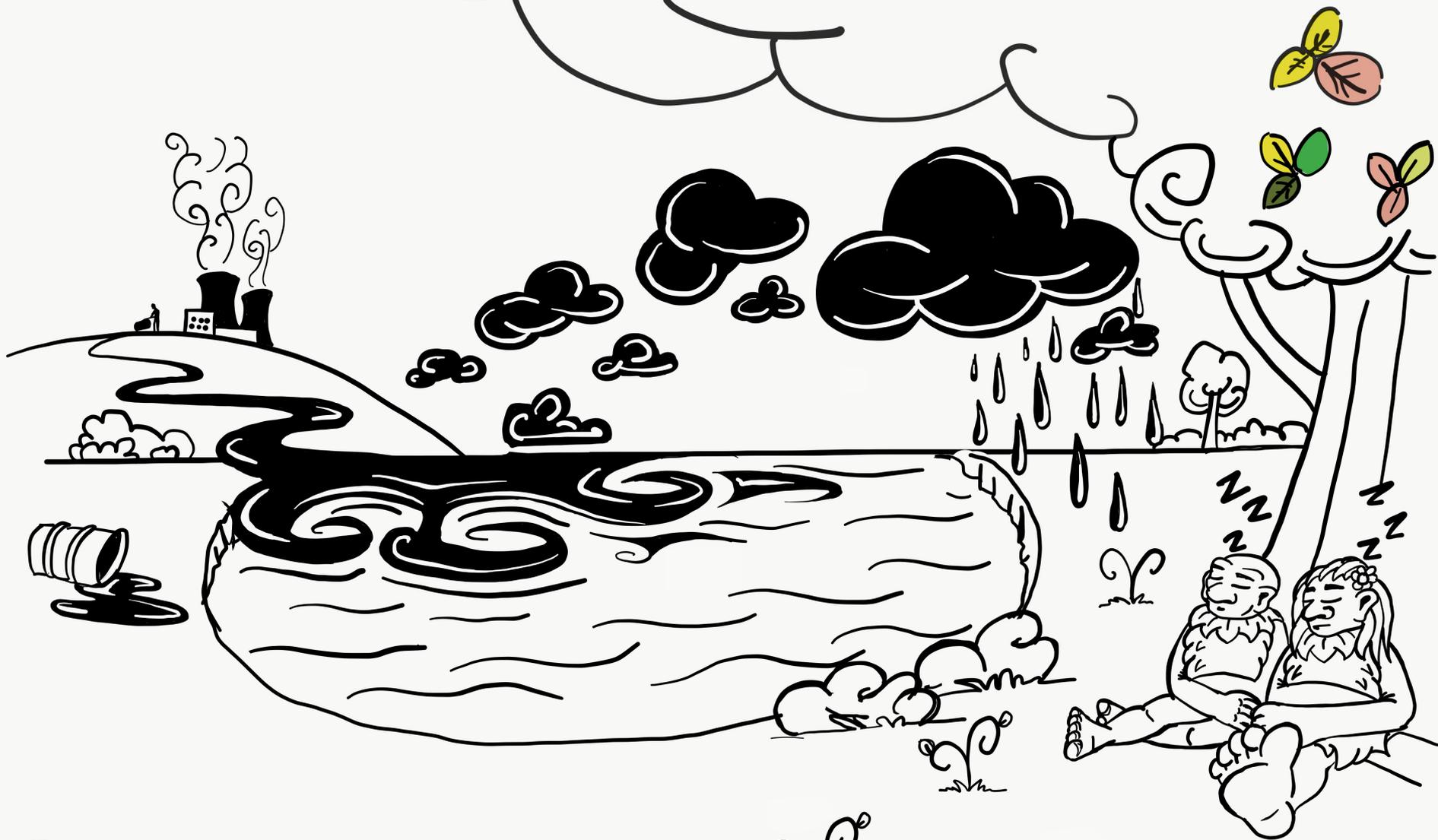


BERTA, TERJE AND THE BANYAN TREE

A TROLL TALE BY THOMAS DAMBO



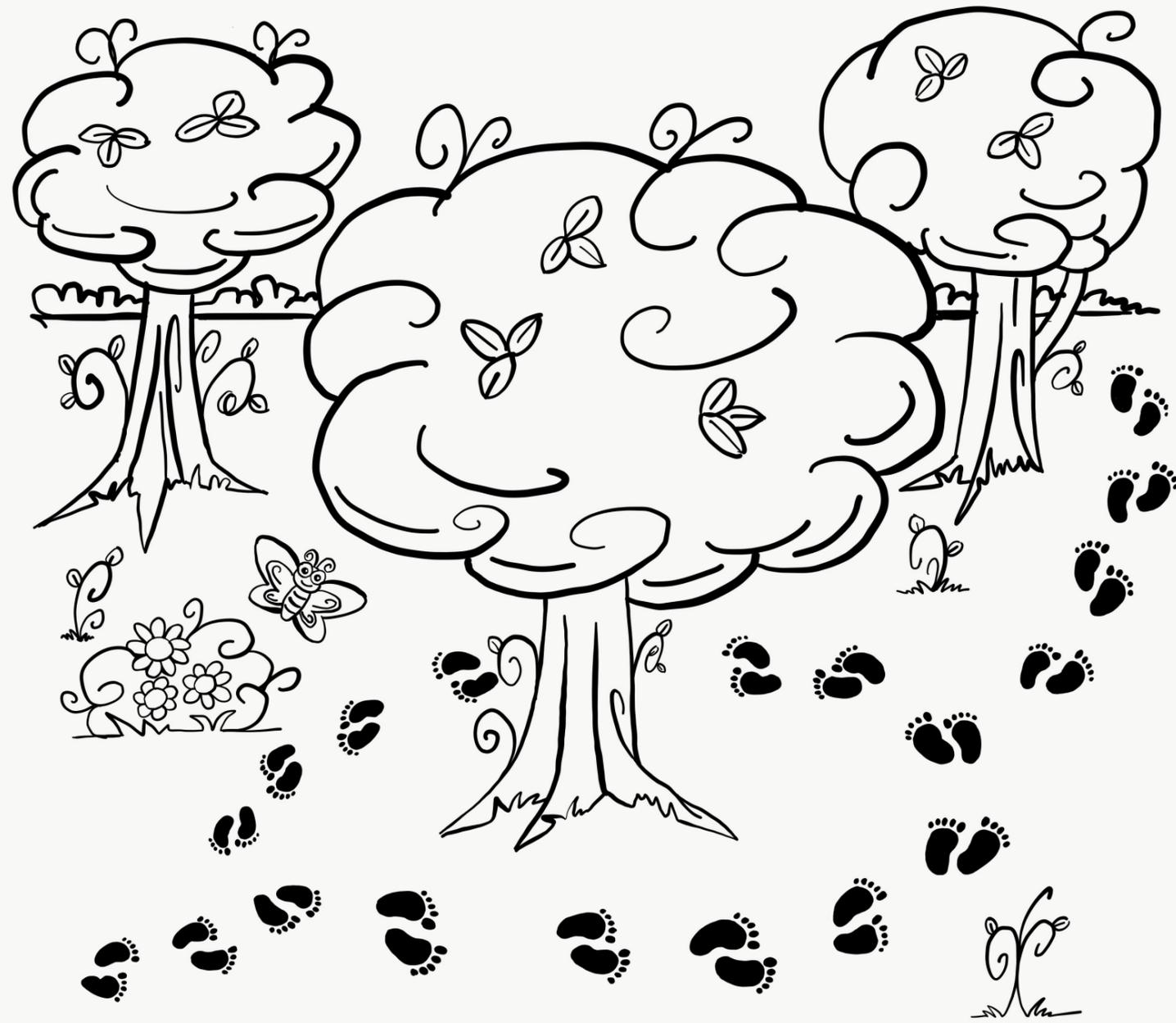
COLOR THIS BOOK.



