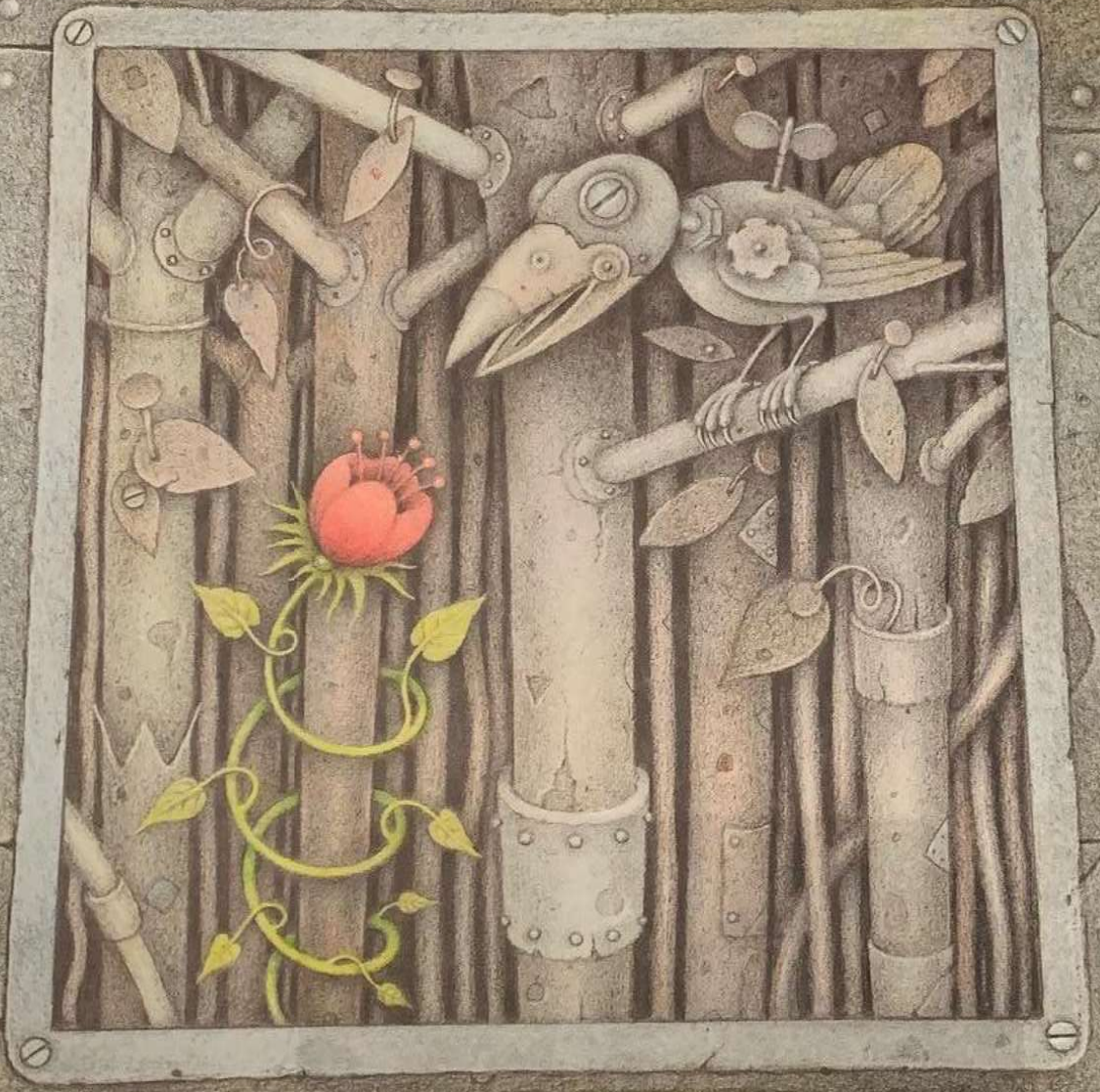
The Tin Forest



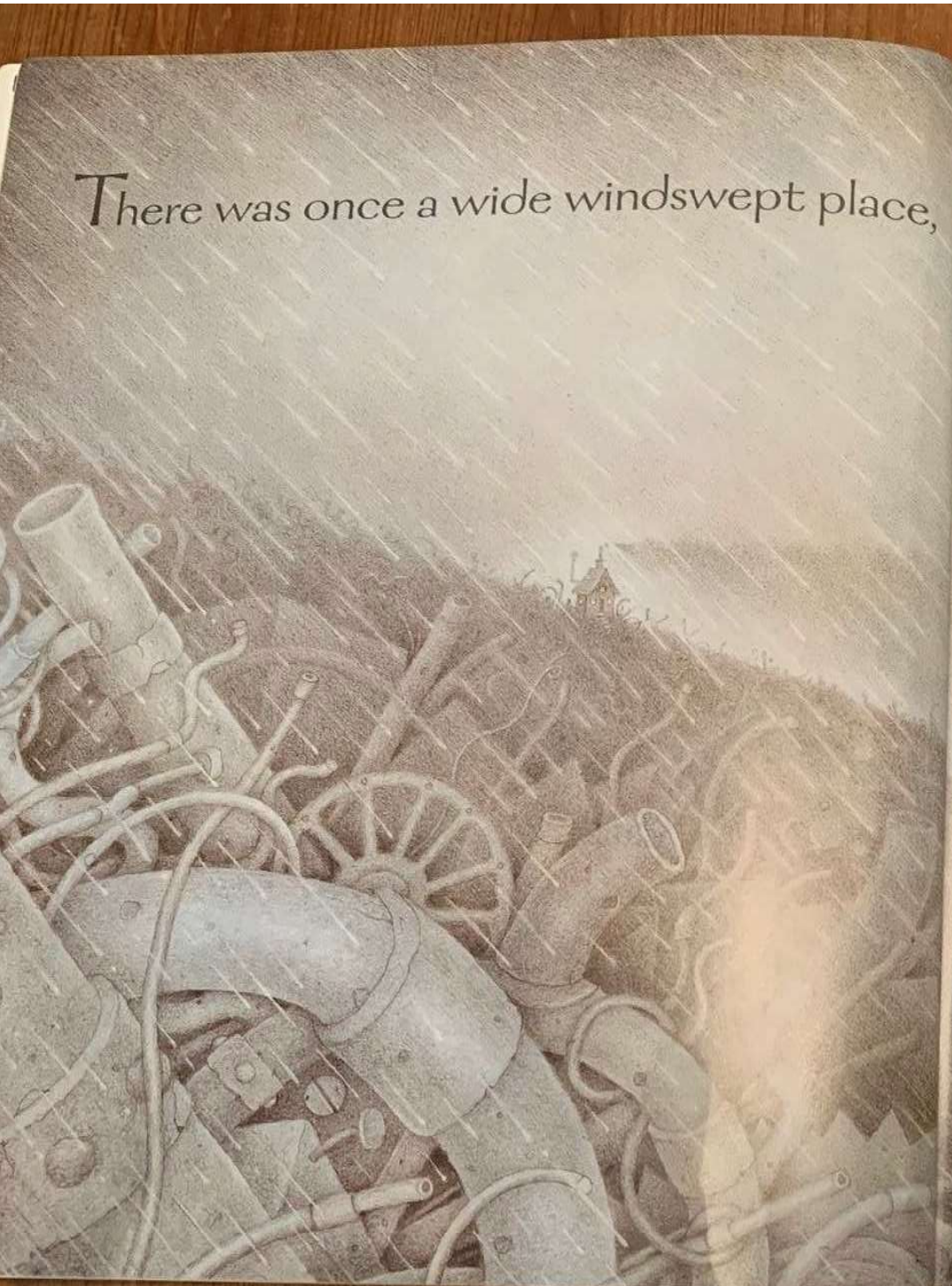
by Helen Ward
& Wayne Anderson

WARD
NNING
CTURE
OOK

The Tin Forest

