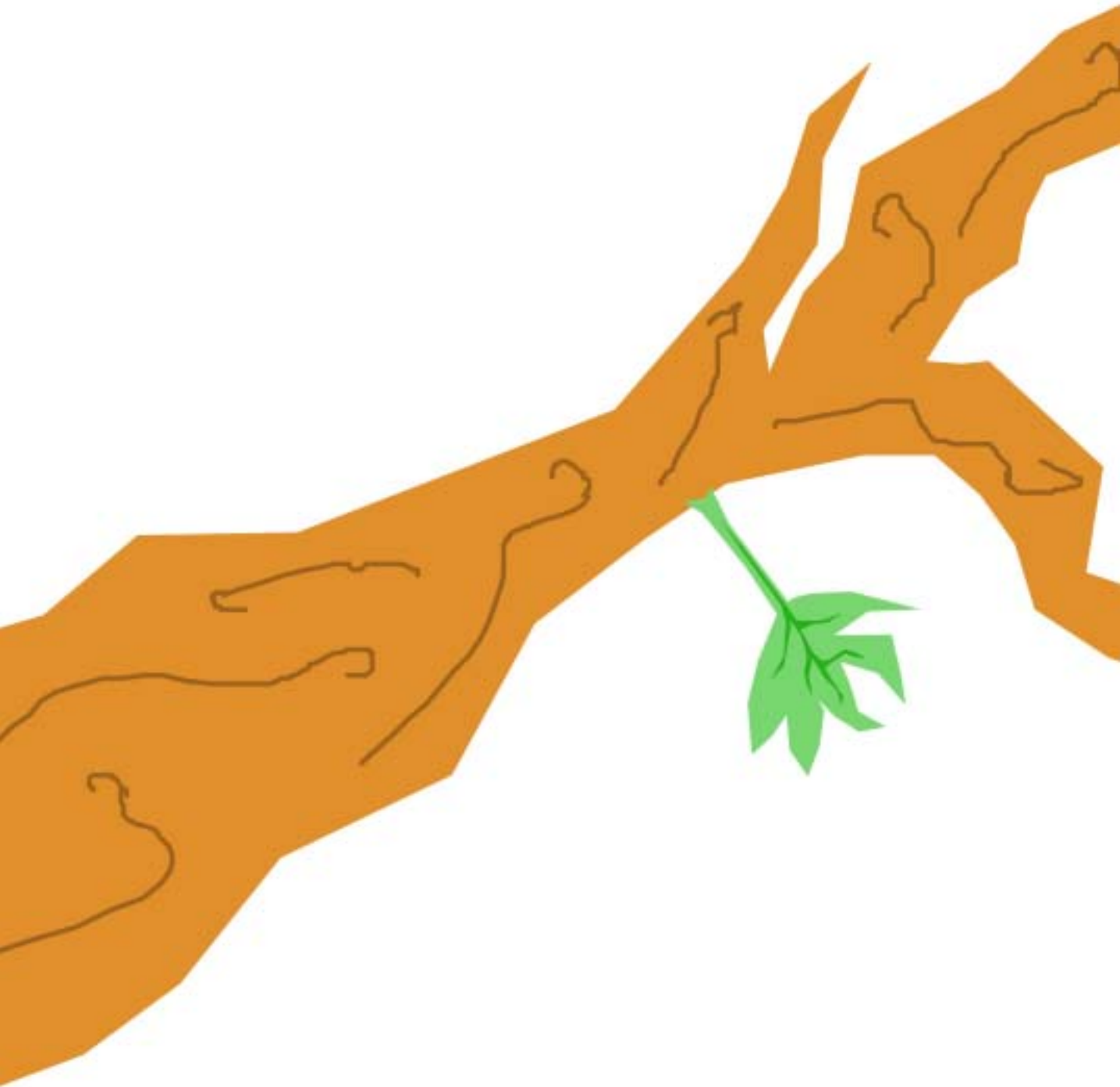


The Story Of Leafy



By Lee LaMarche
For Jessica

Even though the tree was not doing too well, there were still a few leaves left. one of them was named Leafy.



