



Charlie Moyler

THE TREE NEXT DOOR

Martin Stanev

For all the people and all the trees that make us smile. – C. M.

For my uncle D. S. – M. S.

LITTLE TIGER

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At the end of a long garden stood a tree.

The tree rose high above everything around and could be seen and admired by many.

The tree and the garden beneath it were well loved, not least by their owner.



The woman who tended the garden was old
but she was strong and she was happy.

Her garden kept her busy and
it kept her company.



There was always so
much to do ...



... and so much to enjoy.



The girl appreciated all the joy her neighbour's hard work had brought her. She had smelled the blossom, heard the buzzing bees, tasted the jams, sung with the birds and even crunched and stamped in the piles of fallen leaves.



But nothing had quite prepared her for the change to Winter.



As the cold crept in, the days grew shorter, the nights grew longer and slowly, inevitably, the garden faded.