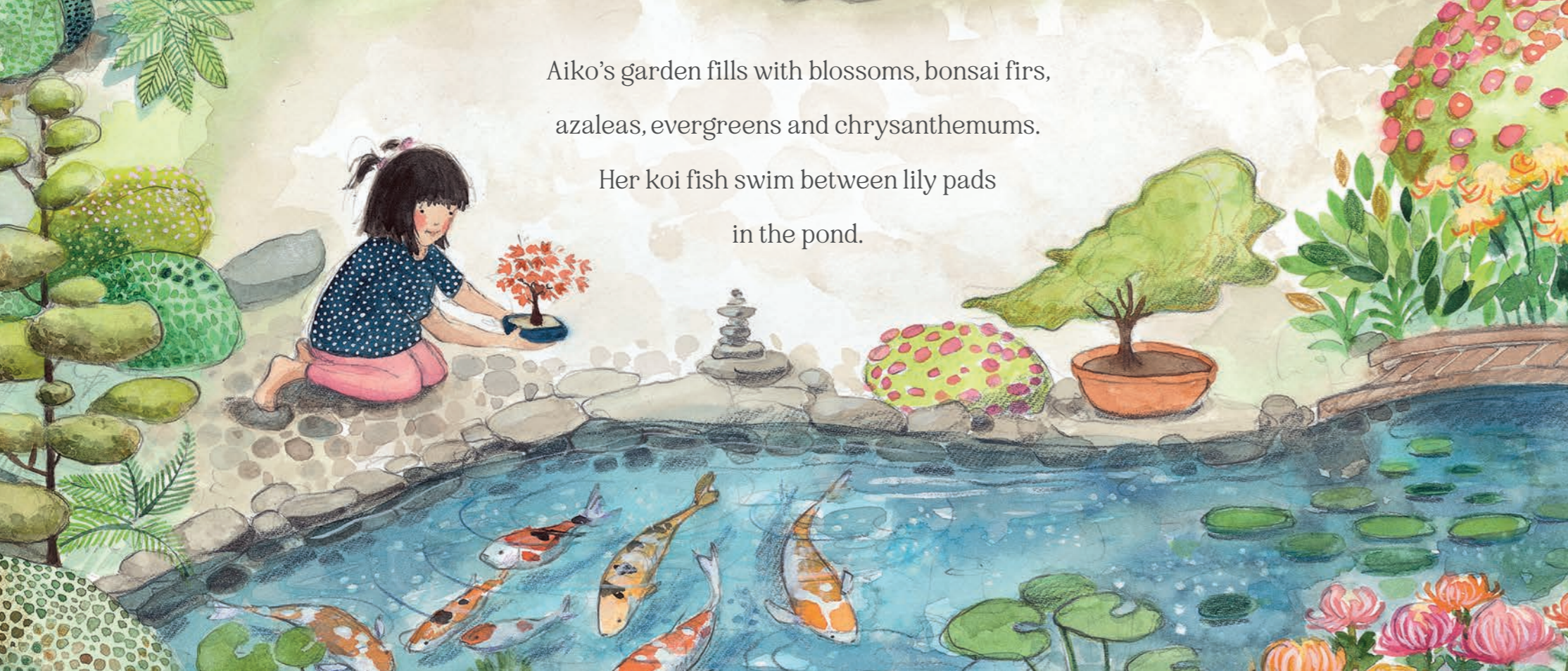




Aiko's garden fills with blossoms, bonsai firs,
azaleas, evergreens and chrysanthemums.

Her koi fish swim between lily pads
in the pond.



Swallows dip and glide.

She keeps a maple tree in a tiny pot.

She sees a rabbit in its burrow.

She hears the sound of the sweetest nightingale hidden
high above, amongst the spruce.

This courtyard is her favourite place.

She is building something here.





Freyja wraps herself in layers of woollen clothes and steps out into the ice.
Everything in her garden looks white. It is still and soundless.
Her Icelandic sheepdog stays close to her as they wander across snow,
breath bringing warmth to the air.



Icelandic sheep and Icelandic horses huddle together.
The landscape looks desolate, but there is life under the ice, waiting for spring.
She keeps watch through the night for the Northern Lights.
This winter wonderland is her favourite place.
She believes in the kind of magic here.



Olivia lives a hundred kilometres from anywhere.

She walks down a long bush track to her garden.

The water is cool and enticing, and full of brologas, frogs and crocodiles.

She watches dragonflies swarm and buzz over

giant lily pads, the delicate flowers

dancing like stars.



She collects eggs hidden in nests high above the waterline.

Spear grass grows tall amongst silky oak and golden grevillea.

When Kudjewk comes, her garden explodes with life.

This billabong is her favourite place.

She is imagining big things here.