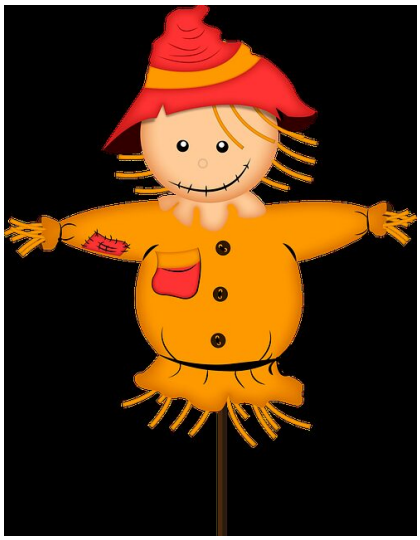
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March Of The Scarecrows

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Once upon a time, in the land of the Great Fields, lived an interesting group of Scarecrows. These Scarecrows, known for their jerky steps and patches, were unlike any other - they loved to march and dance!

On one sunny day, the music of 'The Little Sandman' began to play across the fields. As if on cue, the Scarecrows started their march. They took high steps, strutting across the field from one end to another. The leader, a Scarecrow with a particularly large straw hat, suddenly turned around and the others followed. Now, the Scarecrow at the end of the line became the leader.



"Alright, on the count of four, let's all mark time," the new leader instructed. The Scarecrows stood in their places and started to move, with high steps that led them back across the field. They then paired up, extending their straw-covered arms and shaking them limply.

"My turn," giggled one of them, extending his left arm to the side and shaking it. They all followed suit, and soon both their arms were extended as they turned in place, their straw bodies rustling with each step.

Following their routine, they placed a hand on their partner's shoulder and took three steps toward the front of the field, giving a low bow to the audience of birds and squirrels that had gathered to watch them.

"Ready for the song, everyone?" the leader called out, and they all turned to face the back of the field. Their song echoed across the field:

"Hark! there’s a scarecrow coming, Hark to his echoing tread; Hark! there’s a scarecrow coming With straw for arms and head. Out in the cornfield lonely, He’s been standing since the spring; But now the bright October rest to him does bring."

Their song filled the air and their march continued. With a series of turns, bows, and more marches, the scarecrows put on a spectacle that entertained all the animals in the field. They kept singing verses of their song, each line carrying

the tale of a scarecrow's life.

At the end of their performance, the scarecrows stood in a straight line across the field, singing the final verse of their song:

"See! there’s a scarecrow bowing, Bowing to each of you; Full well he’s done the good work That he was charged to do. Watcher of corn and gardens, Tender of wheat and rye; There’s a scarecrow bowing, see! Bowing a fond goodbye."

With that, each scarecrow bowed low to their audience. Turning to the right, they placed their hands on the shoulders of the one in front of them, echoing the last lines of their song as they marched off into the setting sun. The show was over for the day, but the fields knew, tomorrow, the dancing scarecrows would be back for another march.

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