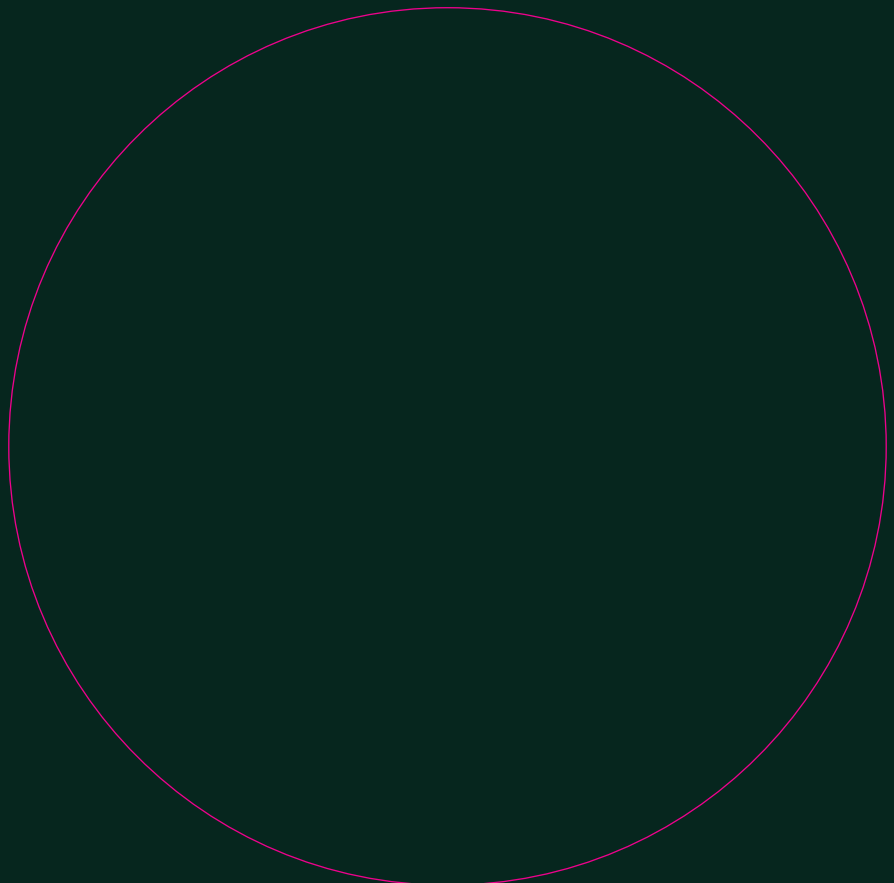


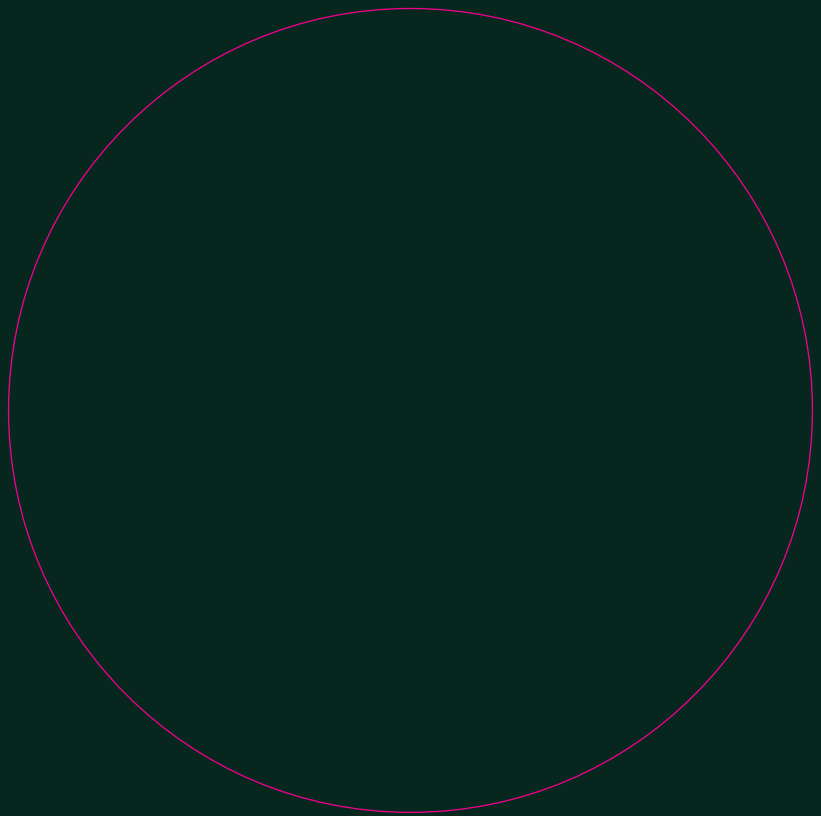
Into the Wood

A tunnel book in twenty planes



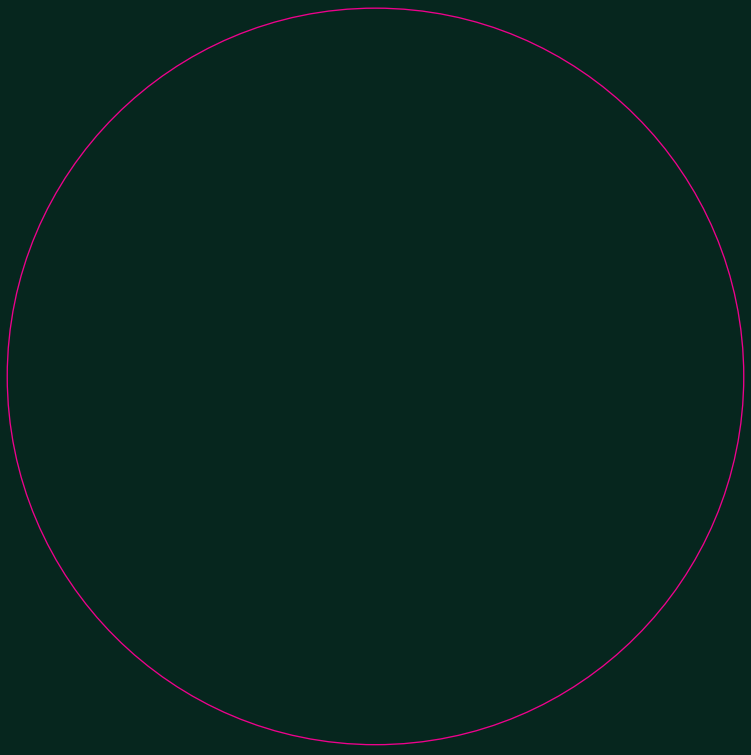
