

*Elin Manon*

# EARTH EVER



# AFTER

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COVER  
NOT FINAL





# Prologue

- Seed -

When I was but a seed,

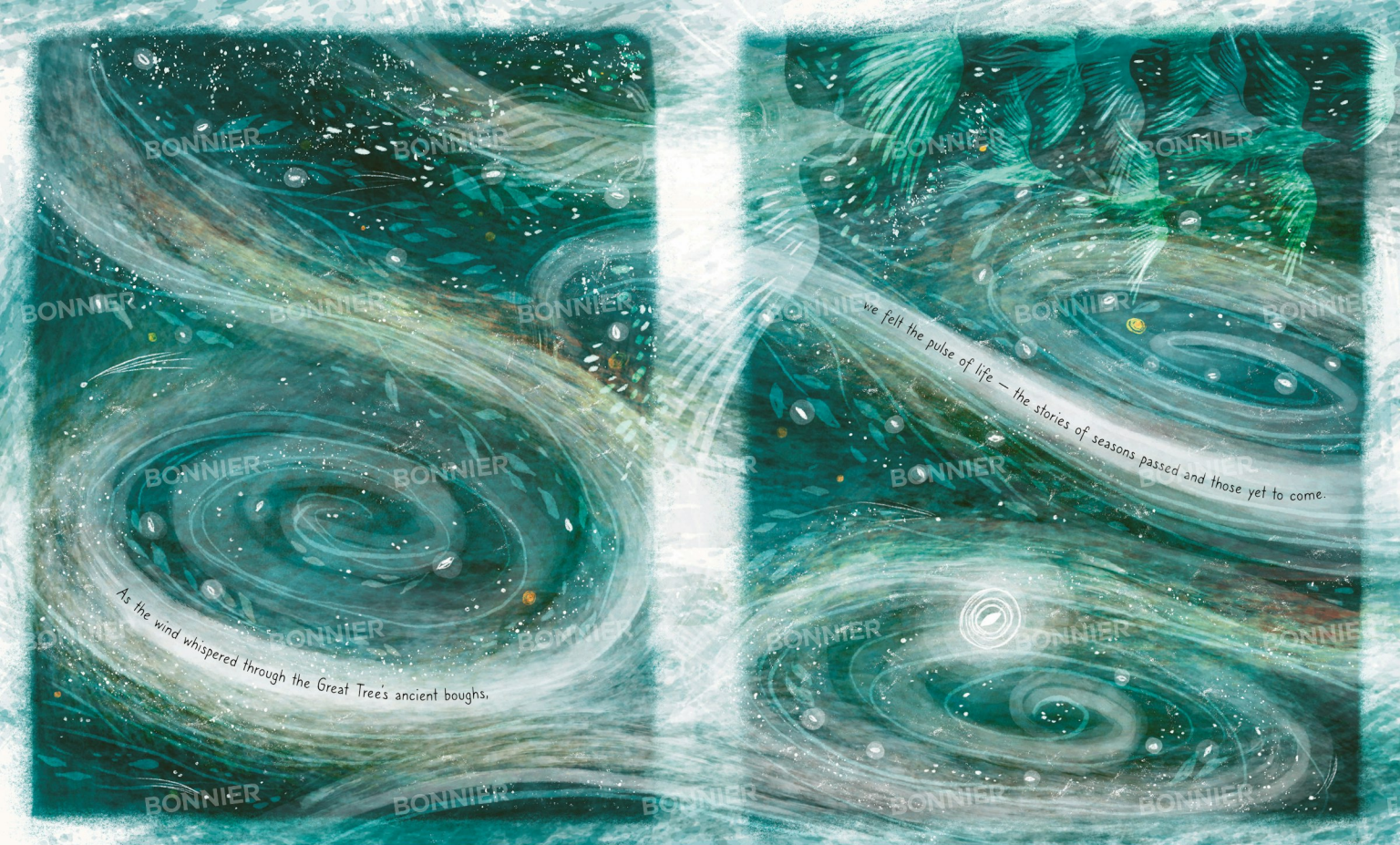




I danced with my siblings amongst the branches of the Great Tree,

which held and nurtured us.

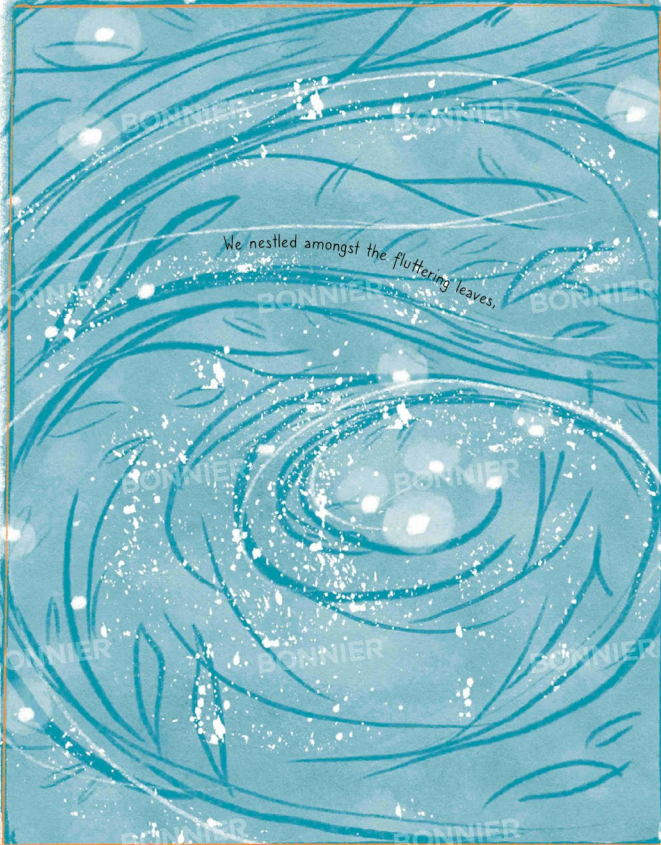




As the wind whispered through the Great Tree's ancient boughs,

we felt the pulse of life — the stories of seasons passed and those yet to come.





We nestled amongst the fluttering leaves,




listening to the Great Tree's memories of its own story.



from a seed

to laying down its mighty roots,



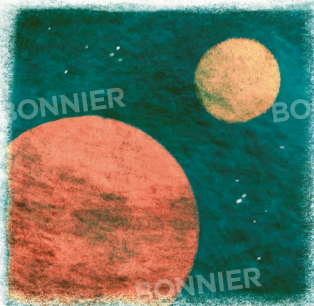
which began long ago and far away.



We imagined worlds created by  
those that came before us,



and even before them,



before them,



all the way back to before.







New tales were brought to us on the wings of  
the great flight. We waited eagerly for each story,  
hoping to catch the first sight of the sky beings.

In its wake, the great flight left echoes of itself in sweeping  
trails of light, a path for the future flight to follow.





They passed too quickly for us to learn their stories,  
so we made up our own about their beginnings,



where they came from...

and where they were going.

Some would stay in one place from their beginning until their end,  
casting their hot glow out into the vastness



We asked to hear their stories, but we could not always understand when  
they replied, their language seemed older and stranger than ours.



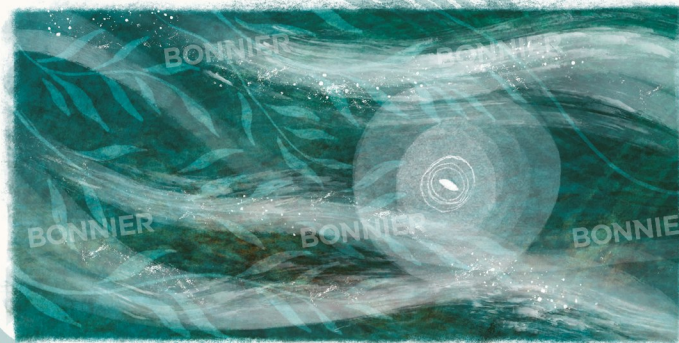
But we still listened and learned from them what we could.



## Chapter 1

- Roots -

For all seeds there comes a time when one must catch the wind,  
and dance and drift and sleep on its tides, carried to a new shore.



So, I bid farewell to what I knew, and twisting into the winds embrace,



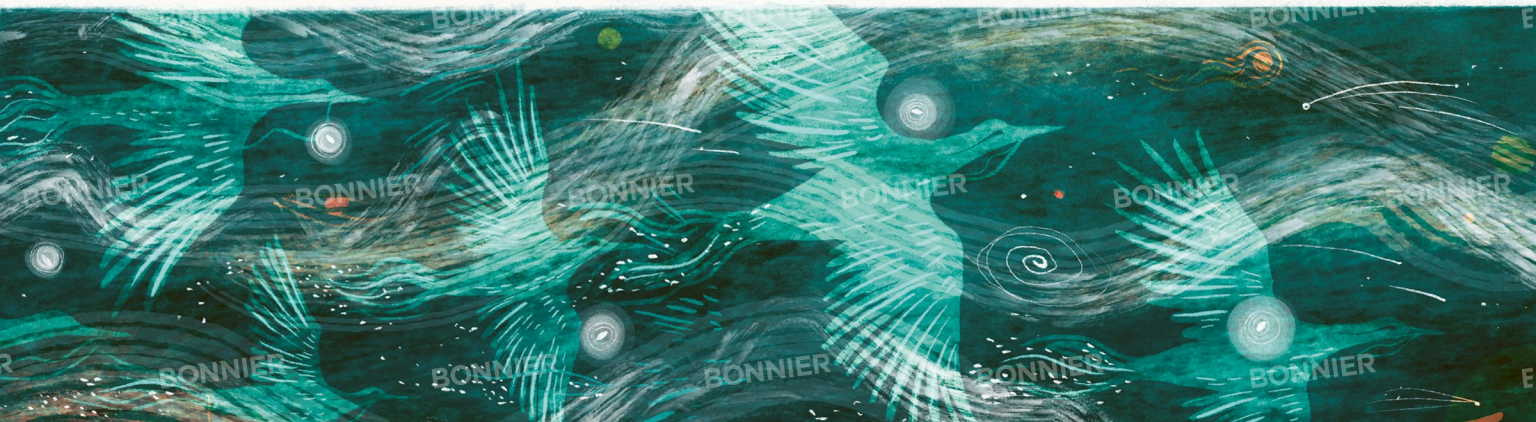
and flew.






For a long time I slept, lulled by time's gentle winds  
as I drifted further from the Great Tree,  
further from my seed siblings.

I came to rest on the back of a star lit bird, curling into  
dreams as it soared, carrying me through a tapestry  
of clouds, suns, and stars.







How long I journeyed, who can say?  
The threads of time spun and unraveled, looping and  
stretching between the smallest moments of the past  
and the endless possibilities of what was yet to come.

Before me stretched a vast expanse of shimmering translucence,

its surface undulating like a dream.

Above, a faint glimmer hung suspended. It had no scent, no taste.

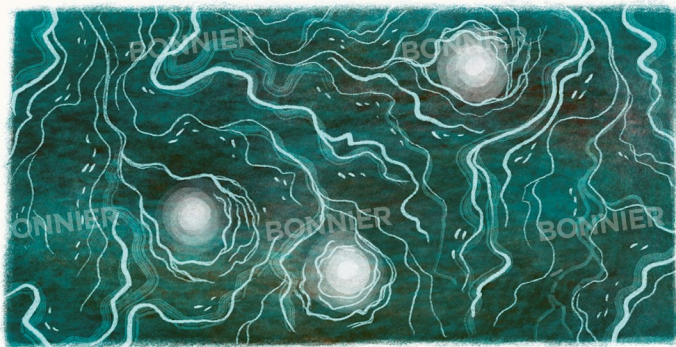
I remembered the tales my siblings and I once shared, and those  
carried by the wings of the great flight. Stories of wondrous worlds  
that came before. Perhaps, in the beginning, all worlds are born of  
stillness, cradled in the quiet of their first breath.

And then, with a whisper,  
I landed – dust and stone swirling in the stillness around me.

