

THE GIVING TREE

—Shel Silverstein

Once there was a tree
And she loved a little boy
And every day the boy would come
And he would gather her leaves
And make them into crowns
And play King of the forest
He would climb up her trunk
And swing from her branches
And eat apples
And they would play hide and go seek
And when he was tired
He would sleep in her shade
And the boy loved the tree Very much
And the tree was happy

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 am 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 her apples and carried them away.
And the tree was happy.
But the boy stayed away for a long time
And the tree was sad
And then one day the boy came back
And the tree shook with joy
And she 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 if you cut off my branches and build a house
Then you will be happy"

And so the boy cut off her branches
And carried them away
To build his house.
And the tree was happy.
But the boy stayed away
For a long time

And when he came back the tree was so happy
She could hardly speak
"Come Boy" she 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 so the boy cut down her trunk
And made a boat
And sailed away.
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 too."
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," sighed the tree.
"I wish I could give you something ...
But I 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 herself up
As much as she could.
"Well an old stump is good for
sitting and resting.
Come, Boy, sit down.
Sit down and rest.
And the boy did.
And the tree was happy

The End