




The  
Giving  
Tree

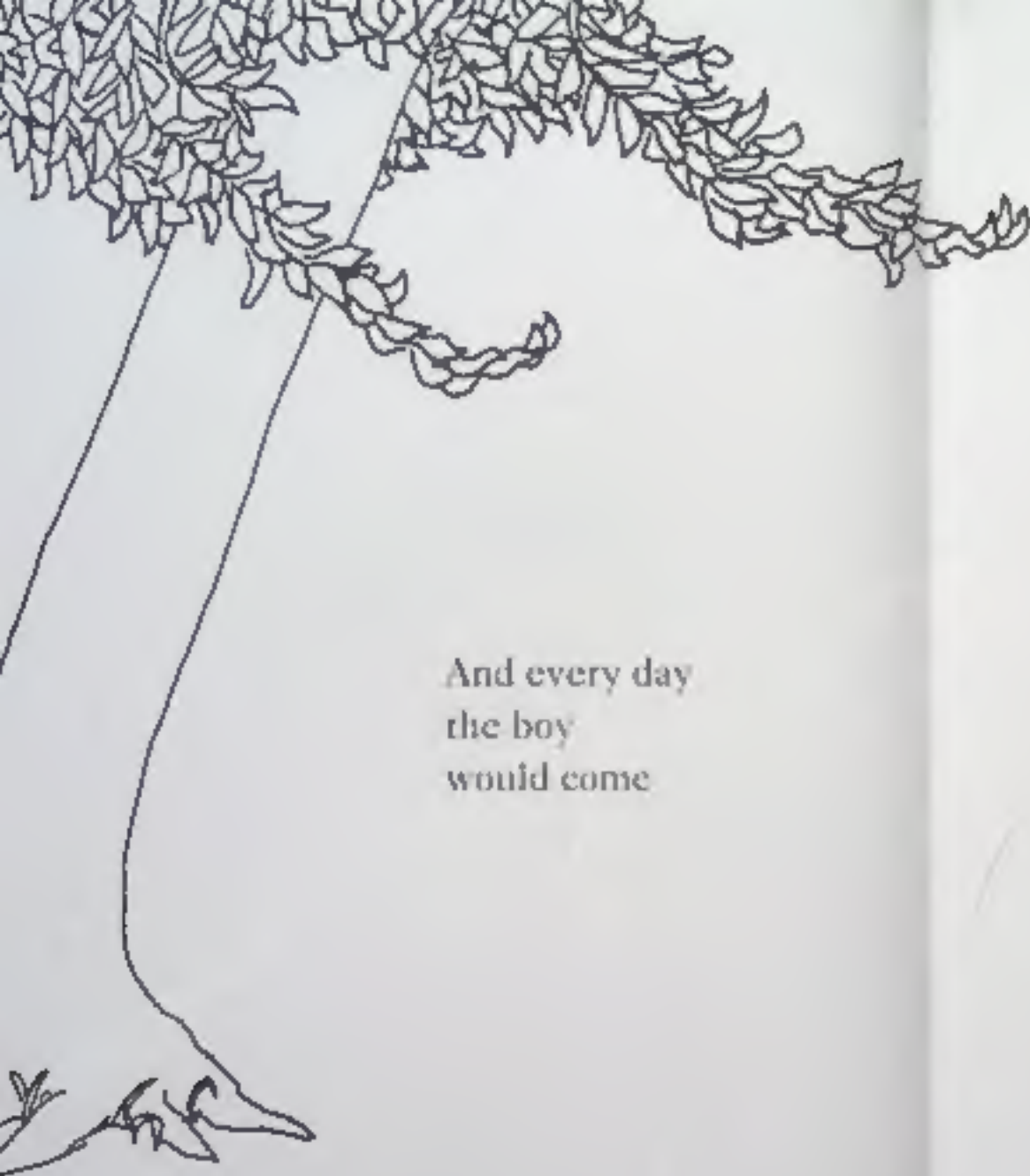
by  
Shel  
Silverstein

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.