Leafy was a plucky little leaf.
He enjoyed doing all the activities
that leaves do.

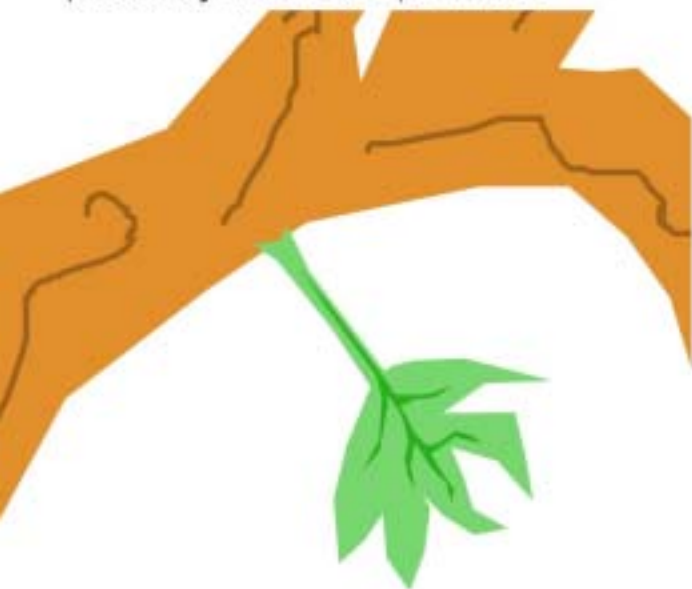
Staring at birds



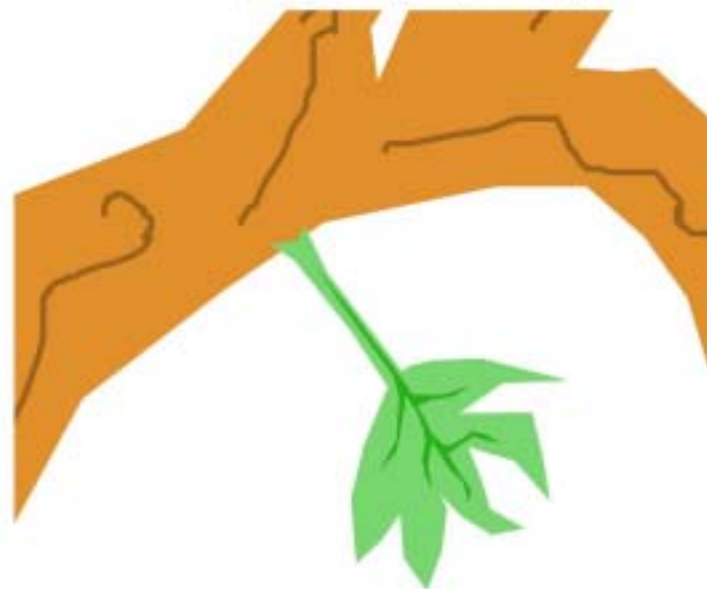
holding on real
tight to the branch.



participating in the
photosynthetic process



avoiding aphids.



One day, Leafy felt something strange in the air. It was as if there was something going on, but he just couldn't see it.



Suddenly, his grip on the branch started letting go. Leafy tried to hold on with all his might! But it did not feel like the wind.



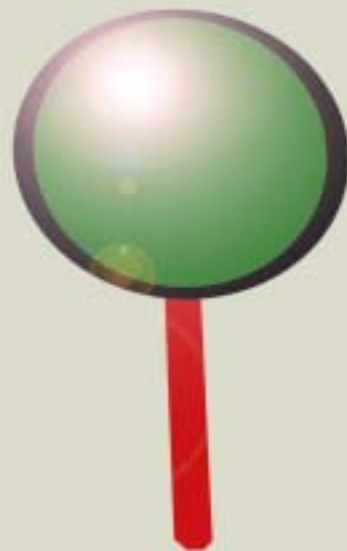
Leafy cried out.
no more tree!
no more branch!
He wondered if it
was finally his
time to fall. but
instead of falling,
he was attached to a
new branch. A branch
that held him.



