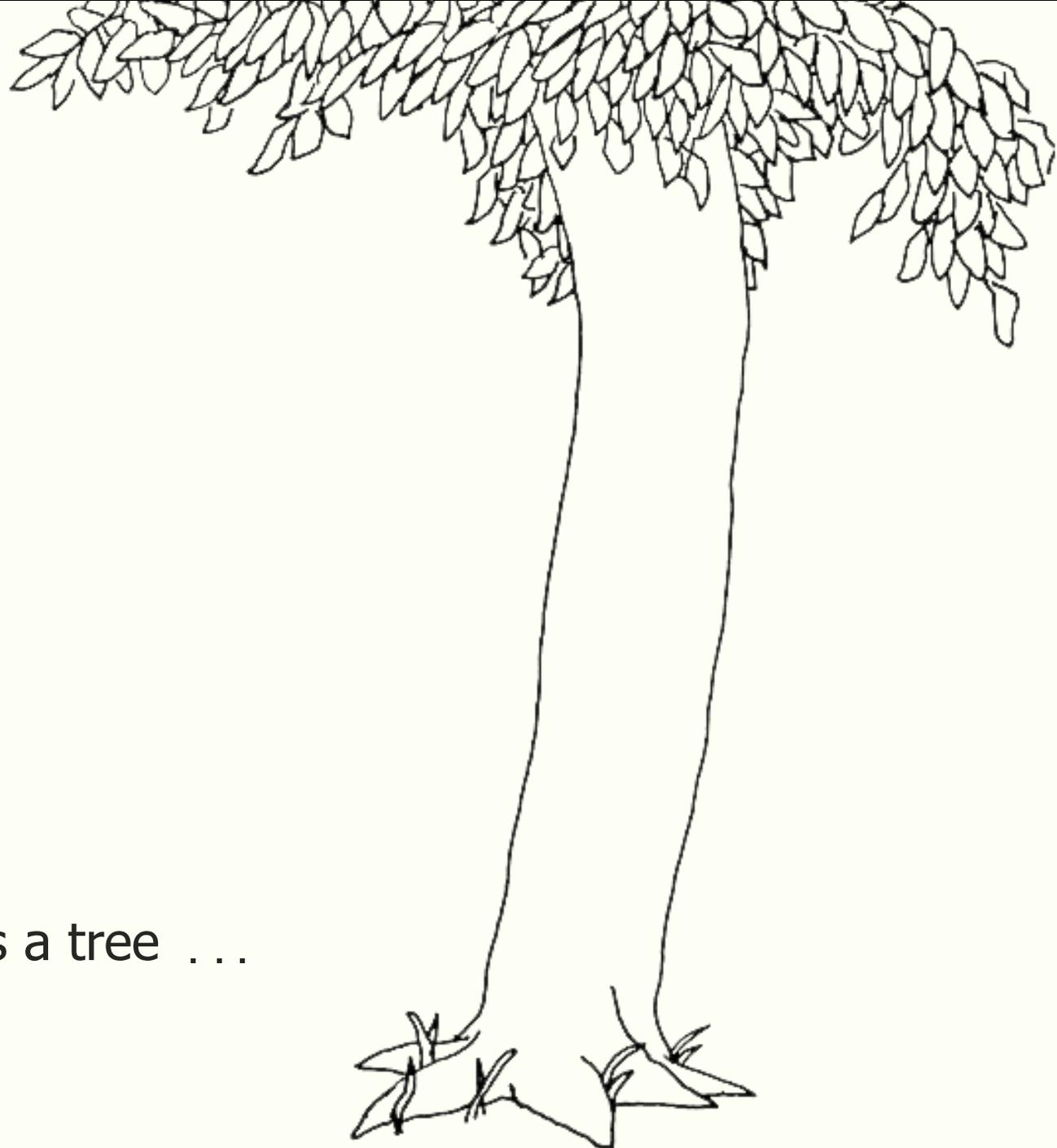


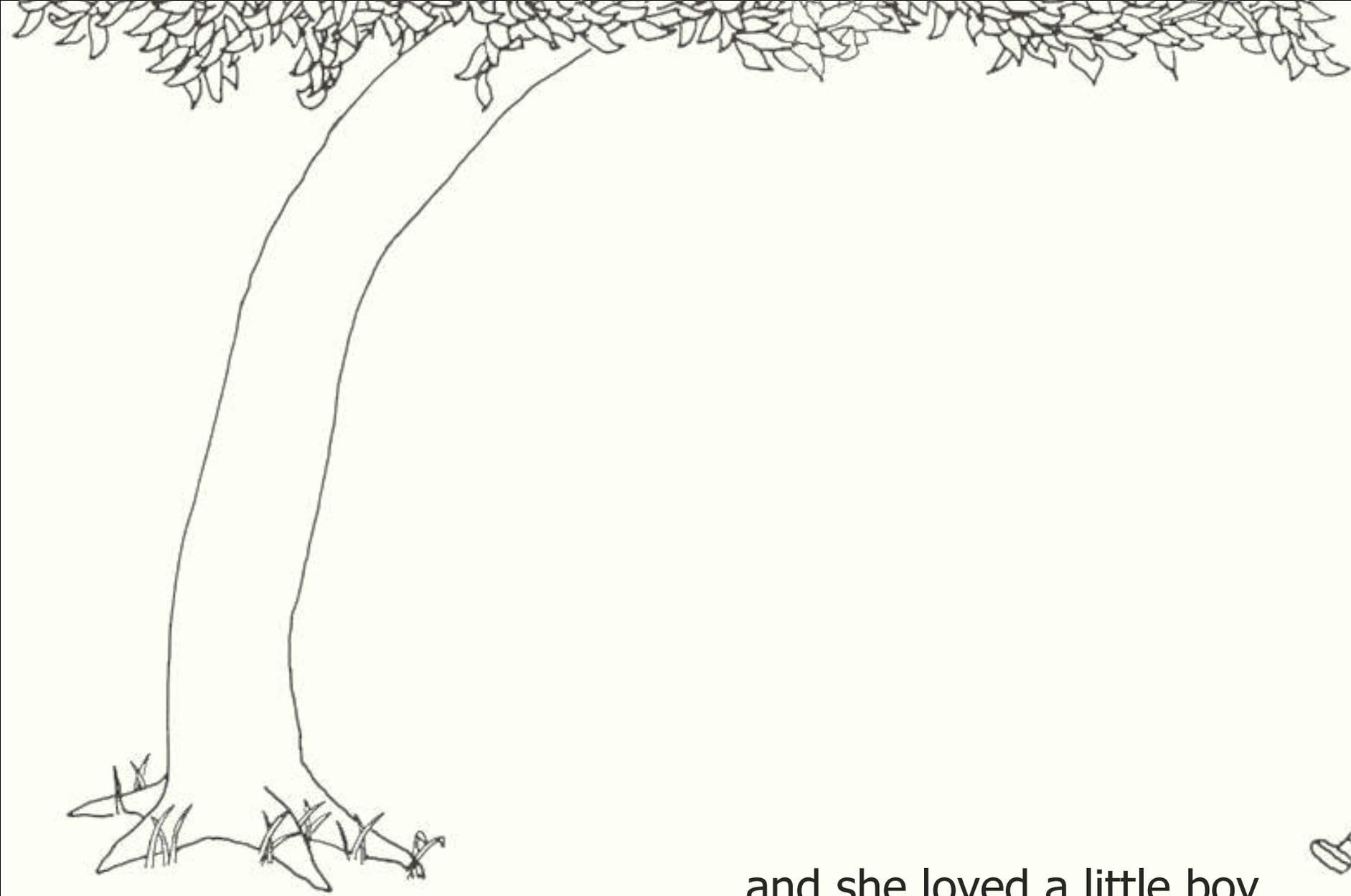
The Giving Tree



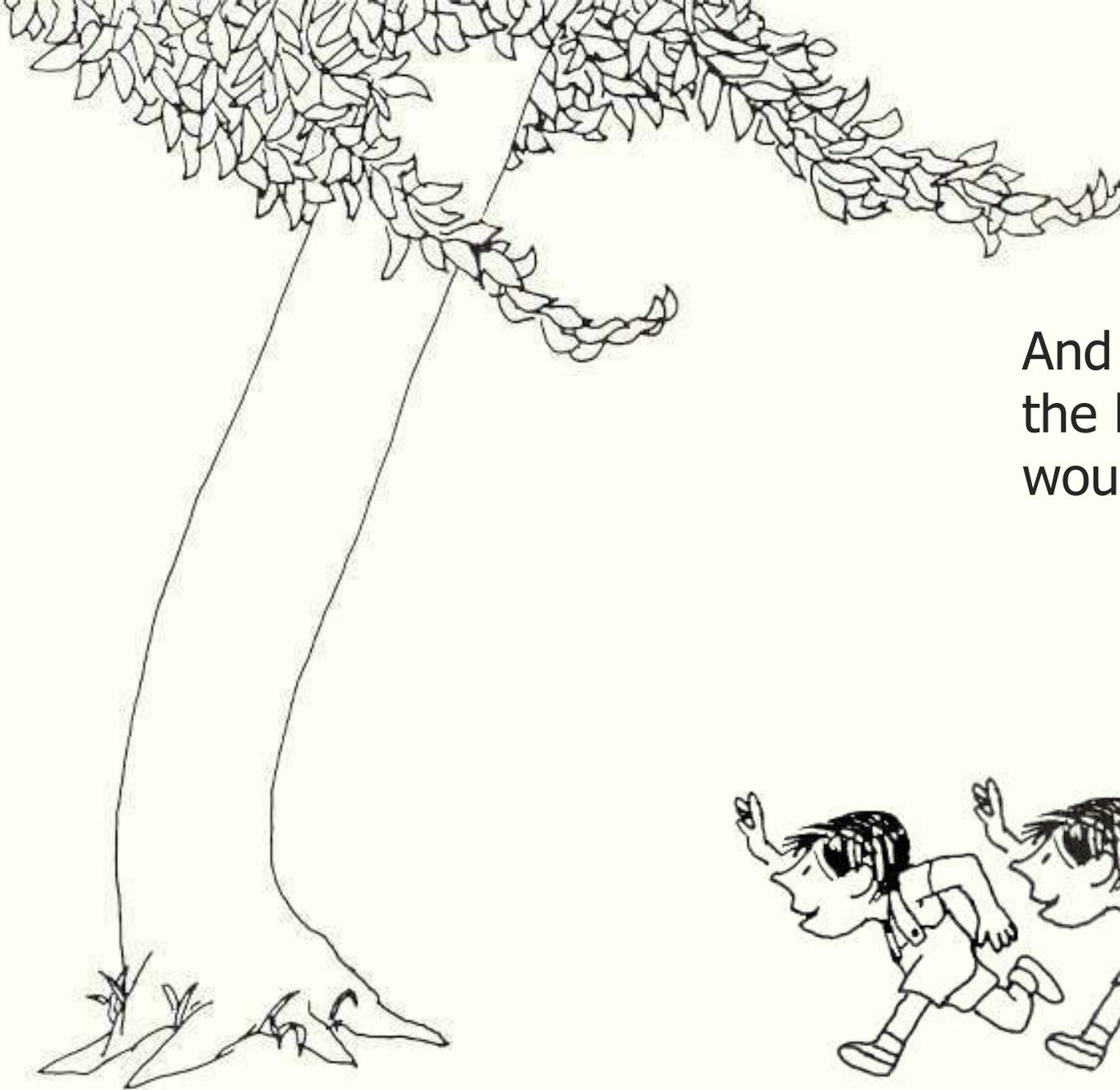
By Shel Silverstein

Once there was a tree ...



