

GROWTH IS THROUGH THE PEOPLE

The background of the entire page is a dark maroon color. Overlaid on this are several thick, brown, stylized tree branches that crisscross the frame. Scattered throughout are various autumn leaves: some are solid orange, some are yellow with orange outlines, and a few are green. The overall aesthetic is rustic and seasonal.

THE OPENING

No matter the beginning,
the power is always the people.
Their stories wave through
time like leaves in an autumnal
breeze.

Their stories breathe life to the
oncoming bloom, where leaves
of maroon become a luscious
juniper.

For growth is life, and without it,
nothing would thrive in a world
where every season is anew.

For business, for pleasure, for
earning, for measure,
No life can flourish without the
touch of a working figure.

THE STEADFAST SPINSTER

You see, I do work bloody hard. I
make pennies, and work harder than
most men in here. I make enough.
Enough to feed the kids, enough to
keep a roof over my head - me and the
husband do at least. Years I've been at
this. You might think we don't do as
much, that's what the blokes will have
ya thinking, I tell you. I was born round
here, and money is money, so you
won't see me moaning. What the men
think's beneath them, I'll show 'em
how to do right.

THE CLOSING

THE WICKED WATCH

I sit in my box, and just watch them work. You see, some of us end up pretty well off. I have plenty of work, but nothing more than lifting a telephone receiver.

It's child's play up here, just watching them kick about like kids on a pitch. They know the rules, they don't need me to remind them. No woman, no man, no child, nobody at all needs me because them's the rules on every wall. They don't need me... Do they? Right?

We've sat and watched the generations fold, etching a stamp on this old build. They come and go, and take their talents, but it'll always be unknown.

What more can they do but work and make a living. Labour ain't easy, but then again, what is when you've got nothing?
If there's one thing I know, it's that the people make the man, and the man would be dead without them.

THE MANIC MECHANIC

You wanna hear what I do, eh? How about you take a look at my fingers then. These are working man's hands. You see the lines on them, you'd think I'm sixty odd, but no, I'm just a grafter. You do it for the kids, to make sure their hands are always clean. Wife does her own bits. Couldn't get her workin' round here. I come in, do my job every single day, no sickness, never sick me. As long as my hands are workin' and there's blood running through me, I will never stop, no matter how hard it gets.