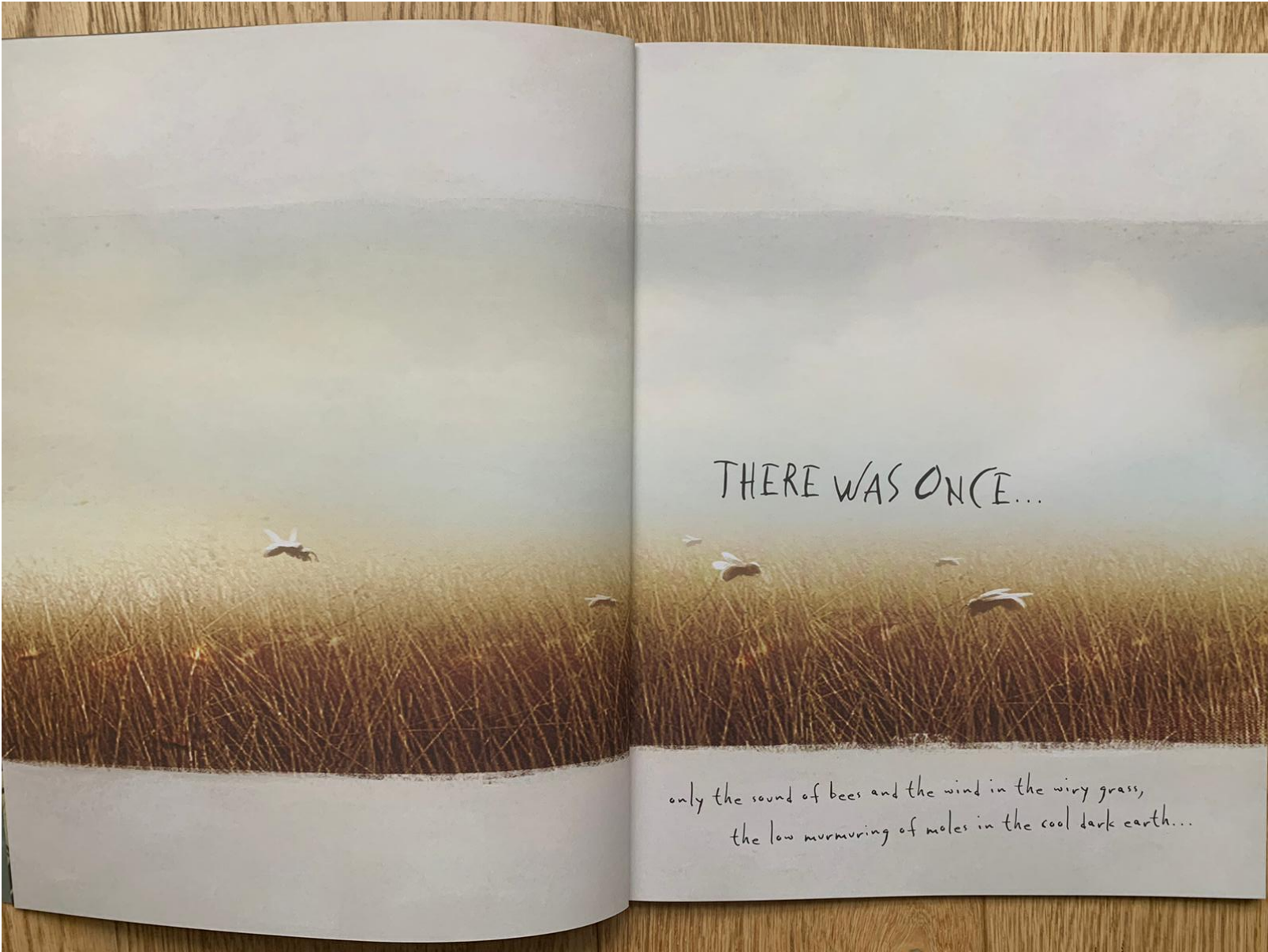




THERE WAS ONCE...

only the sound of bees and the wind in the wiry grass,
the low murmuring of moles in the cool dark earth...

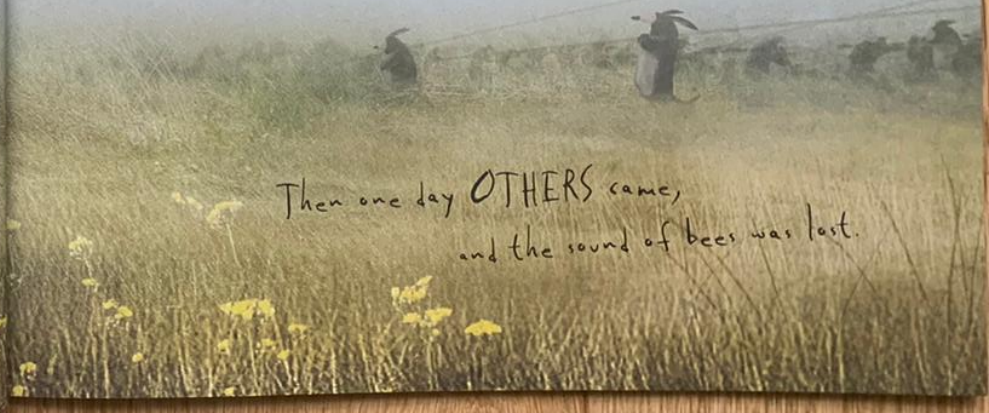


and the song of birds in the high blue sky.

