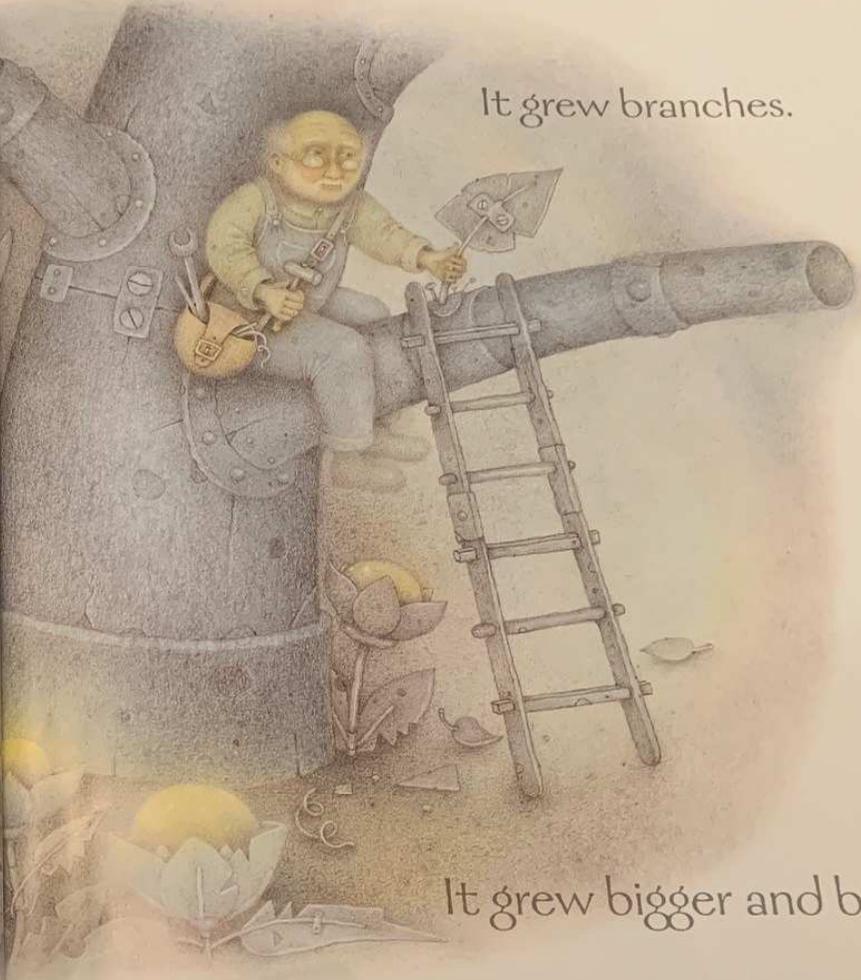


One day something
caught the old man's eye
and an idea planted itself in his head.

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

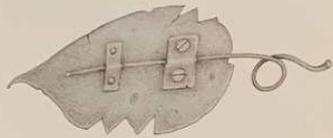


It grew branches.



It grew bigger and bigger.

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



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

