

Elin Manon

EARTH EVER




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Prologue

- Seed -

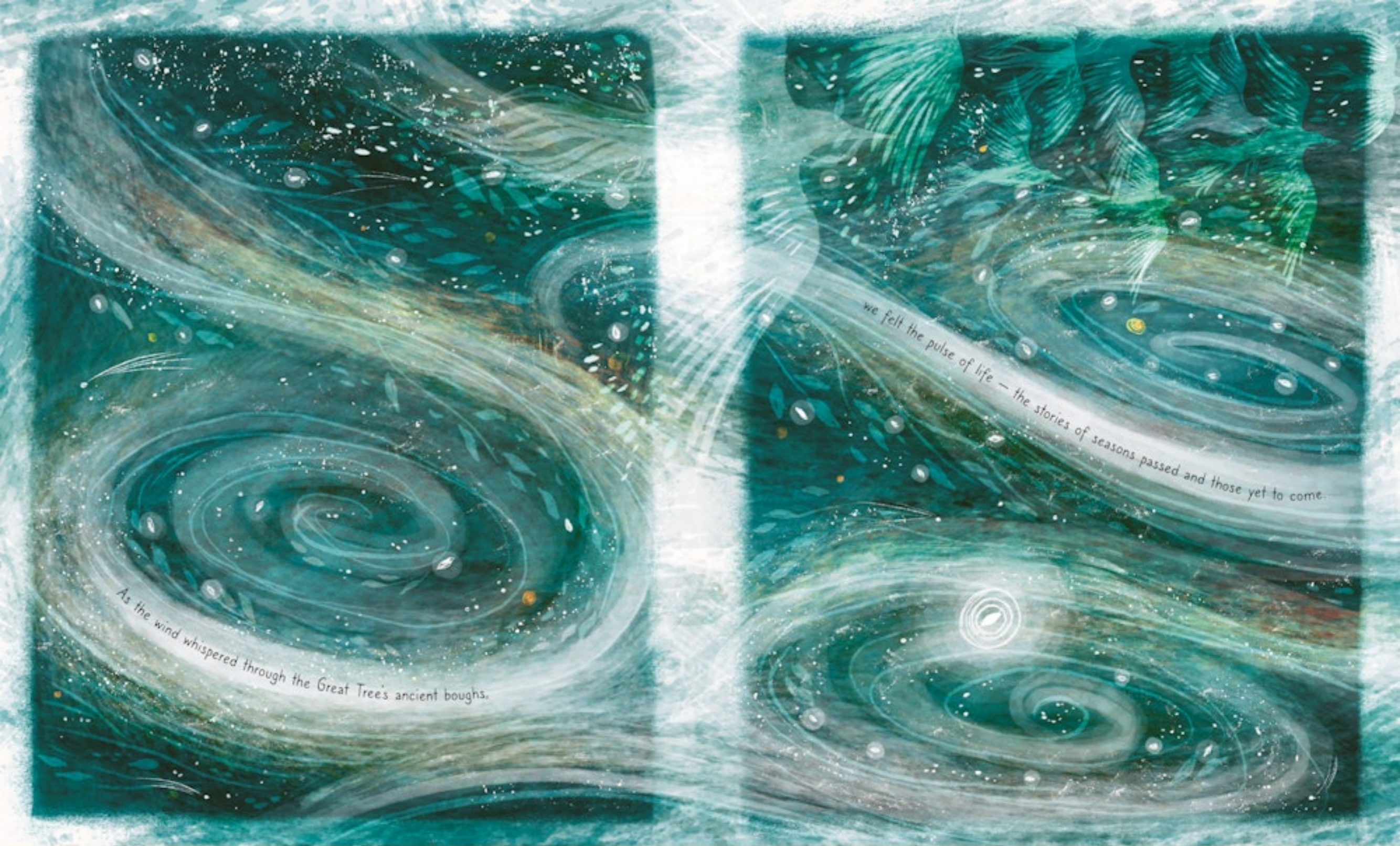


When I was but a seed,




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,

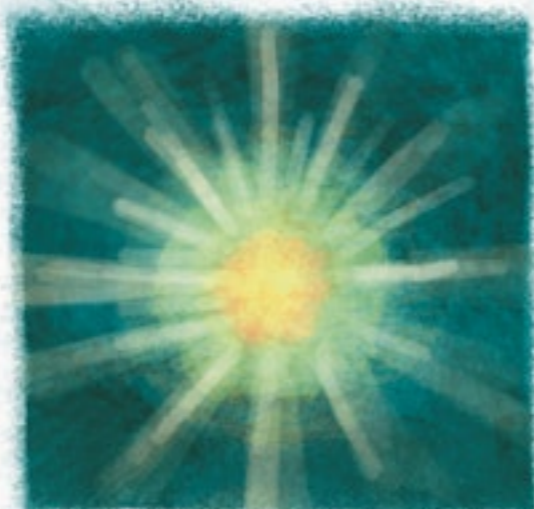


which began long ago and far away.

We imagined worlds created by
those that came before us,



and even before them,



before them,



all the way back to before.



Wishing to hear more stories from distant worlds
we listened and caught whisperings on the wind.

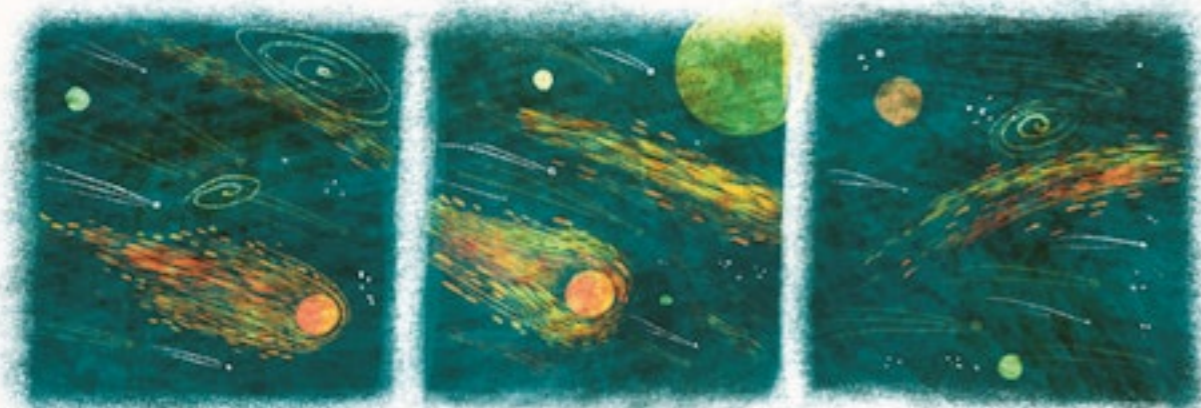


New tales were brought to us on the wings of
the great flight. We waited eagerly for each story,
hoping to catch the first sight of the sky beings.

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.

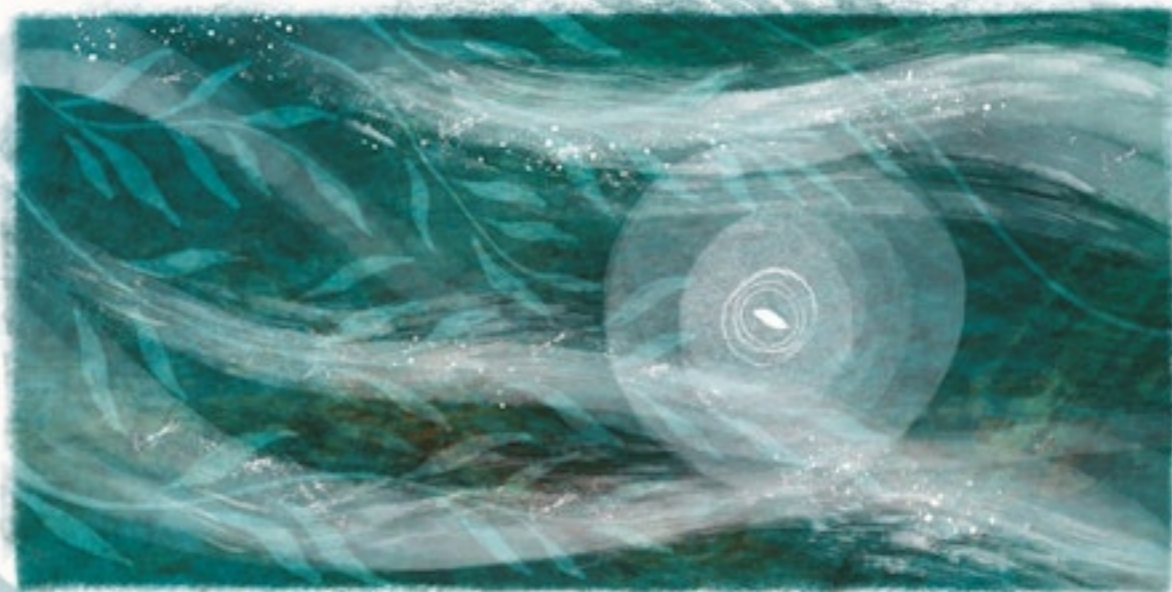


But we still listened and learned from them what we could.

Chapter I

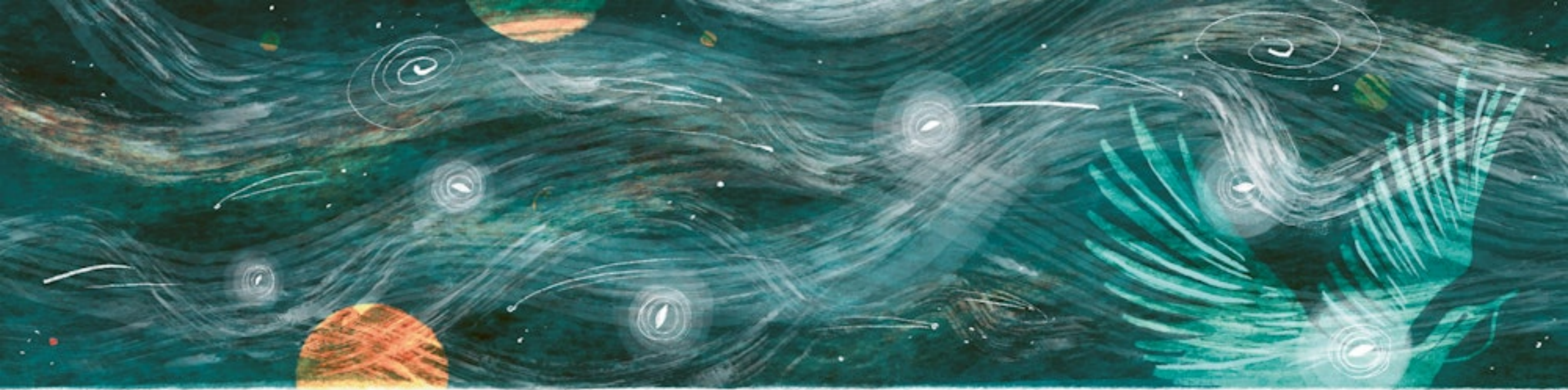
— Roots —

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.



