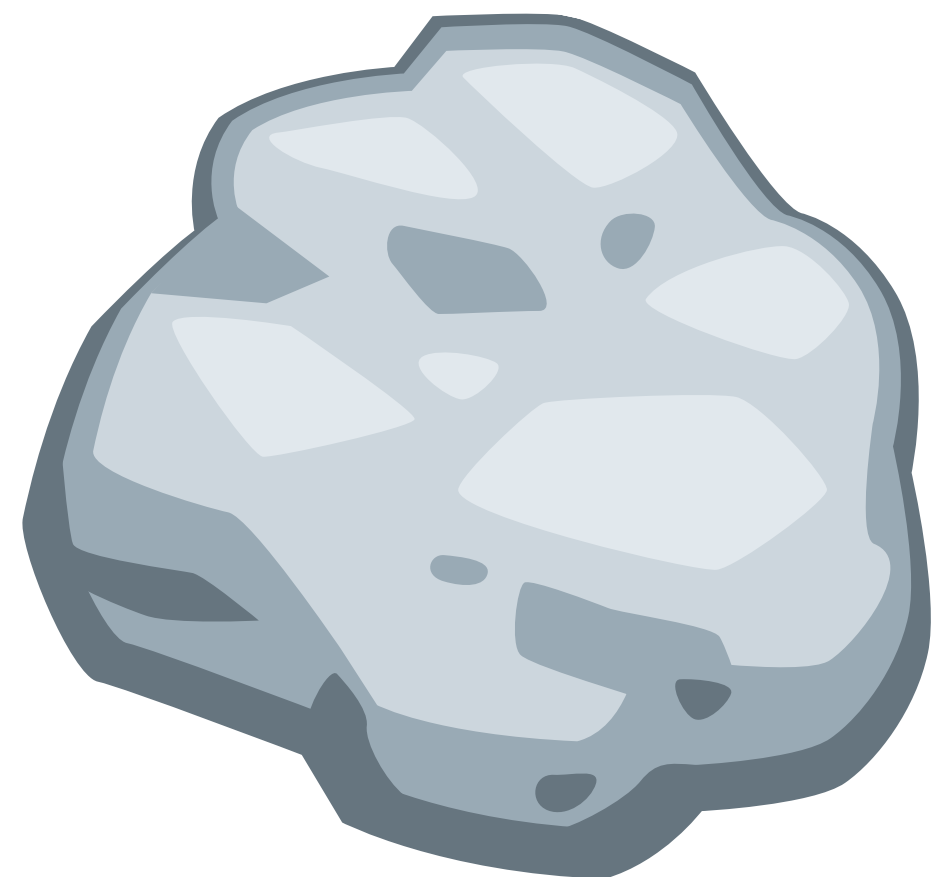


MY JOURNEY ON THE ROCK CYCLE

PART ONE: METAMORPHIC ROCK

Mother! I am but a young rock,
not yet ten million years old.
I have my whole life ahead
of me, and I intend to do great
things!!!





Yes, well. I'm sure
you do, my son,
but remember - you
are a rock.



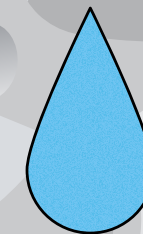
Have you no faith in your child,
mother? The good name
'Metamorphic' is known for its
dazzling feats of ingenuity!!



UNIVERSITY OF ROCKS

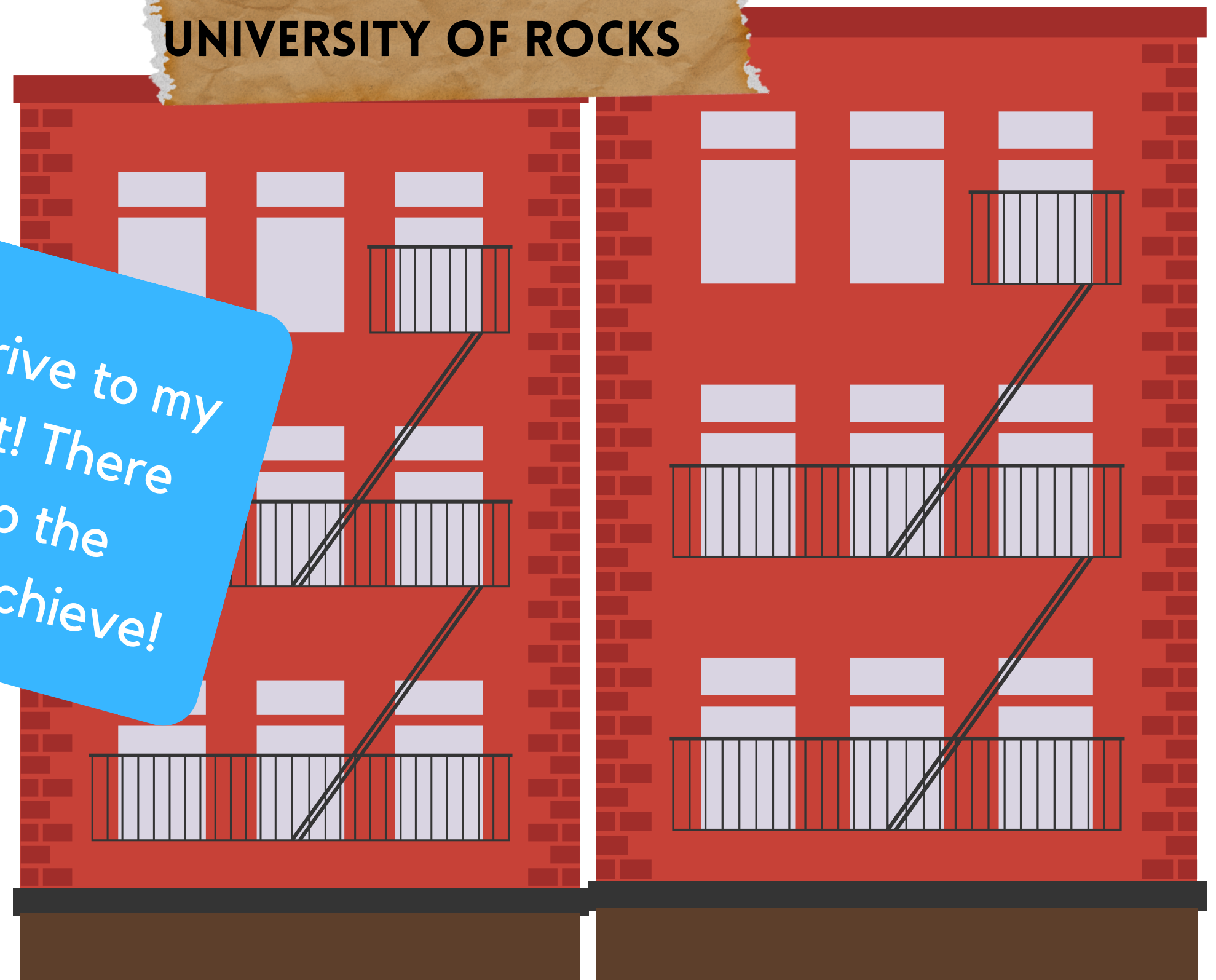
Goodbye,
mother!

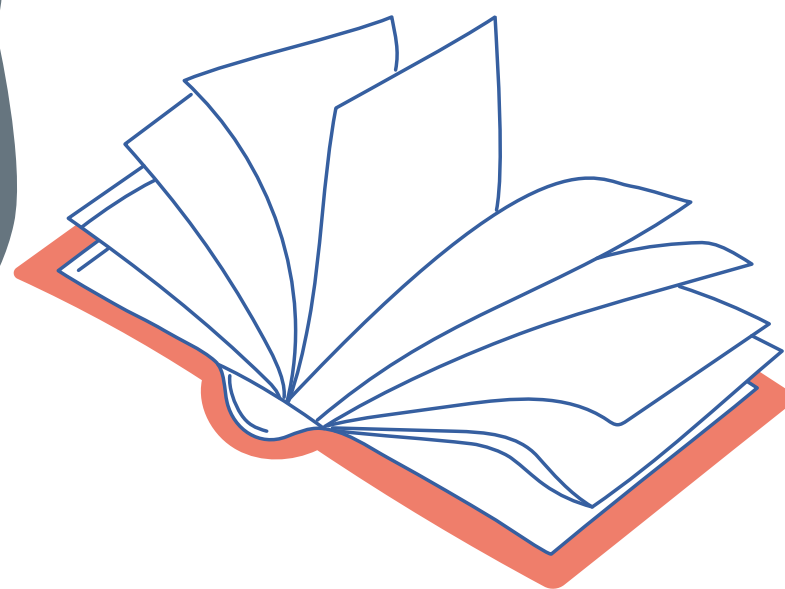
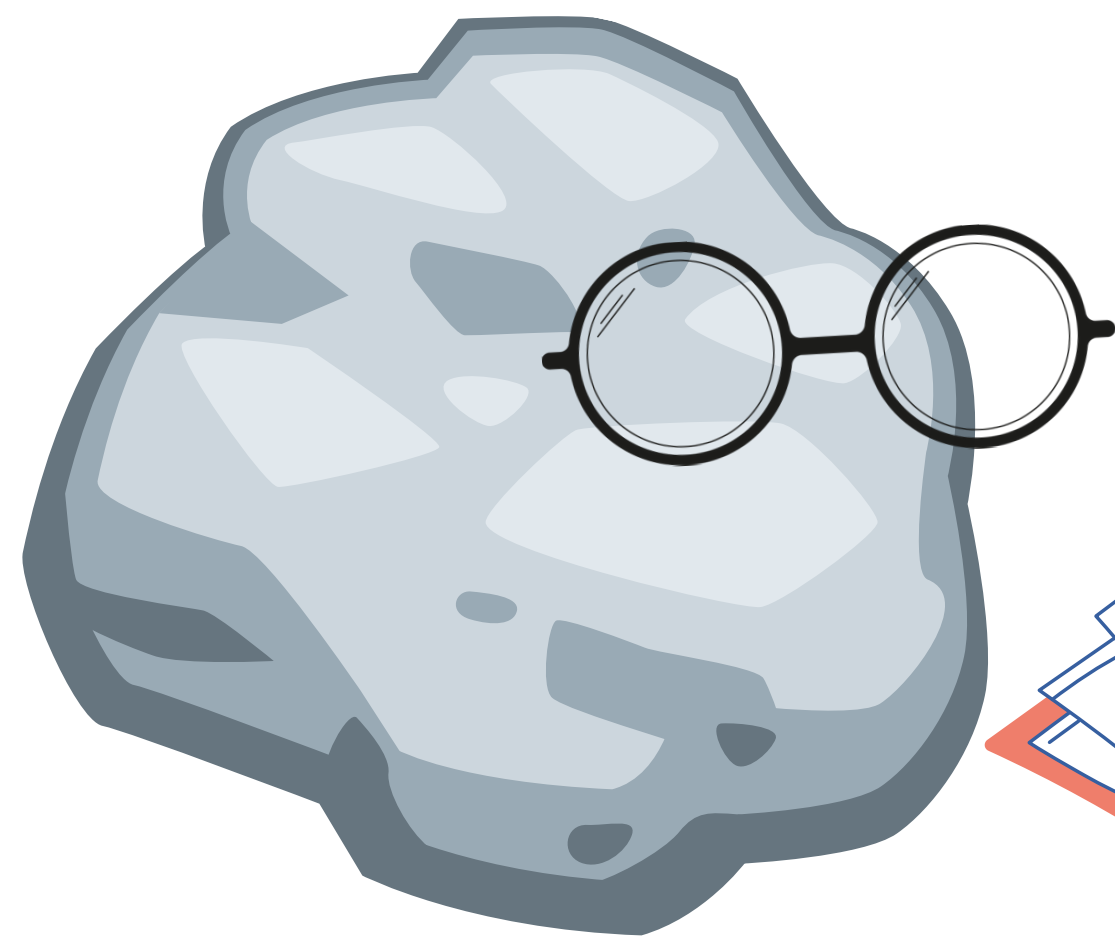
Goodbye, my
metamorphic son,
goodbye!!



