

# Secrets of The Trees

## The Sad Tale of the Happy Man Tree

People loved the Happy Man. They loved the way its leaves browned with an ageing year and grew anew from furry buds every spring. The way it swayed in the wind, provided cover in the rain and swallowed the dirty carbon dioxide so they didn't have to. It was a constant in their short, turbulent lives.

Its wrinkled bark told a thousand stories. Scars of young lovers carved into its trunk. More picnics under it than sunny days. It witnessed the mundane and the extraordinary. Break-ups and proposals. Rebellious youths and determined joggers.

The tree ended its life decorated in ribbon. Blues, reds, pinks and greens: a waterfall of colour weaved intricately between its branches. A blue and orange sign tied to its trunk read '#NoticeThisTree' and notes declaring love and sadness surrounded it.

Bit by bit its limbs were hacked off, falling into the rubble in a cloud of dust. Stern policemen in masks surrounded the tree for the final felling. Ropes tugged at what was left of the Happy Man. It creaked and strained, trying its best to put up a fight, but it couldn't resist forever.

And as it fell the people wept because they knew that this wasn't the end of the fight, it was the beginning of a long and painful war. The last THUD was met with shrieks from onlookers.

"Shame on you!" they cried, their anguish escaping into the newly barren sky.