

10 ?

From Little Things, Big Things Grow.

Author: Will Hampton

Teacher: Mr. Rimmer

School: Victory Lutheran College

Most don't remember their first memory – but mine was something extraordinary, I was flying through the spring wind and landed gently upon a bland yet grassy plain. I was alone; there were no others like me. I was something different, something unique to this part of the world.

I began small and frail, only centimetres above ground. As years passed, I grew bigger and stronger, climbing taller into the air with each day. My arms became long and luscious, filled with leaves of varying hues of green. Although I had no others to compare with, I believed that I was quite a beautiful tree. It got quite lonely out on the plain. There were no signs of human life, only the green grass at my feet and the insects that filled the air. That was until one day a group of men came with plans to build a new town right in the middle of the plain. I was tremendously excited at this proposition, until I discovered that it meant getting rid of me.

It was three months until building commenced and the men came with their families for a picnic under my large shady arms. Among the families was a little girl by the name of Abigail. She was no older than 6 and was quite a pretty girl. She immediately took interest in me. She asked her father if they could construct a tree house or put a swing on one of my long arms. After much begging she got her wish of a swing. She played on the swing all day, and ate her lunch up in the branches of my body. She would sing lovely tunes and talk to me about how she wanted to explore the world when she grew up. She was quite smart for a girl of her age and she was great company. Every Saturday from that day forward she would come from the town about 5 miles away and play with me. These were some of the happiest days of my life.

Three months had passed and building was about to begin. The first order of business was to rip me from the ground. Three huge, hairy and hard looking lumber jacks came with their equipment on a Saturday to pull me down. Little did they know that young Abigail was sitting in my branches. They tried to talk her into coming down, but she wouldn't listen. She stayed put until the men eventually left for supper. I was saved for the night. Abigail spoke with her father and pleaded and begged to keep me. He came to a decision that I would stay where I was, and that they would simply build their new home around me so that I was in their backyard. When Abigail told me the news I was delighted beyond words. I could be with Abigail every day and have a place to call home. Thank the heavens.

I lived in the backyard of the Williams family (Abigail's surname was Williams) for 10 years. It was an extraordinary yard if I do say so myself. It had lush green patches of grass, a beautiful white picket fence as well as vibrant arrangement of flowers that filled the garden. Right in the centre of this haven, was none other than yours truly. The only thing that would bother me is that I could only see 180 degrees, which meant that I had no idea what a slum of a town was behind me. For the first few years, Abigail would play with me most weekends and sometimes in the weekdays. Mr William's land development made him a very rich man. He began to buy Abigail many beautiful, detailed dolls

with long blonde locks of hair, as well as other exciting toys. She slowly tired of me. The family would have picnics under me about 10 times a year but besides that I was once again by myself and lonely. I could see into Abigail's room which made my loneliness easier. As long as she was safe and happy, I was happy.

A few days after Abigail's 16th Birthday, the Williams family decided to extend their house, and needed timber to do so, as well as room in their backyard. This meant I was needed in a different form. A part of me became the guest room in the Williams house and the local carpenter built the furniture. As payment for his labour, he took the rest of me to his workshop. I spent many nights in the carpenter's workshop thinking eagerly about what my future held. One day the carpenter came skipping into his workshop like a little schoolgirl. He had just been given the opportunity to build new furniture for the Queen. He decided to use me to create the royal throne for Queen Elizabeth. I was unaware of what a 'throne' was. After weeks of carving I realised I had been turned into a work of art. I was sanded and bathed in lacquer, which tickled like crazy. I was abnormally tall and wide. I was unlike any chair in the world. I was covered with intricate details lovingly created by a master craftsman. The amount of detail in my body filled me with pride. I overheard the carpenter saying that I was the most sophisticated and beautiful piece of furniture that he had not only made, but seen in his entire life. Many of his friends and family agreed.

After bathing in my beauty for a week, the carpenter took me to the upholsterer so that I could become plush and more comfortable for the Queen, I was eager to get to the palace. A beautiful red material was chosen for the seat and back cushion. The upholsterer stitched away for many hours until he had made two amazing blood red seat covers that were to die for. He attached them to my body, and got me prepared to take to the Queen. I was wrapped from head to toe in the finest cloth to protect my fragile body and was ready for my journey to the palace. I heard removalists coming to get me, and I was nervous. What if the Queen didn't like me? They escorted me to the throne room. They sat me right in the middle of the back wall and awaited the Queens arrival.