UNIVERSITY OF ROCKS

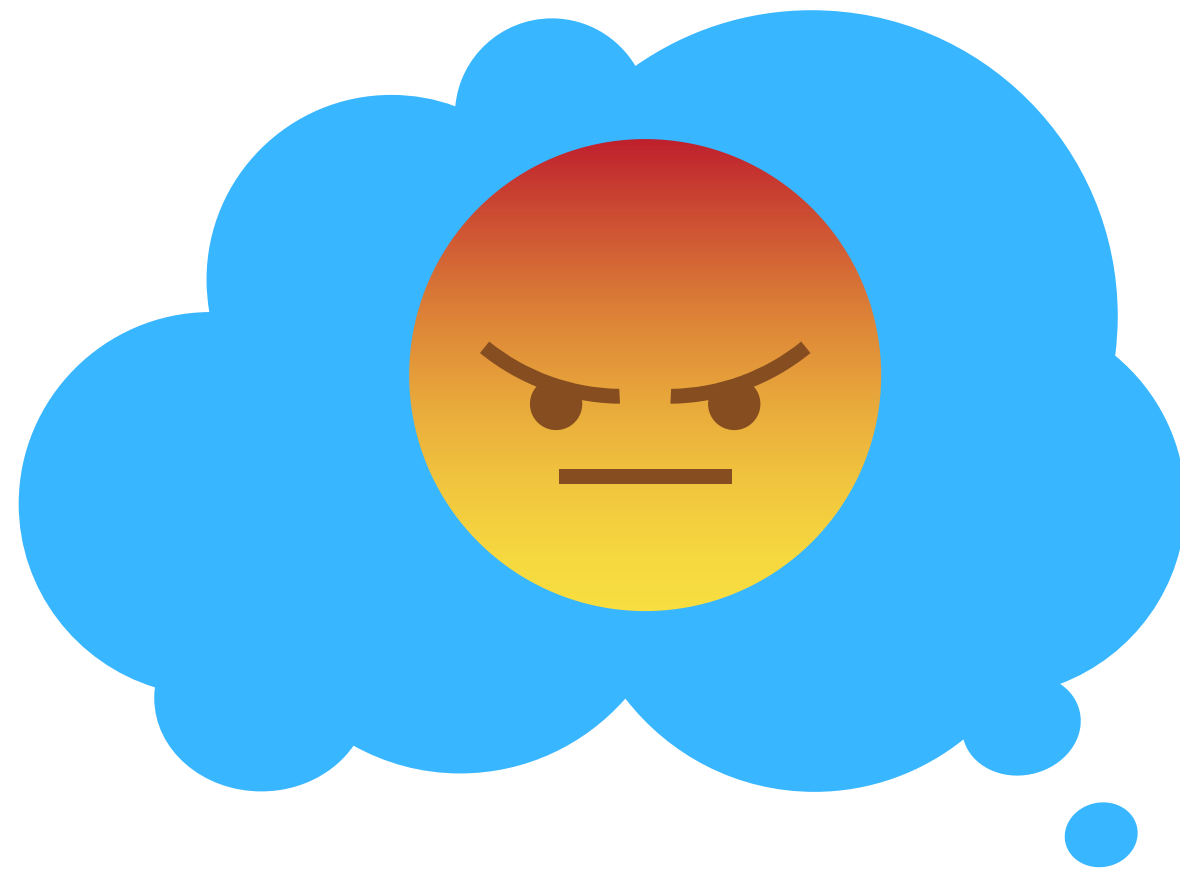
Here, I shall strive to my heart's content! There are no limits to the greatness I will achieve!

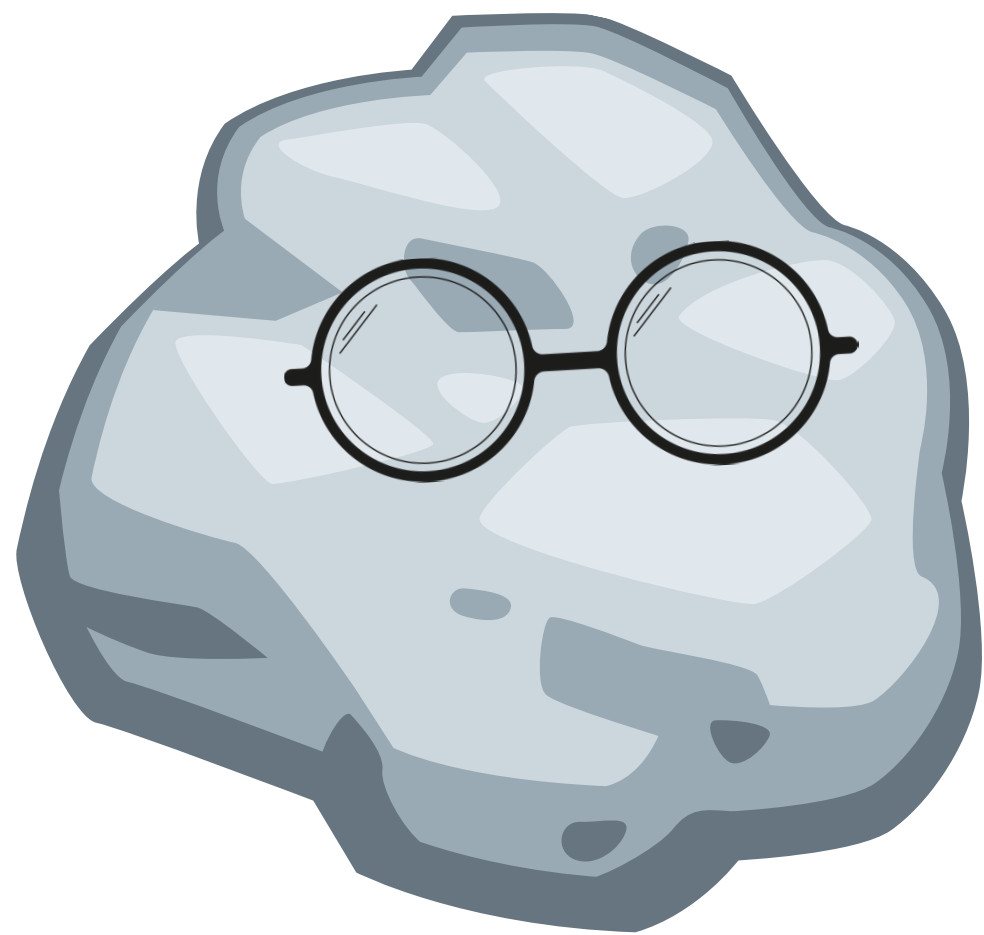




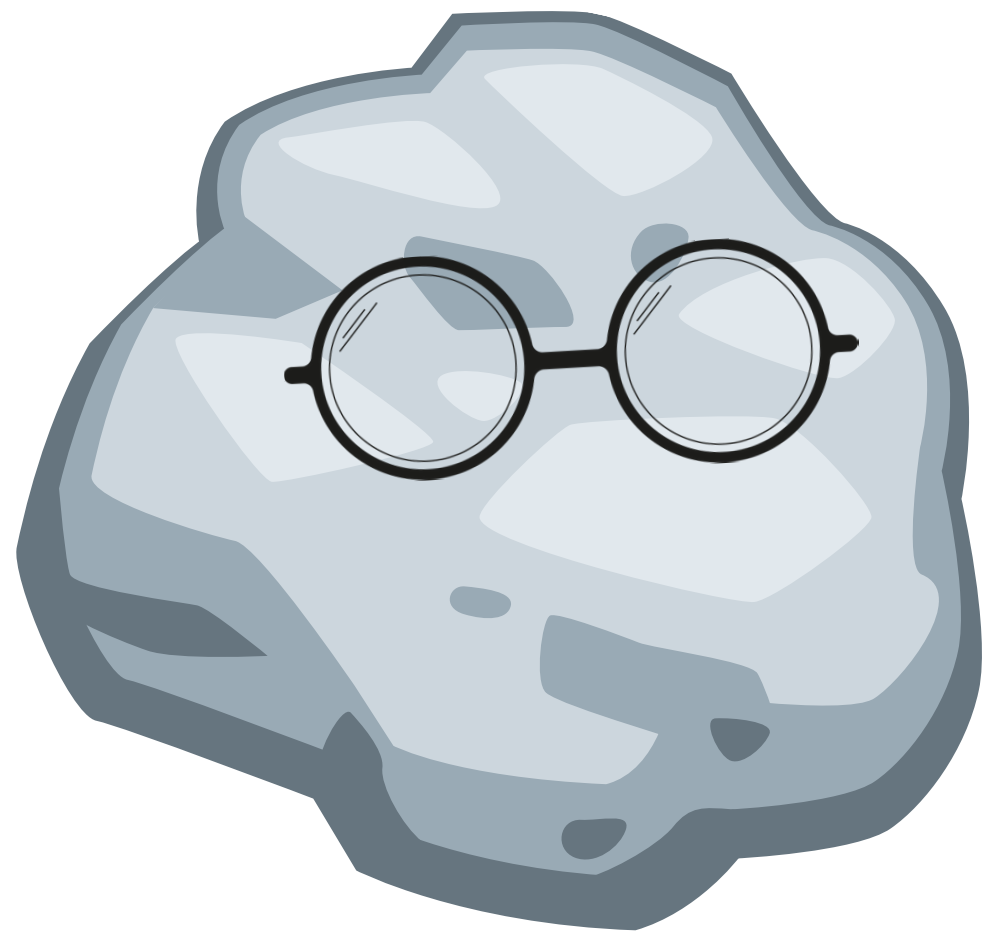








These past four years have been the hardest of my life. This university has **weathered** and **eroded** me, and I fear my mother was right. I will never be anything but a good for nothing rock.



