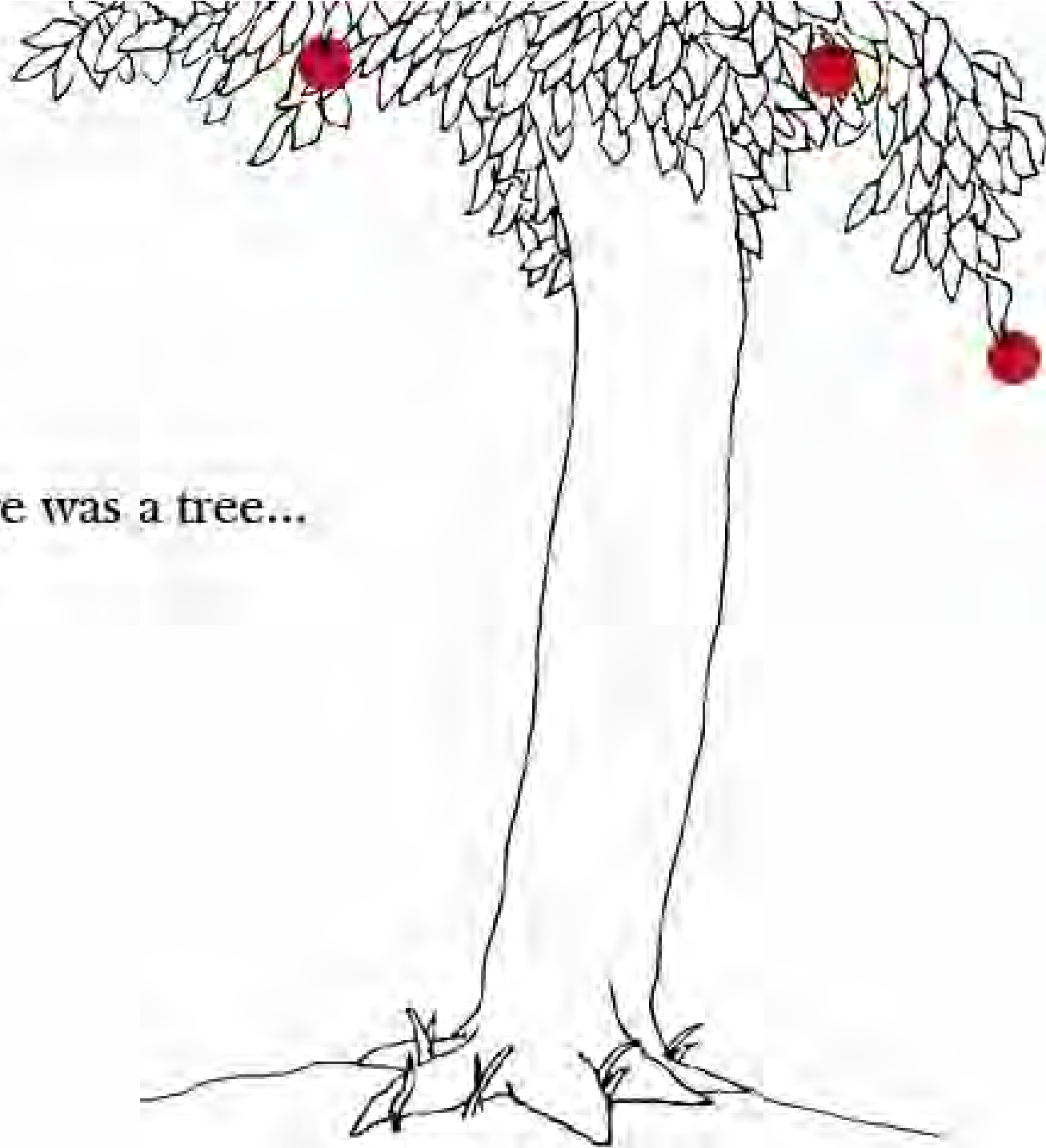


Taking and Giving

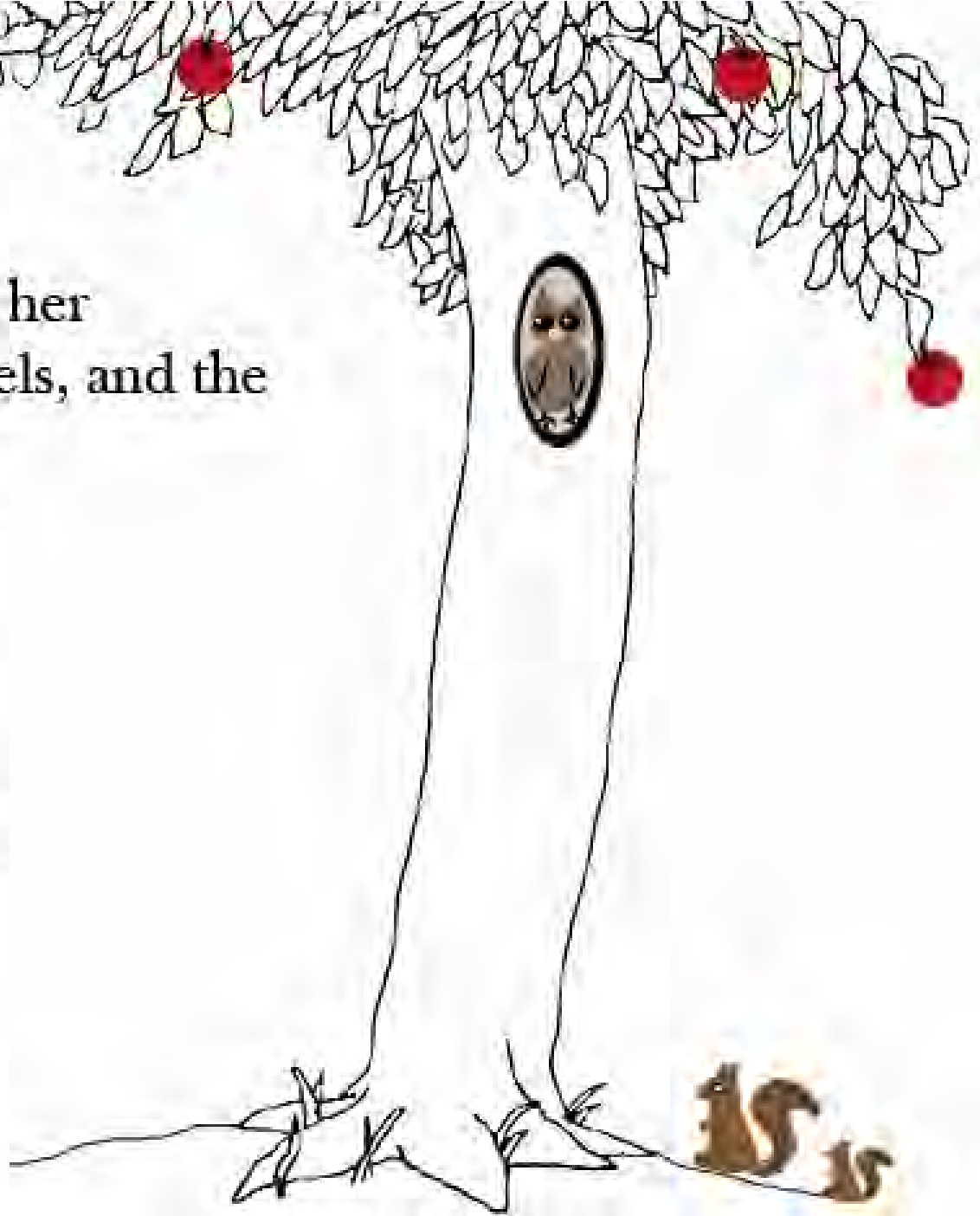
Shel Silverstein, Rewritten by Lauren
Hansson



