



In this world there are more than seven billion people
crawling in the grass, like little ants.
They walk around, sit down, think of things, then jump up again.
They run from here to there and there to here.

Some of them know why they are running.
Others have no idea at all—they just go with the flow.





People live in tall towers in the city or in a cottage in the field, where the wind is always whistling.

Some people live on a mountain way up high, on a boat on a river, in a tent in the desert, or in the dark, dark woods.

You can even find them in places where it is hard to live: where the earth is scalding hot or the water icy cold.





Some people try to do a thousand things at once.
They work, make phone calls, drive around,
send emails, and watch the television in the evening.
Only at night, when the moon has come up, are they finally quiet.
But some of them are even noisy in their dreams . . .

