

A little boy is given a treehouse painted grey that stays with throughout and after his life.

Chelsea - mother of Timothy, Charlie, and Riley.

Frank - father

Tim - boy who get tree house

Riley - oldest brother of Tim and Charles

Charles - middle brother.

10 Boy gets treehouse

18 in treehouse with brothers drinking talking about future

26 treehouse getting aged, the three stand talking about blood splatter for work.

38 sitting in treehouse with son as wife comes out to call them in for dinner. Treehouse is beginning to decay.

Son 50, mother 82, Tim dead, mother says she's going to tear the treehouse down because it's dangerous and she can't clean the snow off of it. Son promises to take care of for his late father.

"Alright honey, you can open your eyes." He heard his mother say. He opens them and looks upon his father standing below a grey treehouse connecting the sturdy oaks in their backyard. He opens his mouth, at a loss for words. "Happy birthday Tim" his father says, "It's for you, but be nice and let your older brothers play up there too." He nods ferociously and looks to his mother. As she soon As and nods he runs off to get his brother and climb up to his new treehouse.

Tim and his older brothers Charlie and Riley sit in the tree house after Tim's 21st having a few beers. "So Tim, what're you gonna study in college?" Riley asked. "I've been thinking about taking the same classes Charlie's taking, it really interesting stuff." he replied, "How about you Ri, any job opportunities since you graduated?"

Tim and Charles stand on the balcony discussing work, "Come on Charles, if the guy fell from that height the splatter would go out like this." he indicated with a stick, "Plus the was no blood up on the roof from the stab wound." he eyed Charles with a smug look. "I've seen a few cases where a fall victim didn't suffer that much damage from..." "Boys! What you doing up in that rickety old treehouse?" their mother shouted up at them, "Get down now, it's dangerous." "It's okay Ma." Charles said. "We're just making though work, we'll be down in a few." Tim chimed in. "Down now!" their mother shouted. They looked at each other and chuckled, "Yes mother" the said in unison As they made their way to the ladder.

Tim sat in the old treehouse with his son, he'd fixed parts of it over the years after he bought the house from his parents, and now that his own son was 10 he was giving the treehouse to him. "This was a gift to me from grandma and grandpa on my 10th birthday, I want you to take good

care of it.” he said, “I promise I will dad!” his son beaming. “Its getting cold out there, come on inside guys” Tim heard his wife call from the house. “Well, it sounds like dinner’s ready, so let’s get down there buddy.”

“Tom, I need you take down the rest that old treehouse, part fell down after the last show storm and I don’t want it up anymore.” his mother said. “But mom, it was one of dad’s favourite things my whole life.” he tried to counterpoint, “and I’d your father was still with us, god rest his soul, I’d say go ahead and fix it up, but my grandkids are too old for it and it’s falling apart. I want it down.” she said with some finality in her tone. “I’m gonna fix it, and I’ll come over every winter and clean the snow it so it doesn’t break down any more.” he replied, “It was really important to dad and it’s really important to me.”

The treehouse had been around for decades before there was no one else to keep it together, the family that had used it for three generations had spread out and forgotten about it. As the last bit of wood decayed it finally succumbed to time and collapsed, leaving nothing but a pile of rotted wood and grey paint.