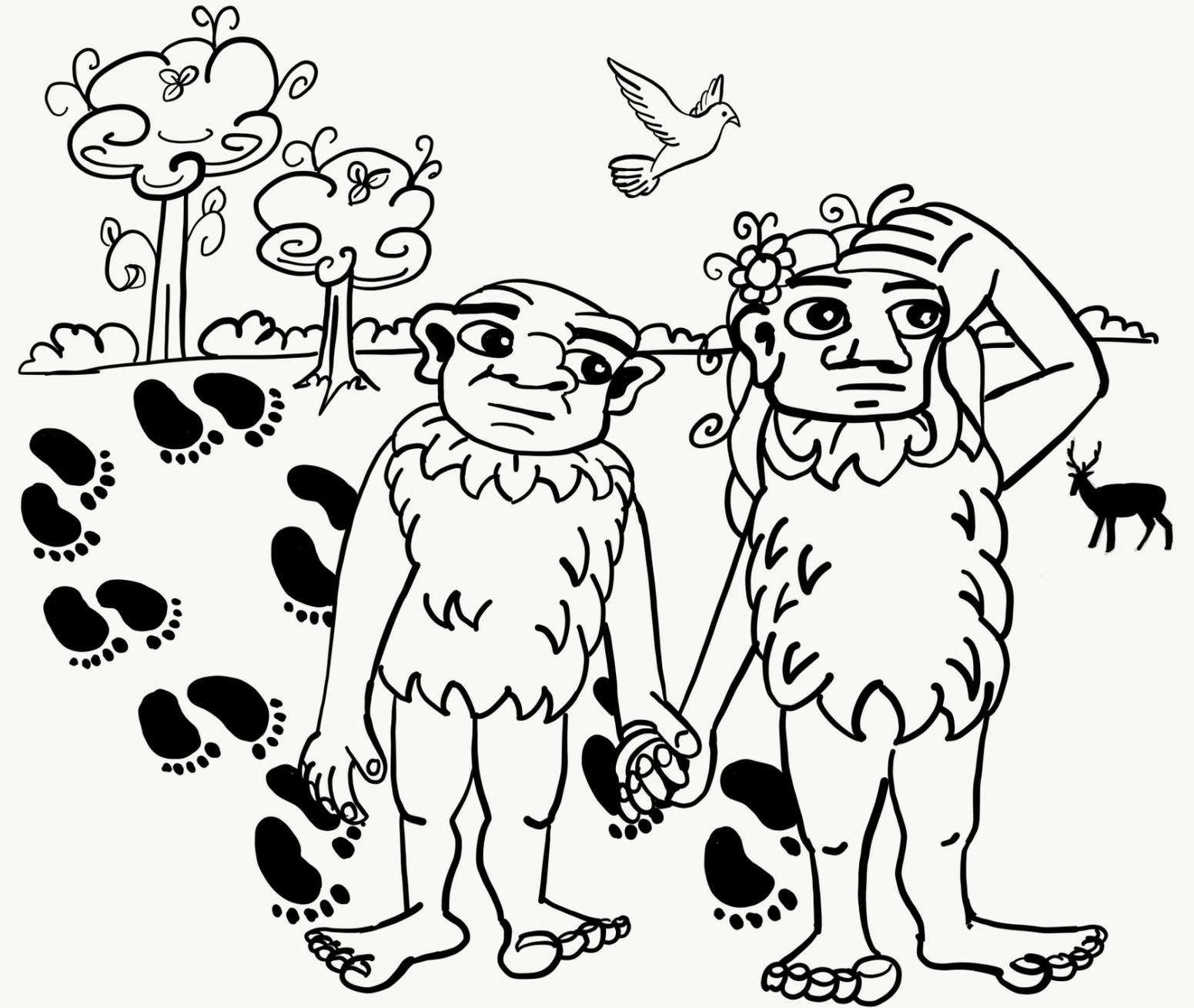


BERTA, TERJE AND THE BANYAN TREE

A TROLL TALE BY THOMAS DAMBO



Now listen up, and let this little story begin.
Two trolls in a forest walked around in a ring.



