

THE GIVING TREE

By *Shel Silverstein*

Once there was a tree..... And she loved 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 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 thing 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 city. Then you will have money and you’ll be happy”

And so the boy climb 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 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 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.” said the tree “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 a house. And the tree was happy.

But the boy stayed away for a long time.....and the tree was sad. 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 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 apple,”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 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...and rest.”

And the tree was happy..

The end.