

The old forest creaks as the wind blows through, filling my ears with a flute-like whistle. The moonlight filters through the leaves. Twigs snap under my feet. I black out.

The wooden structure loomed in front of me. The old door creaked as I tried to open it. It was locked. No way in. No way out. The windows were barred, the other doors locked. A scream from inside the house. The treehouse.

I rush back to reality. I am lying on the ground. The spongy moss is still wet from this morning's rain. I black out again.

There was more screaming from inside the house. Then I saw the fire...

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It was that kind of fire. The kind of fire that is all-consuming, never-ending, a virulent inferno. It could not have been accidentally lit. It was arson. But why? Who would come out here, just to burn our treehouse down?

I come back to reality. I am standing under the burnt reality of the treehouse. I try not to cry, but the feeling is too strong. I break down on the ground, in tears. Why did my parents have to be torn away from me? Why did everything I loved and cared about have to burn up in flames? What did I do to deserve it?

I try to take control of my emotions, but once again they escape just out of my reach. I finally stand up, but the effort is too much, and I collapse back down. I black out again.

After the fire came the explosion. No-one but me saw it.

If anything was even remotely salvageable after the fire, the explosion trumped any hope of anything surviving. The forest shook, and I was forced to the ground. The trees groaned, but my screams were the loudest.

I am back in reality. The sky is turning from a brilliant blue to inky black, faster than I thought possible. I stand up, this time succeeding to support for more than 10 second I have to lean on the tree for support.

It storms that night. A storm so hard it can only be found in tropical regions. I stay under the tree the night, until the first light of dawn my face. The light shines radiantly after the seemingly never ending storm. I finally get up, and let go. Not just let go of my parents loss, but let go of the treehouse, let go of my previous, let go of life.