

But he could return to the library. He still felt unsure that he was remembering it right, that the seedling had grown so much. Perhaps it had just been a dream. Could he have only imagined it? Because a plant couldn't grow that much in just a few days. Timi felt sure about that.

A couple of days later, Timi returned to the library.

He heard it almost as soon as he opened the door, as a breeze swept down the corridor and rustled the leaves. It was now no longer a seedling, no longer a plant... it was a tree.

It had a trunk that felt strong to touch, and had grown thick and brown. Branches had started to form and leaves grew in clusters upon them.

Timi could feel his own heartbeat all of a sudden. It felt like it was not just in his chest

