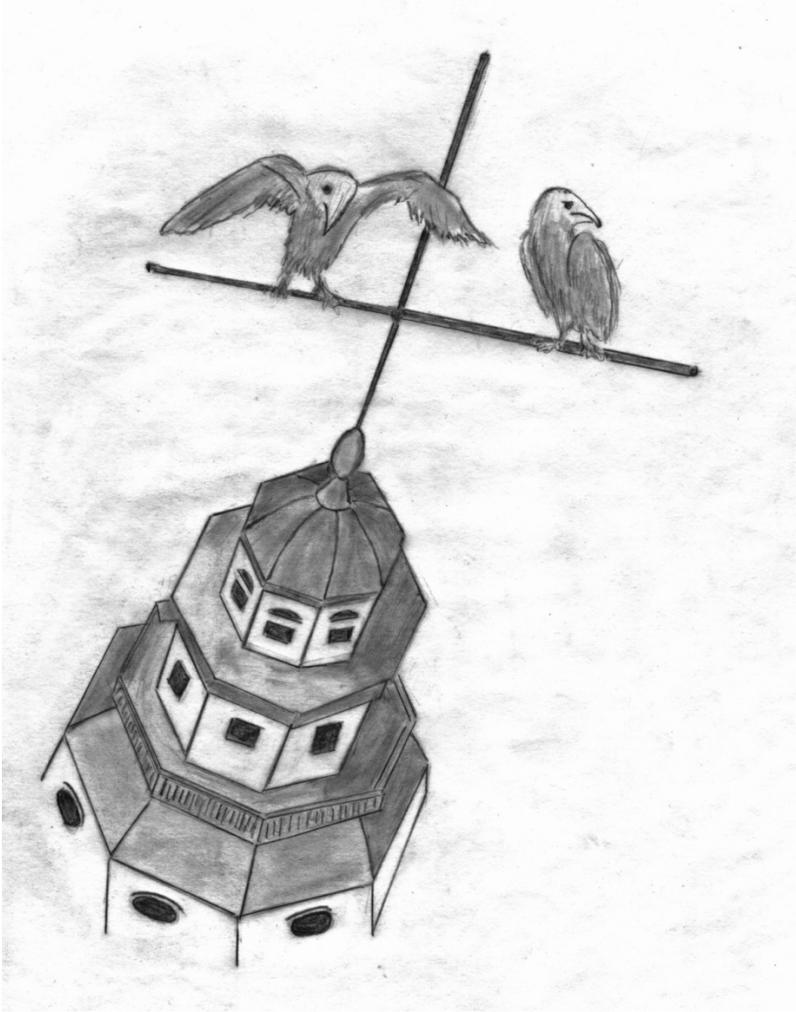
2014

First Edition

This book is our family project
for you to have fun with history.

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Prologue

Hitchhiking on a Cyclone

The wind spun the weathervane on the Maryland State House dome. Two ravens, perching on the weathervane, watched as black clouds gathered. People scurried into shops, a limousine splashed through puddles, and a helicopter tossed in the mounting storm. Sheets of rain drenched the birds. Crack! A blue bolt of lightning shot up the side of the State House to the dome, up the lightning rod, and through the weathervane. The ravens whirled into the storm. Sucked into the furious clouds, they spun round and round. With beaks tucked under their wings, they looked like small black bugs tossed by the gale, until the squall deposited the birds on a barn roof. Then all was quiet. The ravens shook their glossy black feathers and gazed into each other's dark brown eyes.

“You okay?” asked the large raven.

“A little shook up, but my feathers are intact,” replied the smaller raven shaking her wings. “Where are we?”

1

Spying on a Gentleman



A copper colored snake emerged from the woodpile. Its forked tongue flicked in the warm air. The light and dark brown colored bands slithered across the logs. Unaware of the danger, an elderly man with a ruddy complexion strolled toward the woodpile. It was dusk and he needed a log in order to heat water for his bath.

The ravens watched. The snake's tail vibrated rapidly as the man walked closer. Without a sound, the large raven struck the deadly copperhead and held the snake tightly in his beak. The man gasped and stared at the raven dropping the snake in the field, and pecking it.

"Great Caesar's ghost! That copperhead would have given me a nasty bite. You just saved my life. Oh, thank you, raven," he said, bowing. The raven cawed playfully and flew off.

"What?" said the larger raven.

"That snake could have bitten you," said the smaller raven.

"I had to help the man. He didn't know the snake

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was there. Besides, we need a friend. We don't know where we are."

"You're right about that. Nothing is familiar. There are no wires or telephone poles to sit on. I peeked in the windows and he does not have a TV or a refrigerator or a stove. Where's his car?"

"We'll sleep in his barn and see what the morning brings."

"Cr-r-ruck!" "Cr-r-ruck!" "Cr-r-ruck!"