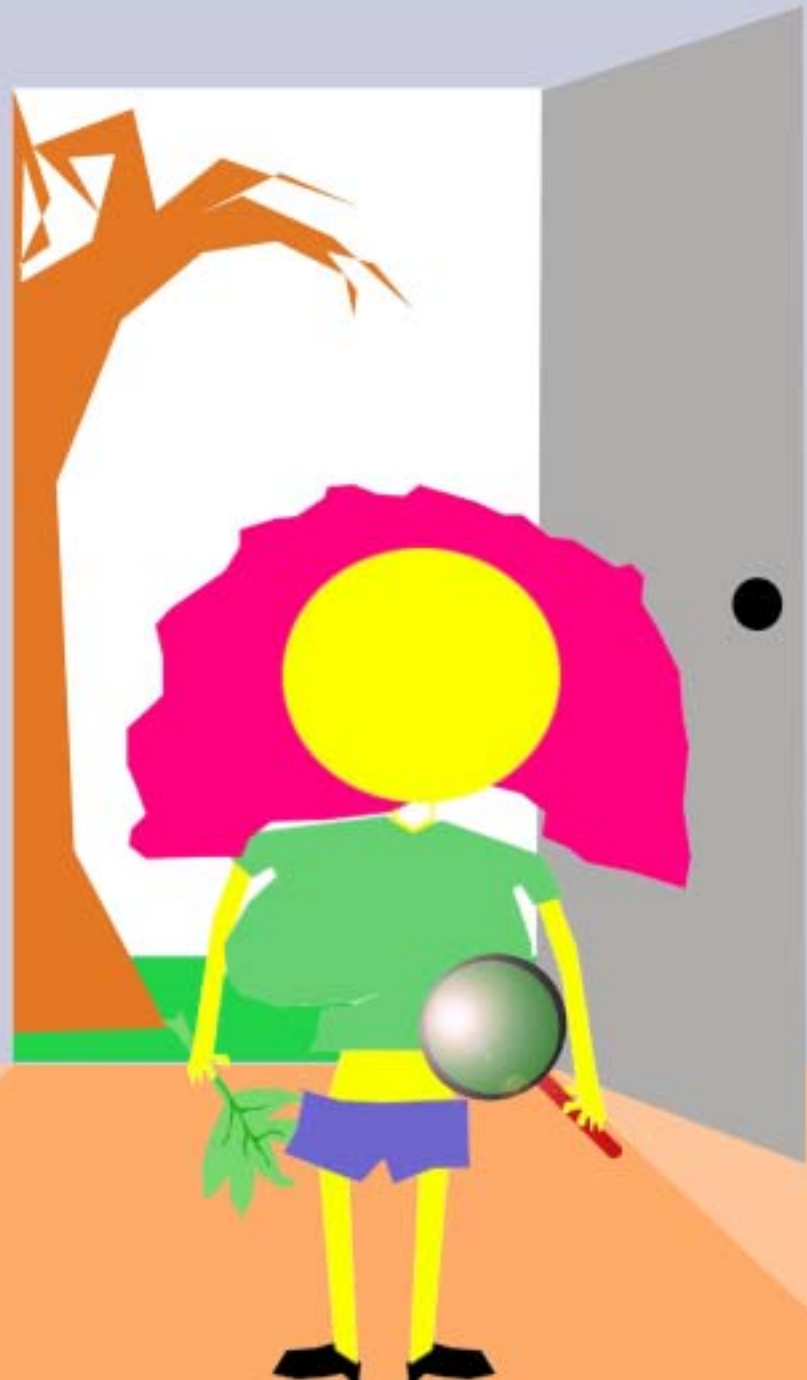
After a while, Leafy's branch loosened its grip and he felt himself laying on a cold surface. could it be that he had finally made it to "the ground"?



Leafy heard noises all around him. But none were of the ground-kind that the elder leaves always spoke of. Leafy soon realized he had a companion beside him. but his companion was silent.



