

A Child's Tree house

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Dreams. Aren't these we are made of? As kids, we dreamt of being adults; now, as adults; we wish to be kids again. As a 6 year old; I dreamt of having a tree house, which turned into reality one fine day. I spent most of my childhood years within those four wooden walls. I'd rush to my tree house after school, grab a book; and enter into my world, the world of fiction: free from stress; taunts; and responsibilities, a realm of pure happiness. I found comfort in reading and the tree house.

When I was 13, the tree had to be cut down. I watched my tree house, my comfort place, turn into fragments, as I stood near my window; feeling feeble that I couldn't do anything to save it.

My mother asked me,

"Are you okay?"

With a heavy heart and teary eyes, I replied,

"It's alright, I am all grown."

Years later, I was back in the same comfort spot. Fiction books have been replaced by academic ones. A decision, a tough' one, has to be made, Something as great as having your dream career is not granted for free, it requires numerous sacrifices. Realizing I must forfeit my comfort, I repeated those words with a heavy heart and teary eyes again,

"It's alright, I am all grown."