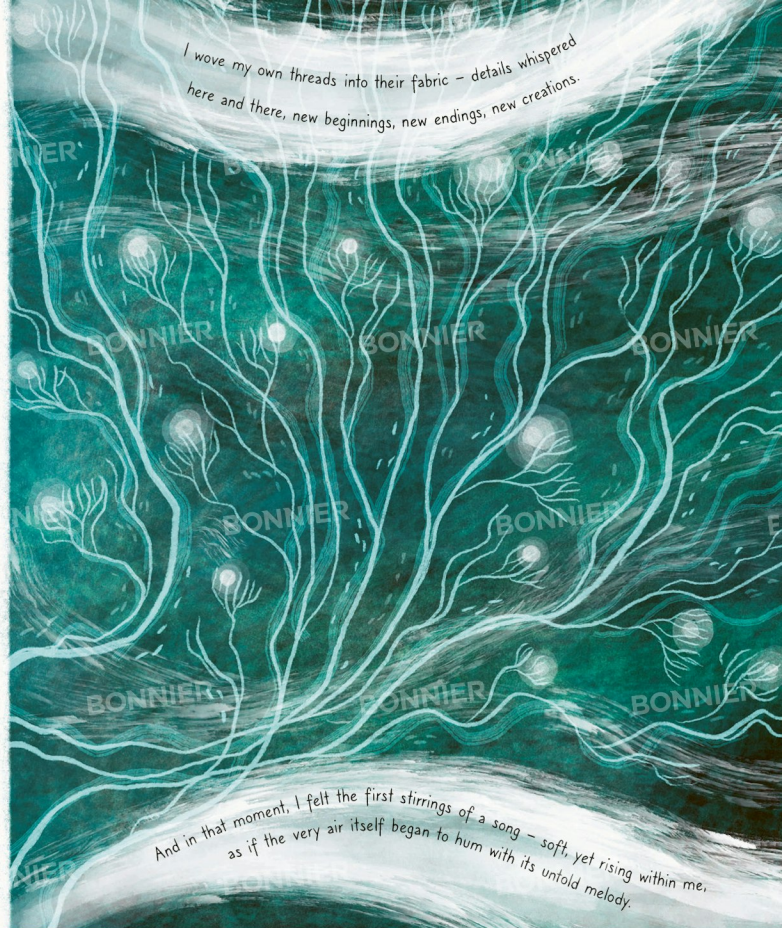




I thought on all the great stories we had shared, whispered through the ages, passed down like fragile threads of light.



I thought hard on them, breathing life into each one within the quiet depths of my being.



I wove my own threads into their fabric – details whispered here and there, new beginnings, new endings, new creations.

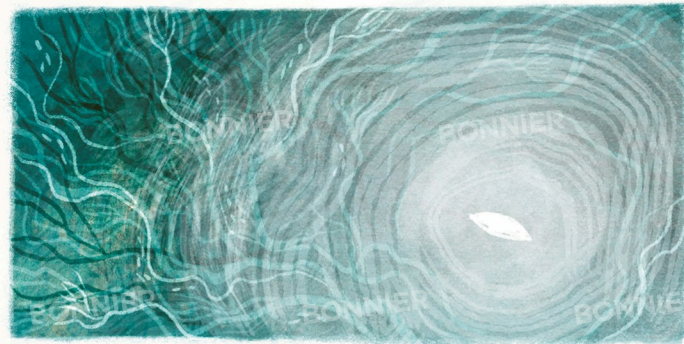
And in that moment, I felt the first stirrings of a song – soft, yet rising within me, as if the very air itself began to hum with its unfold melody.





As I wove the threads of my story,  
the words gathered strength.

weaving themselves into something whole.



I felt my very being bursting with this new breath of a beginning.



I stretched, I reached, I grew.



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## Chapter 2

- Sapling -

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Slowly, I bent and touched the glimmering expanse with  
the very depth of my being, sinking into its gentle waves.  
I slipped through them, lost for a moment, before rising once  
more, carried on the breath of this new, silent world.

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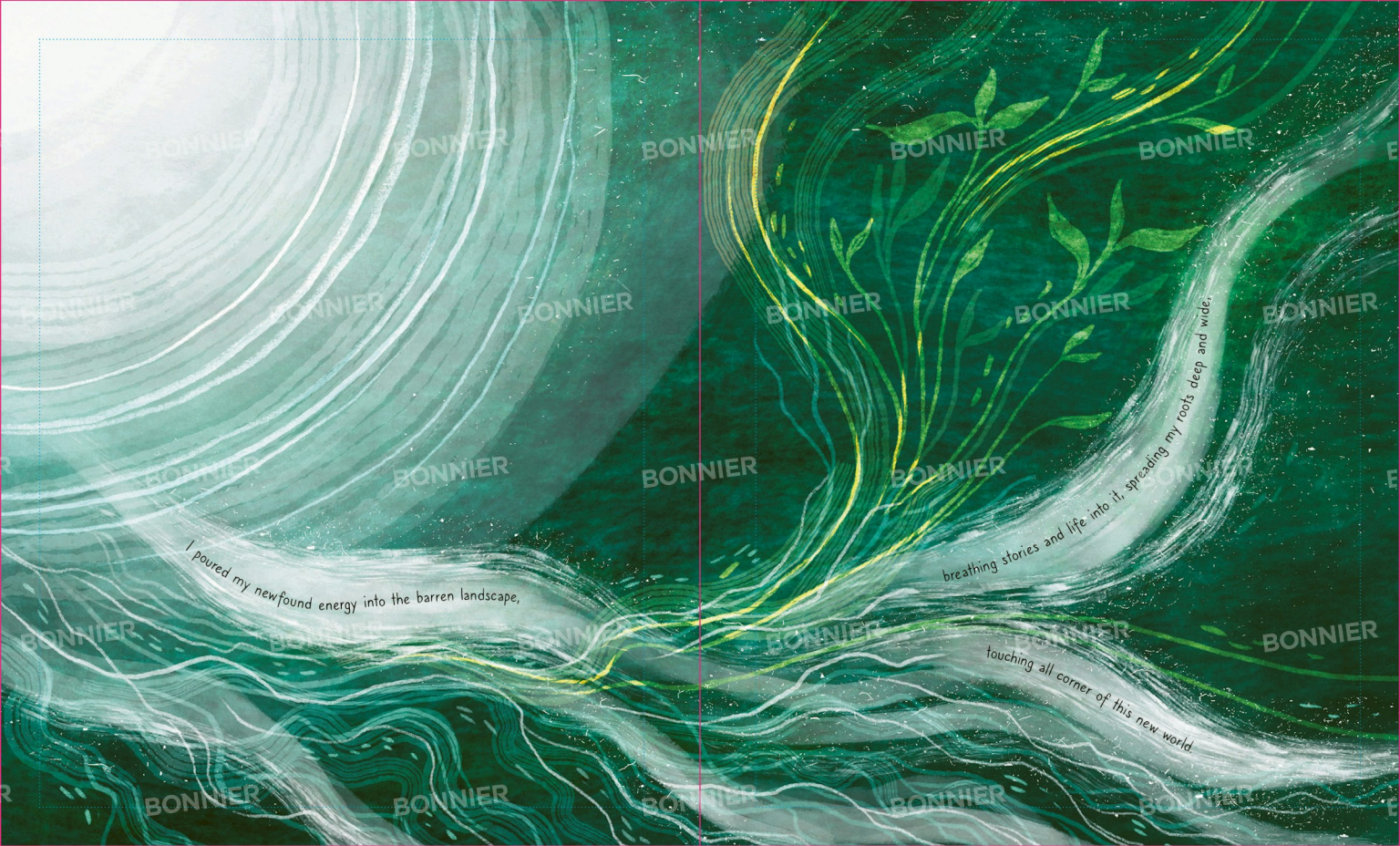
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I poured my newfound energy into the barren landscape,

breathing stories and life into it, spreading my roots deep and wide,  
touching all corner of this new world.



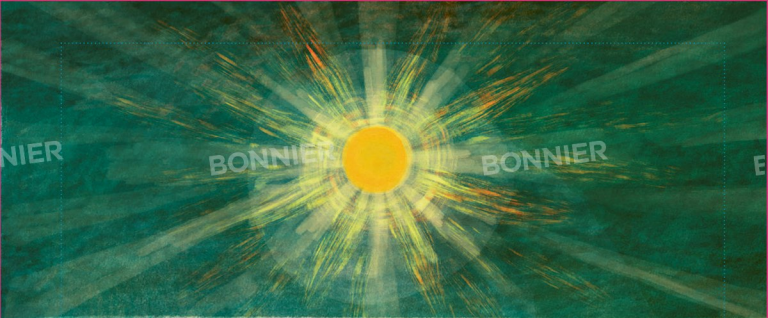






and from my own flesh I created two sky beings as companions

to gaze down upon this curious new world together

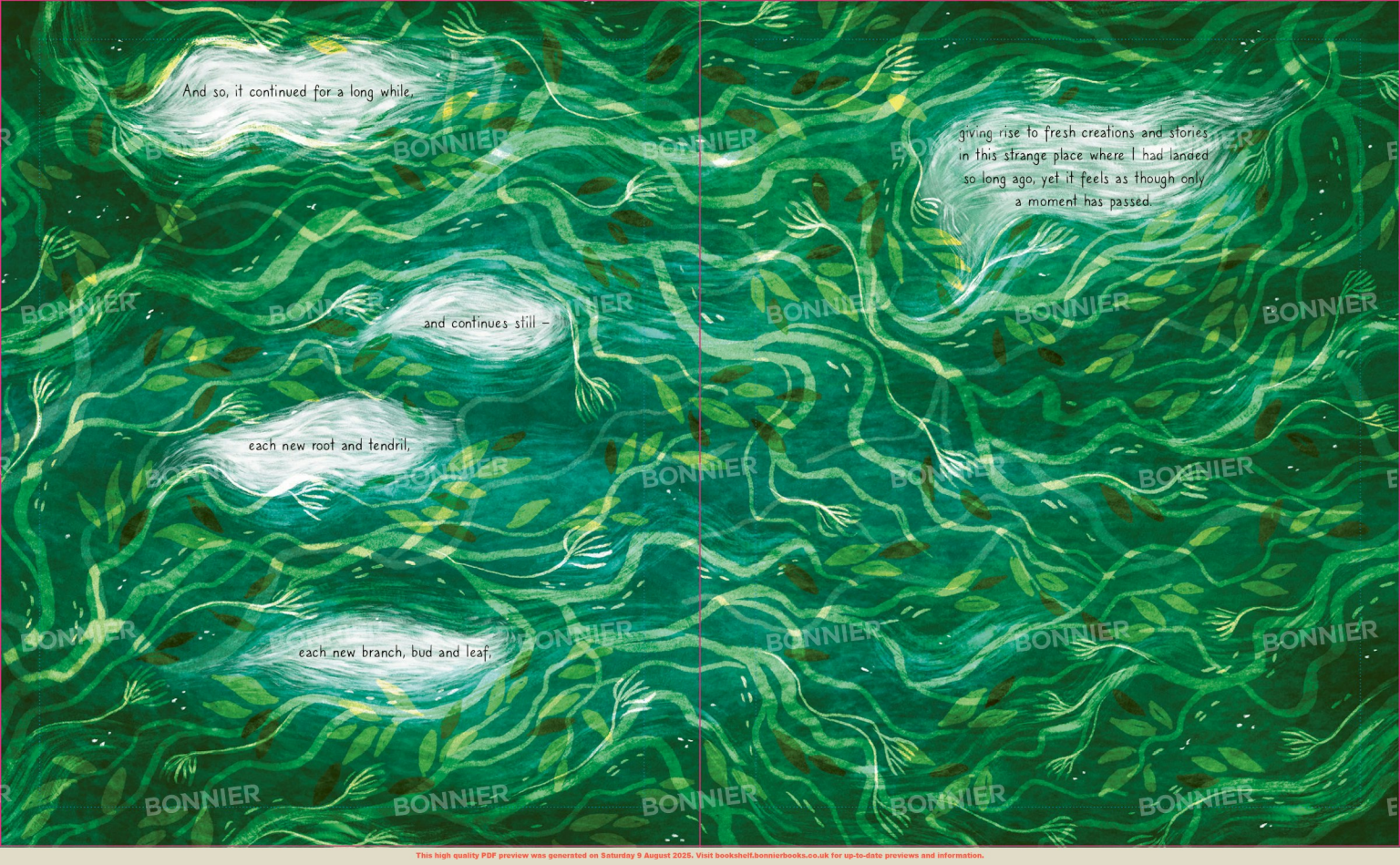


One radiated a brilliant golden light, warming the cold barrenness with every tingling ray.



