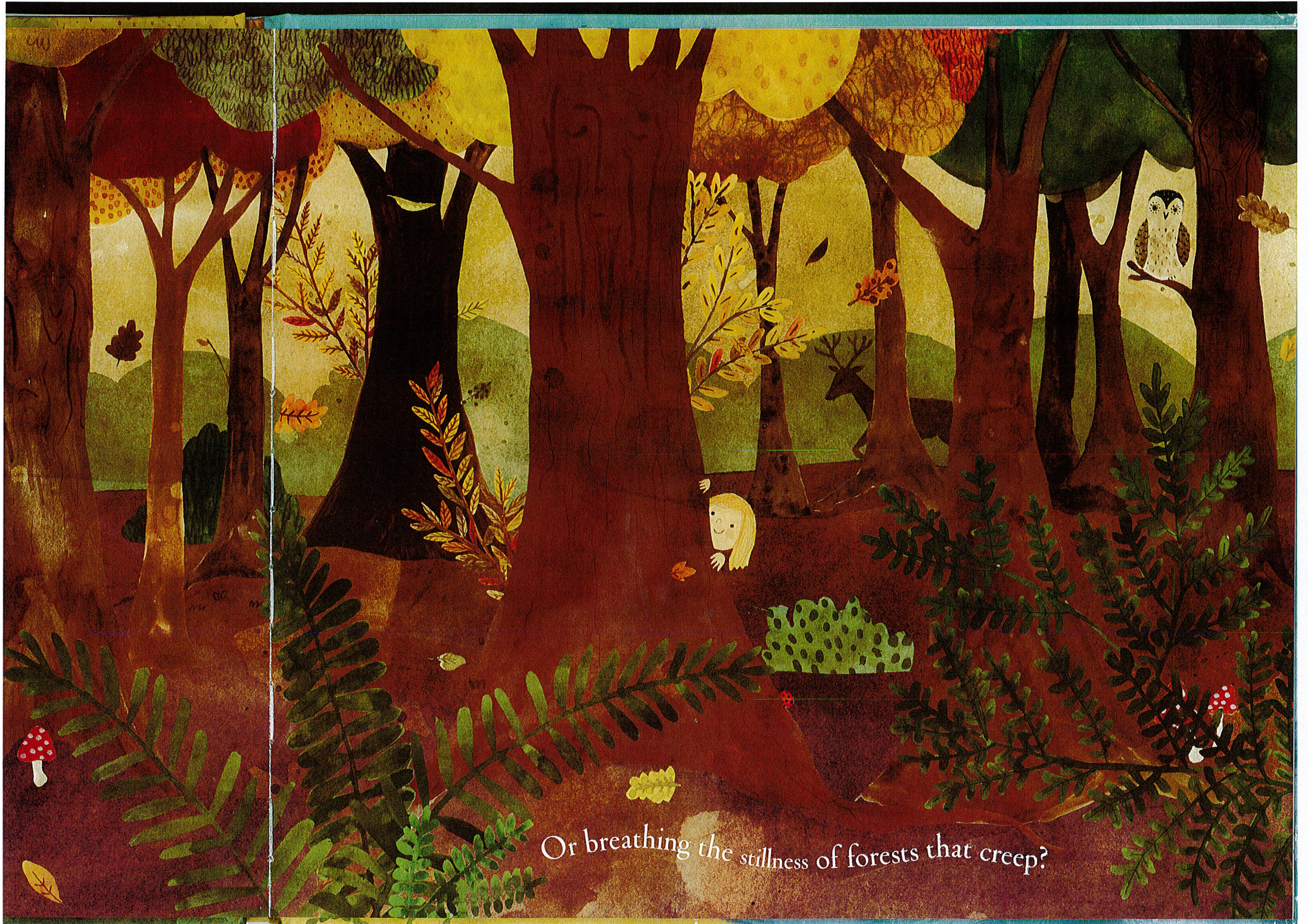




Is it tiptoeing bravely past giants asleep?



Or breathing the stillness of forests that creep?

Or digging for artefacts lost long ago,





discovering the riches buried below?

These are the moments



that twinkle

and shine.



ine.

They're tiny

and swift,



but they're yours

and they're mine.



You can reach for the grand
and the mighty, it's true.





Just remember the ordinary . . .



is
extraordinary,
too.



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