Once there was a tree...



And a little boy loved her
And so did the squirrels, and the
birds and the bugs,
And she loved them.




And every day the boy would come



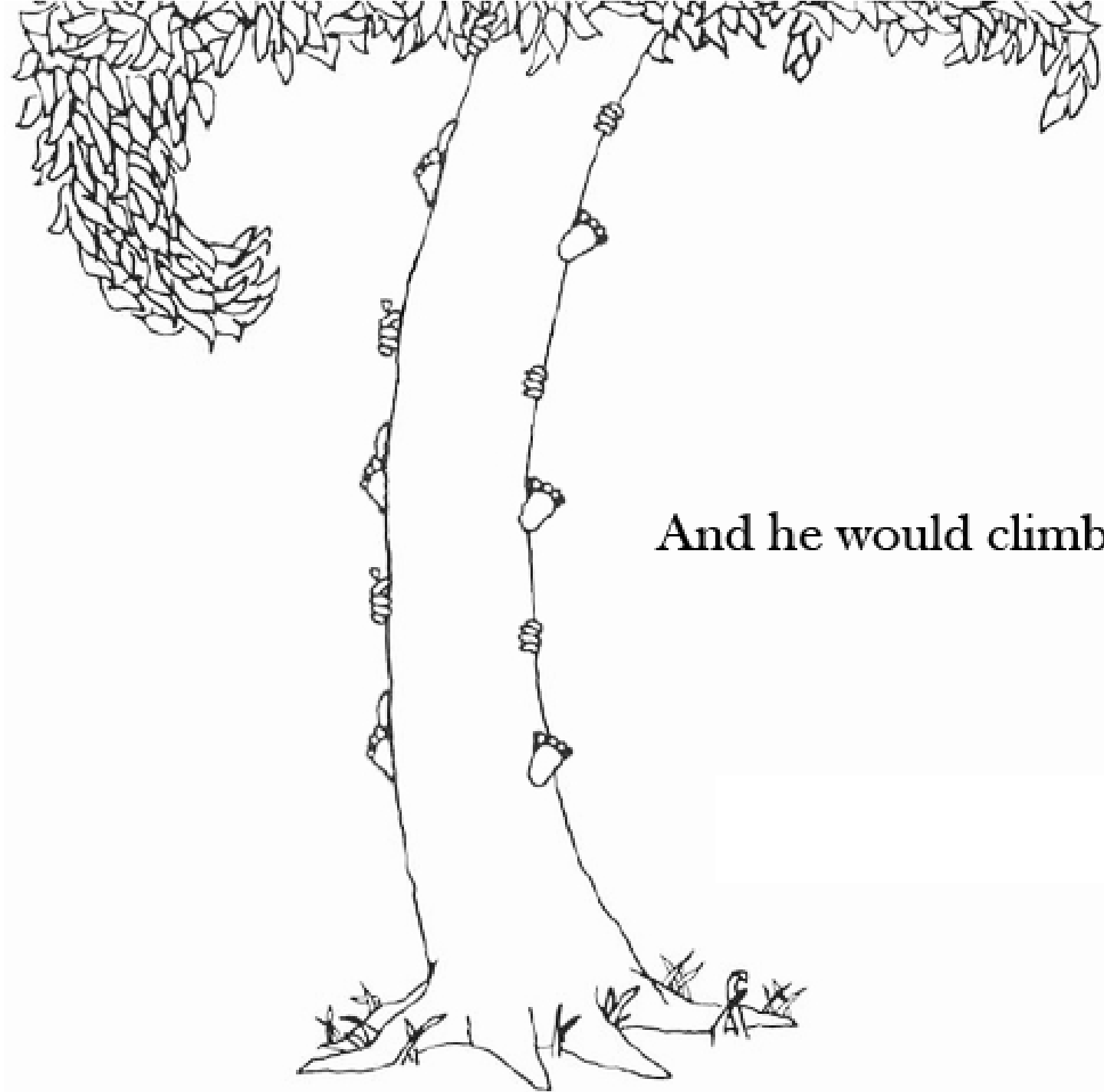


And he would
gather her leaves





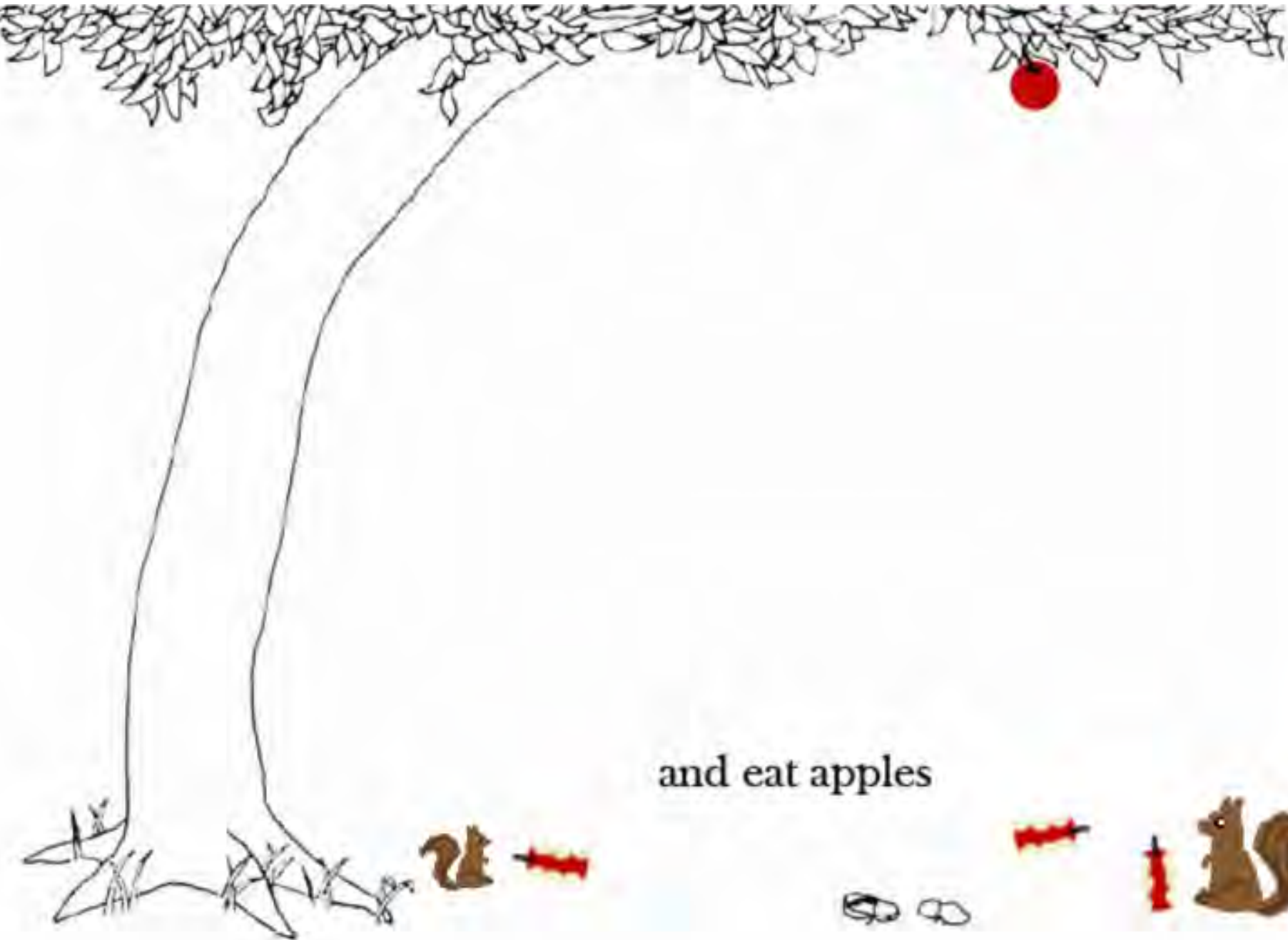
And make them into crowns
and play king of the forest



