



**n ancient times, there was a
gray-barked mastic tree on
the arid island of Crete in the
Mediterranean Sea.**

**Its dark green leaves shook in the
dusty summer winds.**

**One of these blasts of Saharan origin
dislodged a lone mastic berry.**





**It tumbled down the rocky
hillside into the view of a hungry
alpine chough.**

**But this was no ordinary mastic
berry the bird munched down:
inside this berry was a seed that
would come to be known by the
name of Theseus.**



**Lost in the wind, the
alpine chough made its
way across the Aegean
sea to the Peloponnese,
and ended up in a city
called Troezen.**



**On a rainy evening, it
spotted a tasty-looking
snail crossing a garden
path, snatched it up, and
deposited the black
mastic seed amidst the
fennel and iris.**



**But the seed did not
germinate.**

**It lay in that garden,
beneath the bright sky,
as though waiting.**



A large-scale mosaic artwork depicting a landscape scene. The composition includes a winding path or riverbed in the foreground, lined with trees and foliage. A small circular inset in the upper center shows a close-up of a face or object. The overall style is intricate, using numerous small tiles to create a detailed and textured image.

**What was it
waiting for?**



seasons passed.



Ages passed.



**Time moved on and
the seed remained.
Still. Silent.
Waiting.**