


But all he saw was Quiet Man,  
still as a windless day. Sitting on a foal,  
he moved along a dusty road.



People cut branches. They threw cloaks. Clapping and shouting,  
they waved fronds for Quiet Man as if he were Real King.





It was a long time before Little Wind  
was sent to Jerusalem again.  
He headed straight for Dead Garden.  
There was Bare Tree.  
Still scorched. Still lonely.

Little Wind swirled around her.  
She didn't move.

But then he spotted something.  
Was that...? Yes, it was!  
Bare Tree was sprouting golden flowers!  
Little Wind danced around his friend.  
"Wake up!" he said. She didn't answer.  
Little Wind took a deep breath.  
"WAKE UP!" he bellowed with all  
his might.

But Bare Tree had another plan.  
"Take my seeds far and wide, Little Wind,"  
"Why not near and here?" he asked.  
"Real King is returning. My children must be ready to clap."  
So Little Wind got to work.

In fields, cities, meadows, plains, and villages, he scattered seeds.  
Small trees started growing. Groves formed.  
Little Wind told Bare Tree about each one.  
"Tell them to watch and wait," she said. "Real King is coming soon."

