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Trampa

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SCARECROW'S LAST THOUGHT

Anthony Armstrong

"YOUR BRAIN IS CHANGING OZ FOR THE BETTER," said Tinman.

"My big, beautiful heart says thumping great—thumping great; there is something great in our future for your big brain to think."

Scarecrow stood with Tinman in the palace of green, and he looked out on Oz and smiled at the scene. The rolling hills of green with bright colors divided, by long yellow brick, stirred something inside him.

"Wait," said Scarecrow as he looked down at his boots. "I just had a thought. Let me think and take root."

Tinman was looking down into the palace yard, "The palace horse has turned green again. They won't find him for hours. I'll tell you what we need, and I'll tell with great speed, we need a better way to travel than a horse with a saddle..."

Tinman faded out as Scarecrow began to think. How should I think the thought I thought I should think? For if my thought is not the thought that ought to be thought, what should I think, for if not, what ought?

He pondered this question until the thought left him dazed, and instead he thought of his cornfield where he hung his early days; where he talked with ladybugs and centipedes and toads; where he talked of the horizon and the yellow brick road.

"It must go on forever," he had said to what he thought was the ladybug's head. "In any direction, I can't see the end."

"The end is down at your feet. Down at your feet," the ladybug replied; repeating himself, as ladybugs often do with great pride.

"But all I see are my boots," said Scarecrow, looking down and around.

"When you stop walking, stop walking; the road stops too, stops too. You can go forward if you want, but never back. A road is not a road if you just stay where you're at."

Several years later, now that he had a brain to remember, Scarecrow repeated the words of the ladybug and pondered. Those are the words that I ought to have thought. When you stop walking, the road stops too. You can go on...but never back—a road is not a road if you stay where you're at.

With a sudden rush of jubilation, of joy and great awe, Scarecrow knew these words would forever change the great Oz.

In a dark corner of his painted sack-head, Scarecrow's straw began to twitch. It snipped and cracked and sometimes snapped, as it worked its magic from way in the back. It thought of math and matics, and formulaic habits. Lines and curves and prisms in the sky. Levers and pulleys and scaffolding high.

Like a witch to ruby slippers, he rushed to good Glinda's door, and he poured out what his brain and his heart had in store. "Glinda, I thought of the most wondrous things. Schematics and plans and industrial machines. Telephones and typewriters and great super roads. Public transportation and easy prefab homes."



TRAMPA Mirtha Aertker