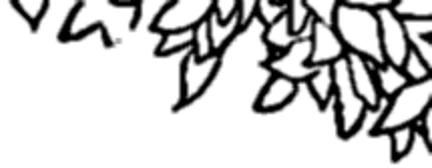




The  
Giving  
Tree

by  
Shel  
Silverstein



For Nicky



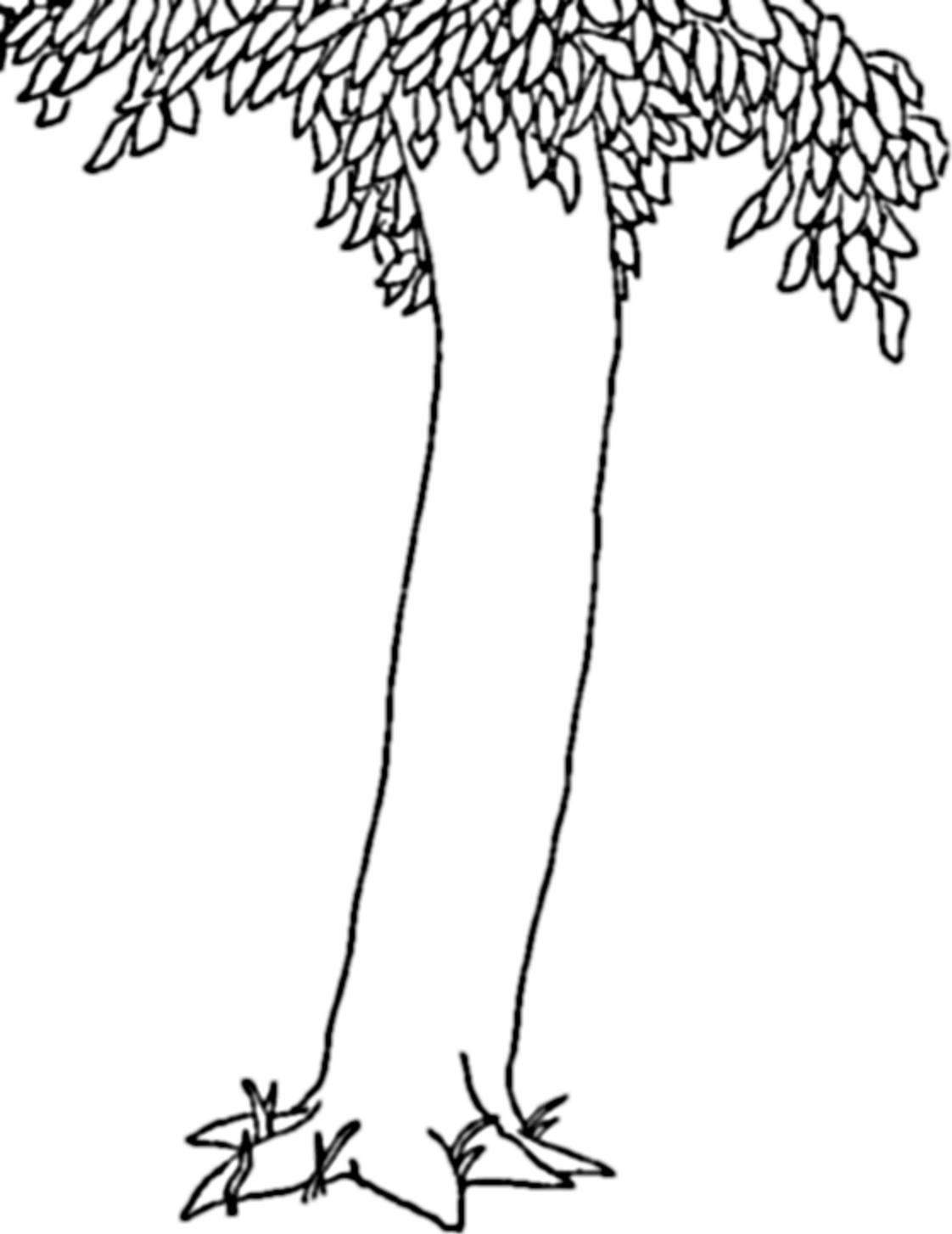
Shel Silverstein

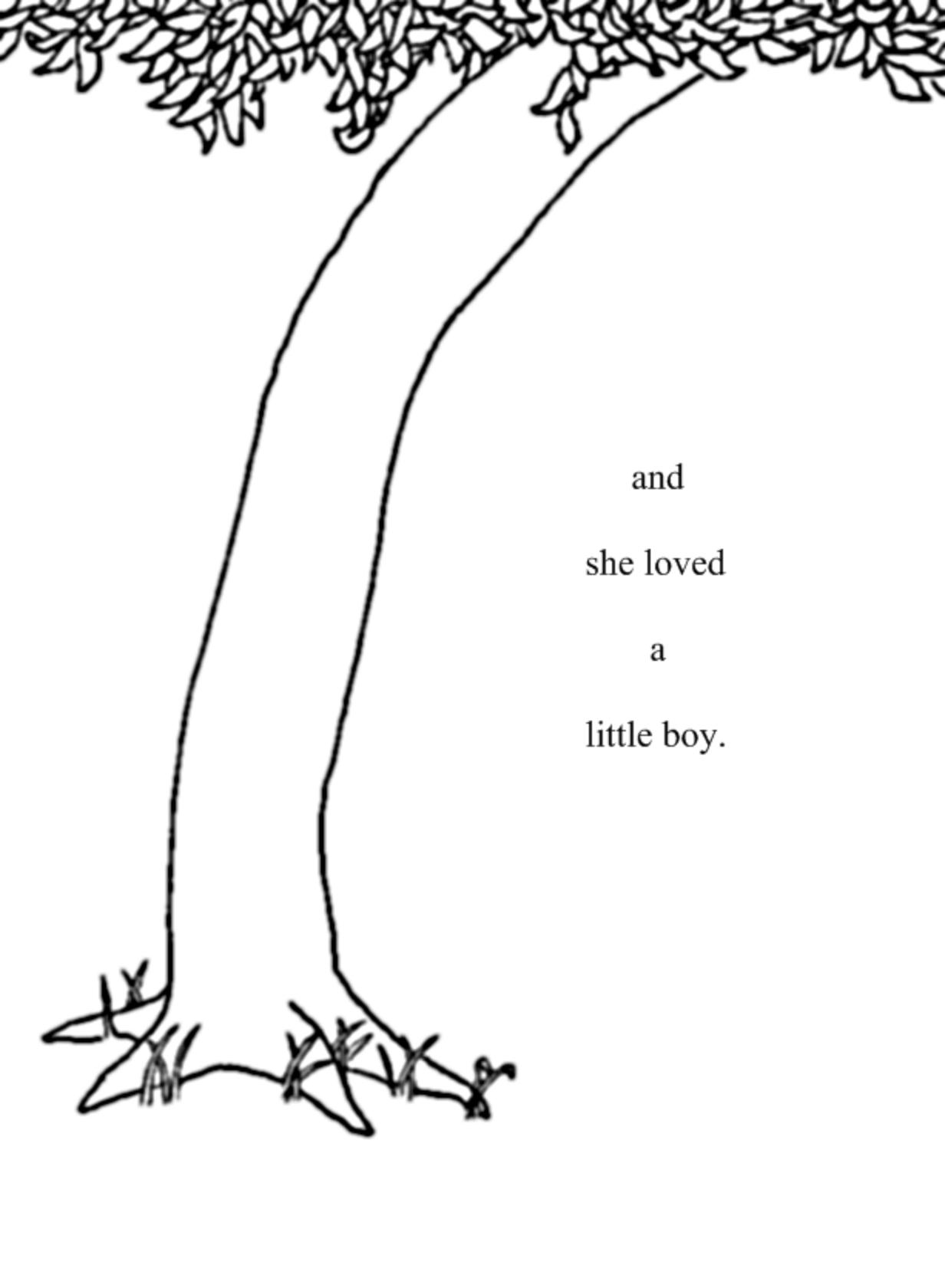
# The Giving Tree





Once there was a tree ...





and  
she loved  
a  
little boy.

