

Every evening at this time of year the trees gathered at the edge of the Forever Forest.

The little trees, who were all arranged in a row, had been friends for a long time and were ready to be chosen, to begin their beginning.

The little tree watched as one by one its friends all met their match and left the grove, disappearing into the surrounding forest with their families.

The little tree had dreaded being the last one to be chosen. But as the little tree’s pot was pushed out of the grove and into the forest, it realised that something worse had happened. The little tree wasn’t the last one to be chosen - it hadn’t been chosen at all. No one was coming.

As darkness fell, the little tree knew that for the very first time it was completely alone.

Today wasn’t just a beginning, it was an ending.