

## Oceantrees

Wind was accompanied with laughter. They couldn't believe their sight either. Far away from the sea-shore they were swinging easily in a yellow rowboat. They were waiting for hours, with no patience left in their pockets. Each sunny hour they would drop a nutshell in the ocean. Nutshell would continue swinging on small coming waves. They would follow it until they lost it from their sights, until it touched the horizon. Then it would stop moving, just at the point of horizon. They were dropping more and more nutshells and all of them seemed to stop there, exactly at the horizon line.

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Slowly it transformed into a nutshell horizon line. Even more slowly nutshells began to sprout. Dozens of roots came out of the nutshells. Gentle fragile young roots continued growing into the deepness of the oceans. Dark blue roots diving into the unknown area of the ocean, carrying persistency of a new born life. As the roots were travelling, they grew thicker and nutshells eventually crumbled up. Parts of nutshells floated at the ocean surface in all directions. They could feel waves of laughter approaching with warm ocean wind. Some of them floated near by the yellow rowboat. As these floating parts were getting closer, they could discern outlines of other rowboats. In those rowboats were people inside too! They were laughing like mad. They floated and were laughing crazy up to the sky in the ocean between the horizon lines. Their crazy laughter initiated a pleasurable oceanquake which created more waves. All of sudden they were surrounded by ex-nutshell floating laughing pieces rowboats. At the edges of their sight, dark blue roots grew so big and apparently became trees. How splendid, they taught, ocean trees! People in the rowboats around them still laughed and laughed and laughed... A laughter chore! It seemed laughter would last eternally, and it almost did, until the moment when it suddenly stopped. And it all stopped at the same moment, not a sound of laughter was heard dropping from the ocean. Just waves and movements of the rowboats, their creaking and rocking. Until everything became still, people in rowboats didn't move. Pleasured by silence they started leaving their rowboats and approached the ocean trees. One by one, they disappeared in treetops and travelled to the deep.

Oceantrees were swinging in the waves... since then no one was really sure if the waves are rooted in the trees or the oceantrees move according to the waves. People who were dropping nutshells continued swinging in their yellow rowboat. They were just watching, oh, for how for long they were just watching...