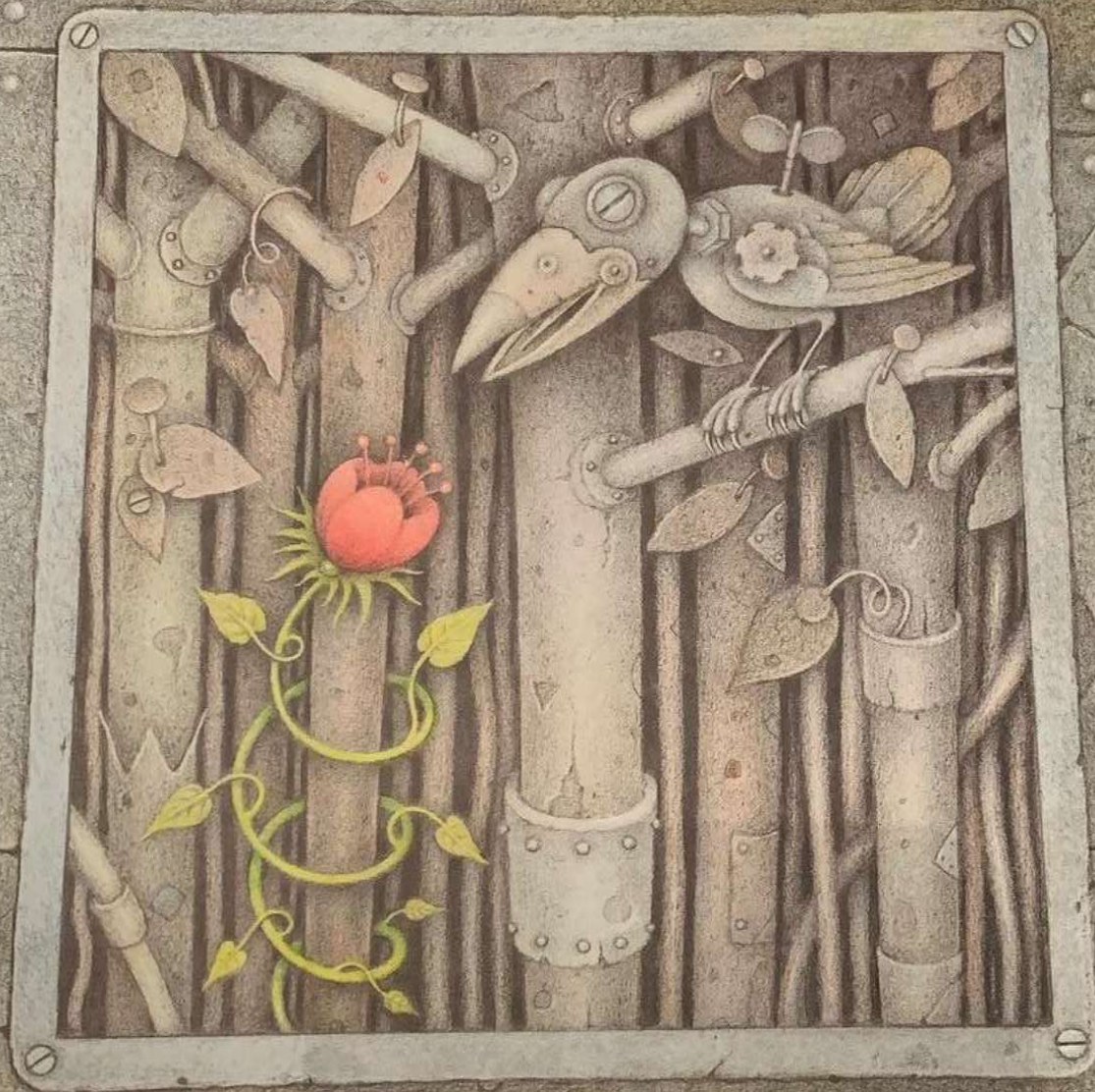


The Tin Forest



by Helen Ward
& Wayne Anderson



The Tin Forest

Written by Helen Ward Illustrated by Wayne Anderson



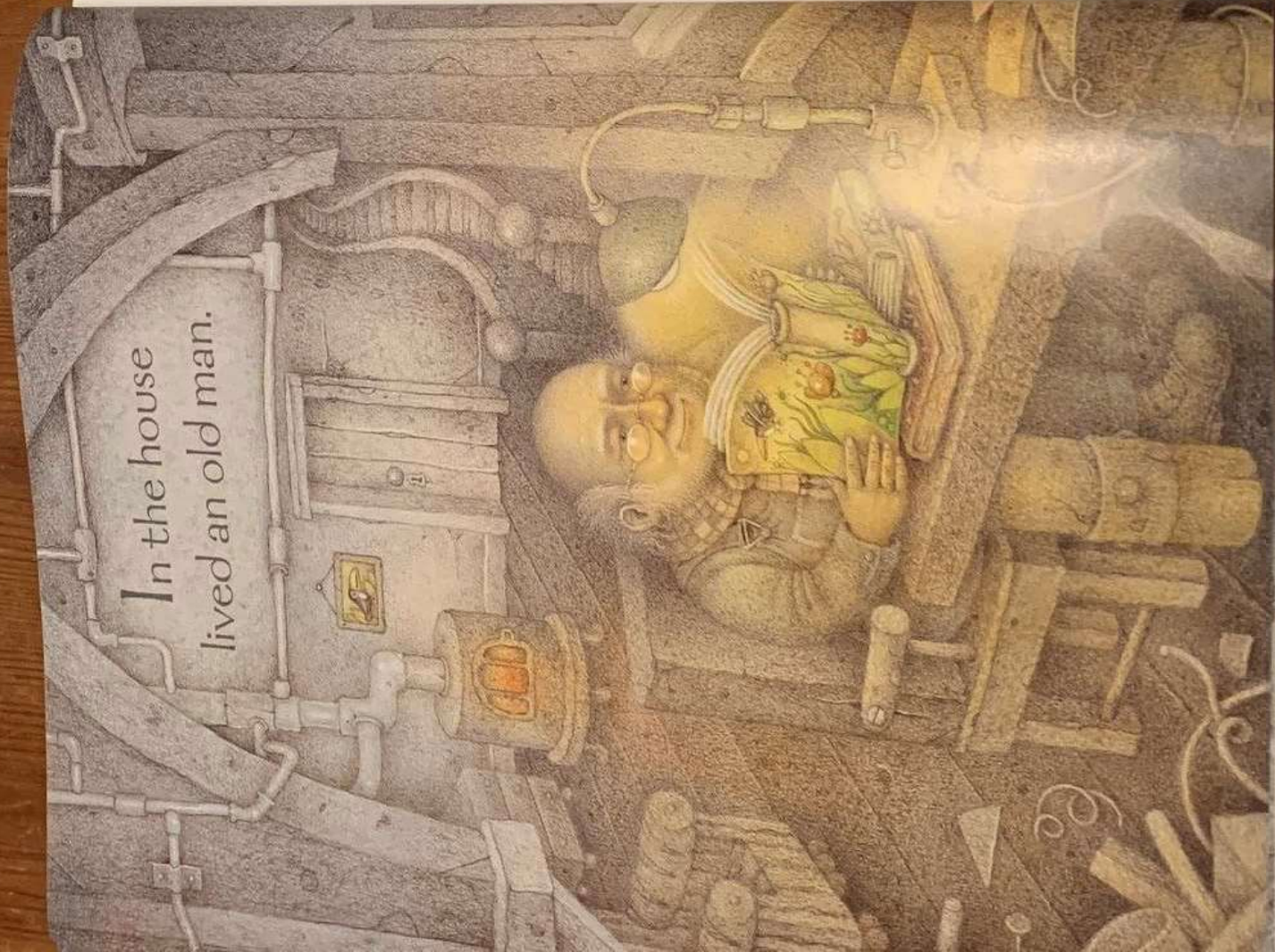
The illustration depicts a desolate, stormy landscape. In the foreground, a large, chaotic pile of debris, including a wooden wheel, a metal pipe, and various unrecognizable fragments, is partially illuminated by a warm, orange glow. In the background, a small, dark house with a chimney is visible, perched on a hill. The sky is filled with heavy, dark clouds, and rain is falling diagonally across the entire scene, creating a sense of movement and atmosphere. The overall color palette is muted, with greys, browns, and a touch of orange from the light source.

