



For our children. You are never too small to make a difference. – C. H.
To my parents, who taught me to love and care for nature – A. S.

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The Girl Who Planted Trees



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Once there was a girl. She was just a small girl, about your size, actually. She lived in a dry little village at the foot of a great grey mountain.

All day long, the fierce sun scorched the earth, and when evening came, the hot air hung heavily around the houses.

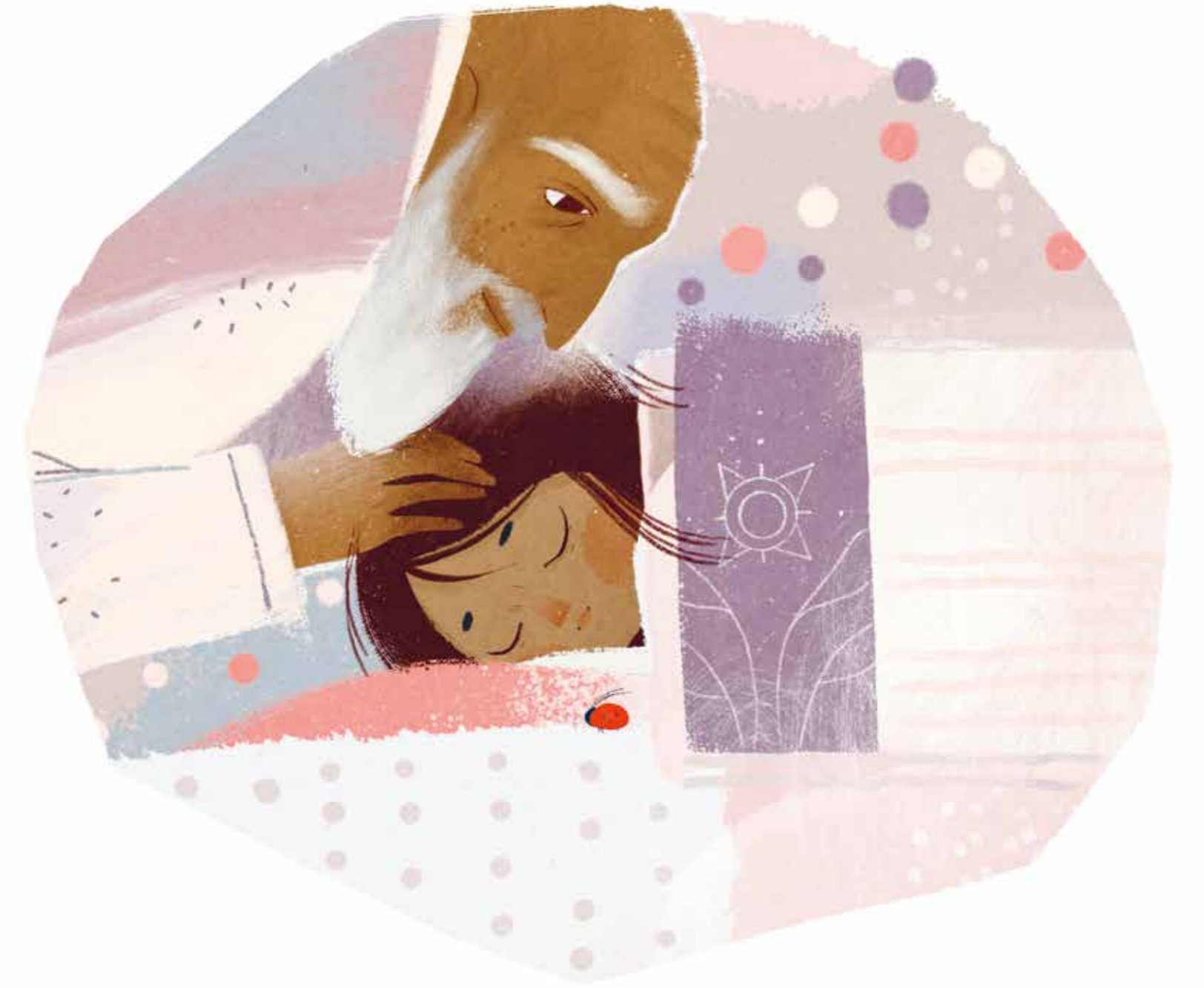
One night, unable to sleep, the girl found her grandpa reading a battered old book.



“Oh!” she gasped.
“I wish OUR mountain
was like that!”

“That is our mountain,” sighed her grandpa.
“But year after year, the trees have been cut down
and all the animals have disappeared.”

Sadly, he kissed the girl’s forehead,



then tucked her back into bed.

As she ate her breakfast the next morning,
the girl thought to herself, “If **only** we could bring
our mountain forest back.” But what could **she** do?
She was just one small girl . . .



Then a tiny idea caught in the corner of her mind.
“This fruit grew on a tree,” she whispered.
“And here are the pips . . .”

So she gathered up some things
and set off up the mountain.



Higher and higher she climbed.



The rough track got steeper,
and the blistering sun scorched
the girl's back.

But she did not stop.



When, at last, she reached the top . . .



the girl began to dig into the
baked earth. There she buried
her pip and whispered a wish,



“Please grow, little pip.”