

For Rose and Grace, who bring the garden to life

With thanks to

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The Last Tree



Emily Haworth-Booth

PAVILION

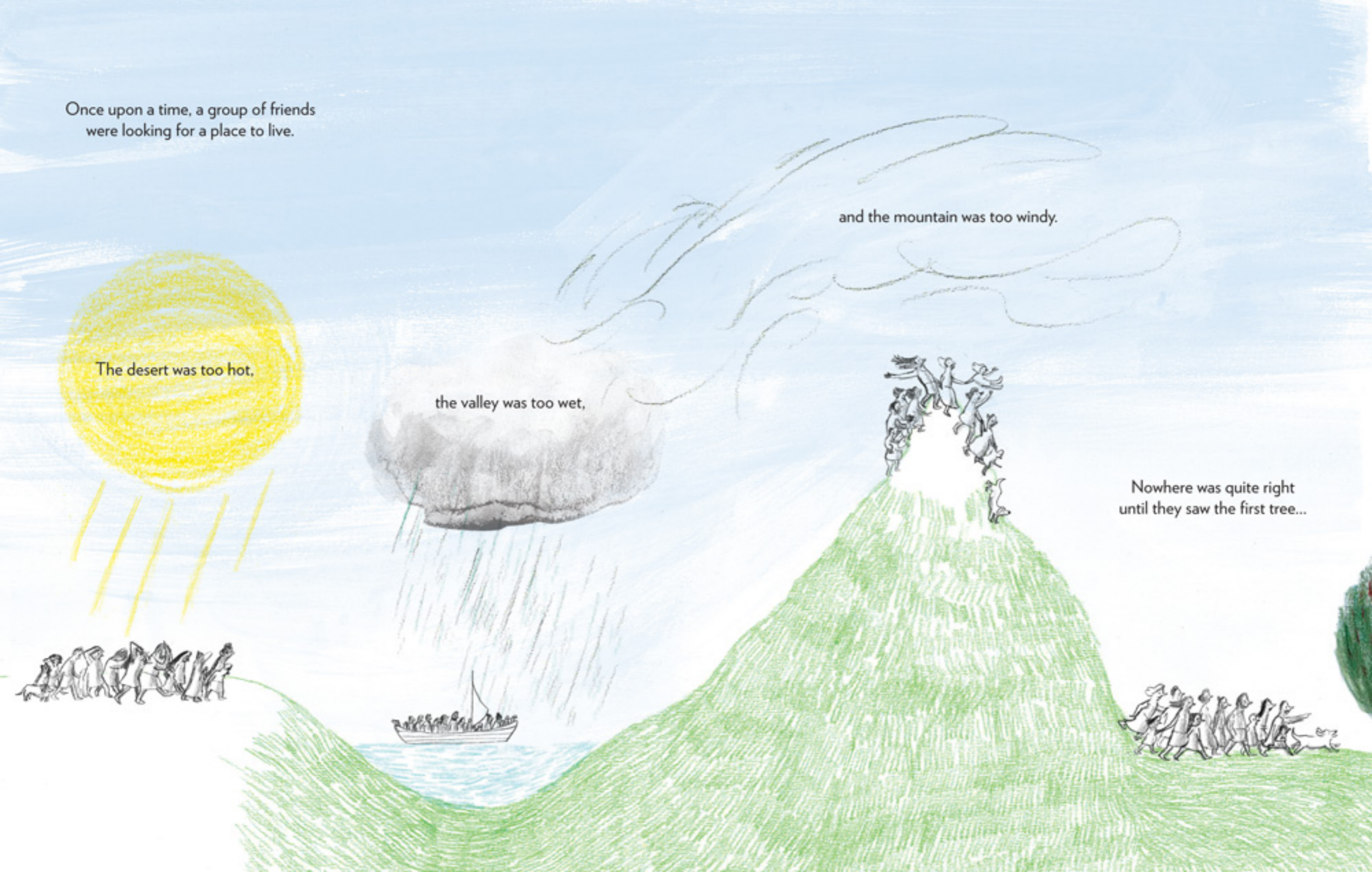
Once upon a time, a group of friends
were looking for a place to live.

The desert was too hot,

the valley was too wet,

and the mountain was too windy.

Nowhere was quite right
until they saw the first tree...





...and came to the forest, where dappled light fell through the leaves and a gentle breeze twisted between the branches.

All summer long the friends lived and played among the trees and slept on the mossy floor.

When winter came, the breeze turned colder, and they took a few branches for firewood.

But where they had taken branches, the rain came through and put out their fires.

They chopped down a few whole trees to build shelters, but that made the forest colder still.

