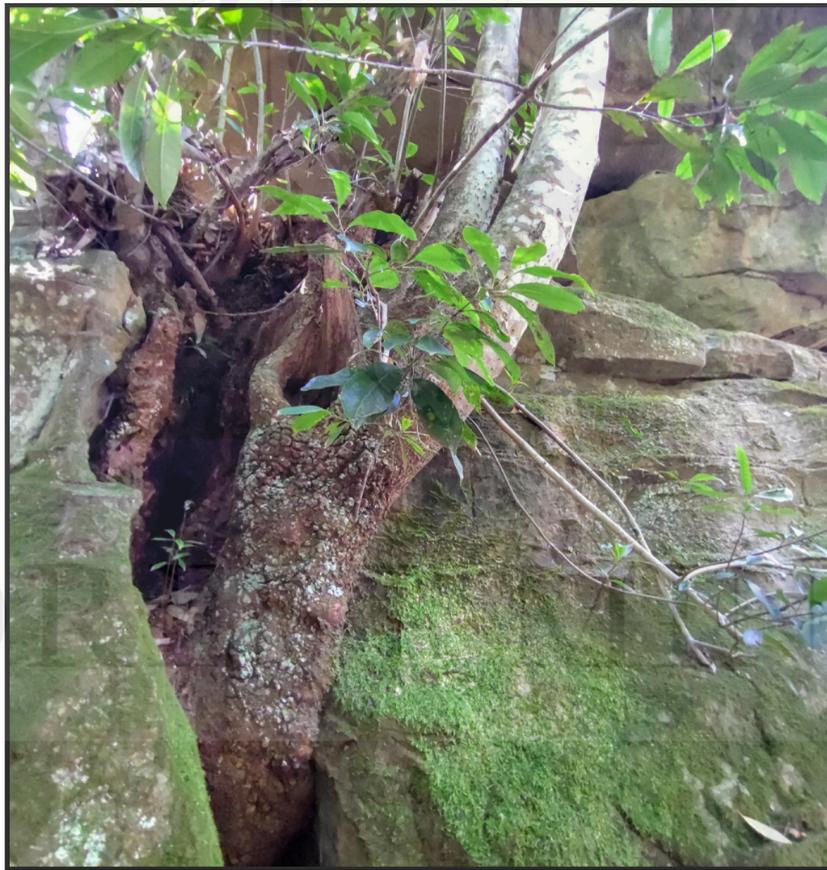


Story Two

---

# *Story Two*

The Cracked Rock



## Story Two

---

The sun filtered through the eucalyptus trees, casting soft shadows across the forest floor.

Wabby and Sabbie, two eucalyptus leaf brothers, swayed gently in the breeze. Wabby's edges shimmered with fresh green, while Sabbie's edges had grown old and curled, showing signs of weathering through time.

"Sabbie,"

Wabby began, bouncing lightly on the edge of their branch,

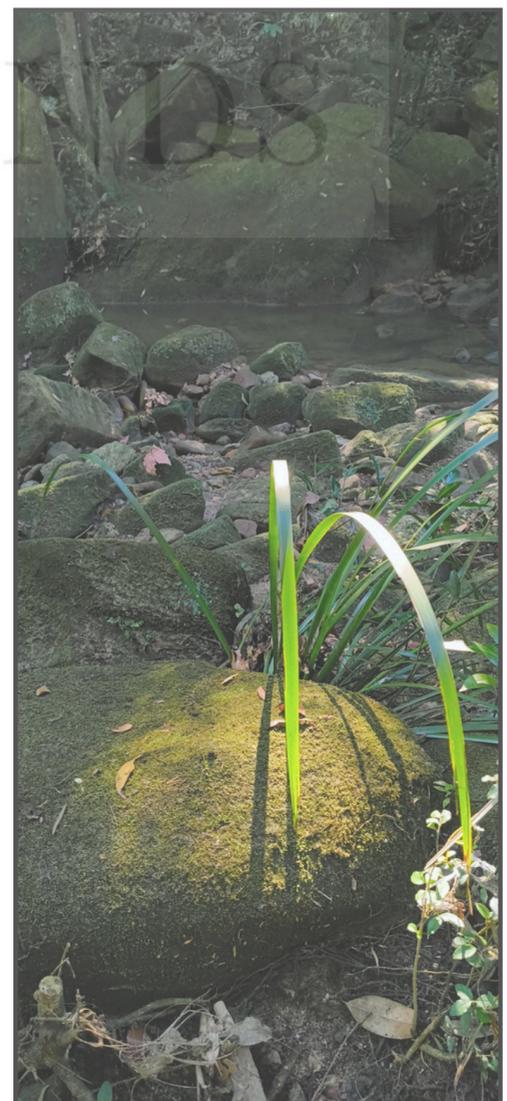
"Today, we must find something perfect! The most beautiful thing in the forest!"

Sabbie smiled softly, his voice calm.

"Perfection is an illusion, little brother. Beauty is everywhere, if you know how to see it."

Wabby stretched his tip toward a distant rock.

"Well, if it's perfect you want, that rock will be it!"



