

*by Andy Brannan,
illustrations by Mitch Tiner*



Love is Magic

A nearly true story of Friendship and Change

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Coloring Book Edition

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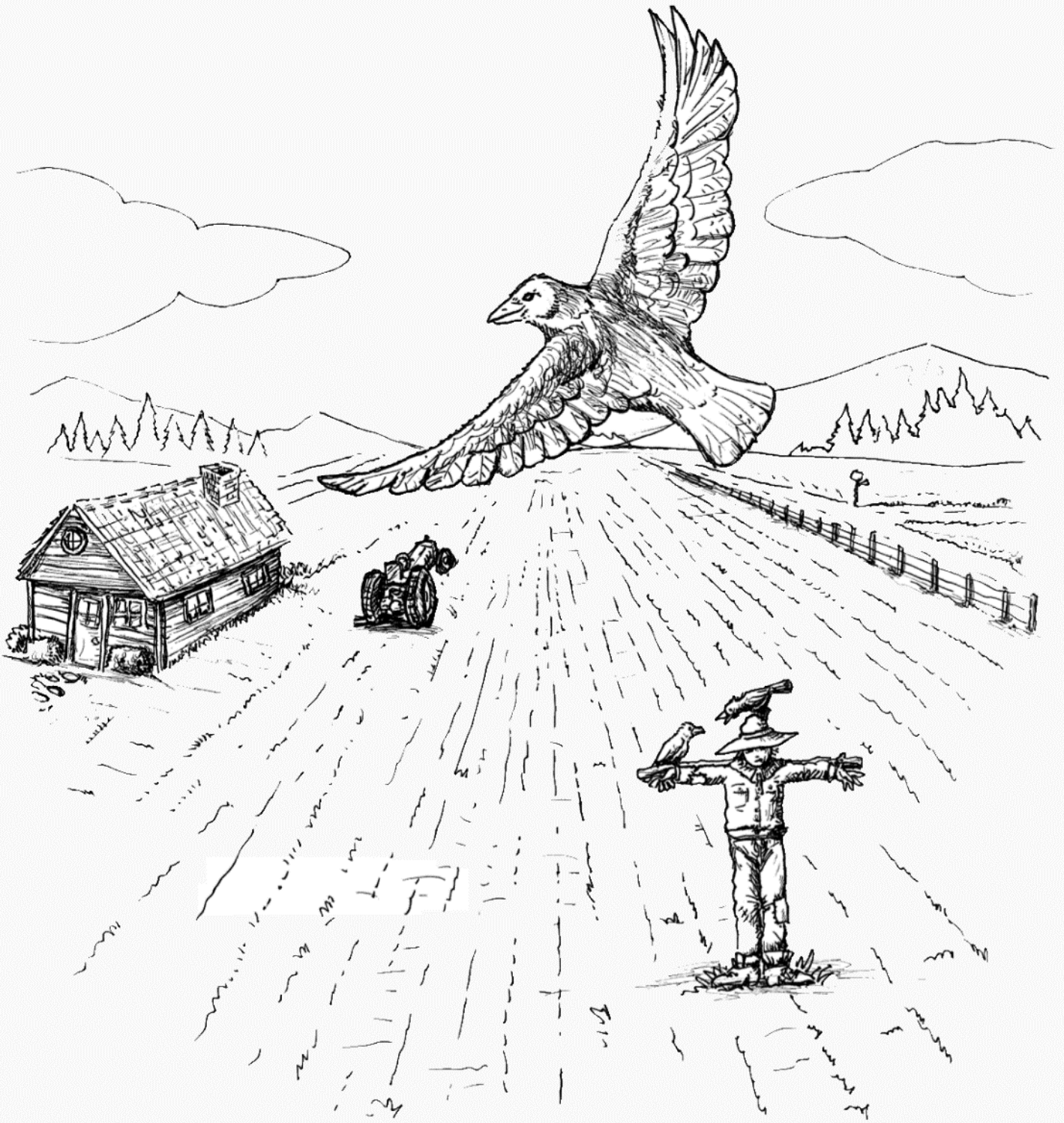
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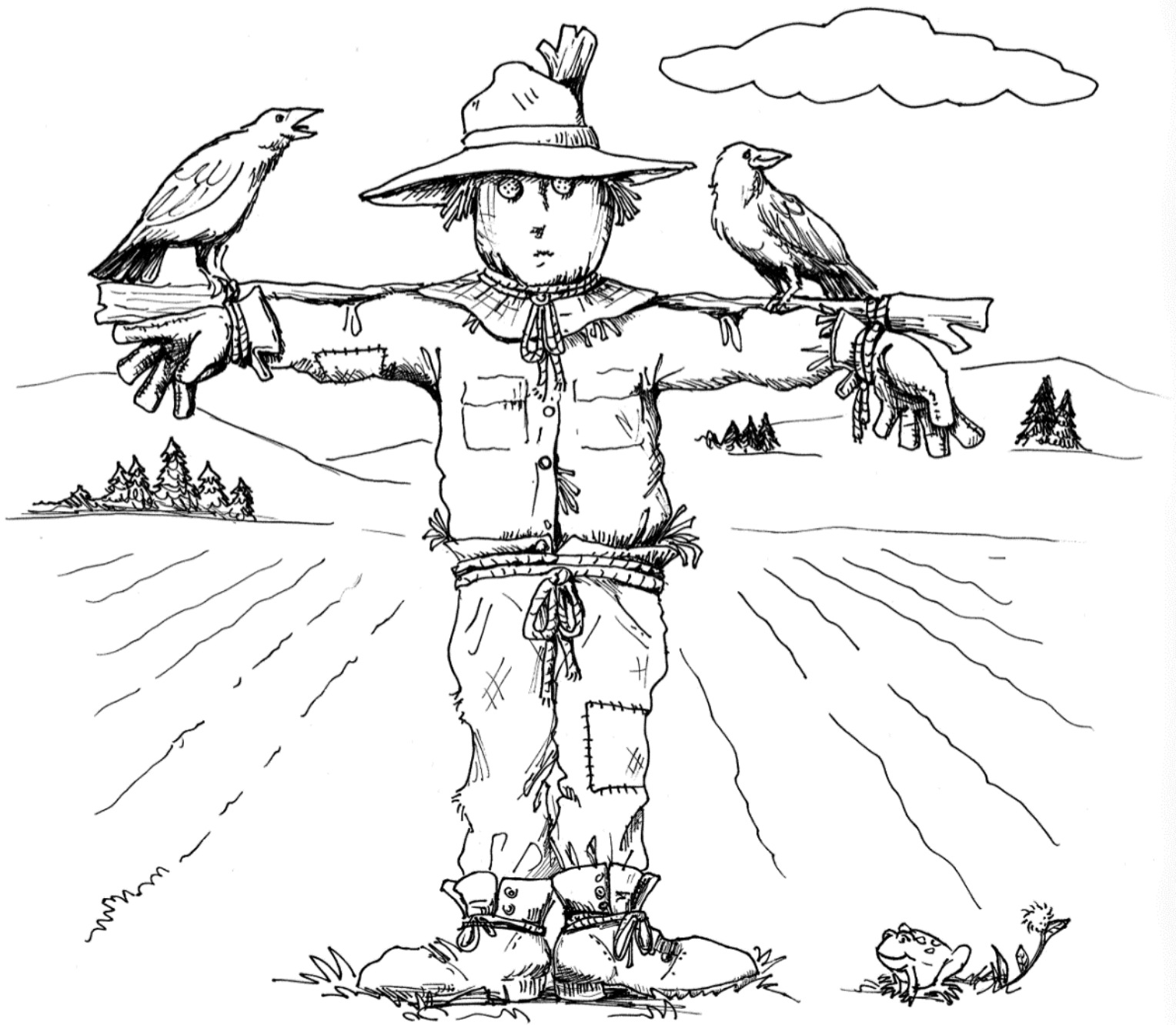
Andy Bee, Arts and Entertainment
<http://www.brannan.net>