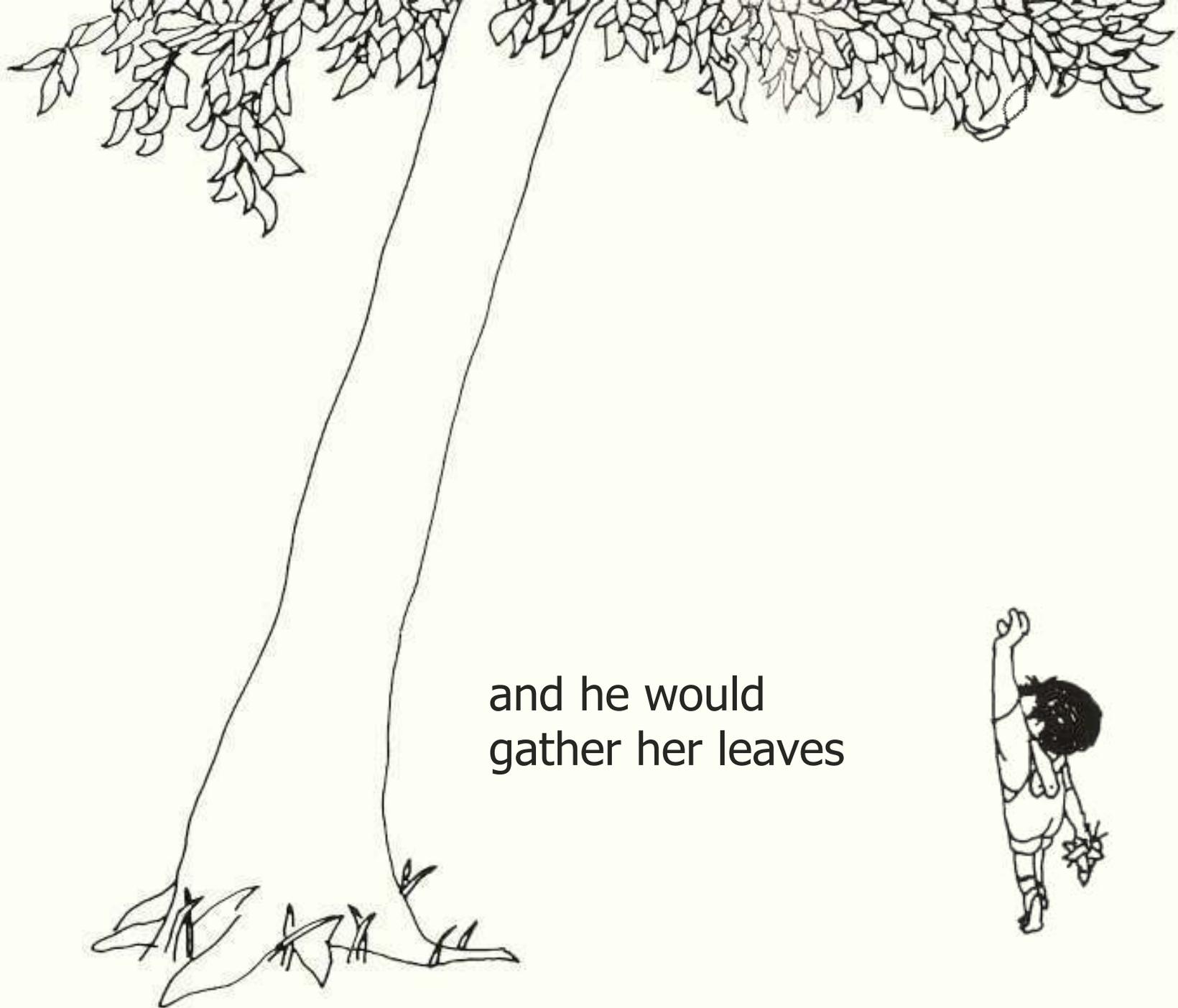


and she loved a little boy.