The one was the sister, and the other was her brother,
they couldn't find their way, and they couldn't find their mother.

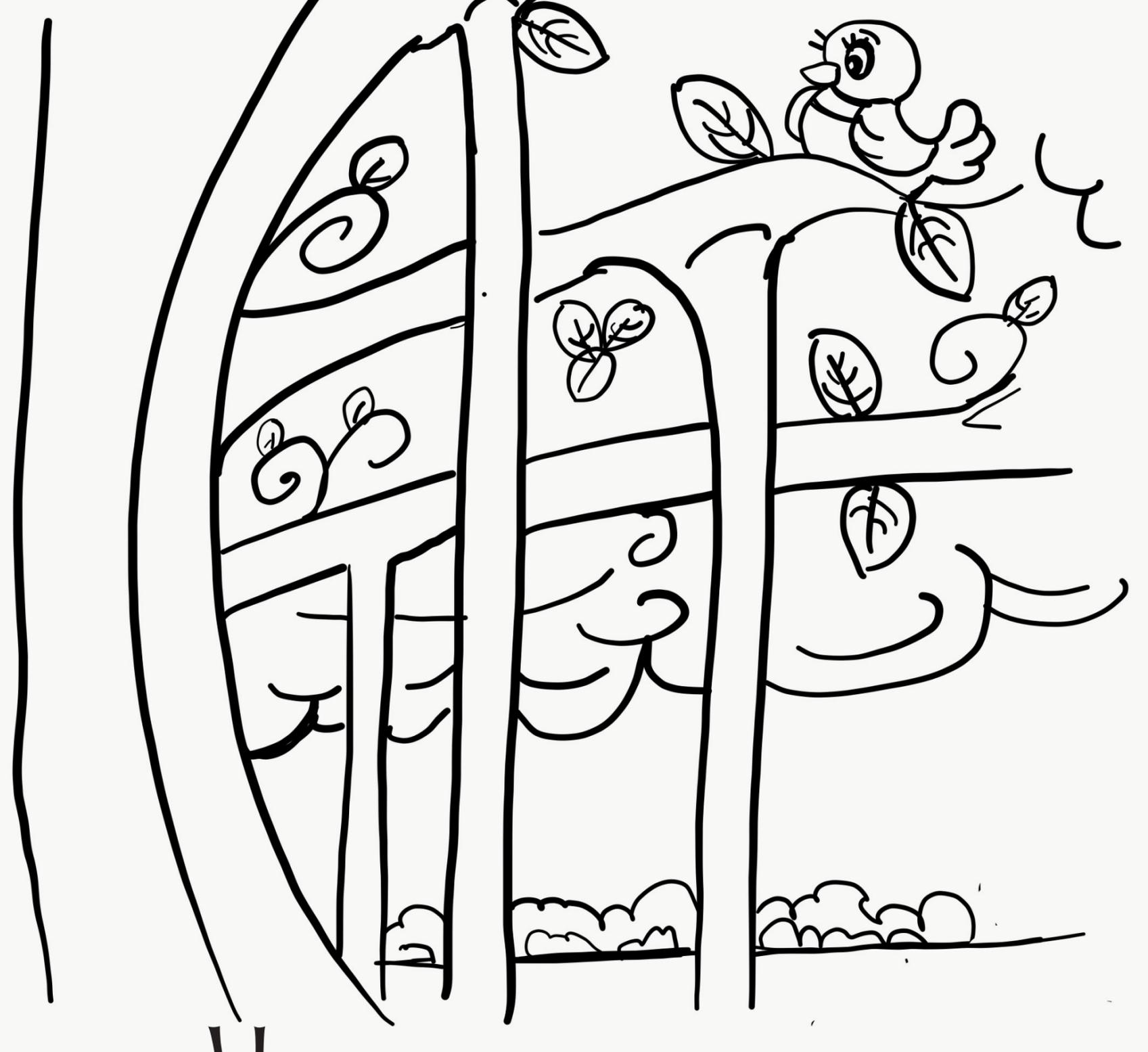


Their names were Berta and Terje, and soon they got tired. So, they stopped in a clearing, where the forest was quiet.