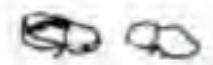
And he would climb up her trunk

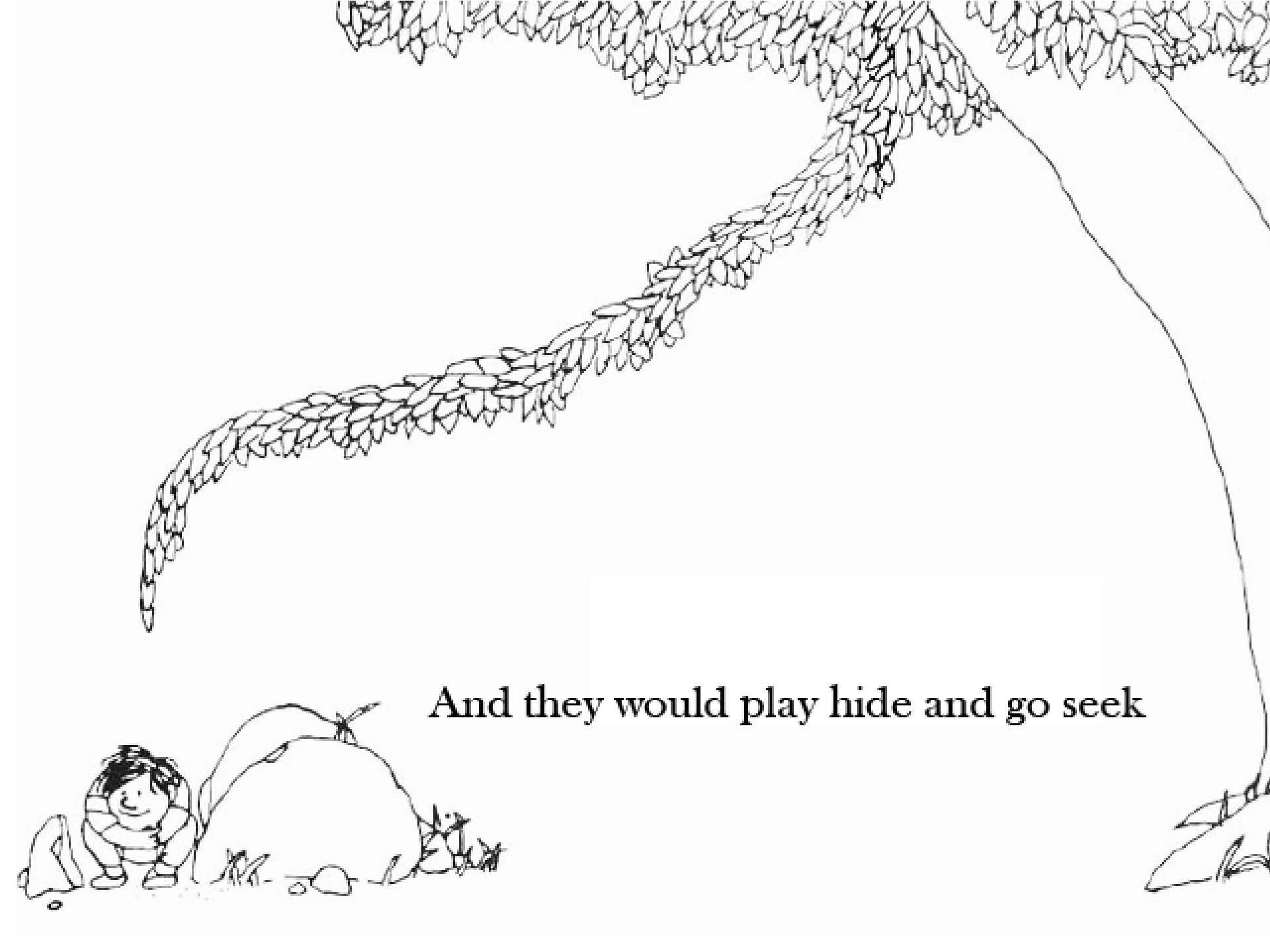