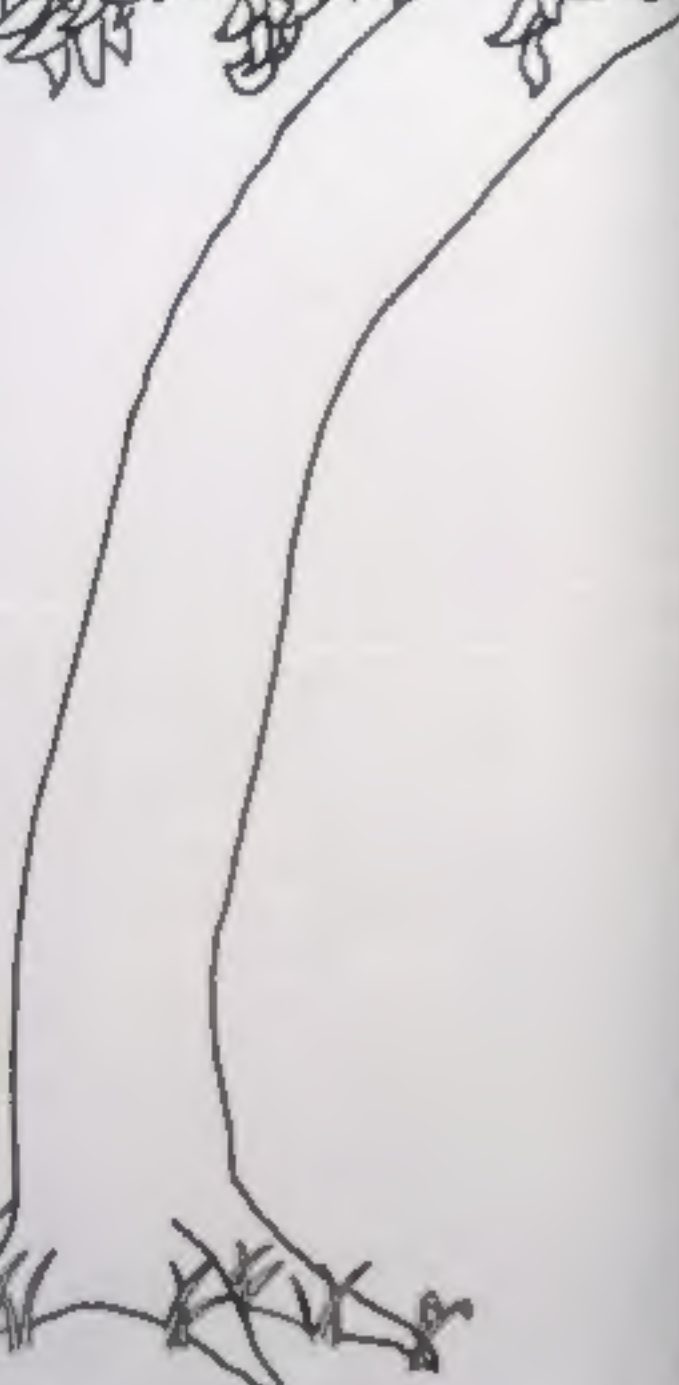
He would climb up her trunk

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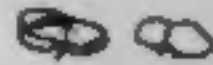


and swing from her branches





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.

When he did this, he came to the tree  
and the tree said "Come Boy come and climb  
play in my park and swing from my branches  
eat great 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

