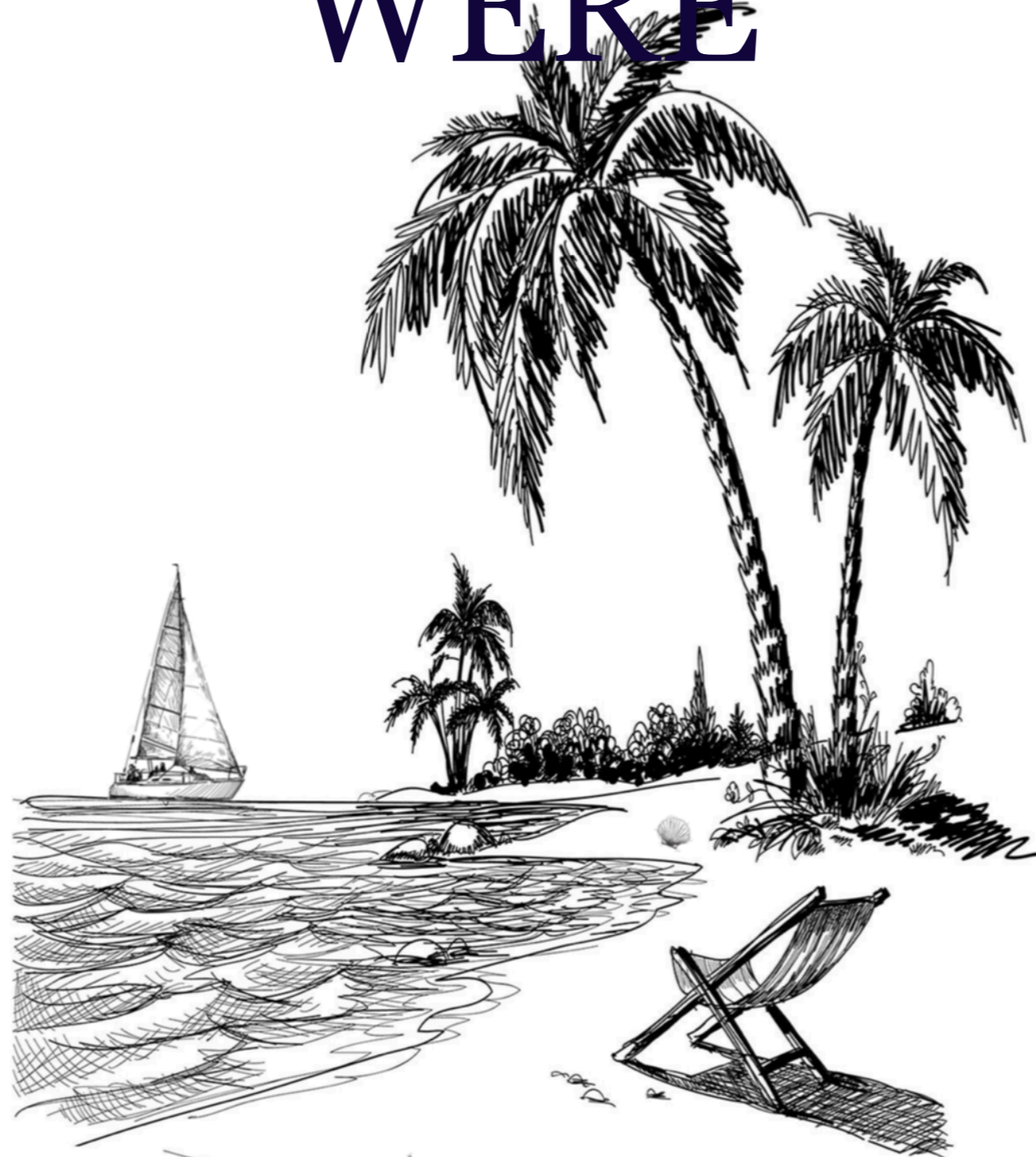


RAQUEL REYNOLDS

# THE WAY WE WERE



INSPIRED BY 'THE GIVING TREE' BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN



Once there was a beautiful seashore.....

And she loved the little humans that, every day,  
would come and play in the gentle waves.

They would swim out just past the shallows.  
They would bring their wooden inventions and  
travel even further and when they were tired,  
they would sleep on the sand as she sang them  
to sleep with her crashing embraces. And the  
humans loved the sea.....very much.

And the sea was happy. But time went by, and  
the humans grew greedier. And the sea was sad  
because she saw that things had begun to change.



Then one day a factory owner came to the sea and the sea said:

*“Come and play in my waves and swim in the shallows and play on my sand under the shade of the palm trees and be happy.”*

*“I am too big to swim and play,”* said the man.

*“I want to money so that I can buy things. And I want to get rid of this trash that surrounds me. Can you take my trash away?”*

*“I’m sorry,”* said the sea, *“but I have no place to keep your trash. I have only salt water and the shore. Take my palm trees and sell them in city. Then you will have money and you’ll be happy.”*



And so the man collected the palm trees and carried them away. And the sea was happy.





But the factories began to dump their trash into the sea..... and the sea was sad.

And then one day another man came and the sea was happy, and she said:

*“Come and play in my waves and swim in the shallows and play on my sand and be happy.”*

*“I am too busy to play,”* said the man.

*“I want the oil that will make me rich. I want to buy nice things and have fun, and so I need lots of oil. Can you give me oil?”*

*“I have no oil within my waters,”* said the sea, *“but you may take my seashells and sell them in the city. Then you will have money and be happy.”*





And so the man collected the shells and carried them away. And the sea was happy.



But the man stayed away for a long time and the sea was sad. And the oil rigs began to appear, drilling for oil deep below the sea's belly.



And after a long time the man came back again.

*“I am sorry, but I have nothing left to give you. My palm trees are gone.”*

*“I do not want your palm trees.”*

*“My shells are gone. You cannot sell them.”*

*“I am too old to sell the shells.”*

*“My water is toxic. You cannot swim in it.”*

*“I am too tired to swim.”*

*“I am sorry. I wish that I could give you something but I have nothing left. I am sorry.”*

*“I don’t need very much now, just a quiet place to sit and rest. I am very tired.”*

*“Well,”* said the sea, straightening herself up as much as she could, *“my shore is good for sitting and resting. Come, sit down and rest.”*





And the sea was happy. But not really.

Time went by, and the humans grew greedier.

THE END