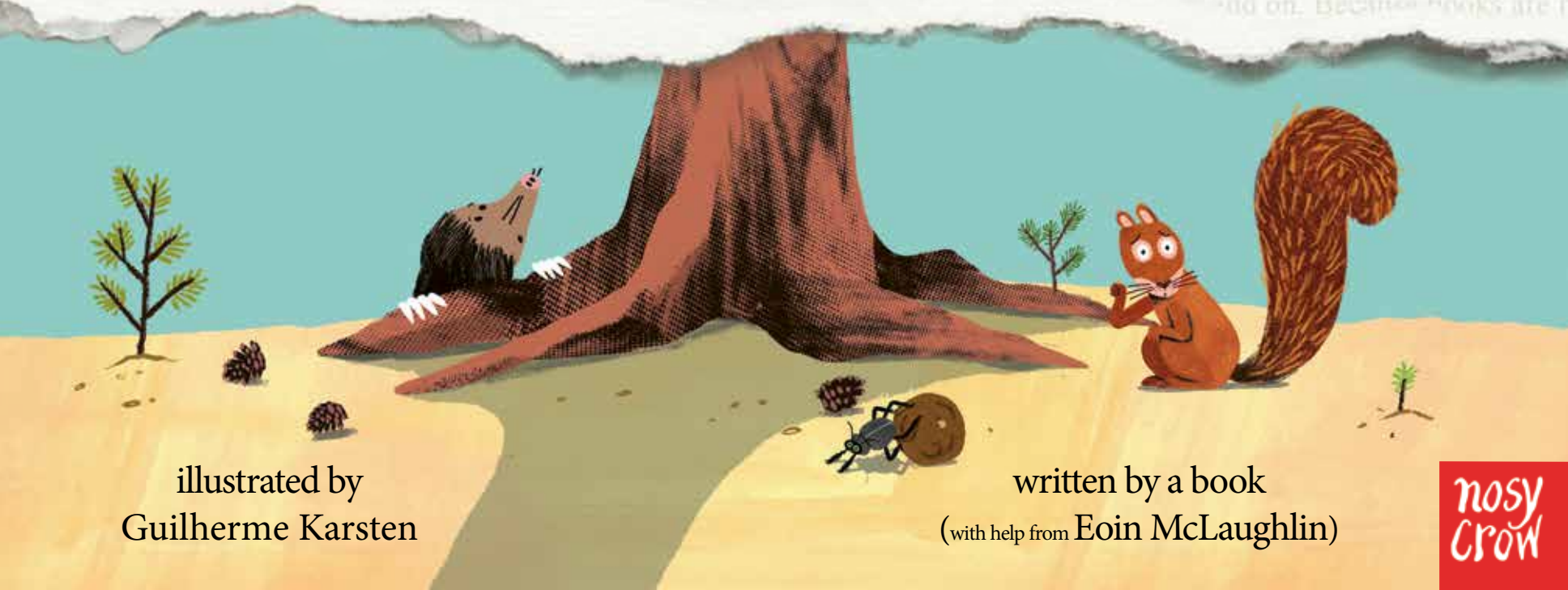


ONCE I WAS a TREE



illustrated by
Guilherme Karsten

written by a book
(with help from Eoin McLaughlin)

nosy
crow



Once I was a tree,
but now I'm a book.
I was

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I said the story out loud.
Eoin just wrote it down.

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10987654321 ← Nice counting!

For the record, crows are extremely nosy.
I should know - I used to hang out with a bunch of crows.
They were always putting their noses everywhere.
In my needles . . . under my bark . . .

Honestly, he's so good at drawing trees.
He can draw other stuff too,
but his trees are 10/10.

Which is a
cracking library.

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ONCE I WAS a TREE

Dedicated to the book
that the tree became. – G.K.

Dedicated to the tree
I used to be. – The Book



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ONCE I WAS a TREE

I wasn't just any old tree. I was a pine tree.
I was tall, green and handsome.

Don't believe me?
Just take a look!



Birds lived in my head.

Squirrels jumped
into my arms.

And moles tickled my toes.

I smelled good too . . .

Go on. Smell me. It's not weird.
Just go for it. Breathe me in.

Mmmmmmmmm.



Yep. Better believe it. I used to be a tree.

And before **that**, I used to be a seed . . .



who lived in a pine cone . . .