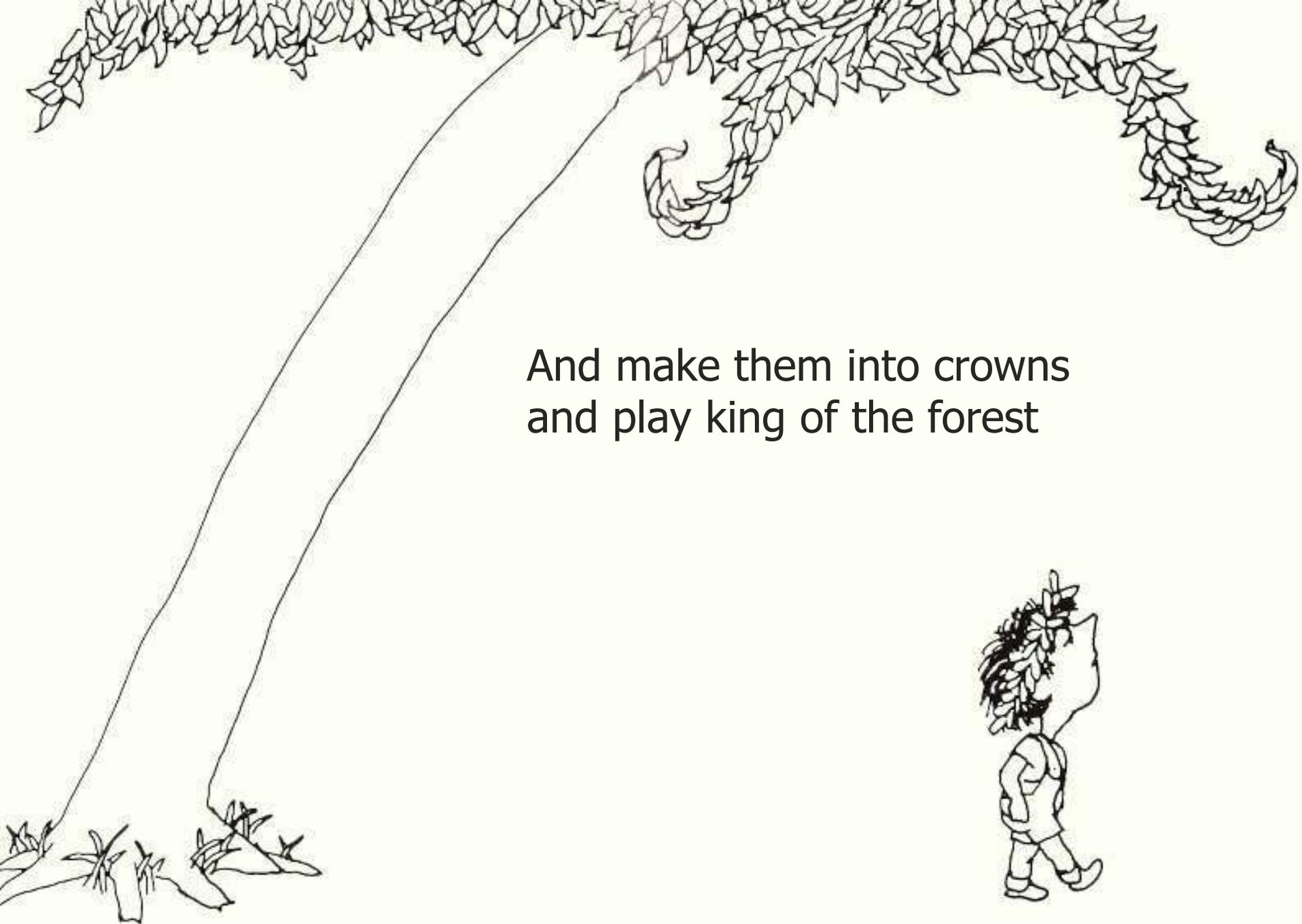


And every day
the boy
would come

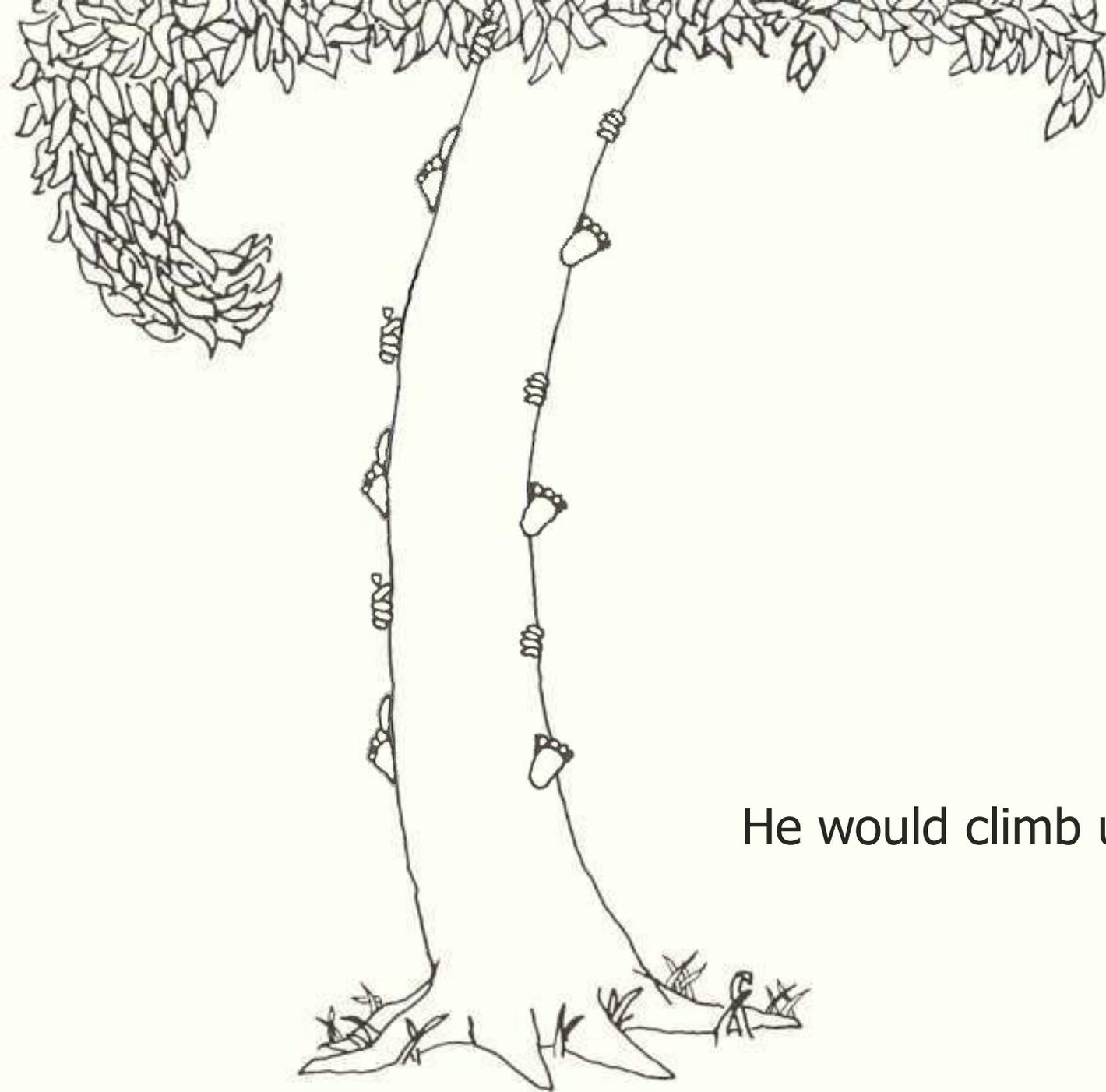




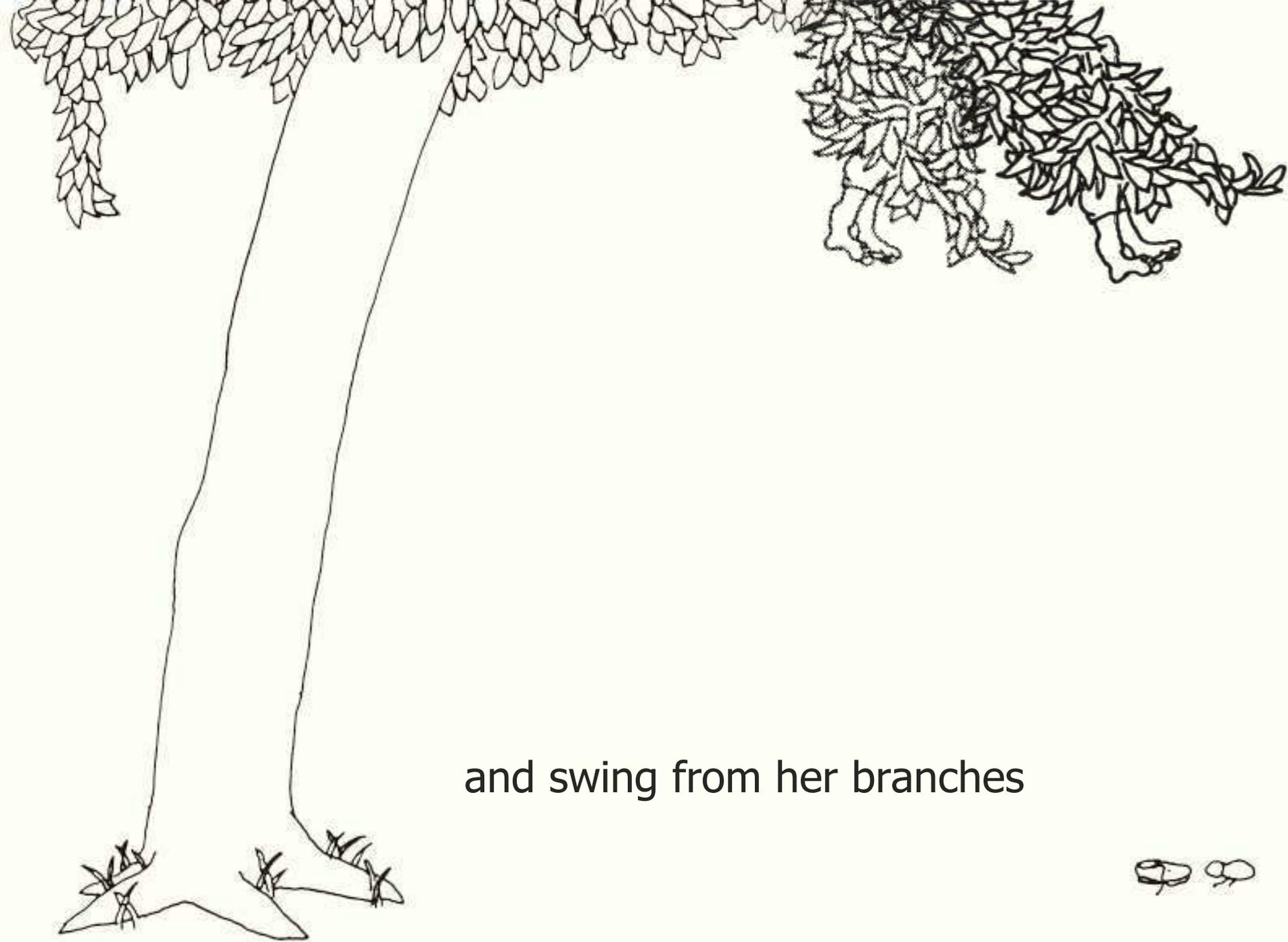
and he would
gather her leaves



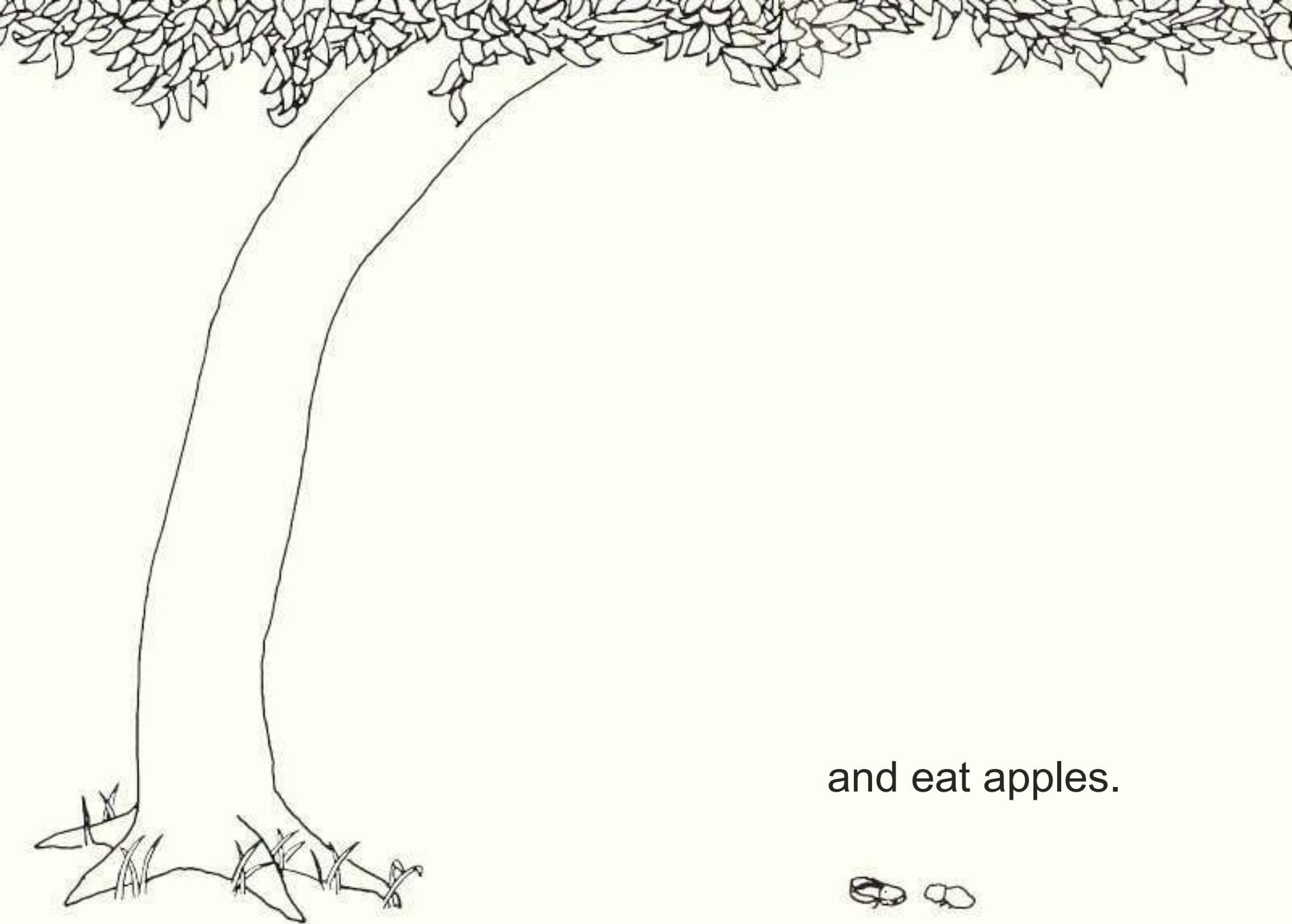
And make them into crowns
and play king of the forest



He would climb up her trunk

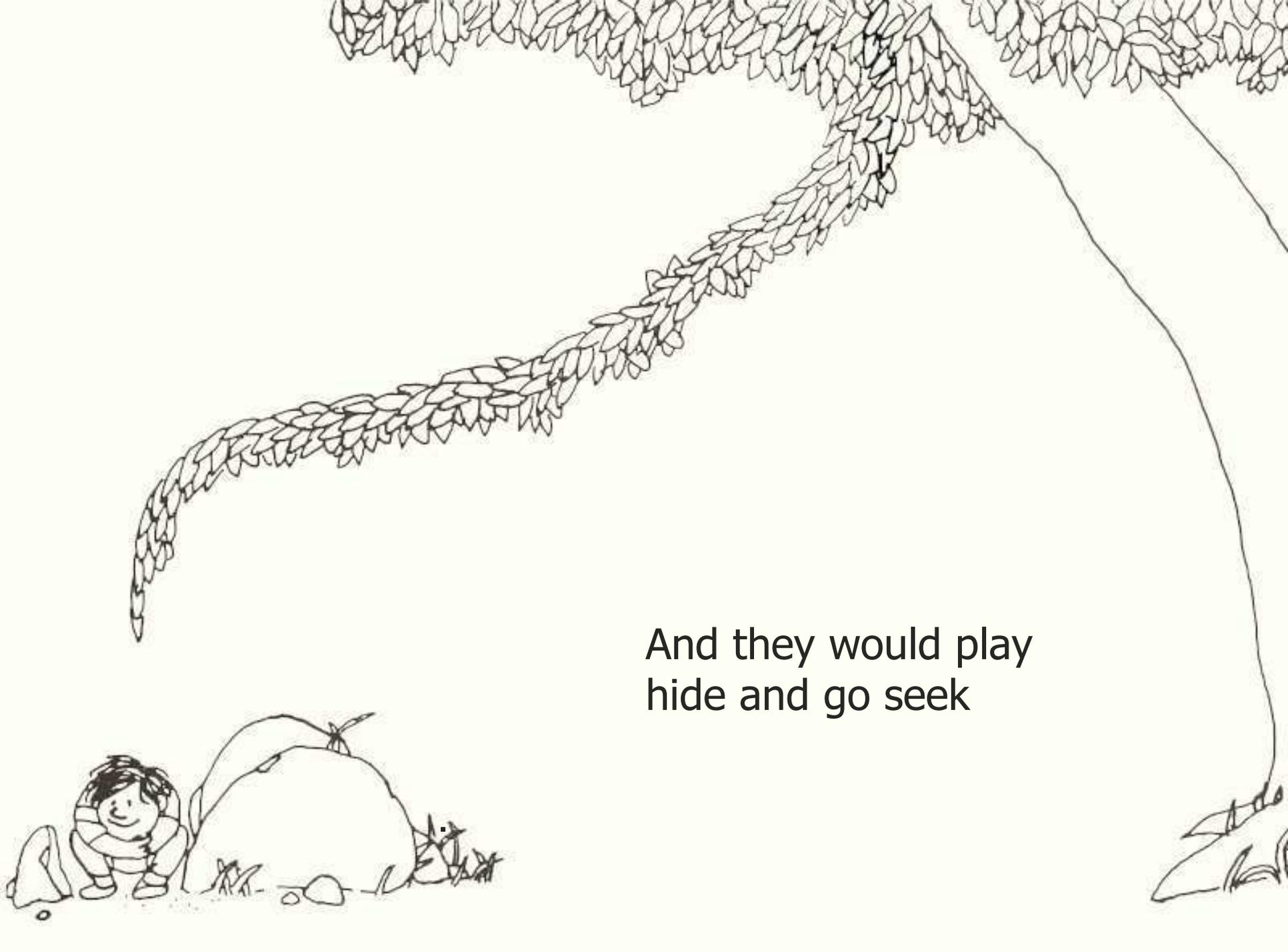


and swing from her branches

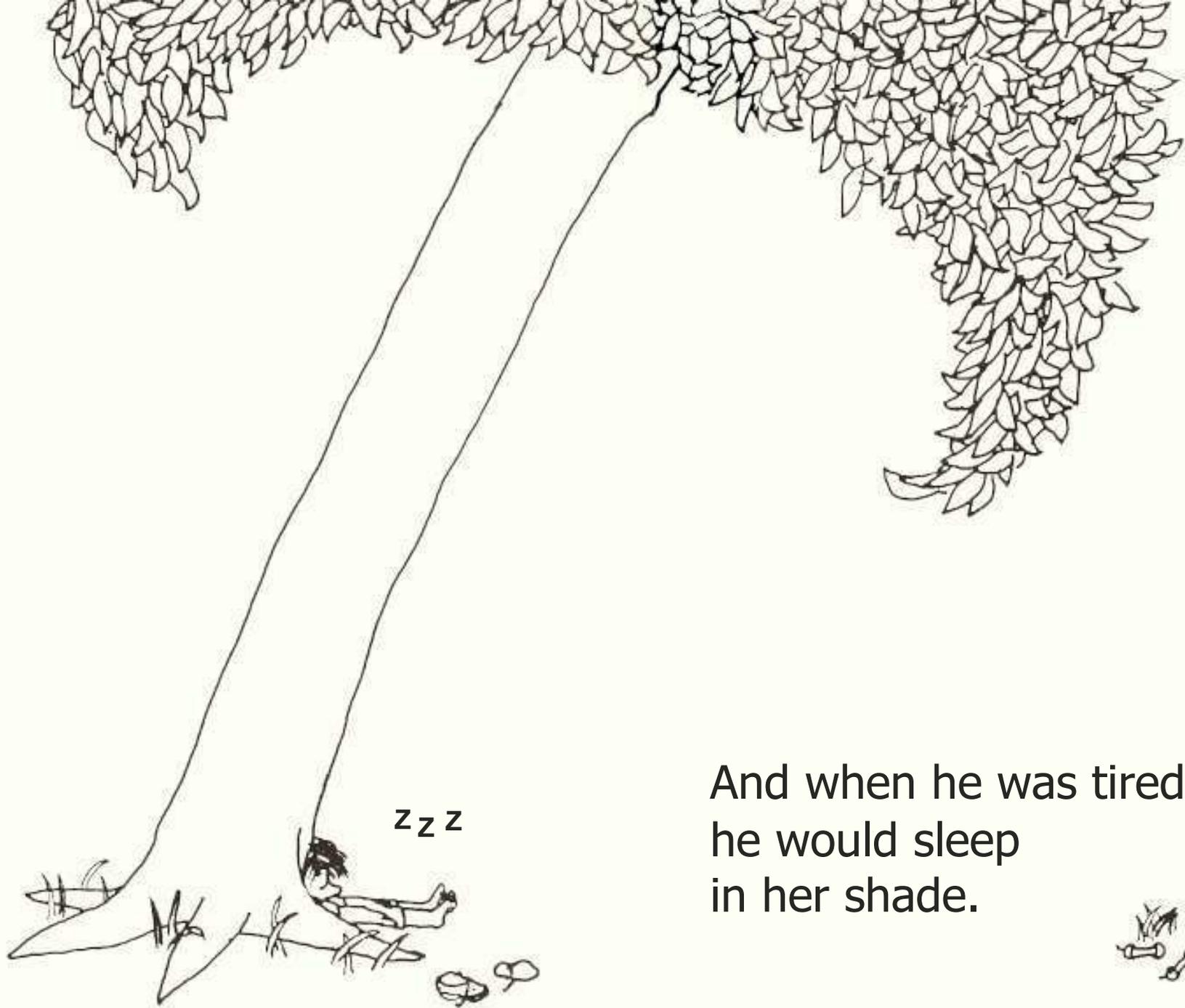


and eat apples.