There was once a scarecrow on a farm not far from here.

It was tall and woolly and filled with straw.



The crows were not scared of it.



*Some of the young fairies, however,
were uneasy with the scarecrow.*



*The young fairies ran to the older fairies.
“It is full of dead things!” they cried.
“Dried straw, cut from a once green field of living grass!”*



*The older fairies took the young fairies before the king and queen.
“We don’t understand this creature,” the young fairies explained.
“He stands alone in the field, cold and lifeless!”*



But the Queen bade them attend the scarecrow and treat it as a friend.

*“Let the scarecrow be loved,”
the Queen fairy said,
“even though it is not alive.”*



*The young fairies returned to the scarecrow.
They looked at its shoulder, where a small bird had now built a nest of twigs and stuffing.*

*“What shall we do?” they asked each other.
“How can we be friends with this dark and silent one?”*



The young fairies felt that they should include the scarecrow in their play, so...

*They brought food, water, and decorations.
They hid seeds inside the straw-filled belly.
They slept among the tattered garments
and beneath the sun-bleached hat.*



*When the season turned cold,
they sheltered with the scarecrow
and played winter games.*



*Come spring, they sang to the scarecrow
and told stories to it.
They chose to pretend that the scarecrow had a heart
and sought to warm it.*



*In this spring, as every spring,
the fairies became busy
with the work of renewal.
The young fairies,
now a season older,
bent their attention to the Earth,
to cherish the growing things.*



*One day,
they remembered
the scarecrow!*

*They hurried to the side
of their tall and woolly friend.*

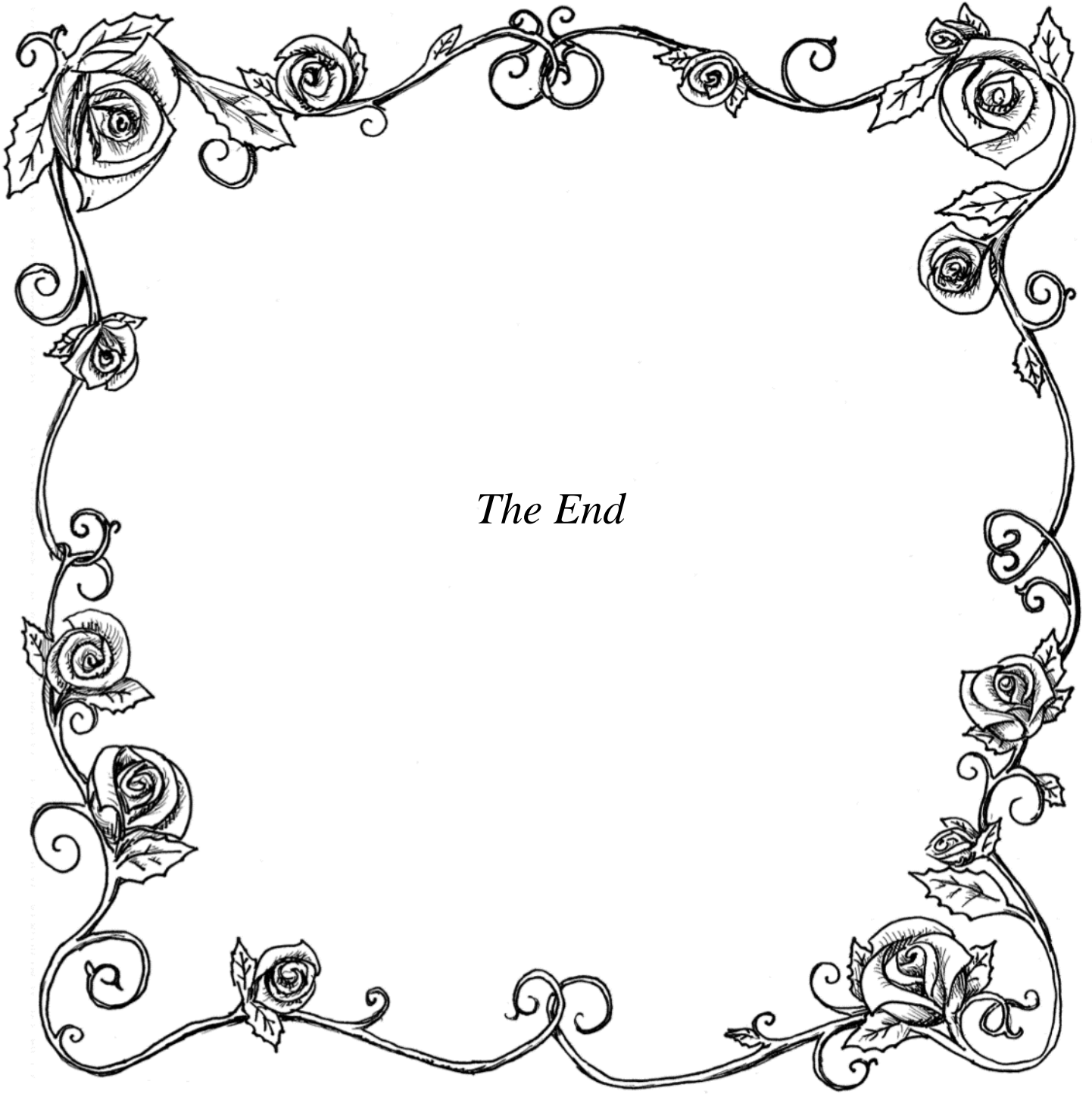


And behold: a riot of living color was standing in the field!

From the damp and musty straw of the scarecrow...



*...the seeds of wildflowers,
planted in fairy affection,
had bloomed!*



The End



*Andy and Mitch
wish you the very best
in all of your adventures,
real or otherwise.*