I am not the naive, metamorphic
young man I once was. And so,
with this dismal resignation in
mind, my heart begins to
crumble, and so too, does my
body.

PART TWO: SEDIMENT

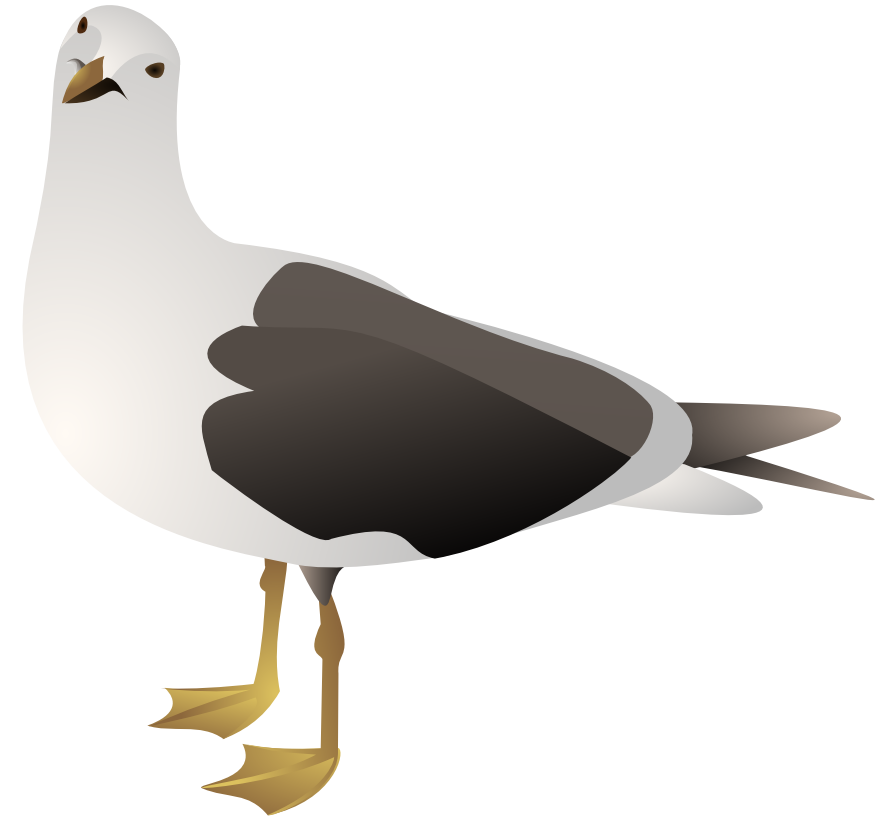




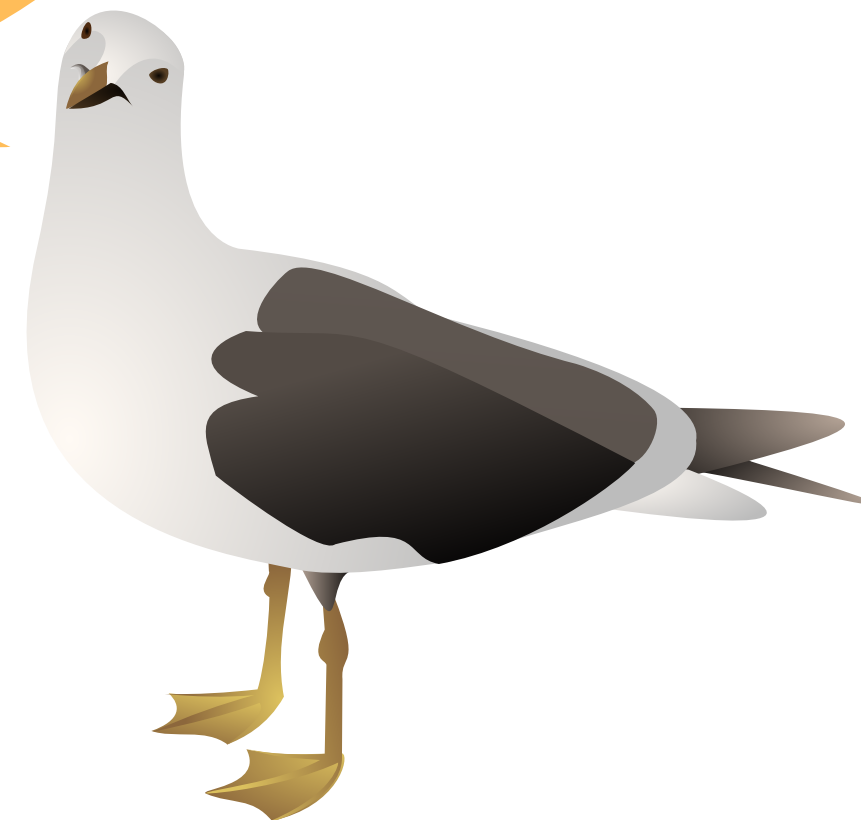
I suppose it is my
fate to mope about in
this pathetic state
forever.



Oh. Hello.



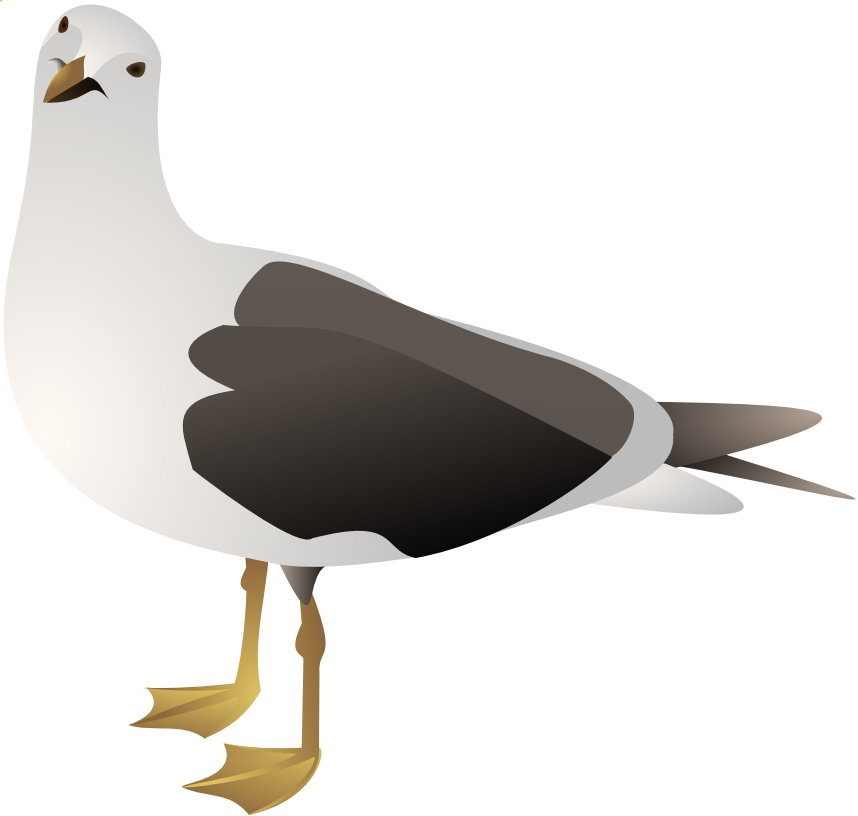
Do you know
who I am?



No.



Do you wish to know?

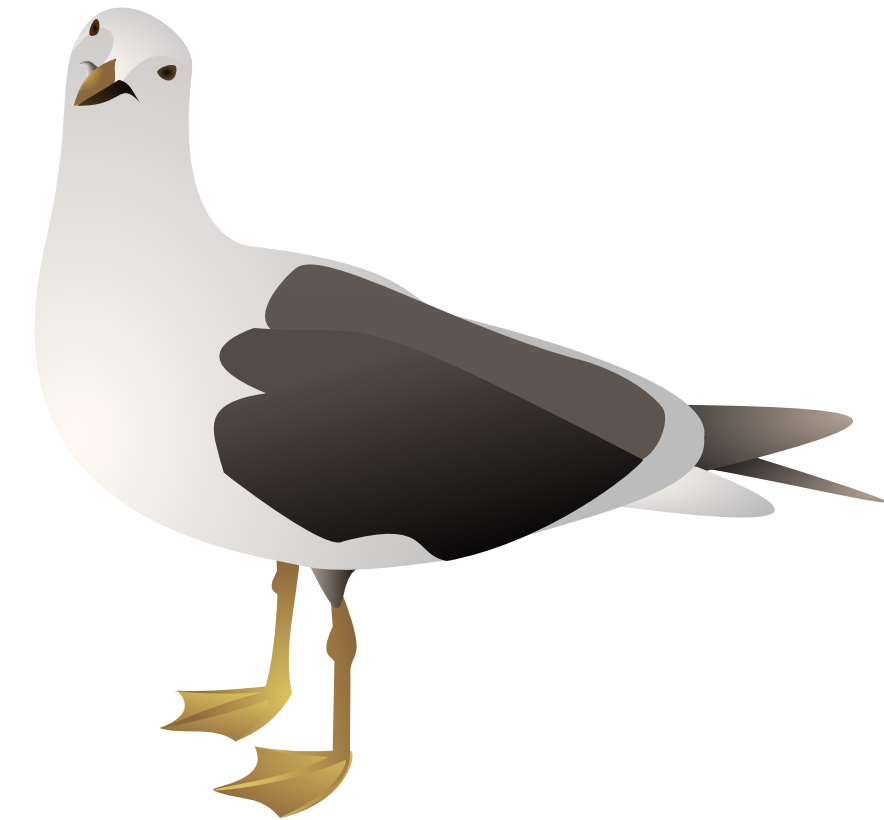


No.



