



I am sick of The Grower.



Oh yes, some believe in prophecies that predict the
restoration of D'ni - the fallen city of D'ni would
grow. There were attempts before, and there will be
attempts again. They always fail.

Even those led by my father tried. They learned

great things of the Made and the Maker, They
learned of the Bahro, of the Least, and of deeper
truths, They learned of Father and his wisdom in
rebuilding and rewriting.

The D'ni city came alive again, for a time, The
dead were properly buried and the living were
properly cared for. D'ni took short, labored
breaths. Sap flowed, though the tree did not grow,
for there was no grower.

Even Father did not see then as I do now.

The grower had not come.

I had not come.

I am the Grower.



I failed.

And I think of myself as worthy? I am nothing -
the failed child, of failed parents, of failed

gr and parents. How many generations must fail
before we give up? Why do I try?

I have failed with the Tablet already, There are
no second chances here.

And yet I long to hold it, and try once more.



