

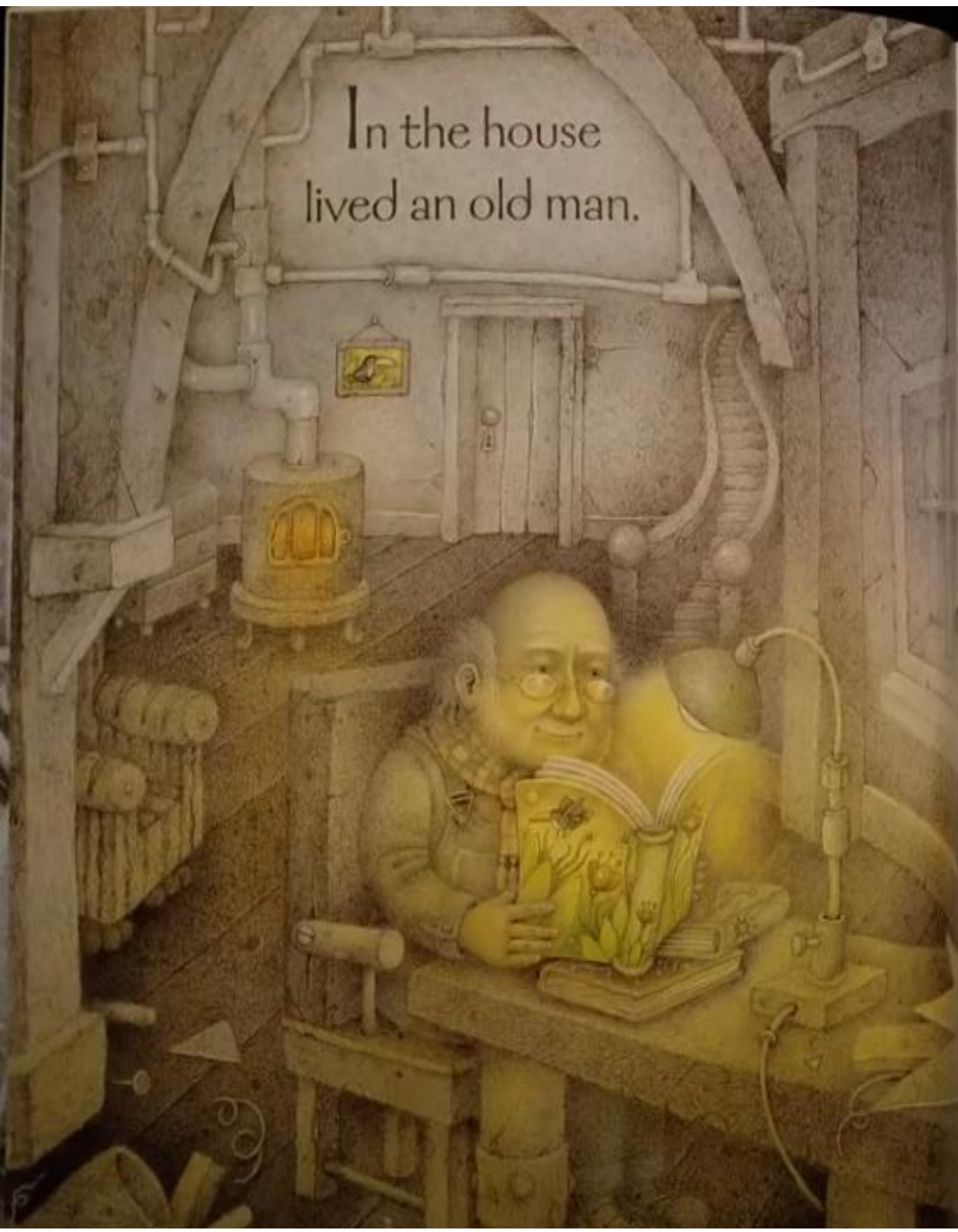
The background of the text is a dark, atmospheric illustration. It depicts a wide, windswept landscape under a heavy, rain-filled sky. In the foreground, there is a large, chaotic pile of discarded items, including what appears to be a large metal pipe, a wooden wheel, and various pieces of scrap metal and debris. In the middle ground, a small, isolated house with a few lit windows sits atop a hill, looking out over the desolate landscape. The overall mood is one of isolation and neglect.

There was once a wide windswept place,

near nowhere and close to forgotten,
that was filled with all the things
that no one wanted.

Right in the middle was a small house,
with small windows,
that looked out on other people's rubbish
and bad weather.

