

We are connected.
Interconnected.



AGENTSTM OF NATURE

IN A WOOD WIDE WEB ADVENTURE

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CHAPTER 1

Spirit of the Forest

In a lush, dense tropical forest, the air is thick with the scent of earth and the vibrant hum of forest life. A bright, green light dances among the towering trees. The glowing light swoops down towards a larger-than-life egg cradled in the gnarled roots of an ancient banyan tree.

With a loud crack, the egg splits open.
And what a curious sight it is!

Out pops the head of a little girl named Mimi. The cracked eggshell wobbles on her head like an oversized beret.

Her wide eyes blink in disbelief as she takes in the magnificence of the forest around her. Another crack follows. To her surprise, a tender green plant named Puno sprouts from the shell. Then, with a sharp pop, the big head of a tiny, bright yellow mushroom named Micro bursts through.

The three egg-mates look at each other in bewilderment.

The egg gives a final shudder.
And with a deafening crack, it explodes.

A million pieces of eggshell fly across the forest as Mimi, Puno, and Micro go soaring through the air.

“Wheee!” Puno squeals mid-tumble, his leaves fluttering wildly in delight.

Mimi crash-lands onto the spongy forest floor and bounces up, curls full of twigs. “What just happened?” she exclaims.

Unrattled by the tumble, Micro the mushroom seems already deep in thought. He responds matter-of-factly, “Logically, since we just hatched from the same egg, we must be connected. Or rather, interconnected.” Micro is obviously a very logical mushroom.

But Mimi isn’t convinced. “Us? Connected?” she asks with an incredulous gasp.

“Interconnected.” Micro confirms.

How in the world can a mushroom, a plant, and a human be connected? wonders Mimi.

For Puno, the link feels completely natural. He sweeps them into a tight, leafy embrace and begins to sing, “We are connected! Interconnected! We are connected! Interconnected!”

He’s so overjoyed that he can’t help but sprout a little pink flower on his head! Mimi giggles and hugs Puno back. Micro squirms uncomfortably and squeezes his way out of the over-enthusiastic hug. He’s more interested in the case of their curious interconnection.

The green light hovering at a distance comes closer to peek at them through the trees.

Micro scratches the top of his yellow mushroom head and mutters, “What could possibly be the purpose of our existence? Why were the three of us hatched together?”

As if in answer, the light mischievously whooshes towards them, tickling a trail of wildflowers in its path. The chittering of squirrels, birds, frogs, and insects on the forest floor rises in a delighted welcome, like greeting an old friend.

The light swirls around Mimi, Micro, and Puno, whirling them towards the Banyan.

The trio stare, breathless, as the green glow rises up through the hanging roots of the tree, to its branches, sending a shower of golden brown leaves twirling to the ground. The Banyan shimmers, its canopy bursting with vibrant green.



An ethereal whisper emanates from the tree. “I am the Spirit of the Forest, and I have a mission for you.”

Puno’s pink flower glows brightly.

He breaks into a jig, and turning to all the creatures in the forest, announces with a flourish, “The Spirit of the Forest has a mission for us!”

Micro shoots him a concerned look, wondering what Puno was so happy about. After all, the mission could be a dangerous one!



Mimi stands still, eyes closed, feeling the powerful energy of the Spirit of the Forest. She finds it hard to believe that someone as small as herself could be needed by such a magnificent and mighty presence.

“What can we do that you can’t?” enquires Mimi gingerly.

The Banyan tree seems to grow larger, and a sudden gust of wind spirals around them. “Long ago, all forms of nature thrived together, caring for themselves and one another. But now, humans are losing their connection with the rest of nature. They feel alone, disconnected, and empty. Most of them can’t even see me anymore.”

The golden green glow ripples softly, radiating a warmth that brushes against Mimi, Puno, and Micro, stirring something deep within them.

“You have been chosen to help restore the bond that’s been lost. Show the world how to work with their nature, not against it.”

Micro takes a moment to absorb what the Spirit of the Forest was saying. His suspicion was correct. This was indeed a very dangerous and complicated mission.

He solemnly steps towards the Spirit, prepared to logically argue his case. “That sounds impossible. Especially for those as tiny as us!”

Mimi feels her excitement ebb. They were just little kids. How could they possibly take on a mission so huge? *What if she failed them all?*

“You are the Agents of Nature!” declares the Spirit of the Forest. “Agent Mimi, descendant of the Animalia Kingdom. Agent Puno, descendant of the Plantae Kingdom, and Agent Micro, fruit of the...”

“*Descendant,*” Micro interrupts, “of the Fungi Kingdom. Too small to be noticed. How can we know what to do?”

The Spirit of the Forest expands outward and envelops them, its voice echoing louder in their ears. “Even the tiniest of beings hold the power of this mighty nature within them. Honour it, and it will always be your guide.”

The green glow of the Spirit brightens, turning golden as it begins to flow into the three Agents of Nature. “The question is, do you feel the connection within you? Do you have the heart to honour it? Do you have the courage to care?”

Mimi, Puno, and Micro stand spellbound as the golden light fills their tiny beings, fuelling a shared energy that grows stronger between them. A strange awareness blossoms within Mimi, deep and certain.

This powerful force of nature doesn't need her. It has existed long before, and will continue long after. Instead, it was she and other humans who *needed* nature, like a missing part of their very souls.

Mimi bites her lip and holds out her hands to her egg-mates. Puno grabs on, bright and eager. Micro hesitates, then places his small hand into hers.

In unison, they declare, "Spirit of the Forest, little as we are, we vow to do our very best. It will be our honour to embark on this mission!"

"May the Forest be with you, brave Agents of Nature. Stay connected." The Spirit's energy flows through them, from Mimi to Puno to Micro, before merging with the green of the Forest and vanishing.

Standing beneath the ancient canopy, hearts pounding, the weight of their mission settles over them.

They were no longer just a girl, a plant, and a mushroom.

They were Agents of Nature.

Part of something vast and eternal.

The earth beneath their feet begins to tremble and shift.

About the Authors:



Komal Thakur is a Creative Director, Permaculture Designer, and a self-proclaimed unbracketed soul. After leading some of India's most beloved television shows, she discovered that nature runs an even more extraordinary production. Naturally, she took it on.

She has spent years working with farmers to grow biodiverse food forests through Earth4ever Conservation Foundation. She believes nature is not something to be saved, but something to be felt, and that every child is born knowing this.

Komal lives on the edge of a forest in Mumbai with her husband, two dogs, and a revolving cast of curious creatures just outside her door. She doesn't recall calling for an audition.



Bhavna Tanwani is a certified environmental educator and an experienced curriculum designer who uses storytelling to turn learning into an adventure.

With a background in psychology and years of working closely with children, she creates immersive lessons that help kids absorb complex ideas by engaging their creativity and imagination.

Bhavna lives amidst the snow-capped mountains of Colorado Springs with her husband, where she loves tending to the jungle in her living room and reading books that spark wild ideas. That is, once her dream diary has received its morning update.

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