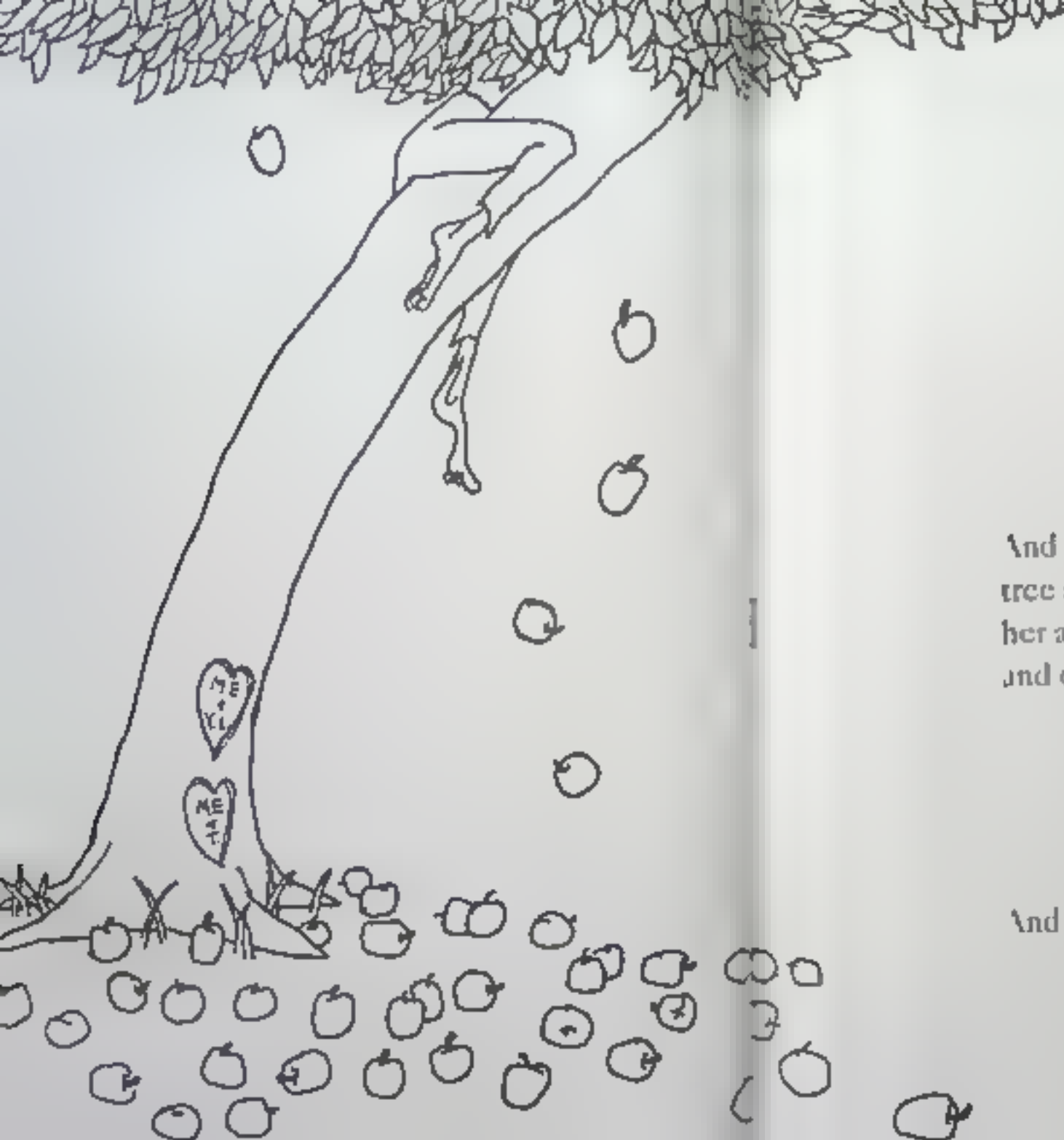
Can you give me some money?"

"I'm sorry" said the tree "but I have no money

I have only leaves and apples.