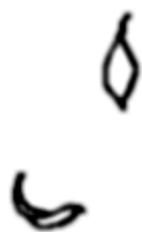




And every day  
the boy  
would come







and

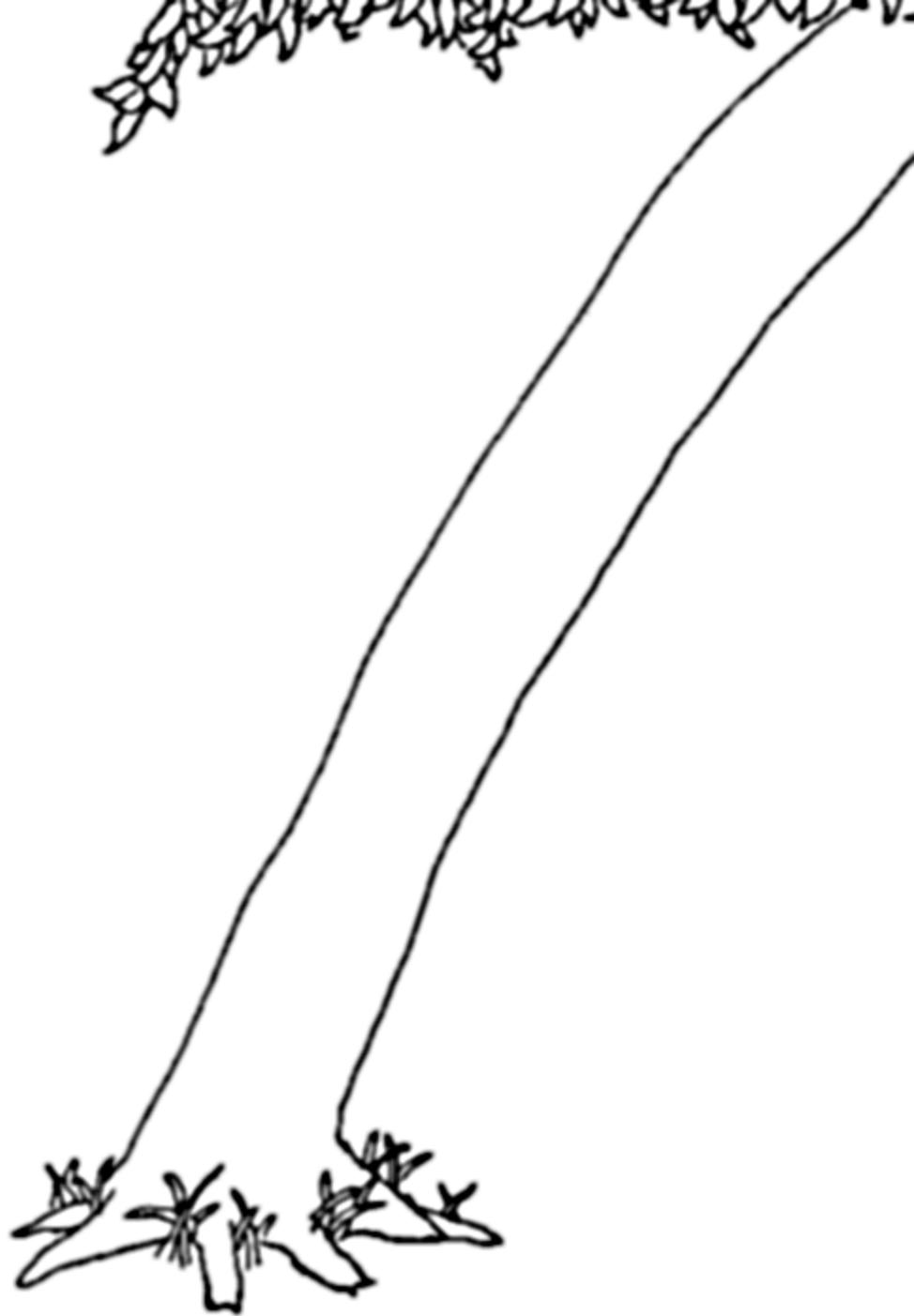
he

would

gather

her

leaves





and make them  
into crowns  
and play king of the forest.

