



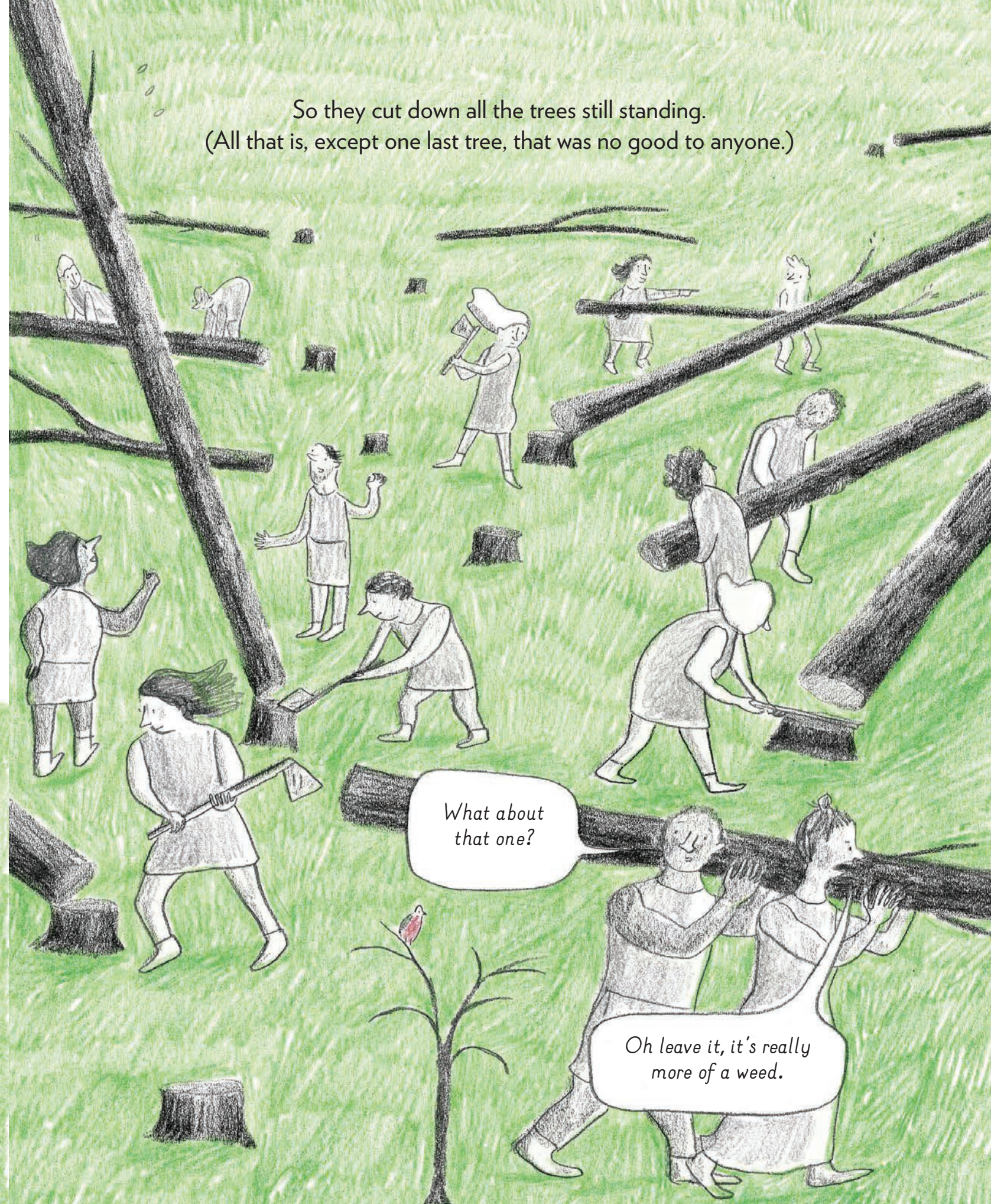
...and came to the forest, where dappled light fell through the leaves and a gentle breeze twisted between the branches.

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

They needed a new plan.
One that would solve all their problems, forever.