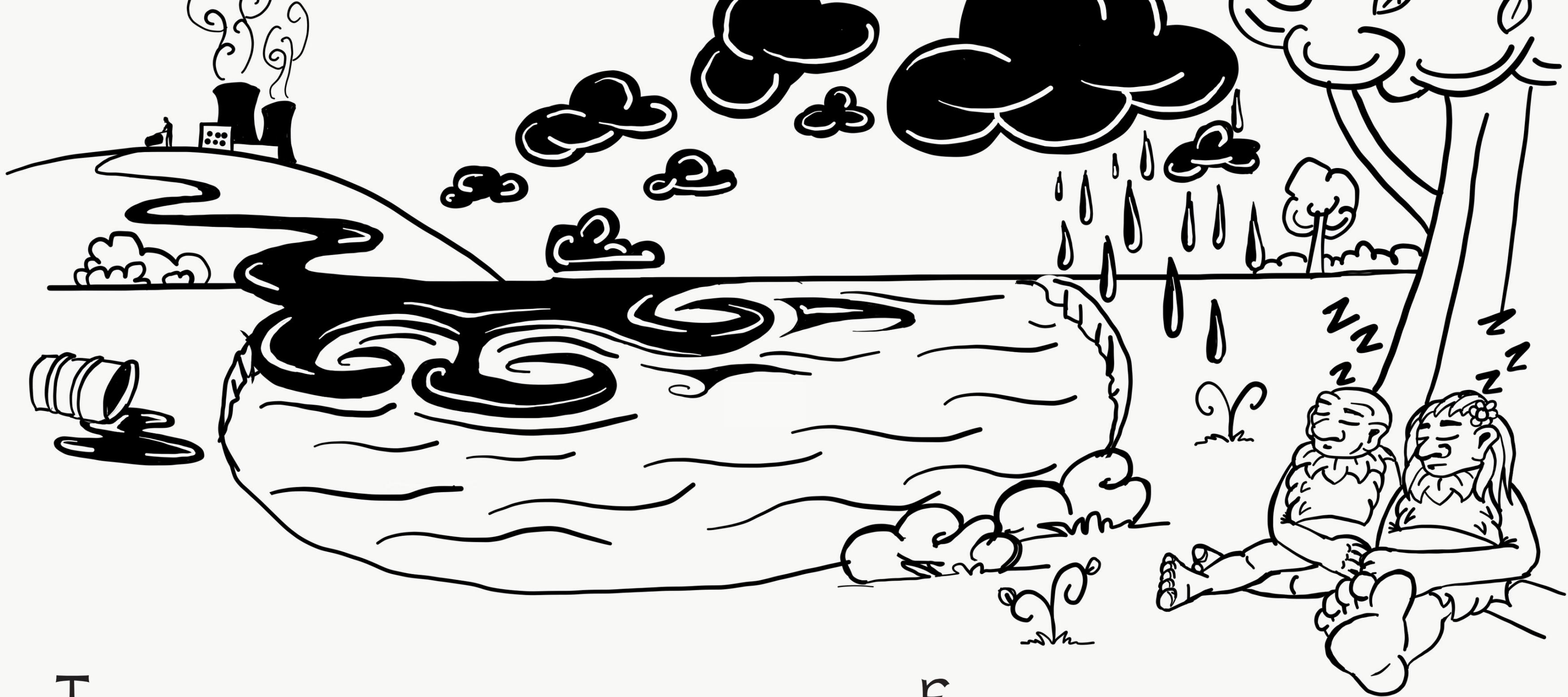
And curiously looked at a little brown bumblebee, as it buzzed, between the branches of a beautiful Banyan tree.



It was a marvelous tree, the biggest they had ever seen.
With weaving vines, red berries and leaves so evergreen.



Under the branches of the Banyan, they fell into a dream,
where the little people poured a poison into the eternity stream.



They dreamt the stream, became a river, and the river an ocean.
The ocean turned to skies, and the skies started floating.

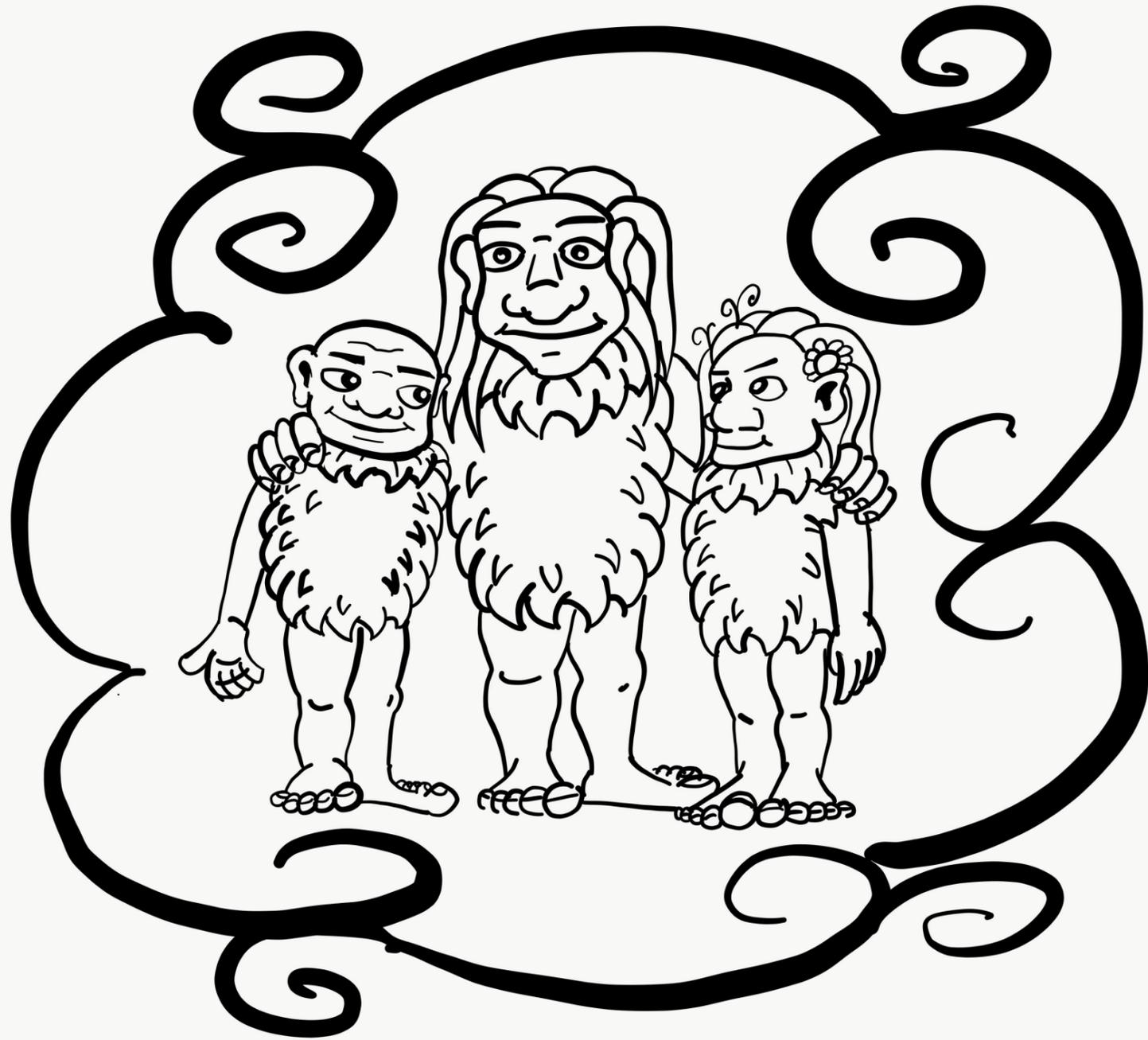
Floating back to land, where the skies broke open,
the rain woke them up again, the sky was black like an omen.