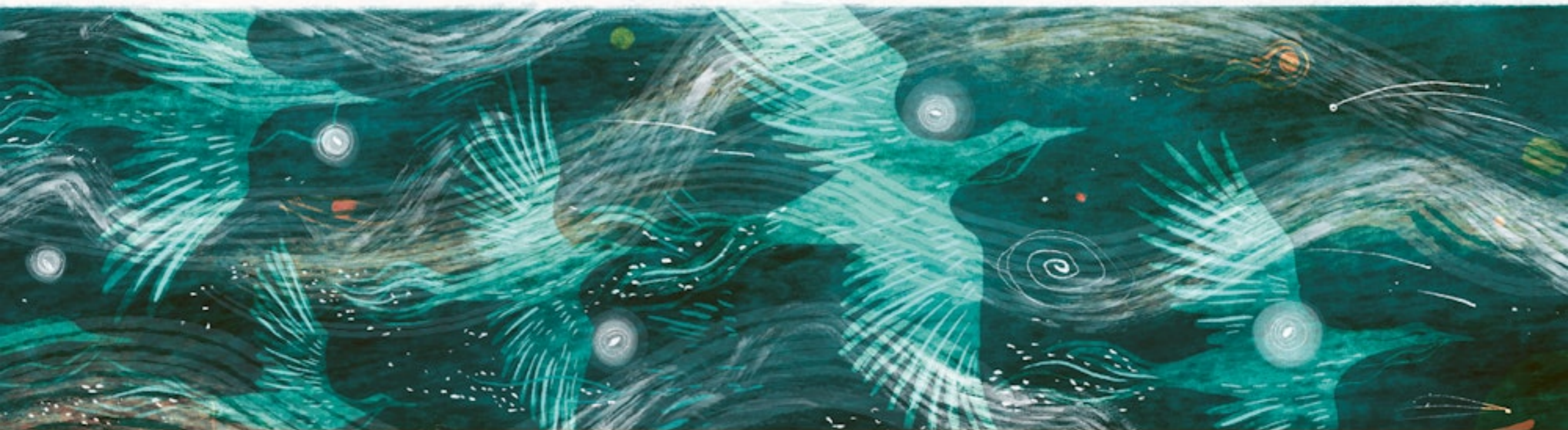
So, I bid farewell to what I knew, and twisting into the winds embrace,






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.



The illustration depicts a vast, swirling vortex of teal and green, resembling a nebula or a deep ocean current. A bright, glowing crescent moon is positioned in the upper left, its light reflecting off the swirling patterns. The background is a dark, starry space. The text is integrated into the scene, with some lines following the curve of the vortex and others floating in the upper right. The overall mood is ethereal and mysterious.

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.

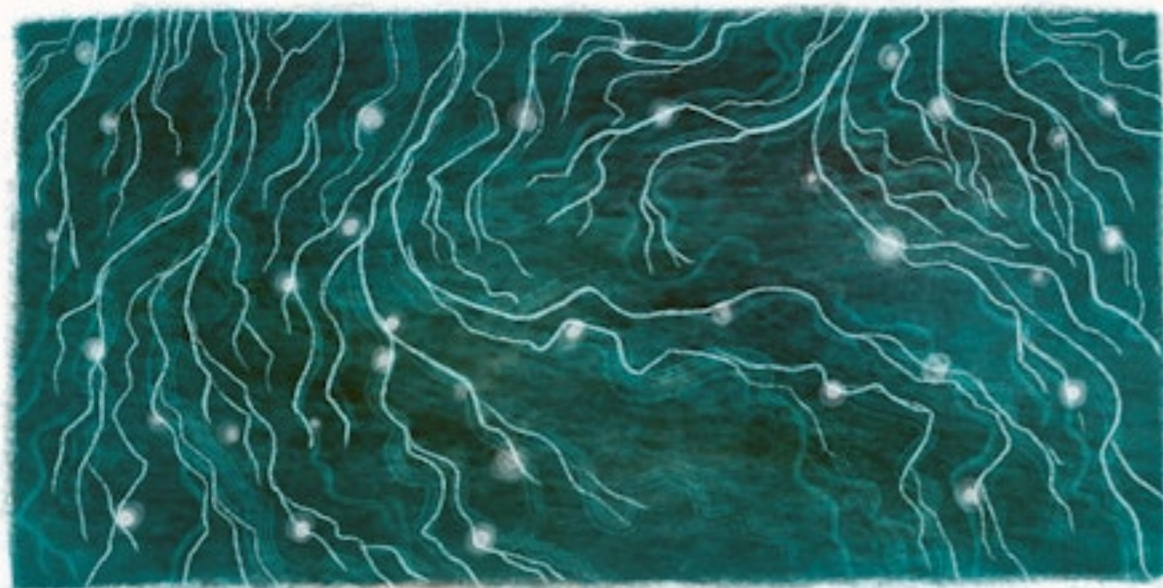
Before me stretched a vast expanse of shimmering translucence,

its surface undulating like a dream.

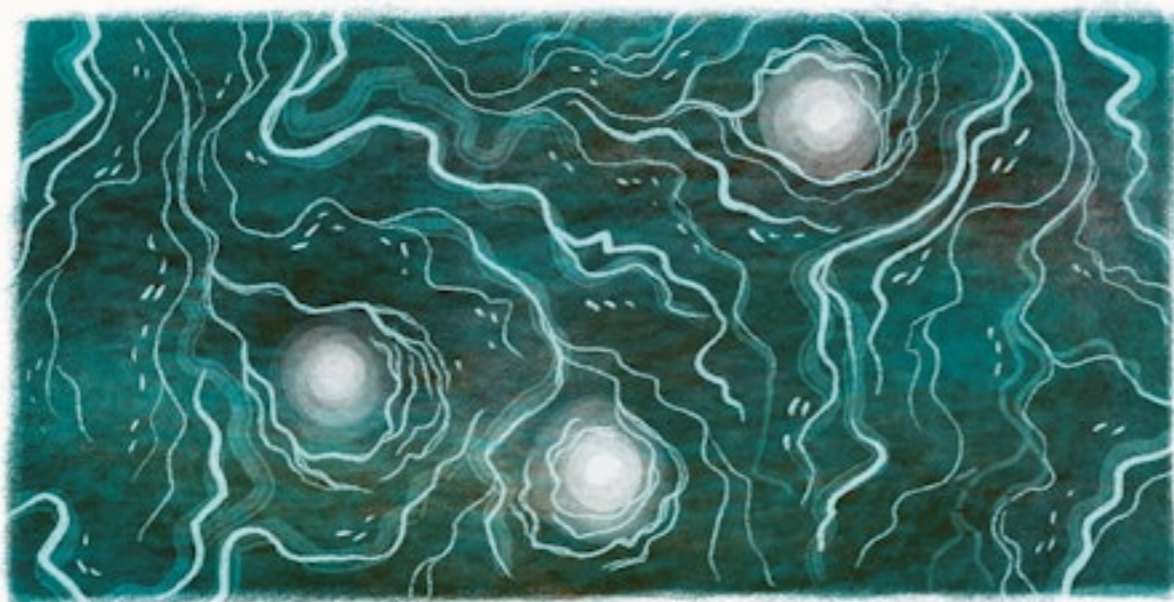
Above, a faint glimmer hung suspended. It had no scent, no taste.

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

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.



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

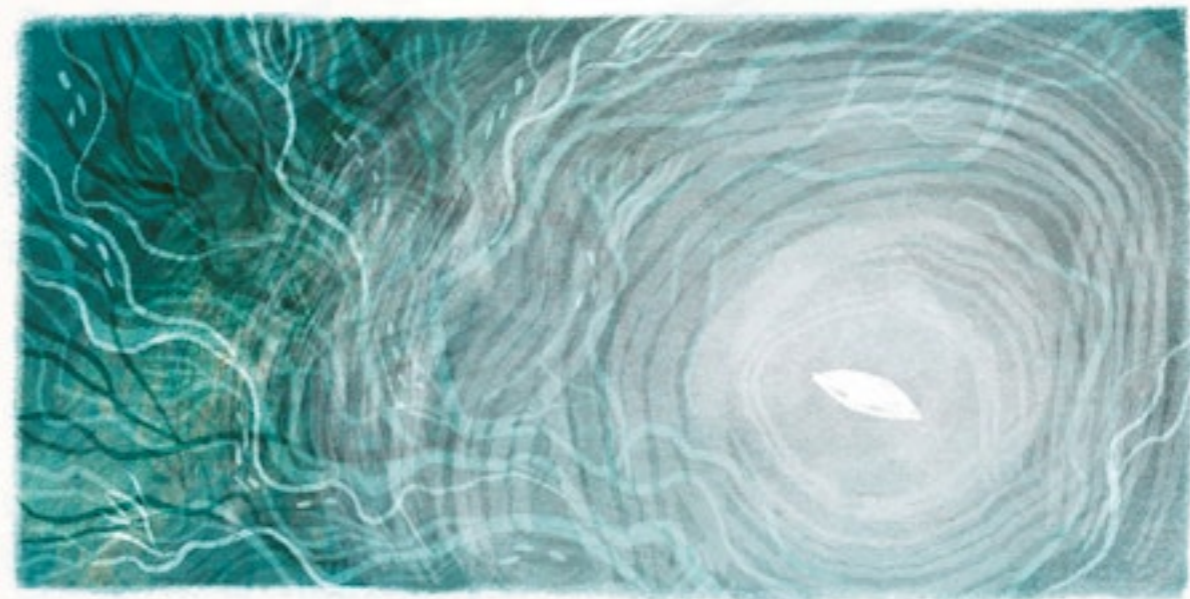


I thought hard on them, breathing life into each one within the quiet depths of my being.



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 untold melody.



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



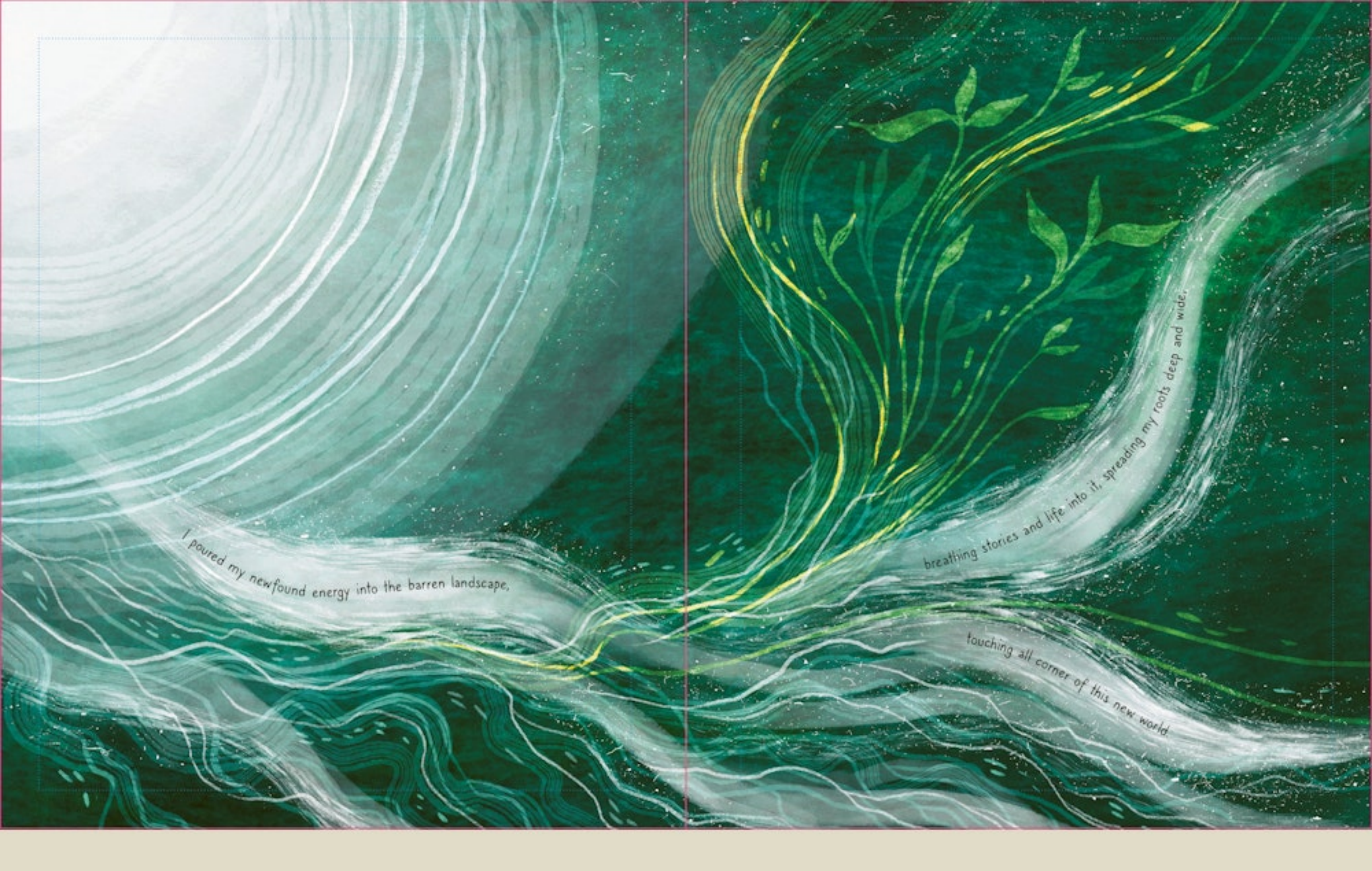
I stretched, I reached, I grew.