In the house
lived an old man.



Every day he tried to clear away the garbage,

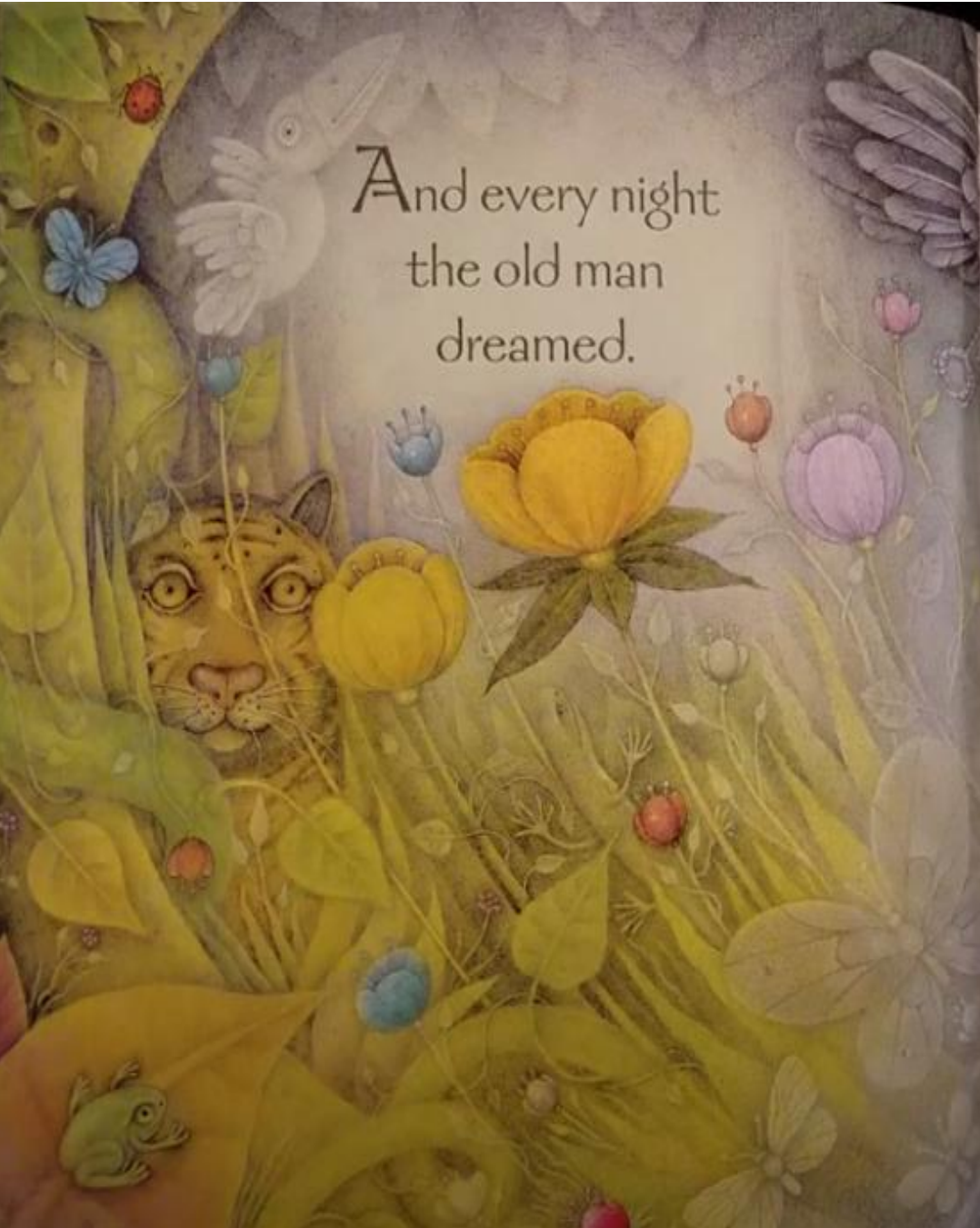


