

Secrets of The Trees

In the tangled roots of life

"It's roots are looking awfully frail these days" says the Lady In The Bonnet.

"Well, we've been here for ages haven't we" the Small Boy replies, poking his head through a gaping hole in the winding roots.

"Ah but I remember it like it was yesterday." The Two-headed Giant exhales, his back relaxing against the taproot. "Over 150 years have passed since that Hardy boy moved us."

"I TOLD YOU TO NEVER MENTION THAT NAME!" A roar came from the corner, from the darkness.

It was the Drunkard, immersed in the all-consuming soil. He sat on an old barrel that had somehow travelled to the inbetween-bit with him.

"Yes, we know. You saw the light... that bloody Hardy stole your afterlife... if you ever see him again... blah blah blah. We've heard it a thousand times" murmurs the Criminal from below.

The Drunkard grunts, and with a heavily sigh returns to silence.

The Small Boy hangs upside-down by his legs from one of the horizontal roots. And The Lady In The Bonnet floats closer, concerned. Not that it mattered if he fell. He was already dead. They all were.

The group of mismatched outcasts are kept here by an innocent ash, the Hardy Tree, after being exhumed to make room for an ever-expanding Kings Cross Station. It's trunk, surrounded by a cyclical cluster of gravestones, retains their memory for those who walk above.