

The Tree House

“Will you make us a tree house?” Kirby asked Dad.

“Someday,” said Dad. “Today I am busy restoring this old car.”

Kirby went outside and pouted resentfully. “Dad is always too busy restoring old cars,” he said. “We need something fun to do!”

“Maybe we can build a tree house,” said Miranda. “We can build it in this big tree.”

“First we have to reshape the tree by removing some branches,” said Kirby.

They worked all day. Soon they had a great tree house. Then they carried up a recliner and relaxed in the tree house.

Then Dad came out of the house and looked at the tree house. “Oh dear,” he said, “I hope the tree house can be relocated because tomorrow the tree is being removed! But don’t worry. I will help you rebuild it in another tree!”



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