Past the old oaks, the foxgloves lean out to see who comes.





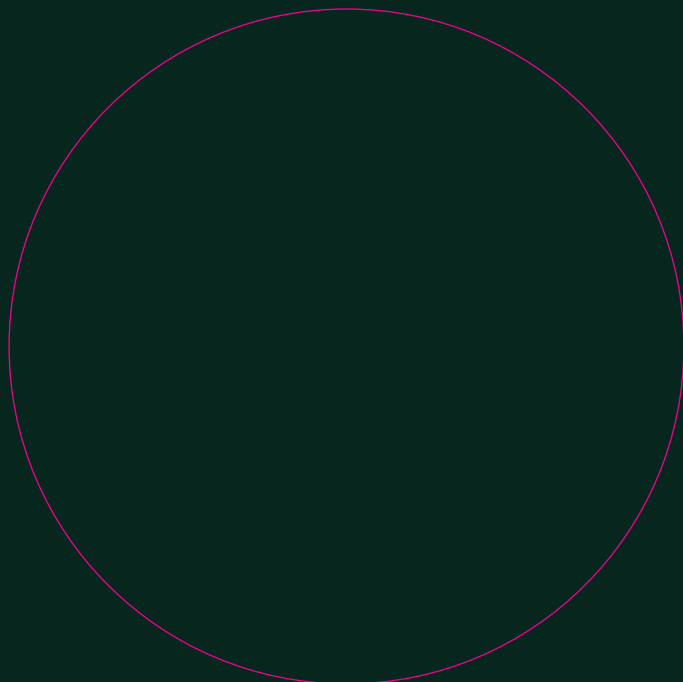
Red toadstools sit out on the roots in the moss.