Chapter 2

- Sapling -

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.





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.



I climbed upward.



stretching myself in every direction,

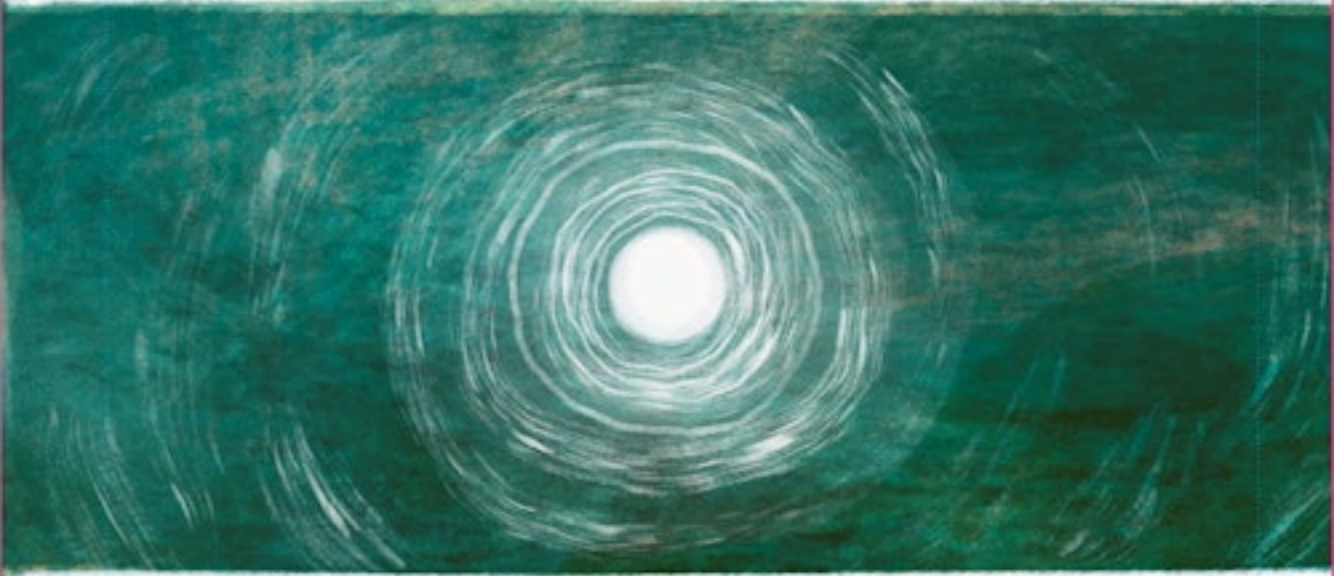


and from my own flesh I created two sky beings as companions,


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.

Chapter 3

- New growth -

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,

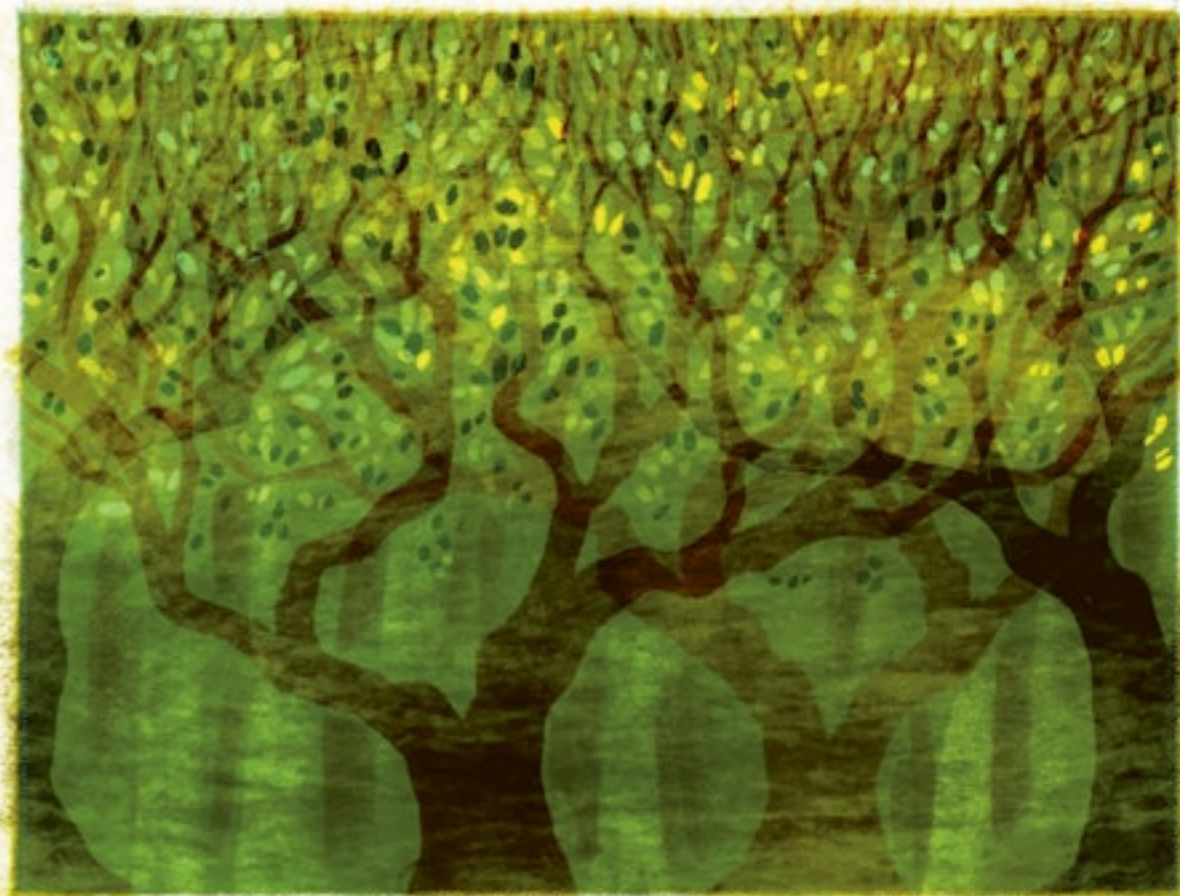


thrived in the spaces between,



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.