Written by Helen Ward Illustrated by Wayne Anderson

templar books



There was once a wide windswept place,

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

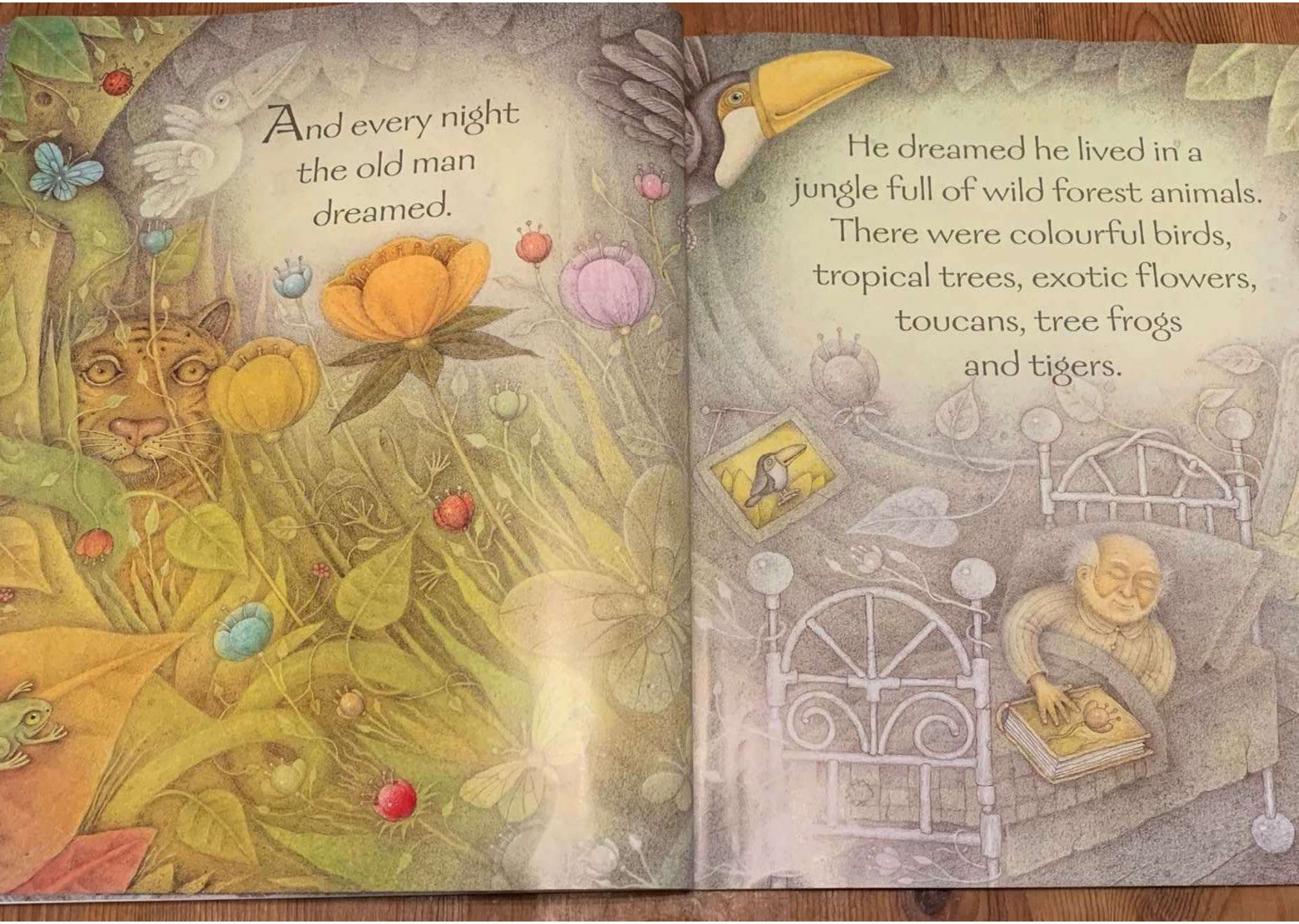
Right in the middle was a small house,
with small windows,
that looked out on other people's rubbis
and bad weather.

