Once upon a time there was a scarecrow who lived in the middle of an open field in the countryside. He had a scary face but a kind heart. More than anything he wished that the animals and birds would be his friends.

Unfortunately they were all scared of the scarecrow;

They were scared of his flapping coat and his big black hat,
They were scared of his beady eyes and his crooked nose,
but most of all, they were scared of his jagged metal mouth.

In the Spring the scarecrow watched the animals playing in the field but they never came near him.

In the Summer the swaying wheat grew so tall until the scarecrow couldn’t see the animals and they never came near.

In the Autumn the combine harvester came to harvest the wheat and the animals scurried off to hide in the woods so they never came near.

In the Winter from the north there came a fierce breeze which stole the leaves from the trees and the light from the days. The scarecrow felt lonely and cold because the animals never came near.

One night, snow fell heavily from the sky. It fell and it fell and it fell until everything was white.

Early that morning the animals woke to a world that had changed.

The pond and turned to a sheet of glass.
The earth was a soft blanket of white snow.
And the scarecrow had turned into a jolly snowman!

The creatures scurried over and played with the snowman rolling and tumbling around all day. Inside the scarecrow smiled. He was as happy and bright as the sunny winter day.

Although he was happy, the scarecrow was afraid of what would happen when he lost his snowy coat.

One day, the snow began to thaw. It slipped off the scarecrow’s shoulders, it dripped from the brim of his hat and slid down the flaps of his coat.

Luckily, the animals looked up in wonder. Could the friendly snowman really be the scary creature that they were afraid of for so long?

As Spring stirred, the scarecrow felt a bird peck at his hat and a mouse nestle in the folds of his coat and he knew that his loneliness had gone forever.