

The Scooby Tree

Trees in my school have special memories, some more than others. One specific tree has always stood on the hill: tall, straight and sturdy. When I was younger my friends and I were looking for a place to hide; this tree was the perfect place, concealing us in the bushes behind it. As we crouched close to the ground we saw a 3D mark on the rough, scaly bark. We were curious, wondering what it was therefore we crept silently towards it. When we arrived, to our surprise we realised it was a Scooby snack sticker. From that moment on we decided in our free time this was to be our meeting spot and since that special day we have always called it the Scooby Tree.

After naming the tree we were inspired to create a game of Scooby Doo; where one person would hide while making noises or leaving clues as to their position. The rest of the group would all look for the 'criminal' and then another person would hide. The tree's thick, strong branches would bend down around us, cuddling the criminal, while a blanket of lush, green leaves hid our position. We played this game (creating special memories) for hours on end however when the bell rang it always felt no more than two minutes had passed.

Over the years, between the ground and the clouds Scooby developed. His arms grew longer; his trunk sprouted reaching the sky. Eventually he seemed to be as tall as a giant and as wide as a house. As the wind blew his arms still bent around us hugging us like an old friend. His leaves rustled like a gigantic rain coat protecting us from

every storm. When it snowed a thick blanket covered him. In the summer sun he provided cool shade where we would talk about our next lesson and dream of long, lazy summer holidays.

Sometimes at break and lunch time we hunted for twigs and branches scavenging on the ground then making a den around him. We always added on to our hide out, occasionally making nests for the birds. When we were feeling livelier we would play hide and seek then crawl back into his comforting arms. As time passed we grew together remaining lifelong friends.

Today the Scooby Tree stands as straight as a soldier, sturdier that ever. Hi is still very important to us providing a familiar, safe haven to play in and around. Even though he has a battle scar we hope he is still loved when we all leave for high school. We are filled with joy to see Scooby being used by our younger children for games as we all know other memories are being created around him forever. Goodbye old friend, we will miss you dearly.

By Joshua Mainland, 2016