

## A day with Hugo, my friend the crow

I don't remember exactly how and when our friendship began....  
I think it was in May, when Hugo arrived on the balcony railing, in no hurry to leave.

He looked at me, moving his head from right to left...

For my part, it was love at first sight!



Since then, Hugo shows up every morning at seven, for breakfast on the table.

He is not picky about food: bread, cheese, meat, tomato, grapes...

He eats a little (under my smiling gaze) and then flies off with the rest of the food in his beak, to hide it in various secret places!

Hugo cannot eat calmly; there are enemies around who want to chase him away and sometimes succeed—other crows and the brazen mynas...

During the day, Hugo returns and watches me patiently, while I drink my coffee, read, or tend to the plants of our little "urban paradise."

Anath Hanit  
Tel Aviv - April 2026