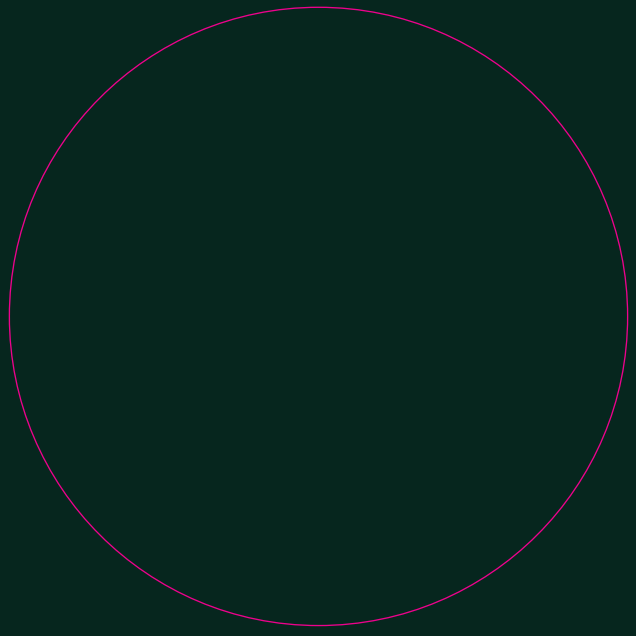
A robin on the bramble sings that it saw you first.





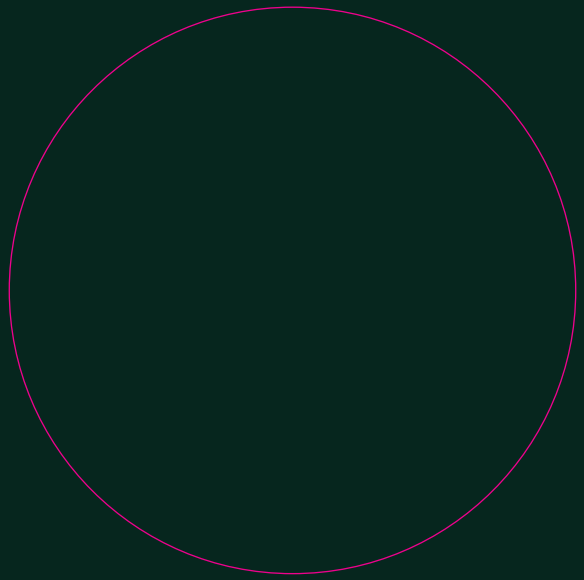
Bluebells lie under the trees like a low blue mist.





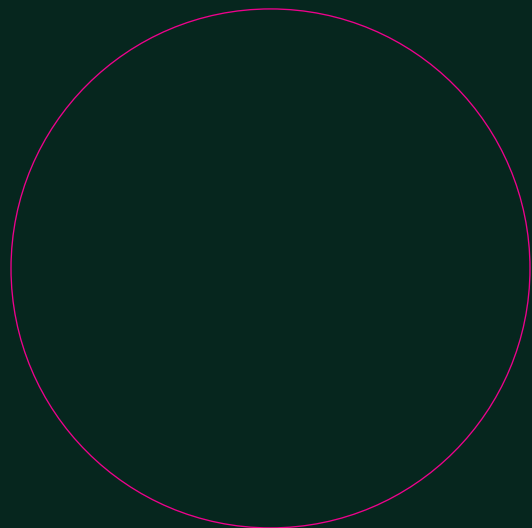
A fox looks out of the bracken, and is gone.





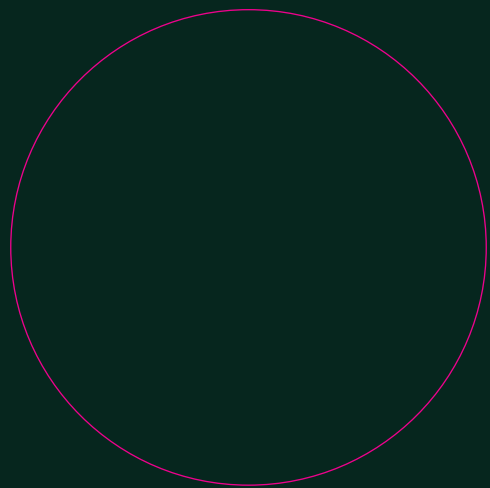
Holly, with its red berries and its sharp green leaves.



