



When morning's first light came to start the new day, the old tree rustled his leaves. His branches shifted as a breeze stirred through the huge stretch of green lawn where the tree stood. The tree was of a kind called "green buttonwood." He was very big, and pretty old, too. The gardeners who took care of him said the buttonwood was fifty years old. The buttonwood tree wasn't sure, himself, how old he was. He only knew he was lonely.

More than anything, the buttonwood tree wanted to have children playing in and around him. He longed to have someone build a treehouse among his branches. A treehouse that kids could climb up into and have fun in.

