

For Rose and Grace, who bring the garden to life

With thanks to

Clémence Viel, Rachel Stubbs,

Chris Petrie, Sophie Herxheimer,

Neil Dunncliffe, Hattie Grylls, Dax Rossetti

and Alice, Rosie and Mark Haworth-Booth

who helped to grow and prune this book.



First published in the UK in 2020 by Pavilion Books Company Limited,
43 Great Ormond Street, London WC1N 3HZ

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Publisher: Neil Dunncliffe • Editor: Harriet Grylls

Designed by Emily Haworth-Booth and Anna Lubecka

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ISBN: 9781843654377 • A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library. • 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Reproduction by Mission Production Ltd., Hong Kong
Printed by Toppan Leefung Ltd., China

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The Last Tree



Emily Haworth-Booth

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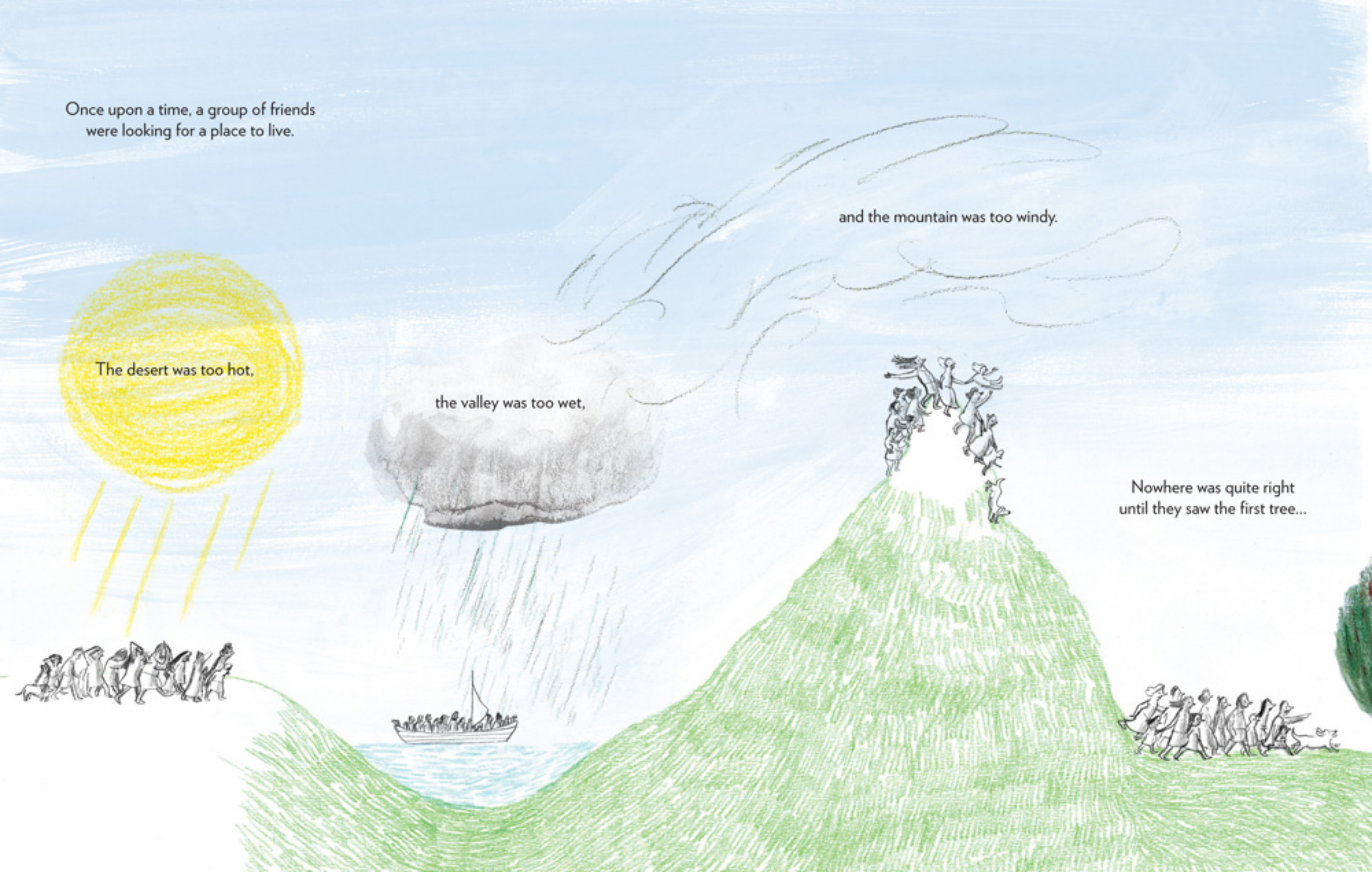
Once upon a time, a group of friends
were looking for a place to live.

The desert was too hot,

the valley was too wet,

and the mountain was too windy.

Nowhere was quite right
until they saw the first tree...





...and came to the forest, where dappled light fell through the leaves and a gentle breeze twisted between the branches.

All summer long the friends lived and played among the trees and slept on the mossy floor.

When winter came, the breeze
turned colder, and they took a
few branches for firewood.



But where they had taken
branches, the rain came
through and put out their fires.



They chopped down a few whole
trees to build shelters, but that
made the forest colder still.



So they cut down some
more trees to turn their
shelters into cabins.

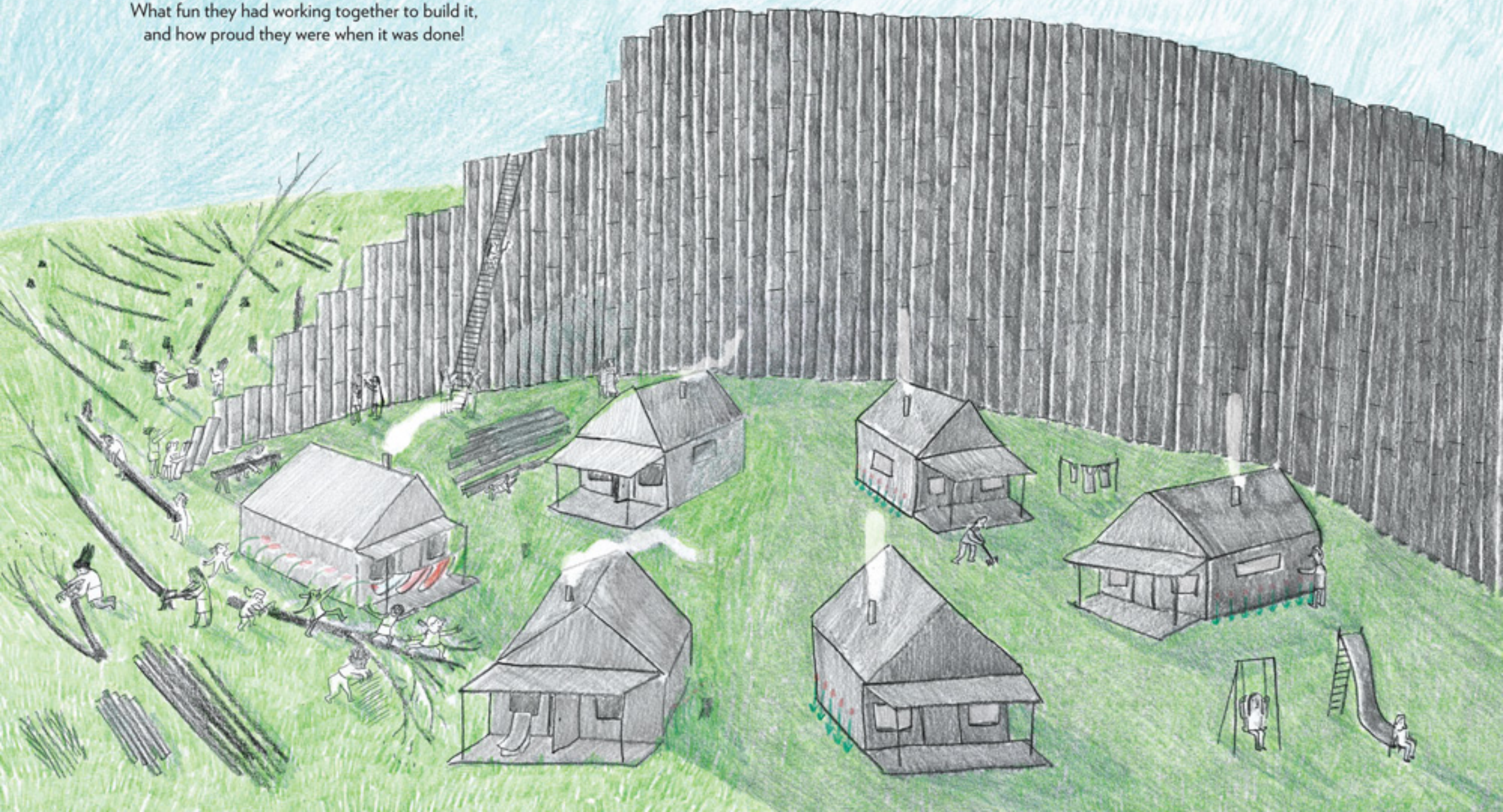


Soon it seemed that the more wood they took, the more they needed to take.

Stillness descended like a blanket. The clothes stayed put.
The plants grew tall and straight. At last, the place really was just right.

And with the wood they built a wall.

What fun they had working together to build it,
and how proud they were when it was done!





It had taken all the wood they had to build the wall...

...and so before too long, each parent, thinking they were being clever, said the same thing to their child:

