

The Giving Tree

There was a tree in the forest which stood tall and green. This tree loved a little boy and its heart would pound when it heard his footsteps. The boy would come every day to play with the tree after school and tell everything about his everyday happenings. They talked for hours to hours. The tree listened to the boy and laugh with him. He would climb up its trunk and swing from its branches, eat apples and sleep.

“Hello Tree! How have you been? Ha ha ha!

Someone hid a frog in the teacher’s desk today.

It hoped out during our dictation quiz and said “wrebbit!” hahahahahahaha

And I wrote “wrebbit” in my notebook! Hahaha! “

“Oh, that’s very fummy. Your teacher must have been very' shocked!”

But time went by. And the boy grew older. And the tree was often alone.

Then one day the boy came to the tree and the tree said:

“Come, Boy, come and climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and eat apples and play in my shade and be happy.”

“I’m too big to climb and play,” said the boy.

“I want to buy things and have fun. I want some money.

Can you give me some money?”

“I’m sorry,” said the tree, “but I have no money. I have only leaves and apples. Take my apples, Boy, and sell them in the city. Then you will have money and you will be happy.” And so the boy climbed up the tree and gathered apples and carried them away.

And the tree was happy....

But the boy stayed away for long lime.

and the tree was sad.

Then one day the boy came back and the tree shocked with joy and he said,

“Come, Boy, climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and be happy.”

“I am too busy to climb trees,” said the boy.

“I want a house to keep me warm,” he said.

“I want a wife and I want children, and so I need a house.

“Can you give me a house?”

“I have no house,” said the tree.

“The forest is my house, but you may cut off my branches and build a house.

Then you will be happy.”

And so the boy cut off his branches and carried them away to build his house.

And the tree was happy.

But the boy stayed away for long time.

And when he came back, the tree was so happy he could hardly speak.

“Come, Boy,.” he whispered,

“come and play.”

“I am too old and sad to play,” said the boy.

“I want a boat that will take me far away from here.

“Can you give me a boat?”

“Cut down my trunk and make a boat,” said the tree.

“Then you can sail away.....and be happy.

And the tree was happy.

And so the boy cut down his trunk.

And the tree was happy.....but not really

And after a long time

the boy came back again

“I am sorry, Boy,” said the tree,

“but I have nothing left to give you, my apples are gone.”

“My teeth are too weak for apples,” said the boy.

“My branches are gone,” said the tree.

“You cannot swing on them”

“I am too old to swing on branches,” said the boy.

“My trunk is gone,” said the tree.

“You cannot climb”

“I am too tired to climb,” said the boy

“I am sorry’,” said the tree.

“I wish that I could give you something...

But have nothing left. I am just an old stump. I am sorry....

“I don’t need very much now,” said the boy

“Just a quiet place to sit and rest. I am very tired.” “Well,” said the tree, straightening himself up as he could, “Well, an old stump is good for sitting and resting.

Come, Boy, sit down. Sit down and rest.

And the boy did.