

## “Secrets of The Trees“

“There are no secrets of the trees,” Ari yelled teasingly, as the 11-year-old spun herself around an oak tree trunk and gazed back to her Mum. She was wearing a clearly oversized parka and her tiny voice almost made a vibrato in the cold air of the winter woods.

“Well,” said Sunna, carefully stepping over the sticks and following behind her daughter, “You never truly know. That’s why they have secrets.”

The mother and daughter had always paid a visit to Big Woods in North London on every Friday evening. They had promised to talk about their secrets here, following the busy school week. Dad would miss out.

Ari grunted. “But if they *were* alive, surely I could gauge some of their secrets? Trees are basically *dead*.”

Sunna stayed calm and finally caught up to Ari. Smiling, with her warm hands now placed on Ari’s ears, Sunna whispered back, “Listen sweetheart, they don’t communicate using words.”

“They are terrible communicators, then,” Ari mumbled.

Sunna shrugged. “That depends on if *you* are a good listener. Communication is more about listening than it is about speaking.”

Ari listened intently.

“The trees have soaked in the secrets of people who have visited here. They remind us so that we can talk about their secrets. Like how you were born prematurely, between those stumps over there, before Dad could even call the nurses,” Sunna smiled.

“You never told me that, Mum!” exclaimed Ari.

“That is why we come here, sweetheart—a new secret every week.”

“There are no secrets of the trees,” yelled Ari teasingly, as the 11-year-old spun herself around an oak tree trunk and gazed back at her Mum. She was wearing a clearly oversized parka and her tiny voice almost made a vibrato in the cold air of the woods.

“Well,” said Sunna, carefully stepping across the sticks and following behind her daughter, “You never truly know. That’s why they have secrets.”

The mother and daughter had always paid a visit to Big Woods in North London every Friday evening. They had promised to talk about their secrets here, following the busy school week. Dad would miss out.

Ari grunted. “But if they *were* alive, surely I could gauge some secrets? Trees are basically *dead*.”

Sunna stayed calm on this and finally caught up to Ari. She helped Ari to wear a smaller trapper hat. Smiling, with her warm hands now placed on Ari's ears, Sunna whispered back, "Listen sweetheart, they don't communicate using words."

"They are terrible communicators, then," Ari mumbled.

"That depends on if *you* are a good listener, Ari. Communication is more about listening than it is about speaking."

Ari continued to listen intently.

"The trees have soaked in the secrets of people who have visited here. They remind us so that we can talk about their secrets. Like how you were born prematurely, between those stumps over there, before Dad could even call the nurses," Sunna smiled.

"You never told me that, Mum!" exclaimed Ari.

"That is why we come here, sweetheart—a new secret for every week."

No more than 250 words version:

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We want to read poems and stories about “Secrets of The Trees“. The poems or stories can be fiction or factual, travelogue, reportage or memoir but must be no more than 250 words in length. Judges’ decisions on this matter are final.

Sun 12th March 18:00pm. Deadline is tomorrow. Discovered this competition after bathong. Took 1 hr.

Then at 19pm

It is an age-old saying

They say that we evolved from the same ancestors as trees

Sharing the same roots