And swing from her branches

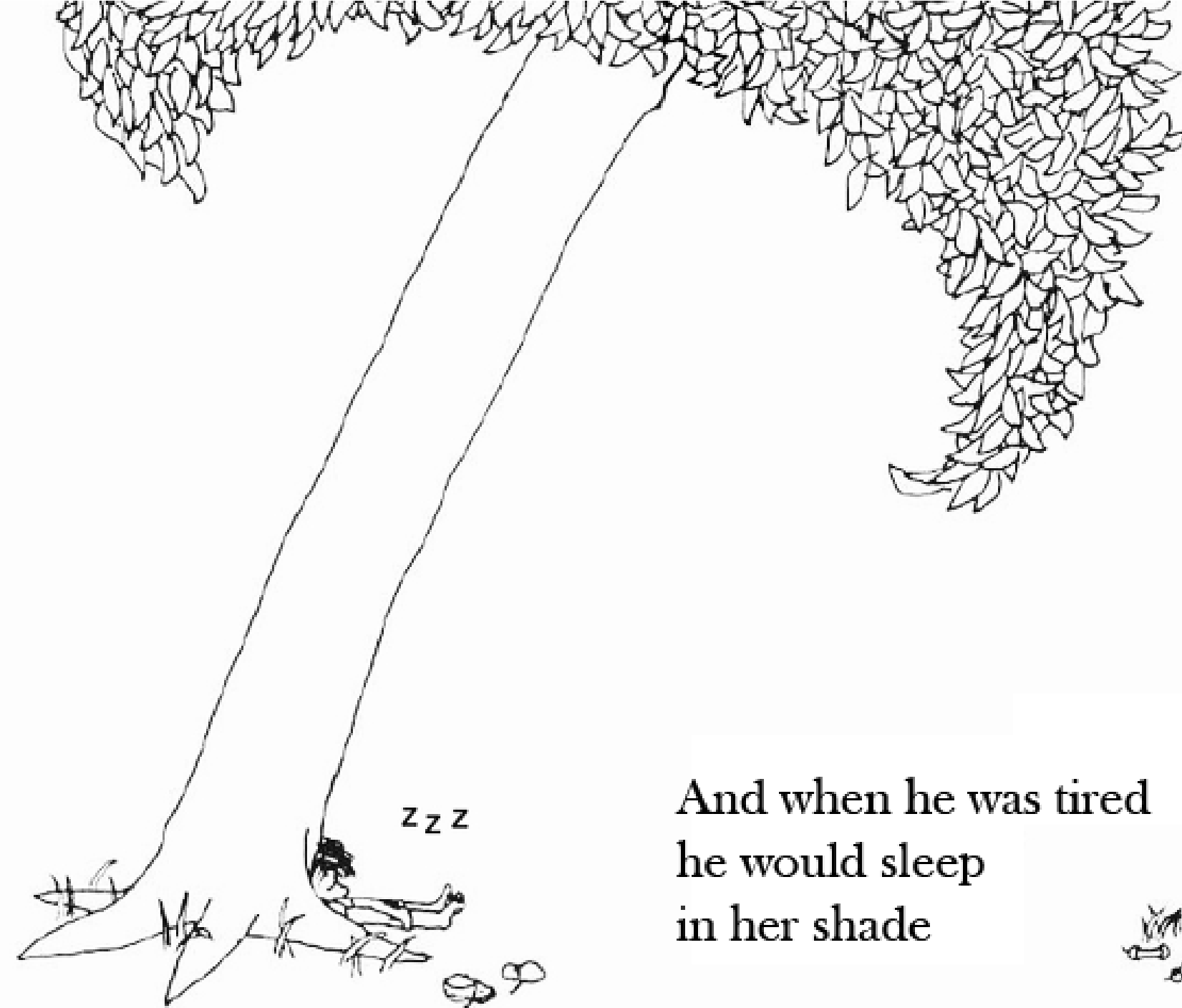


and eat apples



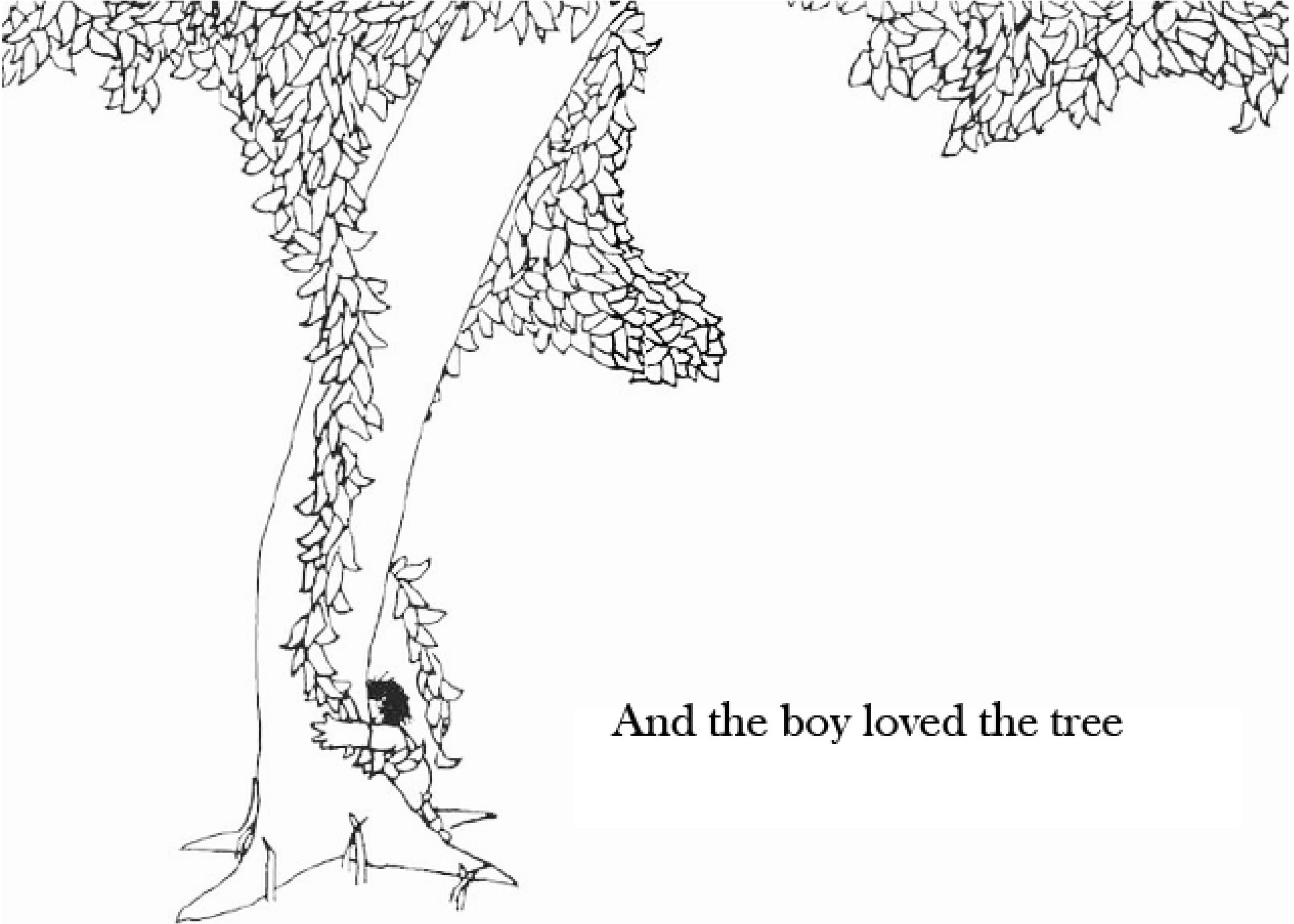


