Many moons ago, an enchanting and fascinating palace stood amongst a sea of trees. It was spectacular. Branches and twigs had been manipulated to form a grand staircase with a vast amount of authentic looking rooms. Although this fortress was inhabited by a fearless Queen, (well I thought I was) she was no match for what roamed in the woodland. The reality is that this is just a dream. I think it was a dream. Was it a Dream? Anyways, this is where I live.

Living deep within an enchanted forest, (well not really) lonely and hopeless I live in the forest in a very special tree, an old silver birch tree, which I call home. (It’s just my tree-house). My home stands proudly at over 20 feet tall (it is by far the biggest of its kind......ummm). Like a snake shedding its skin, the silver, crumbling bark is flaking from its exterior. Because the tree is so old, the roots spread for miles under the ground, like a spider’s web encompassing the earth.

From this old, impressive tree, grows an array of shapes, sizes, colours and textures of leaves. As the autumn leaves hang from the branches, they sway in the howling wind. Occasionally, a leaf falls and, ready to leave its home, it dances, spirals and twirls through the air, eventually landing on the ground.

Although my home is a tree, with leaves, bark and branches, to the human eye it is much more: it is a rainbow of colours bursting through the air. Like any person who wears clothes, I need somewhere to dry my washing; however, because my hollow is small, I have my washing line outside. Hanging off the washing line, is an assortment of colourful clothing: t-shirts, stripy socks, a scarf and shorts. Also, a pair of six-fingered gloves (because I am an aberration, who has six fingers on each hand). Above the washing line, I use the branches and grooves in the tree trunk effectively. Since I don’t have a lot of space inside the hollow, I store my belongings outside. Strangely, a bike wheel is propped between a thick branch and the trunk, as an umbrella hangs of the most delicate of the tree’s twigs.