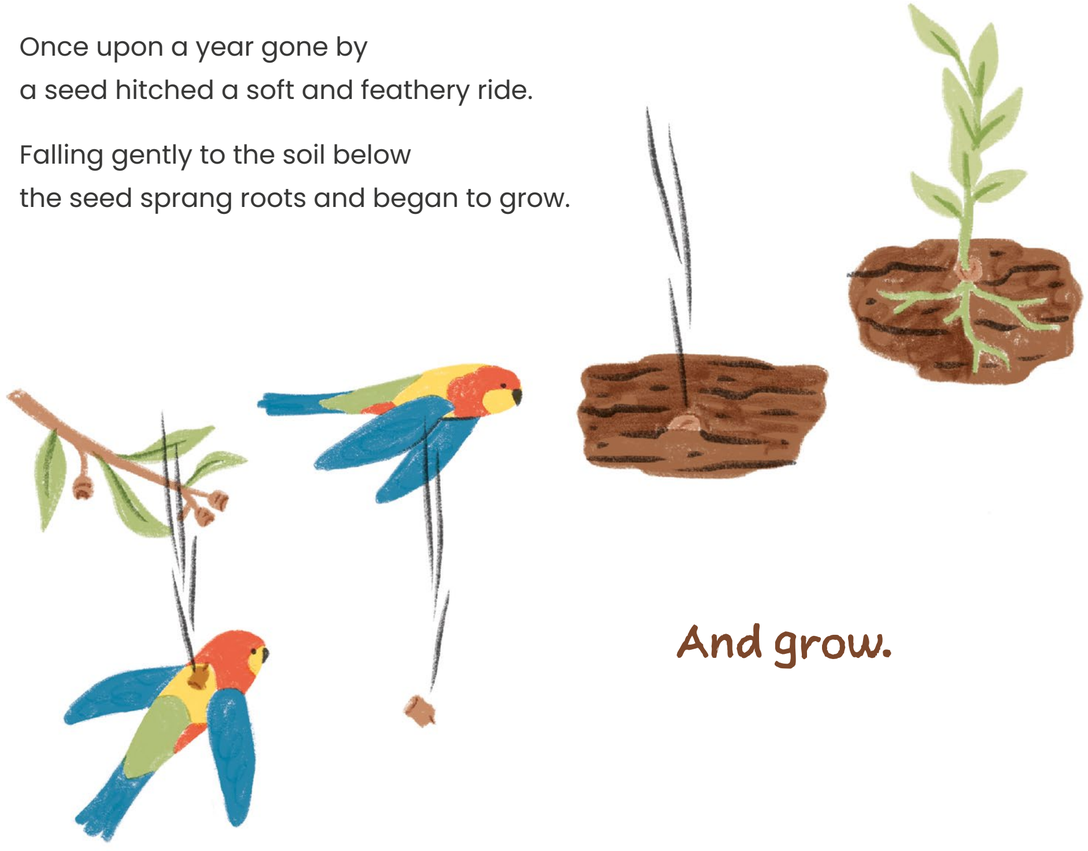
Once upon a year gone by
a seed hitched a soft and feathery ride.

Falling gently to the soil below
the seed sprang roots and began to grow.



And grow.



And **GROW!**

Then came Twigley, a branch atop the family tree,
who longed for adventure and yearned to be free.

But Grandfather Trunk kept
him rooted to the land.



Twigley's best friend was small and white.
She was stuck too and dreamed of flight.

Then one morning, to his suprise,
his friend had changed **before his eyes.**



Twigley watched her go with a small, happy **sigh.**
His roots held him fast as she waved him goodbye.