

A small valley lay between two treacherous hills. Sun rose and set on the land as the hidden field dried up, and life faded from it. Animals that had flourished quickly burned through their food supplies, and a veil of gloom shrouded the barren land. Day and night quarreled in an endless battle for time.

Many moons passed, rain and snow fell, until one day a small sprout emerged. A simple brown mushroom had grown; it was neither pretty nor plentiful, but life had returned. Without hope or reason, the vital spark took root and the valley would thrive again.