

GIUSEPPE BIONDI

The Tree of Dreams

The tree, a tree that I care more than anything else, a tree that helps me getting every difficult task done, and remembers me of the most inspiring person of my life, my grandpa. A tree that reminds me of all trips of every Saturday or Sunday, where me and my grandpa use to go when I was back in Italy. That tree, that every morning remembers me of an adventure, past, and the one I take every morning a step over my house door. A tree that will always have the summer smell of the nature, a nature that brings me back in the hills of Sicily, where my grandfather and I walked step by step, admiring what nature has given us, a gift that many planets in the universe do not have, trees. A tree that my grandfather took from the hills, and then plant it in front of my house, so that it reminds me of all the advice that he shared with me. The tree, which helps me overcome the greatest difficulties of this world.

Day by day, what I remember is a past time, a time, where everything was beautiful and handsome. Trees is what I remember, then, a natural paradise, where the perception of our sense's changes, because of the nature that involves you, as if it was the last match of an important team. Sicily, my island, this is what I remember every day, looking at the tree in front of my house, and while I look at it, it takes me back in there, like a time machine, but only the most beautiful memories will surround you, because at the end a life without good memories is not a happy life. Every morning awakening, what the tree transmits to me, are not only memories of the island where I was born, but also the nature that it transmits to the people that live near me, because it is considered one of the most beautiful trees in Gravesend, my neighborhood in Brooklyn. All seasons of the year it transmits a different emotion, but a happy one. During the summer it is always full of green leaves that makes me, my neighbors and even

Carrie Hall 2/20/19 5:03 PM

Comment: You don't need a possessive here.

Carrie Hall 2/20/19 5:05 PM

Comment: Okay, but how does one get happy memories? Some people have hard lives that are not their fault—born in wars or poverty. Do you advise them just to “have happy memories?”

the animals happy. And this is what gives me strength when I have to face days when I'm bored and unhappy and it gives me courage, as if it were the person I would always trust, my grandpa. The tree reminds me of my grandfather, as if he is watching me waking up every morning, he's what the tree remembers me of, because it was him who gave life to the tree, and my feelings for it. My grandfather, the person that I would never be afraid to say what I think of him, or something that went wrong that day, or just to express my ideas on something. Just so every afternoon I linger in front of the tree, as if I am talking to my grandfather, and say all the good memories that happened to me that day or other. While talking to the tree, I imagine my grandfather, as if I would be talking to him instead of the tree, and it's this that gives life to the tree, like if it was a person and not a plant. I call it "The Tree of Dreams" because it brings me with him to beautiful memories, like the trips with my grandfather in Mount Etna, where nature envelops you like a burrito. Trips, where the beauty of nature is all you will remember at the end of the day, and where every step counts because nature changes every step taken. From flowers, to majestic plants full of color that gives the nature of the island a beauty, that diversifies it from the others. Every step, where my grandfather explains to me the birth of plants and how they manage to take their fascinating color that not many other plants have. Where step by step, you will have a different memory of the nature that surrounds you, and it is precisely this that makes it unique.

Carrie Hall 2/20/19 5:06 PM

Comment: Nice, concrete detail.

Since the tree has been planted in front of my house, it has helped me so much, overcoming the darkest periods of my new life since I'm here. The most difficult times, were when my family from Sicily are here to stay with us. The moments spent with them are always, and forever, the most beautiful once ever, since I was young. But when it's time for them to return to Sicily, are always the worst moments, because saying goodbye to my family, and not knowing when I would

Carrie Hall 2/20/19 5:06 PM

Comment: What was difficult about this?

see them again, it's frustrating for me, and leaves me a sense of darkens inside me, because the most important thing that my parents taught me are to make a life of our own, and love your family. Therefore, I am so close to my family, especially my cousins. In all this, the tree helps me remember the best moments spent with them and then helps me both morally and mentally, to face any kind of challenge to problem that arises. Every day I spent some time talking to the tree, most of the time I tell it, the craziest things I've done with my cousins, like the time we jumped from a 12 meters rock near the beach where I live. Sometimes I even tell the tree, my feelings when I was around my friends, where the only thing that surrounded you was happiness. "The Tree of Dreams", is where all best memories can live, where I can forget everything, and it also helps me to immerse only myself to what nature has to give us, where I can be the protagonist of all my dreams, where I am the key to change the story, where I will decide where it will take place and how it will end. Every day I ask myself a question, "who are we to decide our destiny?". Only now I understand what the tree has tried to tell me, with past memories. We are the key to our destiny, and we are the necessary component to finish it in the best possible way, because after all, if we really believe in something, everything is possible.

Carrie Hall 2/20/19 5:07 PM

Comment: Look up run ons on the Purdue OWL.

Carrie Hall 2/20/19 5:09 PM

Comment: How are you drawing this conclusion? Again, what about, for example, a child born in Syria whose parents are killed—do you advise them just to "believe in something?" I'm not trying to put you down, but to ask you to not make things overly simple.