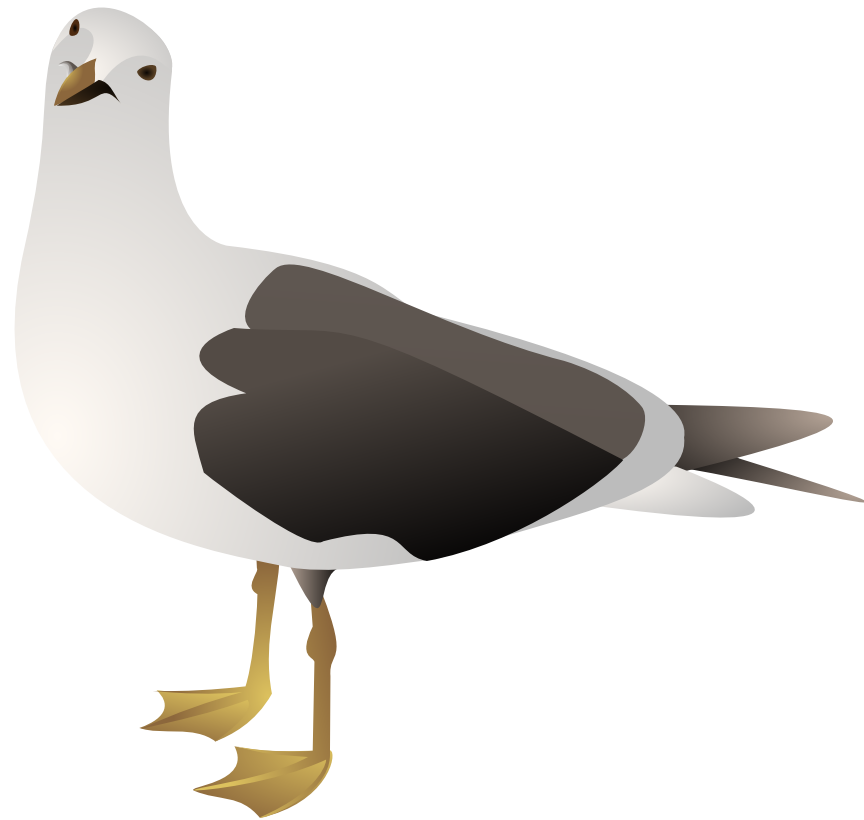
Urgh. Ignorant pile of rocks. Well, you may wonder whom the majestic bird with the yellow legs is. I shall tell you.

Fine.



I am the great and revered
saviour of the **sediment**. It is
my sworn duty to awake pitiful
sediment, such as
yourself, from their woeful
state of indifference.

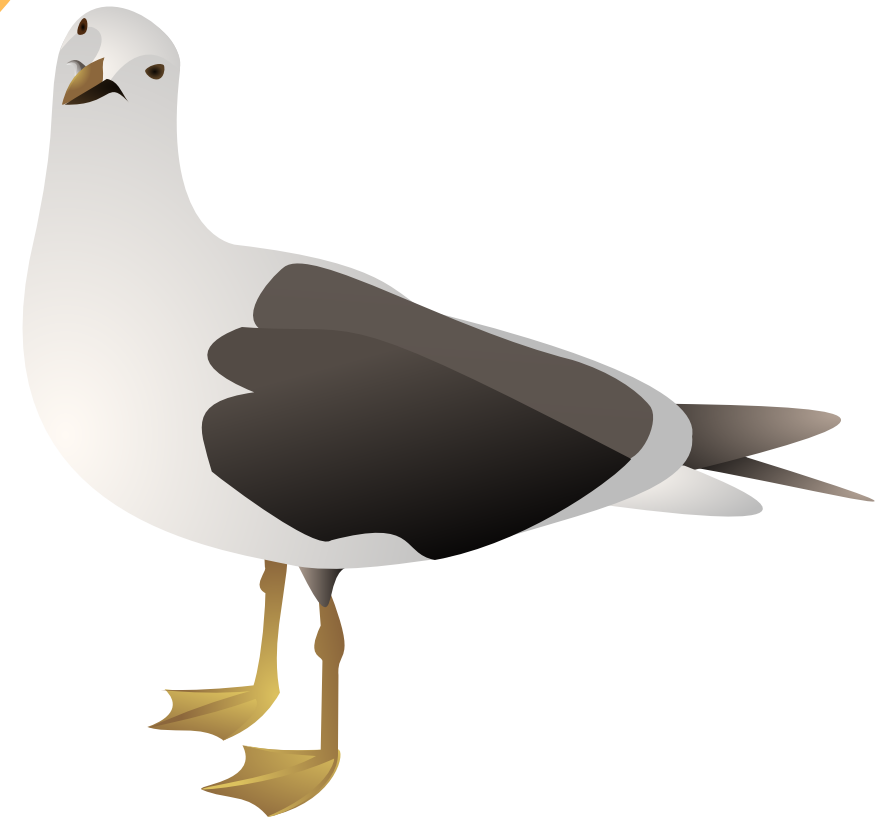
Oh.





Good luck.

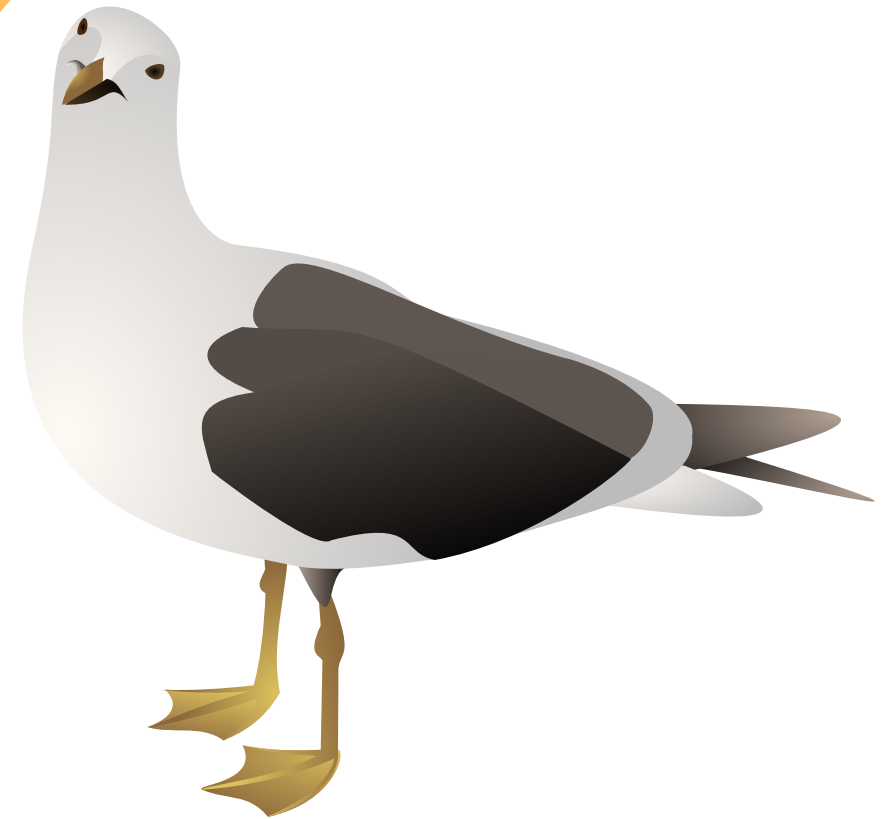
Yes. So.
Prepare to
be saved!!



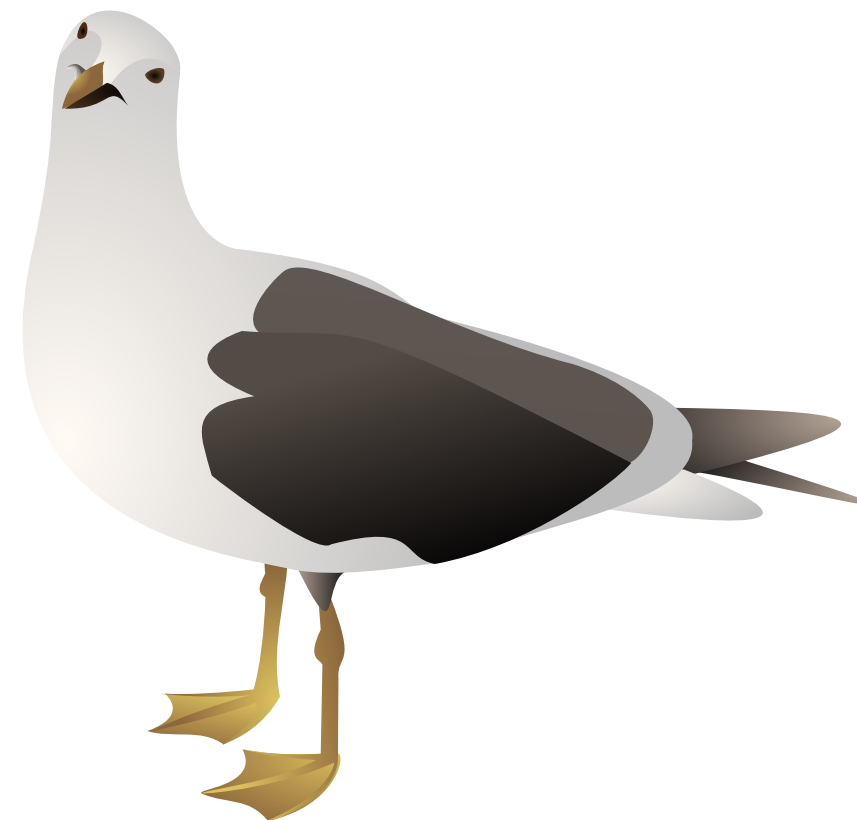


I do.

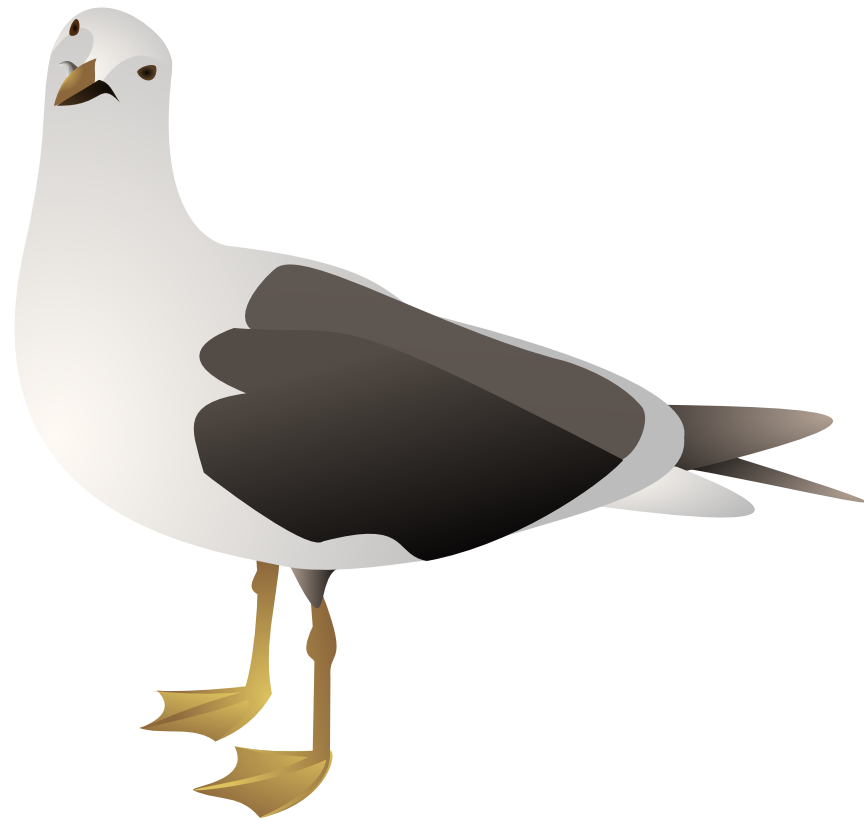
SEDIMENT! I
believe you
have a mother?