The other gleamed silver, casting light into the darkness and enveloping all it touched in shimmering whispers.





And so, it continued for a long while,

and continues still -

each new root and tendril,

each new branch, bud and leaf,

giving rise to fresh creations and stories  
in this strange place where I had landed  
so long ago, yet it feels as though only  
a moment has passed.



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## Chapter 3

- New growth -

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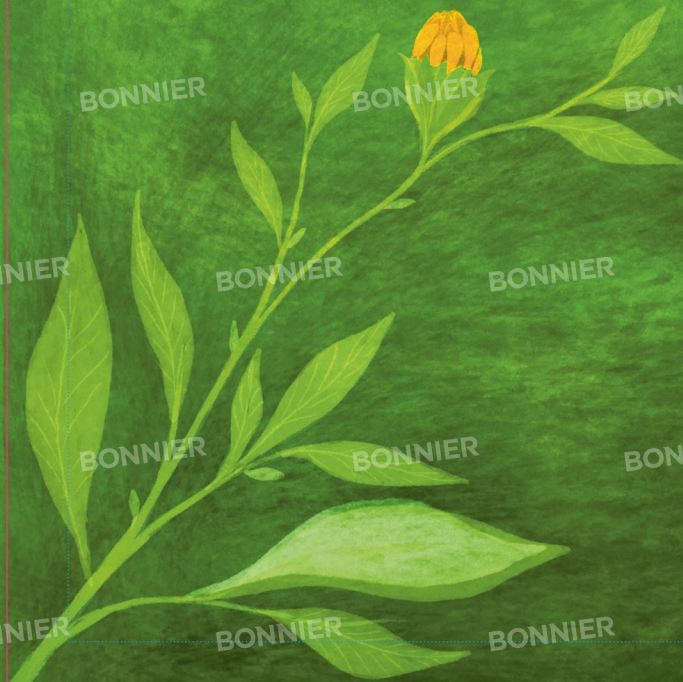
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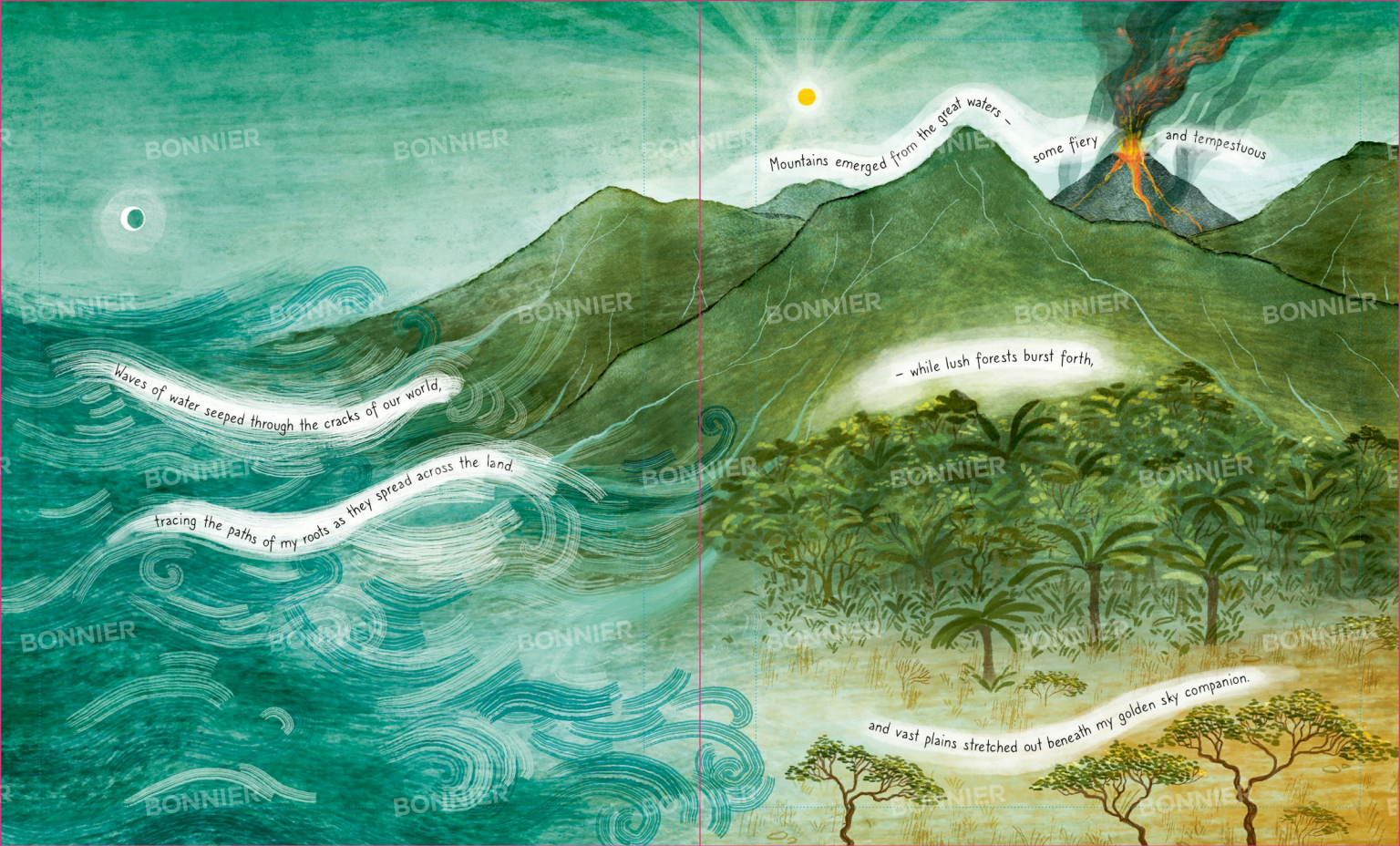
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Over time, life began to thrive.







Waves of water seeped through the cracks of our world,

tracing the paths of my roots as they spread across the land,

Mountains emerged from the great waters –

some fiery and tempestuous

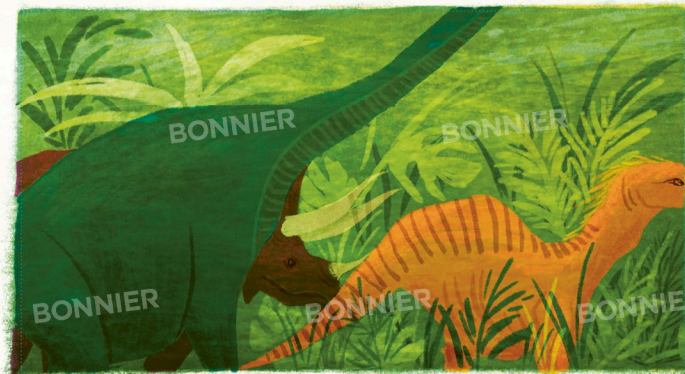
– while lush forests burst forth,

and vast plains stretched out beneath my golden sky companion.

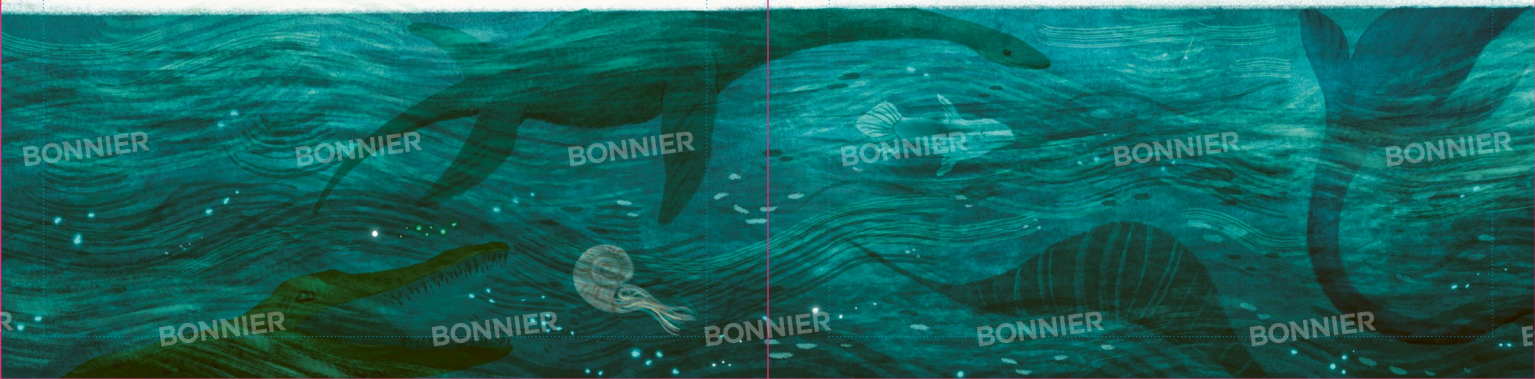




Strange beings came and went, adorned in many skins and colours – from the tiniest specks swimming against the tides of the great waters,



to large, scaled creatures that roamed the lands above. They shared stories with one another – tales of danger, survival and love.





The land flourished alongside these creatures as they transformed and grew –



beings that glided on the wind's currents,



slithered, crawled, and ran across the earth,

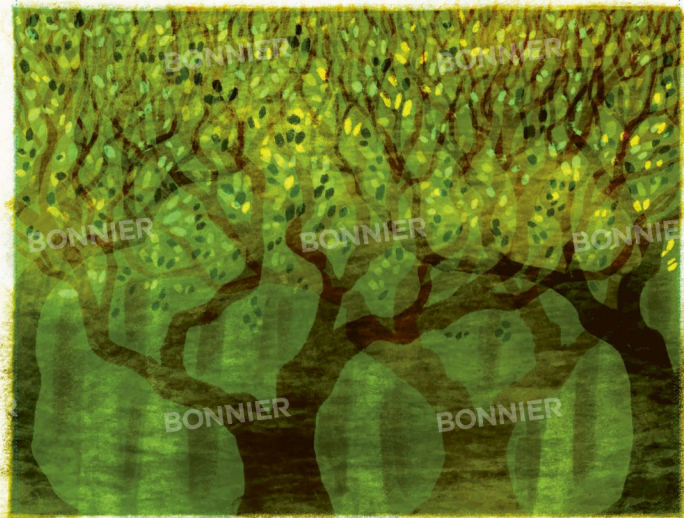


thrived in the spaces between,



and made their homes in the cold, deepest darkness of the waters.

Life, bearing traces of my own form, continued to grow and spread its roots,  
intertwining with the stories and songs of others.





## Chapter 4

– Humans –

A time came when a new being emerged. The story of this creature unfolded with every step it took across the vastness of the world, with every breath, with every thought. It is a story still in the making, still evolving – a journey that continues to unfold.







At first, the being began to stand taller,

casting its eyes upward with curiosity-





Soon, it stepped forth, emerging from the forest to venture into the vast unknown, driven by an instinct to explore the great beyond.



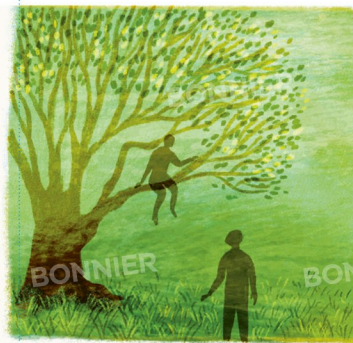
I watched them with keen interest.  
They thought and behaved differently from the other creatures,



their minds humming with an energy  
I had only known when I first came to  
share stories with this once barren land.