It touched and warmed the hearts of those few
who paused and cared to listen...



Then one day OTHERS came,
and the sound of bees was lost.







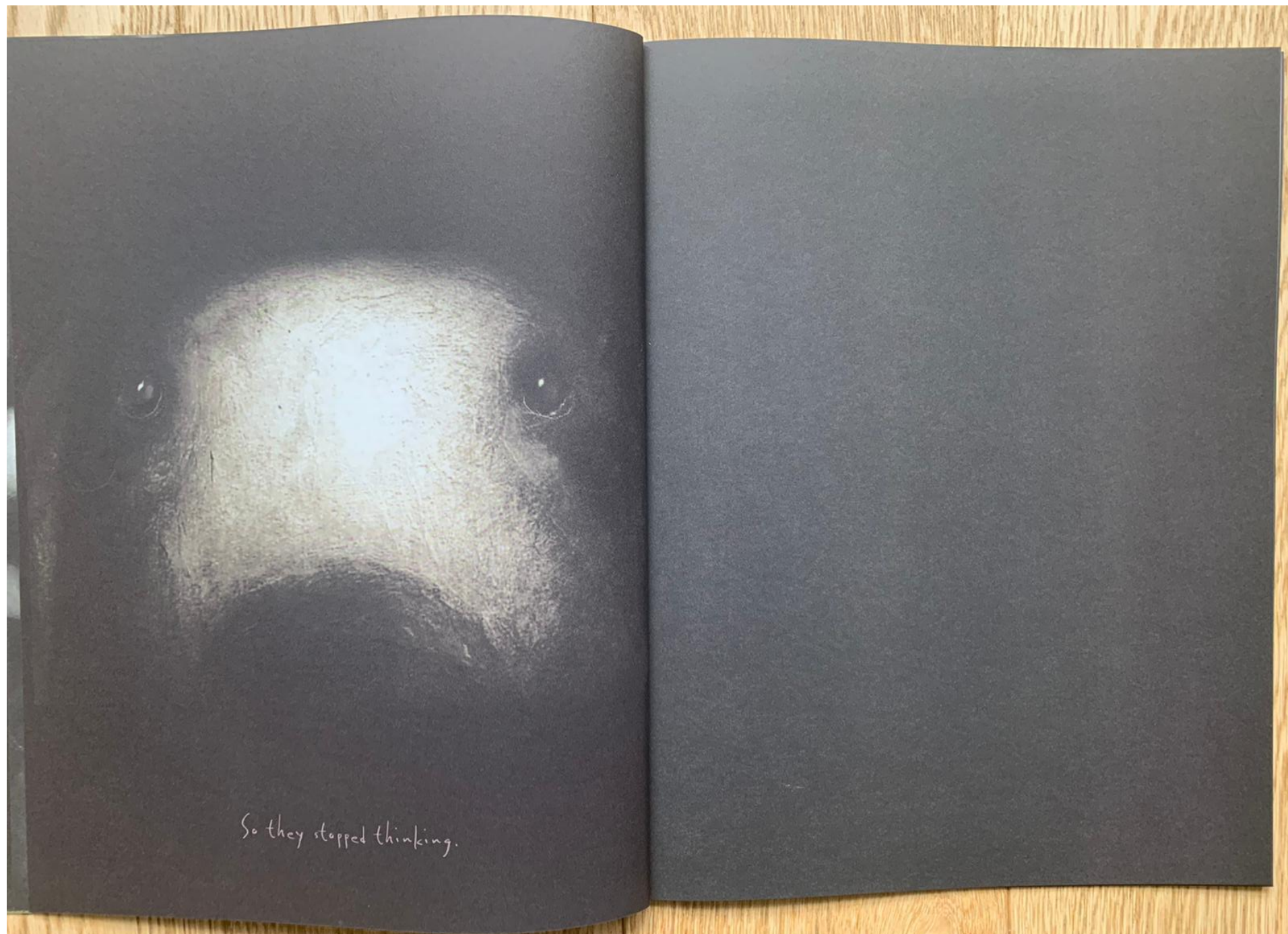
Every day
there were more of THEM.

MAKING
MORE NOISE.

listening less...



UNTIL
THERE WAS
SO MUCH
NOISE
NO ONE
COULD HEAR
THEMSELVES
THINK!



So they stopped thinking.