THE LEGEND OF THE SCARECROW

Once upon a time, there was a scarecrow, a scarecrow who had no friends. He worked in a wheat field. The work was not hard, but indeed, it was very lonely. Days and nights passed by with no-one to talk to. The only thing he could do was to look at the birds. Each time they flew by, he’d wave at them. But they would never answer him. They flew away as if they were afraid of him. One day, the scarecrow did something forbidden. He offered the birds some seeds. But even so, the birds didn’t seem to care. The scarecrow wondered why no-one wanted to be his friend.

And so time went by till, one cold night, a blind crow fell at his feet. The crow was shivering and starving to death. The scarecrow decided to take care for him. After several days, the blind crow got better. The scarecrow told the crow how he wrapped the bird in a scarf and gave him seeds to eat. Before the crow flew away the scarecrow asked why the birds never wanted to be friend with the scarecrows. And the crow explained that the job of the scarecrows was to scare the poor birds. They are evil and despicable... they are monsters! Humiliated, the scarecrow replied: “It’s not true! Take me, for example.” “I’m not evil, and I’m a scarecrow.” And one more time, the scarecrow was left with no friends.

That same night, that scarecrow made a decision. The scarecrow wanted another job, he no longer wanted to frighten birds. Seeing his scarecrow talking, the farmer screamed. Terrified, the farmer woke up all his neighbors. He told everyone that his scarecrow had come to life and that could only be the work of the devil.

And the scarecrow was screaming but nobody cared except for a few crows flying around. One of them was the blind crow. His friends told him that the villages were burning a windmill where a scarecrow with a very long scarf was trying to hide. Then, the blind crow told them that he was the good scarecrow who once had saved his life. Moved by the story, the crows longed to save the scarecrow. But it was too late and they couldn’t do anything. The scarecrow burned.

The crows waited until dawn, and when the flames had died down, they went up to the remains of the windmill, took the ashes of the scarecrow and flew high up, very high in the sky and up on high, they scattered the ashes through the air. The wind carried the ashes all across the county. The ashes flew side by side with all the birds. This way, the scarecrow never had to be alone again, because his ashes now were flying with his new friends. In memory of the tragic death of the scarecrow the blind crow and all his friends decided to dress in mourning. And this is why, to this day all crows are black, in memory of the scarecrow who wanted to be friends of the birds.
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