

Once I was a tree,
but now I'm a book.
I was

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I said the story out loud.
Eoin just wrote it down.

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10987654321 ← Nice counting!

For the record, crows are extremely nosy.
I should know – I used to hang out with a bunch of crows.
They were always putting their noses everywhere.
In my needles . . . under my bark . . .

Honestly, he's so good at drawing trees.
He can draw other stuff too,
but his trees are 10/10.

Which is a
cracking library.



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QR CODE
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AUDIO
READING

illustrated by
Guilherme Karsten

written by a book
(with help from Eoin McLaughlin)

ONCE I WAS a TREE

Dedicated to the book
that the tree became. – G.K.

Dedicated to the tree
I used to be. – The Book



ONCE I WAS a TREE

I wasn't just any old tree. I was a pine tree.
I was tall, green and handsome.

Don't believe me?
Just take a look!



Birds lived in my head.

Squirrels jumped
into my arms.

And moles tickled my toes.

I smelled good too . . .

Go on. Smell me. It's not weird.
Just go for it. Breathe me in.

Mmmmmmmmm.



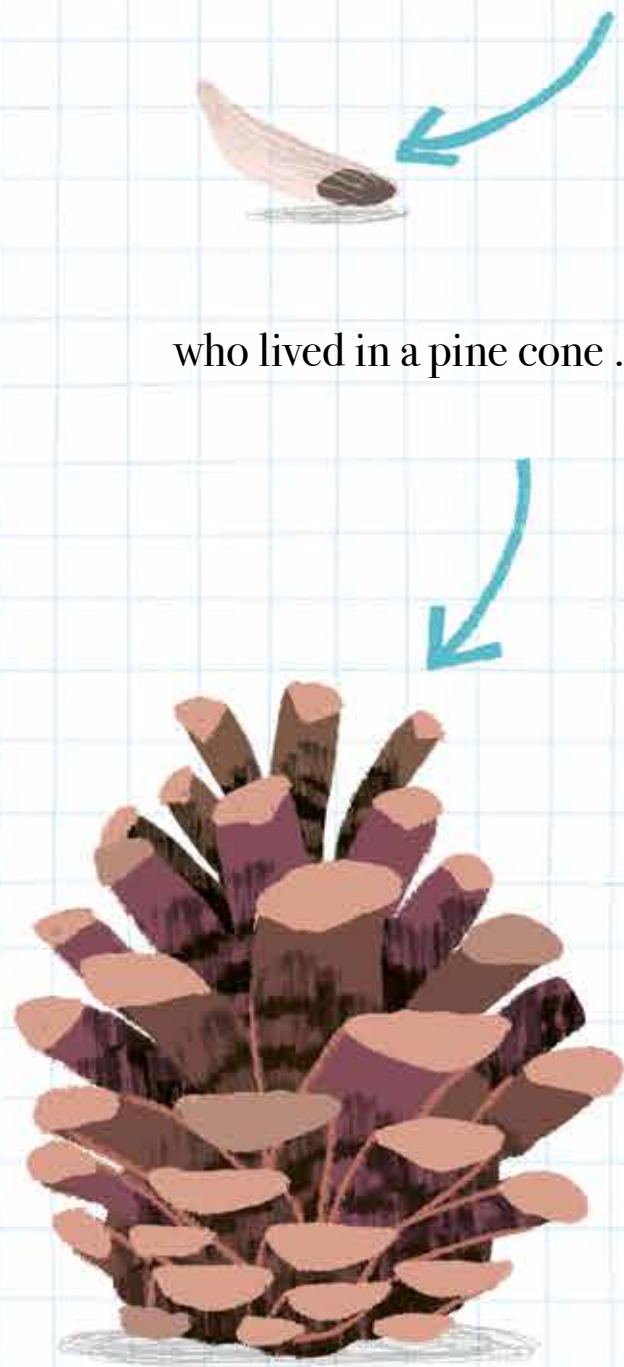
Yep. Better believe it. I used to be a tree.