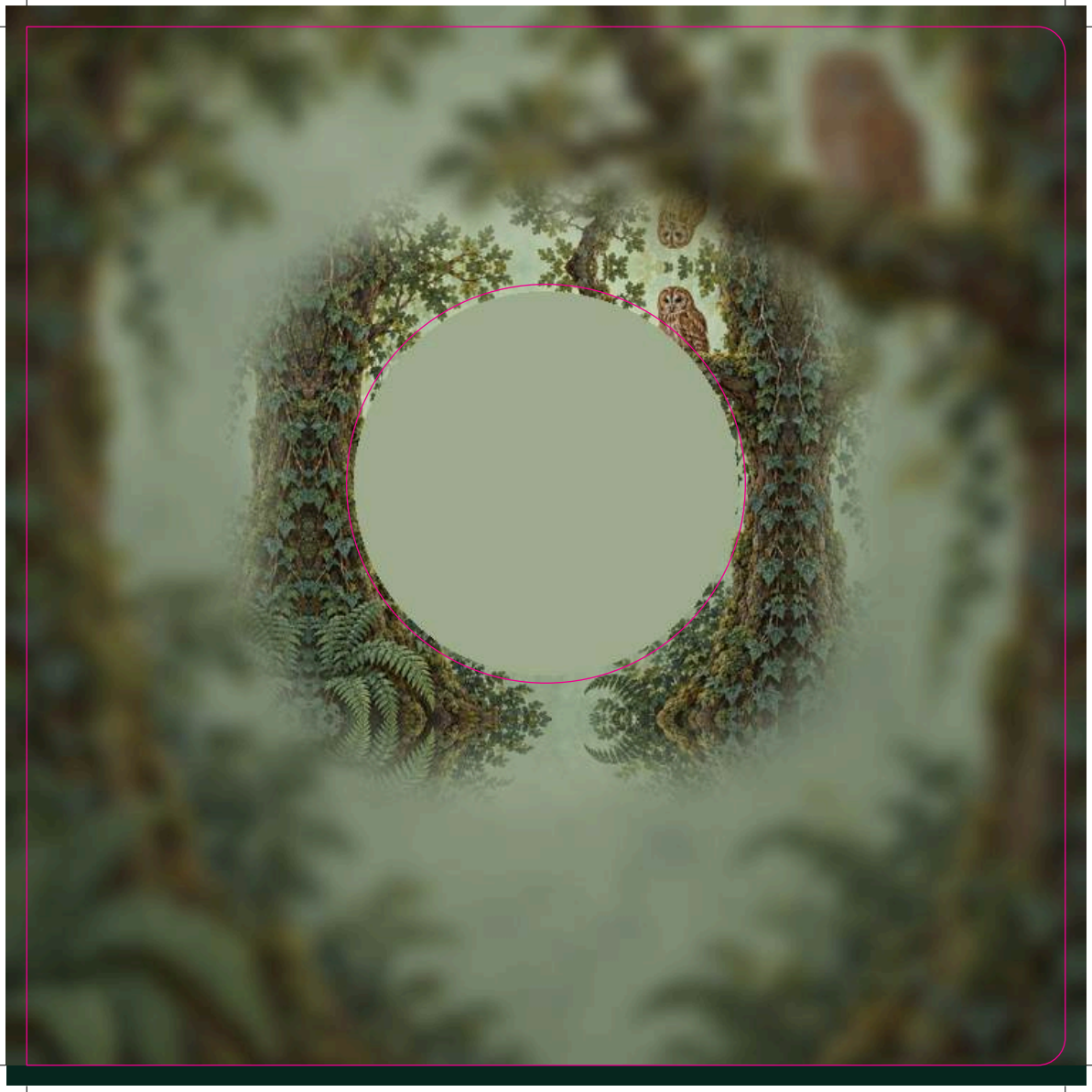


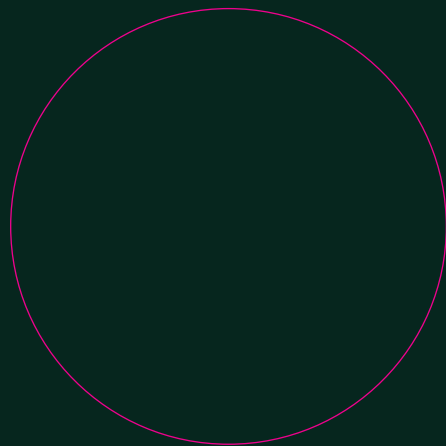
The birches stand pale, like candles nobody has lit.



