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The next day, the tides crashed against the rocks.

A fisherman wandered past the little tree, his boots splashing puddles.

He stopped. He stared. He wondered.

He knew the ocean better than anyone: its secrets, its stories, and its gifts.

Somehow this tiny tree was so close to the ocean, yet so far away.

"Here...carry the sea with you," the fisherman said as he placed a seashell on the tree.

The tree swayed against the wind. And dance it did.

As if it had heard the fisherman.

