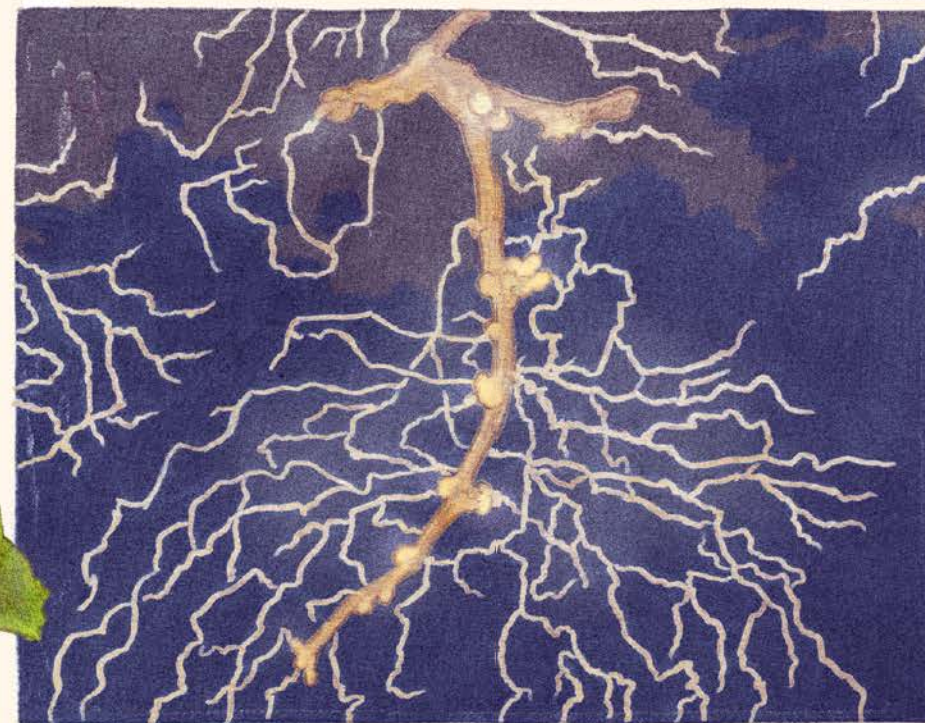
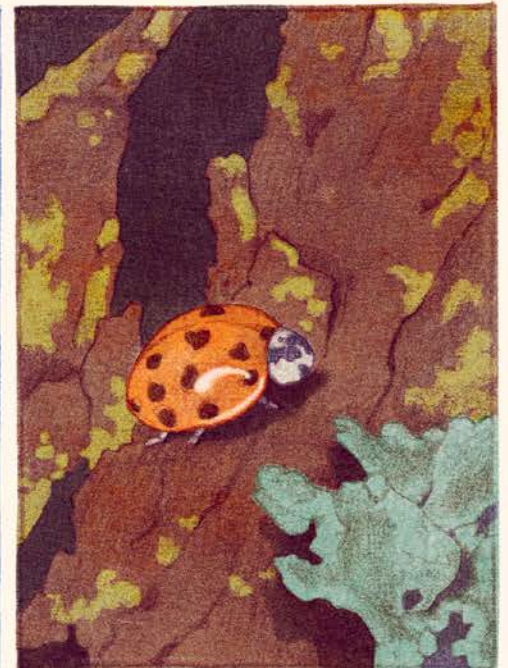
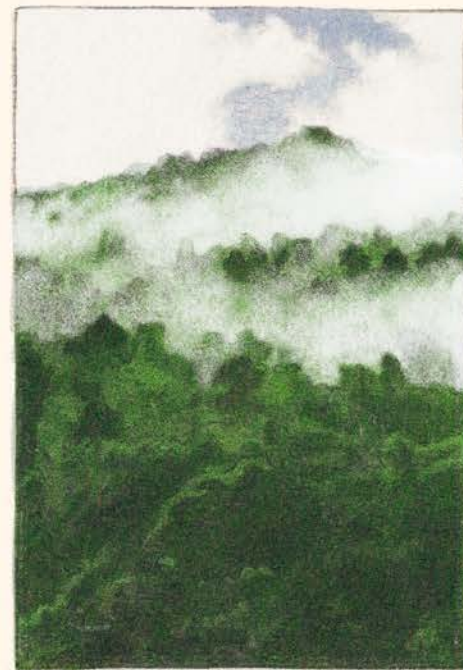
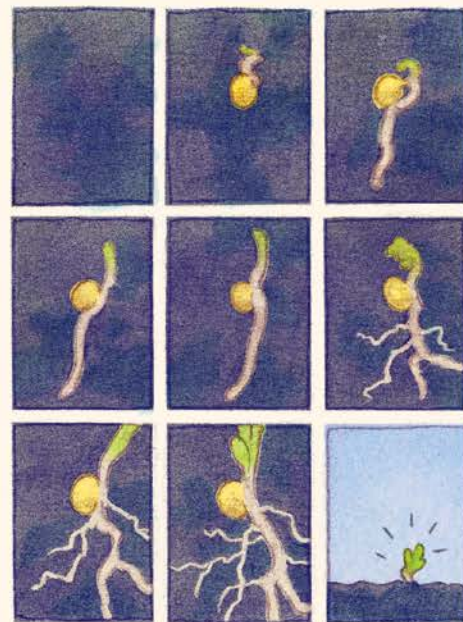


This is the beginning.
My first memories
were of darkness and
reaching for sunlight.

My roots connected me to
everything.

I was small, but I was also
the forest.



I spent my days dancing in the
light, shimmering green, quietly
filling the world with life.

I spent my nights watching the
stars and dreaming.





The stars turned slowly in the sky as we talked
through the night.

The wanderer sang the last bird song he would
ever sing to me.



The picture-book maker rests me in his hands.
'You are just a stub now,' he says. 'We should end
the story here.'

'But the story goes on,' I insist. 'I can still feel my
crushed branches and greying roots. I can sense the
forest. I know the wanderer returned.'