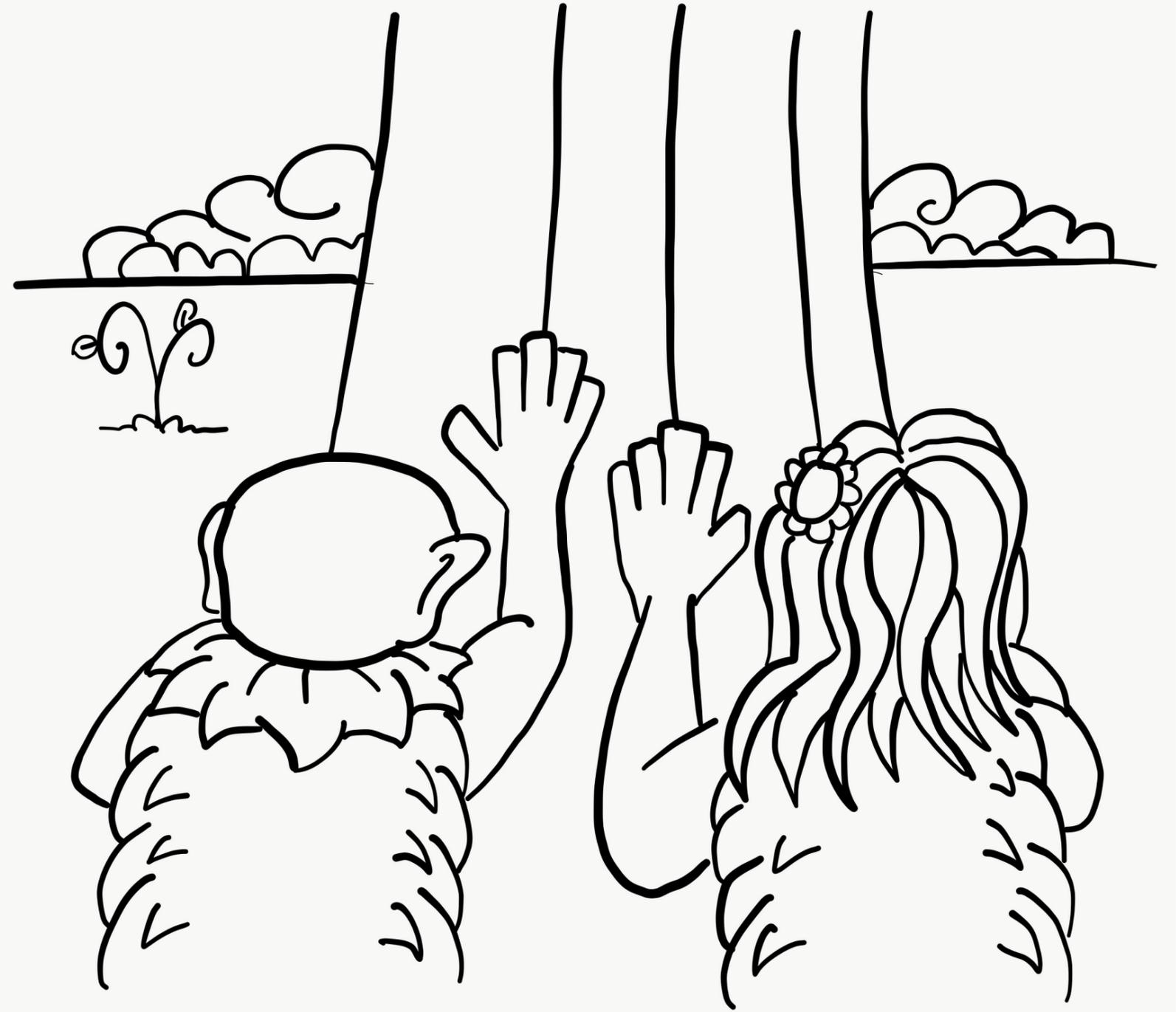
Terje told what he had dreamt while they sat in the rain. Berta listened then she said, "I dreamt exactly the same."



