

Cromwell Estes

Age: 14, Grade: 9

School Name: Mountain Brook Junior High School, Mountain Brk, AL

Educator: Ruth Beenken

Category: Short Story

The Spring Blooms

I stood in front of the old house; trucks had been pulling up all day now, filled with bricks and wood, and some beautiful stone. I was young, and no moss had tiptoed on to my trunk yet. The construction had only been going on for a few weeks now. I saw a new house being built right in front of me. They cut down some of my sisters and brothers during construction to place grass on the ground. They paved bricks in the middle of the walkway. The building was slow-passing, and the nights were long, but before I knew it, the house was built. It was a towering height, like no other house around. It had three stories, and I think a basement. It was the most beautiful house I had ever seen. Soon, cars started pulling up, and an old couple moved in, the door opened, and fresh air would rush out every day. Sometimes I would look at the street, the cars passing, but every day at the same time, the old couple would pull in and go upstairs to sleep. Years went by, I stayed in the same routine, and my life was good. Since I was a tree, I was alone. My brothers and sisters were gone, and no other tree was really like me. Every year I blossomed, and my blooms fell over and over again. The moss that I spoke of now started to brisk the end of my trunk, I was at least fifty years old now. One day as I was waiting for the old couple to come home, I saw them pull up in their gray Lexus. They pulled a sign out of their car, and it said, "FOR SALE." They were selling the house. Years and years went by with people moving in and out of the beautiful home, but every time it was re-inhabited, it looked more run down. The lovely grass had turned brown over time, and the wood started losing its paint colors. One day the for sale sign came out again. For a long time, nobody moved in. Maybe a year passed, and I saw a young couple and a young daughter walk into the house. The mother loved the house for its old English style, and the father loved it for its immense size. The daughter looked at me though, she brushed my moss at my trunk and struggled to sit on my branches. She was very young, probably about five years old. She played with me for a while, then went off to see the rest of the house with her parents. After a few weeks, the for sale sign went down, and I saw the little girl again. She had an army of trucks filled with furniture, and some construction materials. I also saw some grass that was going to replace the grass that was brown as the dirt. She ran around the yard day after day until almost a year went by. Finally, the trucks left, and the house looked more beautiful than ever. Her mother planted countless flowers along the border of the house, and she installed lights for the nighttime. The daughter loved the new home and did not want to leave. The little girl started to grow, and year after year, I would see her looking through a window of the house around springtime to see me bloom. She played with me scouring my branches for bugs to look at and discover new ones. She played with her neighbors and even hung a swing on me one year. Her mom fell off of it when it broke; it was hilarious. She got a ton of footballs, softballs, baseballs, frisbee, and more stuck in my branches. My moss developed more and more every year, and I knew I was getting older. Now, almost ten years have passed since she moved in, and she is fourteen. Her name is Cromwell, and she still talks to me. She always looks at me every day as she pulls in the driveway, and every spring, she still looks at me out that window.