So they cut down some more trees to turn their shelters into cabins.

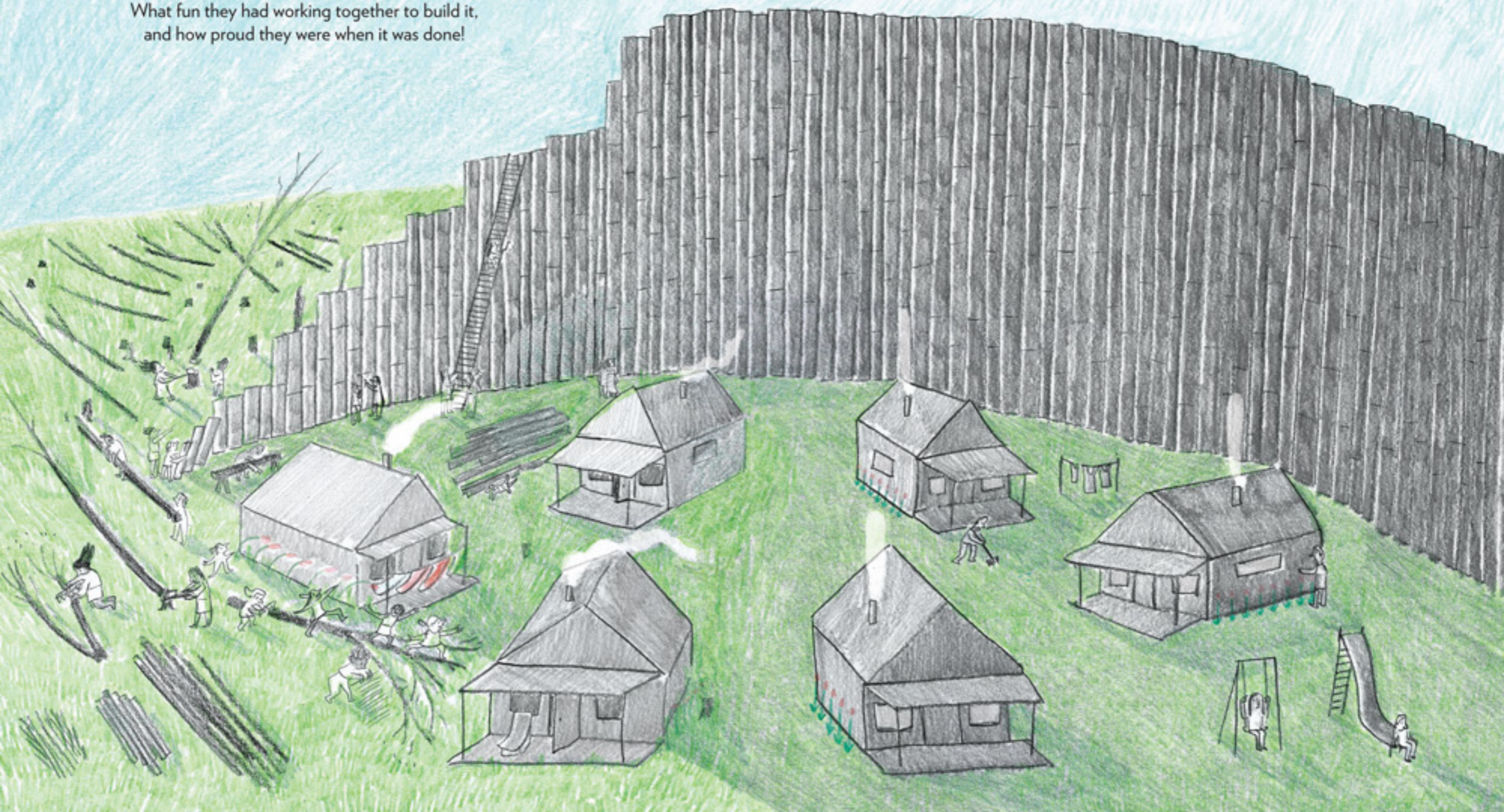


Soon it seemed that the more wood they took, the more they needed to take.

Stillness descended like a blanket. The clothes stayed put.
The plants grew tall and straight. At last, the place really was just right.

And with the wood they built a wall.

What fun they had working together to build it,
and how proud they were when it was done!



I saw the neighbours looking at me strangely yesterday.



I think they're jealous of our cabbages.



They were peeking through our window, I swear it!



Perhaps we ought to reinforce the door.



Fence in the garden.



Board up the windows.



It had taken all the wood they had to build the wall...

...and so before too long, each parent, thinking they were being clever, said the same thing to their child:

