

Opening extract from

The Tin Forest

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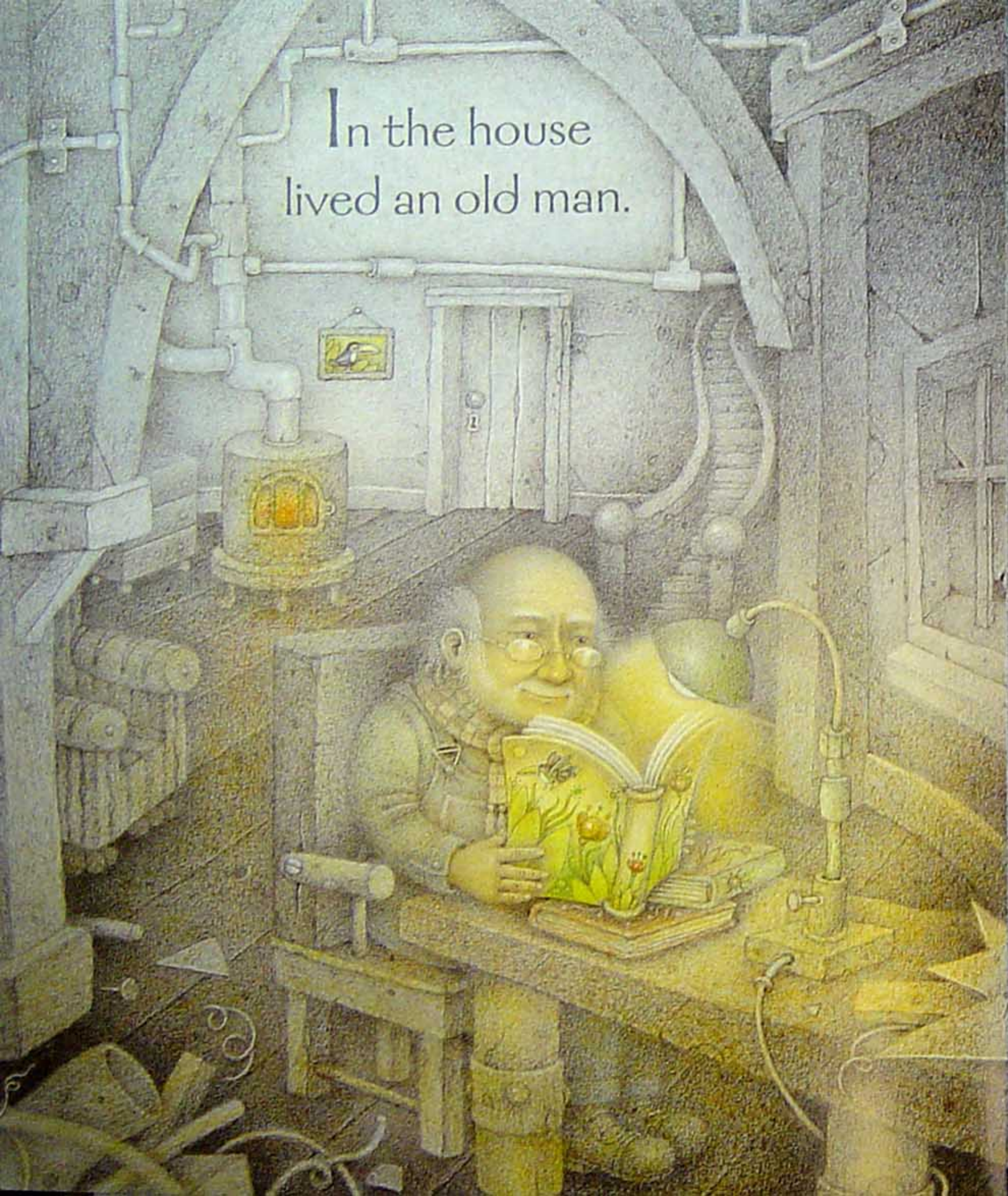


There was once a wide, windswept place,

near nowhere and close to forgotten,
that was filled with all the things
that no one wanted.

Right in the middle was a small house,
with small windows,
that looked out on other people's rubbish
and bad weather.

In the house
lived an old man.



Every day he tried to tidy away the rubbish,



sifting and sorting,



burning and burying.