And they would play hide and go seek



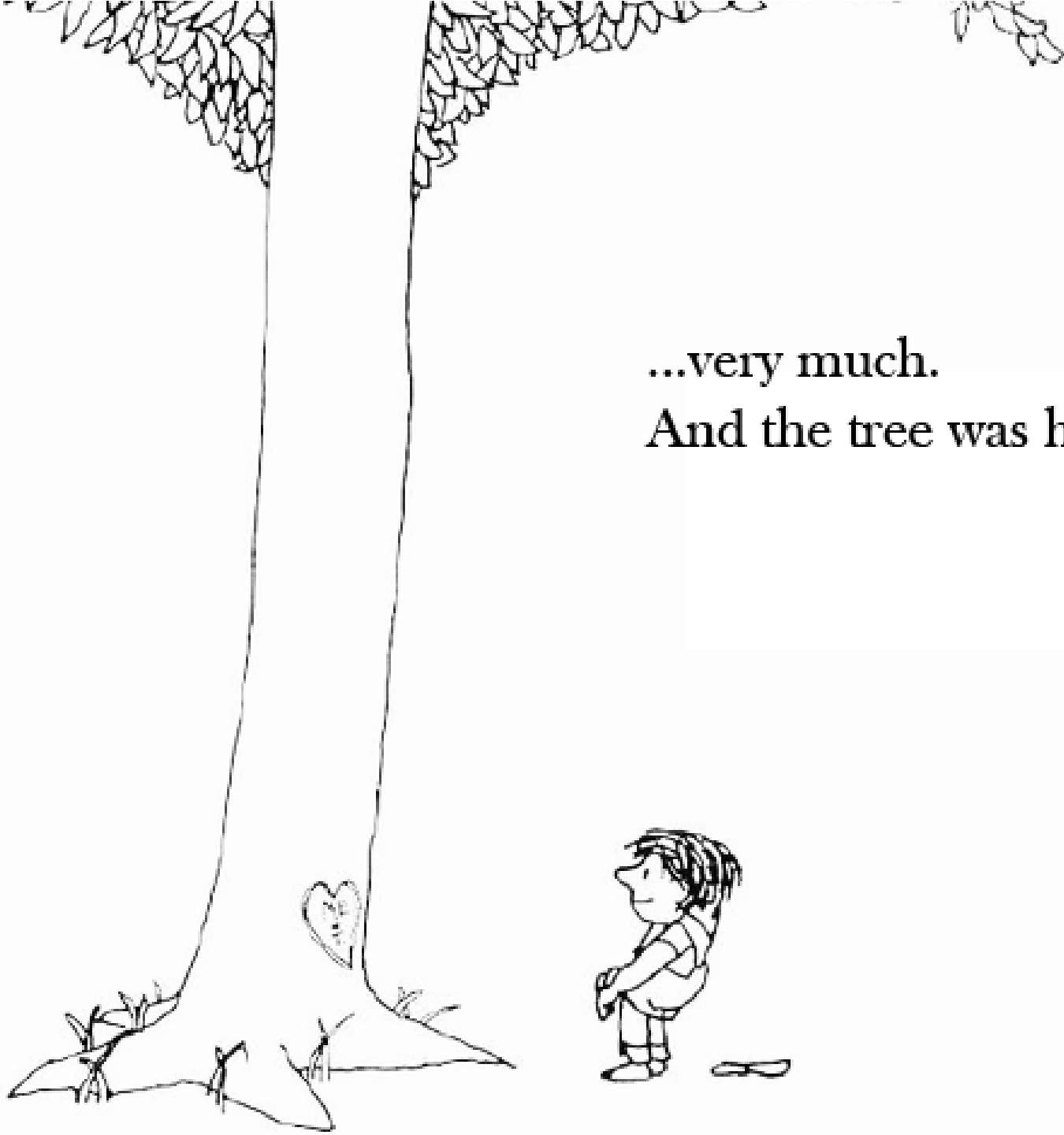
And when he was tired
he would sleep
in her shade