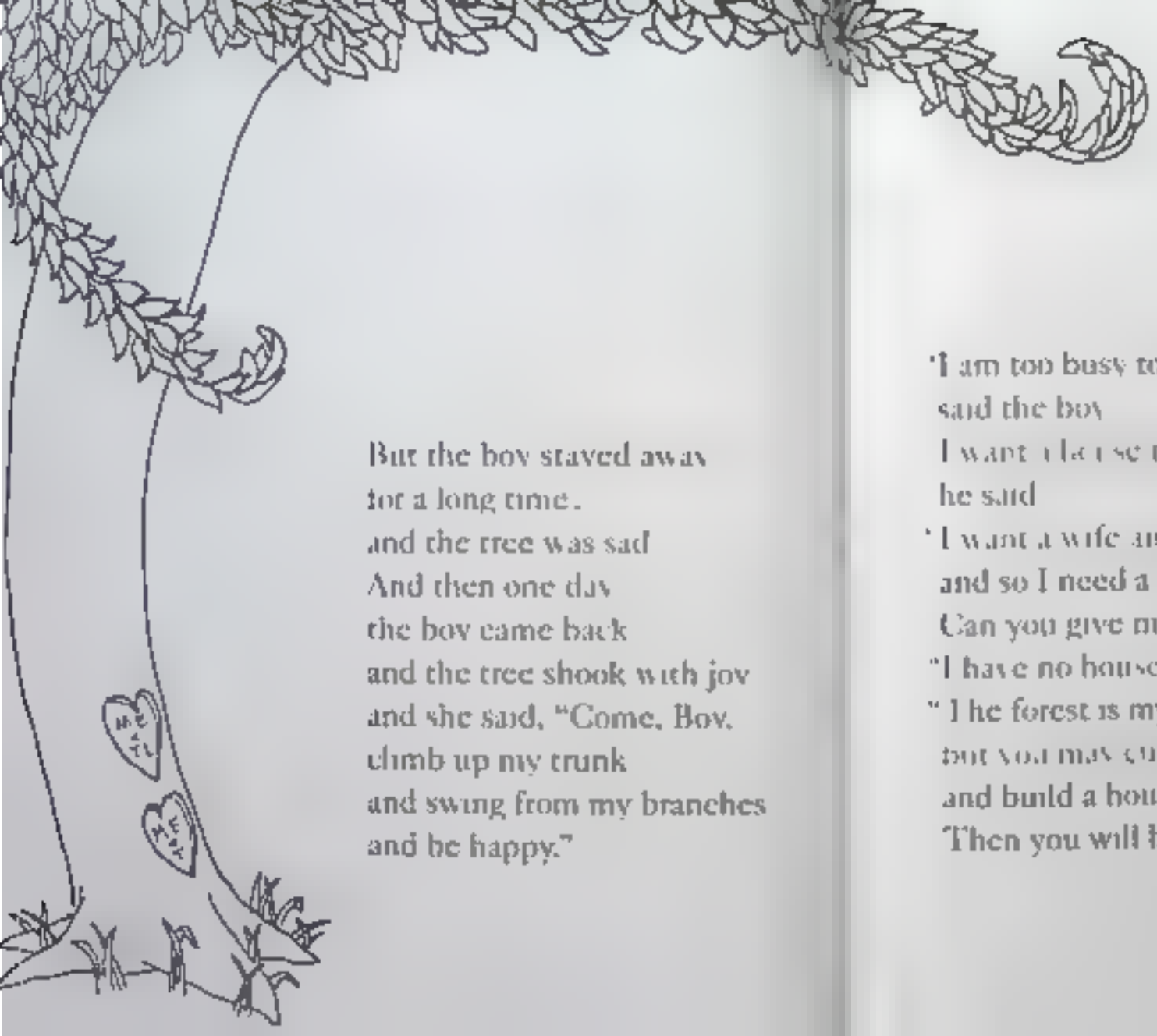
Take my apples. Boy and sell them  
in the city. Then you will have money  
and you will be happy."





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

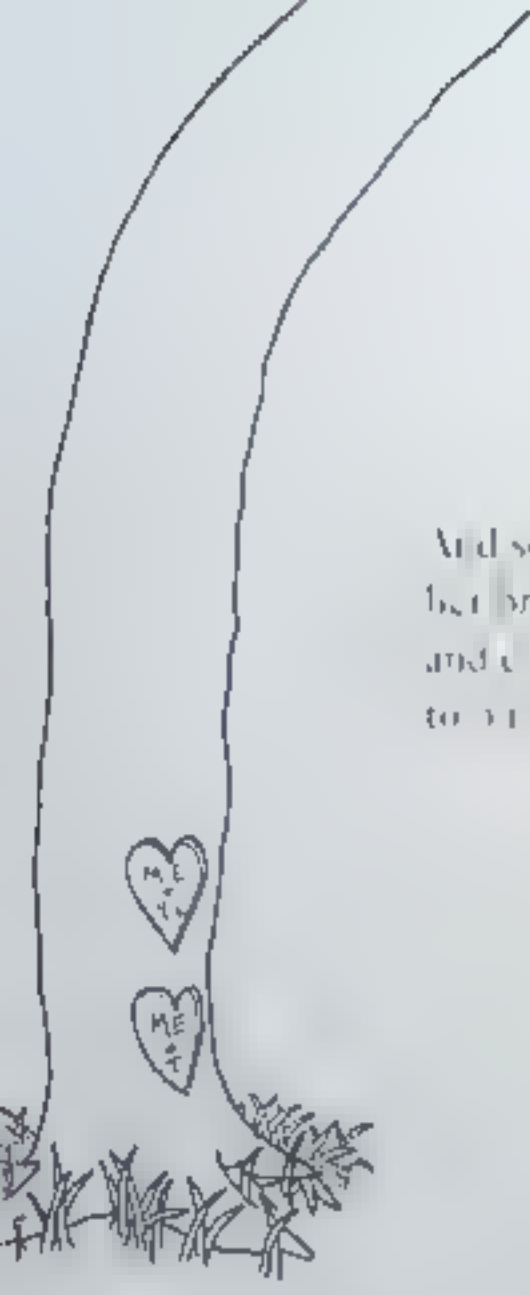
And the tree was happy.



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."