sifting and sorting,

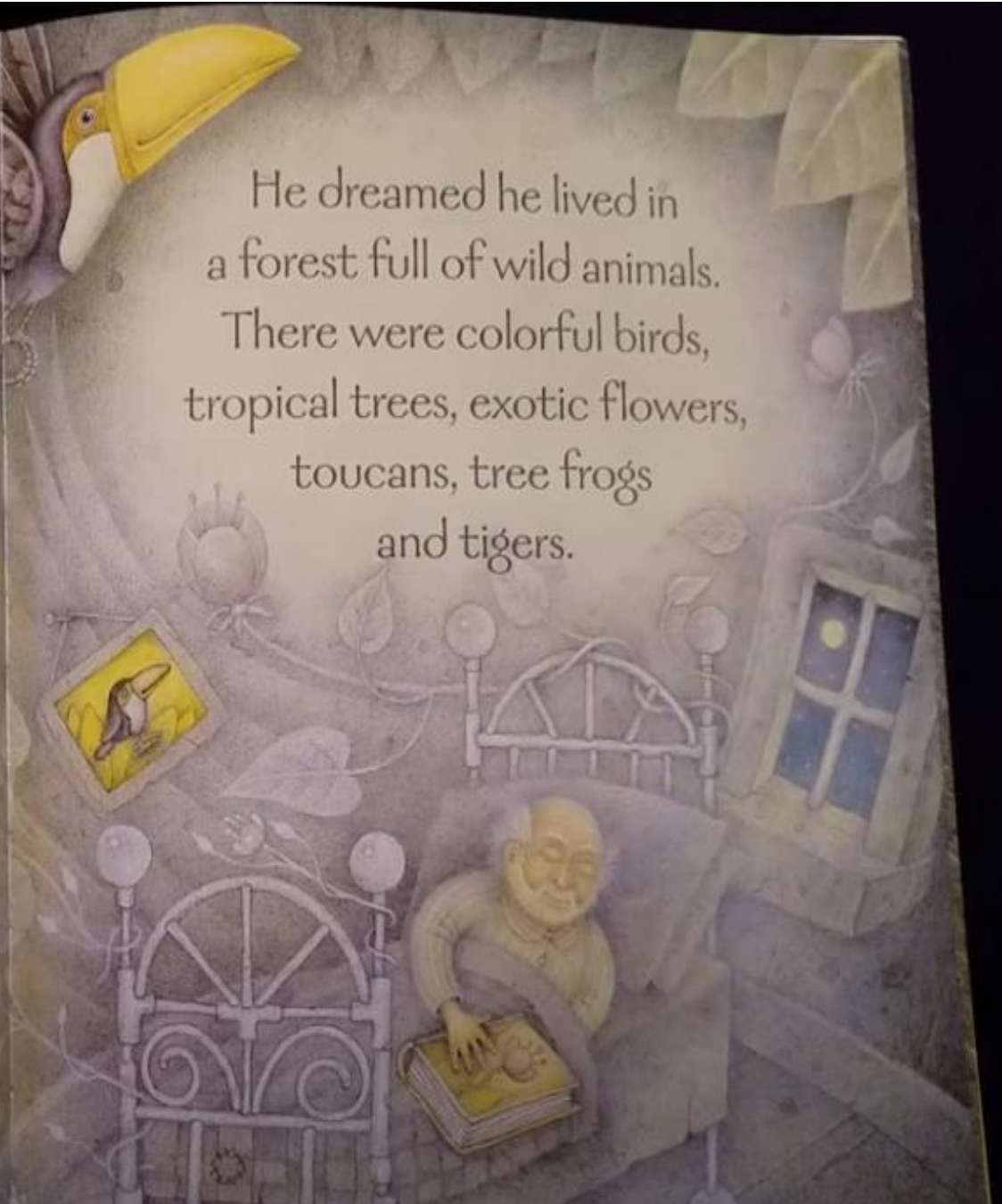


burning and burying.





