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Stumpy the Blackbird

drawings VASO PSARAKI





Once upon a time, in a field full of nettles, an egg appeared – though nobody knows how. The nettles paid it no attention. Indeed, they had no time to, for like all nettles they spent their whole day exchanging stinging words. And when they weren't squabbling, they'd grumble about their miserable existence. In short, it was a hard life in that field, one filled with venomous pointed leaves, and the egg was afraid to move for fear of breaking and never growing up into a bird.



So time went by until one day it chanced that the Destiny fate had chosen for the egg passed that way and feeling sorry for it, lying all alone among the stinging nettles, asked if there were any favour that it wished for.

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'I would like a little peace and quiet, kind spirit,' it answered in egg language. 'If you can, make all the guarrelling in this neighbourhood stop for a while, so that what I really am can peck its way out of my shell.'

'Consider it done,' replied the egg's Destiny, turning to the nettles. And speaking magic words it made the bickering and complaining stop immediately.

'Ah, what lovely quietness!' said the egg. And the words were hardly out of its mouth before it started to crack and then crack wider still until it broke in two and from the shell emerged a blackbird chick.

'Well, blackbird, now that I've done what's needed I'll be off,' its Destiny announced. 'But don't forget that you're a bird and born to fly!'

