

The Tin Forest.

There was once a wide windswept place, near no-where and close to forgotten, that was filled with all the things that no-one wanted. Right in the middle was a small house, with small windows, that looked out on other people's rubbish and bad weather.

In the house lived an old man. Everyday he tried to clear away the garbage, sifting and sorting, burning and burying. Every night the old man dreamed. He dreamed that he lived in a forest full of wild animals. There were colourful birds, tropical trees, exotic flowers, toucans, tree frogs and tigers. But when he awoke, the world outside was still the same.

One day something caught the old man's eye and an idea planted itself in his mind. The idea grew roots and spouted. Feeding on the garbage, it grew leaves. It grew branches. It grew bigger and bigger. Under the old man's hand a forest emerged. A forest made of garbage, a forest made of tin! It was not the forest of his dreams, but it was a forest, just the same.

Then one day across the barren plain, the wind swept a small bird. The old man spilled crumbs from his sandwich onto the ground, which the bird quickly ate. The next morning the visitor was gone. All day the old man walked through the silence, his heart ached with emptiness. That night by moonlight, he made a wish...