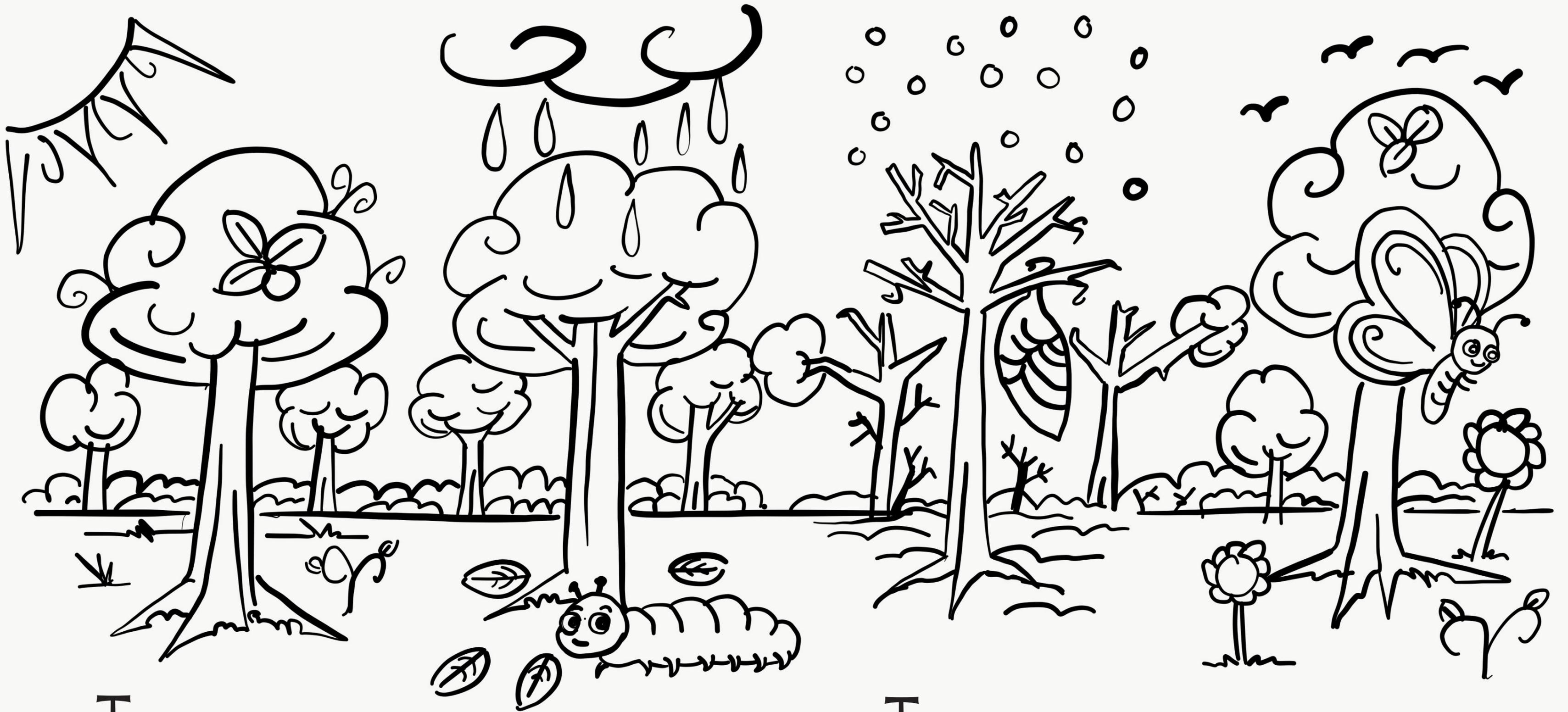
Terje cried, and Berta said "Wipe your cheeks, wipe your tears. We will keep the water clean, and make the dream disappear."



“Remember mother taught us how the Banyan is holy.
That it can talk if you listen closely, quiet and slowly.”



So, the trolls sat by the tree and whispered in its wooden ear,
“Dear Banyan can you help us? Please, I hope you can hear.”



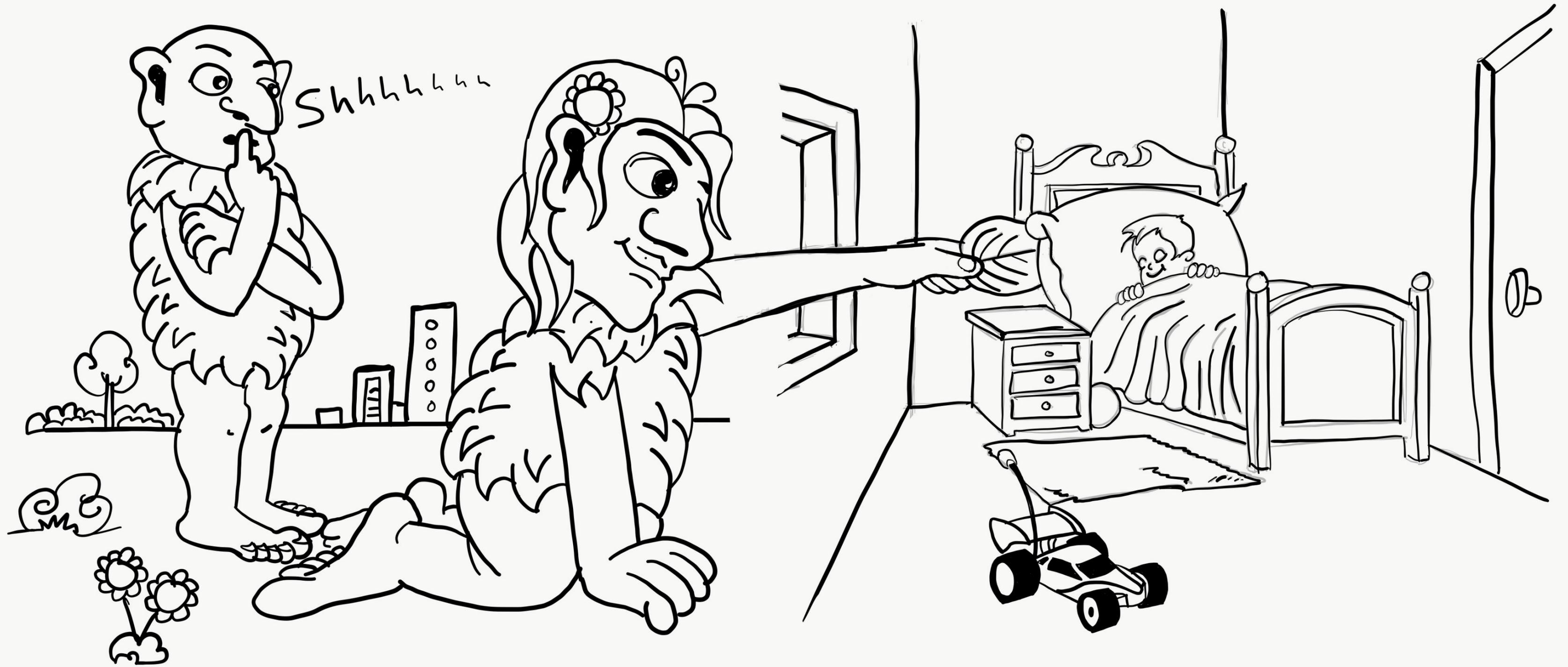
They listened while the shadows slowly drifted a finger.
They listened while the icy lake grew thicker and thinner.

