

## THE WIZARD OF OZ

L. Frank Baum

SCARECROW: My life has been so short that I really know nothing whatever. I was only made the day before yesterday. Luckily, when the farmer made my head, one of the first things he did was to paint my ears, so that I heard what was going on. There was another Munchkin with him, and the first thing I heard was the farmer, saying, "How do you like those ears?" "They aren't straight!" said the other Munchkin. "Never mind," said the farmer, "Ears is ears. Now I'll make the eyes." So he painted my eyes and as soon as it was finished I found myself looking at him and at everything around me with a great deal of curiosity, for this was my first glimpse of the world. And what a beautiful place it is. Then he made my nose and mouth but I didn't speak because I didn't know then what a mouth was for. I had the fun of watching them make my body and when they fastened on my head at last I felt very proud for I thought I was just as good a creature as any one.

But then they put me in a field to scare the crows and left me all alone. Many crows and other birds flew into the cornfield and as soon as they saw me, flew away again. I felt very important, if a little lonely. Then this old crow came. He didn't seem scared at all. He perched on my shoulder and said "That farmer's a fool, trying to fool me with a poor thing like you." Then he hopped down at my feet and ate all the corn, and all his friends came to eat the corn too. I felt sad because it showed I wasn't such a good Scarecrow after all, but the old crow comforted me and said, "If you had brains in your head, you'd be as good a creature as any of them. For brains is what counts, whether you're a crow or a man." And that's why I'd like to go to the Emerald City, so the Great Oz will give me some brains.