

# Wade's Treehouse



By Kody Hanner



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reminds children that it is  
alright to be outside and to  
"help" where you can.

One Saturday morning in early summer, a rambunctious little boy named Wade crawled out of bed with sleepy eyes and messy hair.

As he strolled into the kitchen his mom was setting breakfast on the table. He climbed up in a big chair across from his dad who was already dressed for the day and drinking his coffee.

“Hurry up and eat your breakfast so we can start our day.” His dad announced between sips of his coffee.

“What are we doing today?” asked Wade excitedly.

“Today son,” his dad replied, “We are building you your own treehouse.”



“Wade was beyond excited to not only have a treehouse, but also to spend the day building with dad.

Once wade was dressed in his best building clothes that his mother had laid out for him, he followed his dad out to the big tree at the corner of their yard.

His dad had already laid out all the supplies for them to build the treehouse. There were two sawhorses with boards laid across them, a ladder, a saw, a bucket of nails and a hammer.





Wade was so excited to get to use all these neat tools that he doesn't usually get to use.

It was about then that his dad, noticing the twinkle in Wade's eye, reminded him that with tools they have to be extra safe by wearing safety glasses and only using the tools that his dad says that he can use. Wade was a little disappointed that he could not dive right in, but decided it was worth the wait.



As little boys can be, Wade occasionally got sidetracked. Today was no different.

As Wade's dad began to measure the long boards, Wade noticed a pill bug in the flower bed. He got on his knees and followed the little bug all the way to a hole under the fence.

Once the pill bug was out of sight, Wade remembered he was supposed to be doing something and ran back to his chuckling dad.

“Hey buddy,” his dad said with a grin. “You’re just in time to help me cut these boards with the saw.”





With that, Wade put on his safety glasses and headed over to where his dad was running the power saw. On his way he realized how silly everything looked through his glasses.

He looked up to the sky only to find a little white butterfly bouncing above him. The butterfly swirled and dipped up and out of his sight. He looked to see if his dad had noticed the butterfly as well.

His dad was just putting the hammer in his tool belt and was climbing the ladder with the first board of the treehouse.

“Oh right!” Wade thought to himself. “I’m supposed to be helping!”

He trotted over to the ladder and asked his dad what he could do to help. His dad smiled and asked him to bring over a few nails. His dad went back to nailing the board in and whistling to himself.

Wade grabbed a large handful of nails only to have one poke him in his hand and he dropped them. “Ouch! I need gloves.” Wade thought. He squatted down to gather up the nails and saw one stuck into the dirt.

He pushed on it and liked the way it felt when the nails cut through the damp soil. So he pushed the rest of the nails in as well.



“Wade! Lunch time!” His mom called from the back door of their house.

He looked up to see his dad coming down the ladder. Together they walked into the house for lunch of a turkey sandwich and fresh fruit. Wade’s dad stood up to head back out, but as Wade tried to follow him mom told him that it was time for his nap.

“I can’t take a nap!” Wade wailed. “Dad needs me to help him finish my treehouse.”

With knowing grins, Wade’s parents told him that it would be alright for him to lay down for a little while.

With little enthusiasm Wade laid down for his nap.



A few hours later he woke up with a start. The sun was beginning to set, and he was afraid that he had missed building the treehouse. He ran to the yard with his mother trailing behind.

His dad was sitting on the porch swing drinking a cold glass of iced tea as Wade started to run past. “Woah there buddy, what’s the rush?”

“I slept all afternoon and I told you I would help you finish the treehouse,” Wade said with a tear in his eye.

“Well you’re in luck,” his dad replied. “Do you want to see the treehouse we built?”





Wade felt guilty. He hadn't helped at all! When he told his dad that, his dad laughed and replied, "Any day spent with you outside is a day well spent."

Did Wade help his dad?

Did you enjoy Wade's adventures?

What was one of the tools Wade's dad used?



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