I watched as they marveled at the beauty around them,



as they grew, explored, played, learned and loved.



## Chapter 5

- Caring -

At first, they took only what was needed and shared freely what they had. They spoke with me, and listened as I spoke back, their voices full of curiosity.



They shared not just their stories, but their care – extending it to one another, to me, and to all that surrounded them.







They shared and cared for the mountains,

the forests, the plains, the waters,

and the creatures that called these places home.





They nurtured and celebrated the times of light and growth, while the golden sky companion shone brightly, almost infinitely.



When they awoke with frosted eyes to the first shivers of light, they listened to the changes, allowing themselves to be carried by it.



As they settled into the resting darkness, murmuring strange tales over steaming bowls, the sky waned to silver, honoring the balance of all things.



As the ground warmed beneath their feet, they stepped out, always thankful for the light and the circle of new growth that emerged.





They cared for the waters  
that tumbled down from the  
watching mountains,

spilling into quiet places  
where they could  
drink and wash.



With delight, they watched as glistening  
fish leapt up from the frothing water,  
as horned creatures leapt silently  
through the trees and across plains.



They took only what they  
needed for food or clothing,  
always offering a story in return.





They shared and cared for the soft places between the trees,

where my sky companions cast their light, offering spaces to rest and play.





## Chapter 6

- Learning -

As they learned from the world around them,  
they began to create stories with their hands,  
painting them on the walls of their homes,  
using colours drawn from stone and earth.





They delighted in the smallest treasures of the world, collecting shells and painting stones, imbuing them with new meanings.



From these, they crafted beauty, decorating themselves as birds adorn their iridescent plumes.



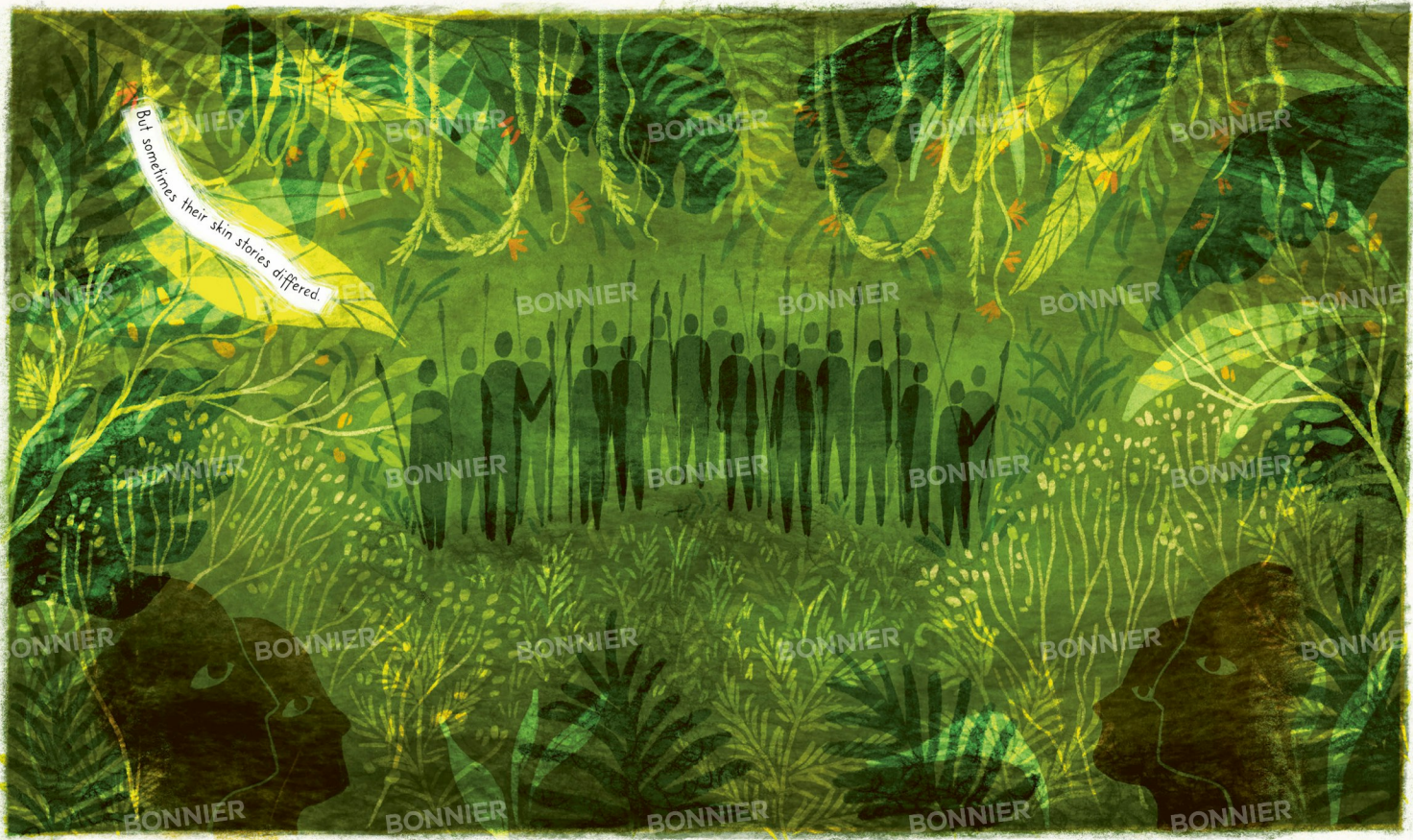
They shared their stories through intricate weaves and patterns that flowed among them.













As these beings continue to learn and grow, their stories became more intricate and rivalled the tales I had once heard as a seed.



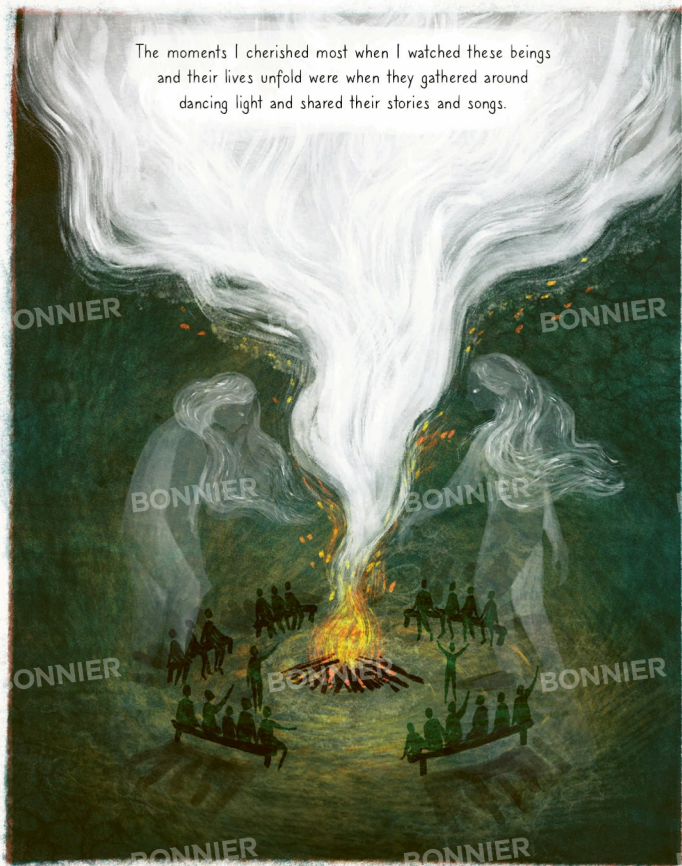
My two sky companions took turns watching as these stories and creations unfolded across different parts of our world.



Some of their creations stretched beyond the limits of my own imagination, and I listened with awe as their words formed into new and unseen images.



The moments I cherished most when I watched these beings  
and their lives unfold were when they gathered around  
dancing light and shared their stories and songs.



Their voices were warm, their faces bright, listening to each other with wonder.



Little hands nestled in big ones,



full bellies, tapping feet,



laughter and tears mingled together.



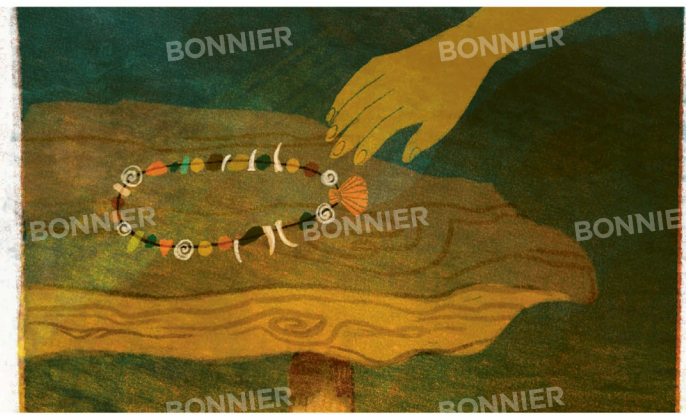
But once, as they listened, their eyes fixed on the Storyteller,



I noticed one who glared with glinted eyes upon the delicate creation of another's making.



A hand appeared, before disappearing back behind the light. I watched with unease.





## Chapter 7

- Changing -

Life began to quicken. The rhythm, once steady and unhurried, now pulsed with a new energy, as if the world itself was drawing a deep, eager breath.

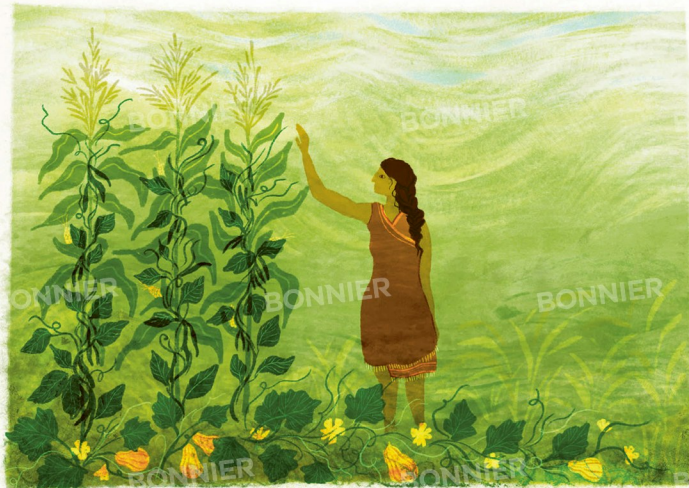




They learned which things grew together and which did not,  
how one form of life nurtured the growth of another.



They discovered which plants fed, which healed, which brought pain.  
They knew their use by the smell, the taste, how they looked and how they felt to touch.



Soon, they began planting and growing  
their own food, turning the earth to  
sow new beginnings.



In this way, they created small worlds  
of their own – vibrant with colour, full  
of sustenance and brimming with life.





Some of these worlds began to flourish.



But with their growth, my  
unease deepened.

The needs of these creations began to stretch beyond the limits of their makers.



The boundaries they once understood now seemed to expand,



threatening to grow larger than themselves.







Most still shared their care,  
their creations and their stories.

Most still listened and spoke with  
me, but I began to feel, and see,  
as some slowly turned away.

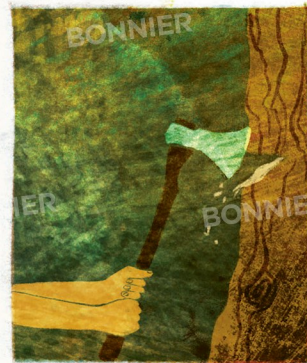


They built new homes for their families and communities, seeking permission from the growing things to take what they needed for warmth and shelter. They carried their stories of the world inside with them, weaving them into the fabric of their lives.

But I watched as one, without care, took down an ancient being –




without asking permission,



without sharing a story in return.







My roots curled in pain, and I watched  
with growing worry, fearful that others  
might follow this path.

I felt it – a change spreading, like blackened,  
twisted roots taking hold beneath the surface.



## Chapter 8

- Wanting -

A rivalry began to unfold between them, spreading wider than some of the great waters that journeyed across the land. Their care began to wane as their desire for new creations and growth deepened.

