

Fly, Eagle, Fly

An African Tale

Retold by Christopher Gregorowski

A farmer went out one day to search for a lost calf. The herders had returned without it the evening before. And that night there had been a terrible storm.

He went to the valley and searched by the riverbed, among the reeds, behind the rocks and in the rushing water.

He climbed the slopes of the high mountain with its rocky cliffs. He looked behind a large rock in case the calf had huddled there to escape the storm. And that was where he stopped. There, on a ledge of rock, was a most unusual sight. An eagle chick had hatched from its egg a day or two earlier, and had been blown from its nest by the terrible storm.

He reached out and cradled the chick in both hands. He would take it home and care for it.

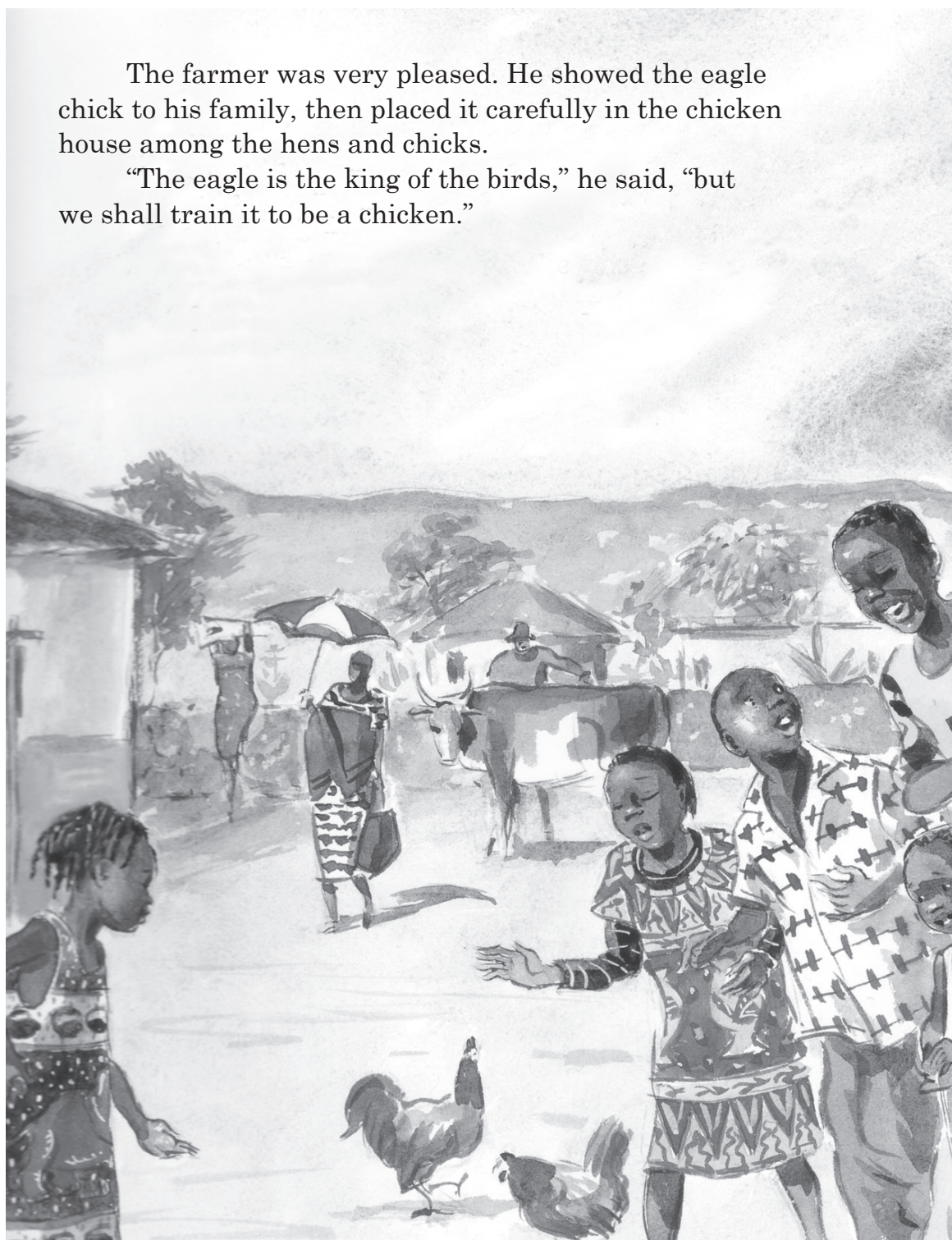
He was almost home when the children ran out to meet him.