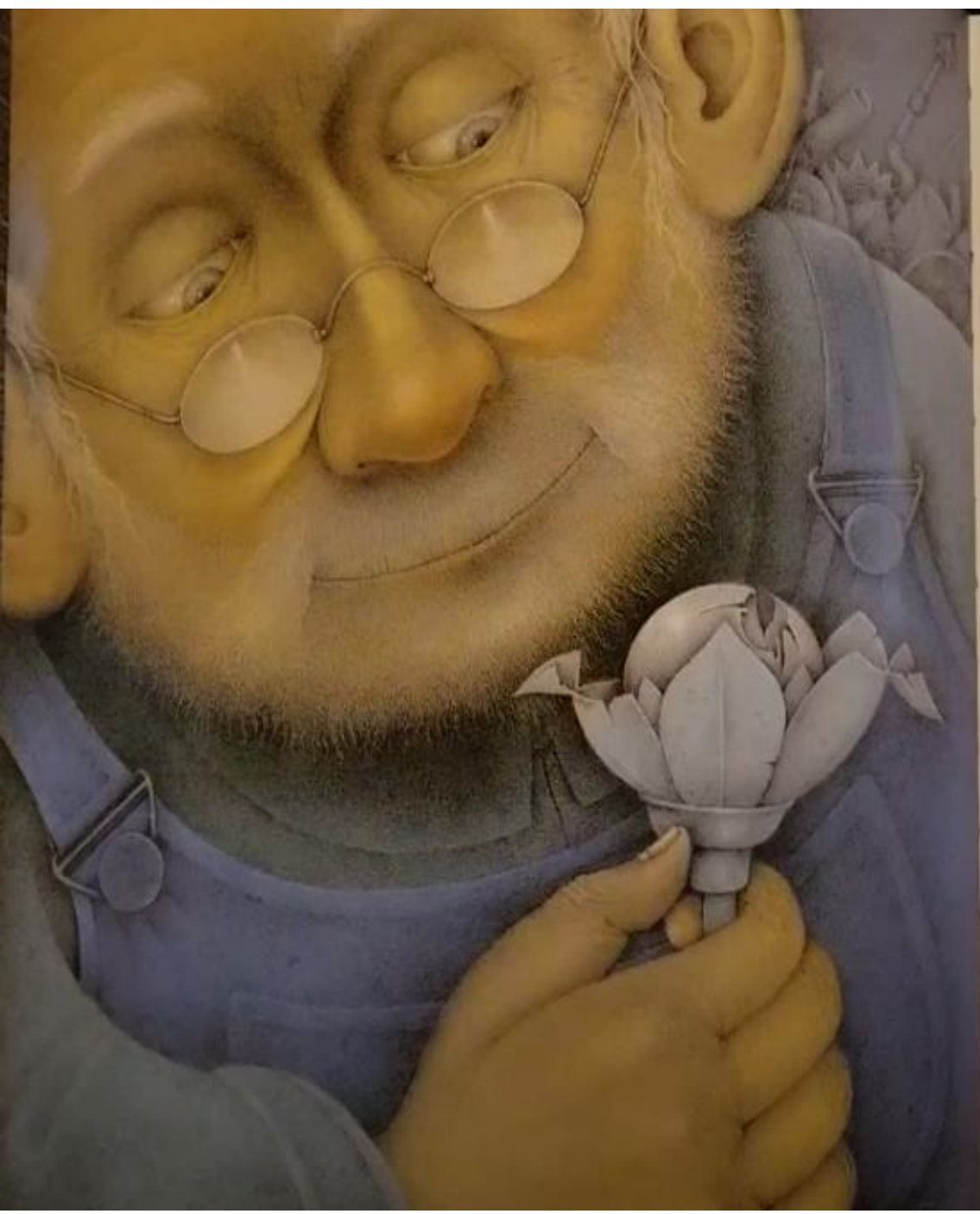
And every night
the old man
dreamed.



He dreamed he lived in
a forest full of wild animals.
There were colorful birds,
tropical trees, exotic flowers,
toucans, tree frogs
and tigers.



But when he awoke,
the world outside was
still the same.

