Sticky and clammy from perspiration, I felt Lavender’s smooth, delicate hands grasp onto my young, immatured branches. Her shallow breaths tickled the rough, new bark on my trunk as she climbed up into the seat I had grown for her. Molded out of thin branches and shaded from the harsh Sun, this seat was secret and sacred, designed only for the Kerr family.

As Lavender grew older, her visits became less frequent, and when she came, she just lay beneath the canopy I grew for her, smiling up at me. However, one day, I realized a huge watermelon bulged out of Lavender’s stomach. Tears welled up inside her huge eyes that danced softly, as she stroked my trunk as if I was a puppy. I knew that this was the last time I would see her, yet somehow, I knew that this was not the end, but the beginning of an adventure.

This same thing happened for many generations of the Kerr family, yet each time I was not deterred by a loss, but instead built a stronger drive. Wise and full of knowledge, I felt more confident as each generation passed this sacred spot down to the next. Each time a new child came, I felt the urge to hug them with my branches, adore them in my lush green leaves.

However, as the generations passed, and humans went through the Industrial Revolution, I experienced harrowing situations. Each day the Sun rose to nurture me, monsters disguised as humans stomped through our branches, crushed insects. Worst of all, they shredded my younger, less mature siblings. I was left every night to hear their silent screams echo through the few remaining trees.

Day by day, month by month, year by year, I saw the Kerr family less and less. Each day, more monsters would storm into my forest and use my brothers and sisters to build houses. They never gave any thanks to us, instead, they took more. It was as if they were inseparable from wood. One day, as the Sun’s rays pressed mercilessly on my trunk and the soft breeze tickled my bark, I noticed that a forest of trees no longer surrounded me, but a forest of houses.

100 years after Lavender Kerr climbed up my branches to sink into the seat I grew for her, I met Lucy Kerr. She had the same silky, golden blonde hair as Lavender, the same bulging blue eyes, the same comforting smile that radiated warmth like hot chocolate on a frigid winter night, yet she grasped onto a strange rectangular thing. Not taking a single glance up at me, Lucy strolled by with absolutely no social awareness. How did humans evolve so quickly?

I soon broke the close ties I had with the Kerr family. As I grew to be 2 centuries old, I lost the will to live, the will to interact with humans. I only had the will to see my long lost family again.