The man rubbed his sleepy eyes. Slowly, he shoved aside the patchwork quilt, got out of bed, reached for his wire-rimmed spectacles, and peeked through the window

to see who was making the noise. He saw the two ravens sitting on the woodpile.

“You have returned,” he shouted. “And brought a friend to wake me. I’ll see if I have some breakfast for you.”

The gray haired man shuffled to the kitchen where a bowl of blackberries sat on the table. He opened the old wooden door and stepped outside.

“Can’t the two of you wait for the sun to get higher in the sky? I’m still in my nightshirt, but you deserve a treat,” he sighed. “If you’re going to hang around my farm, you need a name. I am Dr. Beanes and I’ll call you Peck,” he said, talking to the larger raven. “Peck. Yes, peck. That is what you did, Peck,” he continued as he held out his hand full of berries.

Peck flew over and grabbed a blackberry. The doctor laughed. The smaller raven on the woodpile laughed.

“You sound just like me,” the doctor said, laughing. The smaller raven laughed again. “Come join your friend. Here’s some,” he said holding blackberries for the other raven. “Now what should I call you, Cackle?”

The smaller raven swooped and snatched a berry. Peck flew to Dr. Beanes’s shoulder. The doctor ruffled his shiny black feathers.

“So what do you think, Peck? Do you like the name Cackle?”

“Tally-ho!” said Peck. “Tally-ho!”

“Where did you hear that British word? How about just Tally?”

“Tally! Tally!” Peck called. The smaller raven zipped past, did a somersault, and returned for a blackberry.

“Well, Peck and Tally, I have a busy day. I must ride to the orphanage to see a little girl who is sick,” the doctor called out, stepping inside the farmhouse to dress. The ravens flew to the windowsill, gazed inside, and watched the doctor place colored bottles in a wood box.

“The orphanage needs medicine because it may be used as a hospital. Oh my! Yes, another war with the British, a Second War of Independence. Why did they have to steal American sailors?” Dr. Beanes wondered aloud. “The British will attack the capital. And we’re so close. I must hide the State Records,” Dr. Beanes murmured, shaking his head in dismay as Peck and Tally flew nearer to the doctor.

“Do you want to help? You can be watchdogs and look for men wearing red coats and carrying guns. They are the British.”

“Okay. Okay,” squawked Peck, landing on top of the medicine chest.

“Peck, leave those bottles alone. You and Tally can help tear cloth for bandages. The girls in the orphanage will help too. Come on,” he said grabbing his stovepipe hat.

2

Cavorting With Dr.Beanes



The dappled gray horse kicked up dirt as Peck and Tally watched Dr.Beanes’s hat disappear over the hill.

“Come on, Tally. Let’s follow him,” implored Peck.

Tally, munching on a red beetle, said, “Berries and beetles don’t fill me up, Peck. I miss hamburgers!”

“We can look for food on the way,” replied Peck as he soared down the lane.

Peck and Tally flew wing to wing searching for mice. Seeing a dust cloud near the Potomac River, they descended to investigate.

“Do you think they’re Redcoats?” asked Tally twitching her tail.

“Let’s find out.”

A man riding on a chestnut horse led marching soldiers in blue uniforms. Rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-rat-a-tat. A young boy played a drum, flags waved, and cannons rumbled on big wheels.

“No luck, Peck. The soldiers scared the mice away,” Tally said, circling low over the soldiers. A soldier jumped and waved his hand at Tally. Peck dived toward him. Another took off his cap to snatch Peck and bumped the soldier in front of him who knocked the soldier in

front of him. Like dominoes, they fell into one another as the ravens flew off. Hearing the ruckus, the man on horseback turned and shouted, "Halt! Halt! Get back in step! You're not back on the farm! Fall in! Forward march!"

Girls from the orphanage picnicked on the lawn. One sad girl with long blonde hair and a pale face lay by herself. Dr. Beanes opened his wood medicine box filled with colored bottles.

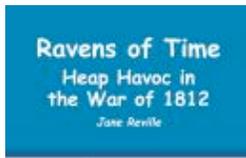
"No, Peck, don't," warned Tally, flying over the orphanage.

Peck zipped down and seized a blue bottle in his claws.

"Peck! What are you doing?" cried Dr. Beanes.

When the doctor tried to snatch the bottle from Peck, the blonde girl's face broke into laughter. Upon seeing the raven, several girls joined Dr. Beanes in the chase. Peck darted between outstretched arms. Just as a tall girl touched the blue bottle, he somersaulted. Tally sat on a low branch nearby laughing until a girl with a yellow bonnet threw a piece of chicken from her lunch. Tally called to Peck. He dropped the bottle at Dr. Beanes's feet and joined Tally who was eating the chicken. Soon others threw the ravens jerky and dried fruit. Tally discovered a macaroon cookie, which she did not share with Peck.

"Qworks!" cried Peck. He puffed up his head feathers upon seeing white horses pulling a black carriage with gold trim rumbling up the road. It was escorted by mounted soldiers with one leading a cow.



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