

Our Vision

One year ago, I was a car almost like scrap metal

One year ago, I was a lonely tree in the middle of nowhere lost.

Six months ago, I was a withering desperate, dying tree – the last of my leaves falling off and crumbling.

Six months ago, I was a fish in a tank stuck in the house like a prisoner.

Five months ago, I was a broken doll, trapped in a box and locked away in the dark shadows.

Five months ago, I was a small, shy seed with no self-confidence who always wanted to blossom, stop being alone and meet a friend or two.

Five months ago, I was a still car in a garage waiting to drive all day long.

Four months ago, I was a seedling, struggling to push away from the soil which held me back from reaching the glimmering sky overhead.

Now, I am a shiny Lamborghini that goes superfast, learning all the time.

Today, I am a bright brave tree joyfully dancing through the soft peaceful wind.

Today, I am a growing content tree, bursting with greenery and luscious leaves.

Today, I am a fish swimming freely.

Today, I am joyful dancing doll, moving as the light shines through the box.

Today, I am a confident flower blooming with positivity, blocking out all the negative emotions and thoughts in my life.

Today, I am an amazing car loving the morning sunshine.

Today, I am a nimble root, reaching higher to my goal of being a glistening tree when I will be full of plush, luscious leaves.

In the future, I will be a famous Rolls Royce that cruises smoothly.

In a year, I will be a tree strong and determined never letting anyone make me give up.

In six months, I will be a full, superb tree bursting with fruit and seeds for all eternity.

In six months, I will be the sea helping people swim to their goals.

Next week, I will be a human able to move with joy.

In two months, I will be a strong never dying rose with such delicate petals that you won't be able to touch me at all.

Tomorrow, I am going to be a Lamborghini having an amazing life doing the best I can.

Tomorrow, I will be a diamond and shine brightly.

Next week, I will the energy of a whirlwind dashing through our city.

Next year, I will be the strongest iceberg ever working on achieving my ambitions.

In one year, I will be a towering pine tree, longing for immortality.

By McCartney Class