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The Great Beginnings

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Yet another common trick that we used quite a lot in our previous puzzle hunt. It's quite similar to what you did for the previous puzzle...

There was once a Great Beginning. Ravaging, rumbusing, and rolling down hills. Yearning as he went for fun and new. As the days went by and a Great Beginning grew tired and old, he sought his old life. Never did it occur to him that his old life of peace and adventure would be something he would miss. Sometimes, a Great Beginning would lie in his bed and dream of seeing the world. Water dripped and dropped off his old, tattered roof, and he knew he must go and explore. Except there was one problem: a Great Beginning didn't remember how. Remembering things seemed to be a Great Beginning's greatest flaw, from remembering to eat to remembering to sleep, Great Beginnings couldn't. Inside him, he looked for answers, deep inside, down every hole, every crevice, every twist and turn in his whole body. Nothing, there was nothing left; he had become stagnant, unremembered for eternity. Greatness won't follow, he thought, and, feeling rejected, a Great Beginning walked down the hall, through the room where he once gazed upon as a young boy, and left. Down and up and left he walked, never knowing when it would end, it would seem days and nights before any progress had been made. One day, when a Great Beginning stopped to rest, he sat by a lone pine tree and thought to himself, "Why?" Upon thinking about the why, he began to question the what. Doing so, A Great Beginning began to ponder the Who, who has he, who was a Great Beginning. Onward he must go; pondering won't help his flow. Up up and away, Great Beginnings went to the horizon.