

My stack

TUM-012

CARD 1

Why I exist

A trading card is small on purpose. She says one thing, well, and then she stops. That is her strength — and her limit. Some stories do not fit in four lines and a picture.

So the small card gets a stack. Not a page that scrolls on forever, but bigger cards, one after the other, with a cover in front. You read them the way you would read a short booklet: card by card, each one complete in itself.

The small card does not change. She stays what you met first; she just carries me behind her. That is why the stack bears her name: I am not a different thing, I am her story told at length.

EDITION 1

TUMBLE CARDS

WORKSHEET

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NOTES



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DNA.TUMBLECARD.COM

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