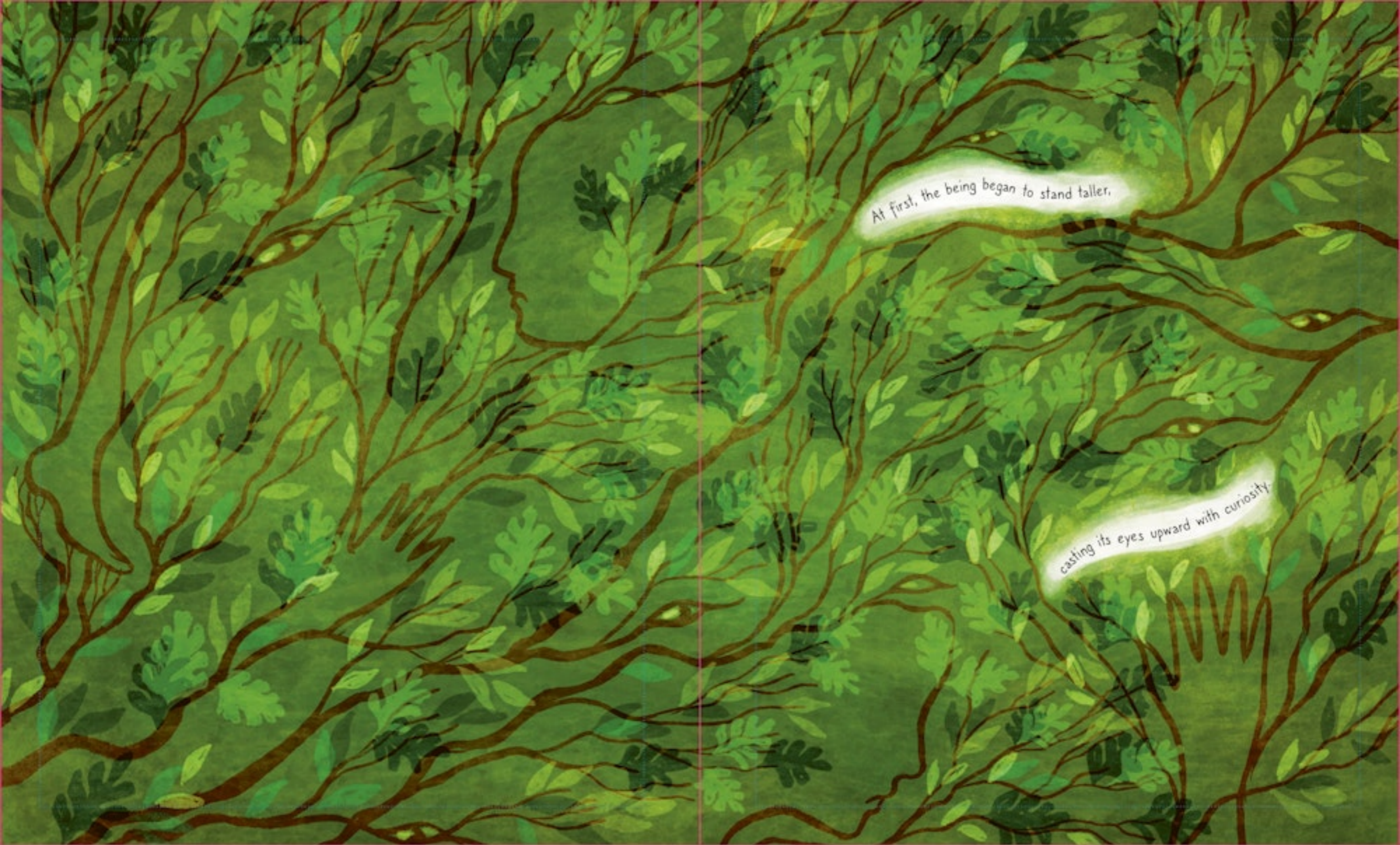


Chapter 4

– Humans –

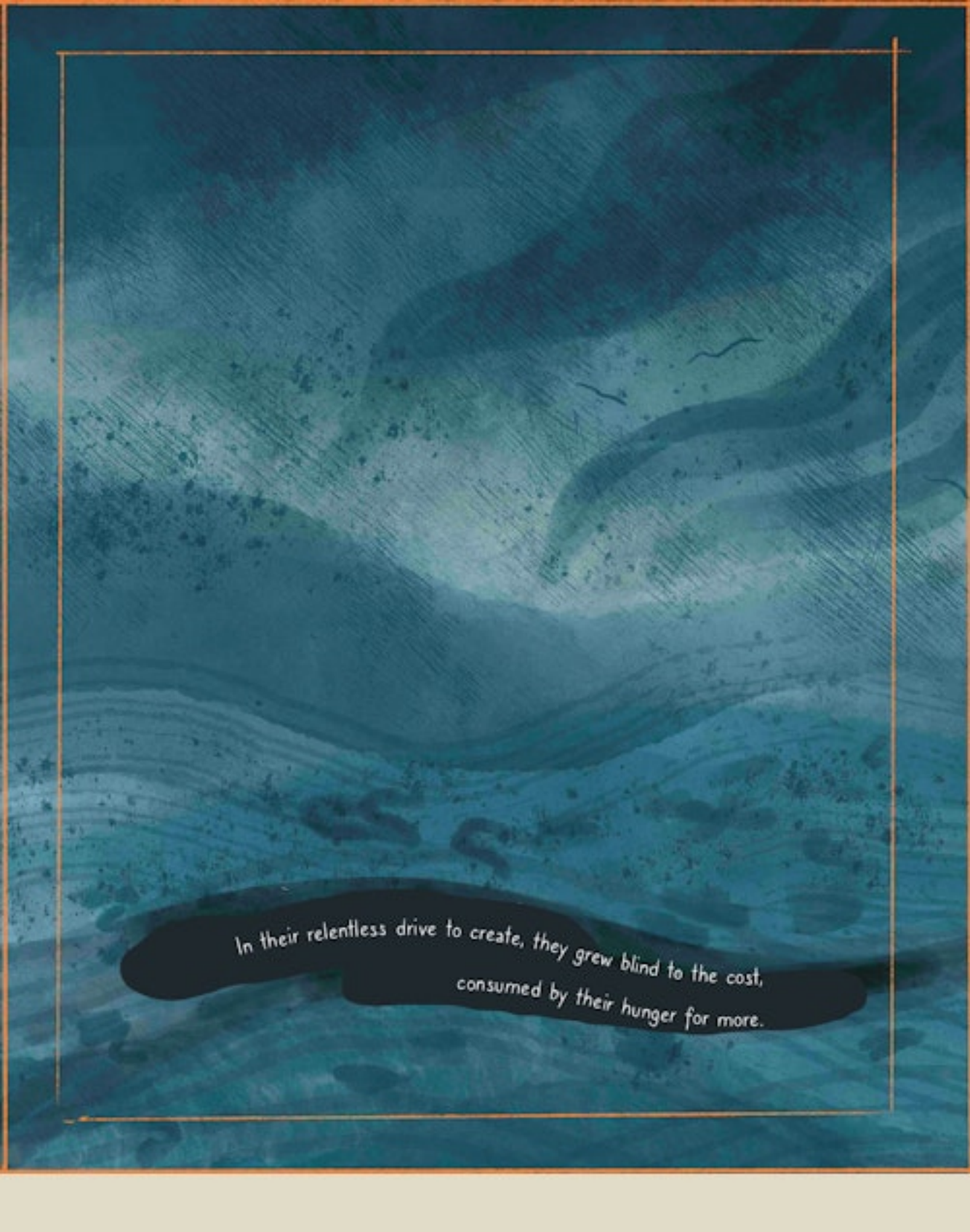
A time came when a new being emerged. The story of this creature unfolded with every step it took across the vastness of the world, with every breath, with every thought. It is a story still in the making, still evolving – a journey that continues to unfold.



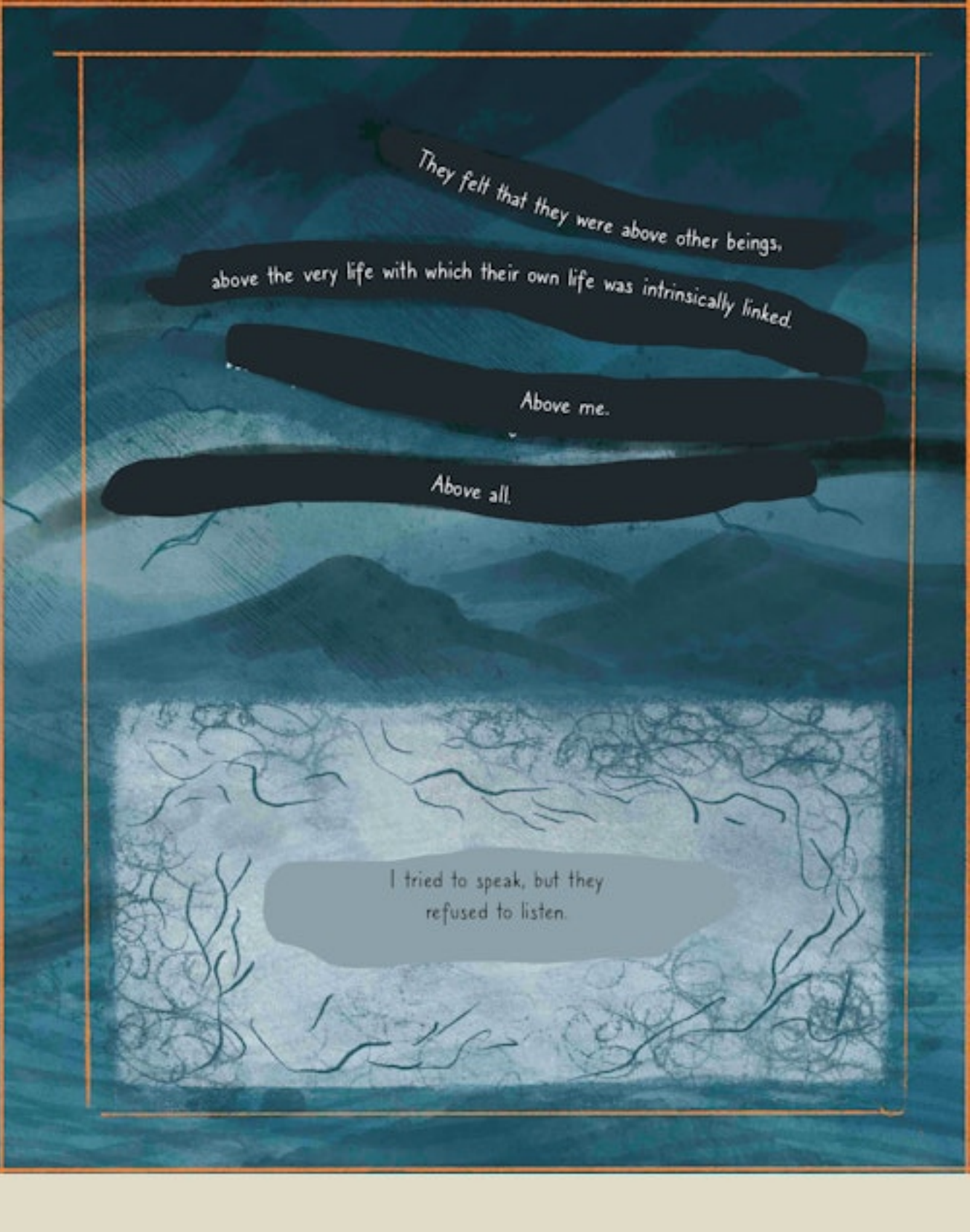


At first, the being began to stand taller,

casting its eyes upward with curiosity.




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



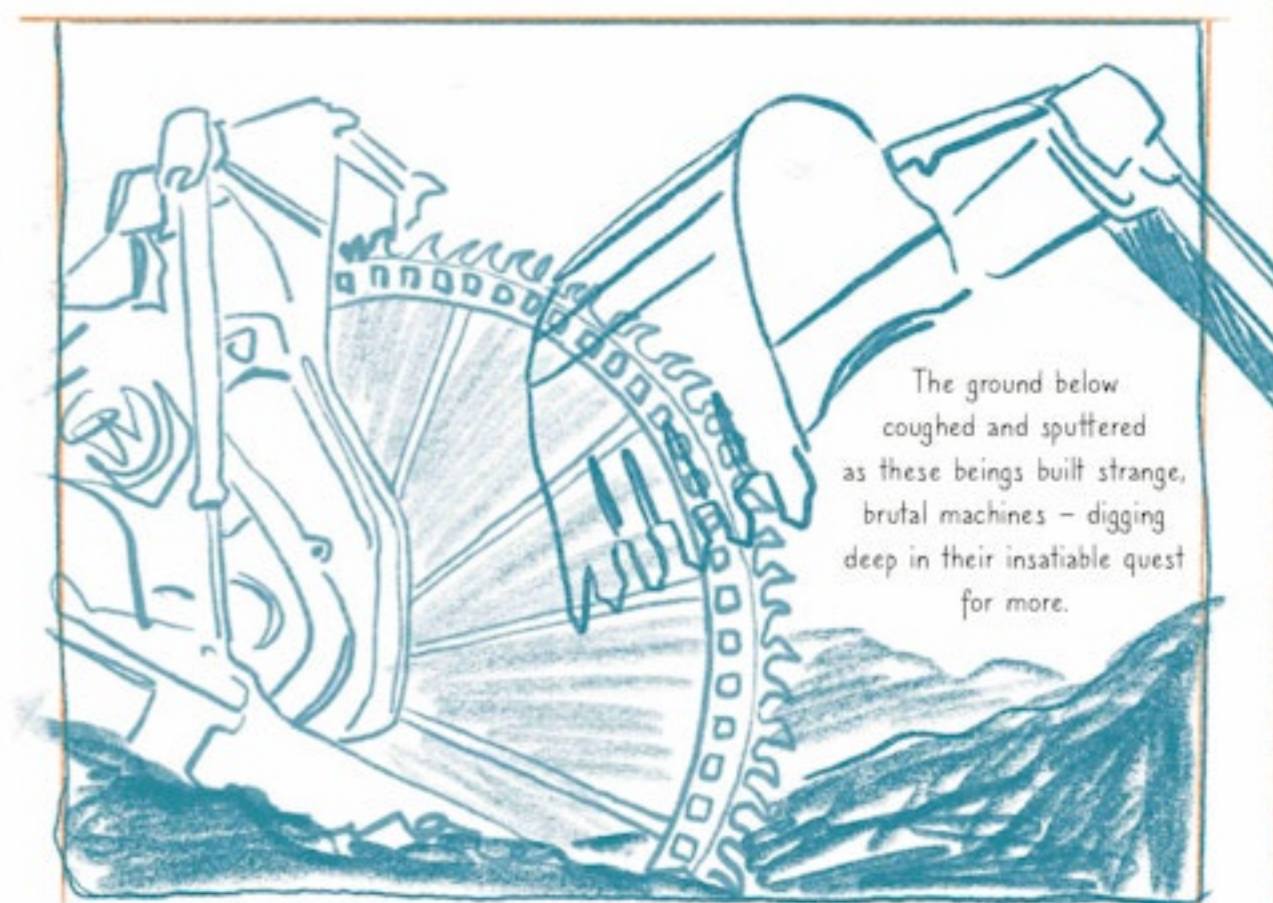
They felt that they were above other beings,
above the very life with which their own life was intrinsically linked.

Above me.

Above all.