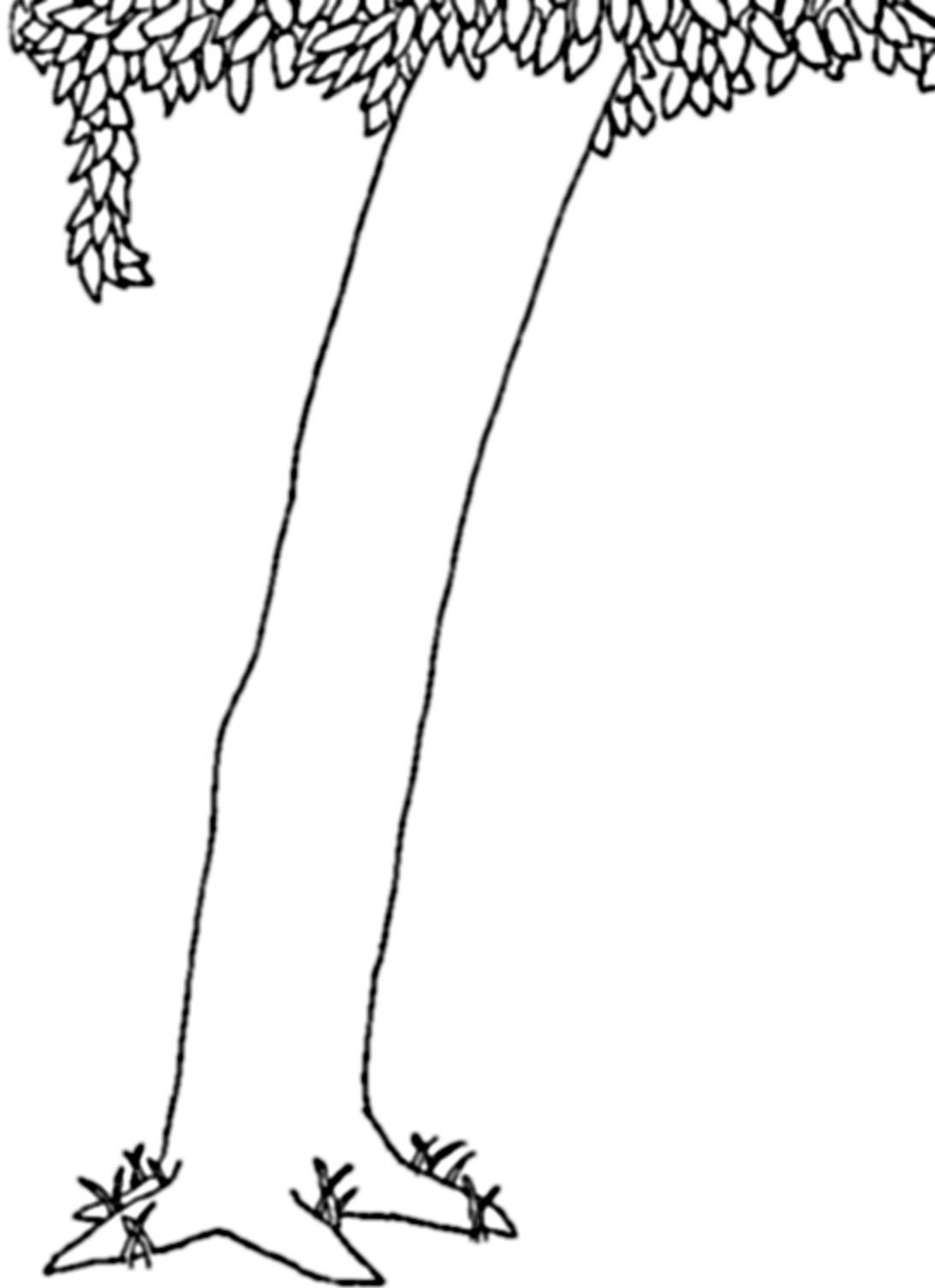






He would climb up her trunk

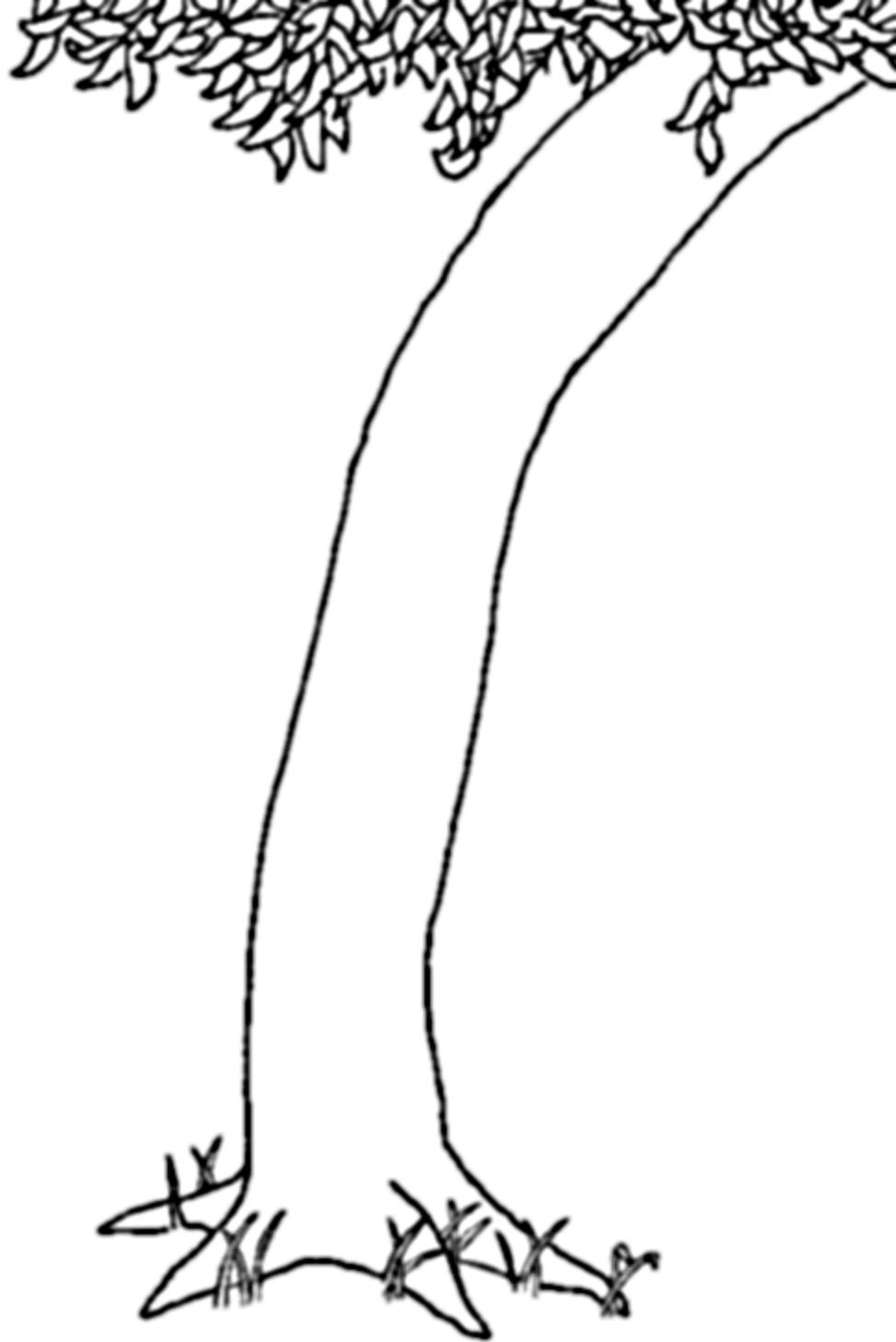
88





and swing from her branches

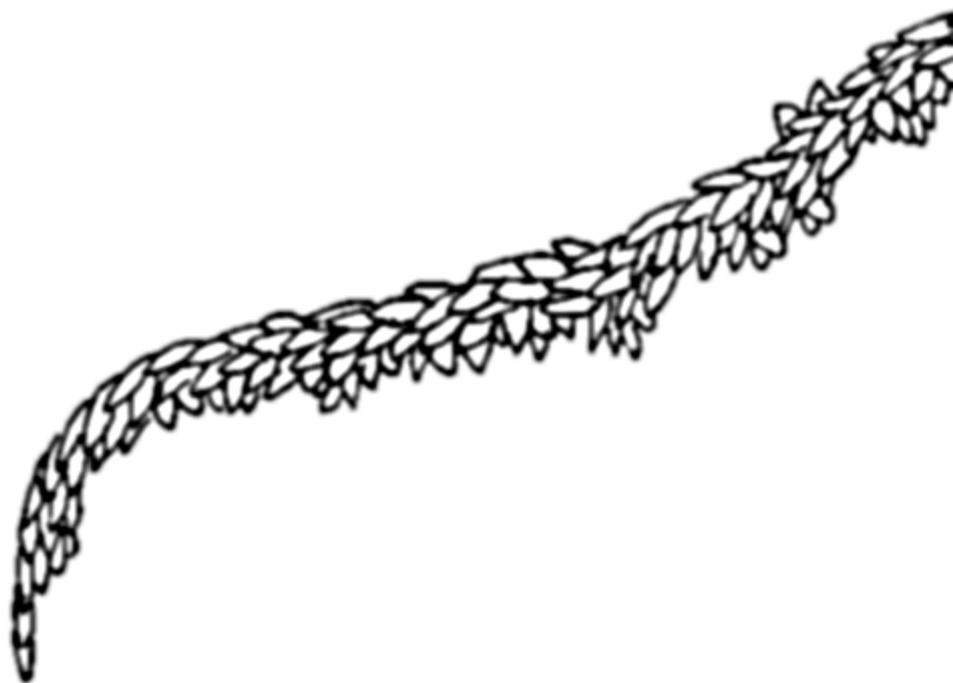
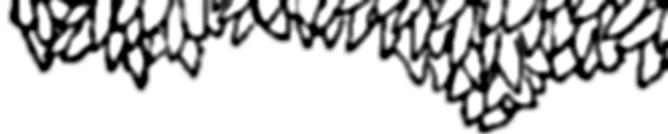