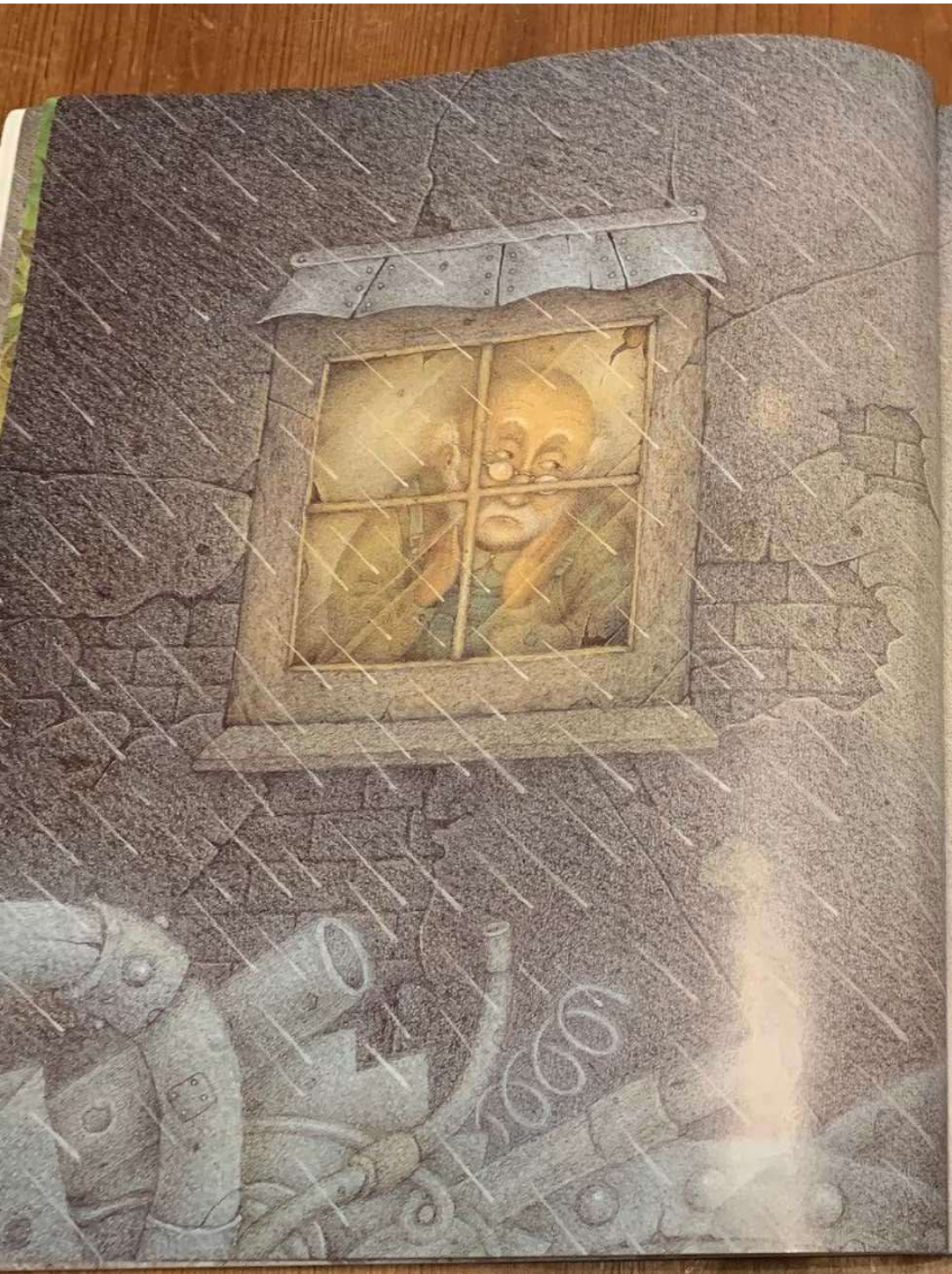
In the house
lived an old man.

