

Doctor Kindheart and the Crow



*This fairy tale is dedicated to my stepfather, Muravenko Yuri Vasilievich,
who was a talented surgeon and a man of a kind heart.*

*The plot of this fairy-tale is based on the real events
that took place in Kamchatka in 1986.*

*Thanks to my students from
the International School of Tomorrow, Moscow, Russia;
without their inspiration this fairy tale would never have happened.
Thanks also to all my colleagues for their kind hearts and warm souls.*

*Angela Verutina,
Teacher of English-*

Not so many years ago, in the far-away country of Beautyland, there lived one doctor named Kindheart. The country was so beautiful that only kind people were born there. The neighbors of those people were animals who enjoyed their living amidst grey-headed volcanoes, joyful hot springs, and chatty brooklets.

Doctor Kindheart worked from morning till night in the toy-looking hospital sitting next to the Peace Lagoon. People liked to visit him because Doctor Kindheart could heal not only a body, but also a soul of any human being. This made people happy.

One spring sunny day, Doctor Kindheart was doing his regular check of patients at the hospital. He helped so many people that day! Two-year-old Jonathan swallowed a button. Doctor Kindheart helped him. Mr. Guitarchuk broke his arm while playing his guitar. Doctor Kindheart helped him. Mrs. Cow, a school music teacher, lost her voice. Doctor Kindheart helped her. He helped, and helped, and helped until his working day was over. Tired but content, Doctor Kindheart was about to go home.

Suddenly, somebody knocked at the door. "Come in," his voice projected gently.

The door squeaked like a frightened mouse, and there emerged one more patient. A crow... Poor creature hardly could walk because her leg was seriously injured. Being a bird, she couldn't speak the Human language. But it was not necessary at all; her pleading eyes told more than any

words. For Doctor Kindheart it was quite an unusual patient – he treated neither birds nor animals before. Their doctor was his colleague, Mrs. Nature. “Probably, she herself is on sick leave”, doctor assumed.

Cautiously, Doctor Kindheart set the humble crow on the snowy sofa. He carefully inspected her fragile floppy leg. “Hurts?” Doctor Kindheart whispered compassionately. “Too badly,” replied the bird’s wet eyes.

The doctor made an injection to relieve the pain, prepared the cast, and fixed it firmly on the bird’s leg. The crow nodded thankfully. After making several awkward jumps with one healthy leg, the crow skillfully took off and flew away through the open door.

One month passed... Doctor Kindheart was returning home from hospital when he noticed a familiar silhouette perching on the shabby fence near his house. It was a crow!!! The time to remove the cast has come, and the crow has found the doctor!!!

“But how... how did you find me?” again and again repeated the amazed doctor taking care of the bird in his house afterwards. The crow kept silent mysteriously; she knew something very important.

It was the kind heart of the doctor, the torch, which enlightened the road towards him.