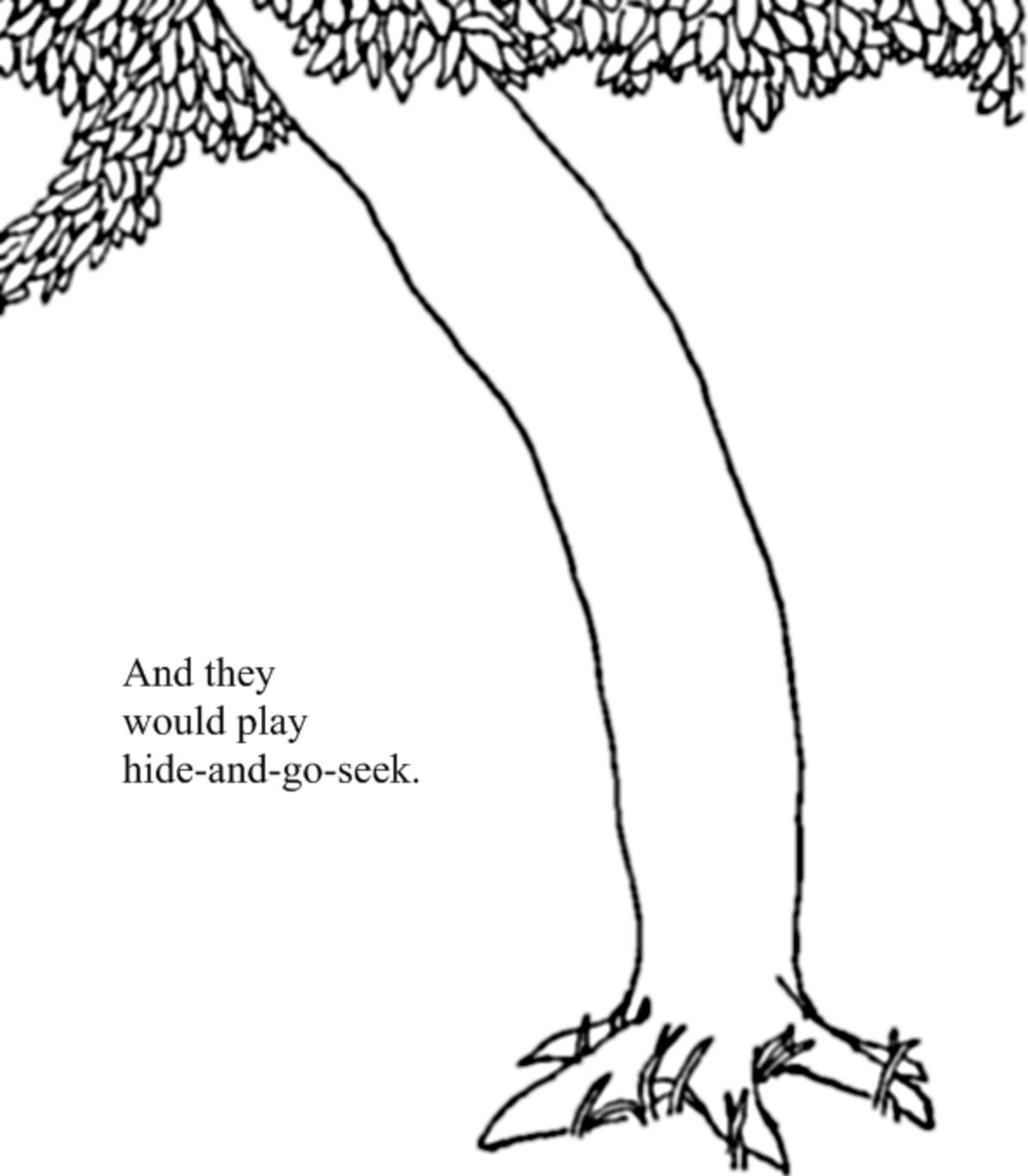




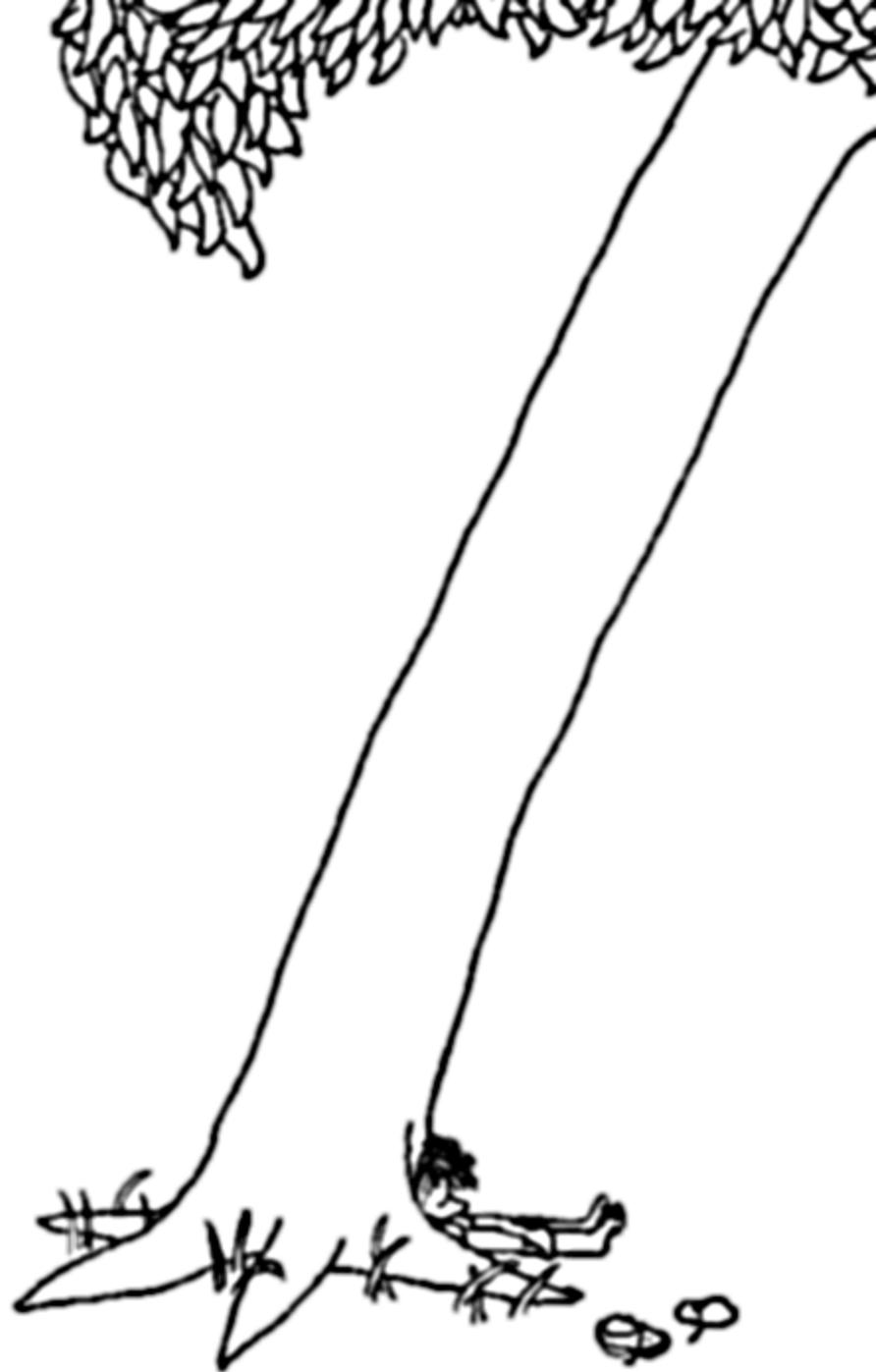
and eat apples.







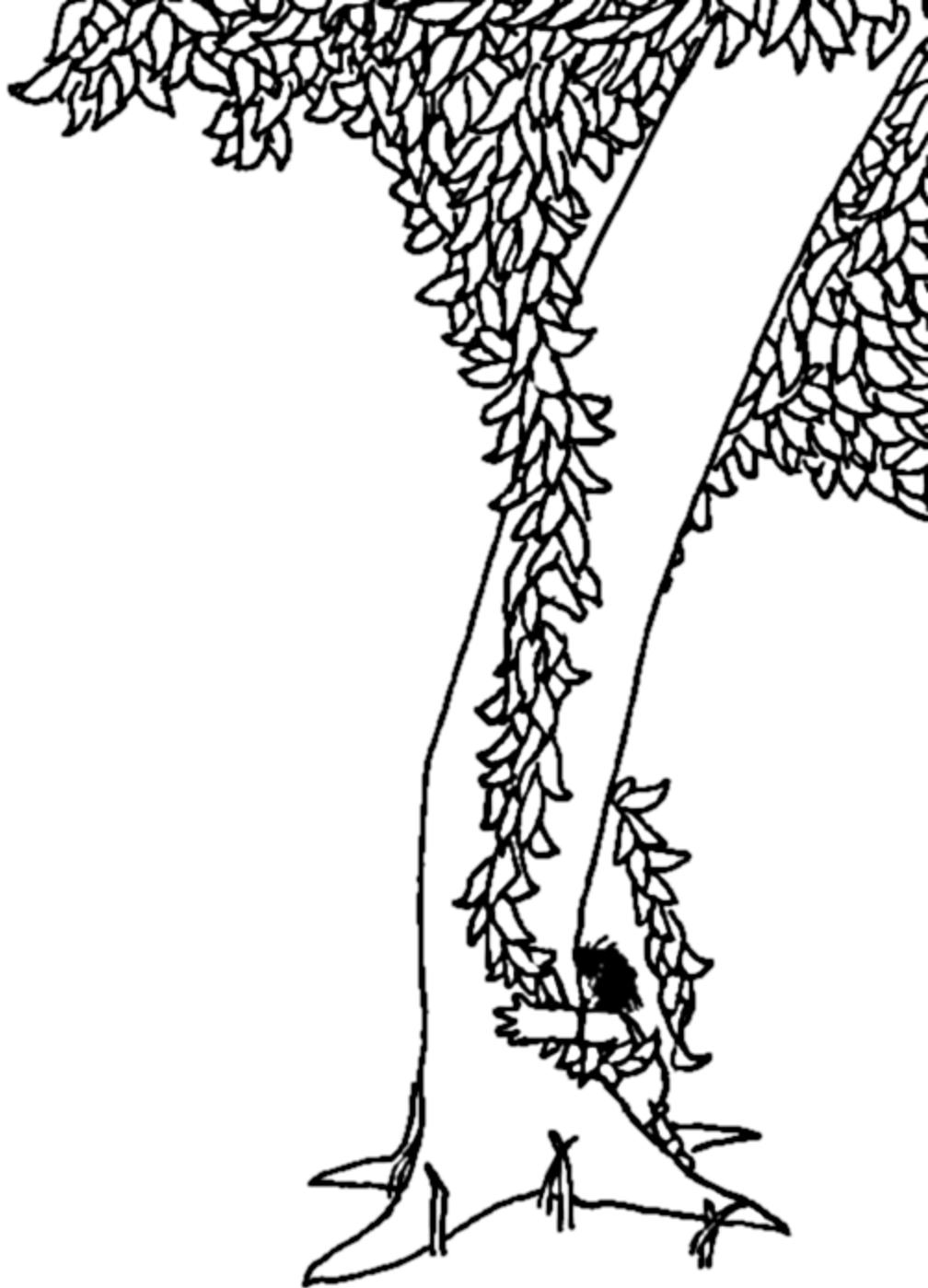
And they  
would play  
hide-and-go-seek.