And, I believe, despite
her own opinions, she
worked tirelessly to
allow you a place at the
esteemed 'University of
Rocks'.



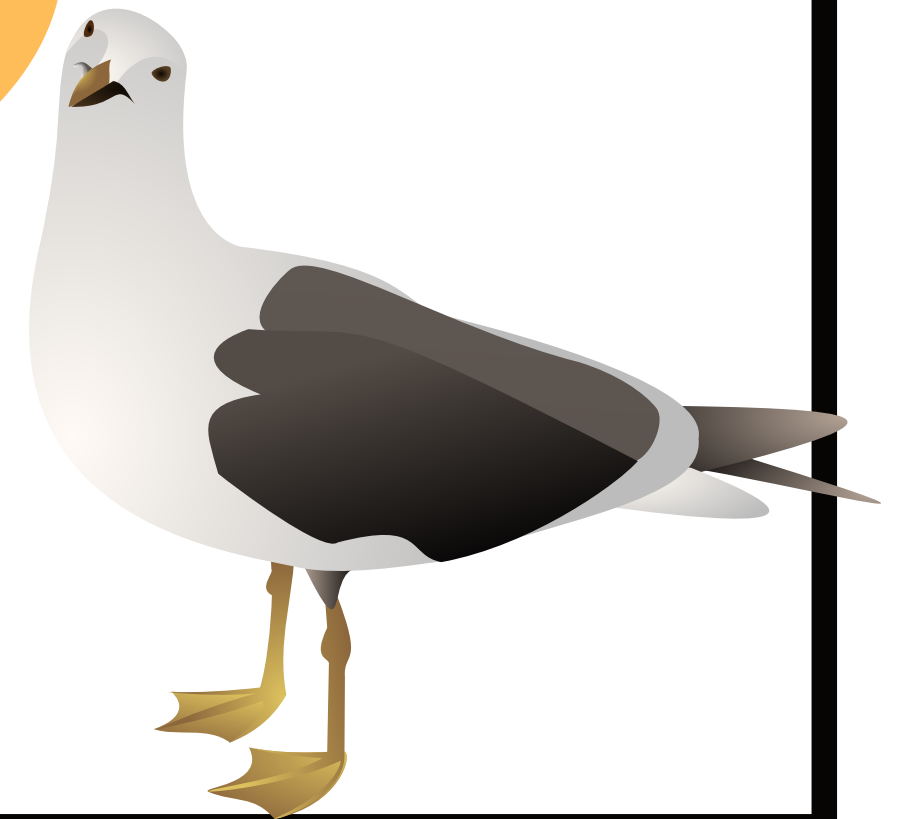
Frankly, **SEDIMENT**,
If I were your mother, I
would be disgusted by the
state of self pity and
indifference you have let
yourself sink into.



Why, seagull! I see now, you are right. I am appalled at my own selfishness. I must put my hopes of grandeur behind me and do my mother proud. Your words are not wasted on me!



I am always right!!



With the words of the seagull
fresh in my ears, I realise the
fault of my ways. His advice has
cemented and **compacted** not
only my soul, but my being. I am
willing to move on, to the next
stage of life!



PART THREE:
SEDIMENTARY
ROCK

SEDIMENTARY ROCK WEAR



Yes sir, very dashing.



SEDIMENTARY

ROCK WEAR

Well, this may not be the
ambitious life I once
wished for, but it is
fulfilling, and that I am
grateful for.



SEDIMENTARY ROCK WEAR

I'm sorry you feel that way sir. Do you wish to exchange it for something else?

Excuse me, Mr Sedimentary, but this hat what I recently purchased is simply not becoming!



SEDIMENTARY ROCK WEAR

Ever so sorry sir, but
I'm not in a position to
carry out your wish.
You can exchange
your hat or keep it.

Exchange it??
Who ever said any thing
about exchanging??!! I
**WANT MY MONEY
BACK!**

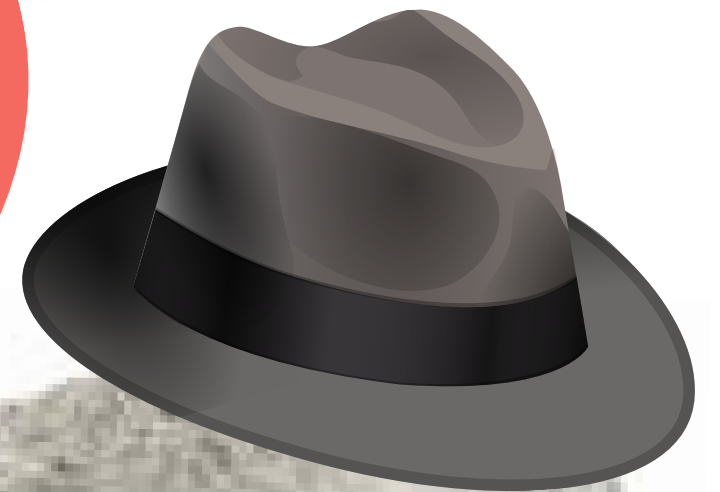


SEDIMENTARY ROCK WEAR



Goodbye,
sir.

You foul, impertinent
brute you! How very
DARE YOU!! I shall
never darken the door of
Sedimentary Rock Wear
AGAIN!



SEDIMENTARY ROCK WEAR



SEDIMENTARY ROCK WEAR



WAIT! Come
back here!



SEDIN

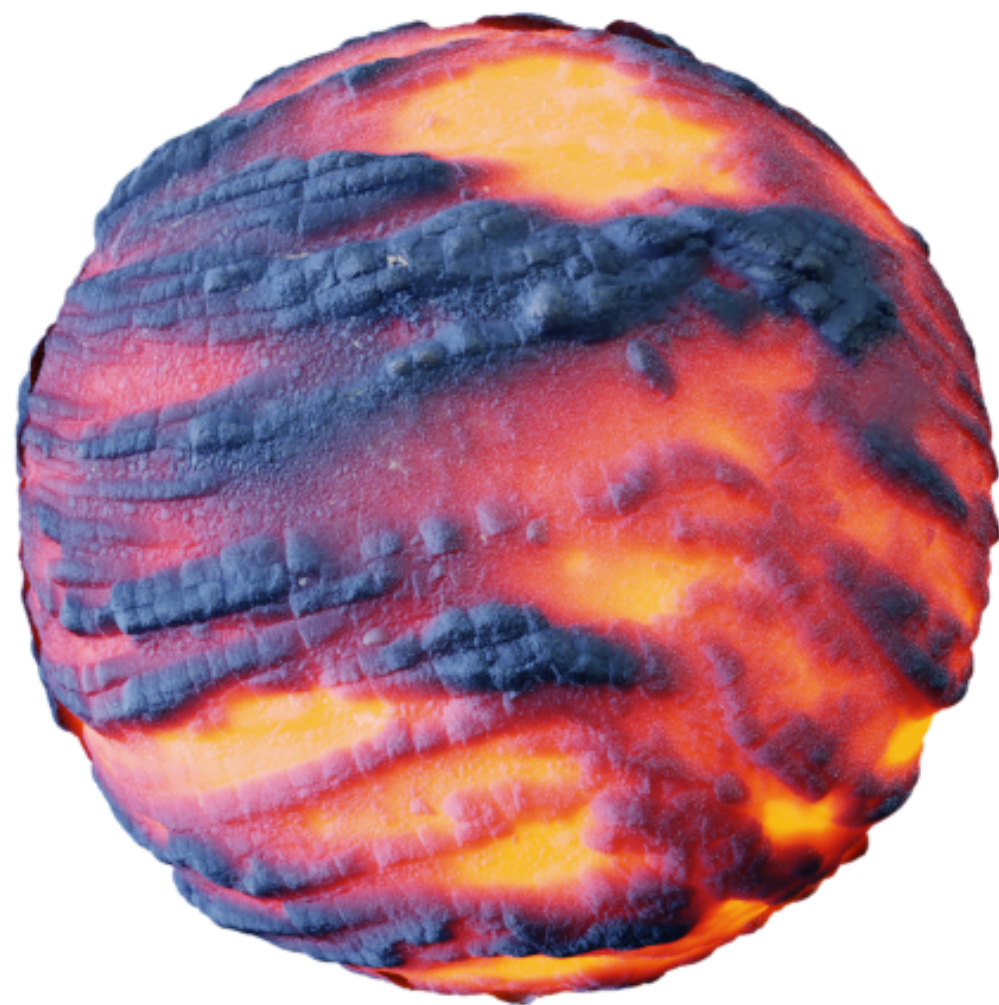
WEAR

I have played the part of cordial shop owner far too long!! Frankly, I am tired of being walked upon!! I have long been pining for change, and your words, *SIR*, have melted me. I feel a change coming on!!