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 tidy away the rubbish,



sifting and sorting,

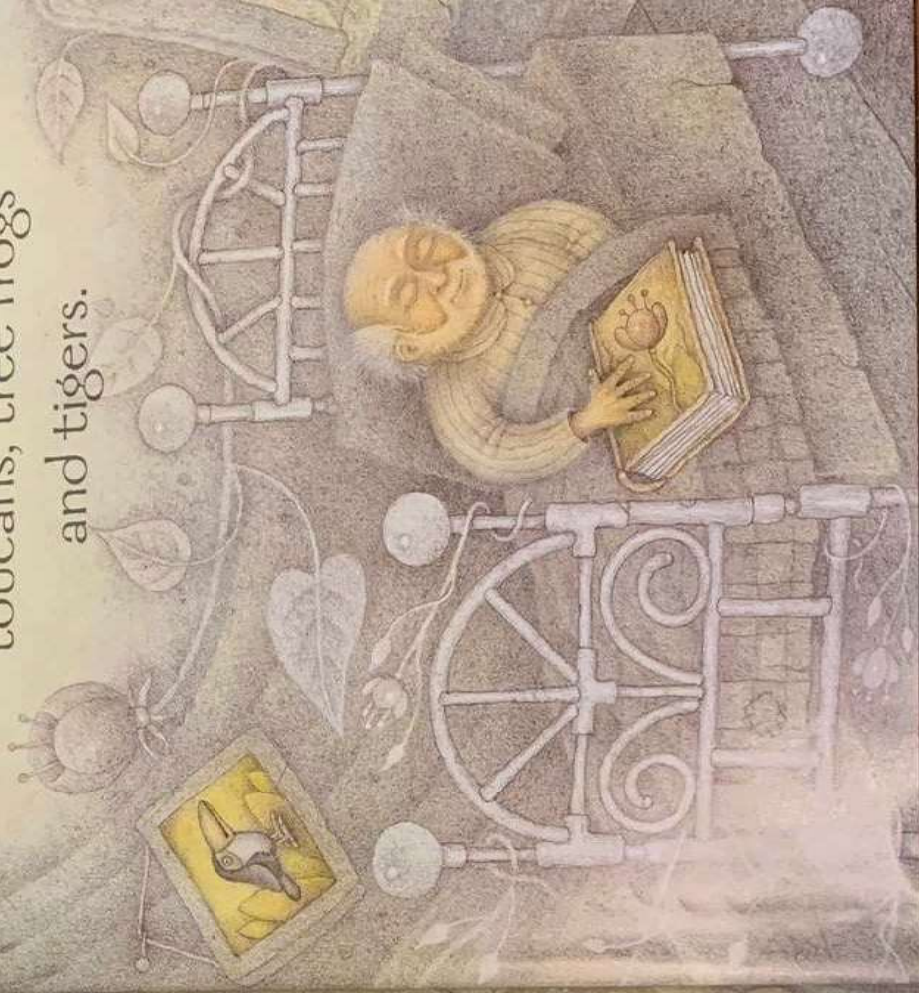
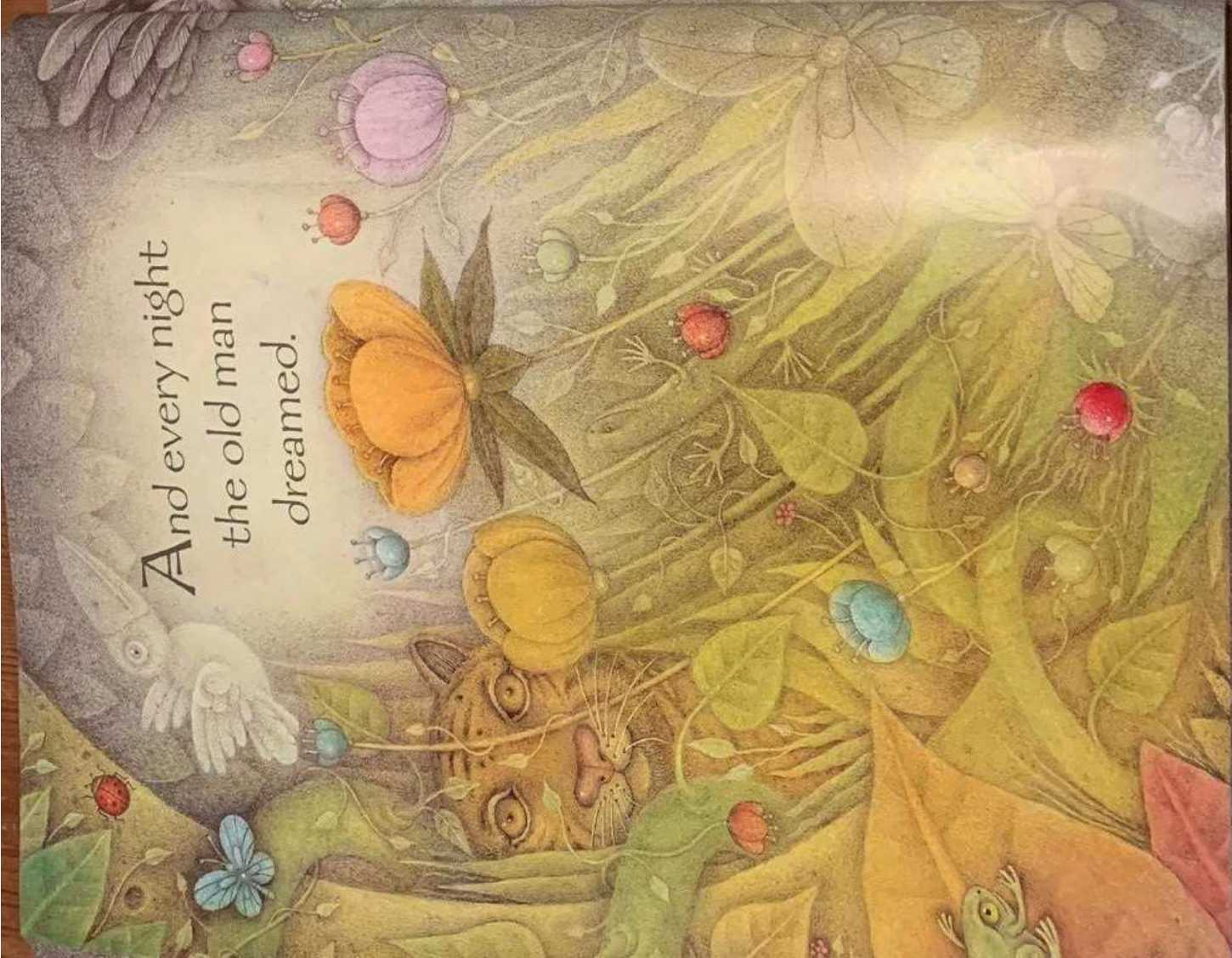


burning and bury



And every night
the old man
dreamed.

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



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