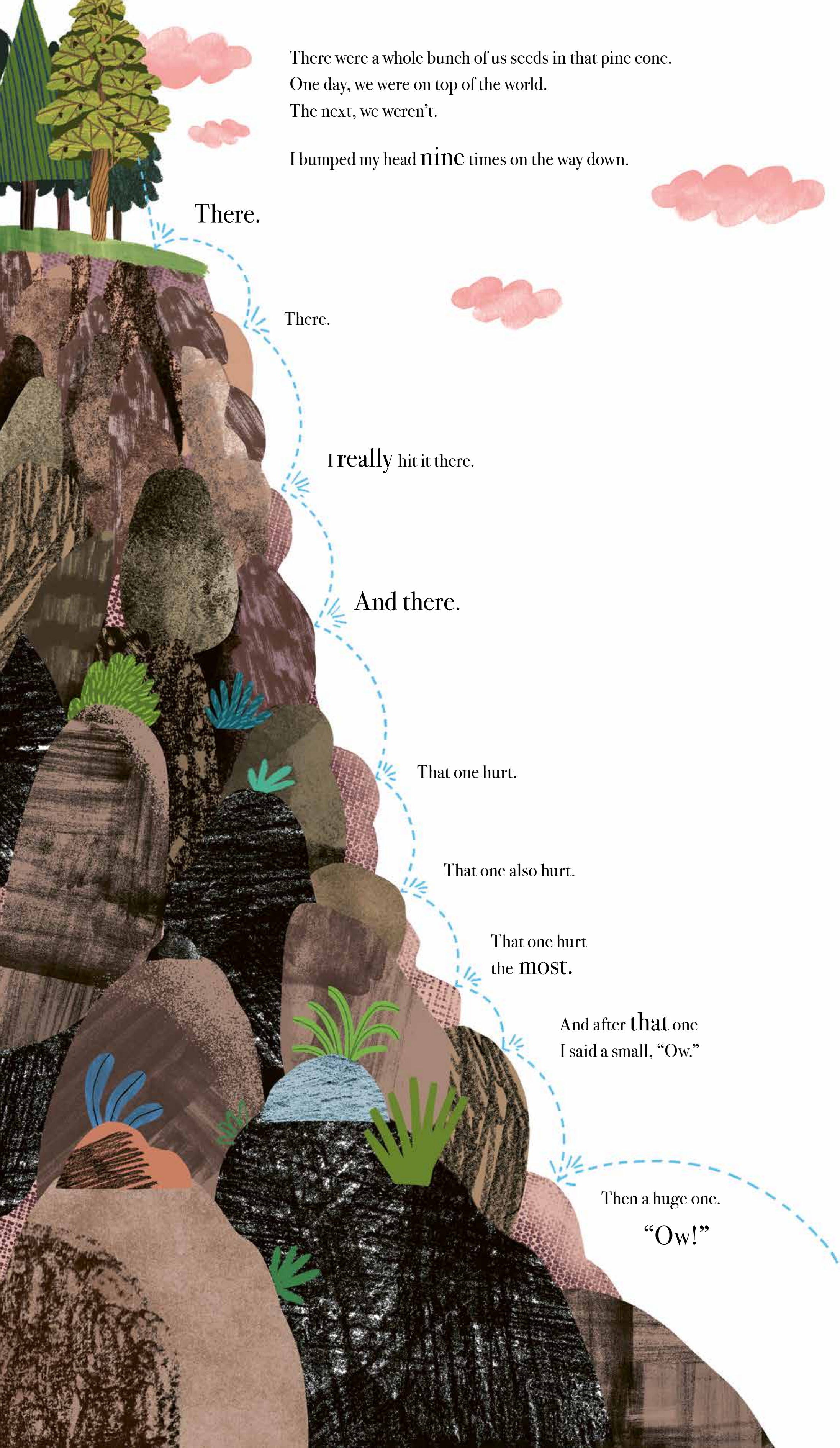
And before **that**, I used to be a seed . . .

who lived in a pine cone . . .

who came out of a
squirrel's bottom.

I should explain.



An illustration of a seed falling from a pine tree on a hill. The seed's path is shown as a dashed blue line with small starburst marks at each impact point. The hill is composed of various textured rock layers in shades of brown, tan, and black, with small green and blue plants growing on it. The sky is white with several soft, pinkish-red clouds. The pine tree at the top left has green needles and a brown trunk.

There were a whole bunch of us seeds in that pine cone.
One day, we were on top of the world.
The next, we weren't.

I bumped my head **nine** times on the way down.

There.

There.

I really hit it there.

And there.

That one hurt.

That one also hurt.

That one hurt
the **most**.

And after **that** one
I said a small, "Ow."

Then a huge one.

"Ow!"