

Tenacious Tree

By Ski MacTaggart

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For my friend Kevin. Never give up hope.

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At the crest of a cliff,

on top of a tree,

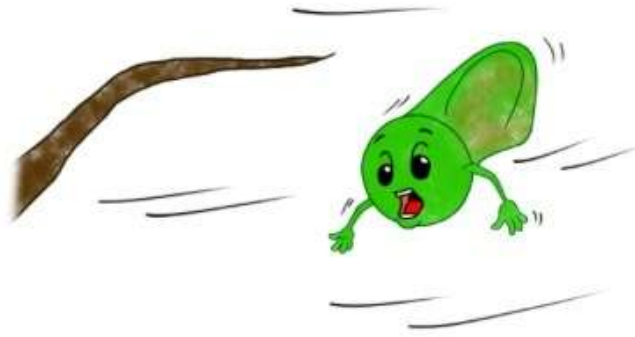


at the limit of a limb,





Seed clung and  
hung to the tip of  
a twig.



Heavy winds blew and  
threw Seed far from his  
tree.



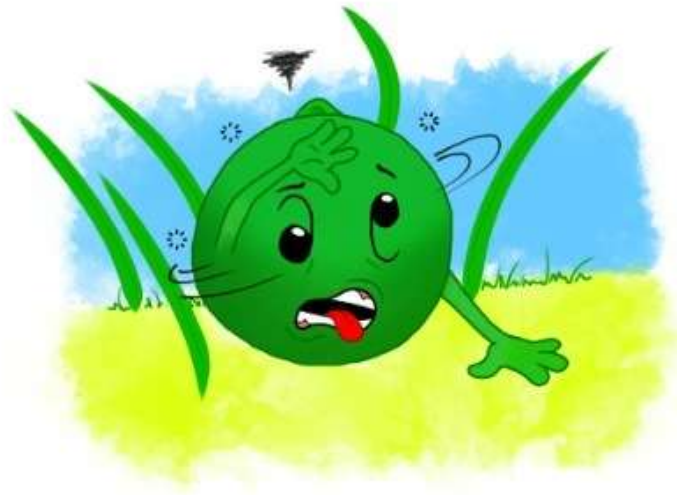
He twirled...



...and whirled...



...and landed in a clearing.

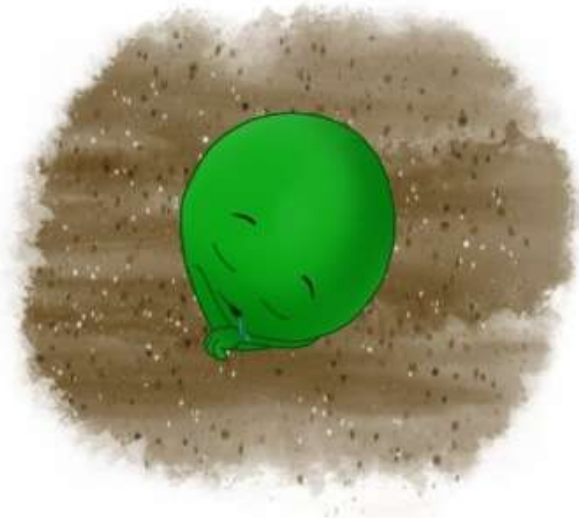




Seed was alone and  
unknown to others around.

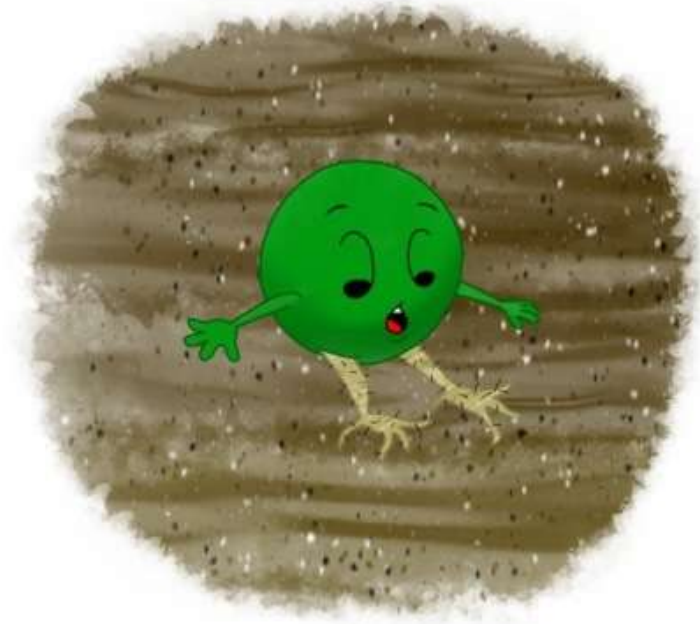


STOMP! The weeds pushed and  
smooshed him into the dirt.

