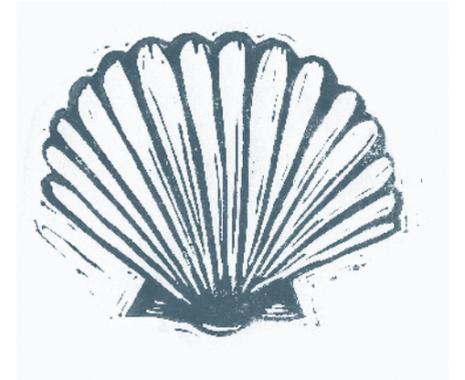




Threaded all through the garden, Mrs Noah made beautiful pathways of cockleshells and silver bells. Along these she would walk every day, watering the seeds and the wonderful weeds, a trail of creatures following behind her.



Now, when it rained, it was the kind of rain that comes in a shower, then passes. The kind of rain that makes a garden grow.



Mr Noah looked out of the window and marvelled.
The earth blossomed under her touch. He saw the birds
and the bees that flew and hopped through the trees,
and if some of the dragonflies in the garden were
a little unconventional, Mr Noah just smiled.