

It was difficult moving to a new house. When I was eight, we left	14
our old neighborhood and moved to a new one. We packed my dresser,	27
my bunk bed, my computer, and my scooter. In every room of the	40
house, boxes were piled high like building blocks.	48
The house felt still. I walked from room to room trying to remember	61
what each one used to be like. As I walked through the living room, I	76
noticed orange scribble marks on the wallpaper. My younger brother	86
made those marks when we used to play art museum. Entering my	98
bedroom, I noticed a large scratch on the hardwood floor. That was	110
where my puppy, Clyde, and I used to play fetch with his toy kitten.	124
Wandering down the hallway, I noticed pencil marks near the bathroom	135
door. That was where my father used to measure me to see how tall I	150
had grown each birthday. I already began to miss the wallpaper on the	163
walls and the light fixtures on the ceilings.	171
"This has always been my house," I thought. "I don't want to leave."	184
There had to be some way I could keep my house.	195
Looking out my bedroom window, I noticed the tree house Dad and	207
I constructed years before. I hurried to the backyard, climbed up to my	220
tree house, and decided not to go unless my tree house went too. I	234
would keep the tree house to myself, and then I would be happy.	247
Just then my neighbor Logan arrived to say goodbye. "I wish you	259
could stay, but I know you'll have even more fun at your new house," he	274
said sadly.	276
Suddenly, I began to think of someone beside myself. I thought	287
about my house, my yard, and my neighbors. I would miss everything,	299
but I was going to get a new house, a new yard, and new neighbors.	314
Logan, though, was just losing a friend. I realized then that Logan	326
needed the tree house more than I did.	334
"Goodbye, Logan. Take care of the tree house," I said. "It's all	346
yours."	347
The smile on Logan's face made me feel much better.	357

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Suddenly, I began to think of someone beside myself. I thought about my house, my yard, and my neighbors. I would miss everything, but I was going to get a new house, a new yard, and new neighbors. Logan, though, was just losing a friend. I realized then that Logan needed the tree house more than I did.

"Goodbye, Logan. Take care of the tree house," I said. "It's all yours."

The smile on Logan's face made me feel much better.