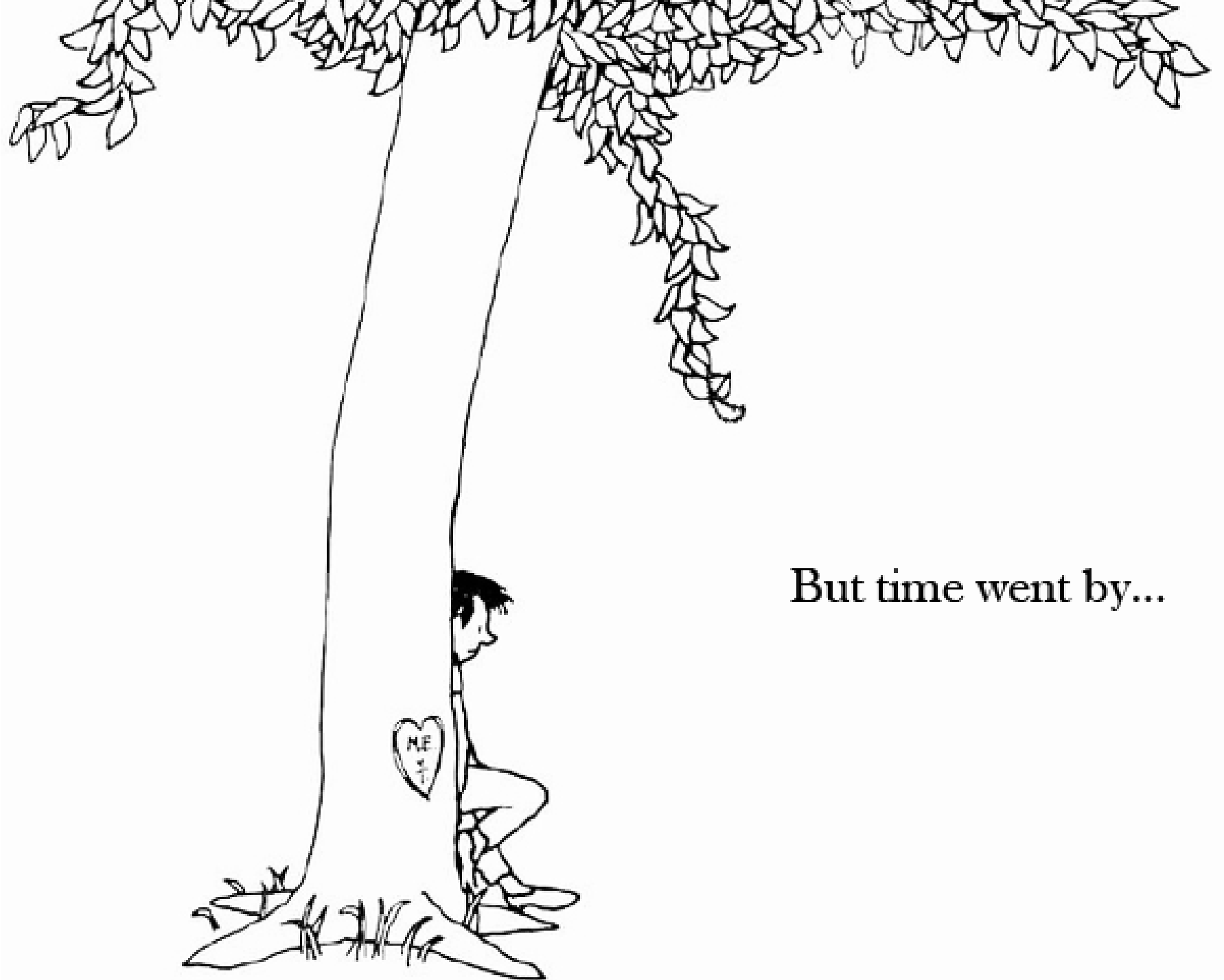




And the boy loved the tree

...very much.
And the tree was happy





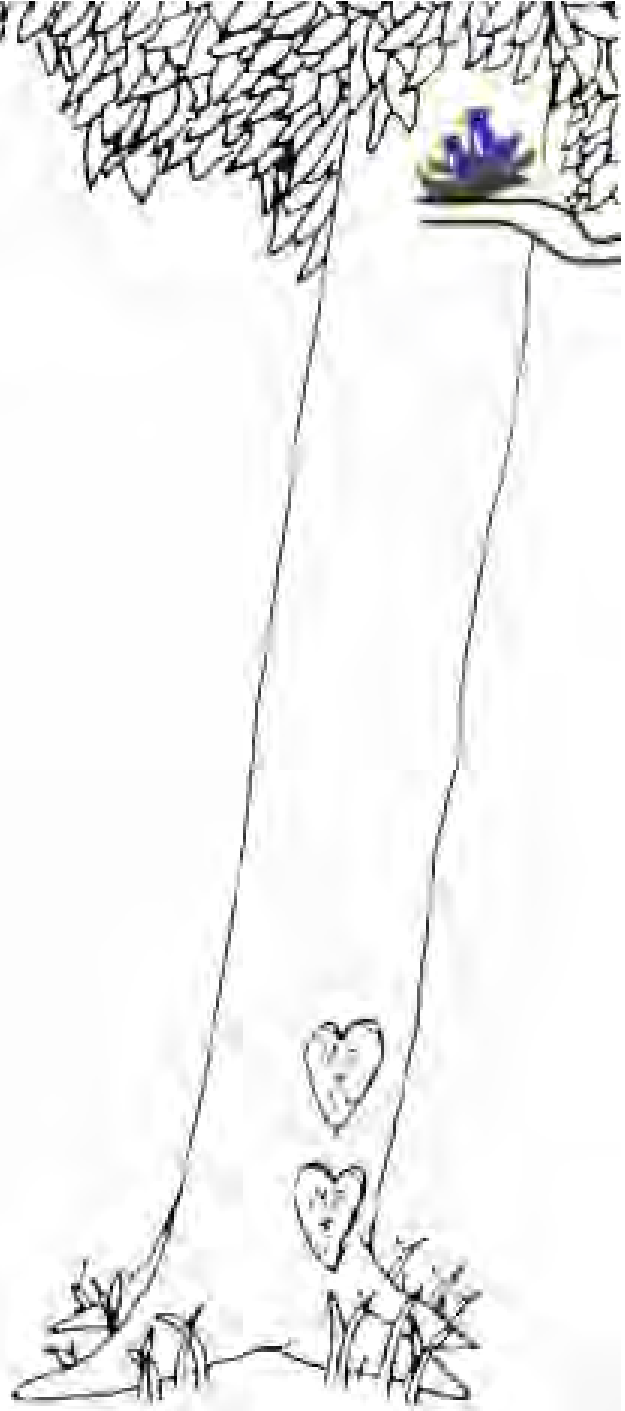
But time went by...



And the boy grew older...