They listened while the spring turned to summer and winter.
Then suddenly they heard a whisper in their mind so tender.



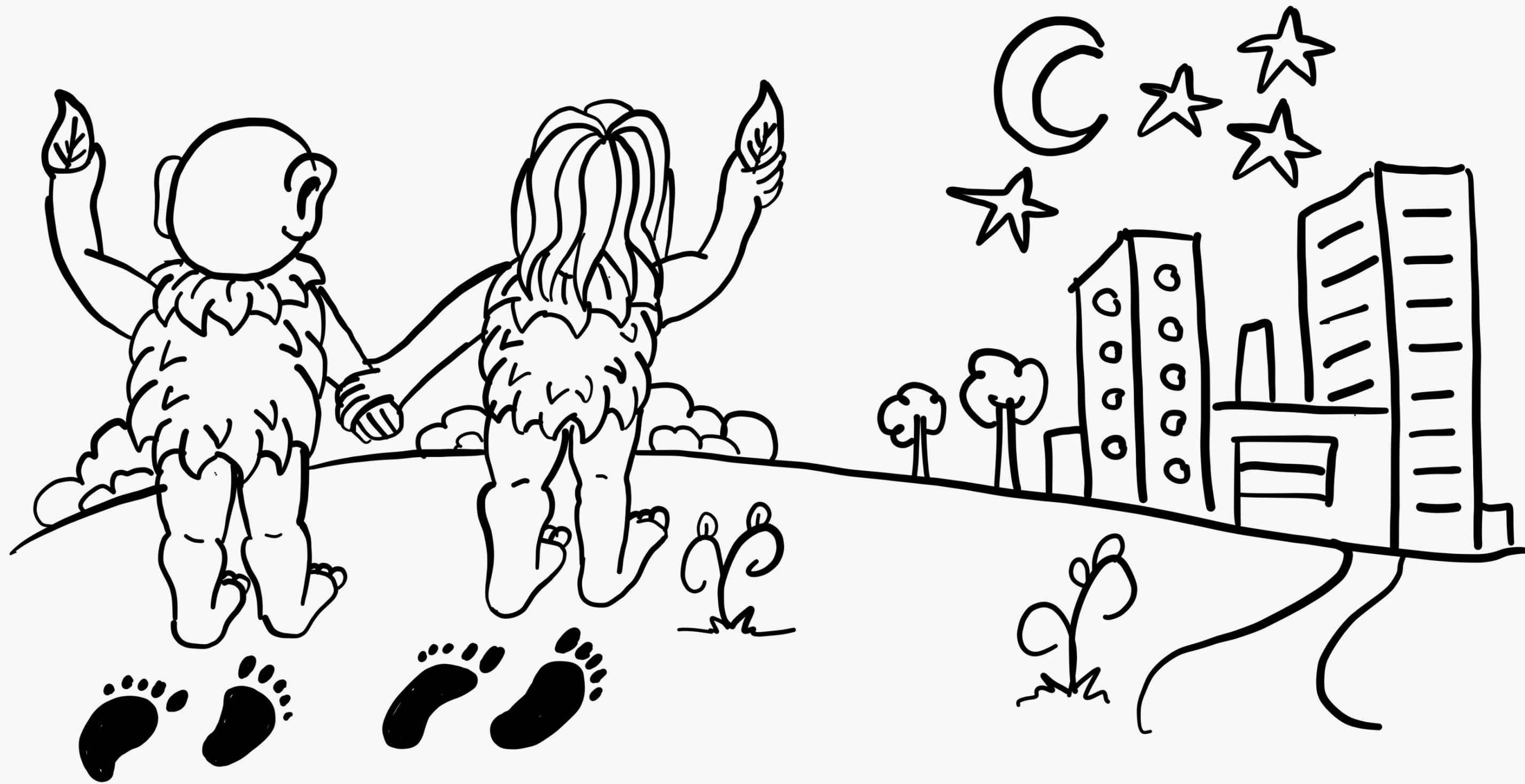
“I have awaited you trolls, happy we finally meet.”
Terje sprung up like a sprout surprised the Banyan could speak.

“Trees are losing their leaves and their roots can’t eat.
Help me save the little people and the world we all need!”



