

Once there was a tree and she loved a little boy.

The little boy looked everyway for this tree. He envisioned the tree even though he never saw the tree. One day, while walking along a very steep bank he found the tree. The boy loved the tree very much.

And the tree was happy.

The boy asked, "Can I cut off your branches and put staples in your trunk so children can climb you?" "Yes," said the tree.

So the boy cut off her branches and gave her a new name, Jumping Mice.

And the tree was happy.

Children and adults would climb the tree and try to stand on top of her peace symbol shaped trunk. They would often say, "I can't," and hugged the tree when they became scared. The tree comforted them, gave them strength, and enabled them to stand on top of her.

And the tree was happy.

The tree liked hearing the boy tell the story about how a Mouse became an Eagle. Many Eagles took their first flight from her perch.

And the tree was happy.

Years passed. Hundreds of people of all ages learned to believe in themselves because of the tree. They felt like they were on top of the world when they stood on her and looked out at the horizon.

And the tree was happy.

One day, the boy came to the tree, and saw that the tree was now old and weak. The boy said, "I can no longer trust you to support others." The tree said, "Can you come and climb on my trunk and swing from my branches one last time?" So the boy did.

And so did the boy's daughter. She loved the tree too. The tree said to the girl, "Be brave. Be the first to stand on both of my limbs. It is true, I am old and weak but you can trust me." So, the girl did.

And the tree was happy.

The boy said to the tree, "Thank you for all that you have given". The tree said, "Cut me down and use what you can of me so others can still climb on what's left. So, the boy did.

And the tree was happy.