I tried to speak, but they
refused to listen.



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



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.

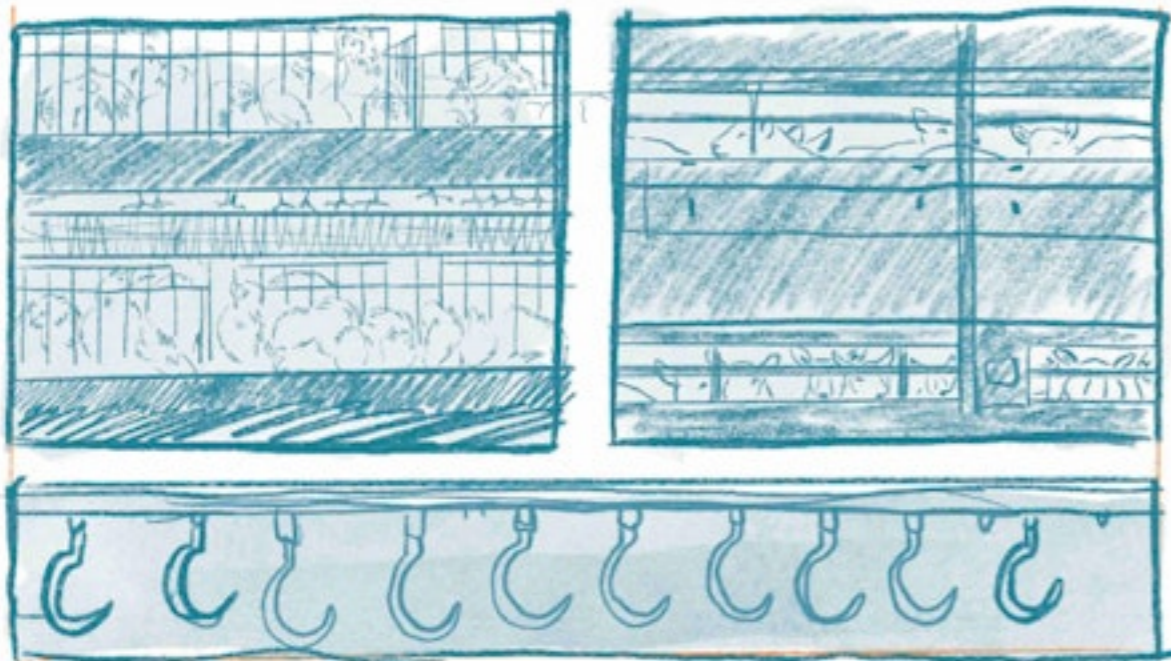
The boxes trapped them, blocking starlight and
the gentle gaze of my sky companions.



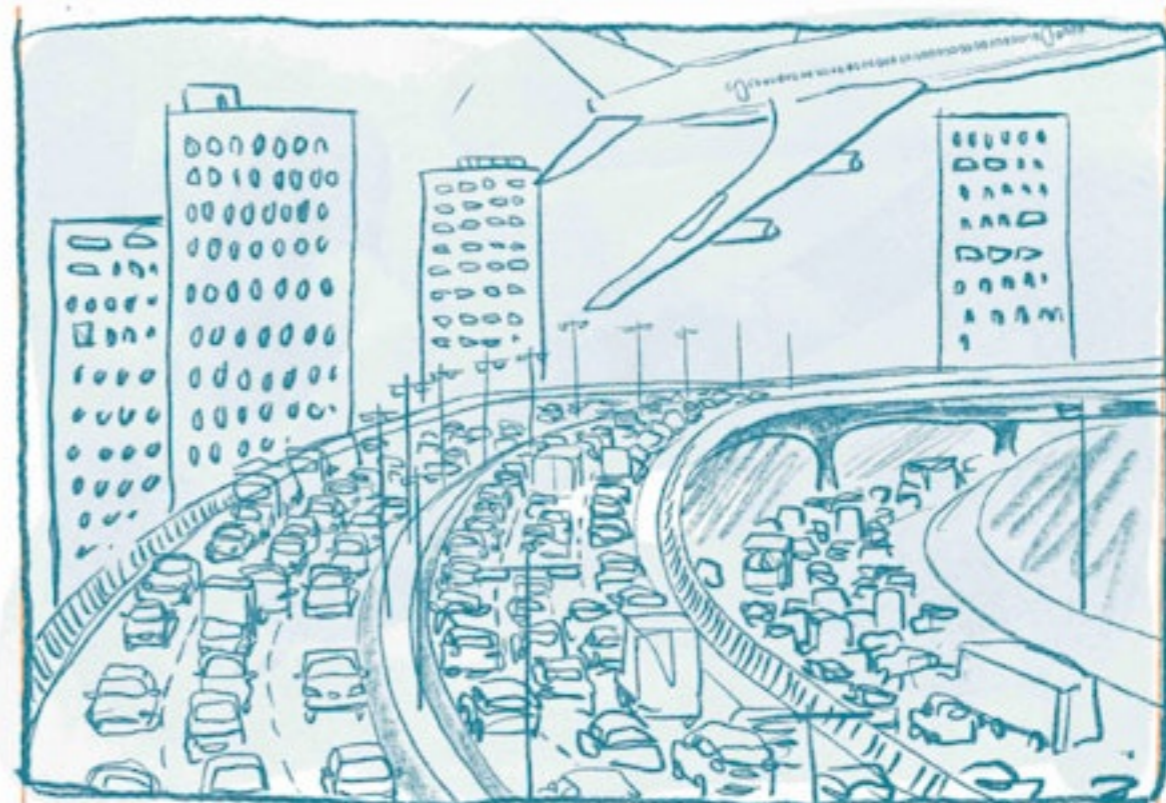
They cut away the growth to bring it inside the boxes, attempting to create a false, lifeless world in the dark.



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.



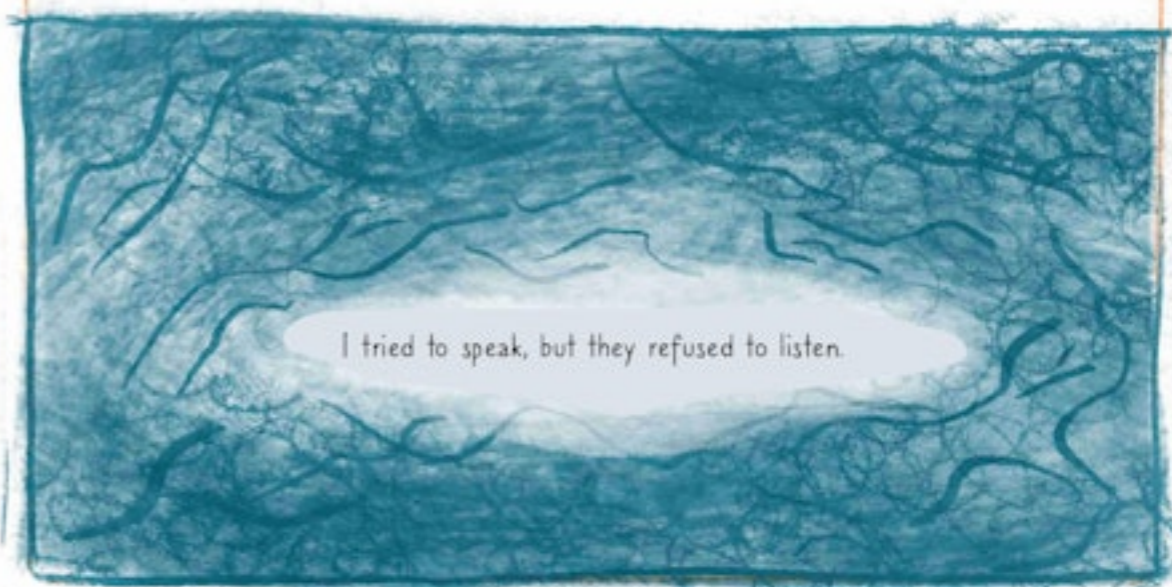
Some screamed through the air while others roared across the ground, leaving suffocating trails behind.



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.



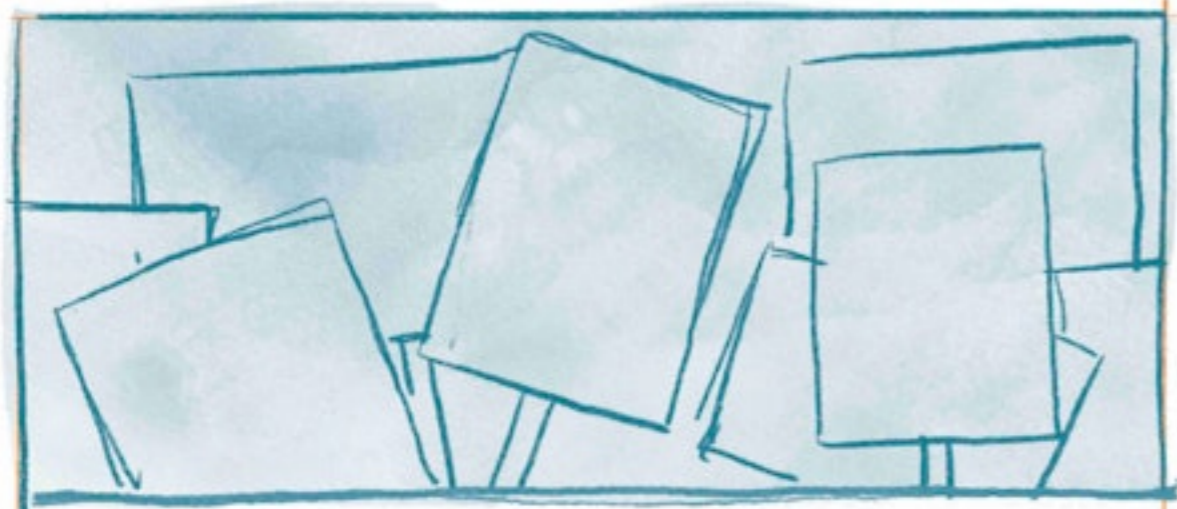
They crafted objects that could never die, drifting for eternity around our world - a sad and desperate echo of the Great Flight.