First, you take a fallen leaf along my Banyan feet.
And place it on the little people's pillow when they sleep.

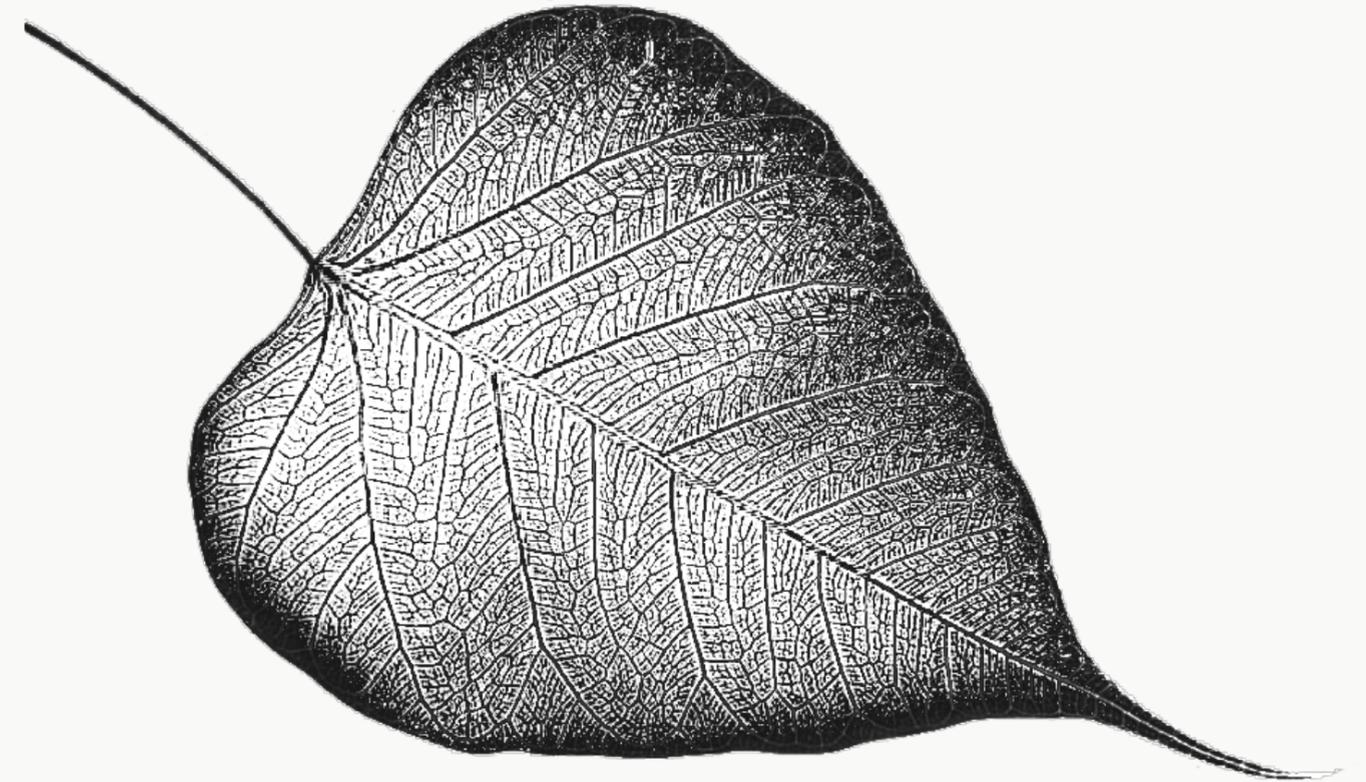
Then you whisper gone the evil dreams and evil deeds.
And in the morning when they wake, a better world they seek."



And so it was agreed, between the sister and her brother,
They took two fallen leaves and walked arm in arm with one another.

Would the dream become reality, would they ever find their mother?
This story is not over, we will have to wait for another.

Written by Thomas Dambo
Illustrations & Graphic Design by Adam Pascale
Editing by Michelle Hammontree



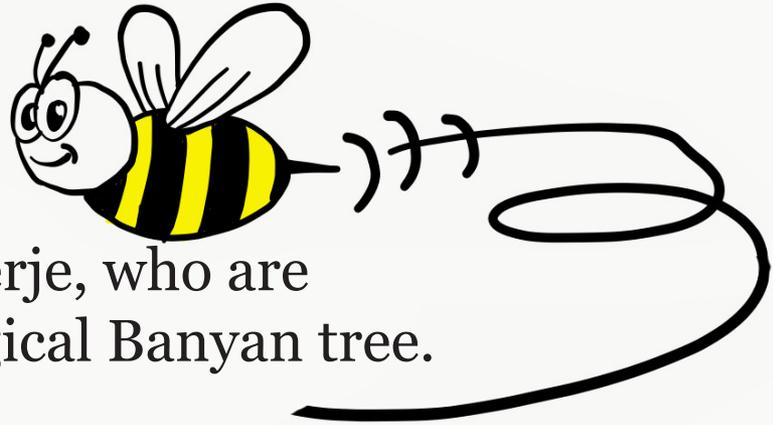
Place your Banyan leaf here.



Draw your favorite Troll here.

Visit Berta and Terje under the Banyan tree at Pinecrest Gardens,
11000 Red Road, Pinecrest, Florida 33156.

This is a story about two young trolls, Berta and Terje, who are lost until they meet a magical Banyan tree.



Together with his crew and community volunteers, environmental artist Thomas Dambo creates giant sculptures that become characters in whimsical stories created about them. Each installation is made from recycled items to highlight sustainability, and to encourage others to re-imagine their notions about “trash.” Thomas’s Trolls dot the world from South Korea to Puerto Rico and now Pinecrest.



www.PinecrestGardens.org