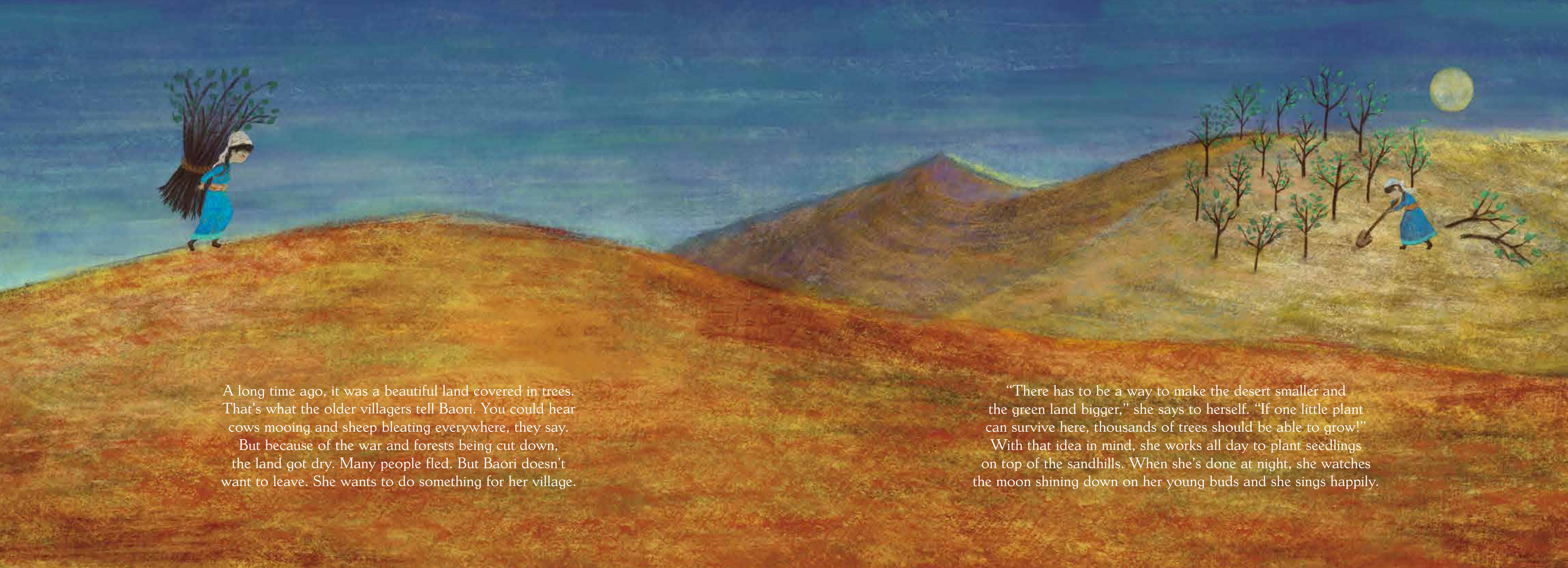


The dry desert grows bigger and bigger,
and the green meadows get smaller and smaller.

In the heart of the Maowusu Desert lives Baori
in a village of tents. From spring to winter,
sandstorms rage across the land. During the day,
it's as warm as an oven, but at night, it's as cold
as a freezer. From time to time, Baori and the
inhabitants of her village are forced to move
because of the difficult conditions.



A long time ago, it was a beautiful land covered in trees. That's what the older villagers tell Baori. You could hear cows mooing and sheep bleating everywhere, they say.

But because of the war and forests being cut down, the land got dry. Many people fled. But Baori doesn't want to leave. She wants to do something for her village.

"There has to be a way to make the desert smaller and the green land bigger," she says to herself. "If one little plant can survive here, thousands of trees should be able to grow!"

With that idea in mind, she works all day to plant seedlings on top of the sandhills. When she's done at night, she watches the moon shining down on her young buds and she sings happily.