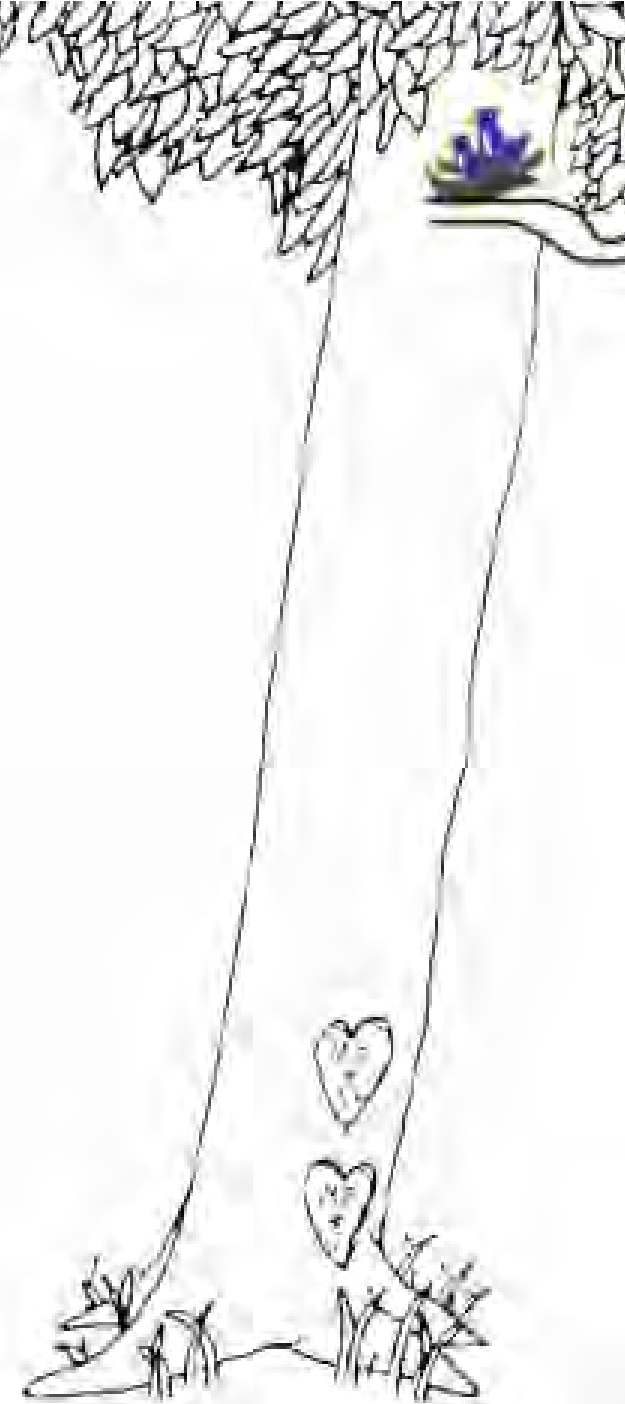
Then one day the boy came to the tree
and the tree said

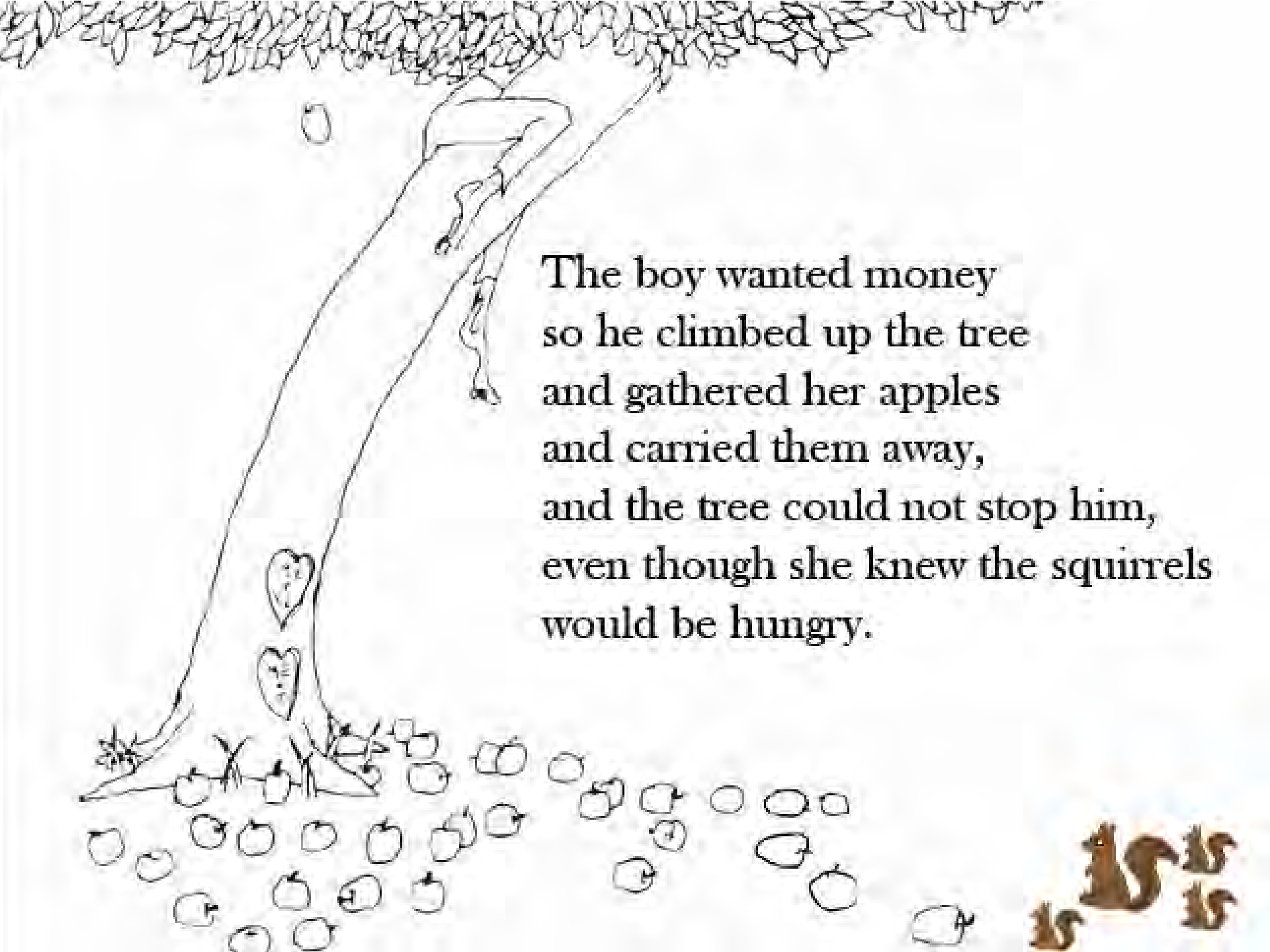
“Come, Boy, come and
climb up my trunk
and swing from my
branches and eat apples
and play in my shade and
be happy”




**"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."**





The boy wanted money
so he climbed up the tree
and gathered her apples
and carried them away,
and the tree could not stop him,
even though she knew the squirrels
would be hungry.



