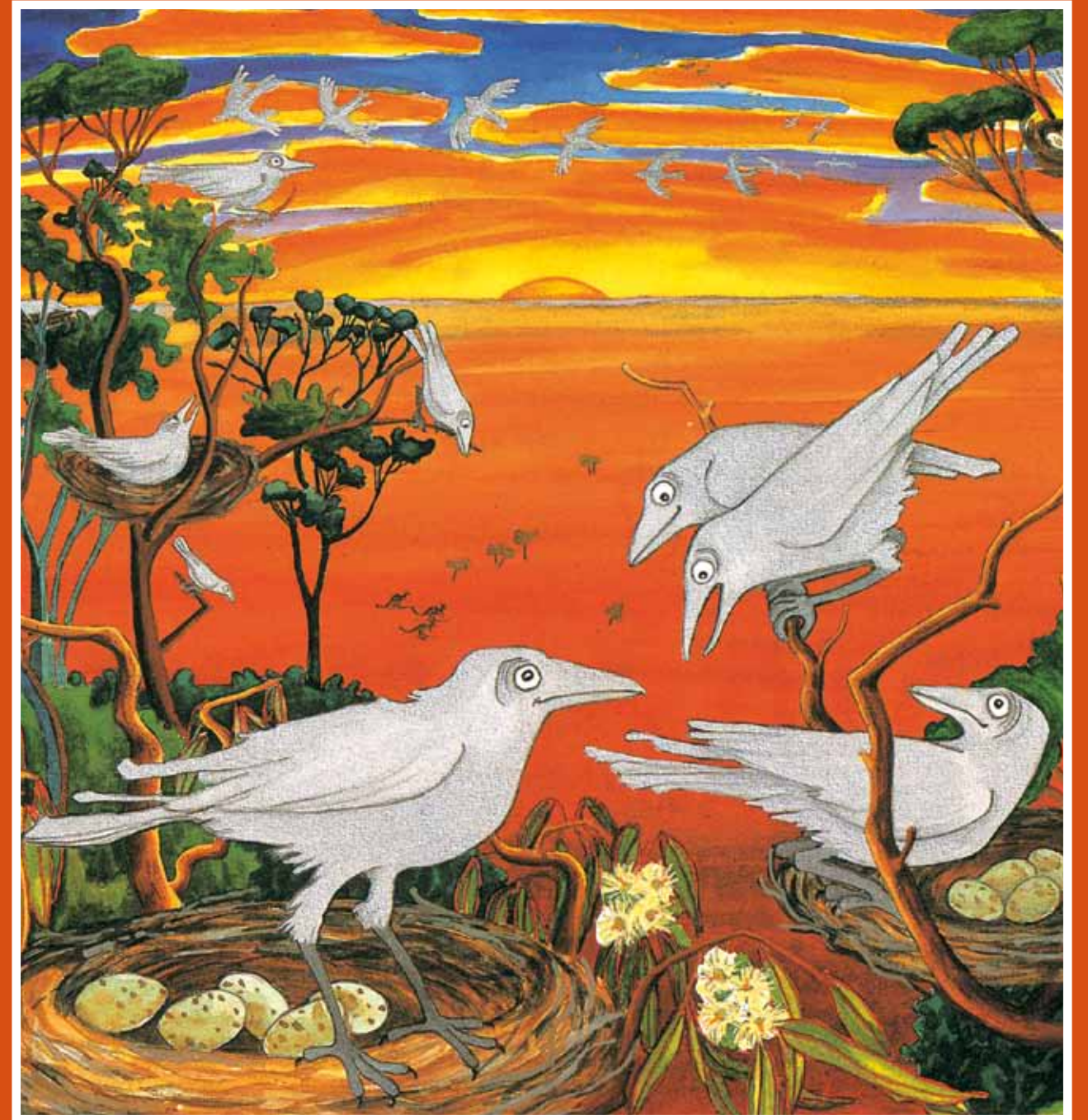
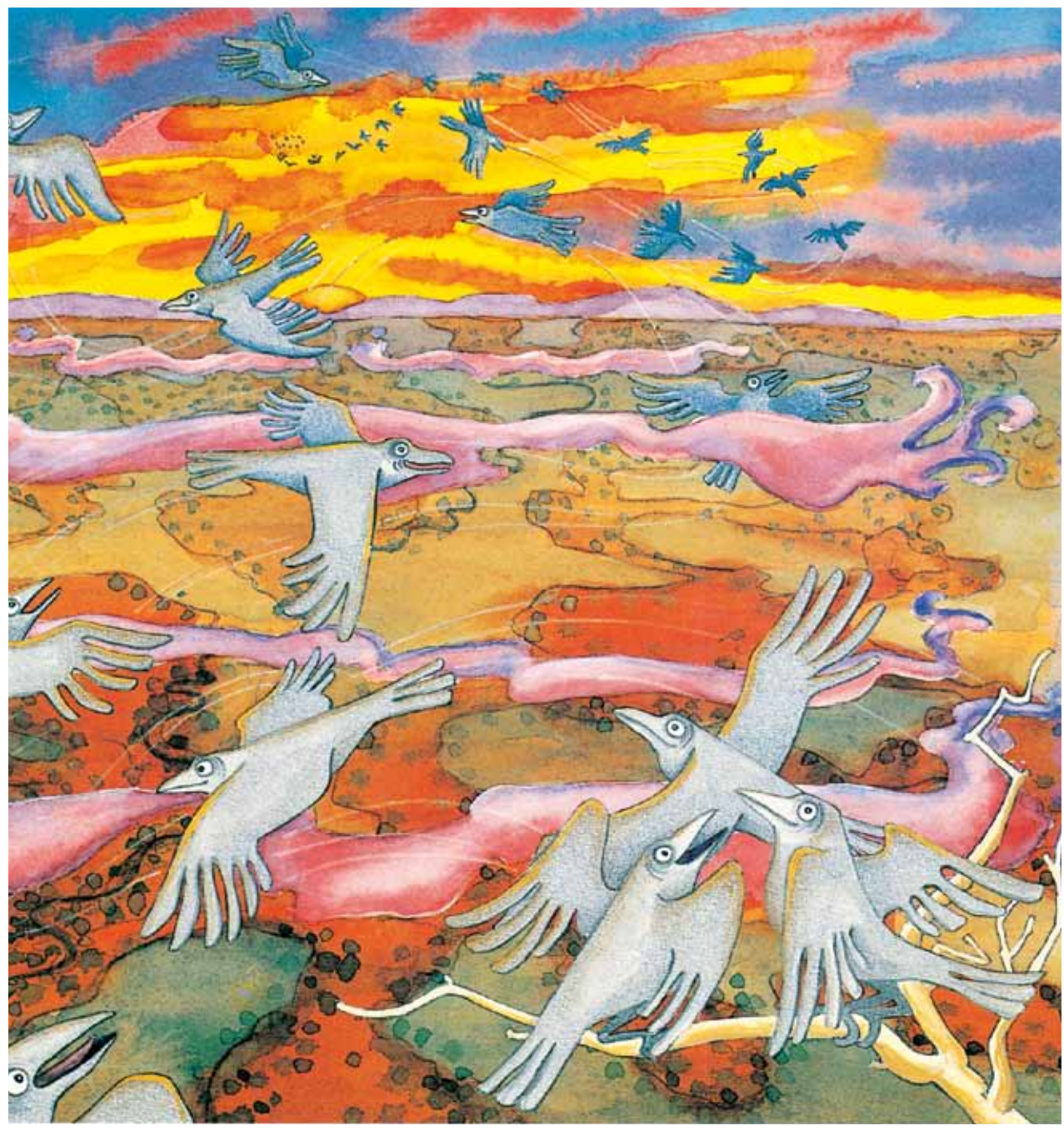


Long long ago, on a hot and stormy night, a flock of crows flew into the Eastern Goldfields of Western Australia. It seemed as if they had been blown in by the storm. No one had seen them in these parts before. They were not like the crows of today. Those crows of long ago were silver-grey and they travelled in large flocks. However, like the crows we see today, the silver-grey crows perched in the tall trees where they built their nests on the highest branches. From these high perches, their sharp eyes could see everything below.





Each morning, when the sun rose in the east, the crows soared lazily, high high in the sky. They flapped their wings occasionally, while they waited for strong gusts of wind. These gusts took them gliding over the hills and plains below. As they flew, the sun touched their feathers making them sparkle and glitter. From below, the crows looked like twinkling stars or something from outer space, moving in and out of the low and wispy clouds.

The crows loved the bushland and soon knew every tree, hill, creek and valley. They loved the freedom to fly over all they could see. Only one thing about their new home spoilt their happiness.

The other birds didn't like the silver-grey crows at all. They were jealous of the way the crows' feathers glistened and sparkled in the bright sunlight. They never missed an opportunity to make nasty remarks about the crows as they passed them in the bush.

'Look at old shiny feathers,' they would jeer as the crows flew by. This teasing upset the crows.

