Eroding Planning Powers Leaves us at the Mercy of the Market

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I had a dream about a tree, and I knew right from the start that this tree would be my dream home. It was a tree that would provide me with all the nourishment I needed to grow and thrive. I knew that this tree would be my safe haven, a place where I could escape the chaos of the world and find peace.

One day, I decided to build this dream home. I started by planting seeds in the ground and watering them every day. I knew that this would take time and effort, but I was determined to make it happen.

As the days turned into weeks, and the weeks turned into months, I watched in wonder as my tree began to grow. The leaves became greener, the branches more sturdy. I knew that I was on the right path, and that I was getting closer to my dream every day.

But then came the challenge. The tree began to attract pests, and I knew that I had to act quickly to protect it. I called in some experts, and they taught me how to care for my tree and keep it healthy.

Slowly but surely, my dream home began to take shape. The tree stood tall and strong, and I knew that it was only a matter of time before it would be ready to move into.

And so, I moved into my dream home. It was a place of beauty and tranquility, and I knew that I had made the right decision. I was finally living in the home of my dreams, and I couldn't be happier.