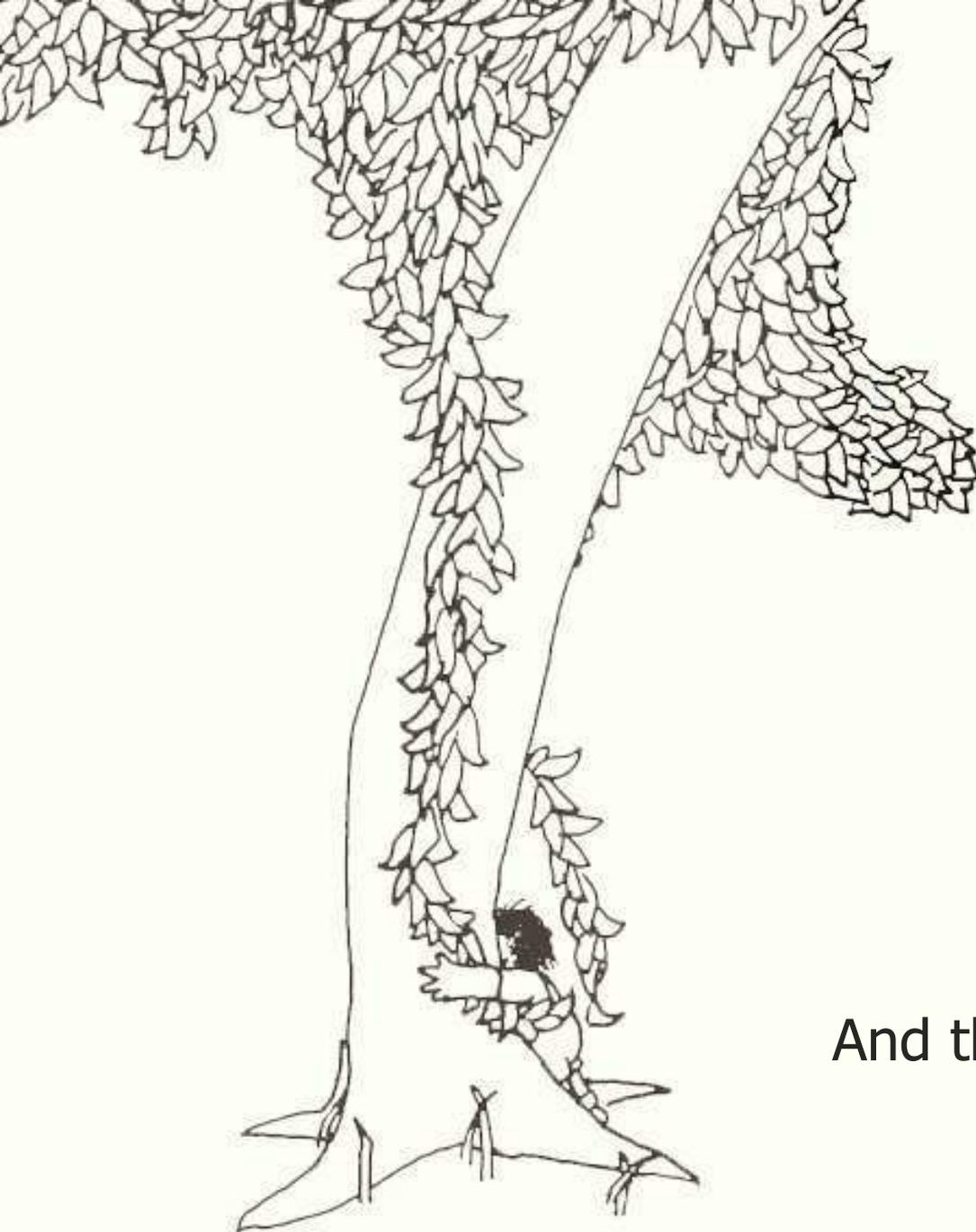


And they would play
hide and go seek

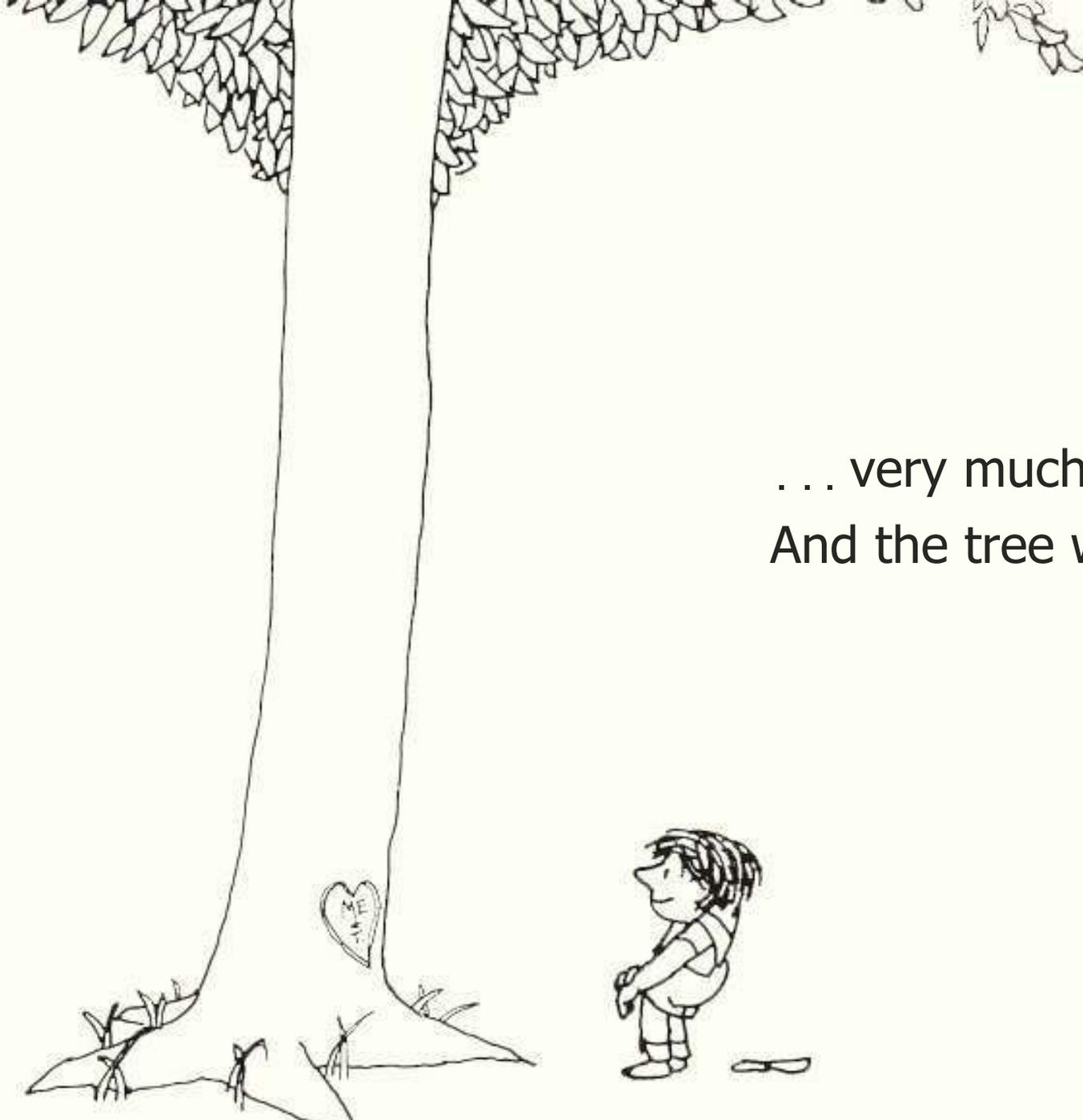


And when he was tired,
he would sleep
in her shade.

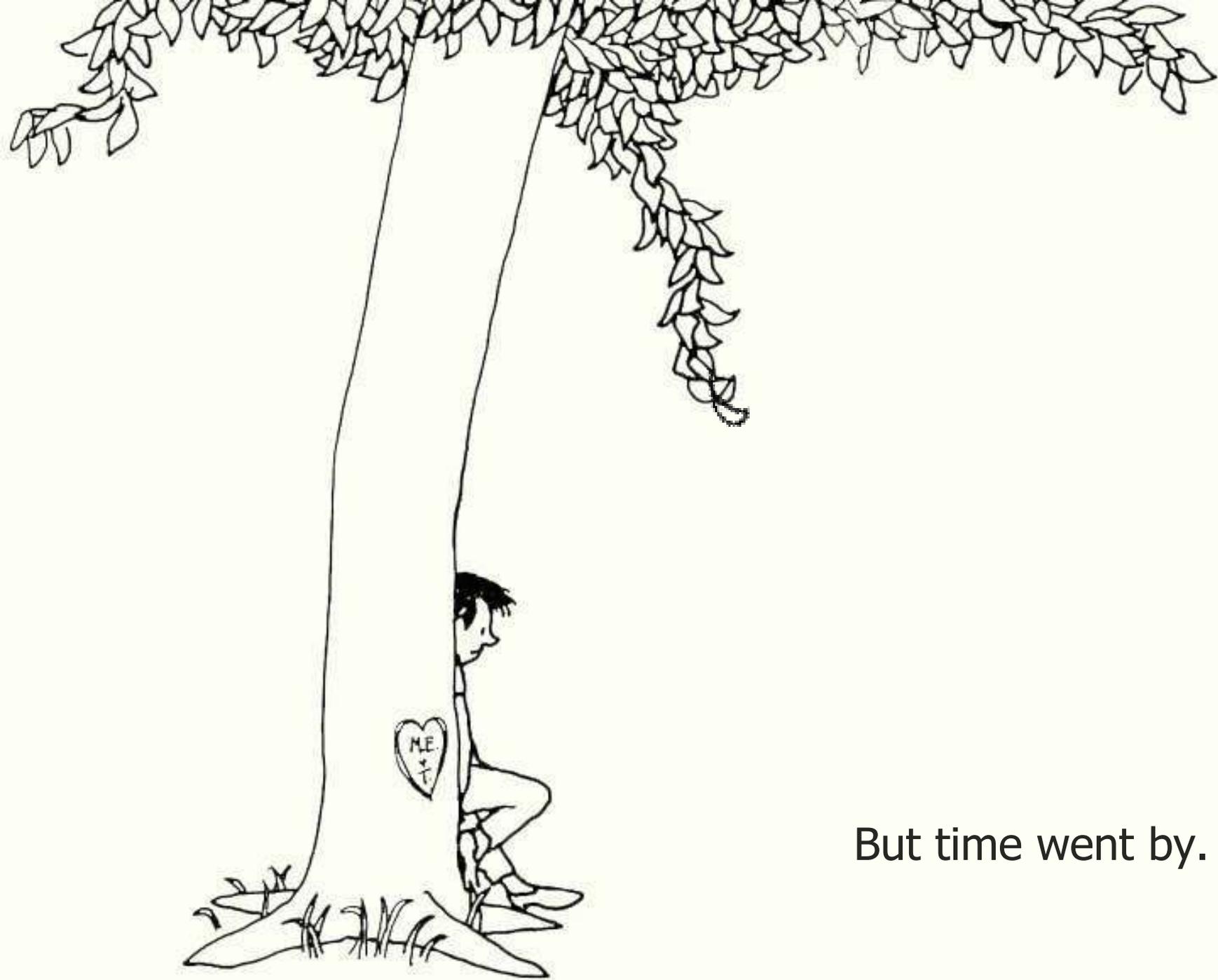




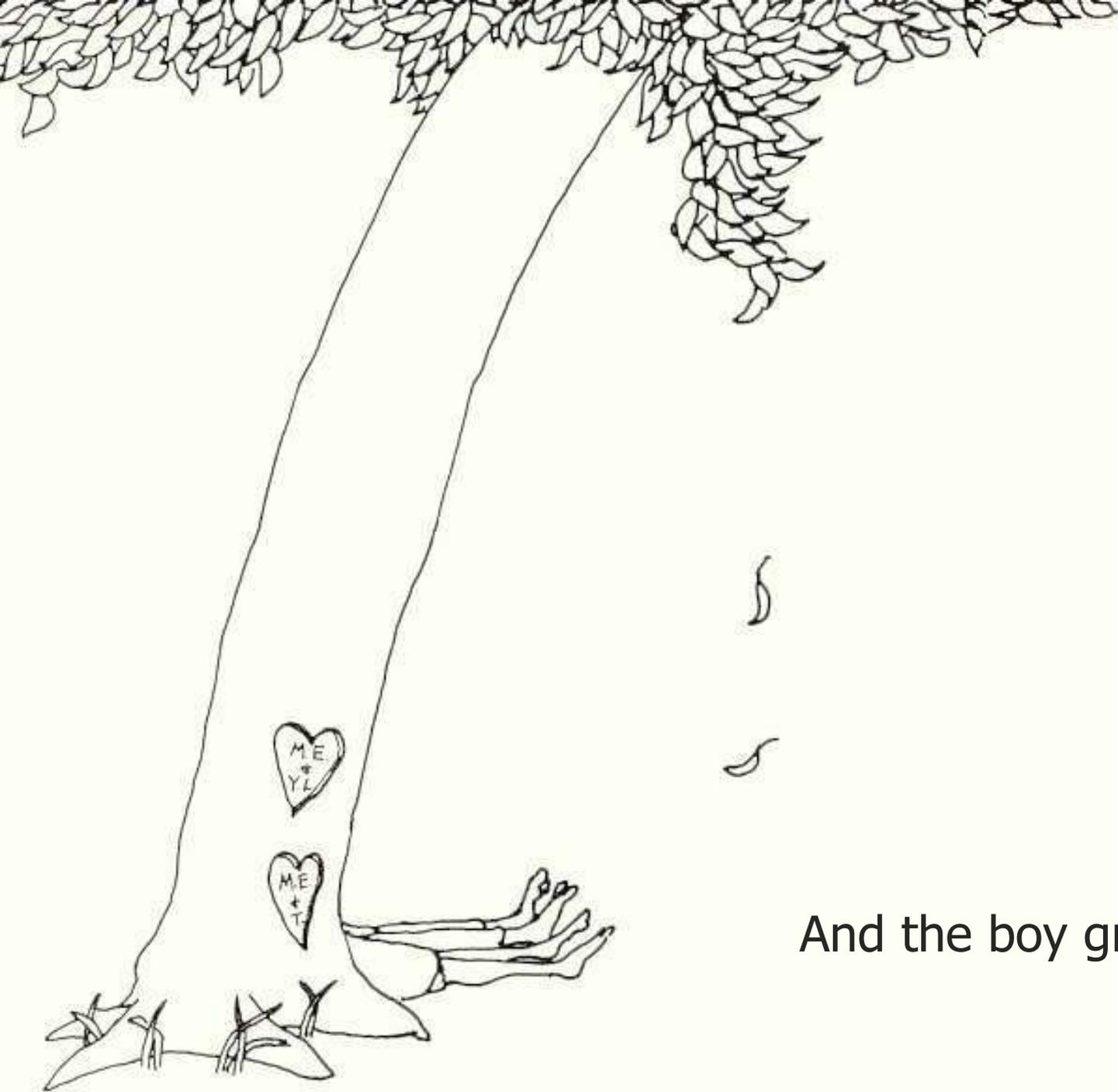
And the boy loved the tree . . .