Leafy was once again attached to his new branch. He must not have been on "the ground". Suddenly he once again felt a warm breeze. He and his silent companion were returning to the tree.





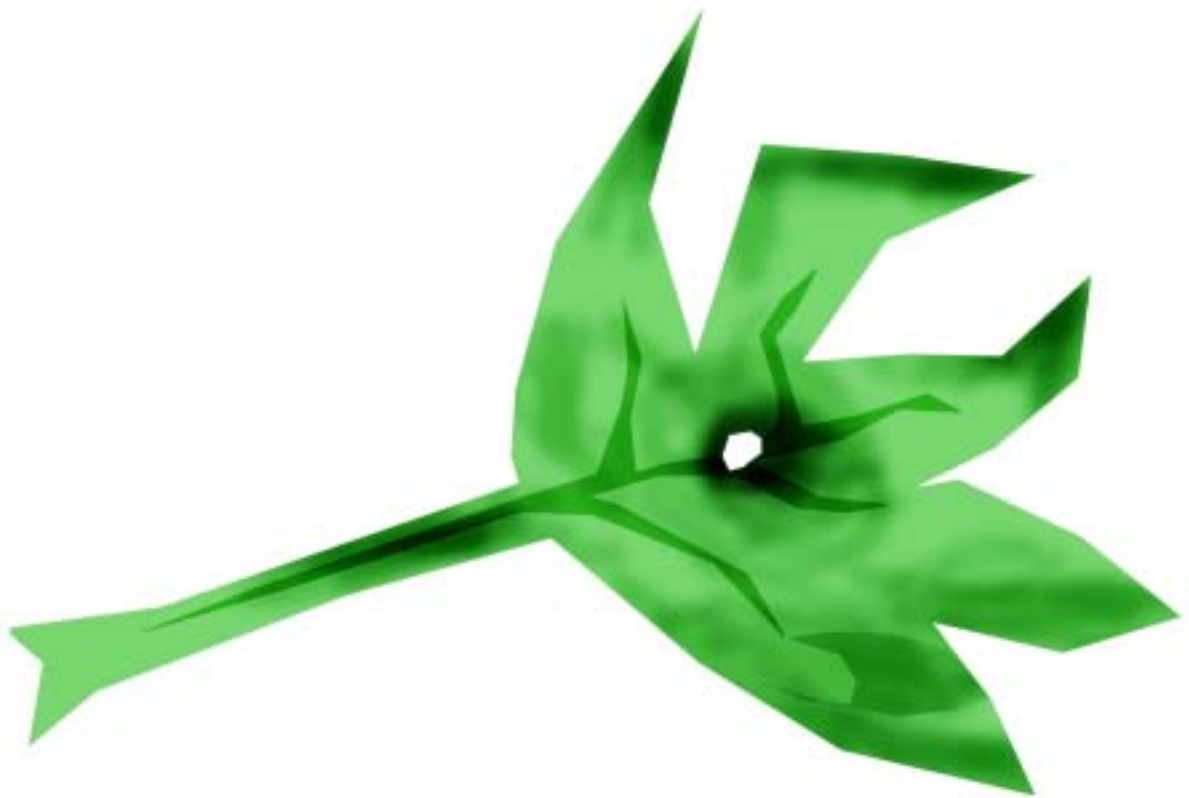
Leafy felt himself be
once again let go by the
foreign branch. high
above he saw his own tree
and on it, his own branch.
he had finally made it to
"the ground", the one place
his people yearned to be.