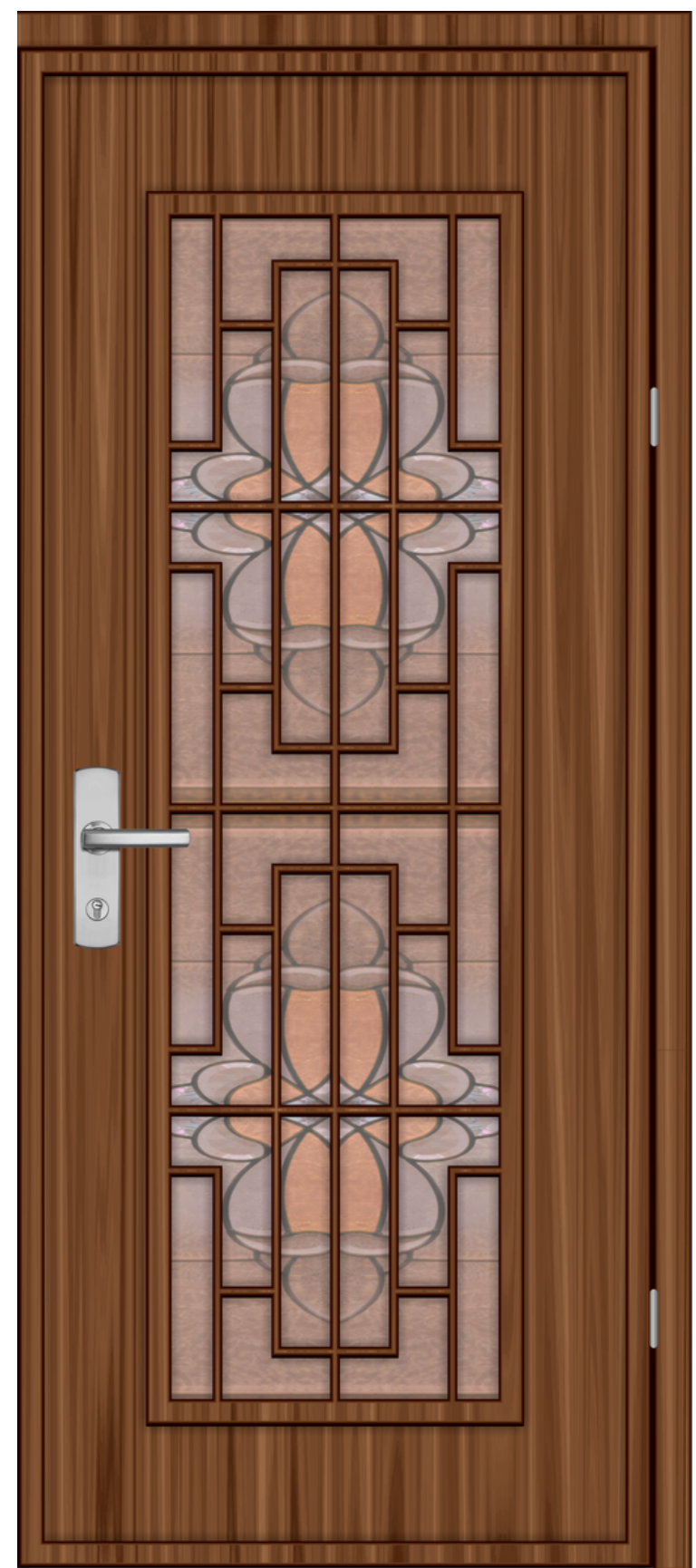


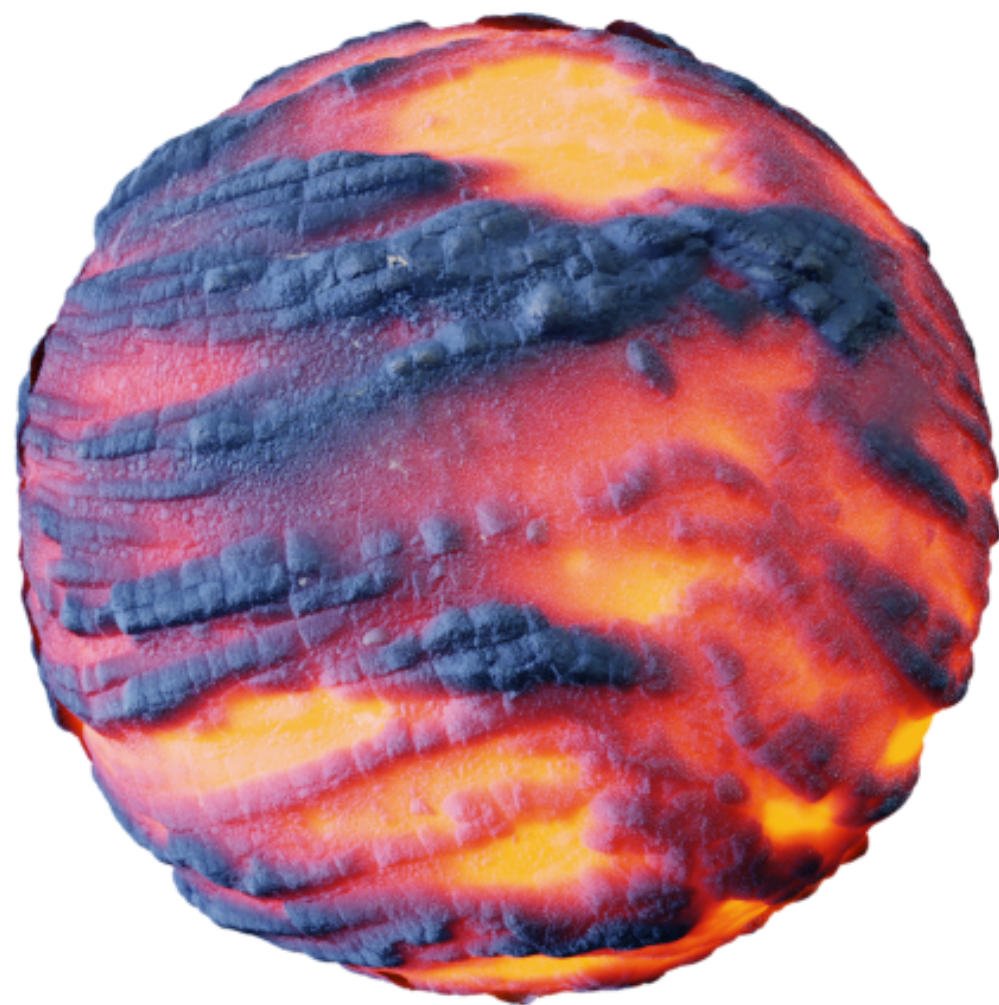
PART FOUR:

MAGMA

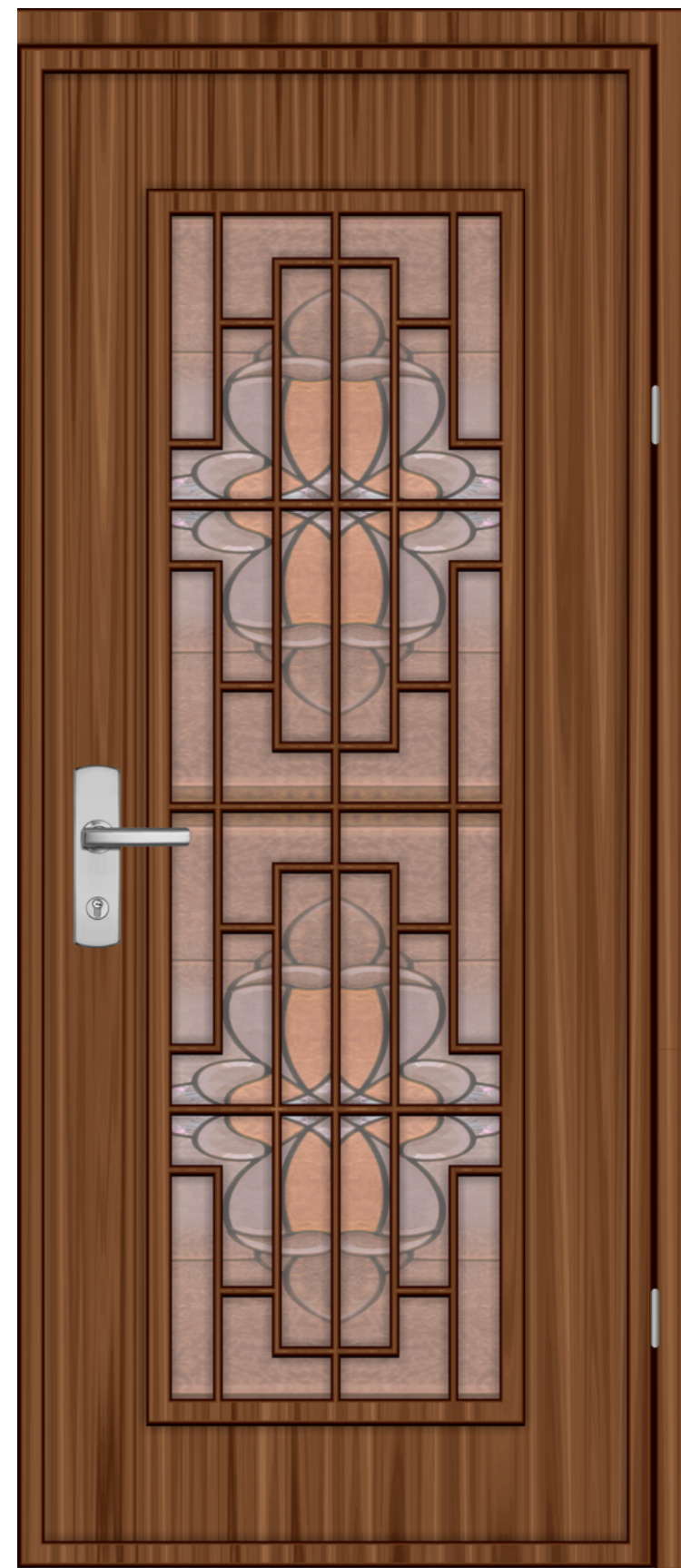


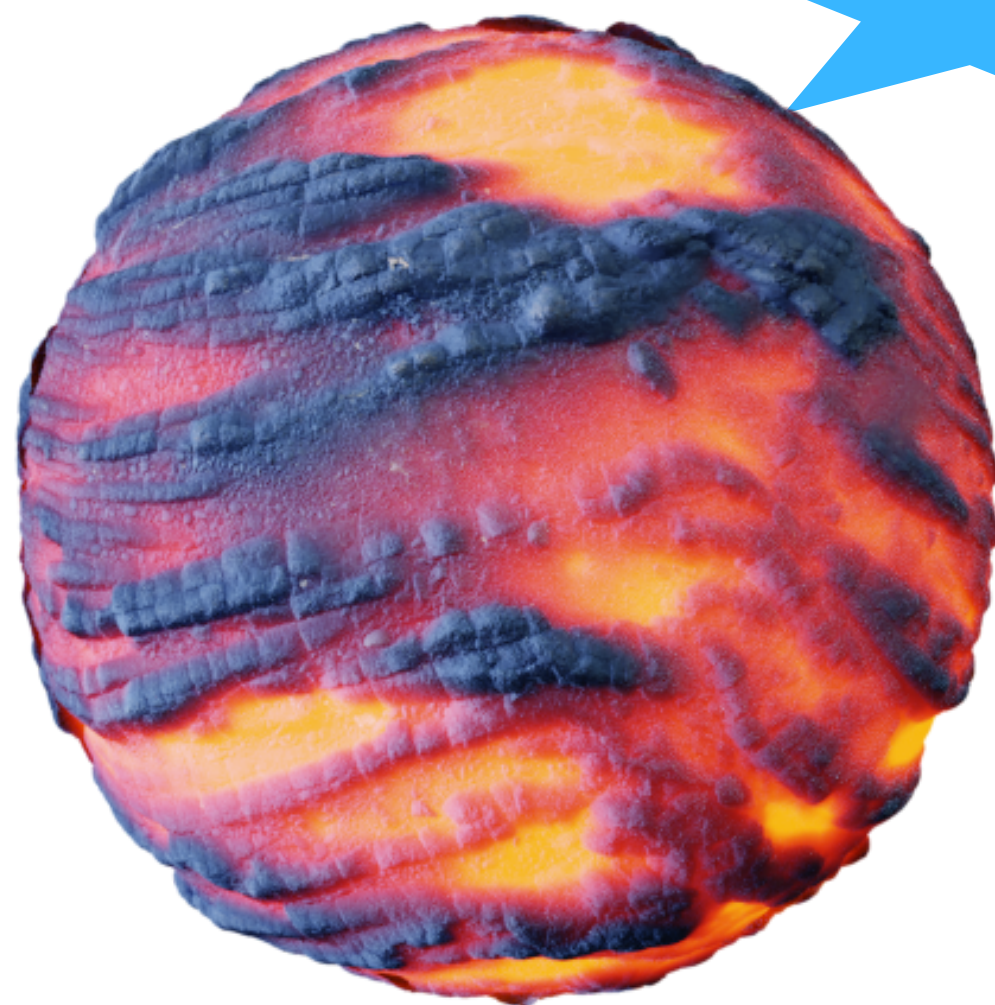
These days, I feel in a
constant rage.
Although I wished this
state upon myself, I
occasionally regret it.