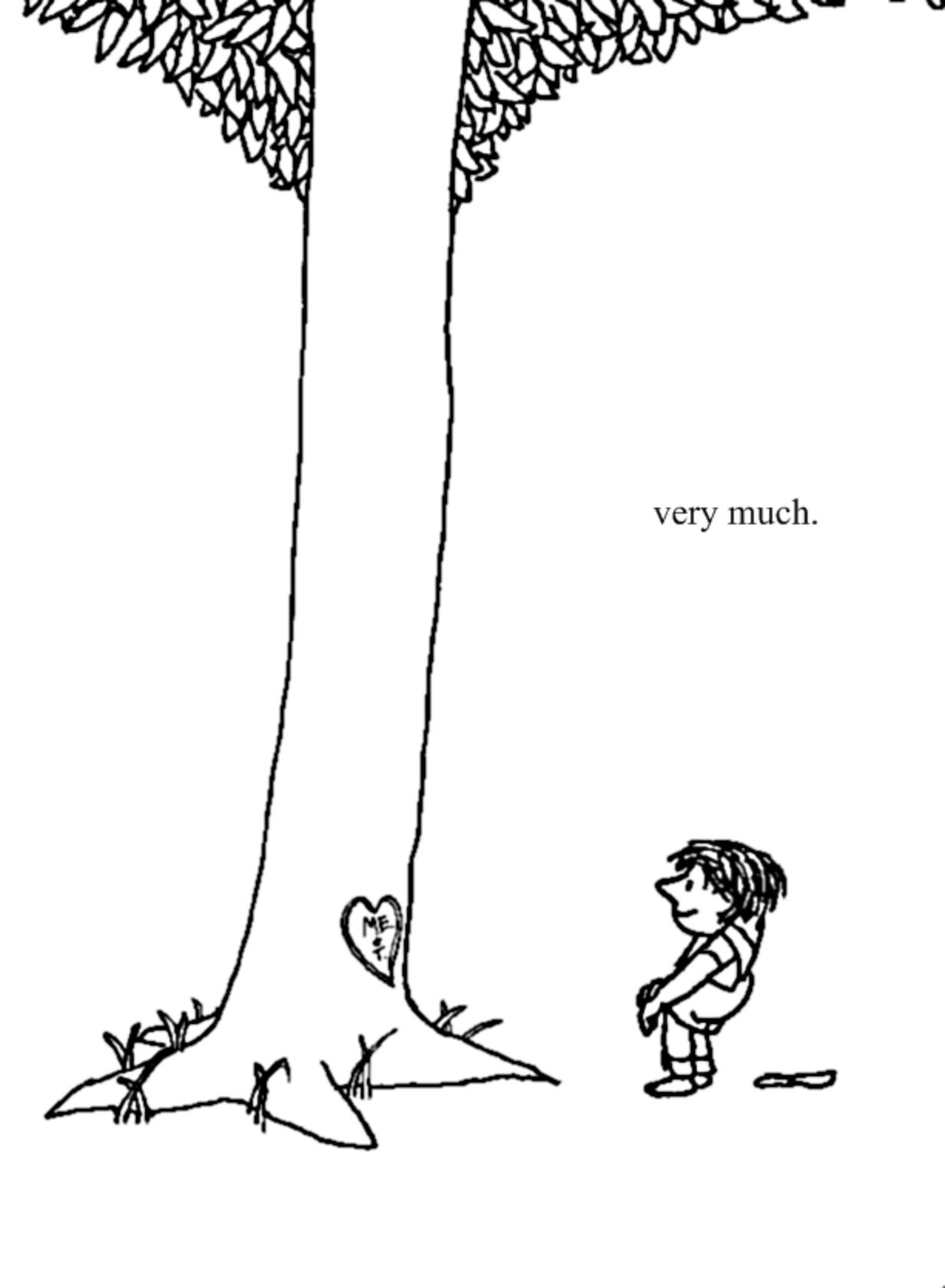
And when  
he was tired,  
he would sleep  
in her shade.







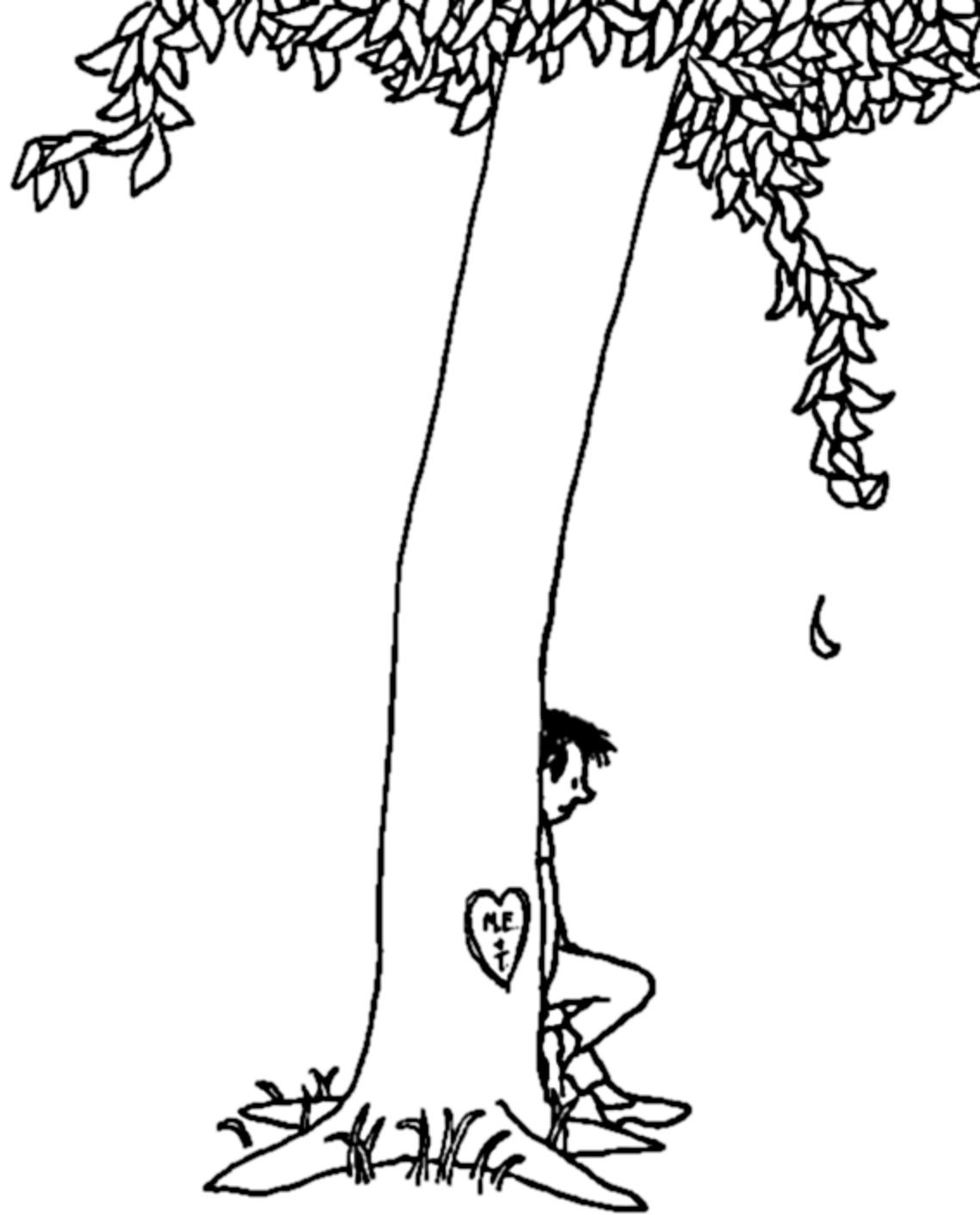
And the boy loved the tree...



very much.



And the tree was happy.