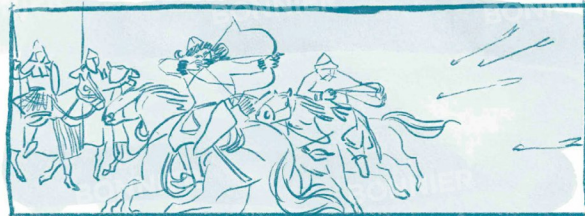
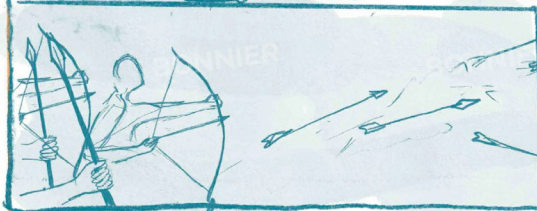




They fought among themselves over  
their differing stories, shouting that one  
was true and the other false.



In their anger, they hurt each other.



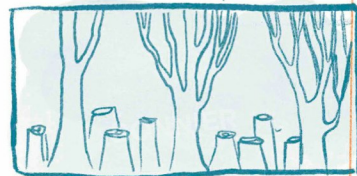
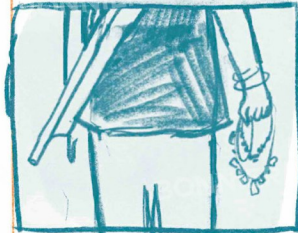
The sight of it made me shiver and weep.



They took more than they needed from the land, the waters,  
from all living things..



They took from each other.



No longer did they ask, nor did they offer a story in return.



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They began to journey to other lands in search of more -  
chasing their dreams with little care,

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spreading illness

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and darkness

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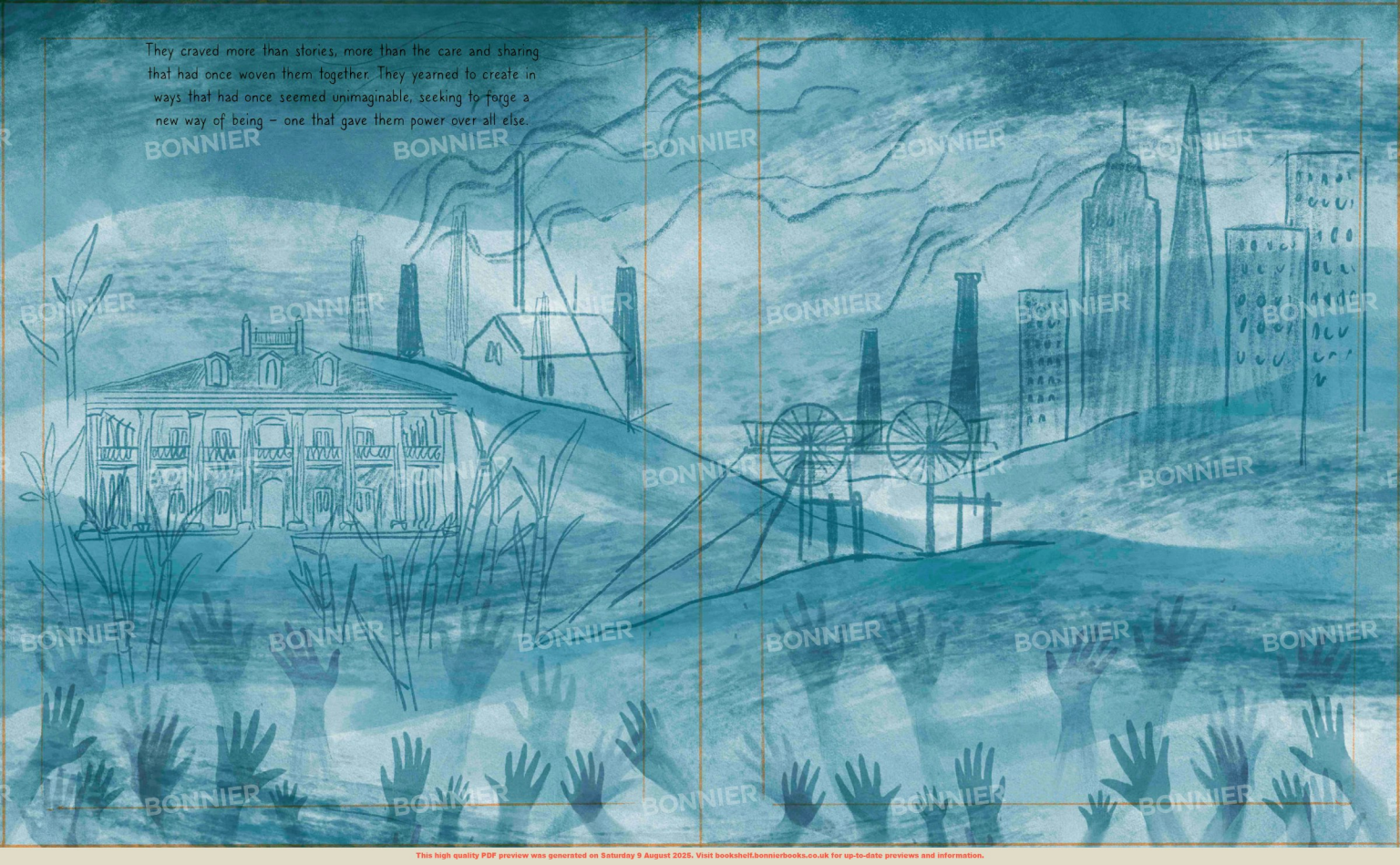
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and pain.


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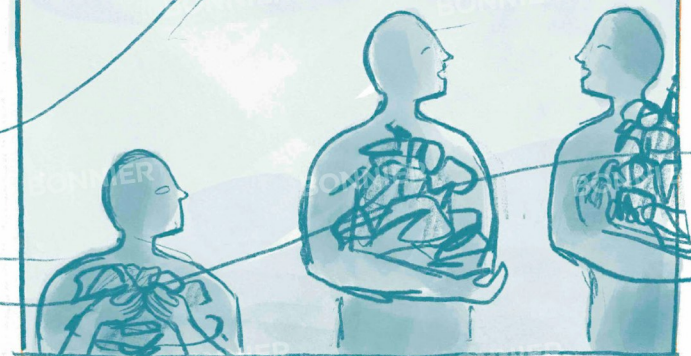
They craved more than stories, more than the care and sharing that had once woven them together. They yearned to create in ways that had once seemed unimaginable, seeking to forge a new way of being – one that gave them power over all else.







They stopped speaking with me, and when  
I tried to reach out, they refused to listen.




They didn't stop wanting, even when they had grasped what they craved  
and brought their dreams to life. Their desire for more only grew.





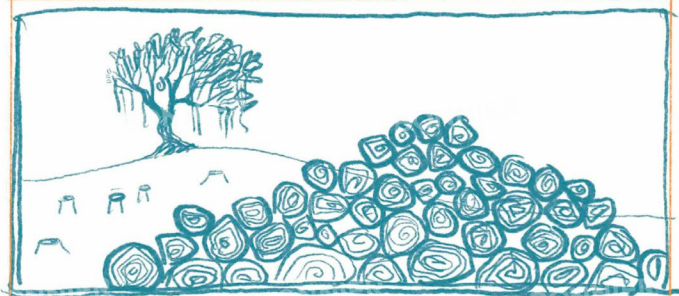
## Chapter 9

- Destruction -

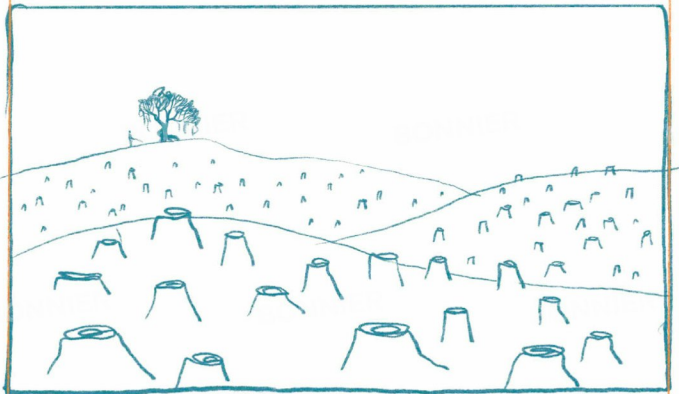


As I watched, a deep sorrow filled me, for the world I had known was being torn apart by their endless hunger for more.





I watched as they cut down more and more growth,



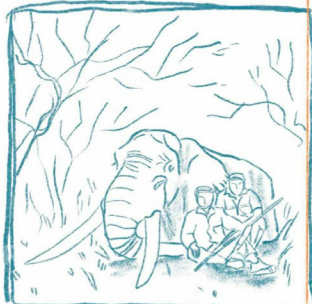
clearing away the life that had flourished in  
parts of our world.

The sound of burning trees  
roared through the air, leaving  
only smoke and silence behind.

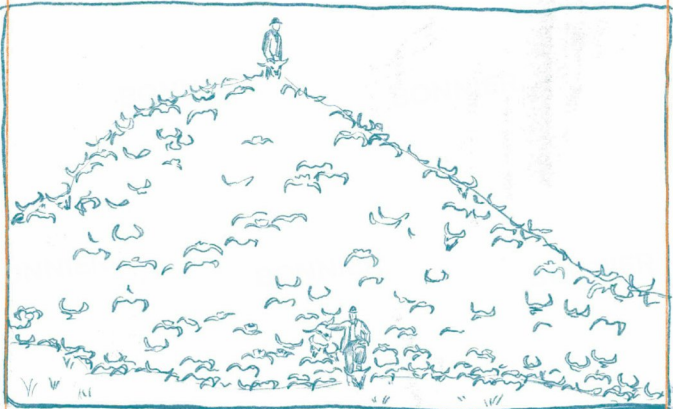




They hunted and captured creatures in greater numbers than ever before -



sometimes for a twisted sense of beauty,



sometimes for sport and sometimes as punishment for  
those who still shared stories and spoke with me.





Beings and creatures suffered across the waters, mountains,  
forests and plains, bowing to the unyielding force of desire.

Yet still, some craved more.

Mountains of ice cracked and crashed as flames and fury erupted.

Waves of water flooded the world,

surging with unstoppable force, swallowing everything in their path.

Where vibrant forests once stood,

only charred wastelands stretched to the horizon.



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In their relentless drive to create, they grew blind to the cost,  
consumed by their hunger for more.

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They felt that they were above other beings,  
above the very life with which their own life was intrinsically linked.

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Above me.

Above all.

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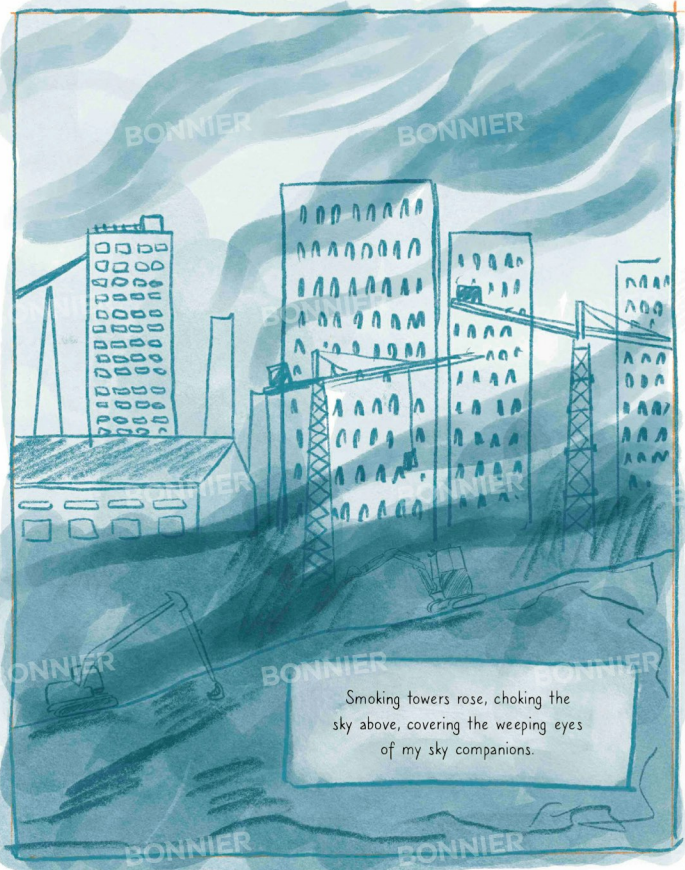
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I tried to speak, but they  
refused to listen.

