

He doesn't know when he gained consciousness, but he does know that it's been years since he came alive. It was boring; just sitting there doing nothing but just watching. Sometimes, a bird would land on his branches to rest, but they never stayed long. He lay planted in the backyard of a house; a white building, a boy would be seen from far, but he never stepped a foot in the yard, none of them did. But then came the faithful day filled with noise; apparently, the small family of three decided to move away. And soon a family of five moved in, two daughters and a son. A girl ran straight into the yard, her yellow dress flowing behind her as she ran into the open field. I quickly learned her name was Jane from her mom yelling for her to help unload the car; she looked no older than twelve. Soon after the family moved in, they planted a garden, built a small coop for chickens, and hung outside more than the previous owners. But the person who spent the most time outdoors was Jane; she would always feed the chickens to the point where they would follow her around wanting food. She would lie on the grass, jump on the trampoline left by the previous owners, or climb up my branches, wanting to go to the top. Her parents bought her a swing for the promise of her not climbing up to the top. She loved that swing; she would go outside right after dinner every day, she would swing at a fast pace, messing up her hair, letting the brown strands go haywire. Soon came her birthday, they held a party with a white tent in the backyard, they hung the piñata on his branches; pop it went and the children ran forward catching all the candy they could find. They opened the gifts, and she received a phone. She was so excited, her smile never leaving her face. She soon played music while swinging, she would talk to herself about the song, giving her ideas for her books, she wanted to be an author. But she never got around to accomplish her goal, and there was nothing he could do. They found her like that, hung on his own arm, her feet never touching the ground since she decided to climb up. It was too late when the ambulance arrived, carefully putting her down and taking her away. He didn't know what happened next, but it seemed as though the days were shrouded in sadness. He knew nothing and couldn't even move closer to the white, gloomy house, where the rest of the family was. Not long after, her father came out and cut the swing off his branch with his hunting knife. The last piece of her he had, torn off. They never looked in his direction again, avoiding the backyard, they went as far as selling the chickens that belonged to Jane.