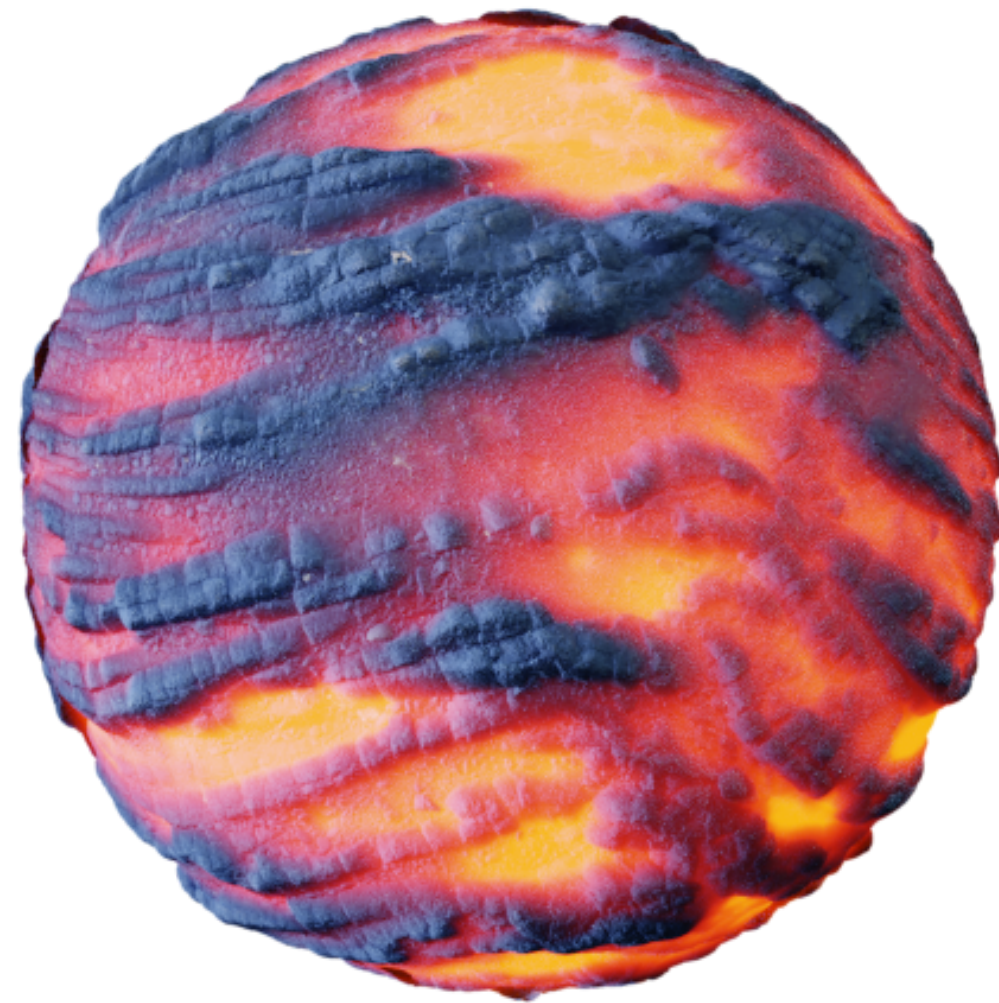
KNOCK KNOCK





WHAT!?





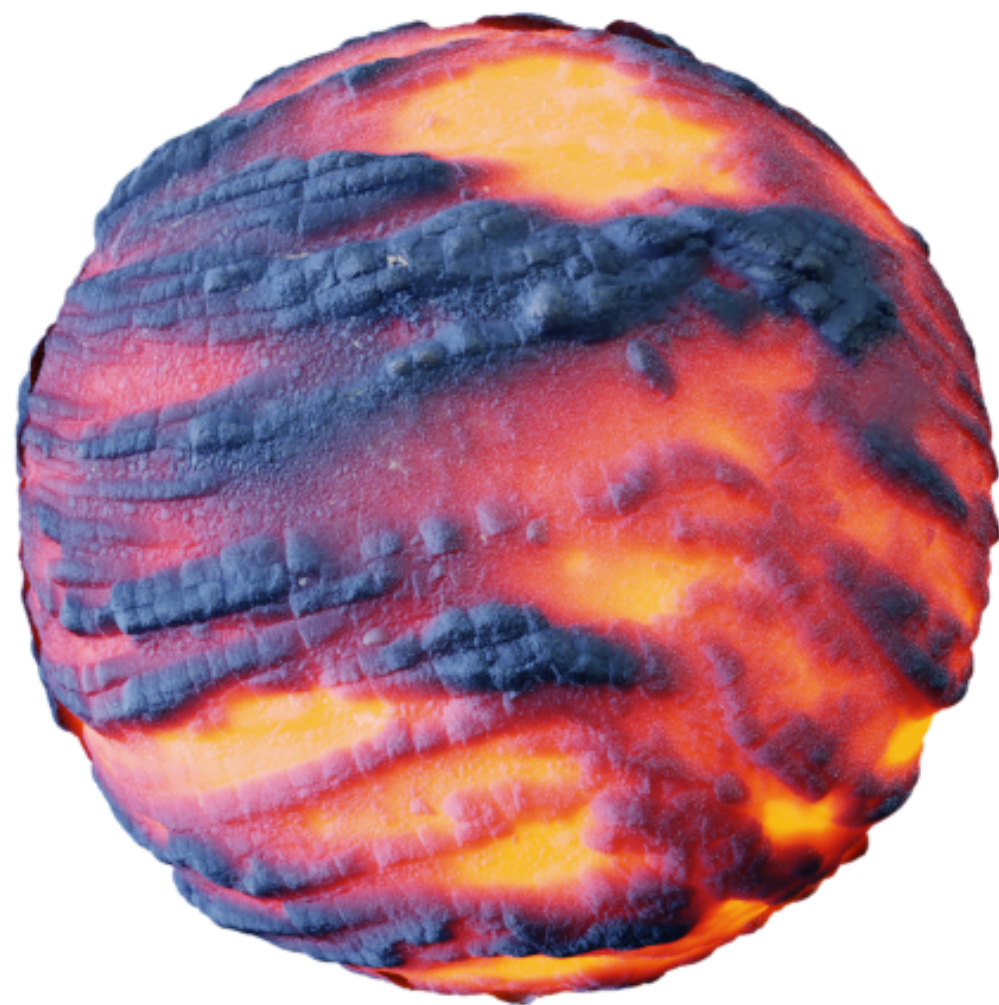
Mr Magma? I'm
afraid I have some
very sad news. Your
mother is very ill.



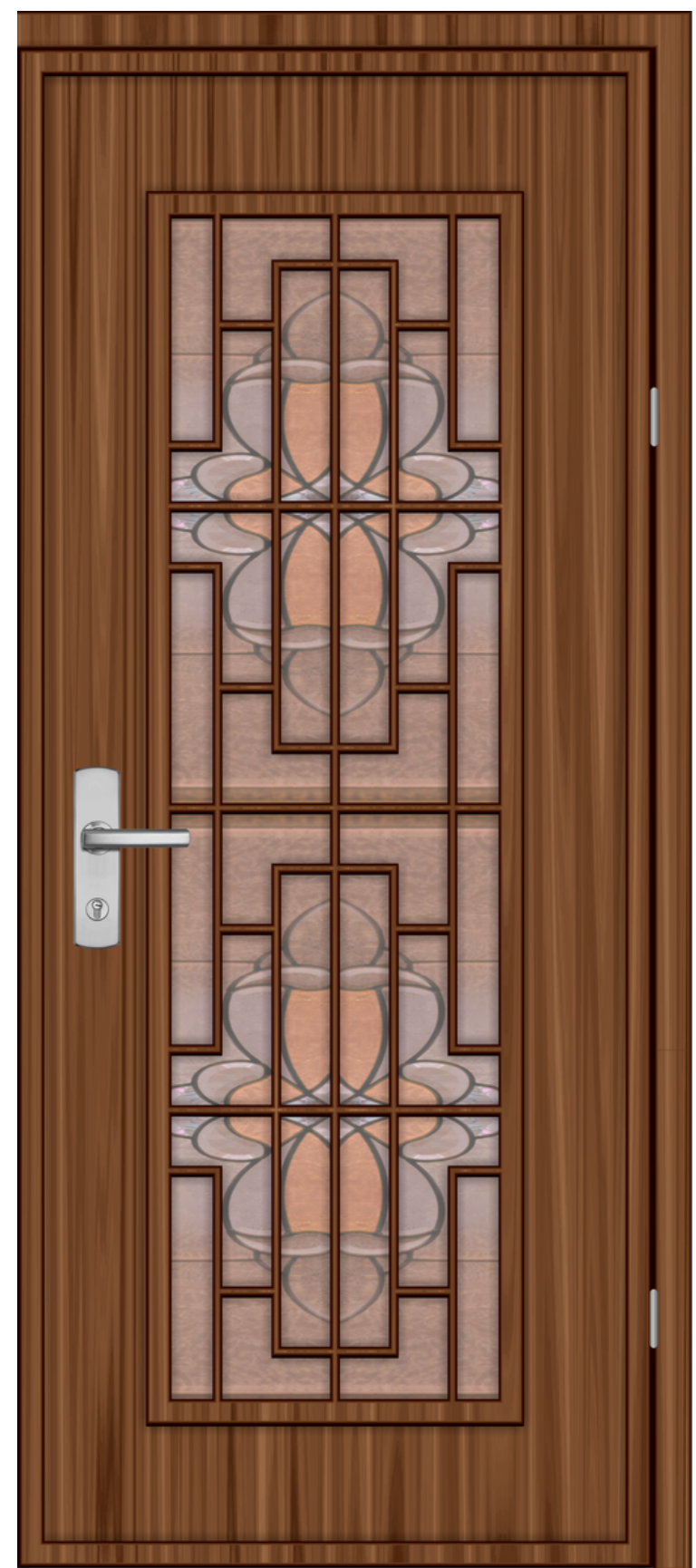


I see. Thank
you.