“The calf came back by itself!” they shouted.



The farmer was very pleased. He showed the eagle chick to his family, then placed it carefully in the chicken house among the hens and chicks.

“The eagle is the king of the birds,” he said, “but we shall train it to be a chicken.”



So, the eagle lived among the chickens, learning their ways. As it grew, it began to look quite different from any chicken they had ever seen.

One day a friend dropped in for a visit. The friend saw the bird among the chickens.

“Hey! That is not a chicken. It’s an eagle!”

The farmer smiled at him and said, “Of course it’s a chicken. Look—it walks like a chicken, it eats like a chicken. It thinks like a chicken. Of course it’s a chicken.”

But the friend was not convinced. “I will show you that it is an eagle,” he said.

The farmer’s children helped his friend catch the bird. It was fairly heavy, but the farmer’s friend lifted it above his head and said, “You are not a chicken but an eagle. You belong not to the earth but to the sky. Fly, Eagle, fly!”

The bird stretched out its wings, looked about, saw the chickens feeding, and jumped down to scratch with them for food.

“I told you it was a chicken,” the farmer said, and he roared with laughter.



Very early the next morning the farmer's dogs began to bark. A voice was calling outside in the darkness. The farmer ran to the door. It was his friend again. "Give me another chance with the bird," he begged.

"Do you know the time? It is long before dawn."

"Come with me. Fetch the bird."

Reluctantly, the farmer picked up the bird, which was fast asleep among the chickens. The two men set off, disappearing into the darkness.

"Where are we going?" asked the farmer sleepily.

"To the mountains where you found the bird."

"And why at this ridiculous time of the night?"

"So that our eagle may see the sun rise over the mountain and follow it into the sky where it belongs."

They went into the valley and crossed the river, the friend leading the way. "Hurry," he said, "for the dawn will arrive before we do."

The first light crept into the sky as they began to climb the mountain. The wispy clouds in the sky were pink at first, and then began to shimmer with a golden brilliance. Sometimes their path was dangerous as it clung to the side of the mountain, crossing narrow shelves of rock and taking them into dark crevices and out again. At last he said, "This will do." He looked down the cliff and saw the ground thousands of feet below. They were very near the top.

Carefully, the friend carried the bird onto a ledge. He set it down so that it looked toward the east, and began talking to it. The farmer chuckled. "It talks only chicken-talk."

But the friend talked on, telling the bird about the sun, how it gives life to the world, and how it reigns in the heavens, giving light to each new day. "Look at the sun, Eagle. And when it rises, rise with it. You belong to the sky, not to the earth." At that moment the sun's first rays shot out over the mountain, and suddenly the world was ablaze with light.

The sun rose majestically. The great bird stretched out its wings to greet the sun and feel the warmth on its feathers. The farmer was quiet. The friend said, “You belong not to the earth, but to the sky. Fly, Eagle, fly!” He scrambled back to the farmer. All was silent. The eagle’s head stretched up, its wings stretched outwards, and its legs leaned forward as its claws clutched the rock.

Then, without really moving, feeling the updraft of a wind more powerful than any man or bird, the great eagle leaned forward and was swept upward higher and higher, lost to sight in the brightness of the rising sun, never again to live among the chickens.



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