

The Raincoat Crow



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Raincoat Crow

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



Clara the crow lived in a tall oak tree at the edge of the autumn woods. She had glossy black feathers with a faint blue-purple sheen and bright amber eyes that missed nothing. Every fall, when the storms rolled in, Clara got soaked. She hated the cold drip of rain down her back. 'There must be a way to stay dry,' she muttered, shaking her ruffled wing feather.



One windy morning, Clara watched the leaves swirl down from the trees. The rain came in sheets, and she huddled under a branch, shivering. 'Being wet is the worst!' she squawked. Her grandmother, Gran, sat nearby in her woven grass shawl, patient and calm. 'If you don't like something,' Gran said, 'you can always invent a better way.' Clara's amber eyes gleamed.



Clara began to experiment. She collected waxed leaves that felt smooth and slippery, and she gathered long blades of grass. Gran taught her how to weave the grass into strong little cords. Clara stitched the leaves together with the grass, making a tiny coat with a hood. It was small and brown and smelled of autumn. When she tried it on, the rain rolled right off.



Clara wore her raincoat everywhere. The other crows laughed and called her 'the raincoat crow,' but she didn't mind. She stayed warm and dry while they shivered. She made more coats, each one a little different—some with pale yellow leaves, some with green. She lined them up on a branch like little leaf soldiers. 'You never know when someone might need one,' she said.



Then the bird migration began. Flocks of songbirds flew south for the winter, and they passed right through Clara's woods. The sky filled with wings and chirps and chatter. Clara watched from her oak tree, feeling the wind change. Dark clouds piled up on the horizon, and the air grew cold and heavy. A big storm was coming, and the travelers were still on their way.



The storm hit hard. Rain pounded the leaves, and the wind howled through the branches. Clara huddled in her raincoat, dry and safe. Then she heard a tiny, frightened chirp. A little sparrow fledgling named Pip clung to a branch below, soaked and shivering. Pip's soft brown and cream feathers were dripping wet, and his big dark eyes looked scared.



'I'm too little to fly in this,' Pip peeped. 'I got separated from my flock.' Clara's heart went out to him. She flew down and gently draped her smallest raincoat over his tiny body. It was pale yellow, tied with green grass cord, and it fit just right. 'There,' Clara said. 'Now you'll stay dry.' Pip blinked up at her, grateful and surprised.



Pip stopped shivering. 'This is amazing!' he chirped. 'I feel warm and dry!' Clara smiled. Just then, another young bird fluttered down—a thrush named Tilly with a spotted cream chest and wide, bright eyes. Her feathers were damp and ruffled. 'Do you have a raincoat for me?' Tilly asked, her voice chatty and hopeful. Clara nodded and found a grass-green one with a leaf hood.



Word spread quickly among the young travelers. More birds came to Clara's oak tree, seeking shelter from the storm. Clara gave out every raincoat she had made. Some were big, some small, but each one kept a little bird dry. 'Thank you, Clara!' they chirped. 'You're a lifesaver!' Clara's amber eyes shone with happiness. She had never felt so useful.



The storm raged all night, but Clara's tree was full of warm, dry birds. Pip and Tilly huddled together, their raincoats rustling softly. 'Clara's a genius,' Tilly whispered. 'She invented these all by herself.' Clara overheard and felt a warm glow. She had hated getting wet, and now her invention was helping others. It was the best feeling in the world.



By morning, the storm had passed. The sun peeked through the clouds, and the birds stretched their wings. It was time to continue their journey. Pip and Tilly thanked Clara again and again. 'We'll tell everyone about the raincoat crow!' Tilly called as she flew off. Clara waved her wing, watching them go. She felt proud and happy.



Gran came to sit beside Clara. 'You see?' she said, her pale grey eyes twinkling. 'A small idea can make a big difference.' Clara nodded. She looked at her tiny raincoat, with its hood and grass stitches. She had made something useful, and she had shared it. That was the best part. 'I think I'll make more,' Clara said. 'For next year's travelers.'



The birds flew away, but Clara's fame spread across the woods. Other birds came to learn her weaving technique. Clara taught them how to wax leaves and stitch with grass. Soon, there were raincoats of every color hanging from branches. Clara didn't have to be the only raincoat crow anymore. Everyone could stay dry in the autumn storms.



When the next migration came, Clara was ready. She had a whole collection of raincoats in all sizes. Young travelers stopped at her oak tree, and she fitted them with coats. 'You're the best, Clara!' they cheered. Clara just smiled. She remembered how much she hated getting wet, and how one small invention changed everything.



Pip returned the next year, a little bigger but still cheerful. He brought a friend who needed a raincoat. 'I told everyone about you,' Pip said. 'You're famous!' Clara laughed. She gave the friend a raincoat and watched them fly off, warm and dry. The autumn storms still came, but now they brought friends and cheers instead of just cold rain.



And so Clara the crow, the raincoat crow, lived happily in her oak tree. She never minded the rain again. She knew that with a little cleverness and a lot of kindness, even a small bird could make a big difference. The woods were full of dry, happy birds, and Clara's raincoats kept everyone warm through every storm.