

<http://soundbible.com/1818-Rainforest-Ambience.html>



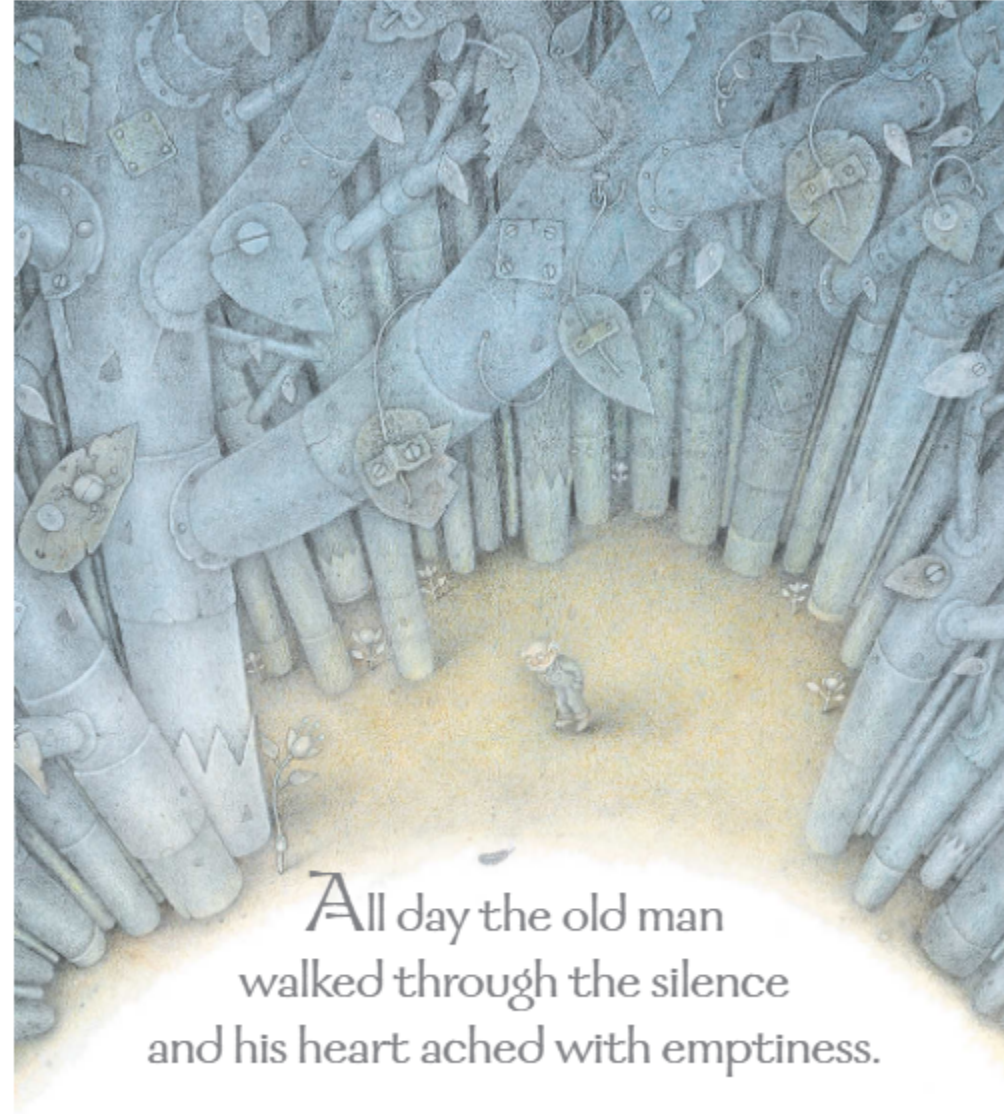


Then one day across the windswept plain  
the wind swept a small bird.  
The old man spilled crumbs from his  
sandwiches onto the ground.  
The bird ate the crumbs and perched  
to sing in the branches of a tin tree.

But the next morning the visitor  
was gone.







All day the old man  
walked through the silence  
and his heart ached with emptiness.



That night, by moonlight,  
he made a wish...

In the morning the old man  
woke to the sound of birdsong.  
The visitor had returned and,  
with him, his mate.

The birds dropped seeds from their beaks.  
Soon, green shoots broke  
through the earth.



Imagine you are the man. How would you feel?  
Write a diary entry.

diary entry





Time passed. Soon the song of birds mingled with the buzzing of insects and the rustle of leaves.



Small creatures appeared, creeping amongst the jungle of trees. Wild animals slipped through the green shadows.











There once was a forest,  
near nowhere and close to forgotten,  
that was filled with all the things  
that everyone wanted.

And in the middle was a small house  
and an old man who had toucans,  
tree frogs and tigers in his garden.



There was once a  
wide, windswept place...  
but where there is a dream,  
hope can grow.

'a perfect picture book'

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# THE FLOWER



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