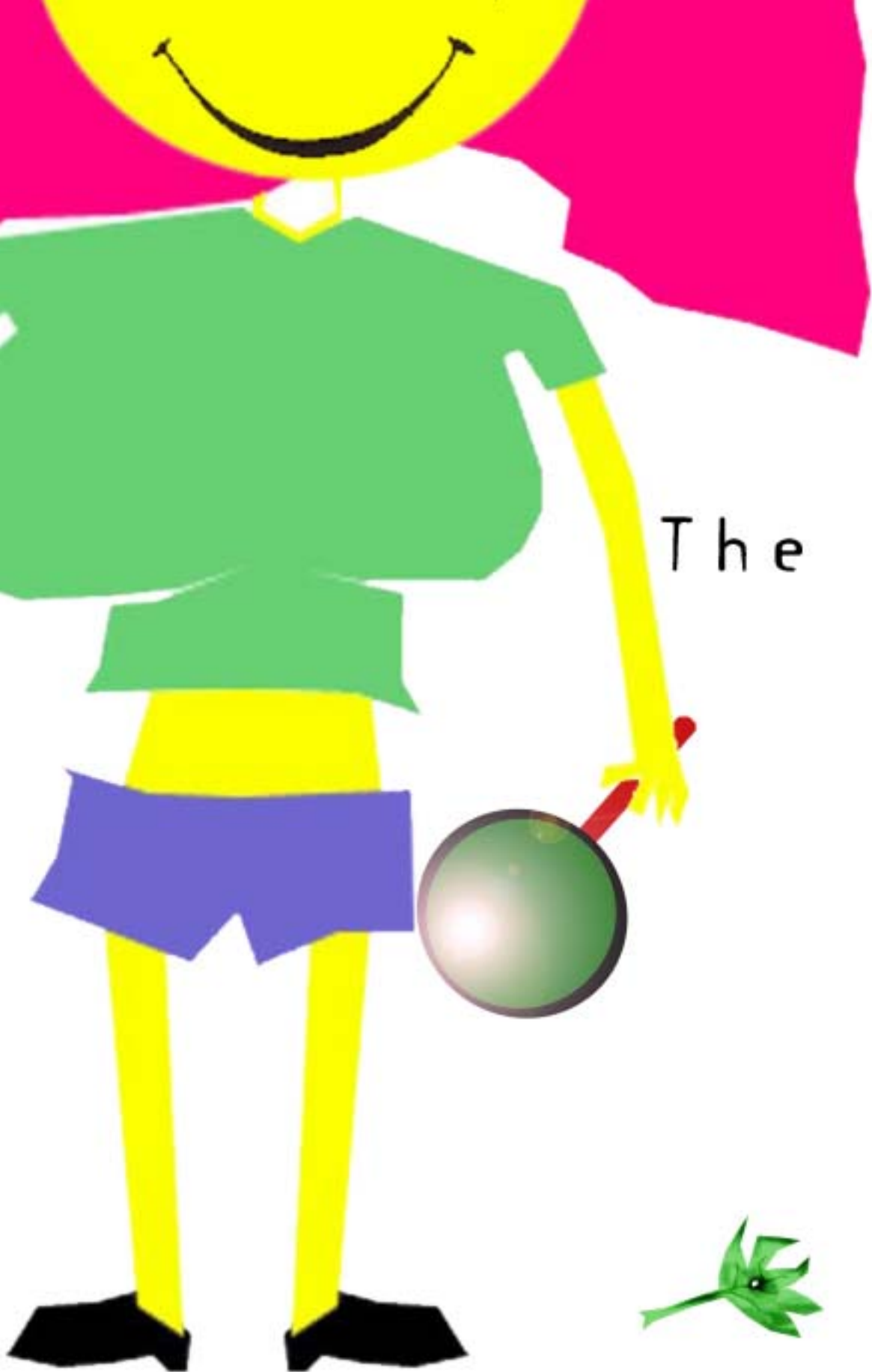
For a few minutes there was only anticipatory silence. Leafy basked below his silently mysterious new friend, whose face glowed white.

Leafy soon felt a new sensation. It was a warm, happy feeling. But soon the warmth started to get to be a bit too much.



Leafy had often wondered what would happen on the ground. But now he knew, he had been consumed by flames amidst a hail of laughter. He had endured the torture of purgatory in order to finally enter the fabled "compost". He had even traveled to another tree and branch. As his consciousness slowly melted away, he felt the warm sun once again on his torn and battered body.





The End