

The Tree.

8th June 1897

Today I saw a Tree. It was in the middle of the brooke and surrounded by the river. I had never seen it before but it seemed to be speaking to me. My sister, Brooke and I played by the the river all day even though it was raining

From Ellen Swan

A new village had moved to the brook. They were unusual and they had little boats on which they sailed around the river on but more than the little boats there was something else that caught my eye. Two little animals by the riverside. They always stare at my tree. They can talk too! They always seem to swim up to my tree and climb on it just like I do.

Little animals

14th June 1897

The tree is a wonderful place to climb on. Brooke and I act like all the little animals in the tree but my favourite is the little squirrel. He always looks at Brooke and I. Today Brooke and I got a go on father's canoe.

Still raining

From Ellen Swan

One of the little animals picked me up today. It was the one that keeps on staring at me. I found out from a rabbit that it is a human. A big human, bigger than the one that picked me up, called them Ellen and Brook. I wonder if one of them is named after the stream.

Sinking River

19th June 1897

We were not allowed by the river today. Father said that his men had seen a terribly big animal crawl into the water and eat some ducks. They say that because of this big creature they have to drain the river to get it out. This will be hard seeing as it is raining still. I just hope the tree will be okay.

From Ellen Swan

I had a terrible fright today. The crocodiles have returned to the brook. Some of the humans are frightened too. I just hope they do not go swimming, there is more bad news though. The river's water is disappearing. My tree cannot take it and is drying up.



The Squirrel
20th June 1897

I have not seen the squirrel since the animal came. I hope the little furry creature has not been eaten. That would be terrible. Though I guess father would be quiet upset because Brook and I were the ones that stopped him from eating it himself. Still raining.

From Ellen Swan

P.S

There is very little water around the tree and it does not look like the animals nor plants like it.

I am very frighten about the crocodiles. The rabbits and other squirrels and I are thinking about leaving so that beast does not eat us. Seeing as the tree cannot take being without water it can no longer be my protection. All of the water that surrounded our lovely home has gone and most likely never to be returned.

Giving up?
27th June 1897

Father says that since all of the water is gone and the animal is no where to be seen that it is not safe here and that moving on is the best option while it has stopped raining.

*I think that we should break the dam before we go to save the tree...
Father does not approve.*

From Ellen Swan

The humans are packing up their village and have been leaving the brook that they destroyed. The other squirrels and I were wandering along where the water used to run to find a dam like the beavers make. We have a new plan...

Broken Dam
5th July 1897

I do not know how but the dam broke today and water came rushing through the brook. Unfortunately the river was flowing so fast that it has knocked over our main houses. I still have some good news. I saw my little squirrel friend too. He looked very pleased with himself. Raining yet again.

From Ellen Swan

The water is flowing once again but this is terribly bad and terribly good. The bad news is that the humans houses are falling into the river and the crocodiles are more likely to return. The good news is that the tree is still standing and better than ever. One thing that does worry me is that the river is deeper than I remember.

My last Swim
9th July 1897

Father has decided that it is too dangerous for us live here and that we are moving tomorrow at dawn. He said that Brook and I can have our last swim soon. Well I best go and say my good byes to the animals

From Ellen Swan

The humans are moving yet again. I guess they have done enough damage here so they are going to destroy another valley. I am quiet sad to see the two little humans leave though.

Her last Breath
10th June 1897

Ellen and I's last swim did not go to plan. We swam over to the tree. The water was flowing so fast and we did not realise. We got pushed down the river. Ellen's foot got caught on a root and the water was still rising. She got dragged under. A little squirrel was watching but I think he felt helpless. I tried to save her but I was stuck myself and I could not reach her. She left us in her favourite place. Underneath the old tree. As I could not get the water out of my body I was suffocated by it.

*They named the brook and valley after us
Today still stand this old tree and watches the river that flows by. It watches the animals run along it's branches and it watches over Ellenbrook and Swanvalley.*

