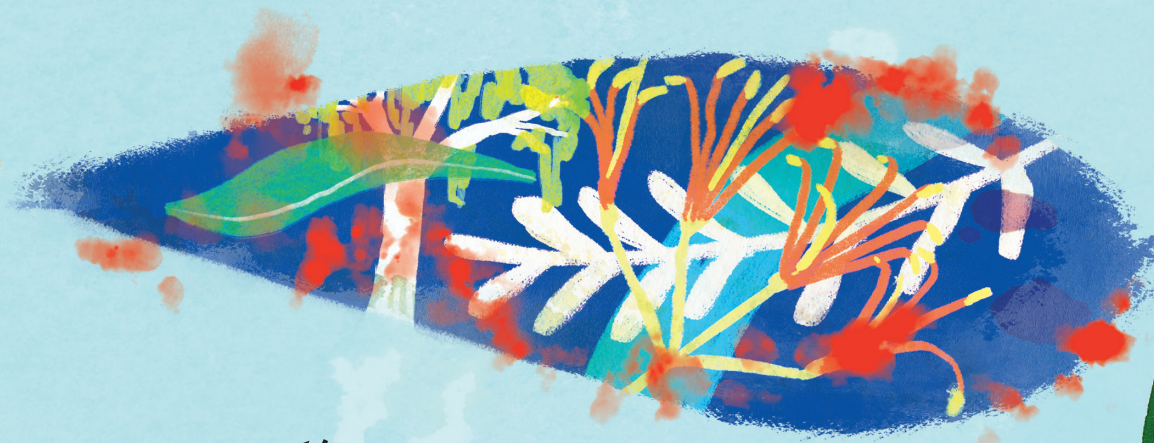


Ancient songs had filled
the forest since the
beginning of time.

There were the calls of friarbirds,



the tunes of rosellas



and the songs of honeyeaters.



But as Regent grew, so did the smog,
grey cement and clamour of the city.

Trees turned to towers,
billabongs to buildings
and the woodlands to carparks.