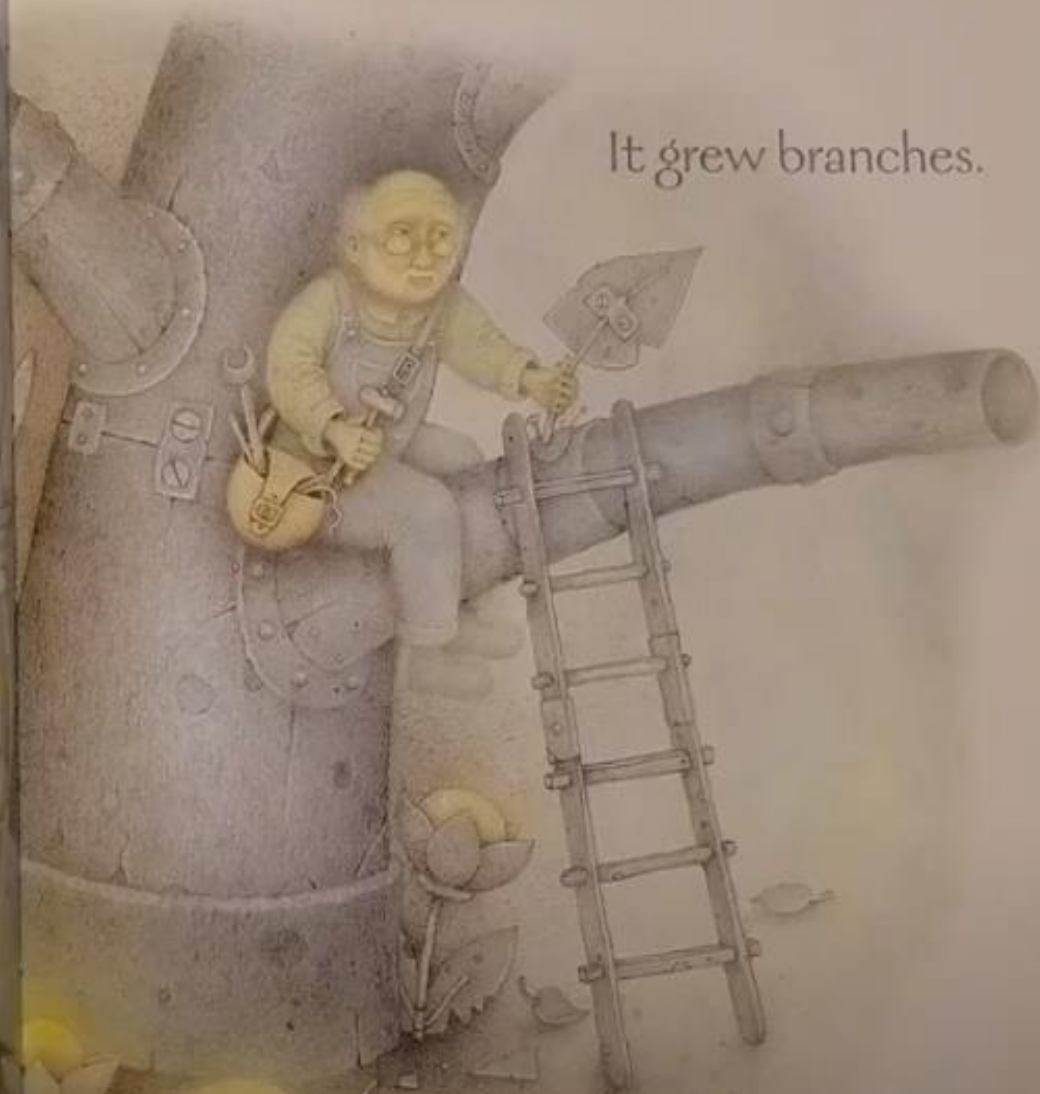


One day something
caught the old man's eye,
and an idea planted itself in his mind.

The idea grew roots and sprouted.
Feeding on the garbage,
it grew leaves.



It grew branches.