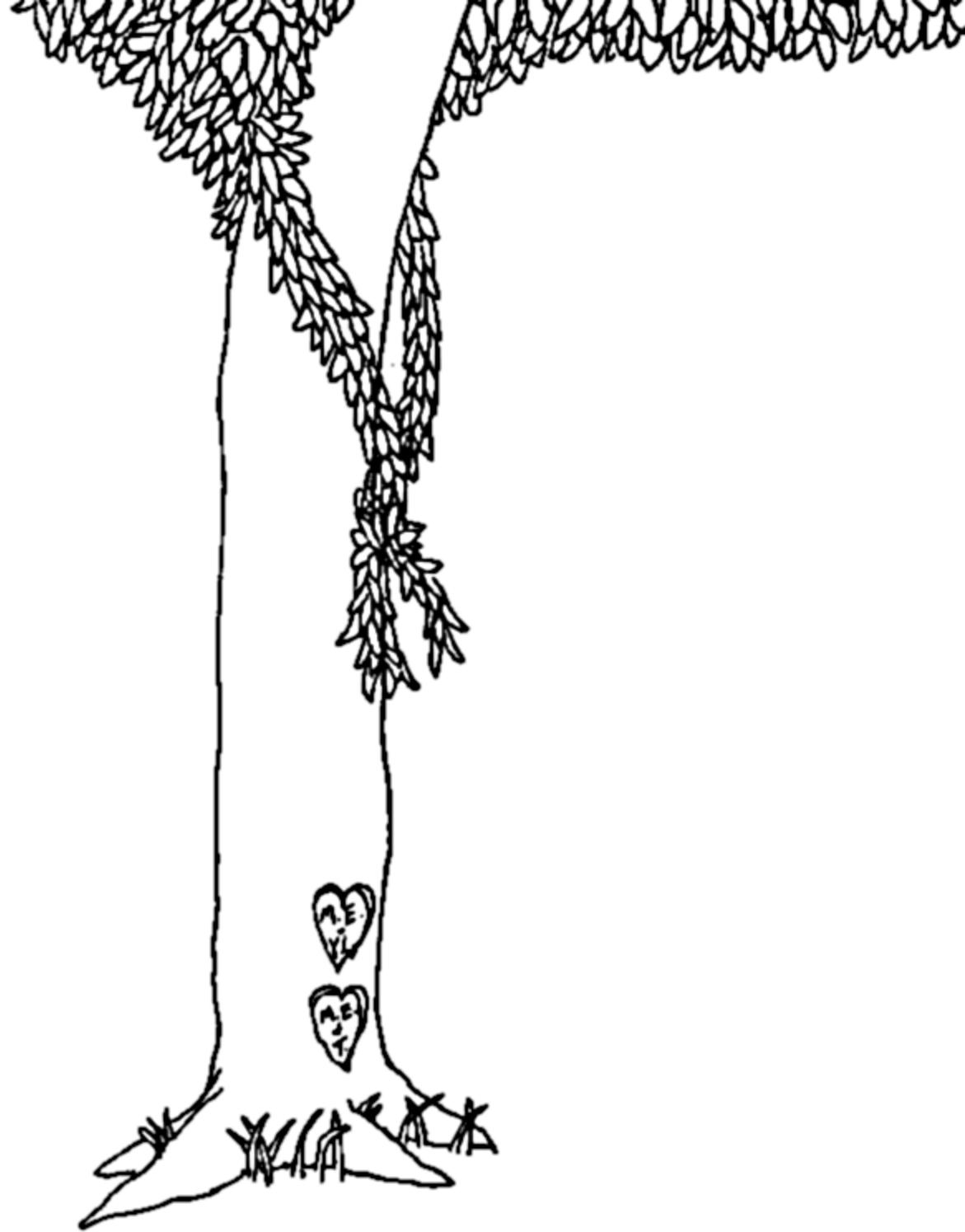


But time went by.



QTS

And the boy grew older.



Handwritten scribbles at the top left corner.

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.

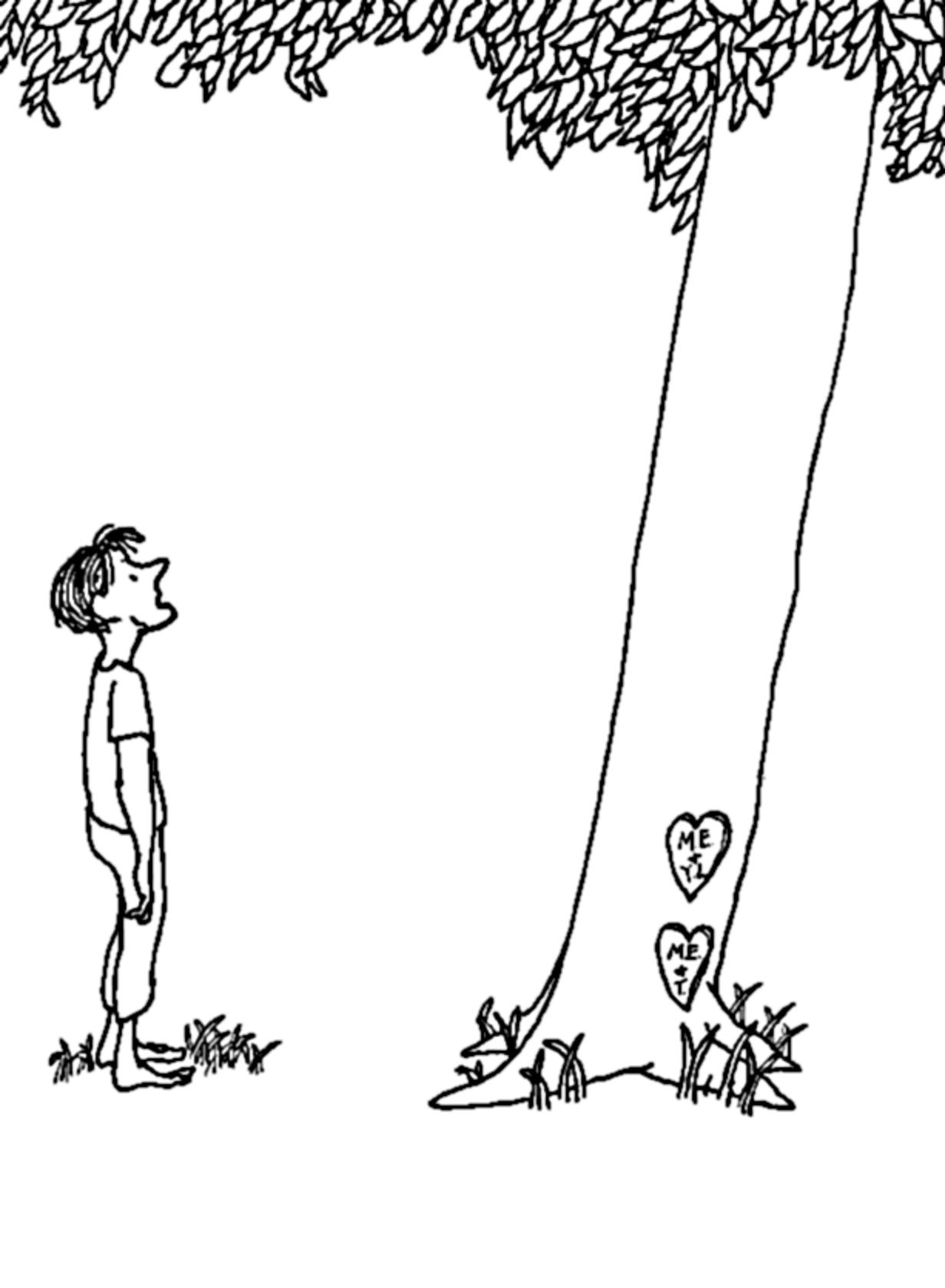
I want some money.

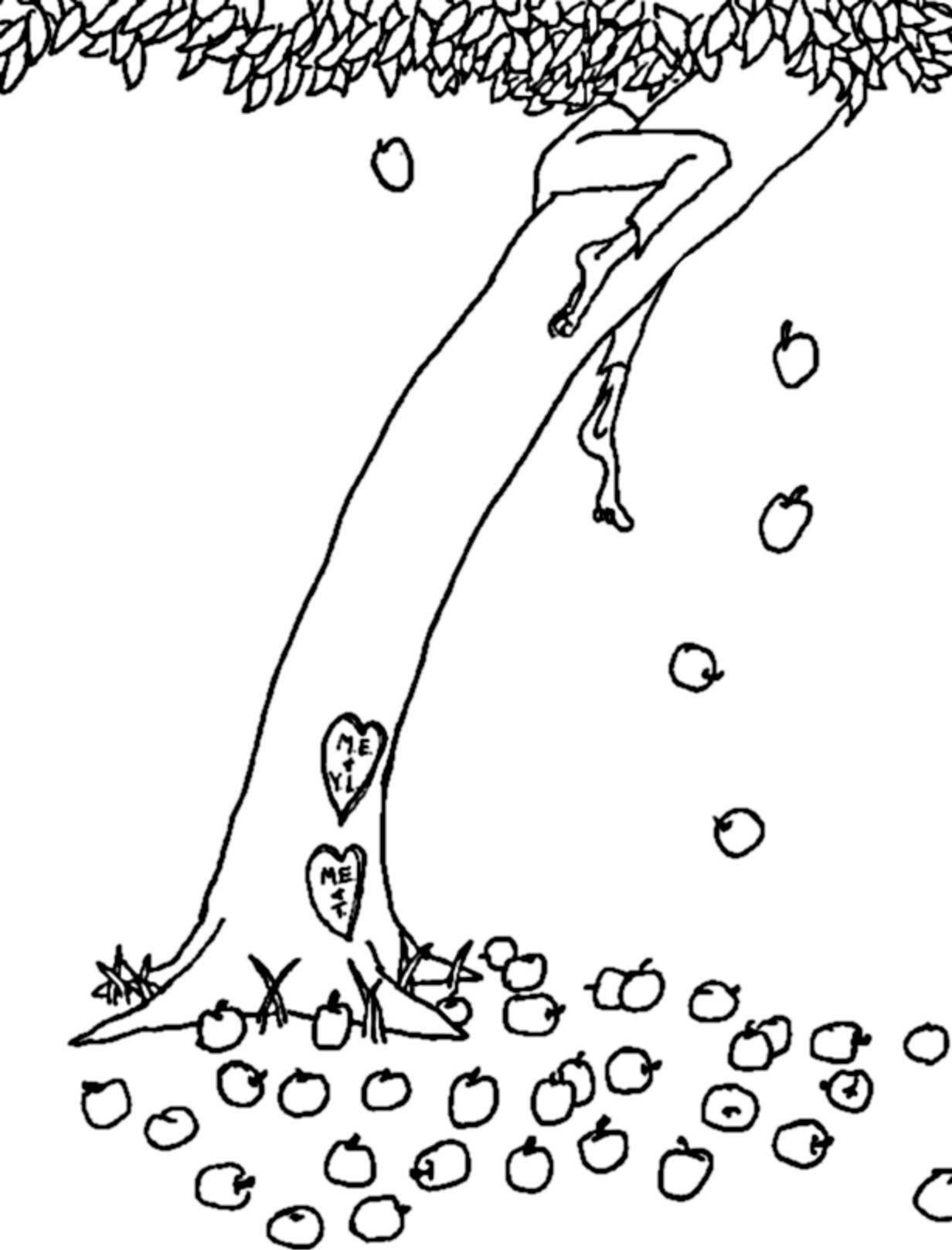
Can you give me some money?"