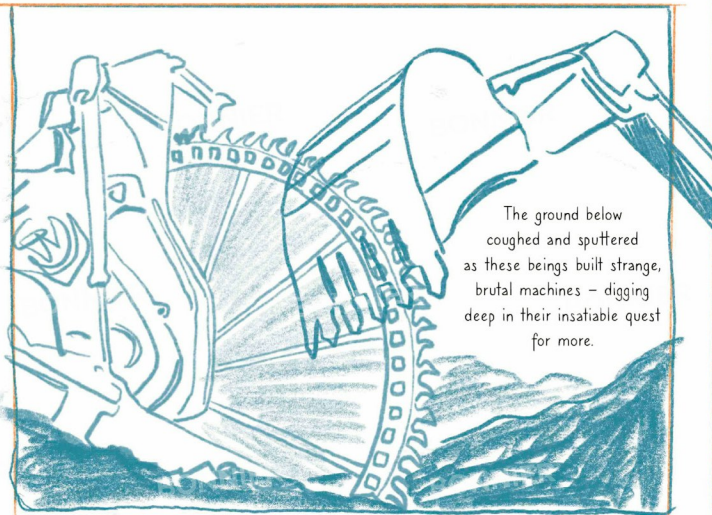
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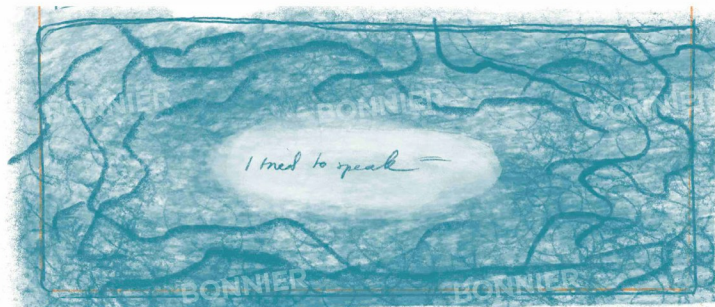


Smoking towers rose, choking the  
sky above, covering the weeping eyes  
of my sky companions.



The ground below  
coughed and sputtered  
as these beings built strange,  
brutal machines – digging  
deep in their insatiable quest  
for more.

More ways to create, to grow, to expand, to control.



*I tried to speak –*



I felt us all begging to breathe as more towers rose,  
and dark boxes multiplied, becoming homes for these beings.

shutting them off from feeling the soft, bracing winds on their faces,  
from hearing the calls, songs and stories of living beings—  
those who had come before.

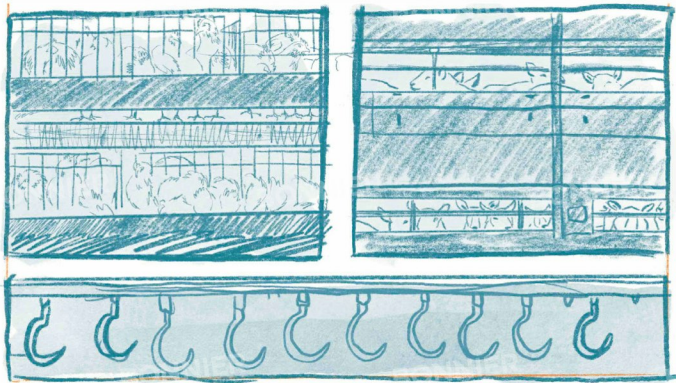
The boxes trapped them, blocking starlight and  
the gentle gaze of my sky companions,



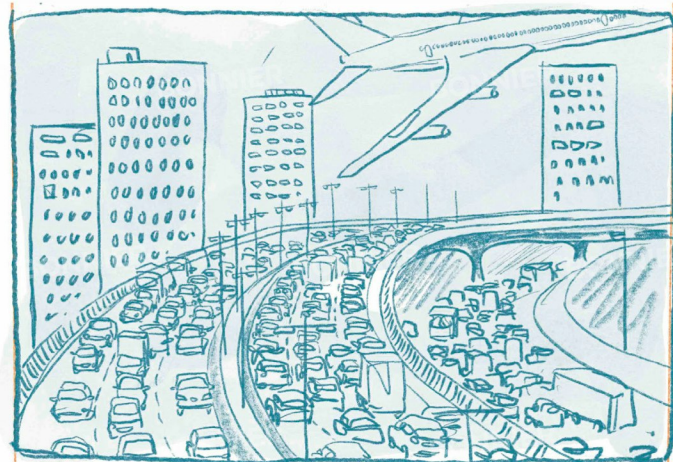
They cut away the growth to bring it inside the boxes,  
attempting to create a false, lifeless world in the dark.



They made boxes for other living creatures as well, forcing them in one by one,  
packed together, crushed against each other, unable to see but only to  
smell what was to come. Inside, these creatures shared stories of pain and fear.



They made worlds so vast that they created smaller boxes to get from one to the other.



Some screamed through the air while others roared  
across the ground, leaving suffocating trails behind.

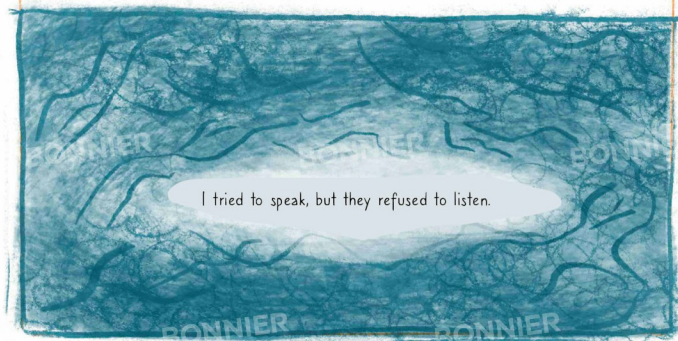




I hoped their eyes and hearts would turn back, that they might once again share stories with those who still spoke with me. I hoped they would heal, learn, love and share again.

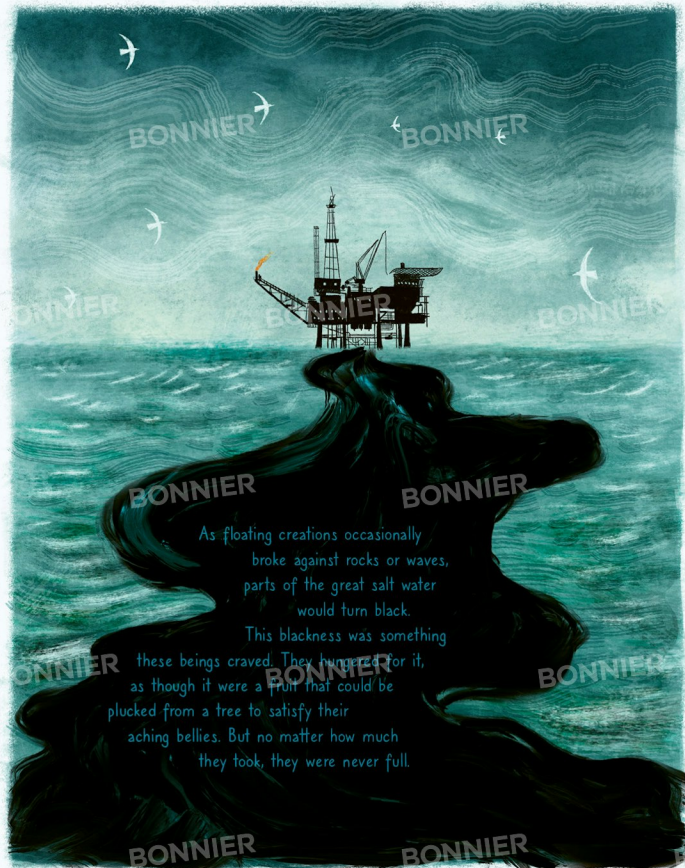


. But they didn't. They blinded themselves, refusing to care, shutting their hearts from the world.



I tried to speak, but they refused to listen.



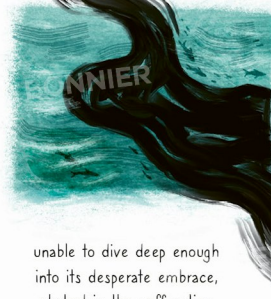


As floating creations occasionally  
broke against rocks or waves,  
parts of the great salt water  
would turn black.

This blackness was something  
these beings craved. They hungered for it,  
as though it were a fruit that could be  
plucked from a tree to satisfy their  
aching bellies. But no matter how much  
they took, they were never full.



Creatures who called the water home,



unable to dive deep enough  
into its desperate embrace,  
choked in the suffocating  
silkeness of the blackness.

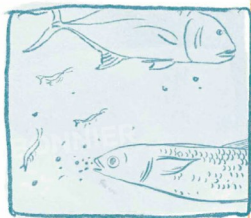




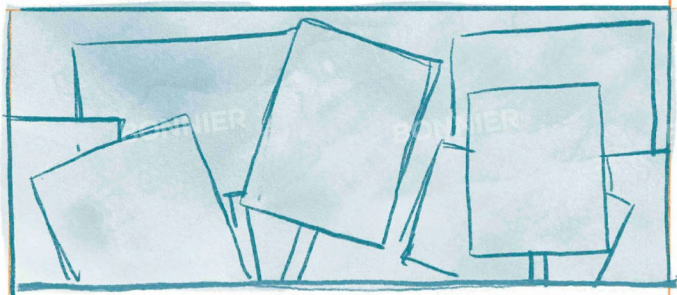
They crafted objects that could never die, drifting for eternity  
around our world - a sad and desperate echo of the Great Flight.

Even as these pieces of  
things past grew smaller  
and smaller, they found  
new ways to poison the  
creatures and the land.

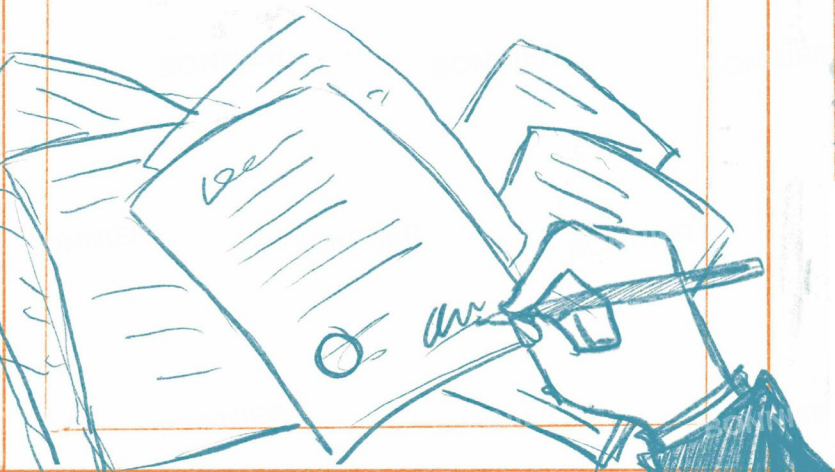
Tiny fragments  
seeped into the veins  
of living things -  
and of those not yet  
born into our world.







