



everyday the boy would gather her leaves and... play.

The tree was happy. time went by. The boy grew older. Tree... often alone.

"I am too big to climb and play," said the boy. "I want some money?" "I'm sorry," said the tree,

"...I have only leaves and apples. Take, then you will have money and you will be happy."

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

"I am too busy to climb trees," said the boy. "I want a house to keep me warm, Can you give me a house ?" ... "The forest is my house, but you may cut off my branches and... be happy."



The boy stayed away for a long time. And when he came back, the tree was so happy she could hardly speak.

"I am too old and sad to play," said the boy. "I want a boat that will take me far away from here.

"Cut down my trunk and make a boat,"

the boy came back again. "I am sorry, Boy," said the tree," but I have nothing left to give you

"My teeth.. too weak for apples... too old to swing on branches... too tired to climb" said the boy.

"I am sorry...." said the boy. "just a quiet place to sit and rest. I am very tired."

"well, an old stump is good for sitting and resting"

boy did.

The giving tree.