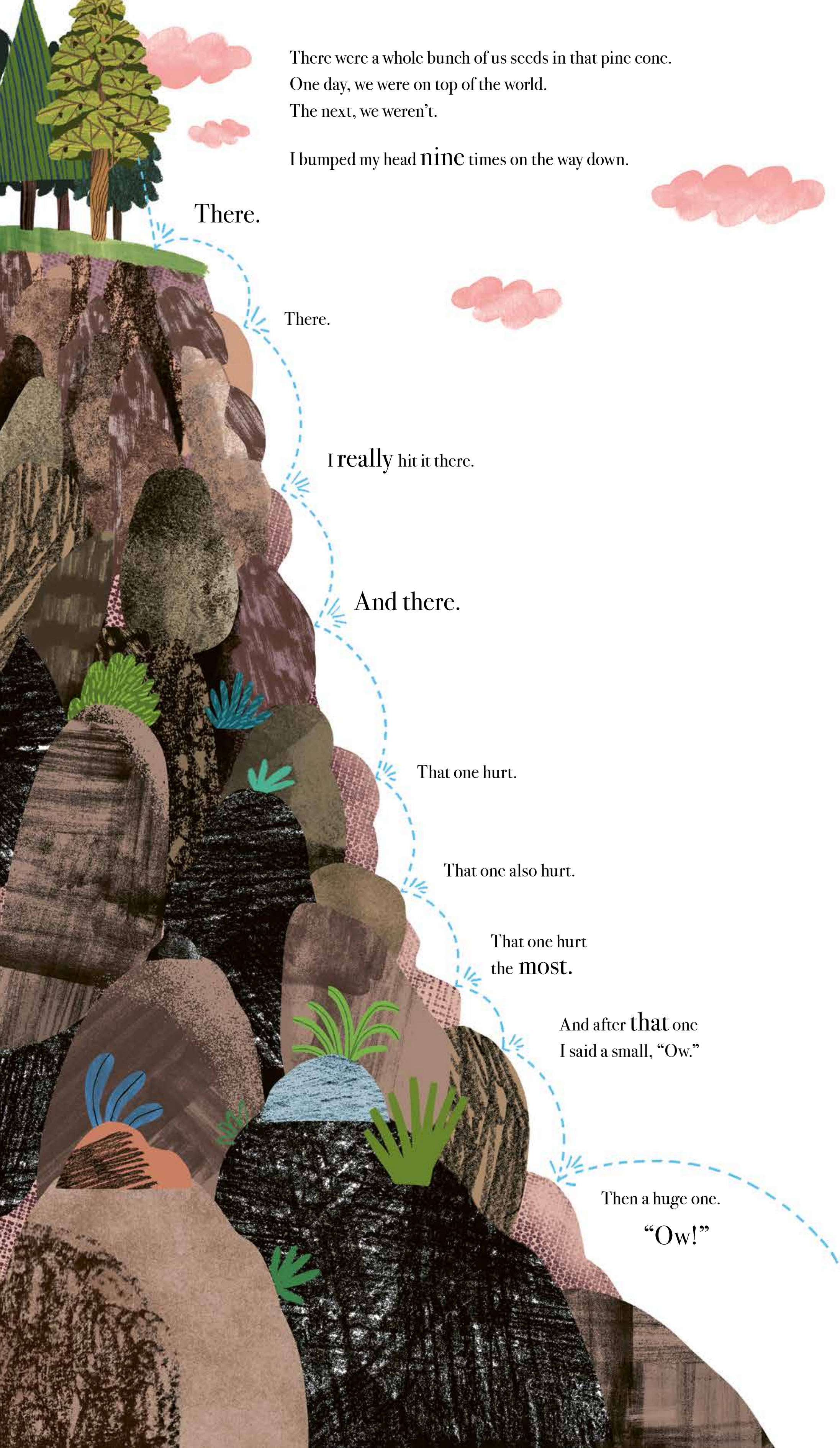


who came out of a
squirrel's bottom.



I should explain.





There were a whole bunch of us seeds in that pine cone.
One day, we were on top of the world.
The next, we weren't.

I bumped my head **nine** times on the way down.

There.

There.

I really hit it there.

And there.

That one hurt.


That one also hurt.

That one hurt
the **MOST**.

And after **that** one
I said a small, "Ow."

Then a huge one.

"Ow!"

A whimsical forest scene with stylized trees and a squirrel. The trees have various trunk patterns like stripes and solid colors, and some have unique foliage like blue leaves. A squirrel with a large, bushy orange tail is perched on a log. The ground is a mix of yellow and white, with some green plants and dark rocks. A bright yellow sun with blue dashed rays is on the left. The text is positioned on the right side of the page.

You know, you can always tell
when a squirrel is hungry.

Because squirrels are **always** hungry.

This squirrel's name was Derek.
And he ate me.

And finally I landed here.
Next to a squirrel.

BUMP!

It was a very dark time.
But I was OK.

Turns out I had an “impermeable outer layer”.
It’s like a special coat that protects me.



Which is lucky because, after some days,
I came out of Derek’s bottom.
It was a tight squeeze.

Derek seemed relieved.

That made two of us.



“I should probably stop eating so many pine cones,” said Derek.

I no longer smelled pine fresh.
Please. **Do not smell me.**