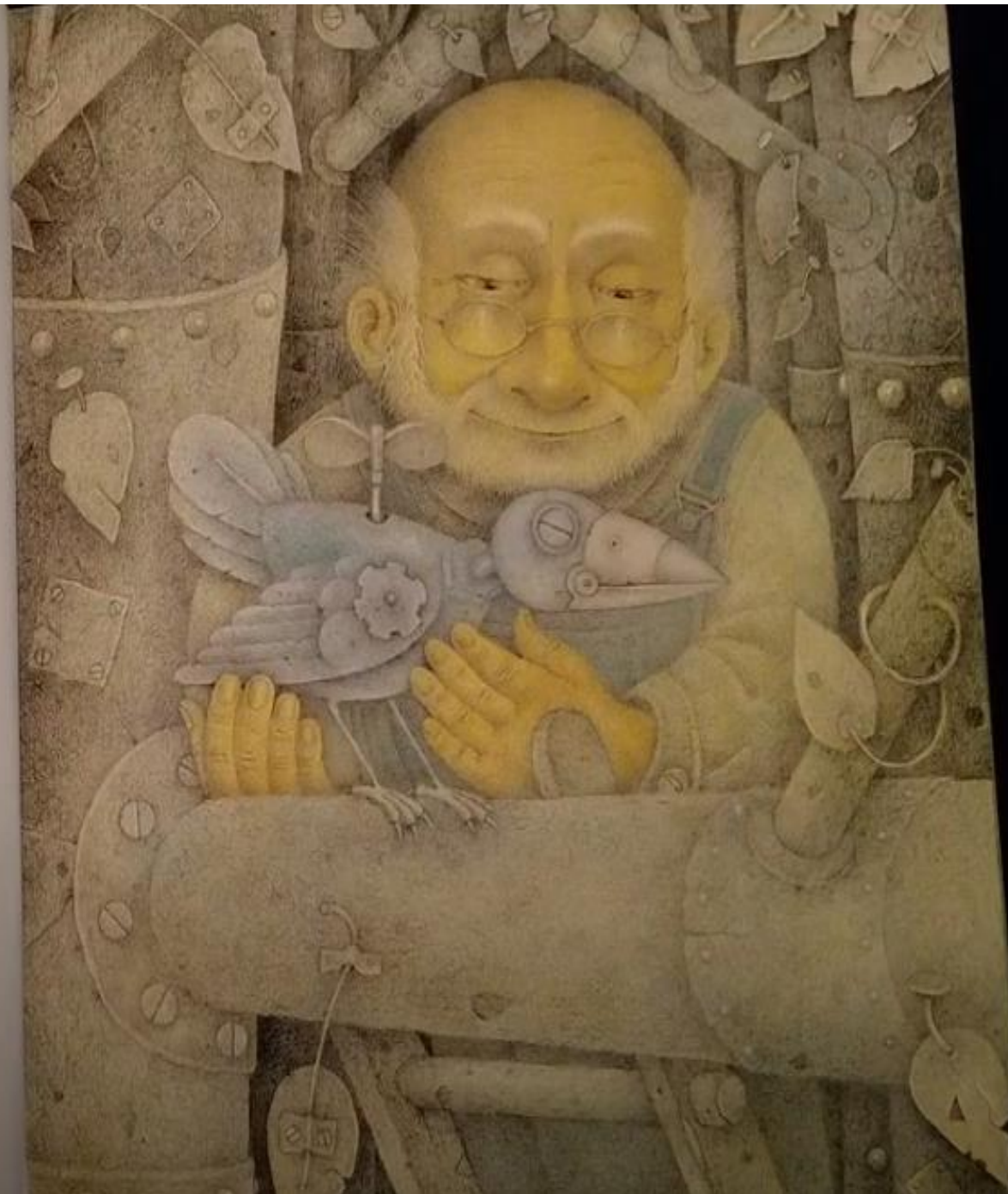