Every day he tried to tidy away the rubbish,

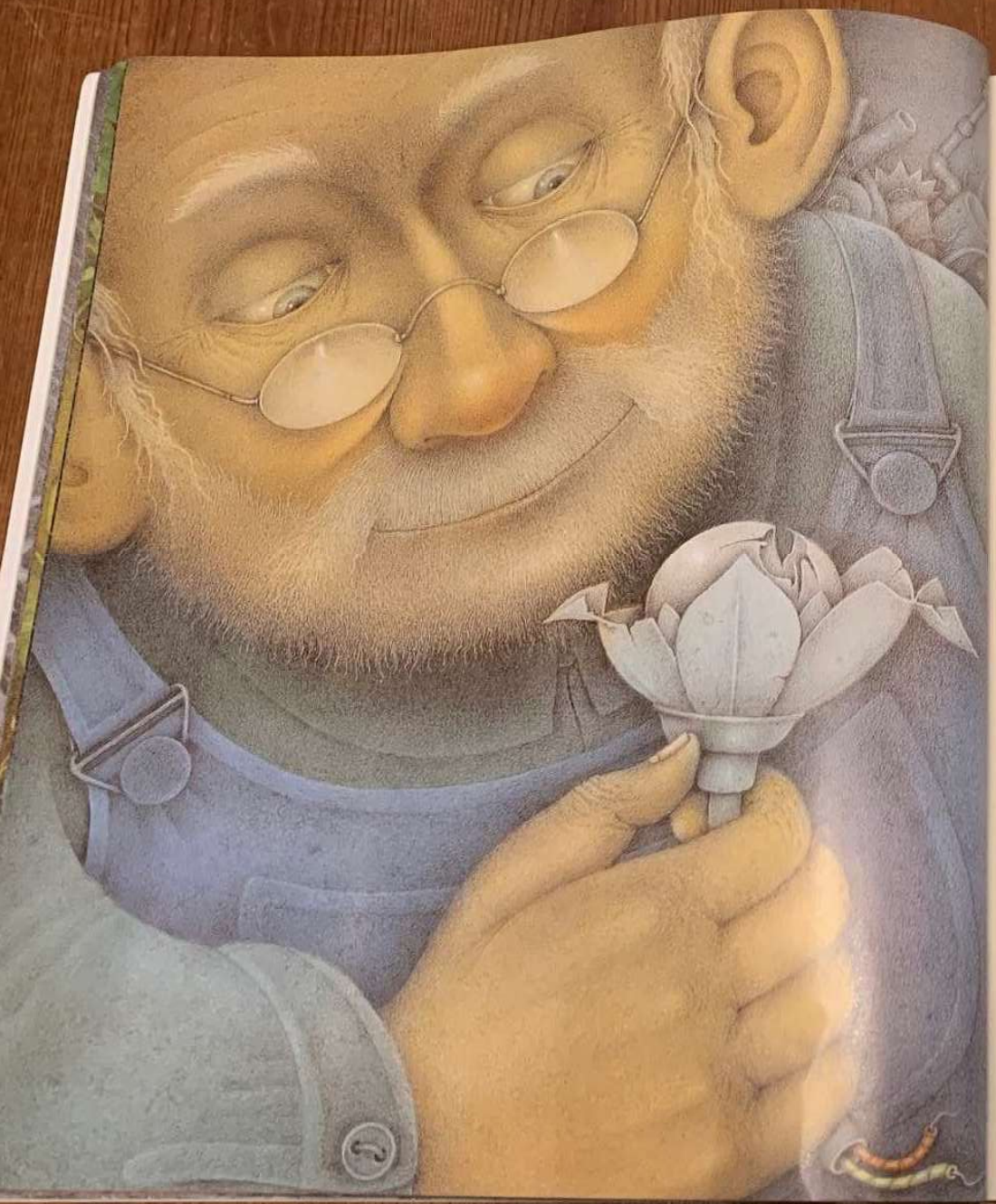
sifting and sorting,

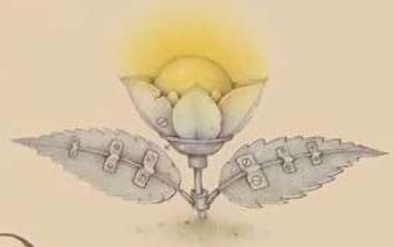
burning and bury


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.

