Long ago and for ever there was once a beautiful land with a beautiful river. There were forests and fields and meadows. Wildflowers and wild fruits grew. The children sang a song like music.

In spring, the birds flew in and the bluebells bloomed. The sun shone on the trees and the flowers and the children sang. The butterflies came and the children played tag along the grassy banks. The children played all day on the shores of the river.

In the fall, the herbs filled the air with fragrances and the trees turned many colors. Staghorn sumac with velvety red berries made. It seemed they always had enough. And life went on, as always does, until one of the families decided to go to one of the many beautiful parks along the river.

In the winter, people who lived south of town took their garbage out onto a frozen lake. When spring came, the ice melted and the garbage sank to the bottom and disappeared from sight. People in the downtown left their garbage in the streets ran into the river and the river became too dirty for fish. The soil became free of poisons. Erosion would make more parks so people could enjoy the beauty of nature and the river.

It made many people cry. They put up many trees to clean up the old dumps, but they did not. They planted hills of strawberries to genie the pollution from the ground. They took away the gravel and cement banks of the river. They planted yellow and cayenne trees so the cows would drink the river's water instead of the soil because free of pollution.

The town decided that instead of more parks they would make more parks so people could enjoy the beauty of nature and the river.

The people in the town had parades. The women had parties and the children danced. They then the parents told the children that lives in the hearts of children will always come back again. And when the children of the old days live in the past, the grass and the river, they smile as they remember.