## Story Two

---

They fluttered down to the forest floor and Wabby hurried ahead, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

Soon, he came to a large cracked rock - its surface rough and uneven. The crack ran deep through its centre and dirt had settled in, along with moss and small plants.

“Look at this!”

Wabby exclaimed, pointing at the rock.

“It’s broken, cracked, and ugly!”



Sabbie drifted over, his older eyes taking in the rock’s flaws with care.

“What do you see, little one?”

Wabby huffed.

“It’s ruined! Nothing could ever grow there!”

Sabbie touched the rock gently with his tip.

“Look deeper. There’s more than what meets the eye.”

## Story Two

---



Wabby sighed but leaned in closer, his sharp eyes scanning the crack in the rock.

To his surprise, he noticed tiny sprouts of moss, clinging to the sides of the fissure. Small insects crawled along the edges, busy with their tasks.

Then, a small lizard came out of the crack, looking at Wabby curiously.

“Wow...It’s full of life here” Wabby whispered.



Sabbie nodded.



“That crack is home to many things. Without it, this rock would simply be a stone-cold and lifeless. The crack has given it purpose.”

The lizard poked its head out, blinking up at Wabi.

Without this crack, I wouldn’t have a place to hide or a home to live in. This rock isn’t broken; it’s whole in its own way.”

Wabby sat back on his tip, wide-eyed. “So... this rock isn’t ruined?”

“No,” Sabbie replied gently. “Its crack tells a story. It’s not perfect, but it has purpose and life.”

## Story Two

---

Wabby traced his tip along the rough surface, feeling the unevenness beneath him.

“It’s still beautiful?”

“Yes,” Sabbie said softly.

“**Wabi-Sabi** is seeing beauty not in perfection, but in imperfection. Cracks, scars and flaws give something character and meaning.”

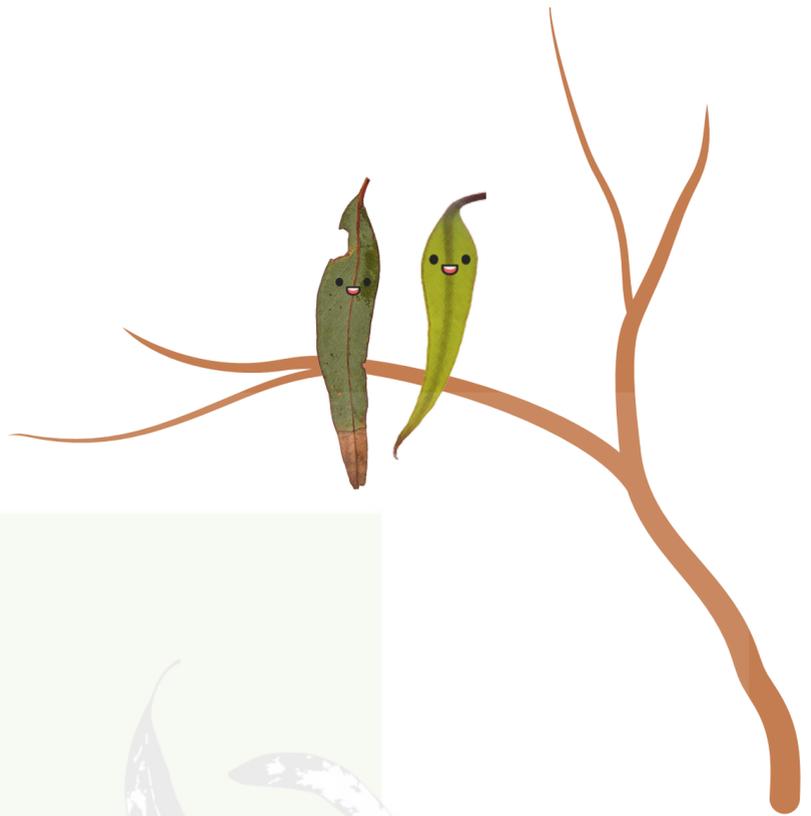
Wabby nodded slowly, glancing down at his own small, curling edges.

“Maybe even my flaws have meaning.”



As the sun began to dip low in the sky, casting a golden glow across the forest, Wabby’s eyes sparkled as he looked around.

The cracks in the bark of trees, the uneven shapes of rocks, the gentle curves of leaves - everything seemed more alive, more purposeful.



Back on their eucalyptus branch, Wabby swayed softly in the breeze, smiling to himself.

“Sabbie, I see it now. Everything with a crack or a flaw still has meaning.”

Sabbie smiled.

“That’s right, little one. Beauty isn’t about being perfect. It’s about how things make you feel and the stories they tell.”

As the sun set, the forest hummed.

Wabby and Sabbie rested, ready for their next adventure.

# *Conclusion*

- Look for something old or cracked and imagine the life it supports.
- Find a crack in the pavement, a scar on a tree, or a bent leaf and notice its quiet beauty.
- Remember, beauty is not about perfection - it's about the stories, the purpose and how things make you feel.

FOREST MINDS

[www.forestminds.com](http://www.forestminds.com)

BY MAYU KATAOKA