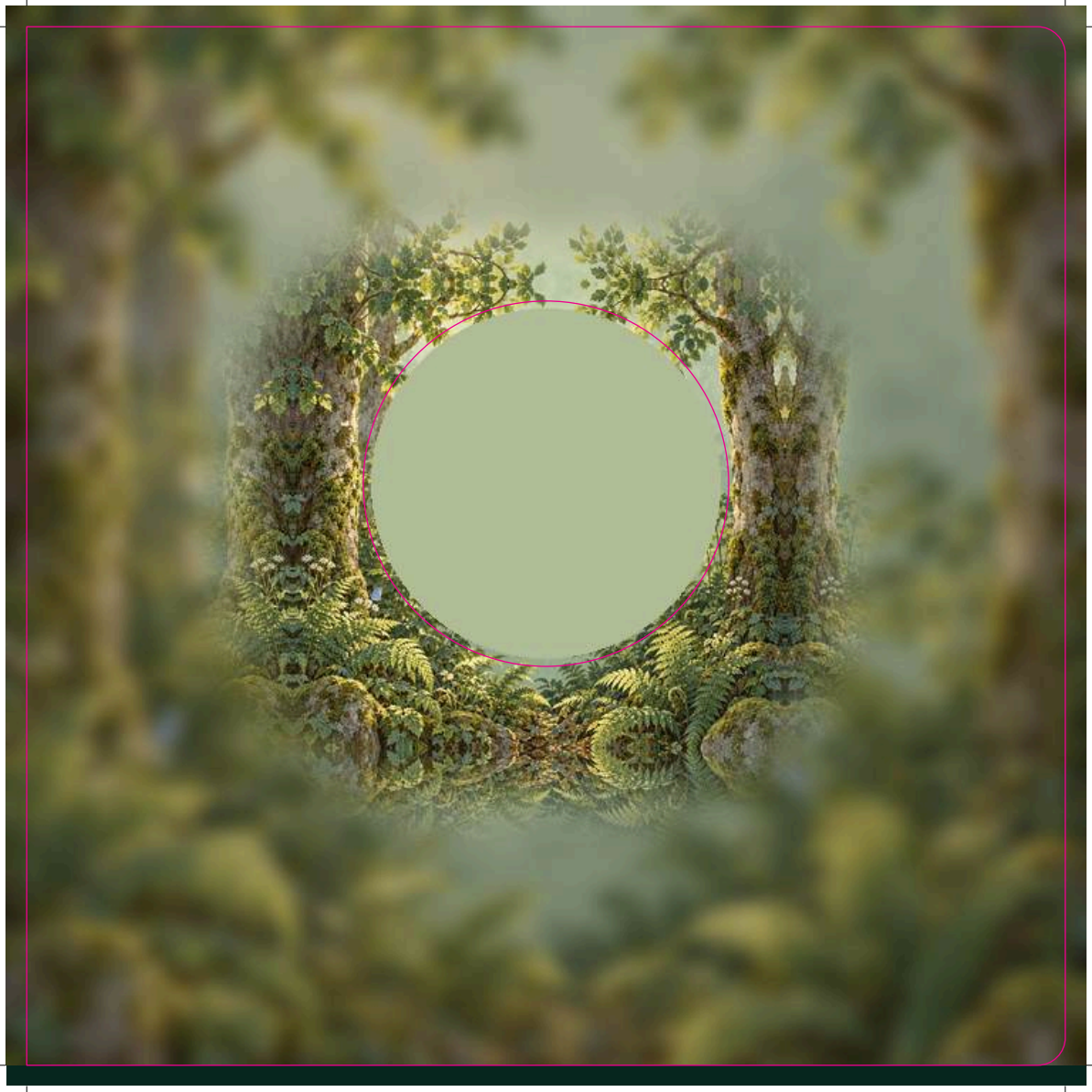


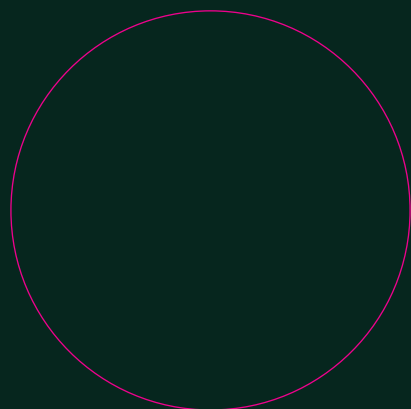
An owl in the oak opens one eye, and shuts it again.





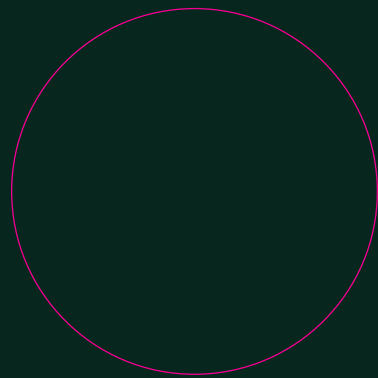
The ferns grow wide, and the light comes in.





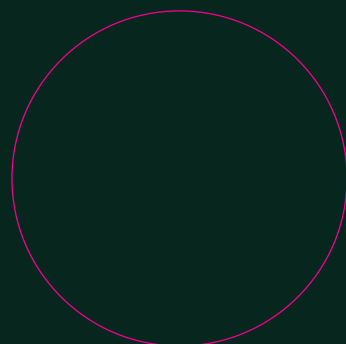
Old stones wear coats of green velvet moss.





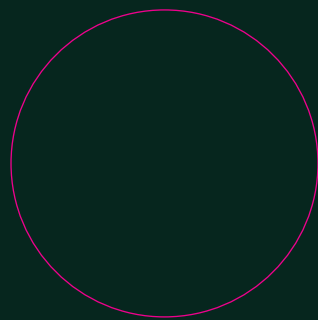
A squirrel runs up a trunk and scolds you from the top.





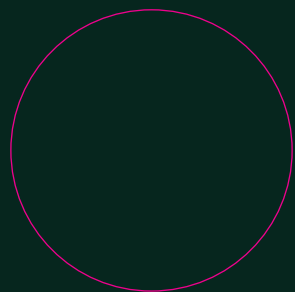
Two rabbits sit up and agree that you are harmless.





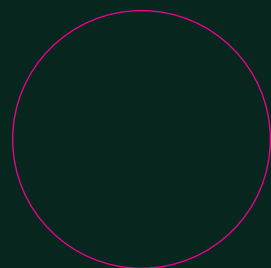
The far trunks go grey and soft in the mist.





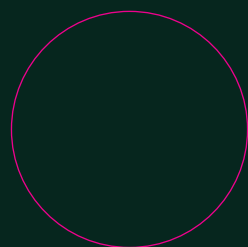
The path goes on, and the moss is soft underfoot.





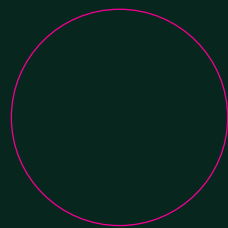
The sun comes down through the leaves in long bright bars.





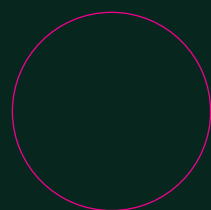
The mist turns to gold all round you.





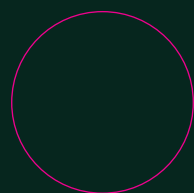
The last branches open like a door.





Foxgloves again, standing tall in the sun.





And there, at the pool in the clearing, the deer.



Twenty painted planes of a wood, each with a smaller window than the last: from the cover you look through them all to the clearing.

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