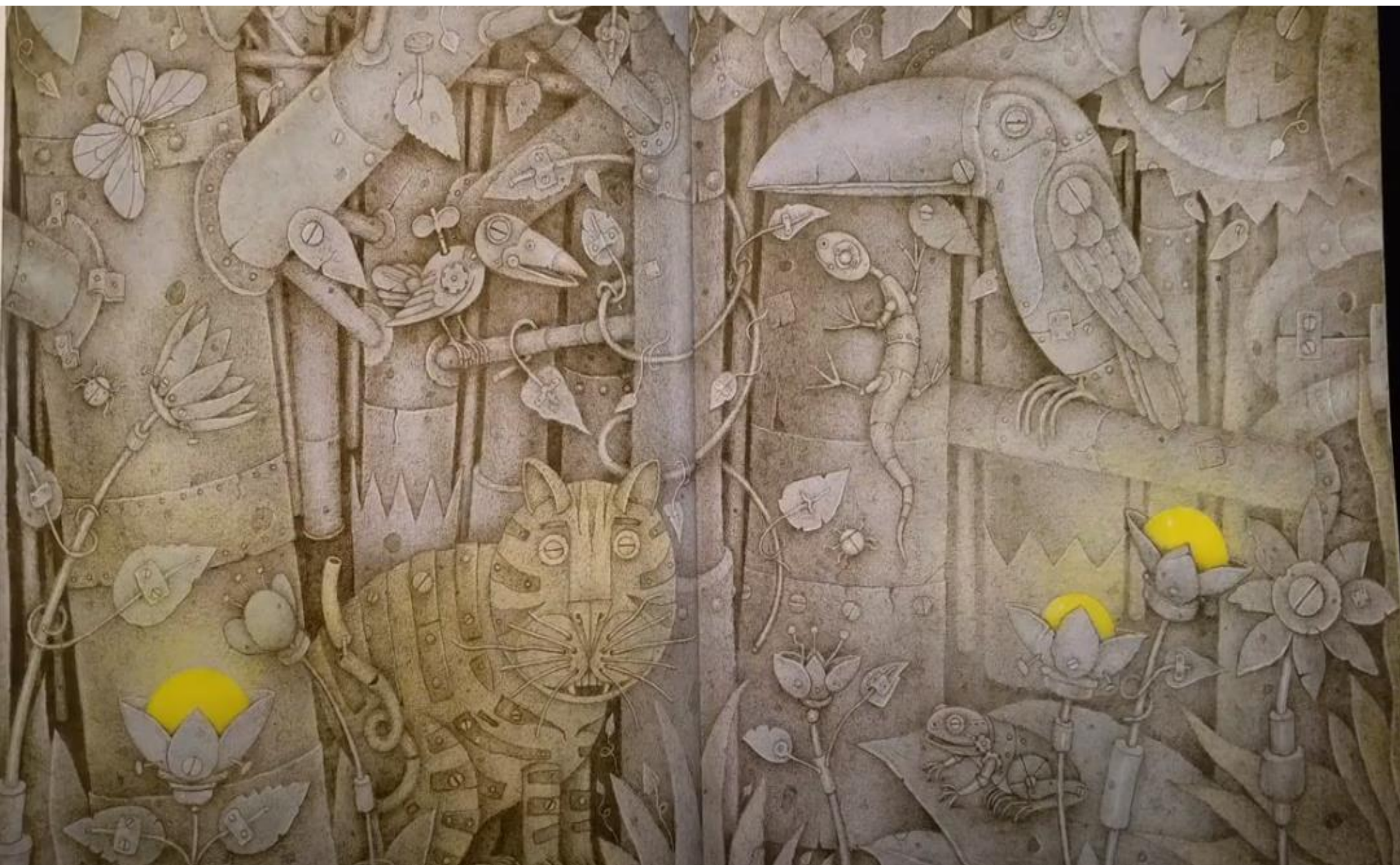
It grew bigger and bigger.

