

Recentemente è stato ritrovato un passo, nel racconto "The Daughters of the Star", nel libro [*Thirty Indian Legends of Canada*](#) (Margaret Bemisier, pubblicato nel 1912) che parla di un crop in una prateria, un cerchio appiattito sull'erba. Non è la prima volta che antichi testi riportano racconti di eventi che ricordano da vicino il recente fenomeno dei crop circles.

Ecco il passo citato dal libro:

THERE once lived, in a deep forest, a hunter named Waupee, or the White Hawk. Every day he returned from the chase with birds and animals which he had killed, for he was very skilful.

One day he walked through the forest till at last he reached the edge of it, and there before him lay the wide prairie. The grass was so soft and green, and there were so many flowers, that he wandered on for a while. He could see that no one lived there, as no trace of footsteps was to be seen. Suddenly he came to a circle on the prairie. It looked as if people had run around in a ring until the grass was trampled down. As he could see no marks of footsteps leading away from the ring, he wondered very much whose feet could have marked out the circle. Then he made up his mind to hide, so that he might see if any one came.

*Taken from "The daughters of the star", inside "Thirty Indian legends of Canada", by Margaret Bemister
Winnipeg, Canada, September 15, 1912.*

The Daughters of the Star

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Una approssimata traduzione di questo passo è la seguente:

Viveva una volta, in una profonda foresta, un cacciatore chiamato Waupee, o Falco Bianco. Ogni giorno tornava dalla caccia con uccelli e animali che aveva ucciso, poiché era molto abile.

Un giorno attraversò la foresta finché ne raggiunse il confine, e lì davanti a lui giaceva l'aperta prateria. L'erba era soffice e verde, e c'erano così tanti fiori ch'egli per un momento rimase stupito. Egli notò che nessuno viveva lì, poiché non si potevano scorgere tracce di impronte. Improvvisamente si ritrovò in un cerchio nella prateria. Sembrava come se delle persone si fossero rincorse in circolo fino a schiacciare a terra l'erba. Poiché egli non vide alcuna impronta che usciva dal cerchio, si chiese a lungo quali piedi potevano aver impresso quel cerchio. Poi gli venne in mente di nascondersi, per vedere se fosse arrivato qualcuno.