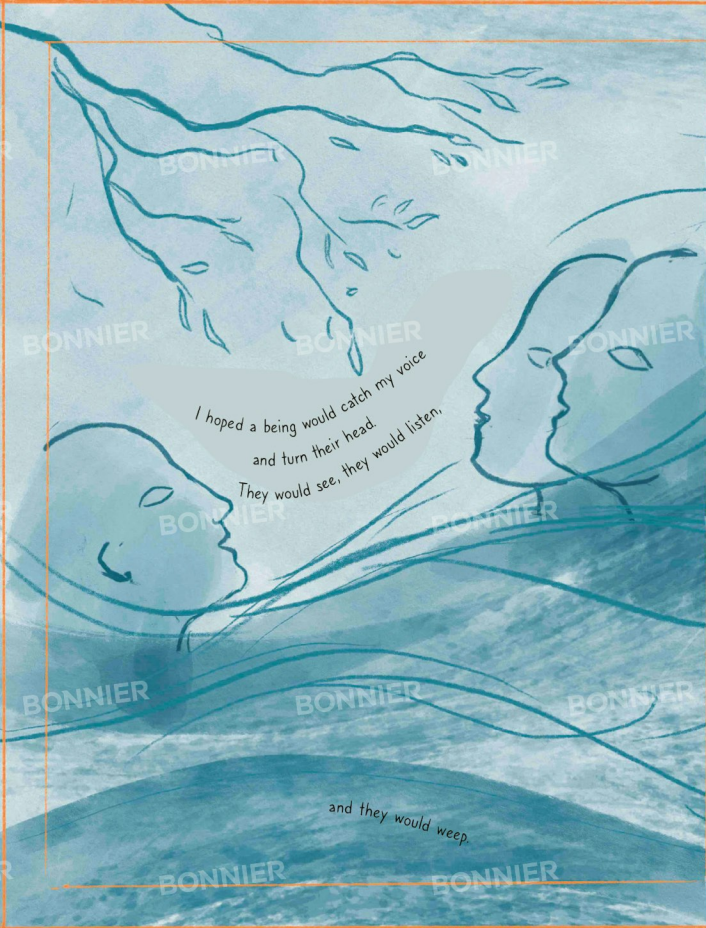
Those who appeared to lead these beings made promises – promises of help, healing, and protection.



But behind their backs, they shook hands with greed.







I hoped a being would catch my voice  
and turn their head.  
They would see, they would listen,

and they would weep.



They tried to carry my voice, to share  
our stories and heal,

but the others would shout them down or shut them out.

I tried to reach the others,  
but they still refused to listen.



They wanted more, and more, and more.

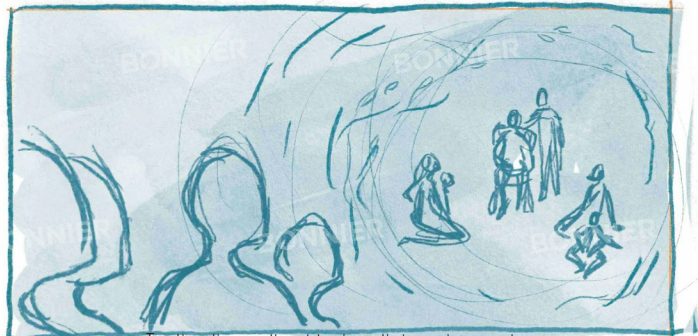
They didn't seem to understand that what they took could not live forever,  
that once it was taken, it could never be put back the same.

When they no longer wanted what they had created,  
in the earth, or turned them to smoke in the sky, or tried drowning them in the waters.

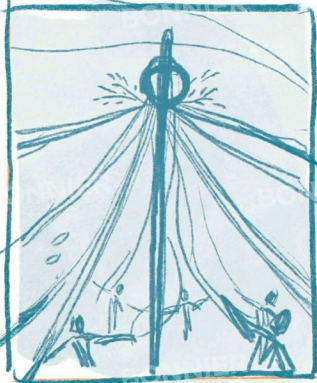
They thought if they could no longer see them, they ceased to be.



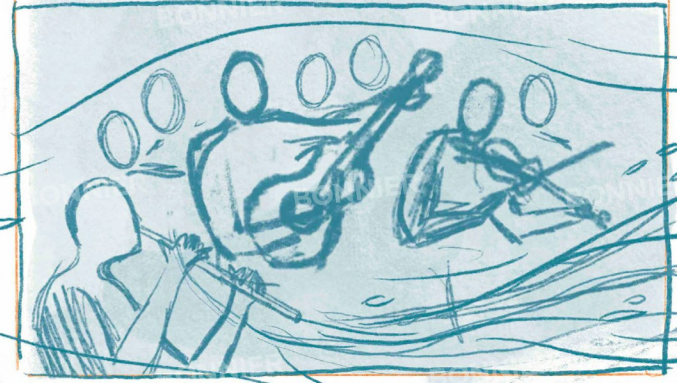
Gradually, others joined those who had already begun to listen and share again,  
learning from those who had always done so.



together, they continued to share, their numbers growing  
as they listened to the call and passed on our stories.



I watched them with warmth as they taught one another  
the ways of caring for our world – with balance and respect.

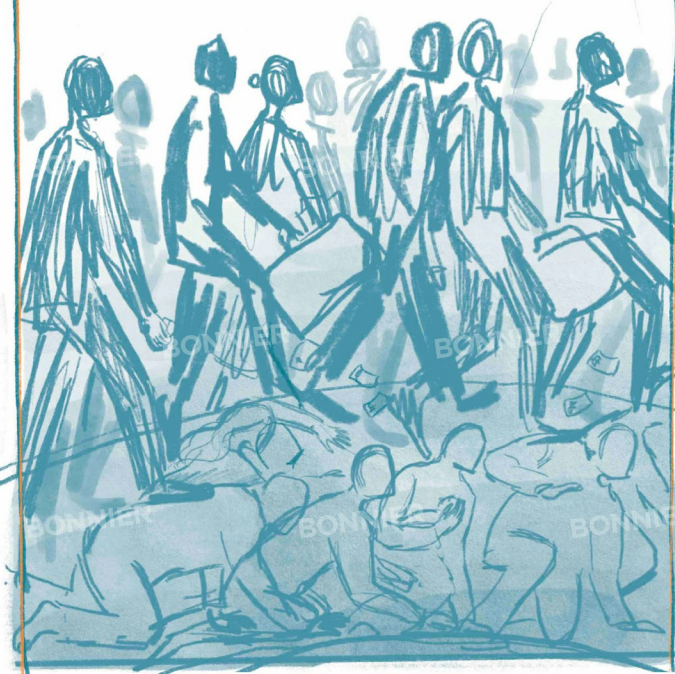




I had admired these beings for their ingenuity, their thoughts and stories, their ability to create. The potential to bring forth beauty and balance was within them.



Yet too many sowed these seeds for greed and destruction.



It shook me to the core of my existence.



I tried to speak.

I cried,

I shouted,

I pleaded.

Would these beings ever listen?

Would they ever speak with me again?



## Chapter 10

- Hope -

I turned to those who still spoke with me,  
drawing strength from their hope, and focused my own.



From the highest reaches of my being to  
the curling, searching roots below, I spread  
my hope, my stories and my care to all.

To those who had always listened,

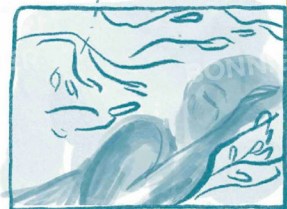
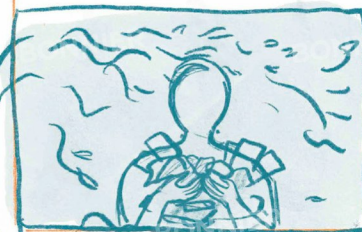


those who were listening now,



to those just beginning to listen,

to those barely awake,



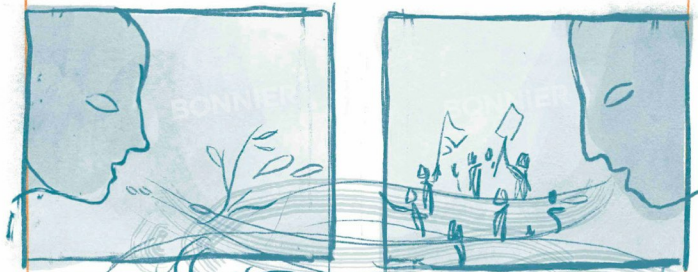
and to those still in deep sleep.



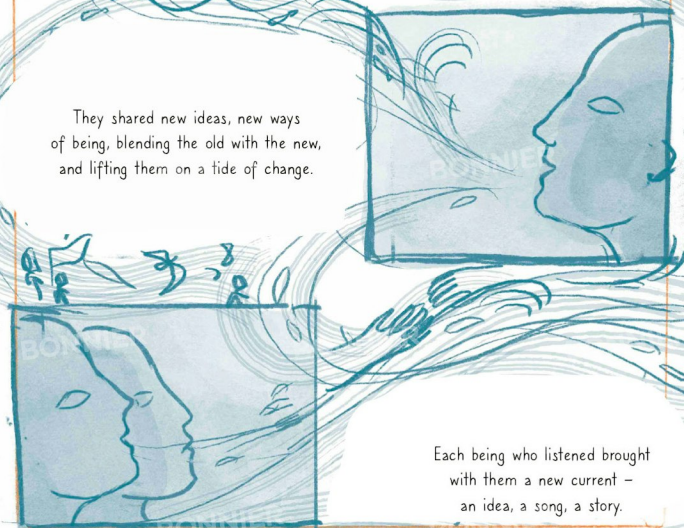
Voices of the past and present intertwined.



old growth and new embraced.



They shared new ideas, new ways  
of being, blending the old with the new,  
and lifting them on a tide of change.

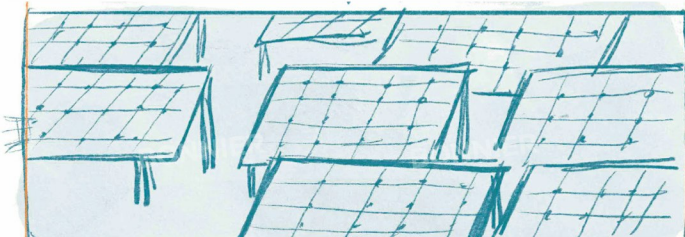


Each being who listened brought  
with them a new current –  
an idea, a song, a story.

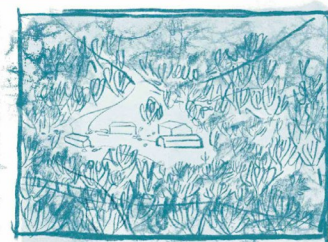
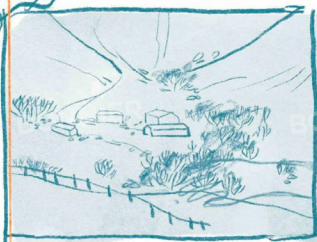




They listened to the wind and the waves, and with their new creations, called upon their strength to keep their homes warm and alight.



They nurtured and cared for new beginnings, as life sprouted amidst the desolation, creating havens for growth.

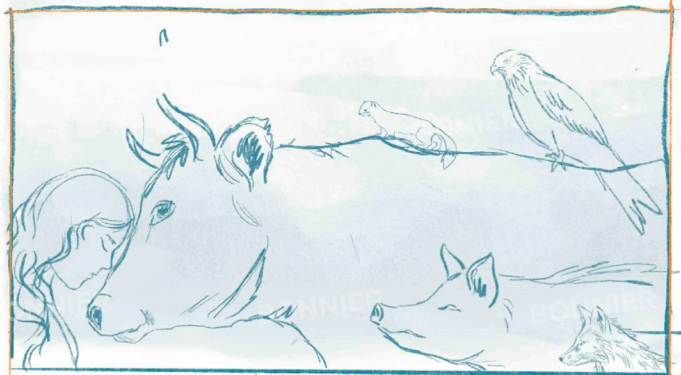


They relearned how to grow, how to speak with the land and learn from it – food fresh from the earth, still carrying the scent of the soil, into hands that worked it.