Under the old man's hand,
a forest emerged.



A forest made of garbage.
A forest made of tin.
It was not the forest of his dreams,
but it was a forest just the same.



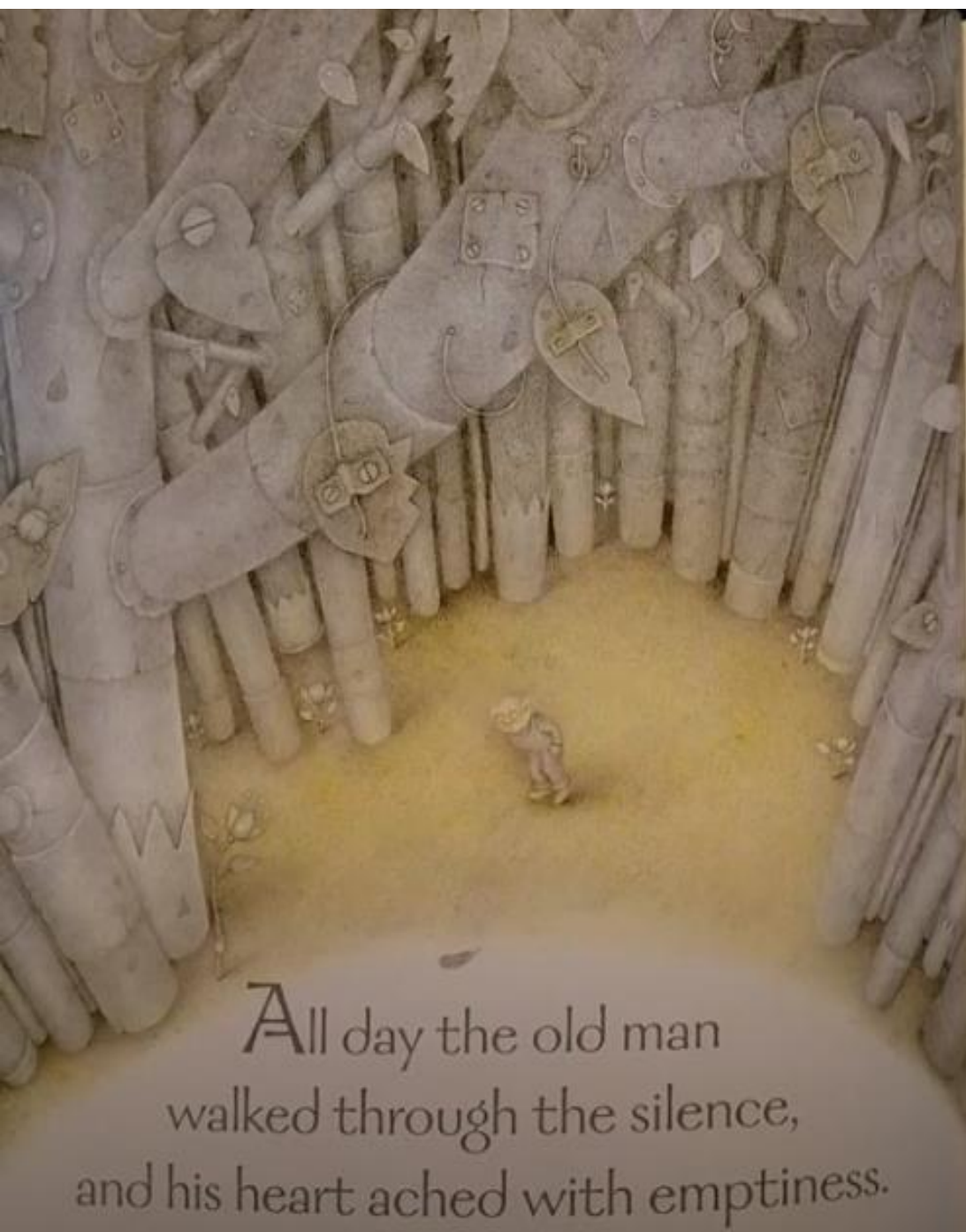




Then one day across the barren plain,
the wind swept a small bird.
The old man spilled crumbs from his
sandwich onto the ground.
The bird ate the crumbs and perched
to sing in the branches of a tin tree.

But the next morning, the visitor
was gone.

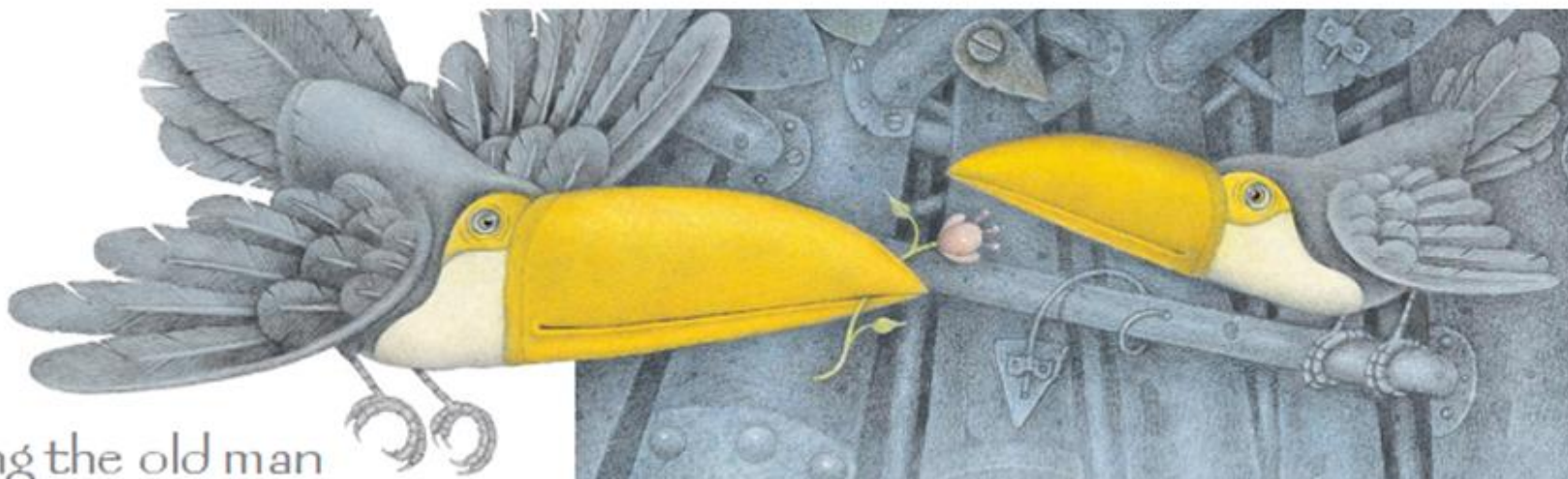




All day the old man
walked through the silence,
and his heart ached with emptiness.



That night, by moonlight,
he made a wish....

An illustration of two toucans with large yellow beaks and grey feathers perched on a branch. One toucan is on the left, facing right, and the other is on the right, facing left. They are both looking at each other. The background is a dark, textured grey.

In the morning the old man
woke to the sound of birdsong.
The visitor had returned and,
with him, his mate.

The birds dropped seeds from their beaks.
Soon, green shoots broke
through the earth.





Time passed. Soon the song of birds mingled with the buzzing of insects and the rustle of leaves.



Small creatures appeared, creeping amongst the jungle of trees. Wild animals slipped through the green shadows.







There once was a forest,
near nowhere and close to forgotten,
that was filled with all the things
that everyone wanted.

And in the middle was a small house
and an old man who had toucans,
tree frogs and tigers in his garden.