My, this is a very sobering occurrence. I no longer feel the need to be angry. I feel sure I will attend my mother's bedside a new type of rock.



PART FIVE:

IGNEOUS ROCK

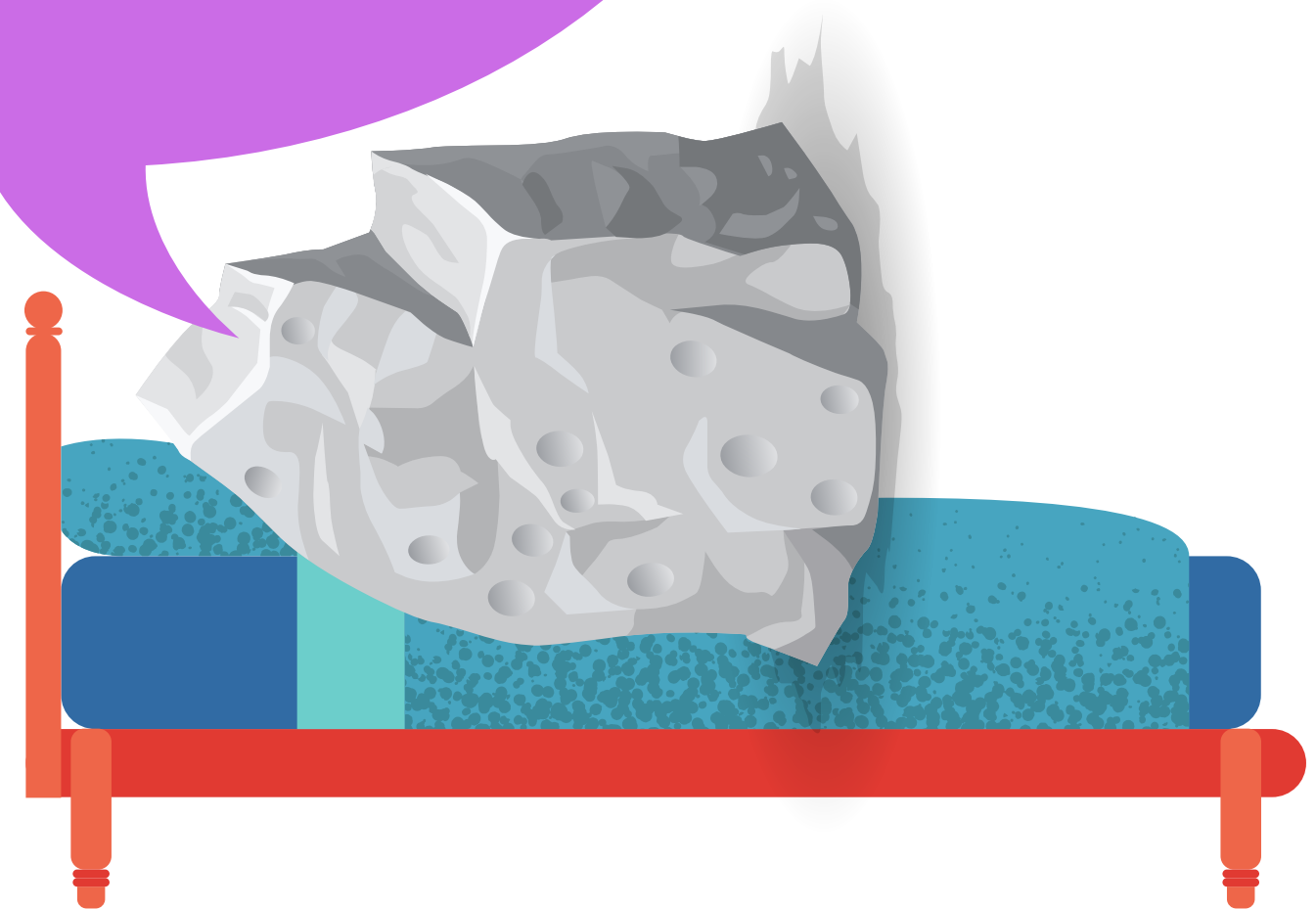


Mother! I came as soon as I could.
As you can see, this news has
cooled and **crystallised** me.
However, this is not the first
harrowing transformation I have
undergone since we last spoke.



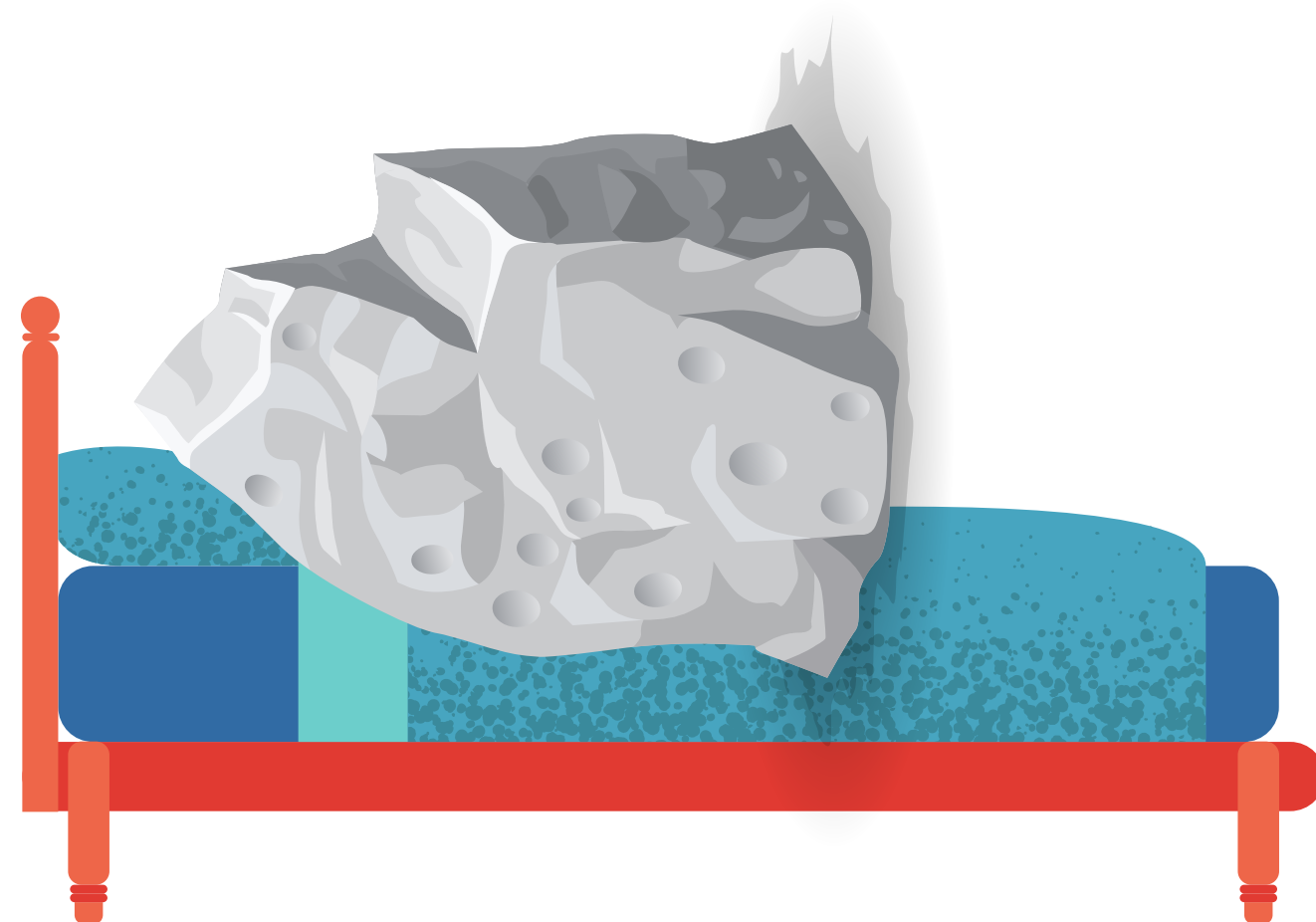


Thank you, my son. * Cough
cough* Yes, I fear these are
my last hours on earth, and
I wished dearly to see your
hard, grey face once more.



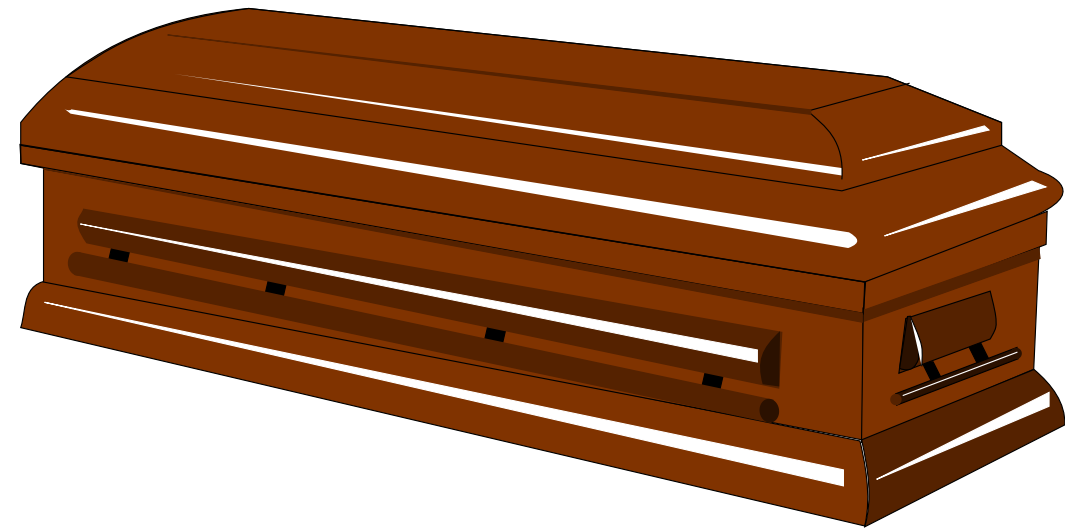


Indeed,
Mother.



THREE DAYS LATER

We are here today
to honour the tragic
passing of Mrs
Florence
Metamorphic...





Alas, my mother's death has
been an event of great
weathering and **erosion** to me.
I fear I shall once again repeat
the cruel cycle that is a poor
rock's life...

PART SIX:

SEDIMENT 2.0

Well, here I am again, in that miserable state they call **sediment**. I feel I shall come to terms with my grief, but that is still a long way off. When I do, however... perhaps I will start afresh at pursue once more the life I once dreamed of. Or perhaps I am destined to be recycled between rock types for eternity... Who can say?



THE END.