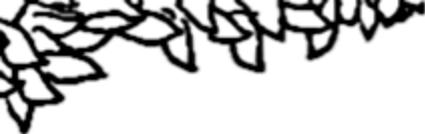
"I'm sorry." said the tree, "but I have no money.

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."



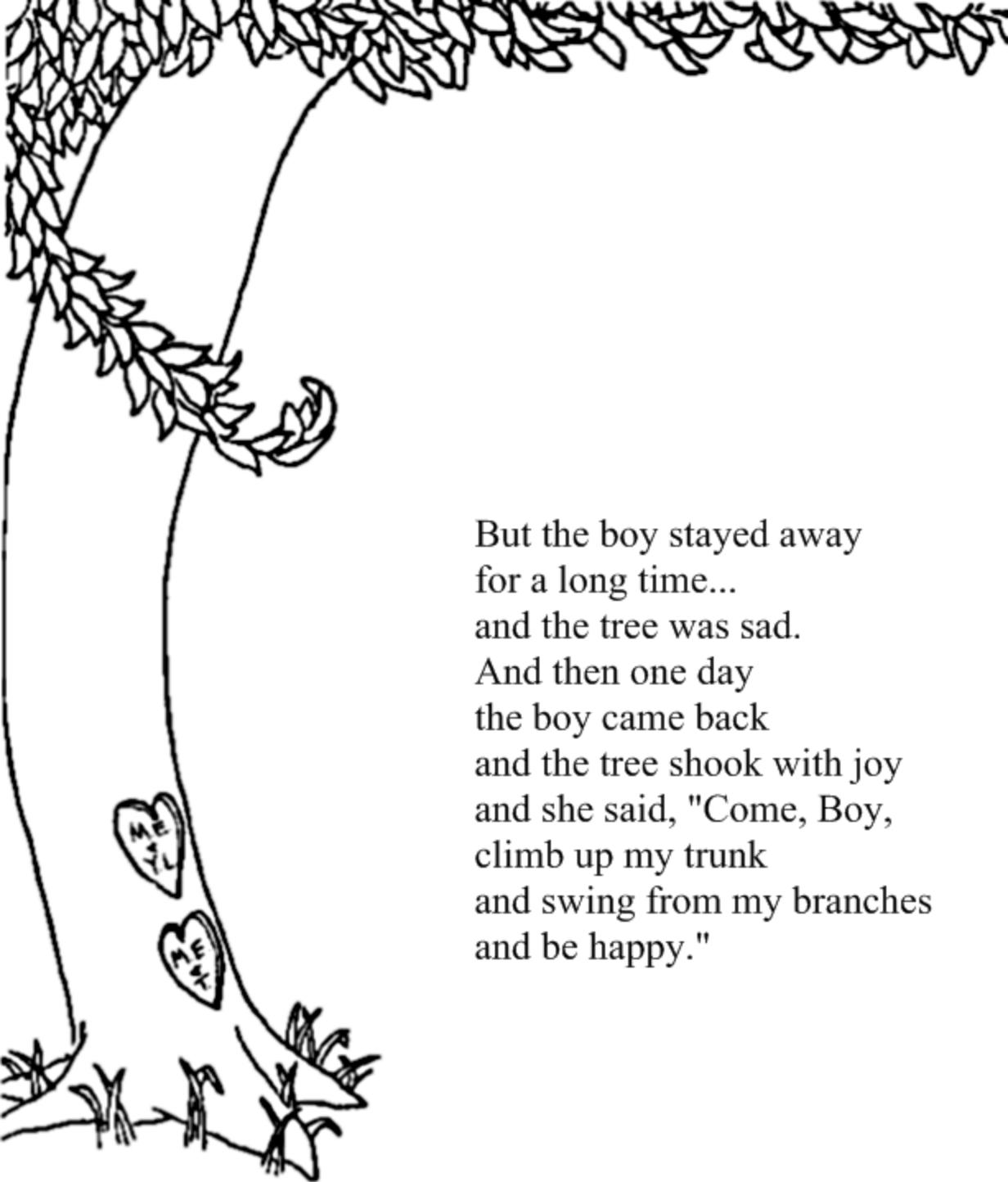




And so the boy climbed the  
tree and gathered  
her apples  
and carried them away.

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.

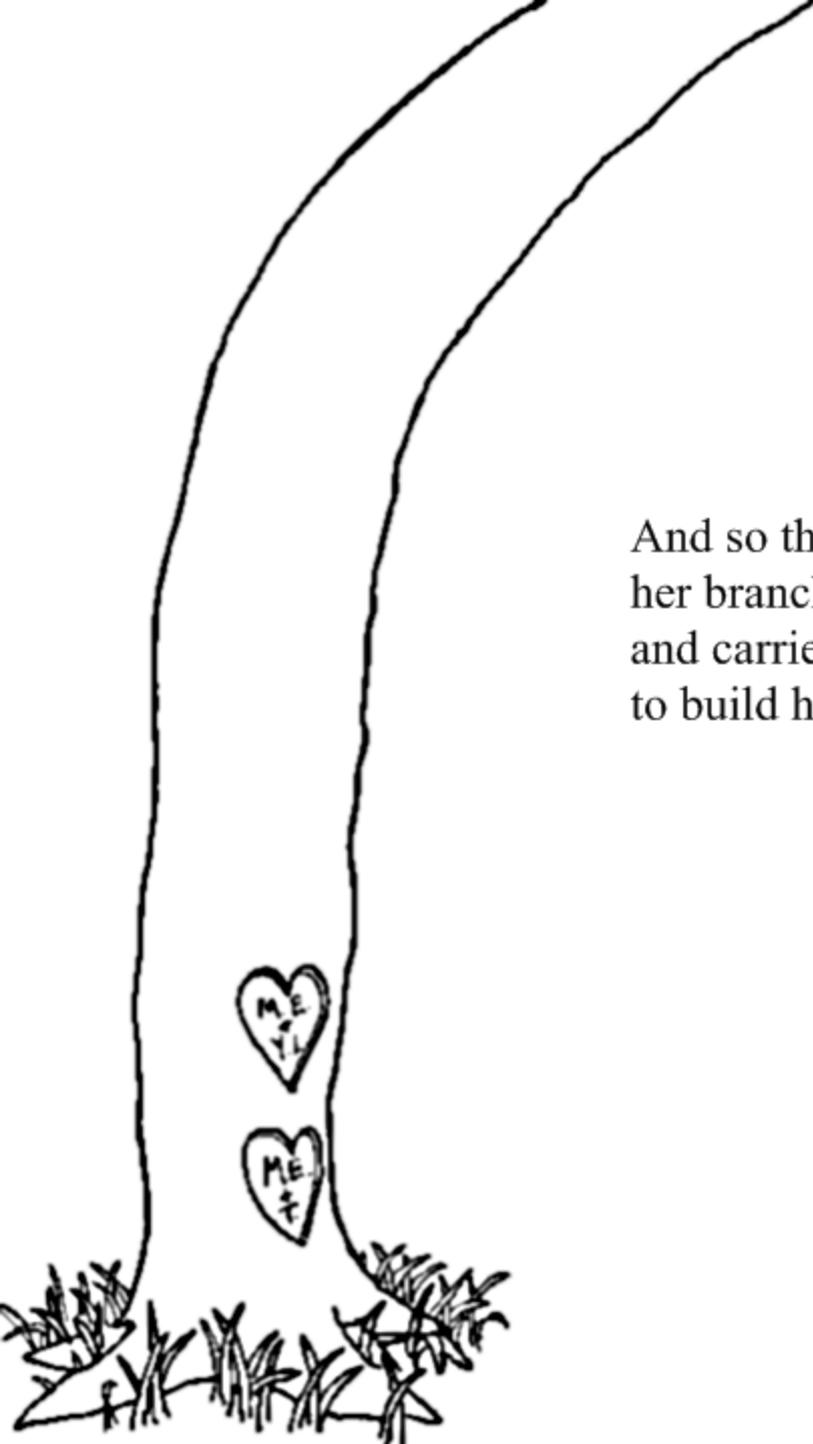
Can you give me a house?"

