

Clara's Song

Once there was an apple tree living in the wide, wide, world
And it never fell down.
And it never got struck by lightning
And it never, ever, fell down.

And it never, ever, ever fell on a person
Or a lake and it never fell on a dog in the pond.
And it never, ever, fell down.

And then the apple tree grew wide and old
And it finally fell down.
And that apple tree never, ever grew back up.

And then an apple plopped off the tree.
That apple turned into magic and it made a wizard,
Who was a good guy.
He was on the good side, so he was not on the bad side.

The wizard made a magical apple with his wand.
And then that apple made the apple tree come back.

The End.