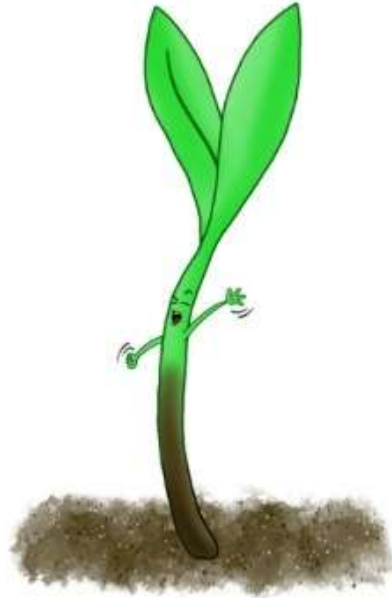


Seed nested and rested  
underground all winter.

Next spring his roots jabbed  
and grabbed the earth.



His stem breached and  
reached to the sky...



...and he called himself Seedling.



The weeds mobbed and  
robbed the sunlight.



But, Seedling got just  
enough.



The weeds slurped and burped the water.



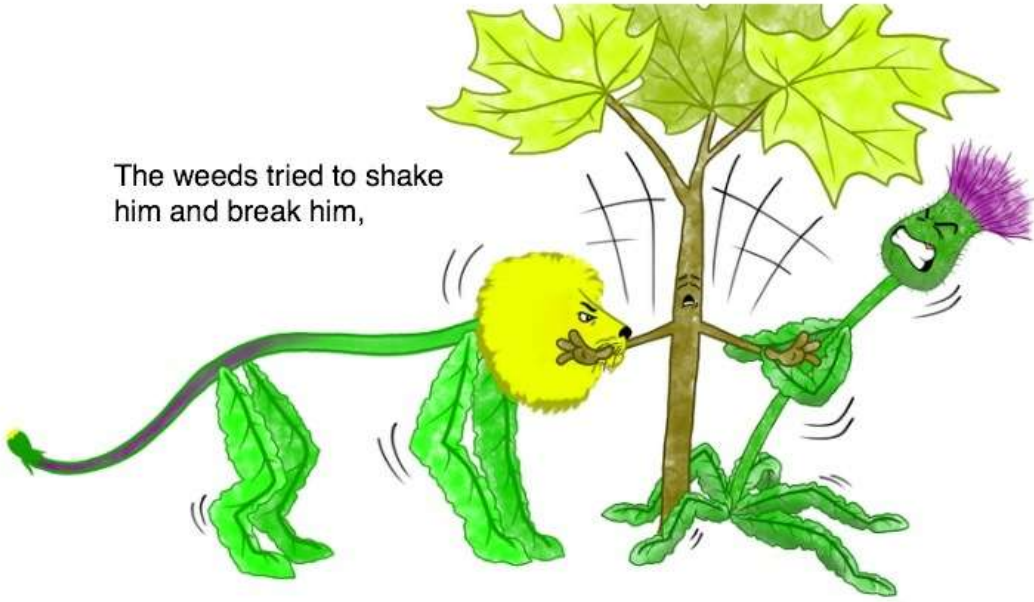


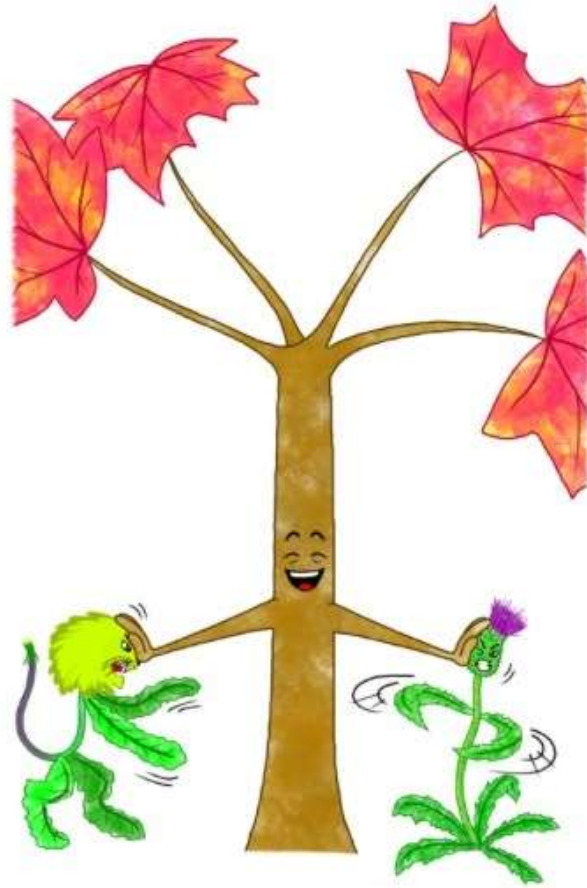
But, Seedling got just  
enough.