"I have no house," said the tree.

"The forest is my house,  
but you may cut off my branches  
and build a house.

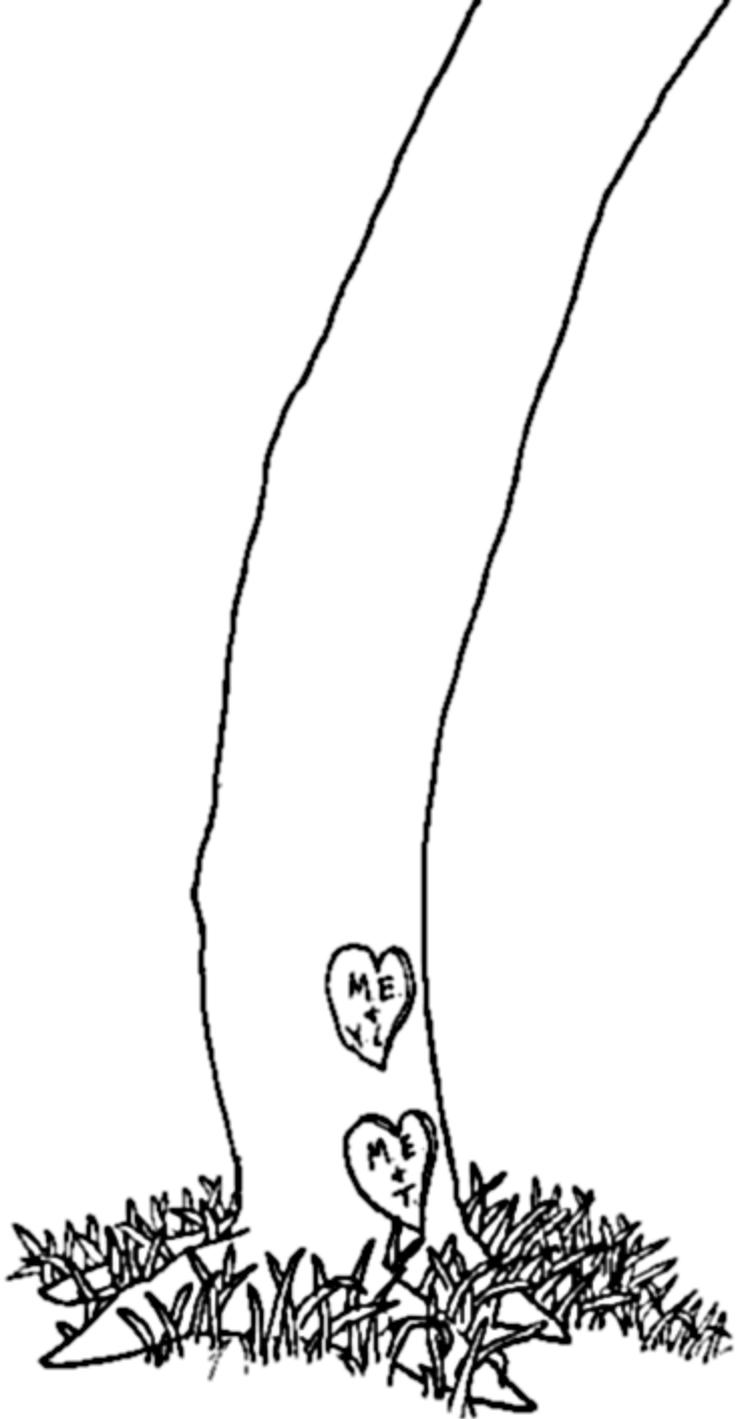
Then you will be happy."





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.

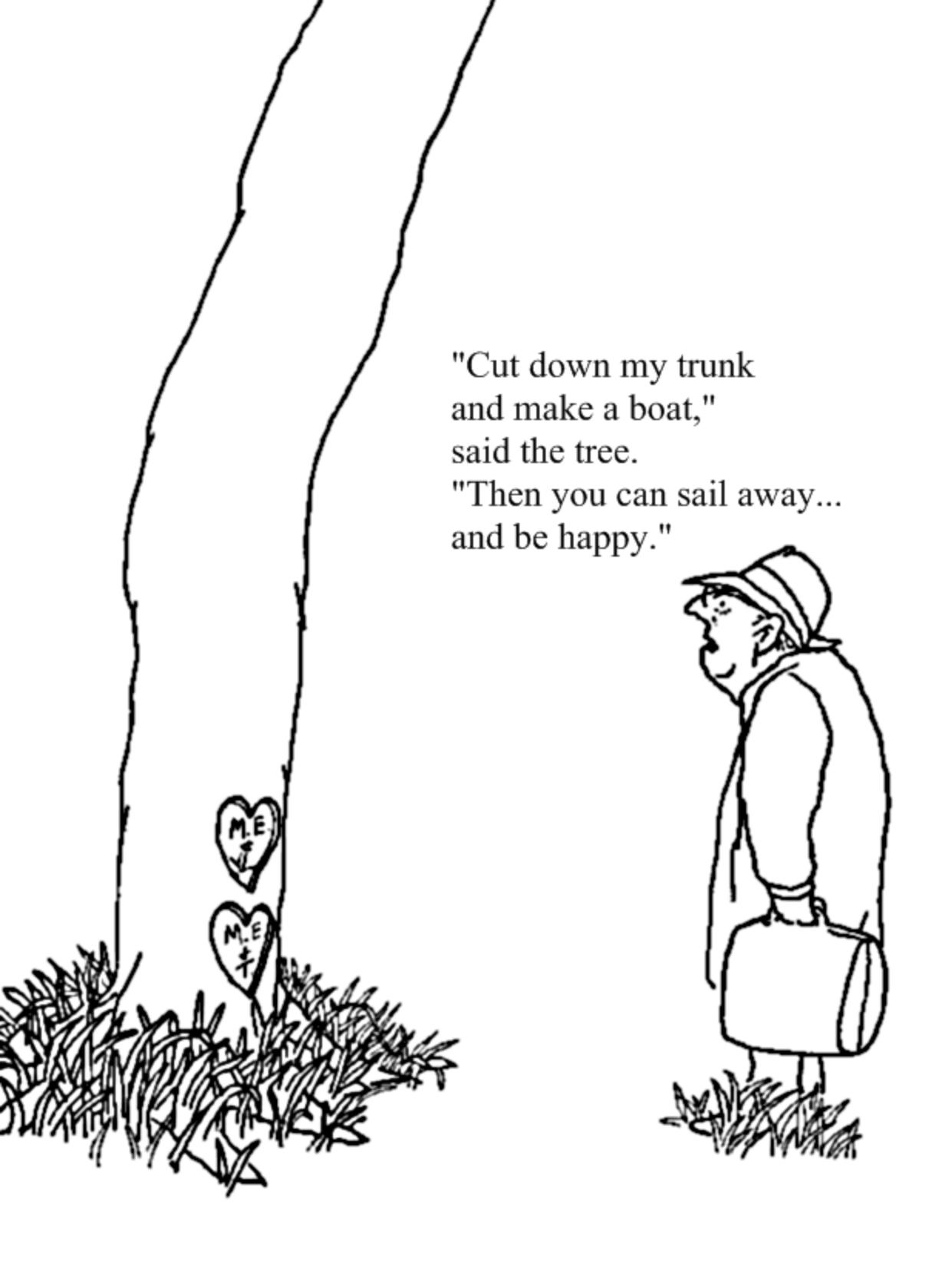
And when he came back,  
the tree was so happy  
she could hardly speak.

"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.

"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 all gone."

"My teeth are too weak to eat apples," said the boy.

"My branches are gone," said the tree,

"you can not 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 do not need very much now,"  
said the boy,  
"just a quite 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