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

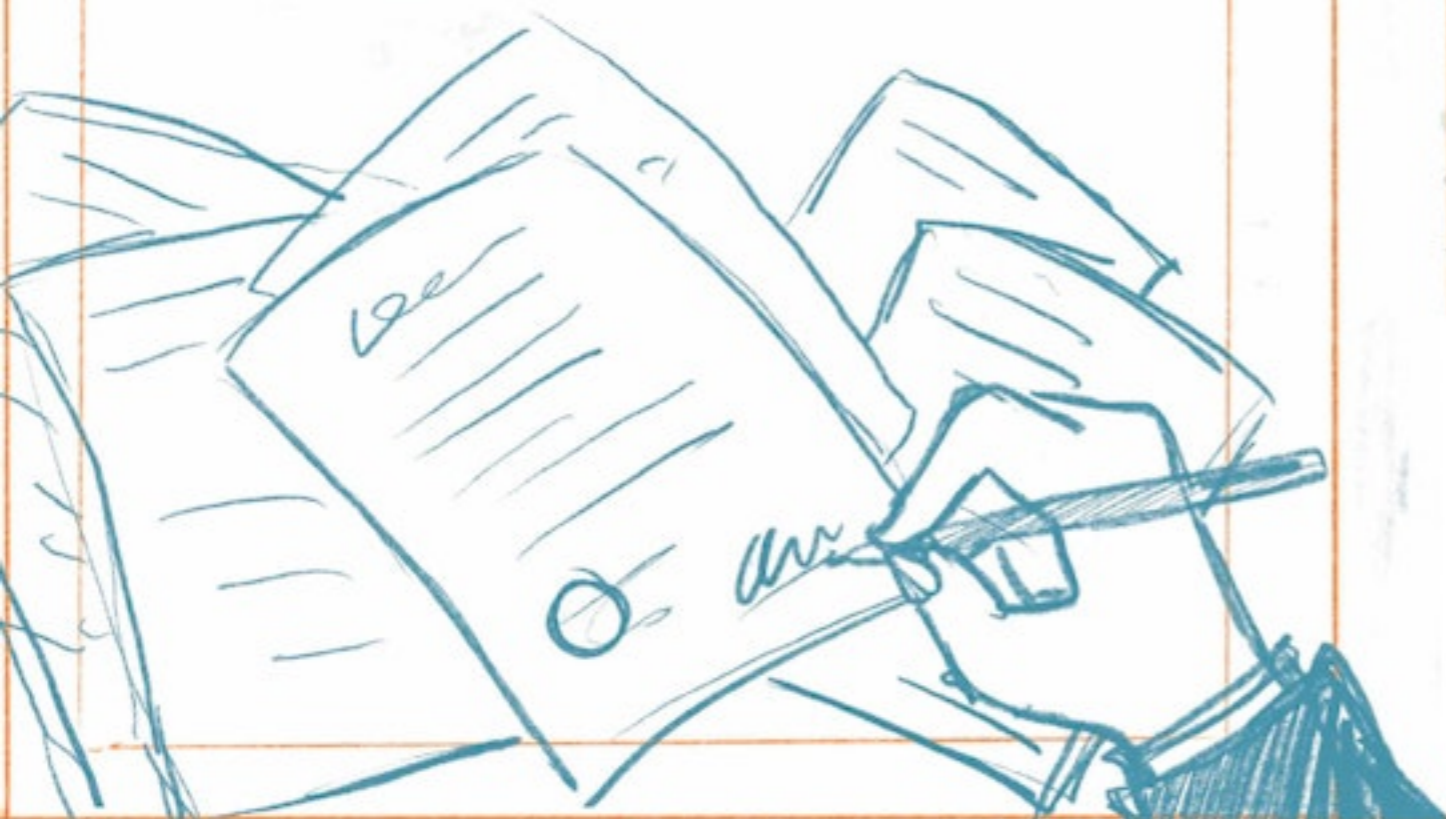


Tiny fragments seeped into the veins of living things - and of those not yet born into our world.



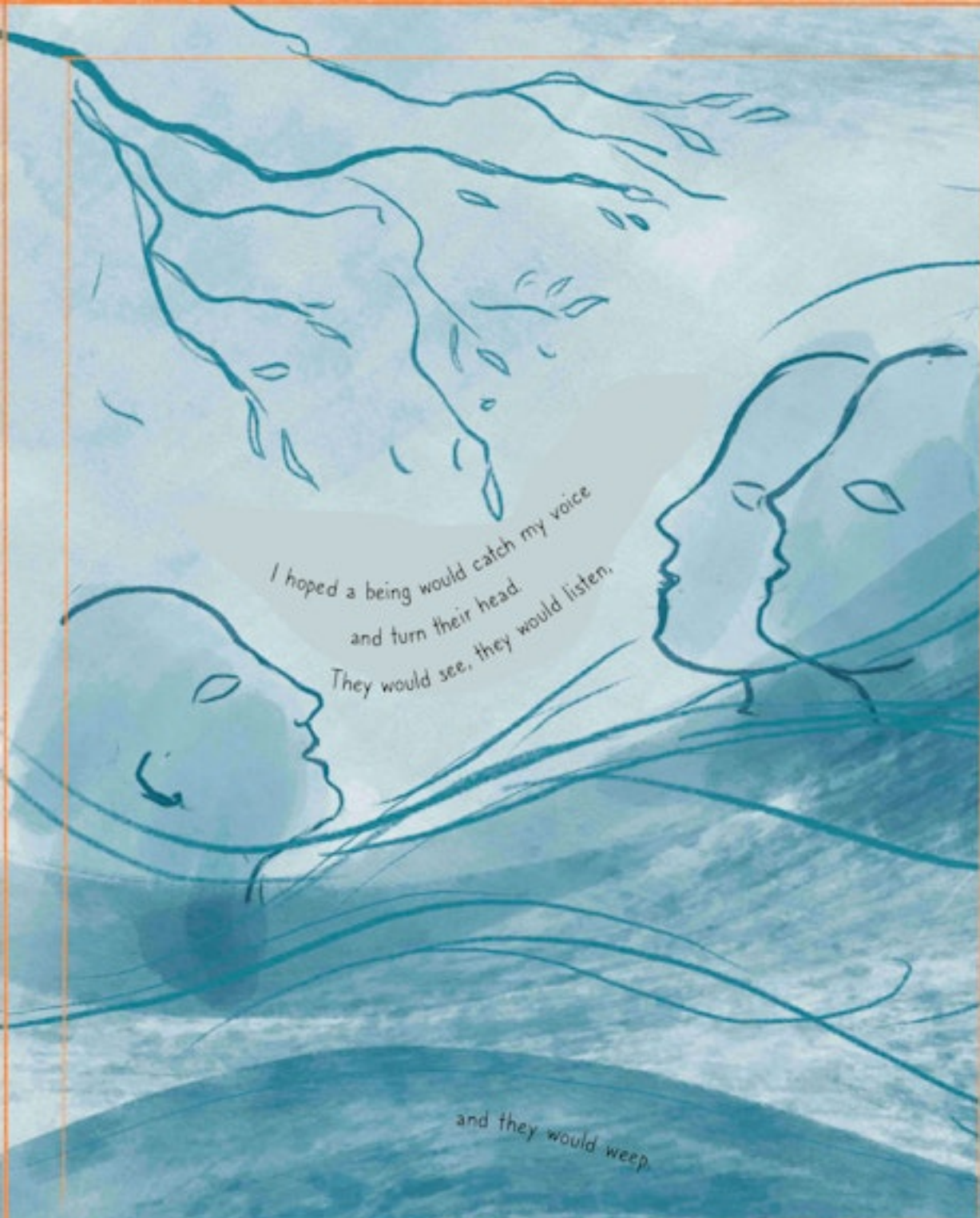


Those who appeared to lead these beings made promises – promises of help, healing, and protection.




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.

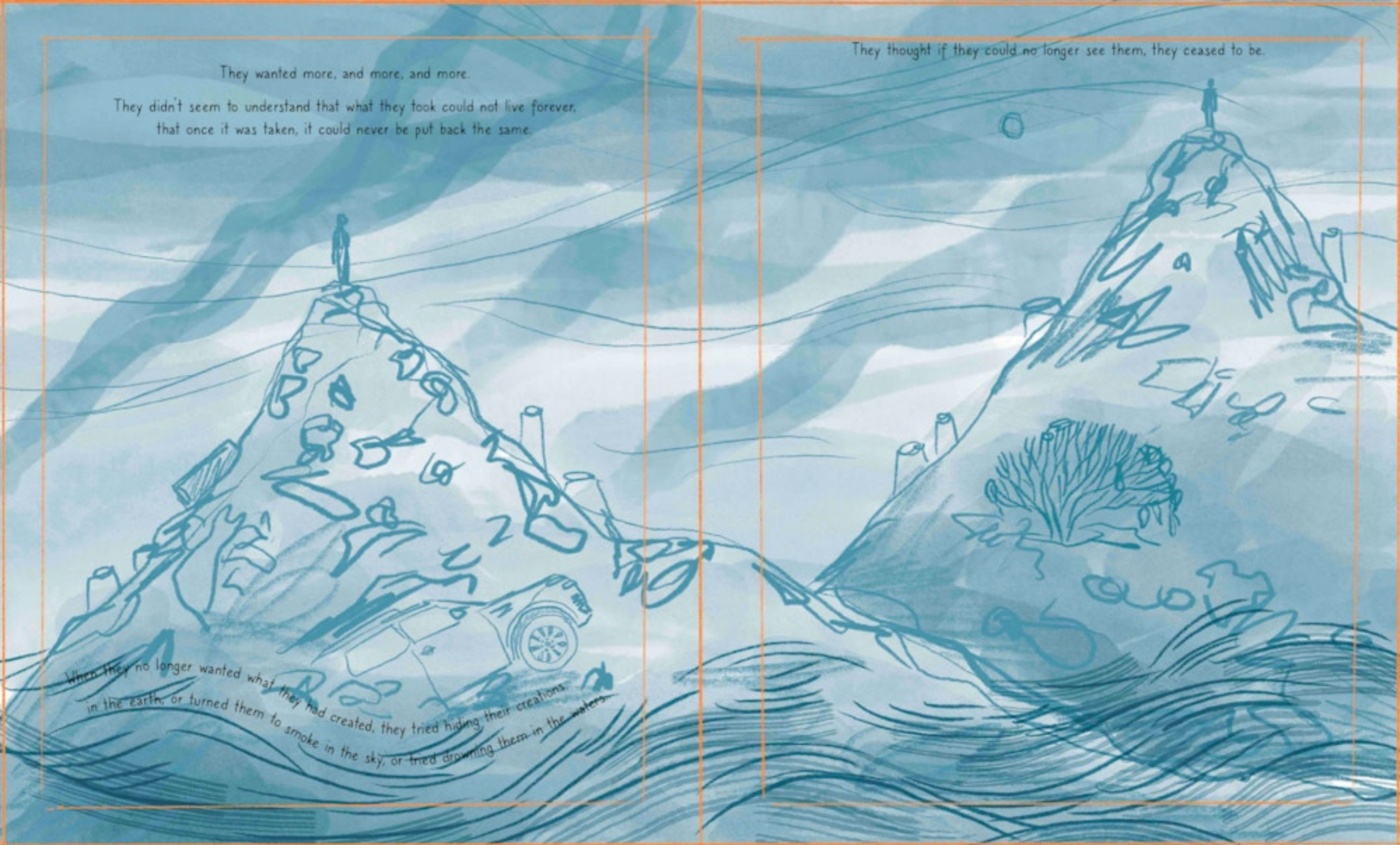
I tried to reach the others,
but they still refused to listen.

They wanted more, and more, and more.

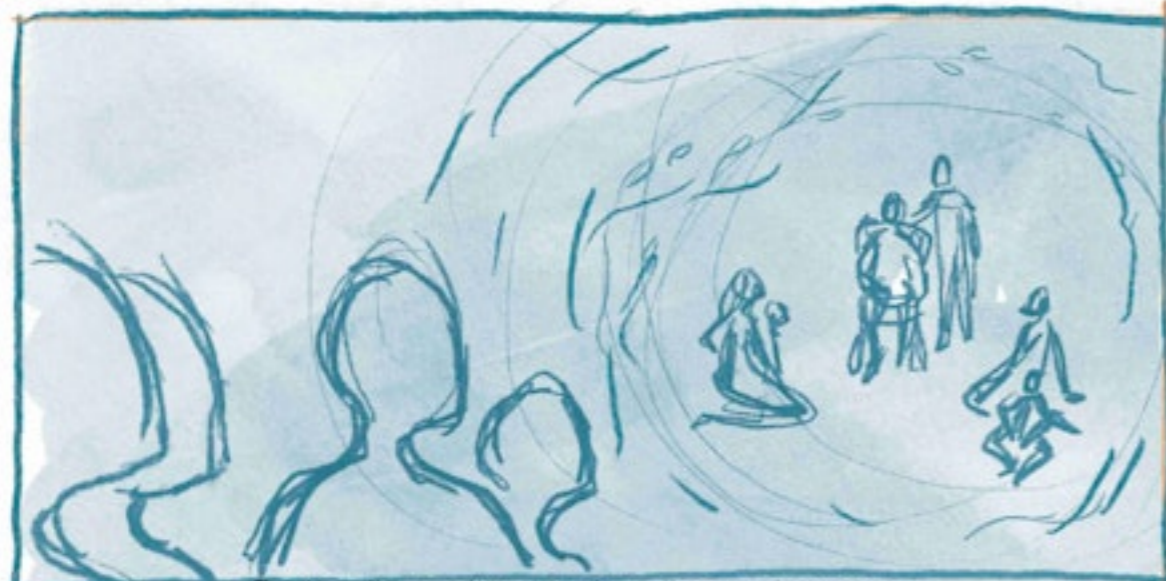
They didn't seem to understand that what they took could not live forever,
that once it was taken, it could never be put back the same.

