

The Old Tree in the Valley

How I loved the Old Valley! That was its name for me. I used to sit beneath its' leafy branches, listening to its whispering in the Spring breeze. It used to comfort me, it kept me safe, I knew it. Oh, I loved the little squirrels, scampering in the foliage, such cunning and friendly creatures they were.

Now, don't go off with the false idea that, as at that time I was small, I made it all up. It's true, all of it. The Old Valley Tree is truly a magical tree. I found that out years ago. As usual, I was sitting beneath it when a gang of bullies came at me. Well, the tree wasn't going to let the bullies beat me to a pulp. So it thrashed and played till it scared the bullies away! Now you'll see what I mean when I say, "Trees are our friends!"

My message is Love Trees!