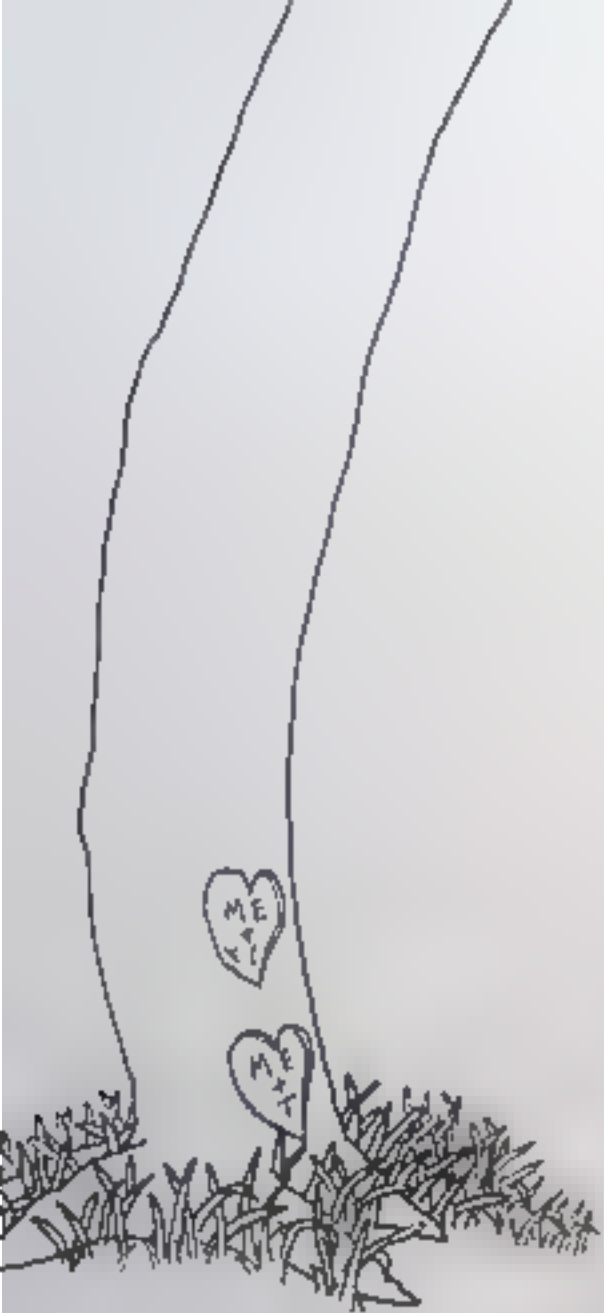
"I am too busy to climb trees,"  
said the boy  
"I want a horse to keep me warm"  
he said  
"I want a wife and I want children,  
and so I need a house.  
Can you give me a house?"  
"I have no house," said the tree  
"The forest is my house,  
but you may cut off my branches  
and build a house.  
Then you will be happy."





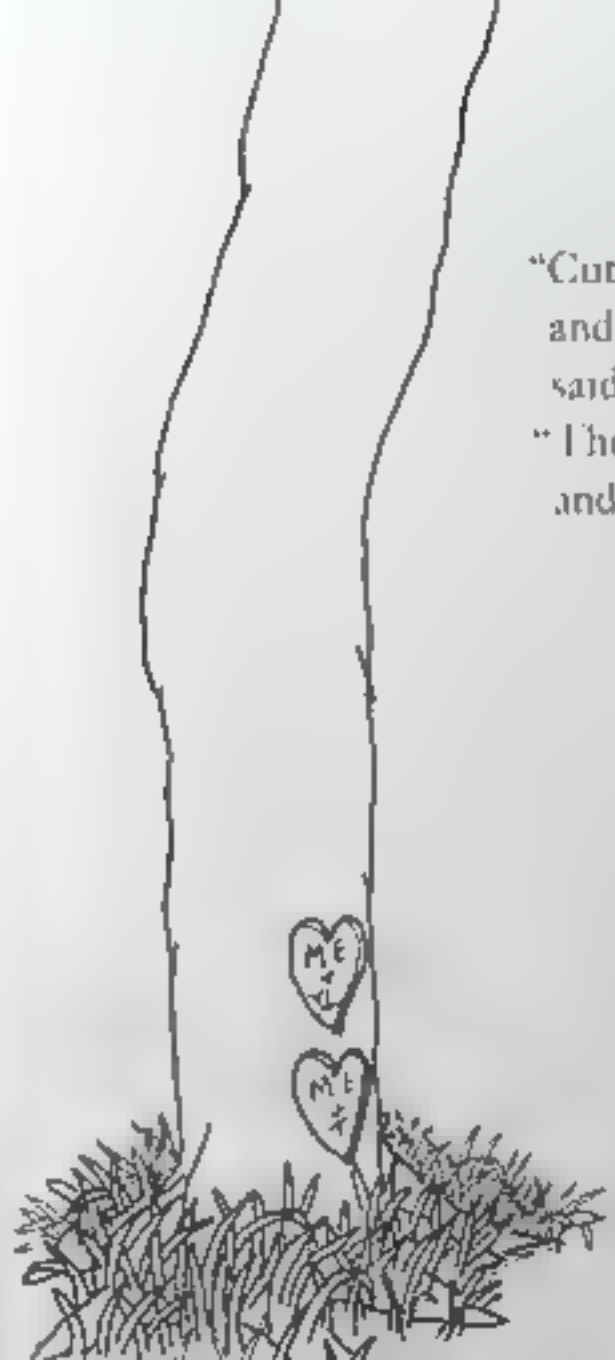
And so the boy cut off  
his branches  
and carried them away  
to build his house.