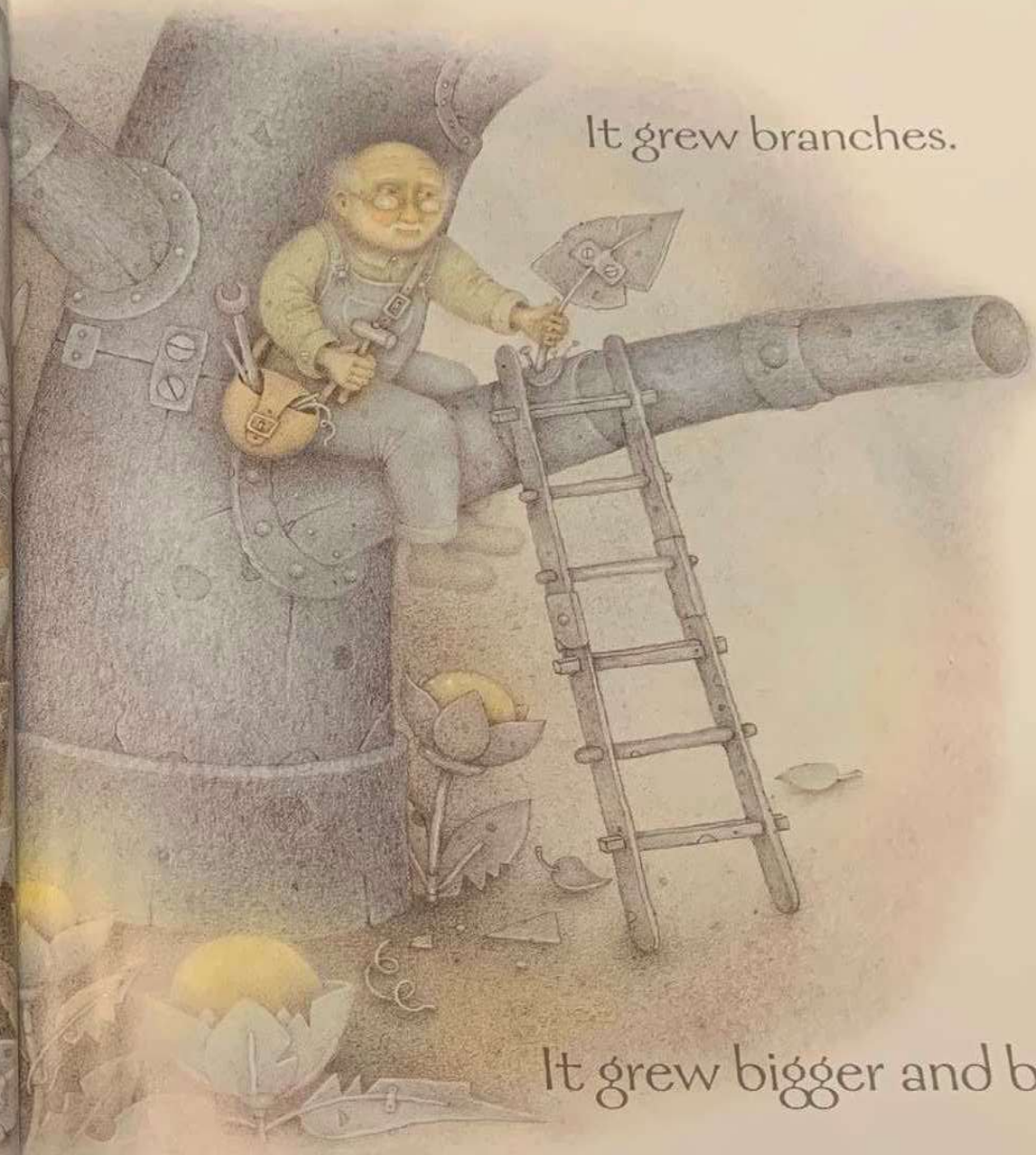




One day something
caught the old man's eye
and an idea planted itself in his head.

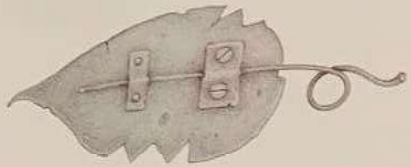
The idea grew roots and sprouted.
Feeding on the rubbish,
it grew leaves.

It grew branches.

