

## Driftwood



Who – Sam, an old tree from a forest in America.

What – What has happened to you? A lot. I've been all over the world's oceans.

Where – I was a tree in the forest until about 85 years ago when I fell into a river.

Why - Why are you here now. Well, I washed up on this beach here in Shenzhen 2 days ago. Let me tell you my story...

I was a tree. I had lots of tree brothers and sisters. When I fell into the river I was all alone. After a few weeks I washed into the sea. I was very lonely.

I liked it whenever I saw another piece of driftwood. Sometimes we would try to move together and talk.

I'll never forget one piece of driftwood: her name was Sara, and when was the love of my life.

Sara and I spent 17 long years together. Oh, there were storms alright, but we always weathered them together. I'll never forget the time we washed up on a beach in Australia for 2 years after one storm. Those were probably the best 2 years any piece of drift would could ask for.

One day a farmer came to the beach in his truck. He walked toward us and took Sara away. He never said why. I was so sad; I wanted to die.

I sat on that beach for 12 more years before a storm the size of the one that had put us there came up again. It washed me back out to sea, but I don't know where it took me and I didn't care. I hated the world and what it had done to me. I was like that for a very long time.

One day I decided to stop being angry. I made other driftwood friends and saw more interesting places. None like Sara, but who could ask for that more than once? Now here I am, in a place called Shenzhen. A man just got out of his truck and is walking toward me. Sara, here I come!