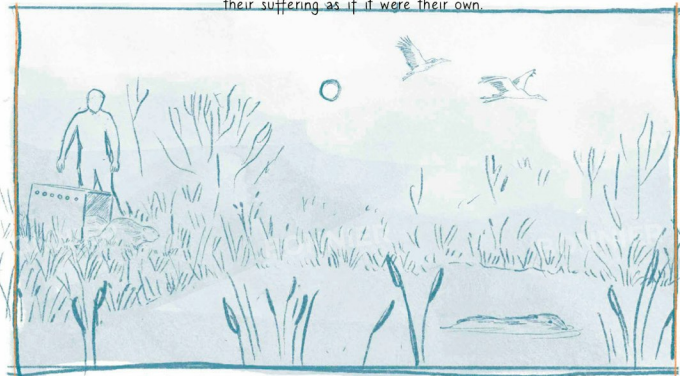


Where grey and dark boxes once stood, they brought color and life, creating spaces of growth for their communities, sharing wisdom and passing down skills old and new.





They listened to the creatures and learned of their pain, feeling the weight of their suffering as if it were their own.

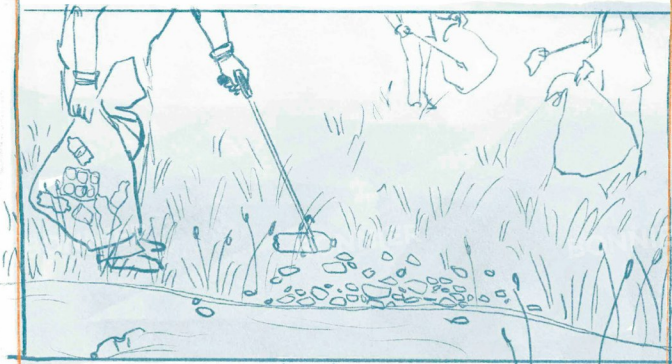


They protected those they could, nourishing habitats and shielding them from the greed that sought to take the land.

They cared for old growth



and planted the new,

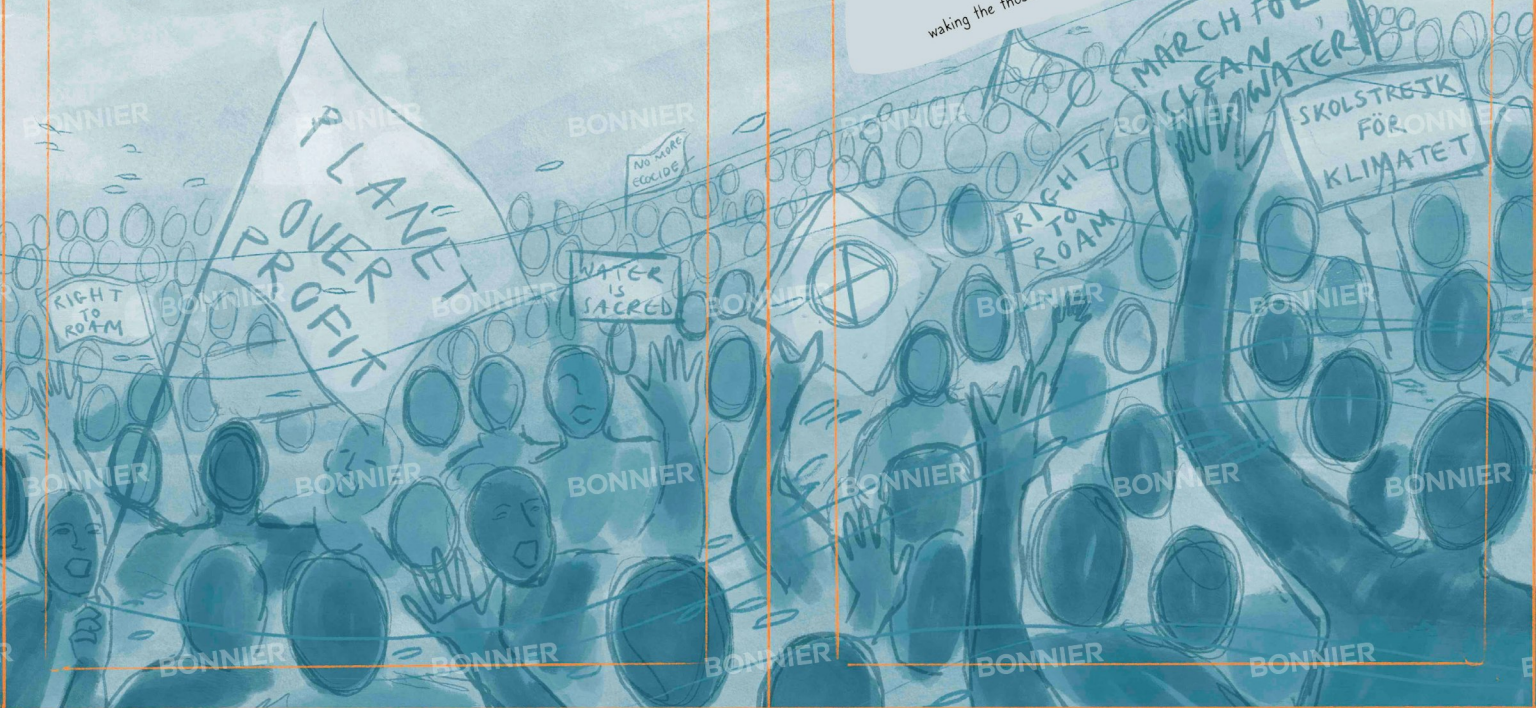


clearing land and waters of false life,  
using what remained for their new creations.

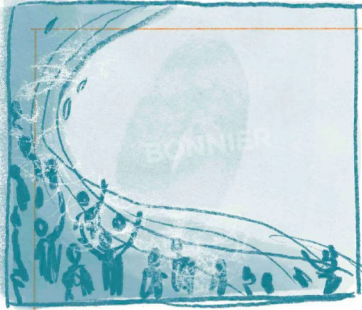


They questioned those who refused to listen, who exploited,  
who struck deals with greed behind their backs. They challenged them,  
held them accountable, and showed them a world of what could be  
– and what should be.

Together they came, bringing the surging tides of change,  
waking the those who refused with stories of old ways and of new beginnings.

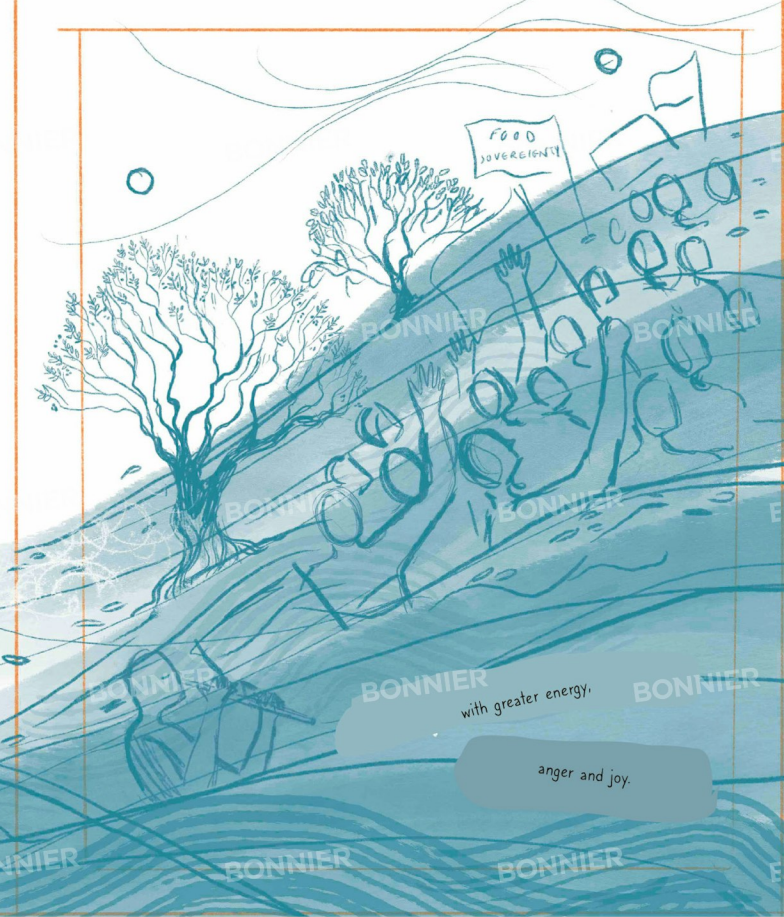






These changes and stories  
would sometimes ebb,

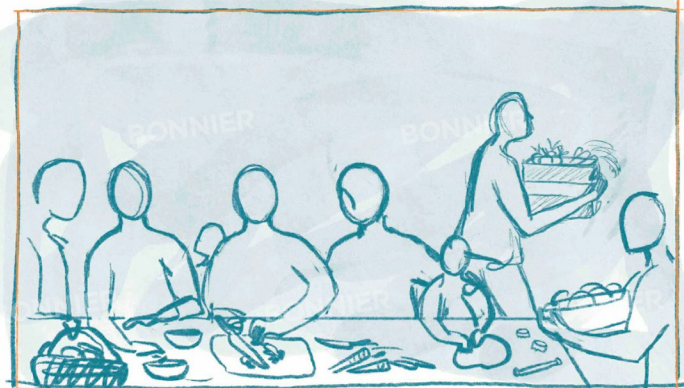
but they would always  
flowed back, often stronger  
than before,



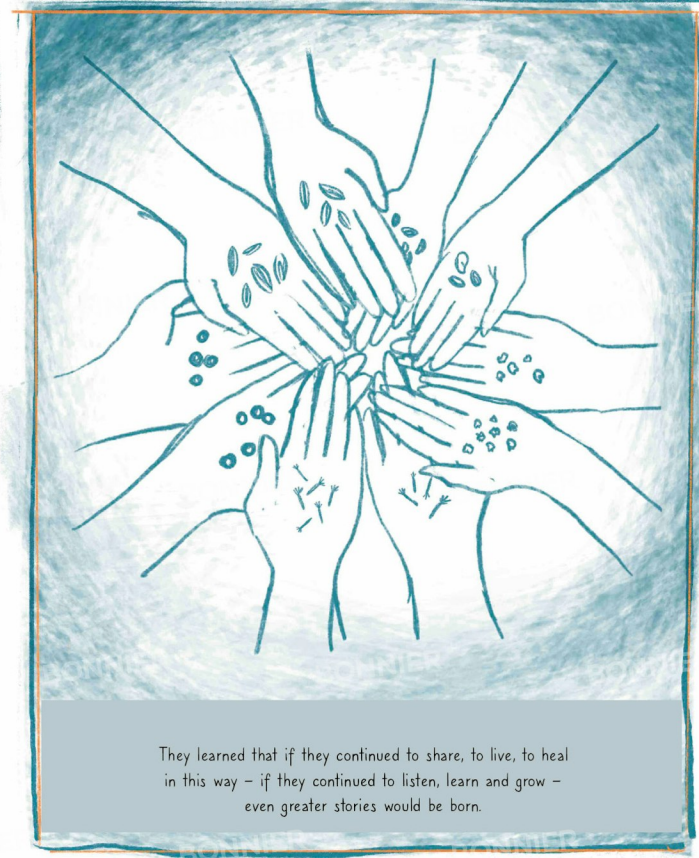
with greater energy,

anger and joy.





Not only were these stories shared, but they were lived.



They learned that if they continued to share, to live, to heal  
in this way – if they continued to listen, learn and grow –  
even greater stories would be born.



## Epilogue

- The future -



The world was shifting, turning, and in the echoes of these voices,  
a new harmony began to take shape



The winds of change carried

their stories far and wide,

touching hearts that had once been closed, awakening new possibilities in the most unlikely places.



It was all possible.

It is possible.



## A Note from the Author

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## About the Author

Elin Manon is a Welsh-born artist based in Cornwall, holding a degree in Illustration from Falmouth University. Elin's work draws inspiration from the natural world, as well as the rich tapestry of Welsh and Cornish folklore and traditions. With a deep passion for storytelling, Elin strives to celebrate and protect the environment through her art. By blending imagination with vivid imagery, Elin aims to strengthen our connection to the land, weaving stories that reflect and honor the landscapes that shape us.