

SOXI

THERE ONCE LIVED A MAN,
YEARS AGO ...

WHO SPENT
HIS DAYS
TENDING TO
HIS GARDEN;

A PLOT OF
GORGEOUS,
YET FICKLE,
FLOWERS.

AND HE WAS
NEVER ABLE
TO GROW MORE
THAN A SINGLE
BLOOM.

HE TOILED DAY AND NIGHT,

THROUGH
THE FOUR
SEASONS,

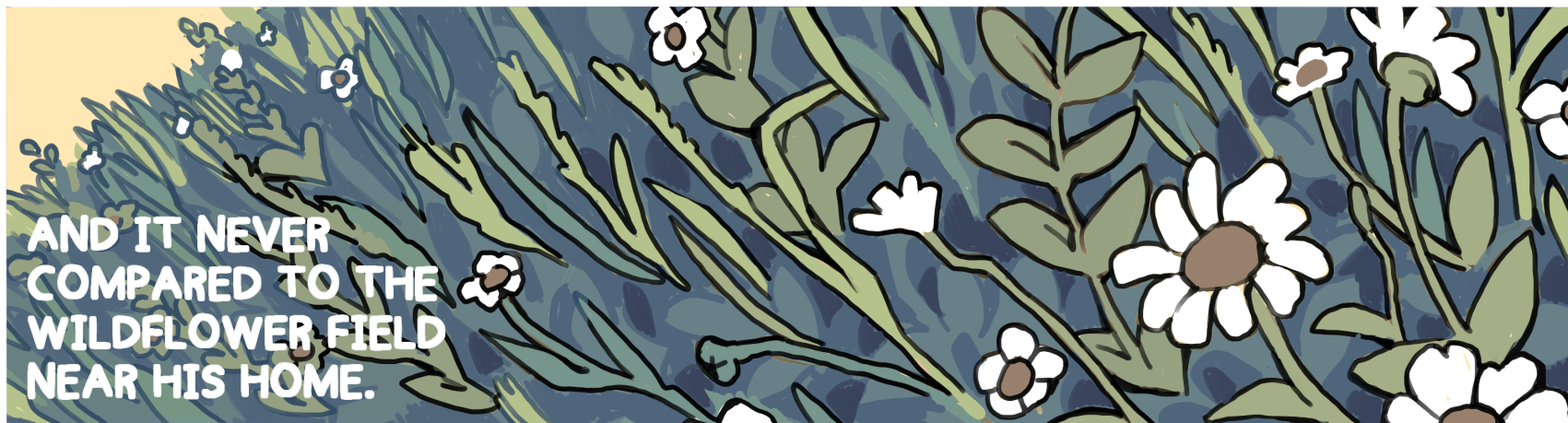
RAIN, AND SNOW ...

... AND SHINE.

**YET IT NEVER
COMPARED TO
HIS NEIGHBOR'S
ROSEBUSHES.**



**AND IT NEVER
COMPARED TO THE
WILDFLOWER FIELD
NEAR HIS HOME.**



**AND IT ESPECIALLY NEVER COMPARED
TO HIS OWN GRANDIOSE EXPECTATIONS.**



SO HE
RIPPED
IT TO
SHREDS,



AND
LET IT
BREATHE
FREELY,



AND ALLOWED
IT TO FLOURISH
WITH WEEDS.



FIN