

## Third Place Prose – Middle School

### **Tree and Leaf**

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**Grade: 7**

**School: St. Francis Xavier**

There once was a leaf. He had lived on his friendly tree until one day he blew off. The tree was sad, for the leaf was the only one who didn't tease the tree for having a big trunk. The leaf was sad, for the tree was the only one who didn't tease the leaf for his small size. One day a little boy came and picked up the leaf. He carried the leaf all the way to a small pond where he accidentally dropped him. The leaf was missing his friend greatly.

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Meanwhile, Tree was thinking of a way to make his way back to the leaf. A leafless life was a sad life. He finally came up with the idea to drop one of his great branches, surely, Tree thought, if I drop my branch it will make a loud noise and someone will come and help me find Leaf. Tree dropped his branch. The noise was very loud and he waited for someone to come. As the sky grew dark, he was still waiting. As the stars came out, he was still waiting. By the time morning had come, he was still waiting. Finally, someone had come to investigate the noise. It was the little boy who took Leaf. The little boy looked at Tree, then at Tree's branch lying on the ground. With all his might he dragged the hefty branch out of the forest and walked with it a long time. He eventually grew tired of dragging it, and left it by a pond.

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Leaf had been floating around his pond thinking of how to get back to Tree when he saw the little boy that had originally brought him here. This time, the boy was carrying a branch. He looked tired and Leaf assumed he had been with it for quite a while. The boy left the branch with Leaf near his pond. After further inspection, Leaf realized that he knew that large branch. It was the same one he grew up on. It was Tree's branch. Leaf wondered why the little boy had Tree's branch. Leaf came up with a conclusion: Tree's branches were the perfect size for a creative little boy to make a fort with. But surely he wouldn't make a fort by the pond, would he? There was nothing to lean it on. Leaf didn't want his companion to be dismantled, so he tried to come up with a solution to save him. He decided that when the next gust of wind came, he would stretch as far as he could and the wind would blow him towards Tree. Then he could tell him not to let the little boy take his branches. Leaf also missed Tree and wanted to see him.

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Tree's solution didn't work and he was sad. Not only was he not with Leaf, he also lost his favorite branch. Tree was thinking of what else would bring leaf to him when he heard a noise. It was a handsaw. Tree saw men in orange vests cutting down nearby trees and thought, maybe they could cut me down

and bring me to Leaf. It would be painful but I would be reunited with him. Tree waved his remaining branches in hopes of the men seeing him and understanding his dilemma. The men saw him and came over with their saw. One of the men inspected him and decided that his trunk was too big to saw, so they would take his branches instead. Tree felt immense pain as he realized that his plan had flawed yet again. The men loaded up the truck with the other trees, Tree's branches, and left him standing there disappointed.

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After waddling further from his pond Leaf had a thought, maybe if I stretch, the wind from this oncoming truck will blow me away. Leaf got in position and was sure his plan was going to work when the truck turned abruptly. A couple branches came barreling towards him. Leaf waddled away so the branches wouldn't crush him. The branches came closer and stopped right by Tree's branch that the little boy had left. Leaf recognized these branches. They were Tree's.

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Tree had been left without his branches. He was in a very depressed state, but would still do anything to get Leaf back. He thought for a while. Tree thought of the obvious, he could just walk to his friend. Tree tried to loosen his roots and maneuver himself away. One root got stuck in the ground and he fell. He was too big to rise, so he gave up. He thought he would never see his beloved Leaf again. Suddenly, the little boy came back into the forest, singing a song:

"Oh, what a happy boy I am, to build a fort oh, so grand. But where should this fort be? Underneath the fallen tree!"

Just as sudden as the little boy came, he disappeared into the forest. Tree was alone, once again.

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Leaf lay down, helpless. He thought he would never see his dear Tree again. A noise interrupted his thoughts. It was the little boy, and he was walking towards the branches, singing:

"This fort will be the greatest of all, in it I will have a ball! All that I feel I need; is a sign I can hang on my tree."

He grabbed some mud and a stick and began to look for things he could write on. His eyes fell on Leaf.

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The little boy carried the branches and his new sign to the fallen tree. Once he set his for up, he stuck his sign to the fallen tree with more mud. At last, Tree and Leaf were reunited. For many years, they got to watch the little boy, whom they now knew as Matthew. Matthew thought he was alone in this wonderful forest, but little did he know, everything was just as alive as he was.