

A black and white illustration of a person standing in a field of trees. The trees have thick, dark trunks and foliage that is rendered as dense, swirling, scribbled lines, suggesting movement or wind. The ground is also covered in these swirling lines, creating a sense of a textured, perhaps snowy or sandy, surface. A small, dark silhouette of a person stands in the middle ground, looking towards the horizon. In the center of the image, there is a white rectangular box containing the text "Only the Wind" and "Seul le vent" in a serif font.

Only the Wind  
*Seul le vent*

## **Only the Wind**

The trees were talking to themselves that night, and only the wind was listening.

The trees were worried. One of them was dying.

It was not the tallest. It was not the greenest. It was the oldest.

It had seen many years pass and many things, and now it was dying.

What could they do?

They rustled their leaves and asked the wind for help.

What could it do?

It spread the word to the world in the forest.

To the bugs and the deers and the snails and the butterflies.

To the rain and the moon and the stars and the clouds.

What could they do?

They gathered all.

They gathered all that night, on and under the branches of the dying tree.

And the wind shuffled its leaves gently, oh so gently to sleep.

And when the old tree died at sunrise, all the forest knew.

## **Seul le vent**

*Cette nuit-là les arbres se parlaient à eux-mêmes et seul le vent les écoutait.*

*Les arbres étaient inquiets, car l'un d'entre eux mourait.*

*Ce n'était ni le plus grand, ni le plus vert, c'était le plus vieux.*

*Il avait vu de nombreuses années et de nombreuses choses et maintenant il mourait.*

*Que pouvaient-ils faire ?*

*Ils firent frissonner leurs feuilles et appelèrent le vent.*

*Que pouvait-il faire ?*

*Il répandit la nouvelle dans le monde de la forêt.*

*Aux insectes et aux cerfs, aux papillons et aux escargots.*

*A la pluie et à la lune, aux nuages et aux étoiles.*

*Que pouvaient-ils faire ?*

*Ils se rassemblèrent.*

*Ils se rassemblèrent tous cette nuit là, sur et sous les branches de l'arbre mourant.*

*Et le vent fit frissonner doucement ses feuilles, si doucement pour le bercer.*

*Et lorsque le vieil arbre mourut à l'aube, toute la forêt savait.*