







What exactly is going on in our city?  
In our big, gray, tidy city,  
some odd things have been happening.

The old factory that made grandma's furniture...  
it suddenly looks like a chessboard.  
And a tall chimney lights up in the distance.

Who is messing everything up?  
"The wizard of the rooftops," whispers Lea.  
"The witch of the forest," utters Leo.  
Tokyo says nothing at all.  
He's usually babbling on nonstop,  
my beautiful parrot.



The most unbelievable thing  
has happened right in our neighborhood,  
opposite mom's flower store.

Right there, on a wild plot of land between the houses,  
stands a noble old tree in the middle of cluttered bushes and grass.  
With its magnificent crown, it is the king of our little forest.  
Tokyo likes to hide in its twigs and in the shadows of its branches.  
I celebrate my birthday there every year with Leo and Lea.  
That's when, for one day, I become a little queen in our empire.  
One beautiful morning, however...















...the bulldozers arrived, together with  
cranes, concrete mixers and trucks.  
They took over the whole plot in no time.

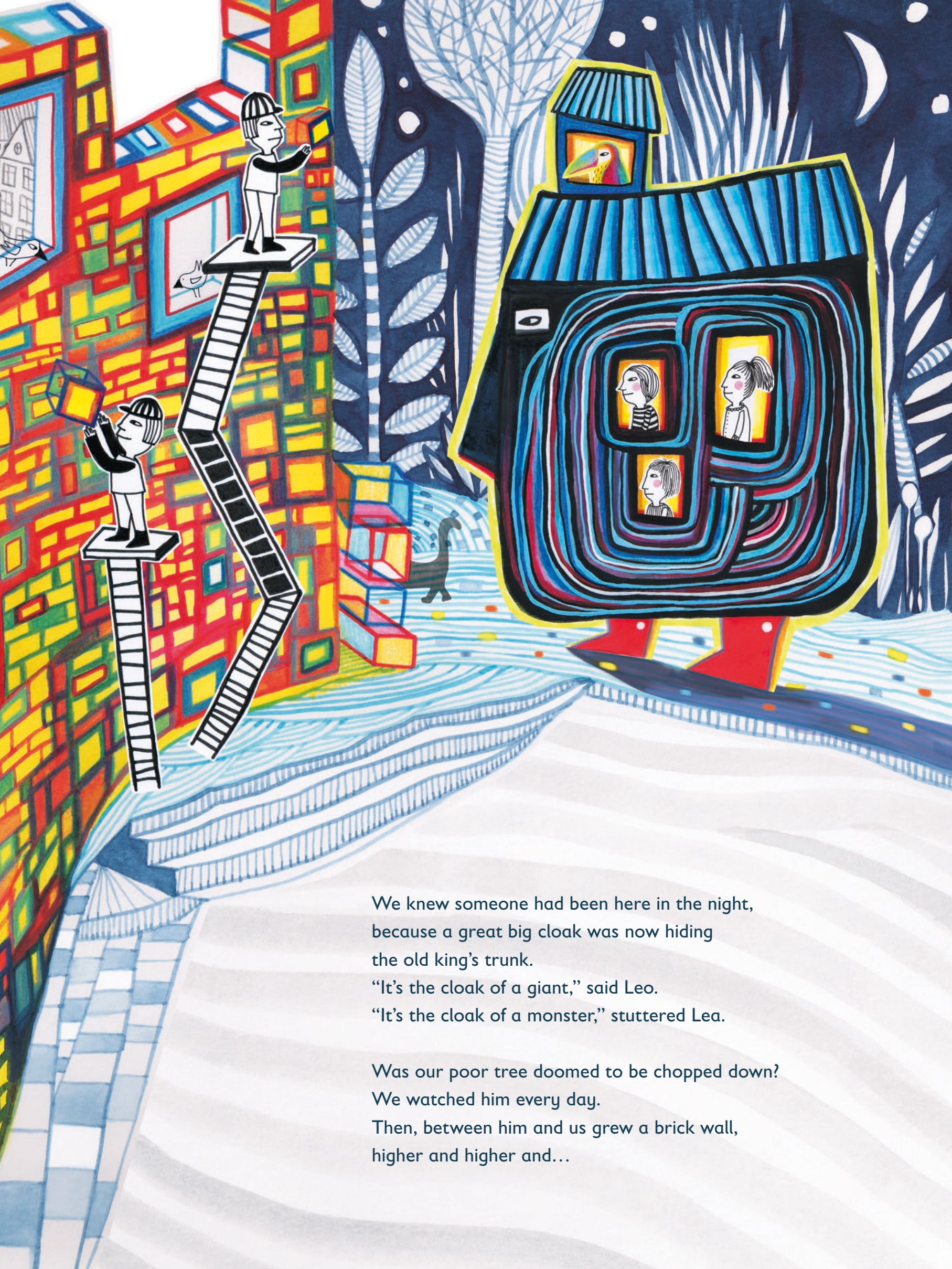
I like construction sites, but on this occasion  
I shouted: "STOP! Leave my tree alone!"  
Nobody listened to me.  
A man in a hard hat even blocked my way.

My tree king was surrounded by machinery,  
half-deafened by the noise. Alone, dusty  
and unhappy, he could only stand and watch.  
He was like a prisoner.









We knew someone had been here in the night,  
because a great big cloak was now hiding  
the old king's trunk.

"It's the cloak of a giant," said Leo.

"It's the cloak of a monster," stuttered Lea.

Was our poor tree doomed to be chopped down?  
We watched him every day.

Then, between him and us grew a brick wall,  
higher and higher and...







...in the end, the tree finally disappeared from our view.  
Meanwhile, painted designs were appearing on the new wall.  
Lines extended like waves that curled and ran,  
and the windows glowed with frames of different colors.





The wall glared at us with its big eyes.  
Every gap had something special about it:  
here a checkered cap, there a blue scarf.

When we saw all of this, we immediately began  
to color our own windows and walls.

Down below, the sidewalk and street  
flowed like a river of multicolored patterns.  
A fresh breeze was blowing into town!

