

# Bronze Age

It was here, long ago,  
they gathered.

To mourn

To celebrate

To wonder

To watch


To grow.

As time passed, and ancestors passed...

And you slept!







Awaking the land, so  
the families flourished

And spread.

Stretching out across the  
lands that before were  
too cold, too exposed.

Basking in my  
warmth.

Taming new  
land.

Stretching  
too, to the  
lowlands,

where drier air  
lets the earth  
breathe and crops  
grow.

Their fortune celebrated  
by craft and trinket.

Mmmm  
Whatsit



But when life has  
breathed its last,  
they return to  
gather together,

To mourn,  
where the  
ancestors  
lie still.

The world turned,  
and I awoke once  
more, Sweeping  
across field and  
forest, up hill and  
through valley.

Slowly  
churning  
the earth,

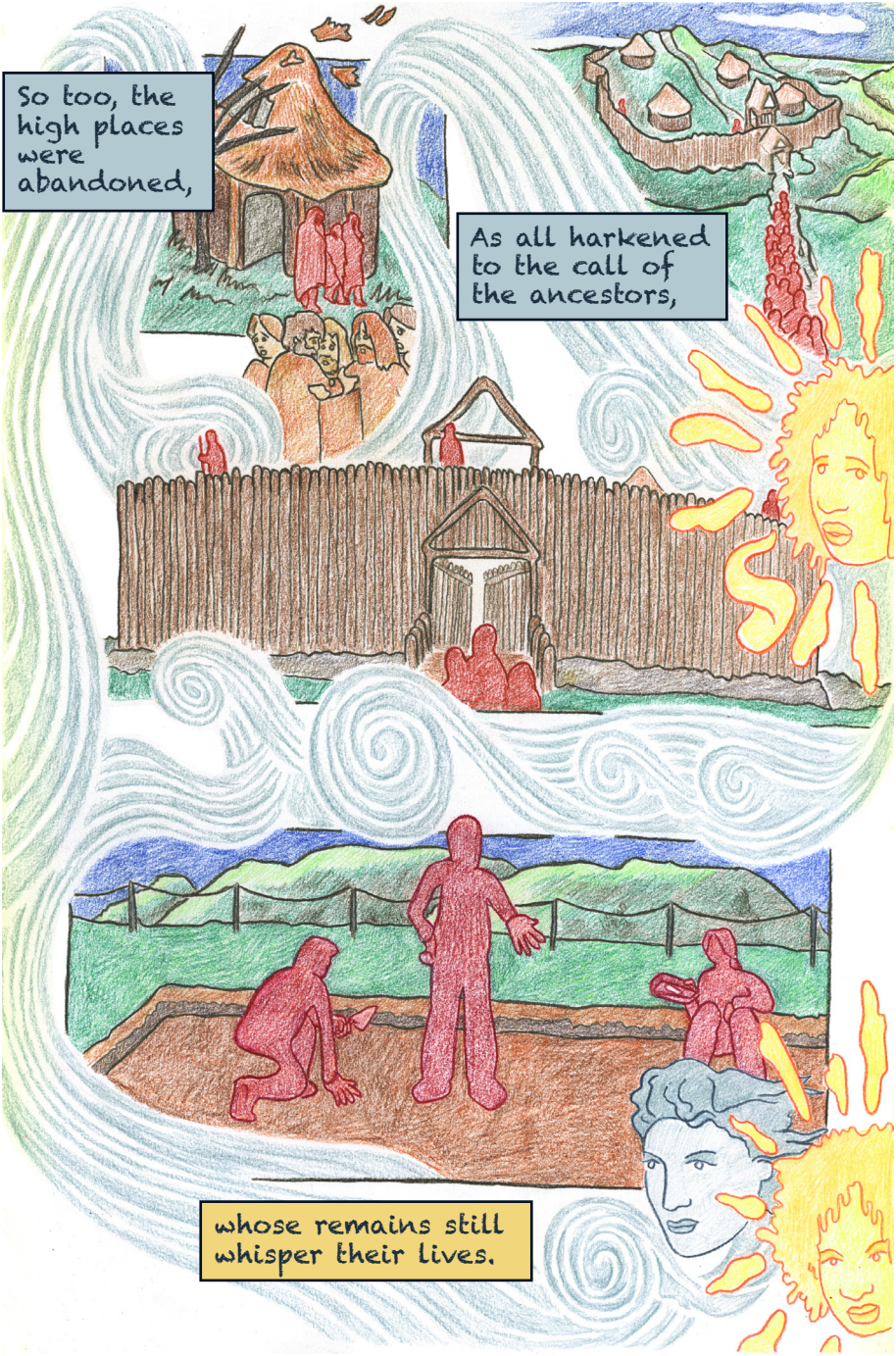
deaf to plea  
or tribute.

Till, at last it is  
enough and the  
low dwellers retreat,

leaving what they  
were swallowed by  
the bog.







So too, the  
high places  
were  
abandoned,

As all harkened  
to the call of  
the ancestors,

whose remains still  
whisper their lives.