I heard footsteps coming from the right of me. I knew it was the Queen. 'This is it' I thought to myself 'I hope she likes me'. As she came closer she looked me straight in the eyes and began crying. My heart stopped 'She hates me' I thought 'I'm done for, maybe it was better in the William's backyard' She didn't say anything for a while. I was waiting for her response, the suspense was killing me. 'Oh, I love it!' she said loudly over the tears and quivering. 'It is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen'. She walked elegantly towards me and prepared to sit, when a smell came over me. It was like every spring flower in the Williams garden had been infused and was living on her body.

I lived in one of the most beautiful places in the world. I had amazing views and was always in on the latest gossip. I was arguably the most famous piece of furniture in the century and my life was great. On top of all this, the Queen was the most fine-looking and elegant woman I have ever come across, and I lived with her for all of her reign. There was not a dull day in the palace.

I was the seat to the Queen for 30 years, she has since passed, but I live on. Eventually I became out-dated and was sent to the Palace Museum, where I am treasured by tourists until this very day. If you're ever in London come for a visit, I'm always up for a chat.

Who would have thought, a small vulnerable seed would become something so magnificent. If you make the best of your situation, you can achieve greatness, just like me.

with long blonde locks of hair, as well as other exciting toys. She slowly tired of me. The family would have picnics under me about 10 times a year but besides that I was once again by myself and lonely. I could see into Abigail's room which made my loneliness easier. As long as she was safe and happy, I was happy.

A few days after Abigail's 16th Birthday, the Williams family decided to extend their house, and needed timber to do so, as well as room in their backyard. This meant I was needed in a different form. A part of me became the guest room in the Williams house and the local carpenter built the furniture. As payment for his labour, he took the rest of me to his workshop. I spent many nights in the carpenter's workshop thinking eagerly about what my future held. One day the carpenter came skipping into his workshop like a little schoolgirl. He had just been given the opportunity to build new furniture for the Queen. He decided to use me to create the royal throne for Queen Elizabeth. I was unaware of what a 'throne' was. After weeks of carving I realised I had been turned into a work of art. I was sanded and bathed in lacquer, which tickled like crazy. I was abnormally tall and wide. I was unlike any chair in the world. I was covered with intricate details lovingly created by a master craftsman. The amount of detail in my body filled me with pride. I overheard the carpenter saying that I was the most sophisticated and beautiful piece of furniture that he had not only made, but seen in his entire life. Many of his friends and family agreed.

After bathing in my beauty for a week, the carpenter took me to the upholsterer so that I could become plush and more comfortable for the Queen, I was eager to get to the palace. A beautiful red material was chosen for the seat and back cushion. The upholsterer stitched away for many hours until he had made two amazing blood red seat covers that were to die for. He attached them to my body, and got me prepared to take to the Queen. I was wrapped from head to toe in the finest cloth to protect my fragile body and was ready for my journey to the palace. I heard removalists coming to get me, and I was nervous. What if the Queen didn't like me? They escorted me to the throne room. They sat me right in the middle of the back wall and awaited the Queens arrival.

I heard footsteps coming from the right of me. I knew it was the Queen. 'This is it' I thought to myself 'I hope she likes me'. As she came closer she looked me straight in the eyes and began crying. My heart stopped 'She hates me' I thought 'I'm done for, maybe it was better in the William's backyard' She didn't say anything for a while. I was waiting for her response, the suspense was killing me. 'Oh, I love it!' she said loudly over the tears and quivering. 'It is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen'. She walked elegantly towards me and prepared to sit, when a smell came over me. It was like every spring flower in the Williams garden had been infused and was living on her body.

I lived in one of the most beautiful places in the world. I had amazing views and was always in on the latest gossip. I was arguably the most famous piece of furniture in the century and my life was great. On top of all this, the Queen was the most fine-looking and elegant woman I have ever come across, and I lived with her for all of her reign. There was not a dull day in the palace.

I was the seat to the Queen for 30 years, she has since passed, but I live on. Eventually I became out-dated and was sent to the Palace Museum, where I am treasured by tourists until this very day. If you're ever in London come for a visit, I'm always up for a chat.

Who would have thought, a small vulnerable seed would become something so magnificent. If you make the best of your situation, you can achieve greatness, just like me.