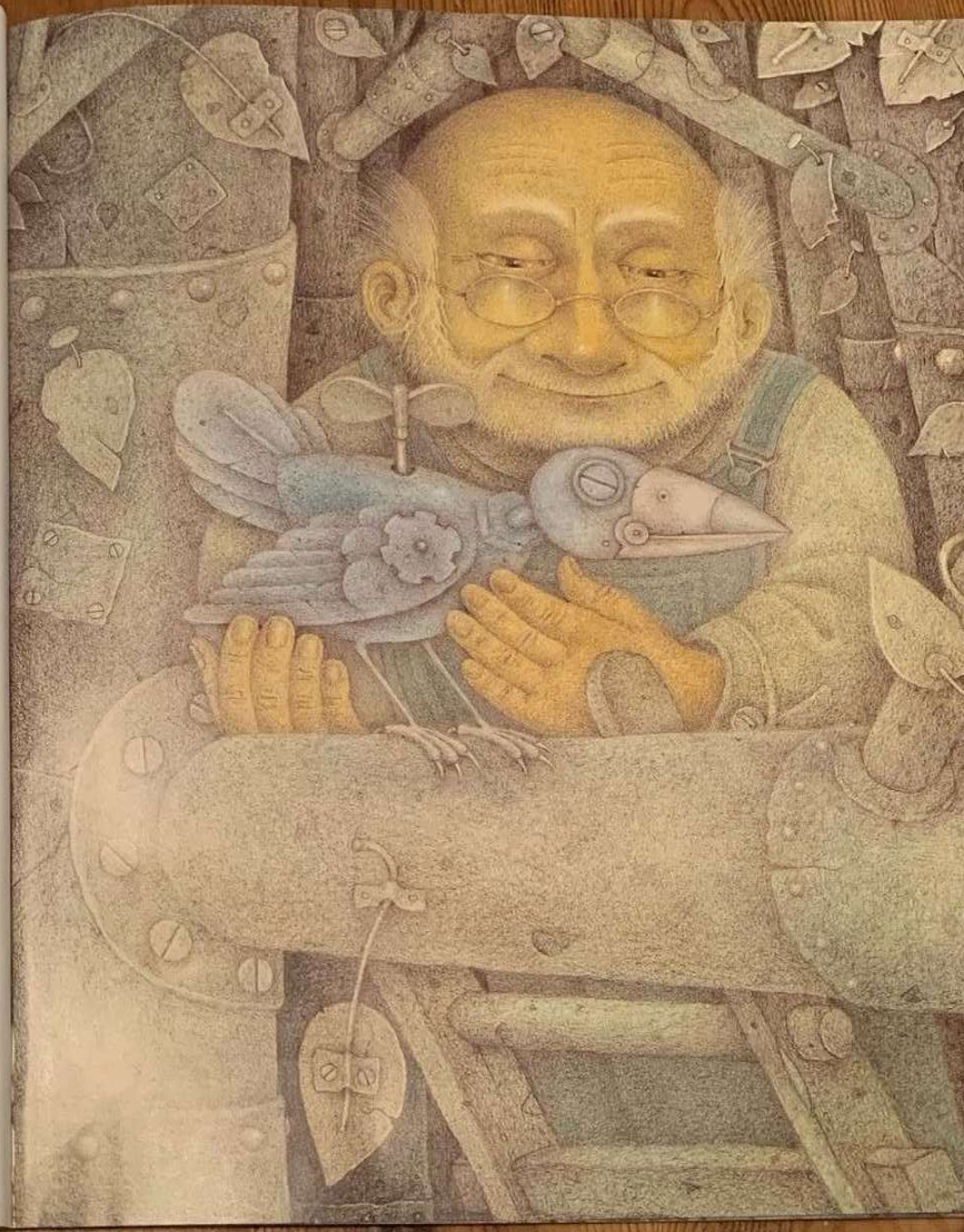


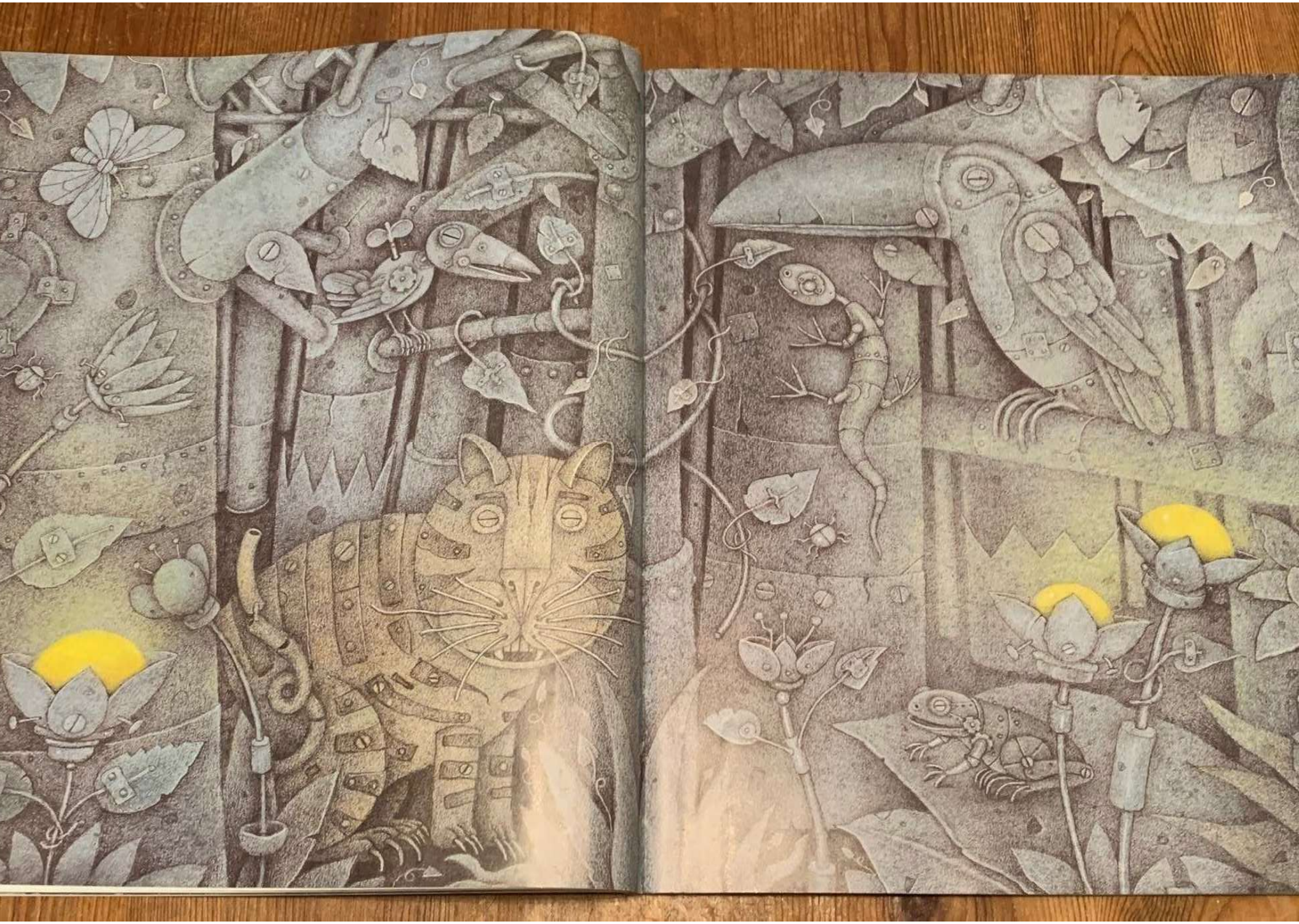
It grew bigger and b

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



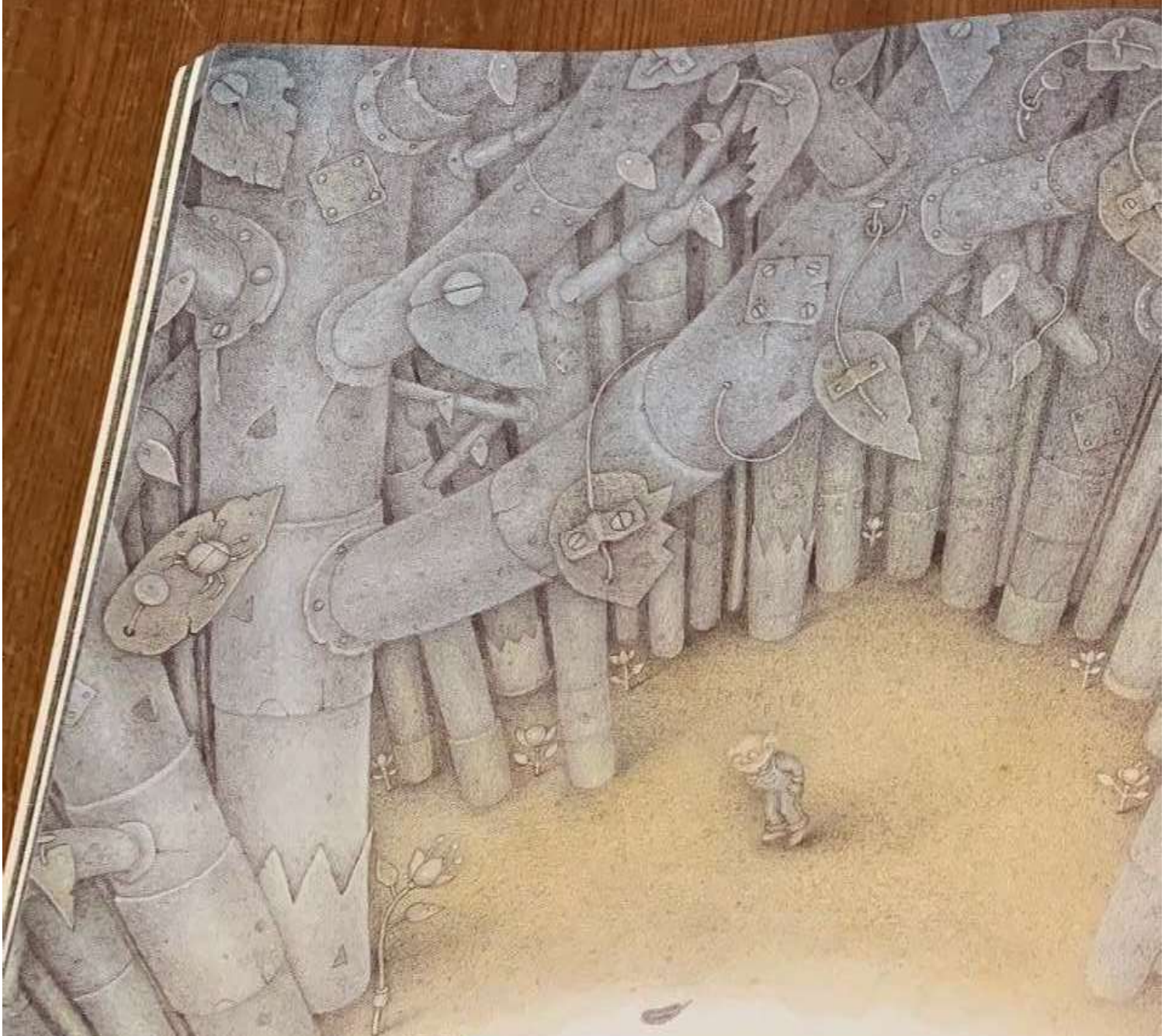
A forest made of rubbish.
A forest made of tin.
It was not the forest of his dreams,
but it was a forest just the same.





Then one day across the windswept plain
the wind swept a small bird.
The old man spilled crumbs from his
sandwiches 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