

The Last Tree

The road looks as black as the night sky, a thin layer of dew had settled on its surface, grey smoke puffing out of the back of the car as it chugs down the bending suburban streets that lead back to our house. I peek out of the window of our car and I see the rows of bionic trees.

We pull into the drive way, my parents chatting about work and other boring stuff. I hop through the door and through the house, up to my house... my tree house. I clamber up the ladder and I enter my tree house. The walls have colourful pillows against the wall. I stare out the rough cot window out into the world. I see loads of other kids in their plastic tree houses, the world has no natural beauty anymore. We have no limits and I think we are plotting the world's demise....

Today is the last day of my tree house. The council slipped a notice under my door informing me why. We have ruined nature and we didn't think twice but the memories will still be there forever...

I look at my treehouse admiring its rope ladder hanging down from the large box on the tree. I clamber up the rope ladder. As I enter the box, the light dims and the cool breeze gets blocked by the thick wood planks that had created this tree house. I had carved simplistic pictures into the walls, pictures of my ambitions. My eyes search the wall and I see a spaceman, a builder and a teacher. So many dreams that will never be fulfilled.

The sound of saws ring in the air and the smell of freshly chopped wood chips fly into the atmosphere. It's impossible to not catch them in your mouth. My dreams come crashing down and so did my childhood...

Louis