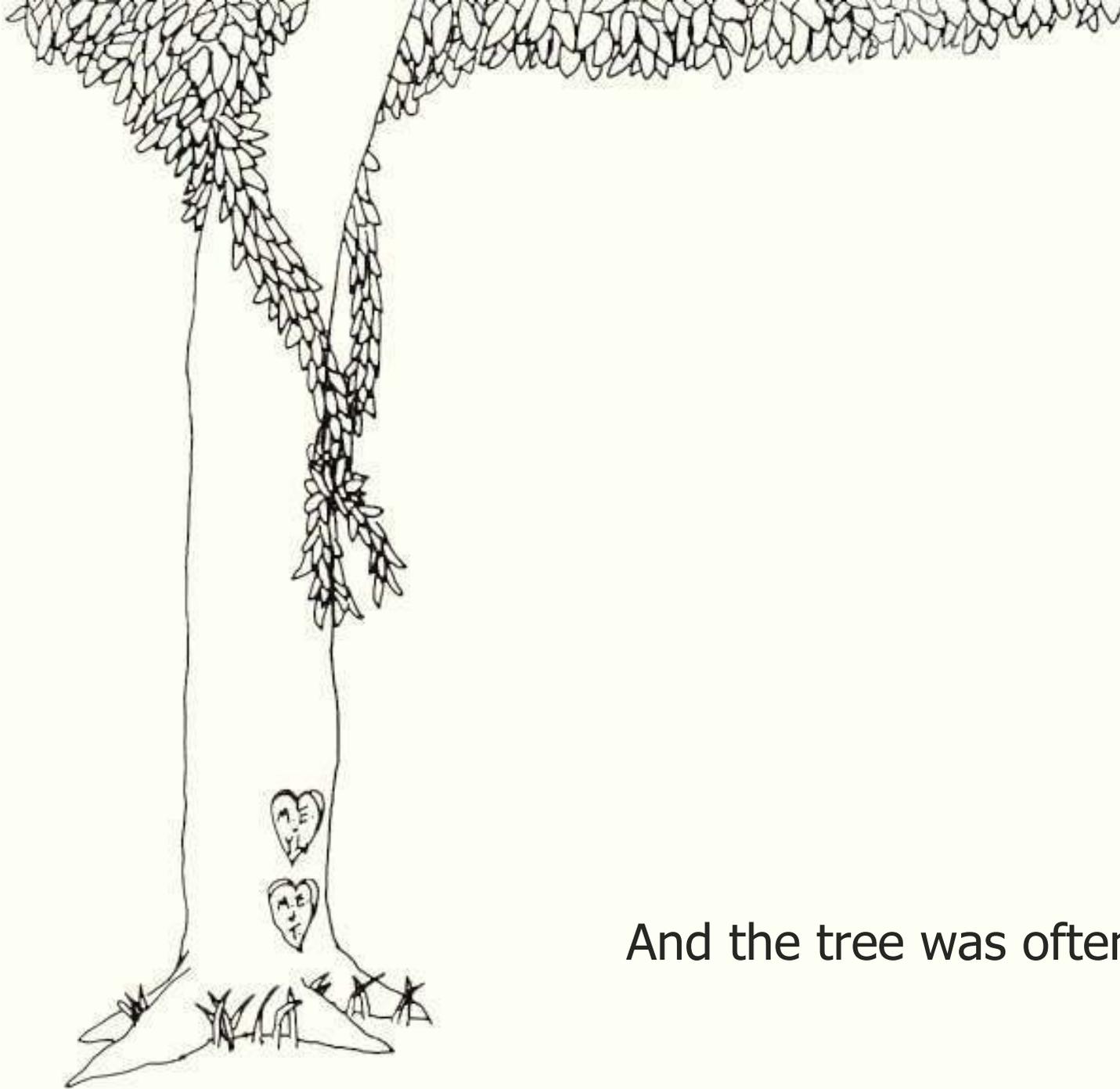
... very much
And the tree was happy.



But time went by.

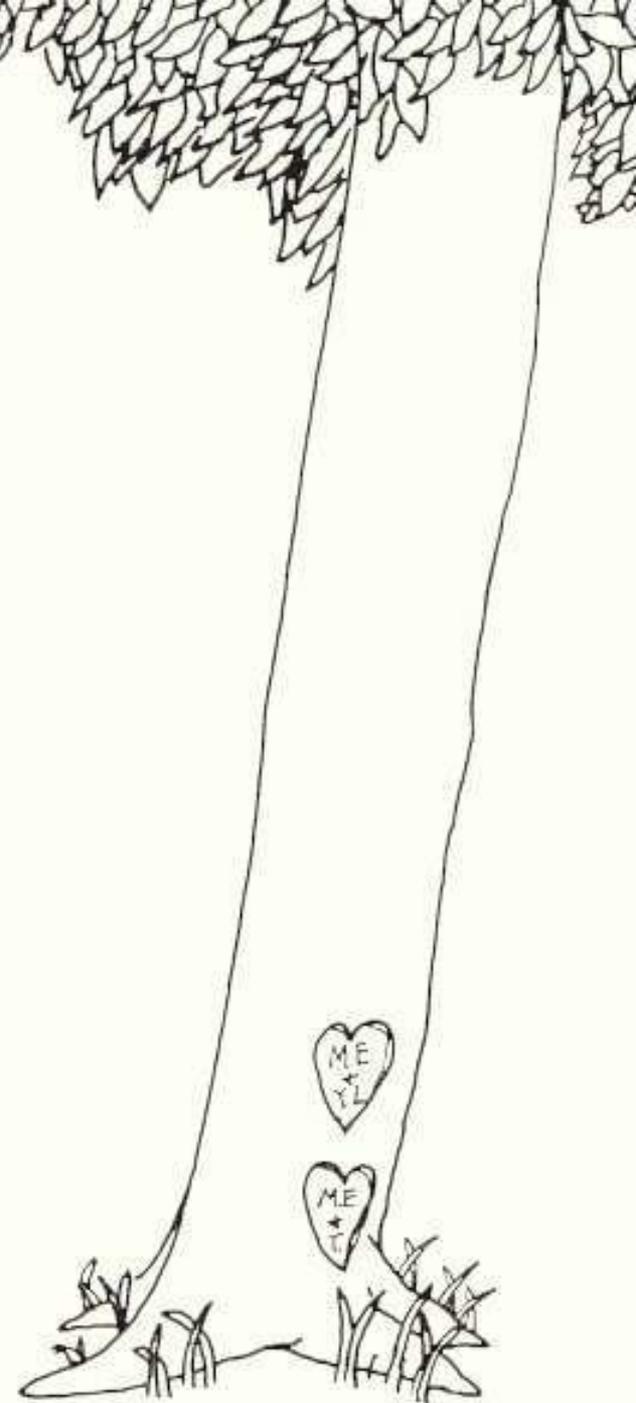
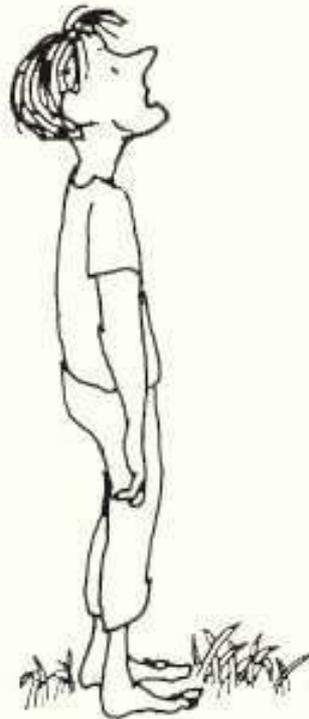


And the boy grew older.



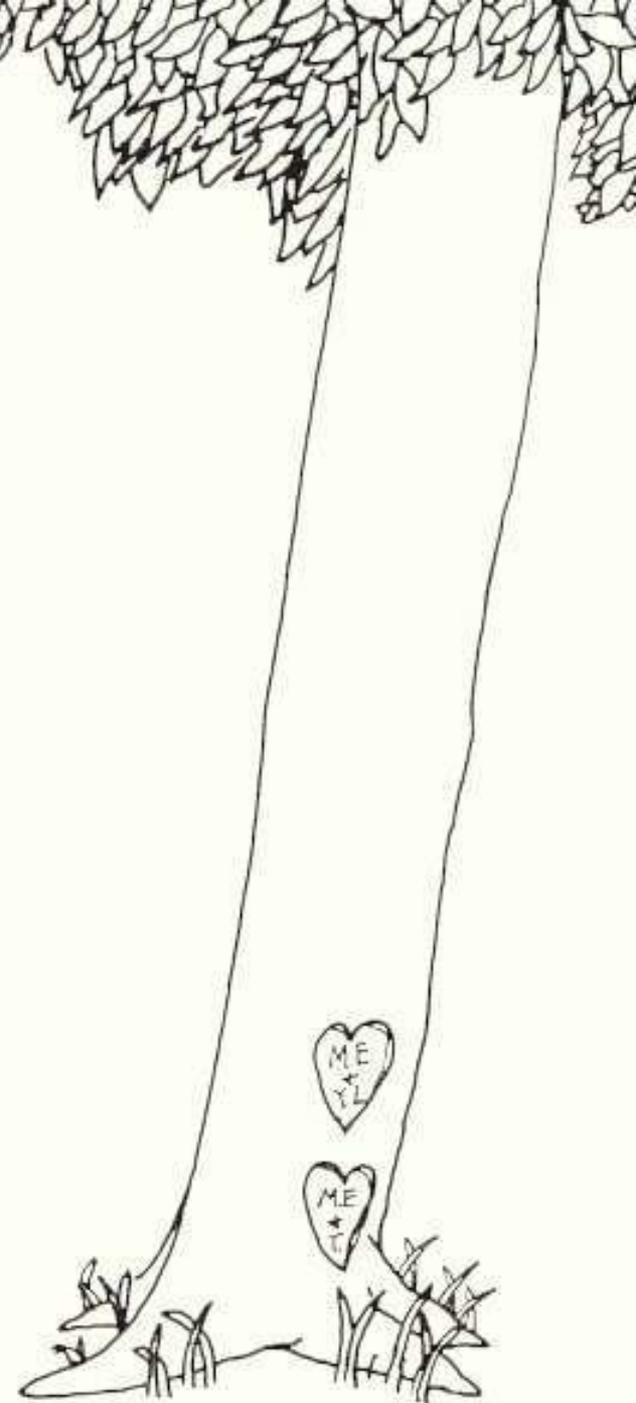
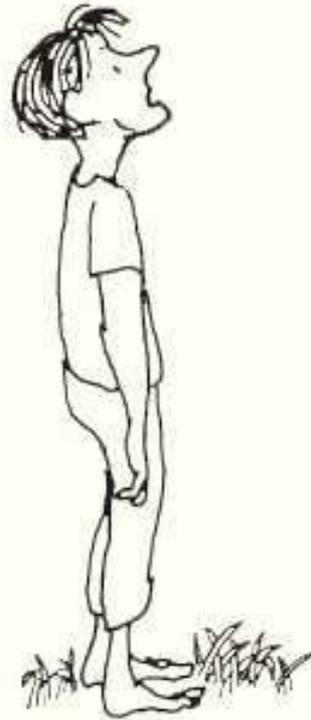
And the tree was often alone.

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.”

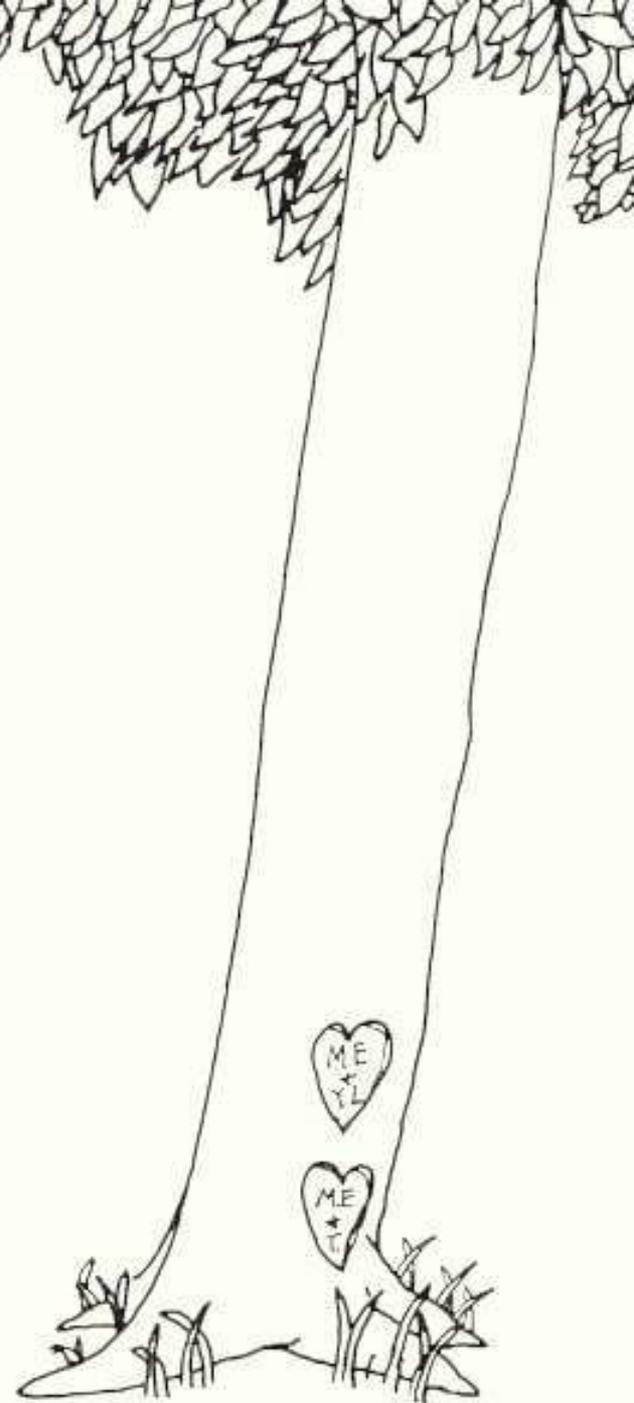
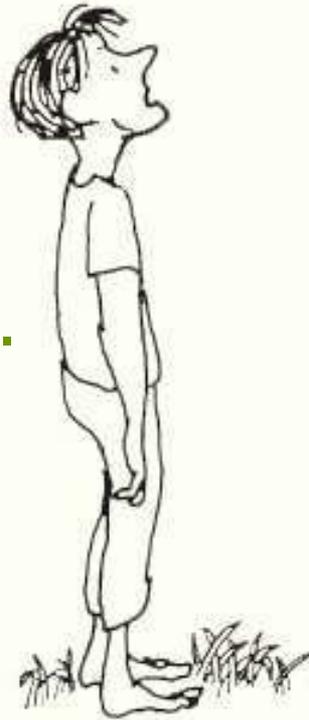


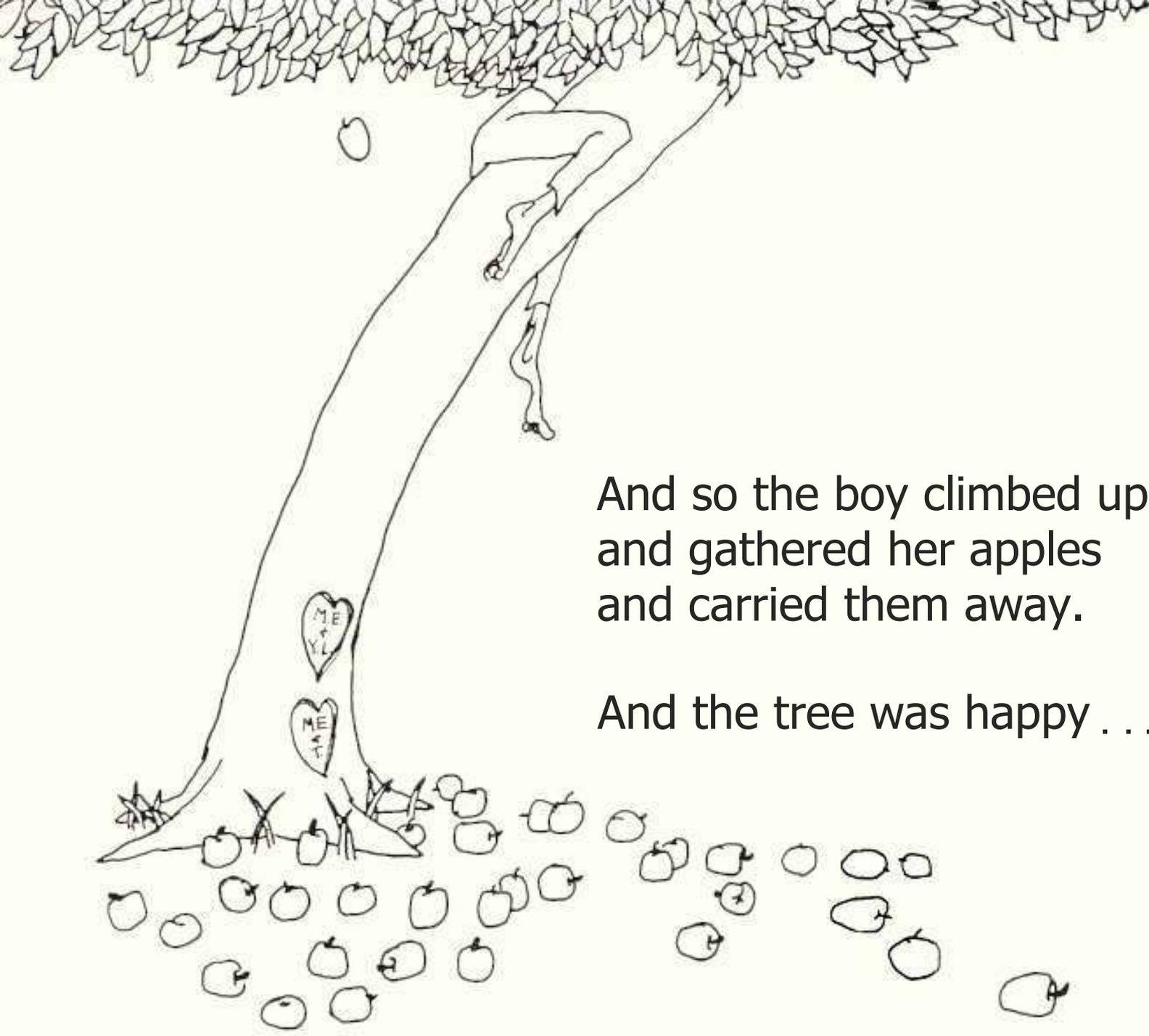
"I am too big to
climb and play,"
said the boy.

"I want to buy things
and have fun.
I want some money.
Can you give me
some money?"



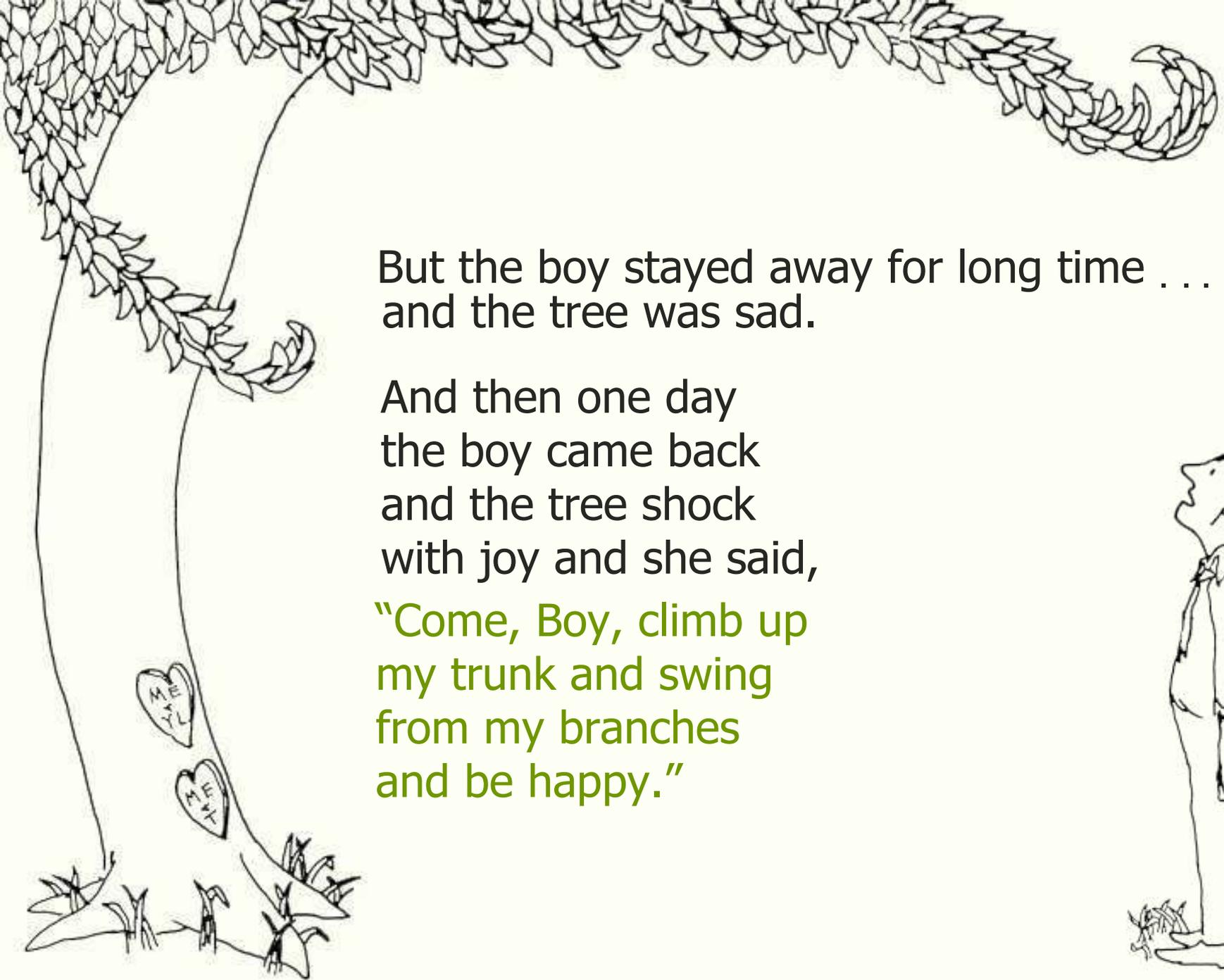
“I’m sorry,”
said the tree,
“but I have no money.
I have only leaves
and apples.
Take my apples, Boy,
and sell them in the city.
Then you will
have money
and you will be happy.”





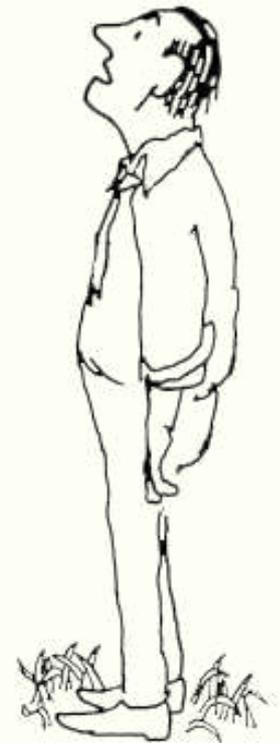
And so the boy climbed up the tree
and gathered her apples
and carried them away.

