

## THE BIRD OF MANY SONGS

## A Navaho Legend

<u>DOVE</u>	"Coo, Coo"	<u>EAGLE</u>	"Screech, Screech"
<u>CROW</u>	"Caw, Caw"	<u>OWL</u>	"Who, Who"
<u>ROADRUNNER</u>	"Beep, Beep"	<u>GREY BIRD</u>	"Tweet, Tweet"
<u>MOCKINGBIRD</u>	All the birds together.		

Long ago, when the world was new, all the birds, the DOVE, the EAGLE, the CROW, the OWL, and the ROADRUNNER, had brightly coloured feathers. When they spread their wings against the cloudless sky, they were like rainbows. When they made their nests on the ground, they were like a carpet of flowers.

One bird, however, the GREY BIRD, was not so beautiful. He had been asleep, hidden in the branches of the trees, when the colourful feathers were given to the other birds. The GREY BIRD woke up to find that he alone had a coat of dull, drab grey. It made him very sad.

The wind spirit was sorry to see that the GREY BIRD had been missed. To make up for this mistake, the Wind Spirit gave him a magic necklace to wear. Each bead of the necklace was for a different song. The GREY BIRD tried the beads, one after the other, and was pleased to hear the music that filled the air.

Soon the DOVE and the EAGLE stopped admiring their reflections in the rivers and streams and hurried to listen. The CROW, the OWL and the ROADRUNNER tried to sing too, but the only sound that came from their throats was an ugly, rasping noise. The creatures of the woods covered their ears and ran far away from the noise as they could.

"Share your song beads with us," the EAGLE and the CROW begged. "You have more than you will ever use."

The plain GREY BIRD did not want to be selfish. He wanted the others to think well of him. So he gave a bead to the DOVE, the ROADRUNNER, and the CROW when they each asked for one. Before he realized what he had done, the GREY BIRD had given away every bead on his necklace.

Now he had no songs and no bright feathers either. Once again, he was sad. The GREY BIRD hid his head under his wing.

The other birds noticed his silence and stopped their singing. "What can we do to help him?" the CROW asked the OWL.

"We must give him back his beads," said the ROADRUNNER.

"Oh, no!" protested the DOVE, was especially proud of her own sweet melody. The rest of the birds agreed with her.

"Well, if you are not willing to be that, then each of us should share a small part of our beads with him," the EAGLE insisted.

So that is what they did. THE GREY BIRD put together all the pieces they gave him and made another necklace for himself. Now he could sing a little bit of the DOVE'S, the EAGLE'S, the CROW'S, the ROADRUNNER'S, and the OWL'S songs. And that is why he is called the MOCKING BIRD.