

In an abandoned field stands
a scarecrow. It's a beautiful
calm day, and there's no wind.
But without it, the scarecrow
can't speak. He can't move.
He can only stare and watch
the clouds chase each other,
like animals frolicking in the sky.





All his life, he has had only one wish: he's wanted to become friends with the animals around him, with the crows in the sky and the mice in the field. When they come closer, he shakes and dances with the wind to greet them.



“Hello, crows!” he says, with a hearty rustle.
But the crows fly high and hide in the clouds.
“Hello, mice!” he says, with a friendly wave of his arms.
But the mice run far and hide in the grass.
They’re afraid of the scarecrow’s rustling and waving.