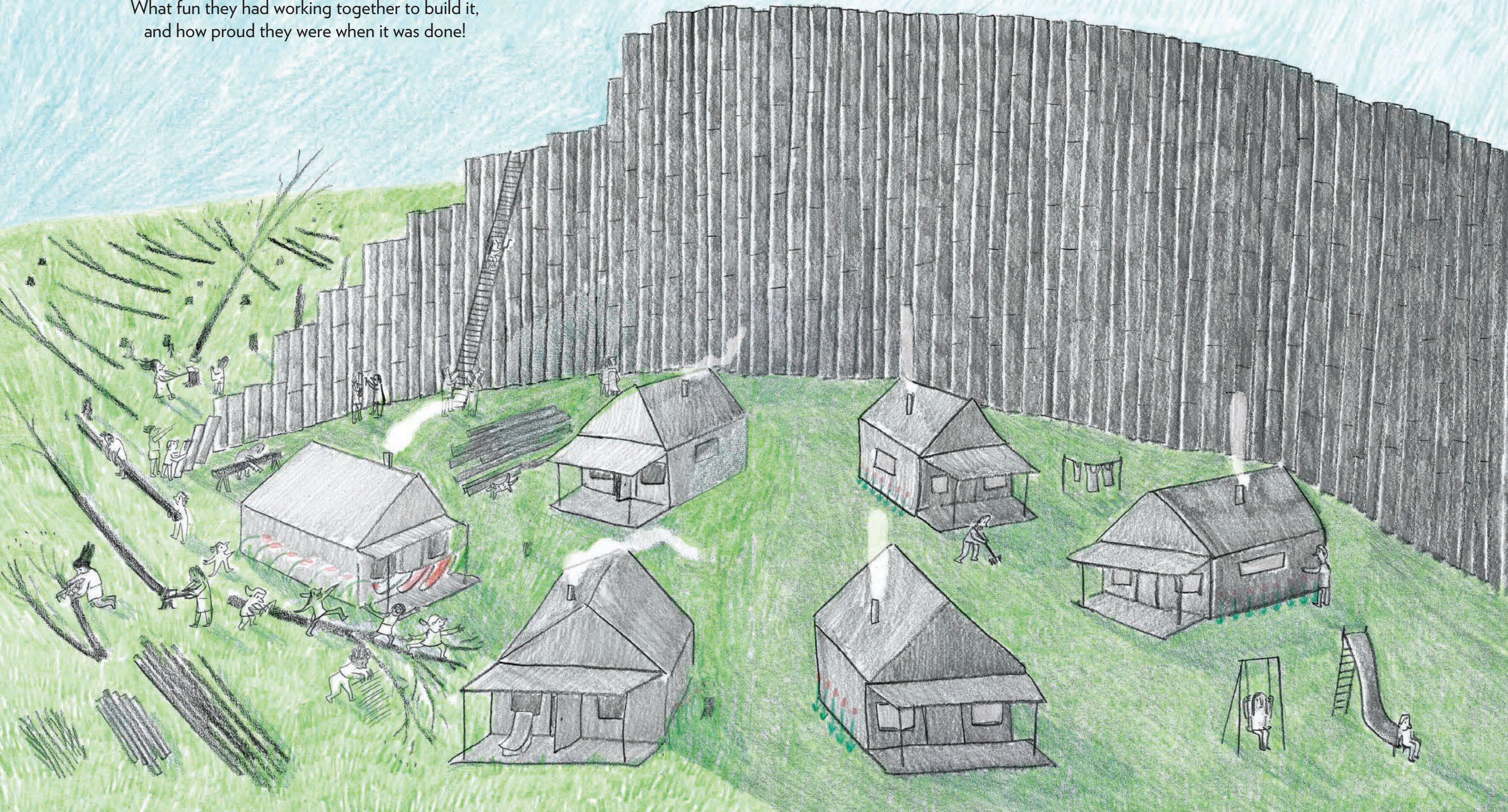
So they cut down all the trees still standing.
(All that is, except one last tree, that was no good to anyone.)



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:



Remember that last tree -

the one more like a weed, tiny and weak -



we need to stay inside and guard the house -

so will you take this axe -



go out beyond the wall, see if it's still there, chop it down and bring us back the wood?

Get it before the neighbours do.