When they no longer wanted what they had created, they tried hiding their creations
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.



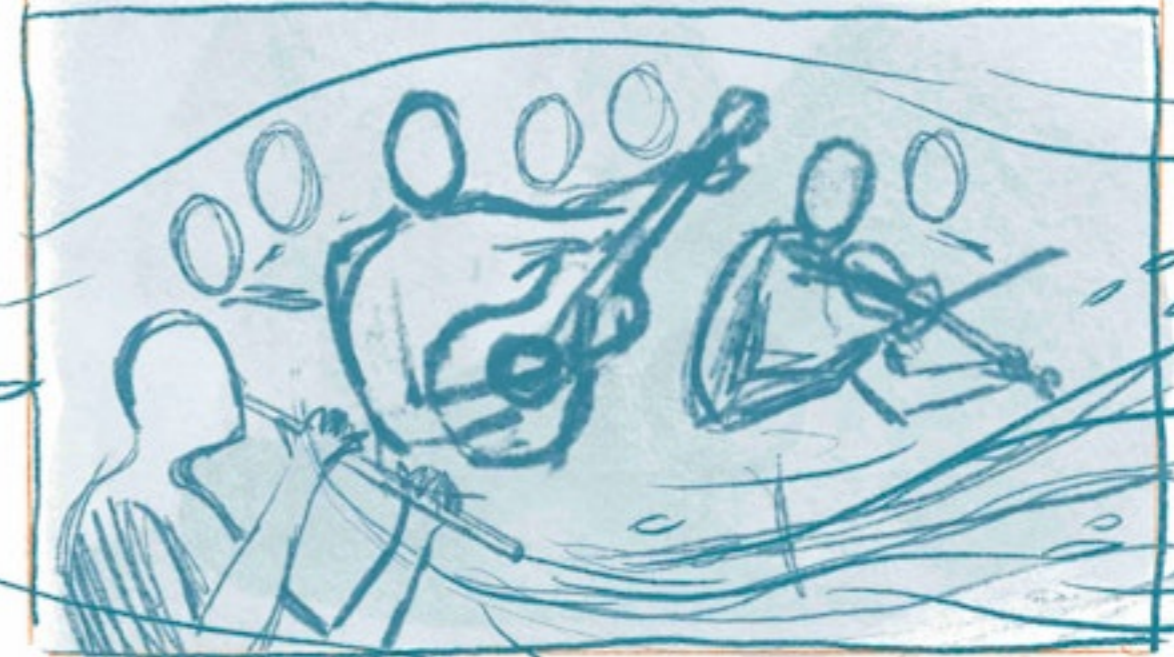
Gradually, others joined those who had already begun to listen and share again, learning from those who had always done so.



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.



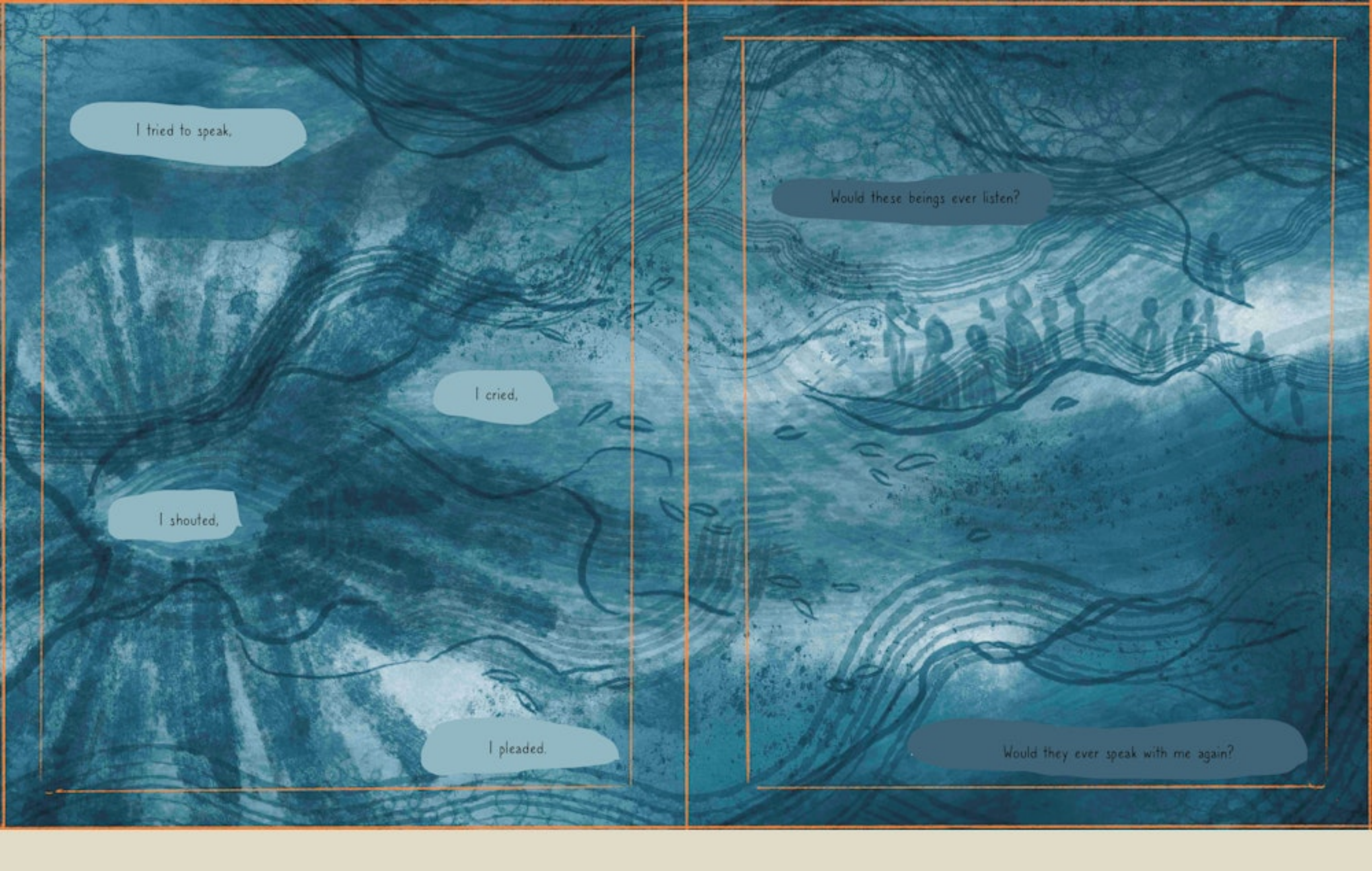
I had admired these beings for their ingenuity, their thoughts and stories, their ability to create. The potential to bring forth beauty and balance was within them.



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,

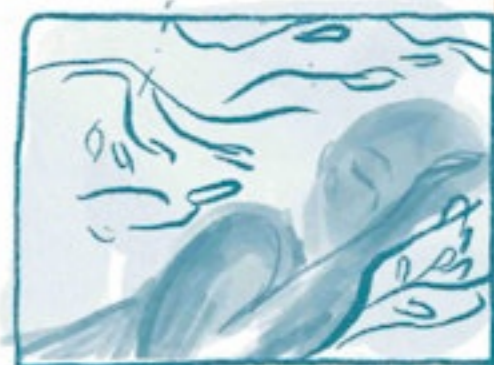
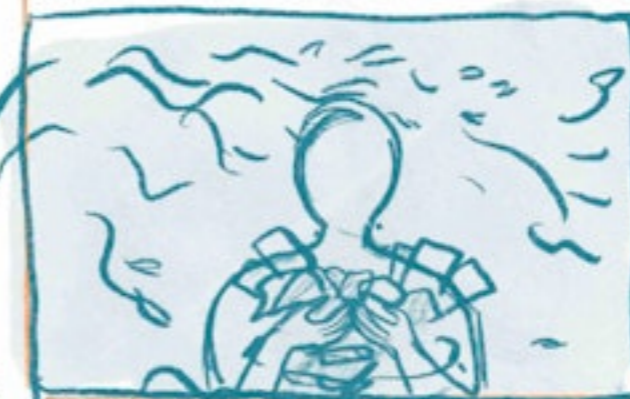


those who were listening now,



to those just beginning to listen,

to those barely awake,

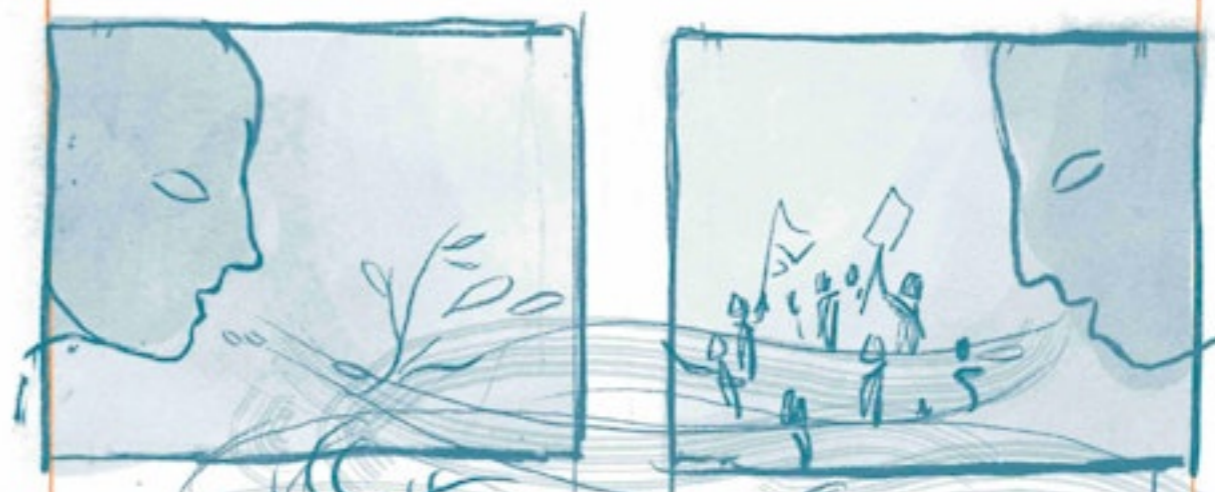


and to those still in deep sleep.

Voices of the past and present intertwined,



old growth and new embraced.



