The Tree House

Hidden amongst a cluster of trees there lies a castle (5). It sits high in the treetops, just inches away from the sky. With our little heads tilted right back, the top of our castle (5) can just be made out – but to reach the top a treacherous journey must be undertaken. Our tiny fingers tightly grasp the wooden railings of the tree house’s sturdy steps. In our minds this is a matter of life or death. Little eyes steal quick glimpses of the shaky ground. As the summit is reached we are greeted by a strong plank of wood, which fills us with security. The seemingly endless view (5) comes to a halt only at the horizon. A sea of billowing clouds feels close enough to reach out and grab, taunting us with dreams of flying (5). All fears completely vanish when we are greeted by the radiant face of Winnie The Pooh, smiling from above a huge oak dresser, home to all kinds of royal tea parties. From this protrudes an enormous mirror; bright little eyes and a wide cheeky grin stare back.

Years later, so much has changed. The decrepit old tree house sways in the morning breeze. It can barely hold itself up, instead arching down towards the ground. The ancient wooden steps rock in dismay at the unaccustomed weight as I carefully start my climb. Where tiny fingers once grasped, strenuous strings of ivy now intertwine themselves around the rickety rails (4). The once strong plank beneath my feet is now riddled with rot, victim to years of weathering (4). The lonely tree house has been left with only one companion – the little sparrow perched within the abundance of overgrown branches which encroach through the window; the tangled sea of green restricting all views. The faint smile of Winnie The Pooh brings back even fainter memories; below; a coat of green eats away the soggy old dresser (4). But there is one thing that hasn’t changed – the same bright eyes and wide smile stare right back, unaffected by the hands of time.