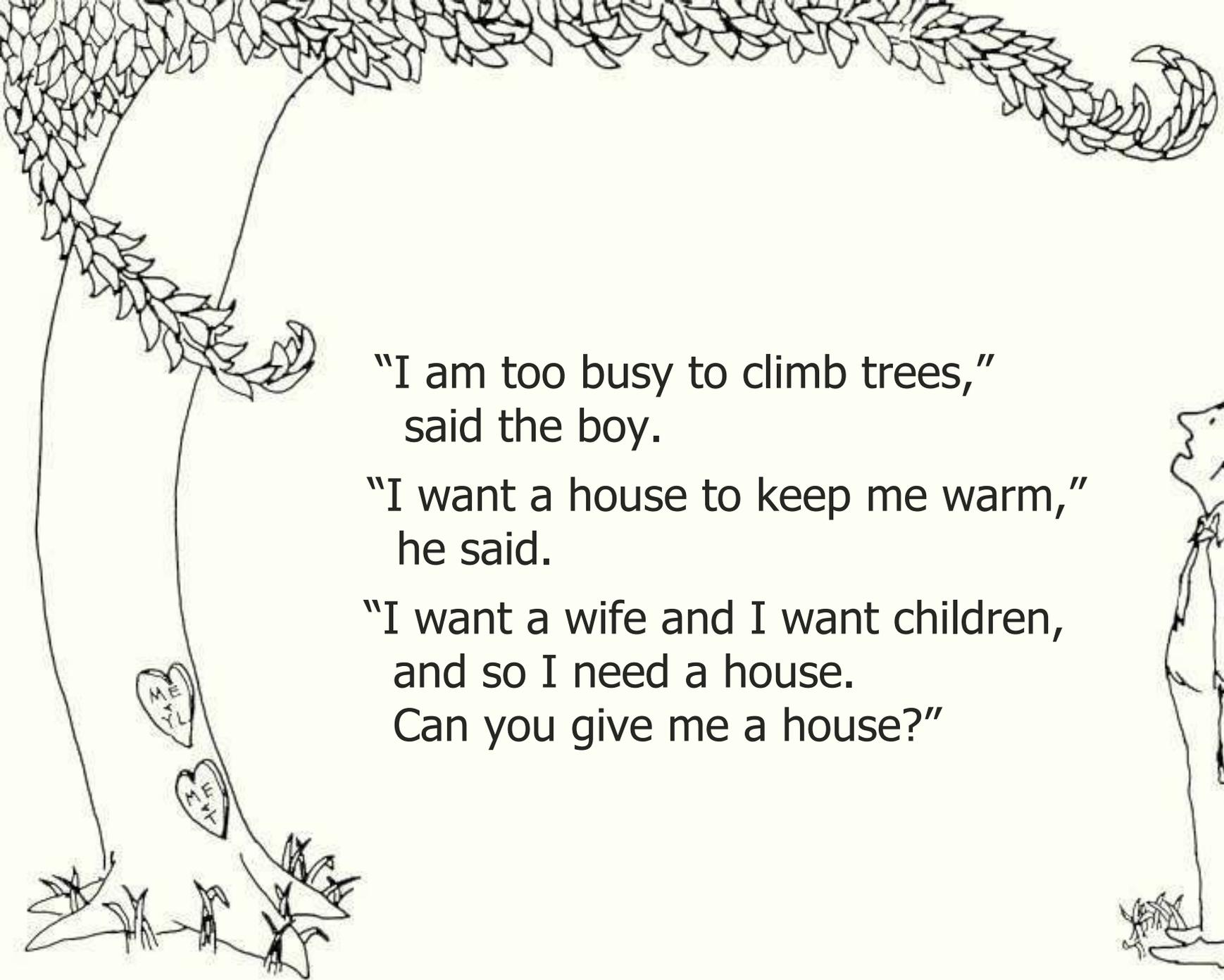
And the tree was happy . . .



But the boy stayed away for long time . . .
and the tree was sad.

And then one day
the boy came back
and the tree shock
with joy and she said,
"Come, Boy, climb up
my trunk and swing
from my branches
and be happy."

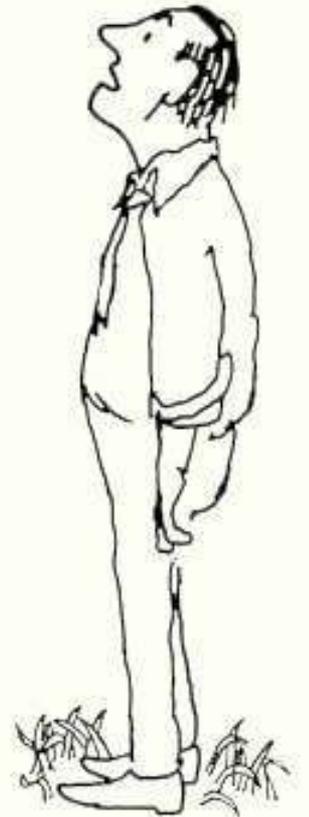


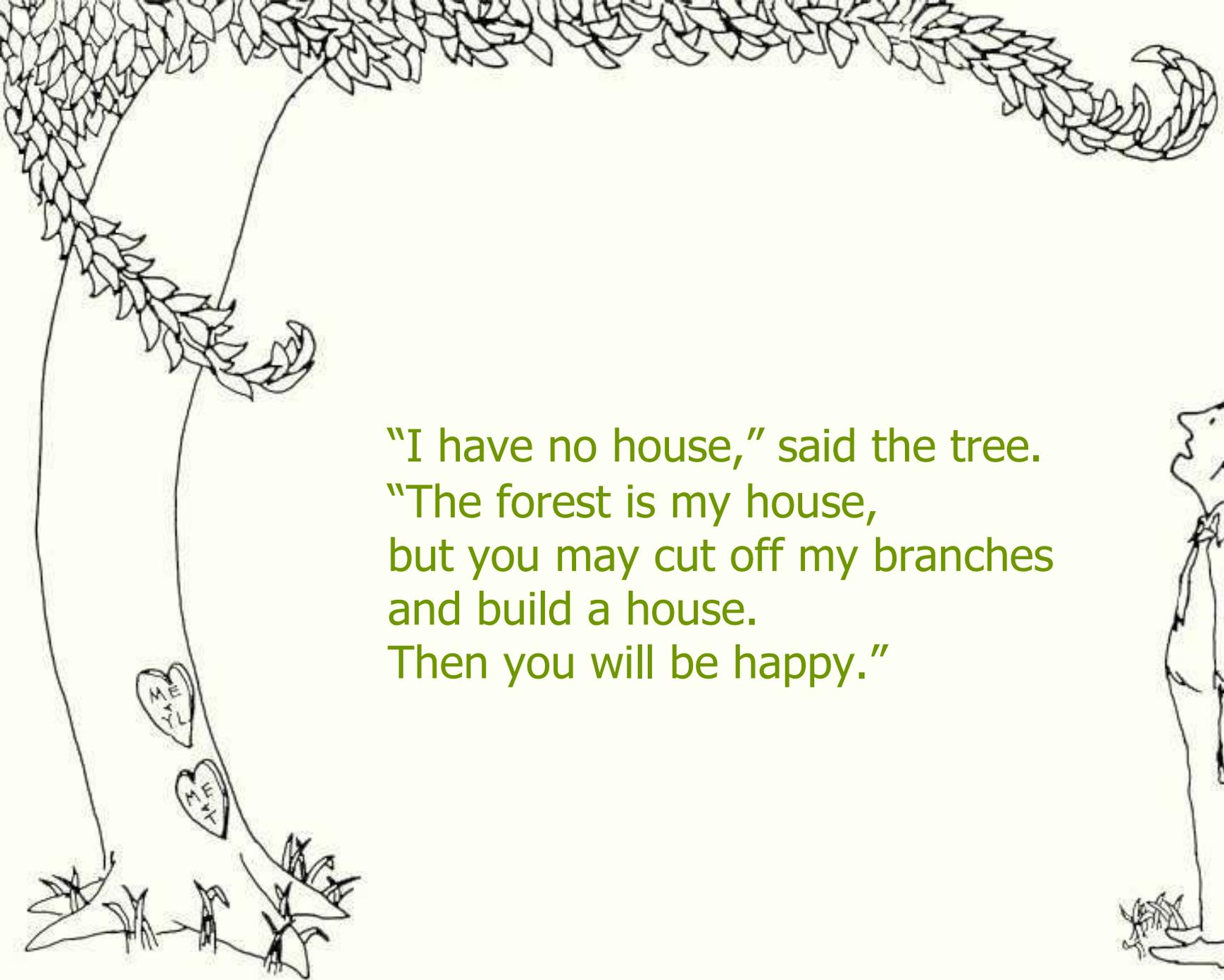


"I am too busy to climb trees,"
said the boy.

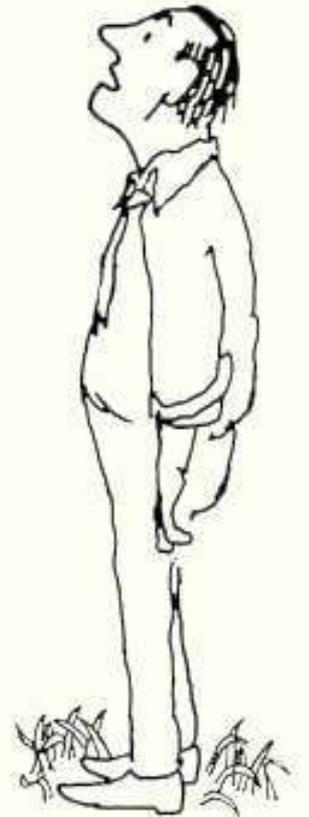
"I want a house to keep me warm,"
he said.

"I want a wife and I want children,
and so I need a house.
Can you give me a house?"