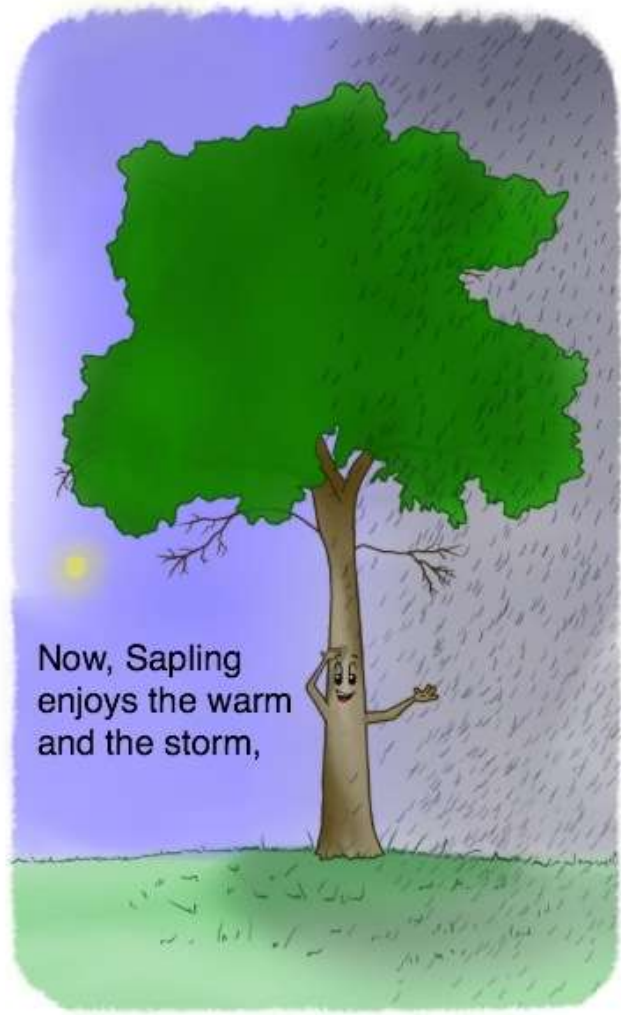
He strived and thrived and called himself Sapling.

The weeds tried to shake  
him and break him,





...but his trunk grew long and strong.

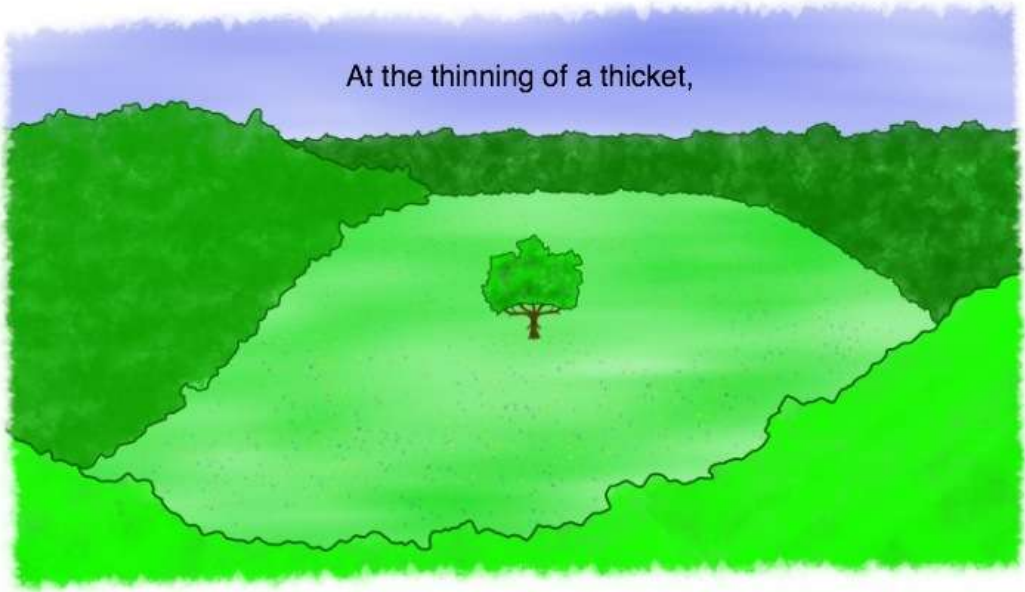


Now, Sapling  
enjoys the warm  
and the storm,

...while the weeds snivel and shrivel.



At the thinning of a thicket,







in the middle of a meadow,



at the core of a  
clearing,



Tree.

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