

Episode 12

The Ash Reborn

One morning, Asker woke to a far brighter day.

She flung open the door, brushing sleep away.

Snow dripped from roof and sun swept the sky.

The forest yawned slowly, and wings stretched on high.

The grass showed its fingers through thawing ice bed,

And the ground beneath foot felt soft to the tread,

So, the four sleepy friends tip toed out from their step

And gazed at the spring as it cast its fresh net.

The pines seemed to glisten, the forest looked bright,

The day opened freshly from the chill of the night,

And as Asker look over to where Ash had once stood

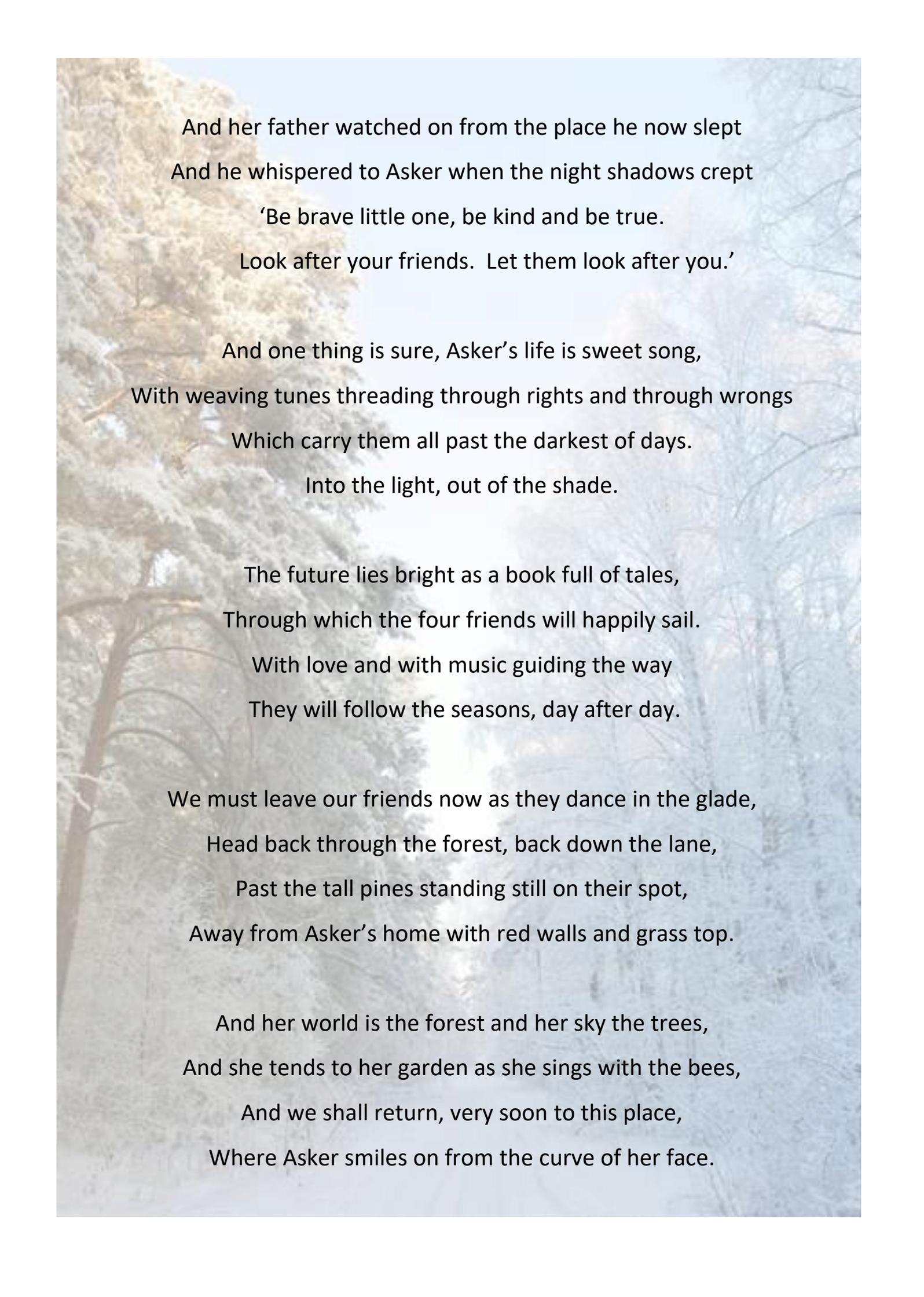
Her smile grew broader inside her wool hood.

Just there, in the spot where the tree lay unbound,

Where his roots had cleaned earth and drawn life from the ground,

The most perfect new sapling grew straight and grew strong

And filled Asker's heart with wonderous song.



And her father watched on from the place he now slept
And he whispered to Asker when the night shadows crept

‘Be brave little one, be kind and be true.
Look after your friends. Let them look after you.’

And one thing is sure, Asker’s life is sweet song,
With weaving tunes threading through rights and through wrongs
Which carry them all past the darkest of days.
Into the light, out of the shade.

The future lies bright as a book full of tales,
Through which the four friends will happily sail.
With love and with music guiding the way
They will follow the seasons, day after day.

We must leave our friends now as they dance in the glade,
Head back through the forest, back down the lane,
Past the tall pines standing still on their spot,
Away from Asker’s home with red walls and grass top.

And her world is the forest and her sky the trees,
And she tends to her garden as she sings with the bees,
And we shall return, very soon to this place,
Where Asker smiles on from the curve of her face.