And the tree was happy.

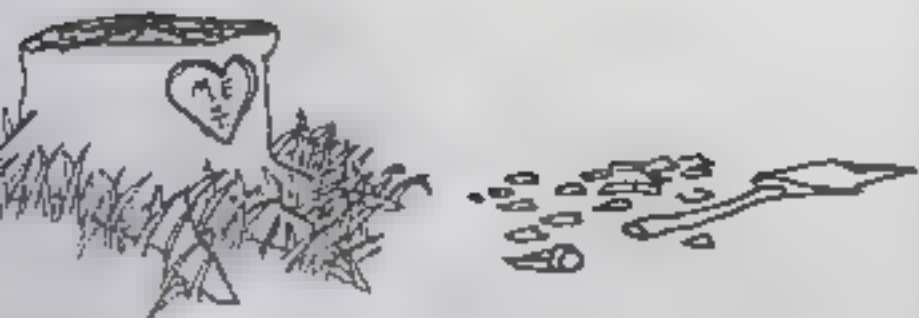
But the boy stayed away  
for a long time  
And when he came back,  
the tree was so happy  
she could hardly speak  
"Come, Boy," she whispered,  
"come and play."  
"I am too old and sad to play,"  
said the boy  
"I want a boat that will  
take me far away  
from here  
Can you give me a boat?"



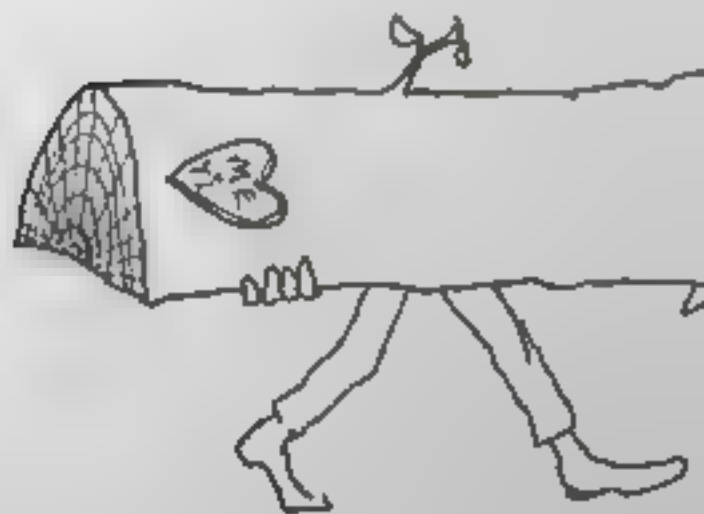
"Cut down my trunk  
and make a boat,"  
said the tree  
"Then you can sail away...  
and be happy"



And so the boy cut down her trunk

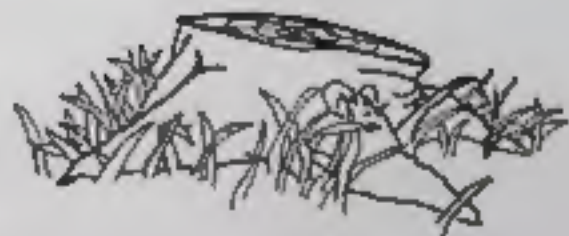


and made a boat and sailed away



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,"  
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.  
Sit down and rest."



And the boy did.

And the tree was happy.



The End