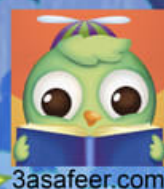


What Spring Forgot!



Author: Mervat Al-Beltagi
Illustrator: Rashid Motwakid





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Wagtail stretched and sang. Today was a wonderful day. It was the first day of spring. He stood in front of the mirror, brushed his feathers and put his hat on his head. He said, “All I need is a final elegant touch. A red rose in my feathers should do it and then I’ll be ready to go meet my friends. We’ll fly and play and have

lots of fun on the green grass. But just
as he left his nest,



A sudden gust of wind blew his feathers and ruffled them. Wagtail was surprised, “What a windy day!” He turned right and then left just as another gust of wind blew his hat away. He shouted in disbelief, “What is happening? Where did the wind come from? Isn’t this supposed to be spring?”



He smoothed his feathers and then he went back out again. Now the sun was shining brightly and it was so hot out. He put his sunglasses on and then he started looking for someone to explain this strange phenomenon.



He stood on the scarecrow's head and asked, "Do you know what is going on, my friend? What happened to Spring? Why hasn't it come yet?" The scarecrow said, "Spring had an accident and lost his memory."



Wagtail said, “This is terrible. What will happen to us? Look, the leaves are falling and there no flower buds to be found. Look the grass, it’s still dry and brown.



The scarecrow said, “We’ll just have to help him remember.” And when they looked over, there was Spring, sitting all by himself and looking quite confused and worried.



Wagtail fluttered his wings and flew over. He went up to Spring and said, “Come on Spring, Scarecrow and I will help you.” A smile lit up Spring’s face and he stopped frowning. He said, “Will you really help me remember who am I?” He said, “Yes, of course we will. You are one of the four seasons. In Spring, the sun is nice

and warm.” Spring jumped up and said, “Oh yes, I remember now!” Wagtail fluttered his wings happily and said, “That’s great. Now let’s begin. We’re all waiting for you.” Spring leapt up and spun around twice and suddenly the weather changed.



The sun shone brightly and suddenly it felt very hot. The clouds disappeared from the sky. Wagtail shouted as he fanned himself, “What is going on here? Why is it so hot? This is not Spring. It’s Summer. You’re Spring, remember? With a light cool breeze?” Spring thought for

a while and said, “Oh yes. Now I remember. Yes, that’s right.”



Wagtail fluttered his wings happily and said, “That’s great!” Come on then, we’re waiting for you.” Spring leapt up and spun around twice and suddenly the weather changed.



The sun hid behind the clouds and big gusts of wind filled the air. The leaves turned yellow and fell onto the ground. Wagtail held on to Scarecrow's straw as it was about to fly off in the wind too. He yelled, "What's going on here? Why is it so windy? This is not Spring. It's Fall."

You're Spring, remember? Puffy
white clouds decorating the sky?



Spring thought for a while and said, “Oh yes, I remember now. I remember.” Wagtail fluttered his wings happily and said, “That’s great!” Come on then, we’re waiting for you.” Spring leapt up and spun around twice and suddenly the weather changed.



It became dark and clouds filled the sky. Then it started to rain. Wagtail's feathers got all wet and so did scarecrow's straw. Wagtail looked upset with Spring and Spring felt bad about his short term memory. Wagtail said, What's going on here? Why is it rainy? This is not Spring. It's Winter. You're Spring, remember? Cotton ball

clouds in the sky, green grass, flowers blooming? Spring thought for a while and said, “Oh yes. Now I remember. Yes, that’s right.”



Wagtail gingerly asked, as he hid behind Scarecrow, “Are you sure you remember now? Because, I’m really not sure this time.”



Spring leapt up and spun around twice and suddenly the weather changed. The sun's gentle rays spread everywhere. Cotton ball clouds dotted the sky. Tree branches were filled with green leaves. Flowers bloomed. Everyone could smell the fresh air that floated on the gentle breeze.

Wagtail fluttered his wings happily as he danced and said,



“Wow! This is great! It’s finally Spring. You finally remembered who you are, my dear friend. Spring shook his wings happily and said, “Thanks for your help and thank you, Scarecrow. You helped me too. Wagtail and Scarecrow waved to Spring as it left, “Goodbye!” they called.



Suddenly, Wagtail felt raindrops falling on his head. He called out for Spring, but Scarecrow interrupted and said, “Oops, that was just me. I was drying my straw!” Wagtail started laughing and so did Scarecrow.



The End