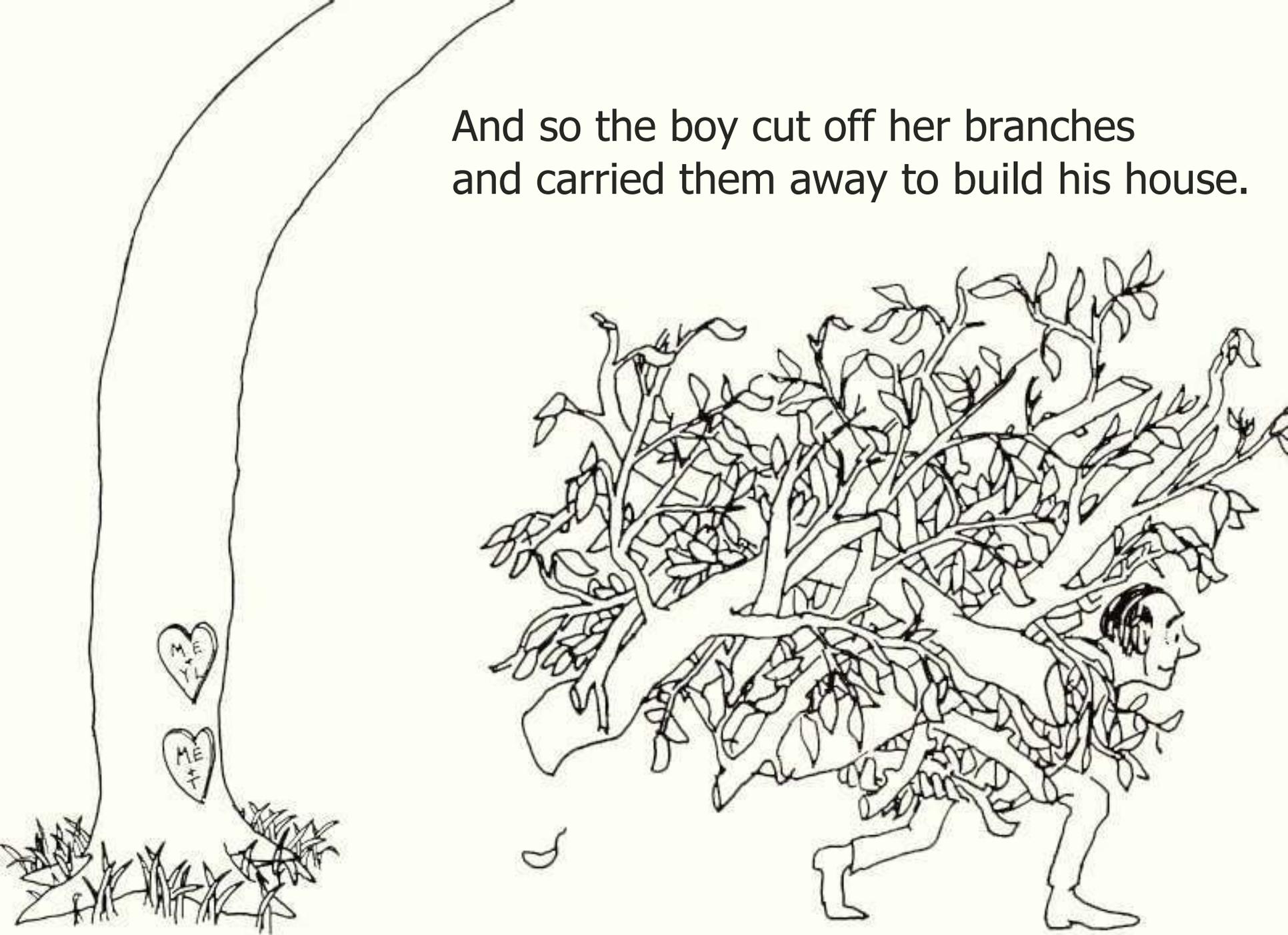


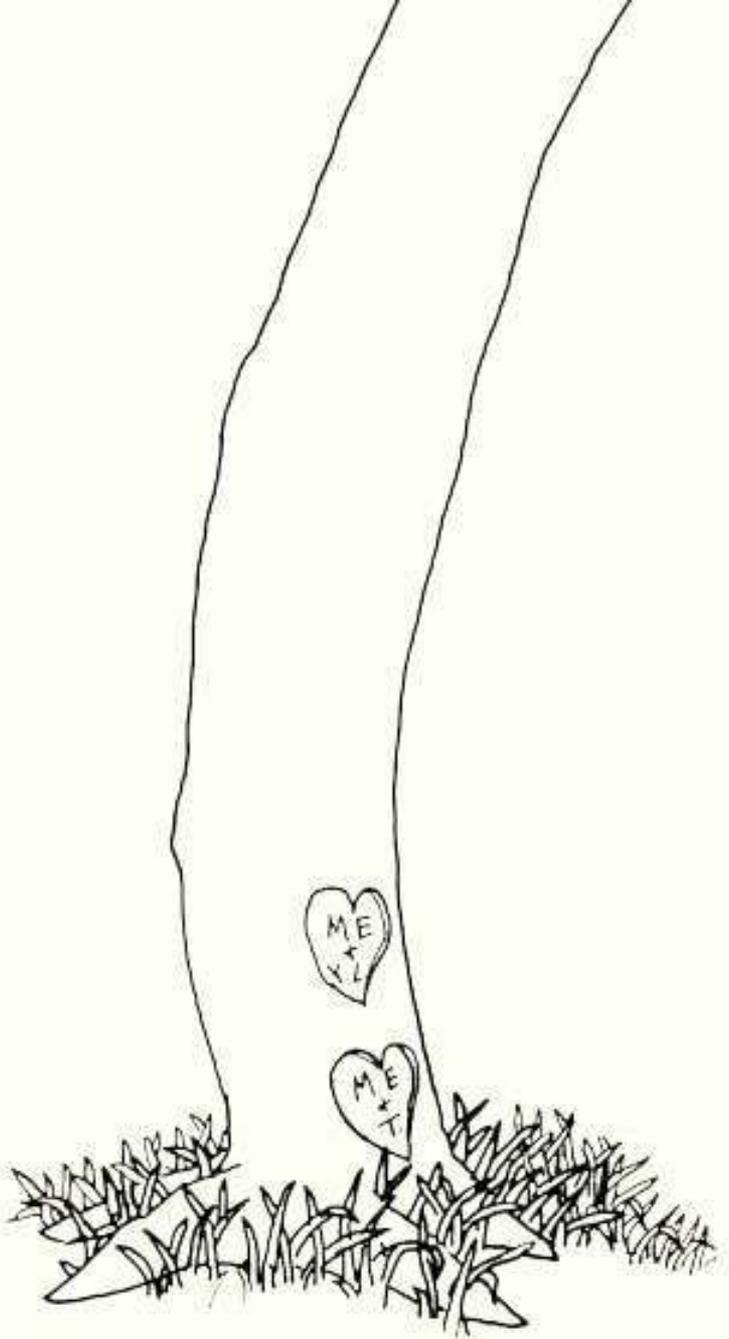


“I have no house,” said the tree.
“The forest is my house,
but you may cut off my branches
and build a house.
Then you will be happy.”



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.

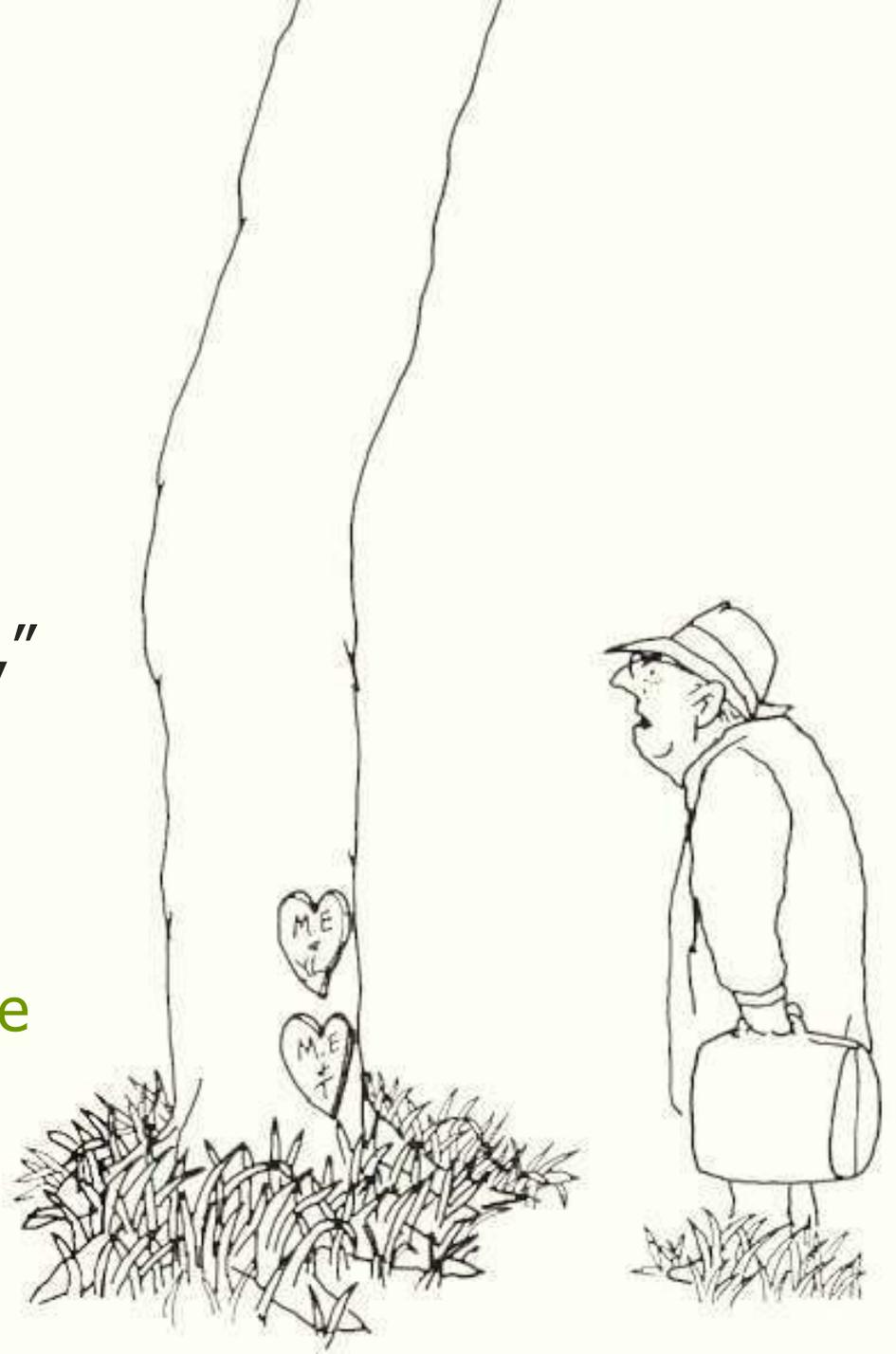
“Come, Boy,” she whispered,
“come and play.”

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

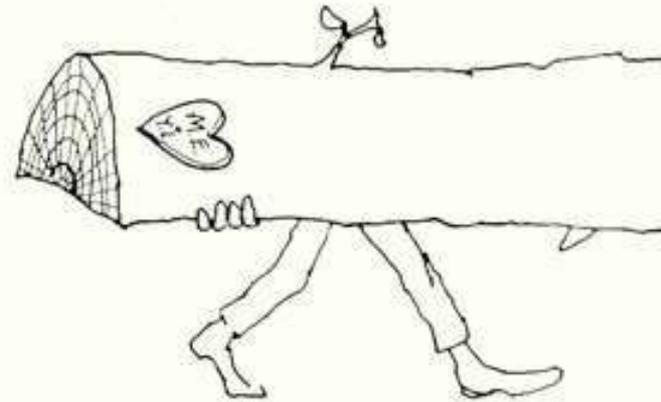
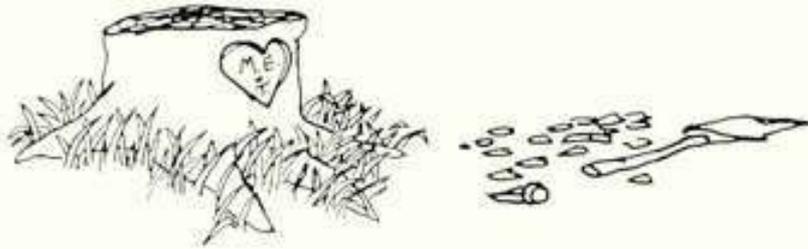
“I want a boat that will
Take me far away from here.
Can you give me a boat?”

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

“Than you can sail away...
and be happy.”

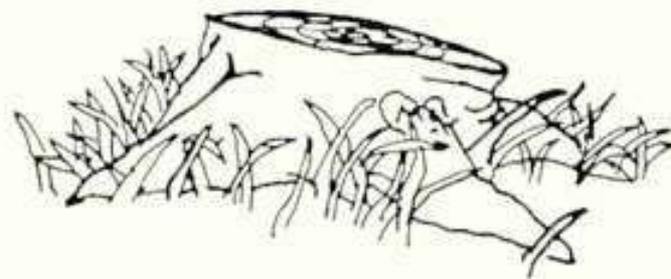


And so the boy cut down her trunk



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," said the tree.

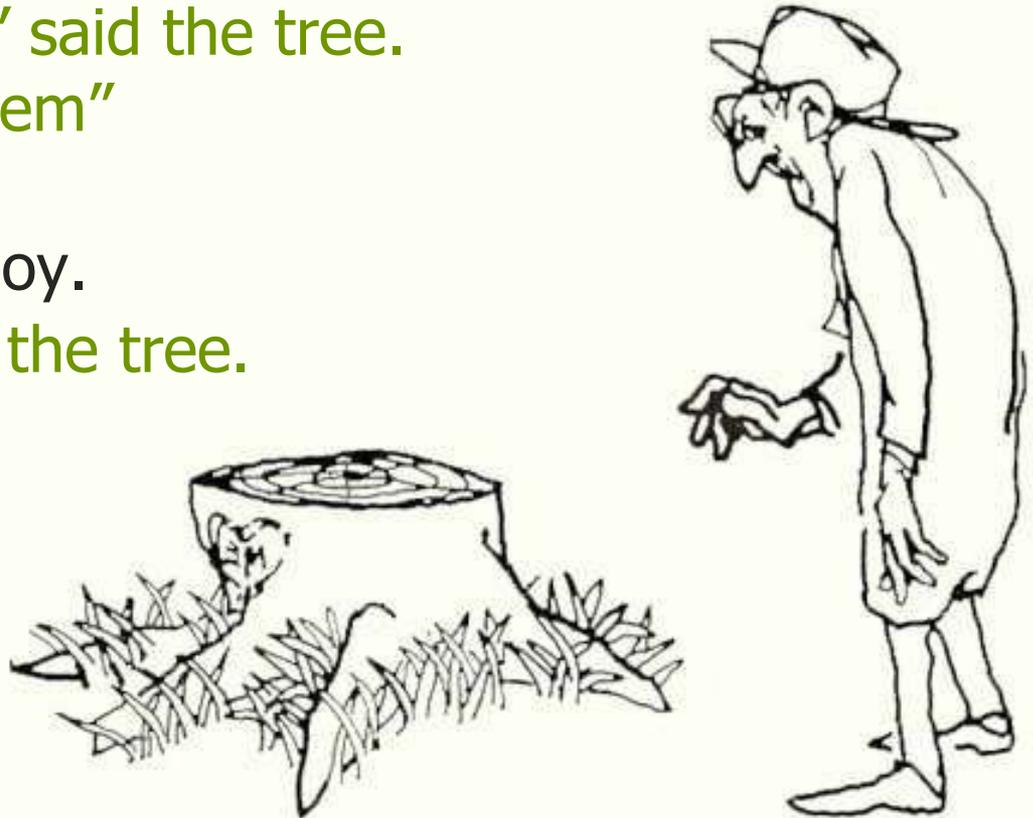
"You cannot swing on them"

"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 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 herself up
as she could,

“well, an old stump is good
for sitting and resting.

Come, Boy, sit down.

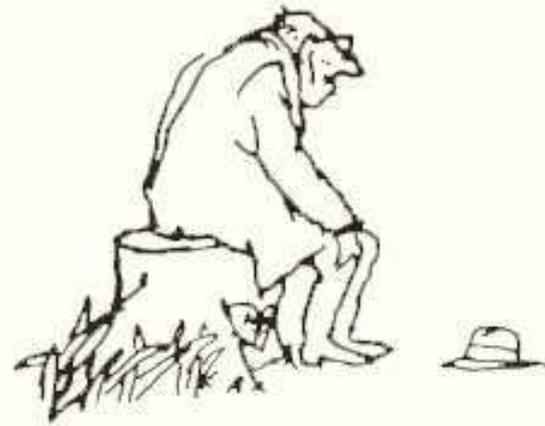
sit down and rest.”



And the boy did.

And the tree was happy . . .





The End