

(A FORTRESS #8)

I wander past the children's plank-built tower and stare up at its high, lopsided walls. Now it is taller than any building in the grounds and stretches back into the woods. It is so extensive that it even encompasses many of the trees into its design. As always, there is the sound of sawing from somewhere deep within. There is only one way in and a roughly painted sign forbids all adults. I am desperate to enter and explore. There is no sign of the work slowing down. It has become like a great fortress against the world and it occurs to me for the first time how comparisons can be made with my own semi-permanent dwelling.