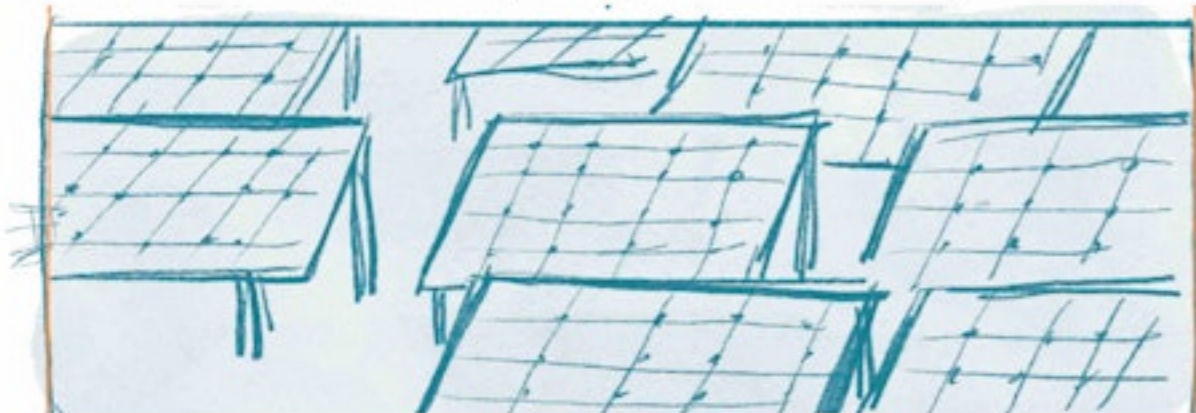
They shared new ideas, new ways
of being, blending the old with the new,
and lifting them on a tide of change.



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.



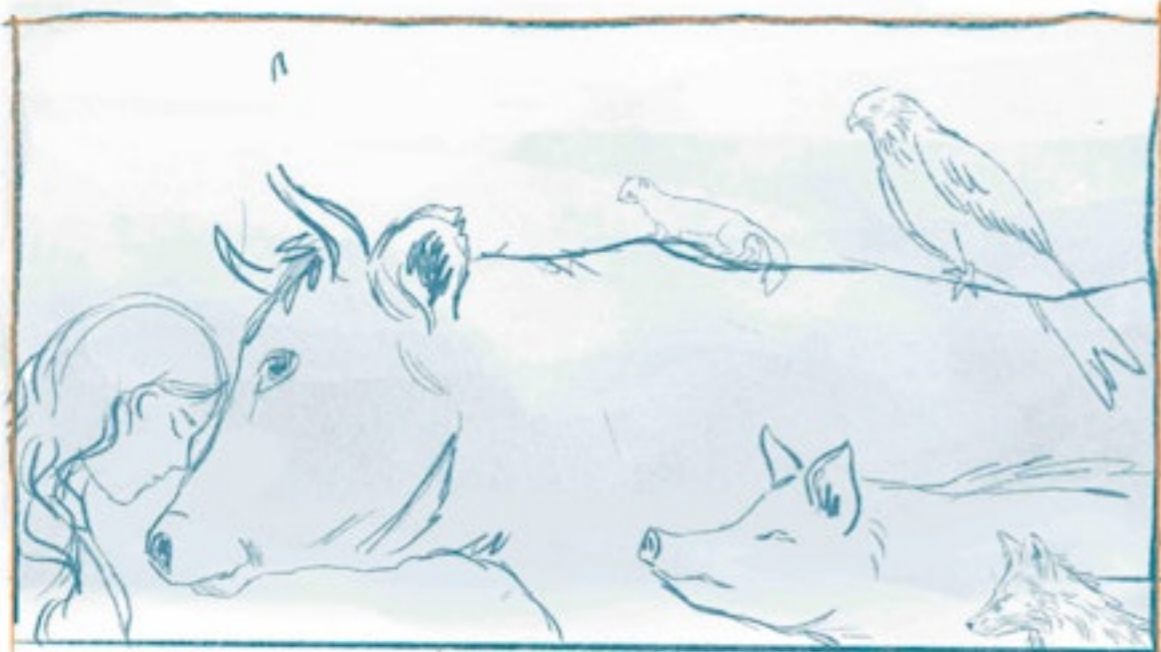
Food, straight from the earth



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,

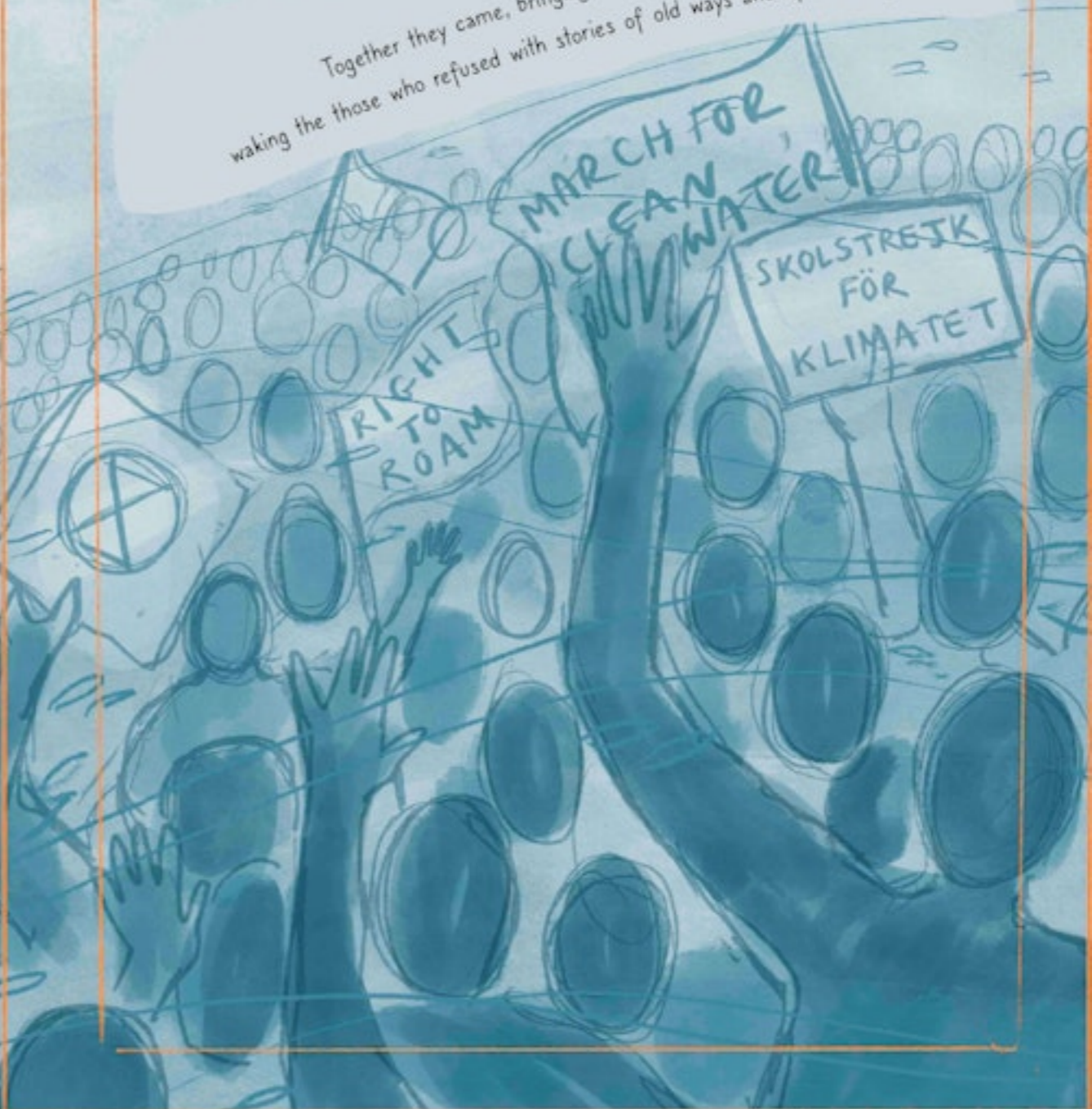


clearing land and waters of false life, using what remained for their new creations.

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.



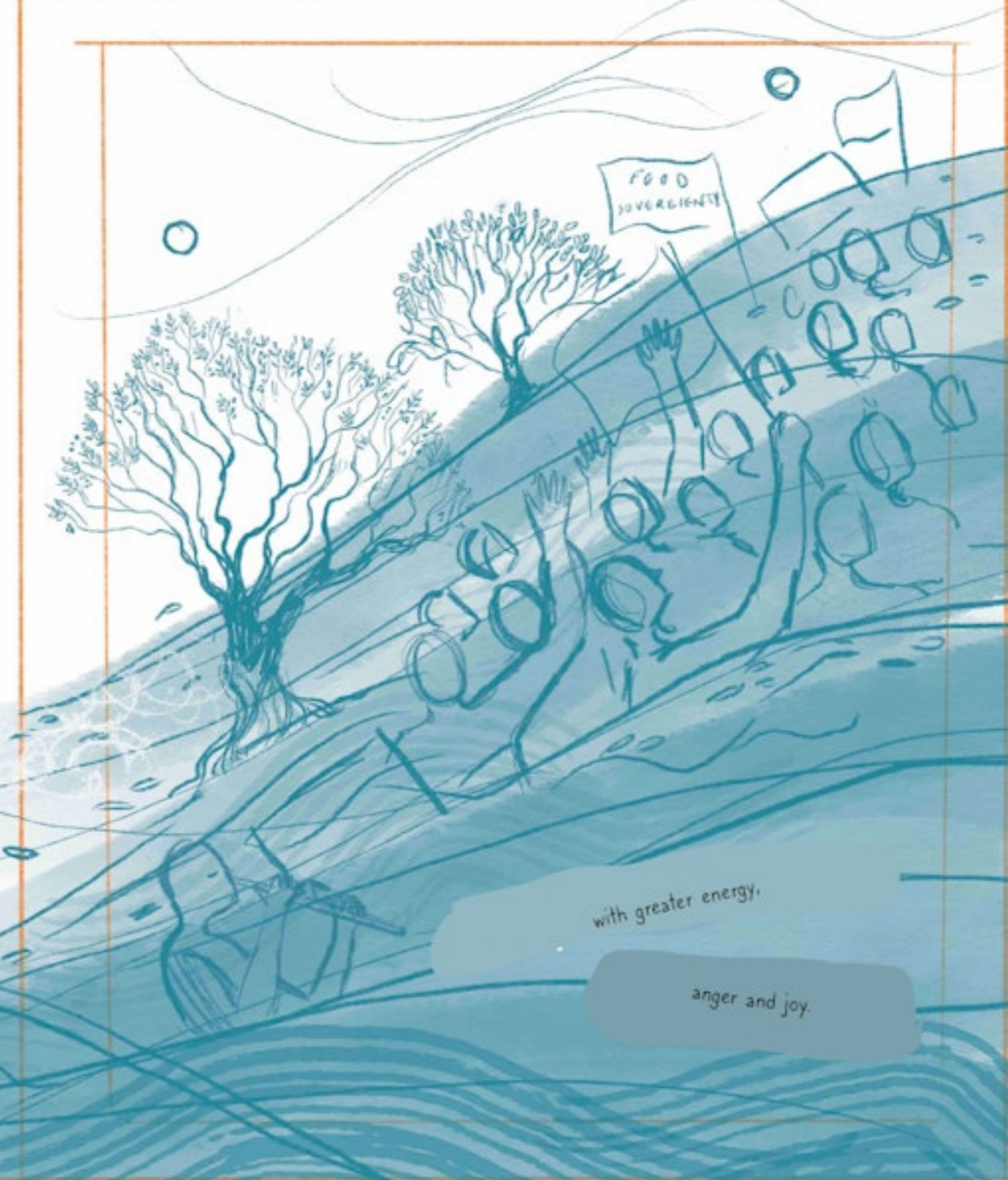
Together they came, bringing the surging tides of change,
waking the those who refused with stories of old ways and of new beginnings.





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.