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 said,

“Come, Boy, climb up my trunk
and swing from my branches
and be happy”

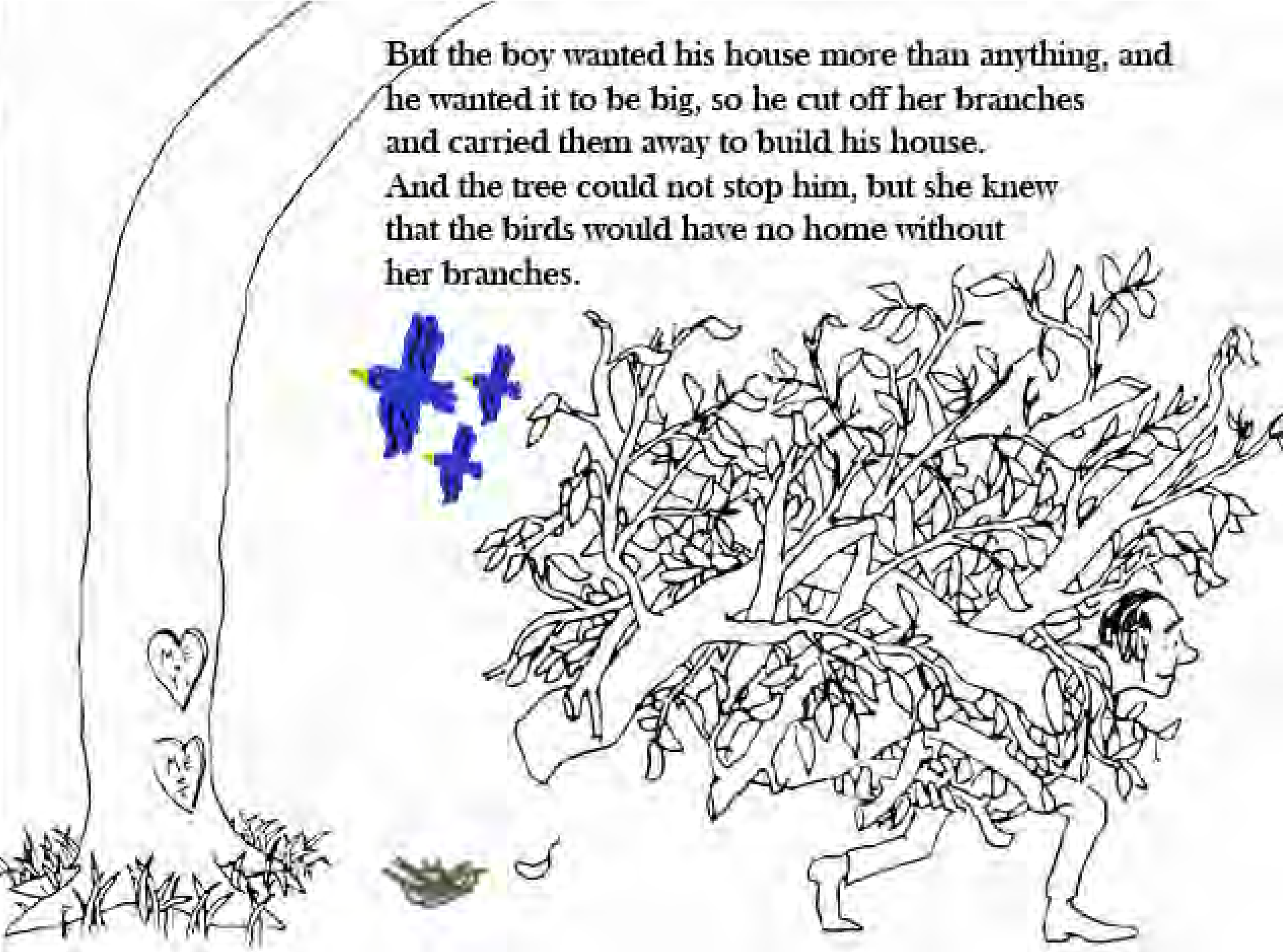
“I am too busy to climb trees,”
said the boy.

“I want a house to keep me warm” he said
“I want a wife and I want children, so I need a house.
Can you give me a house?”

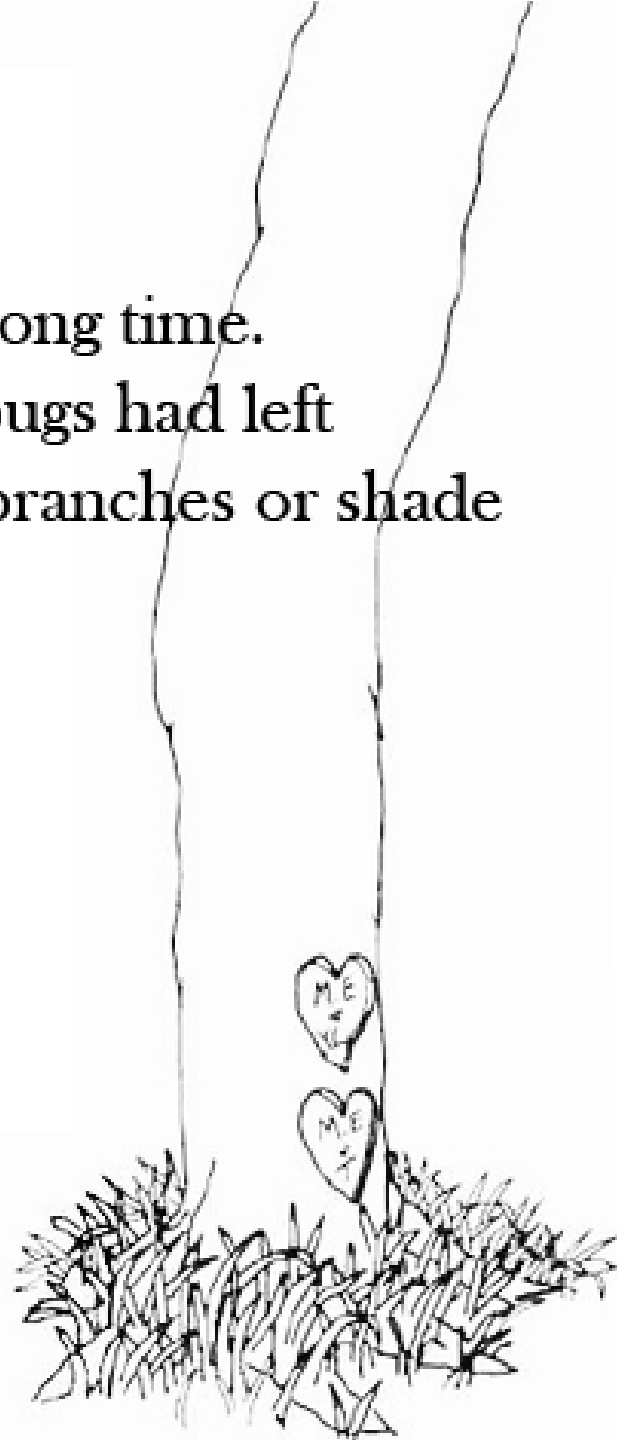
“I have no house,” said the tree.
“The forest is my house.”



But the boy wanted his house more than anything, and he wanted it to be big, so he cut off her branches and carried them away to build his house. And the tree could not stop him, but she knew that the birds would have no home without her branches.

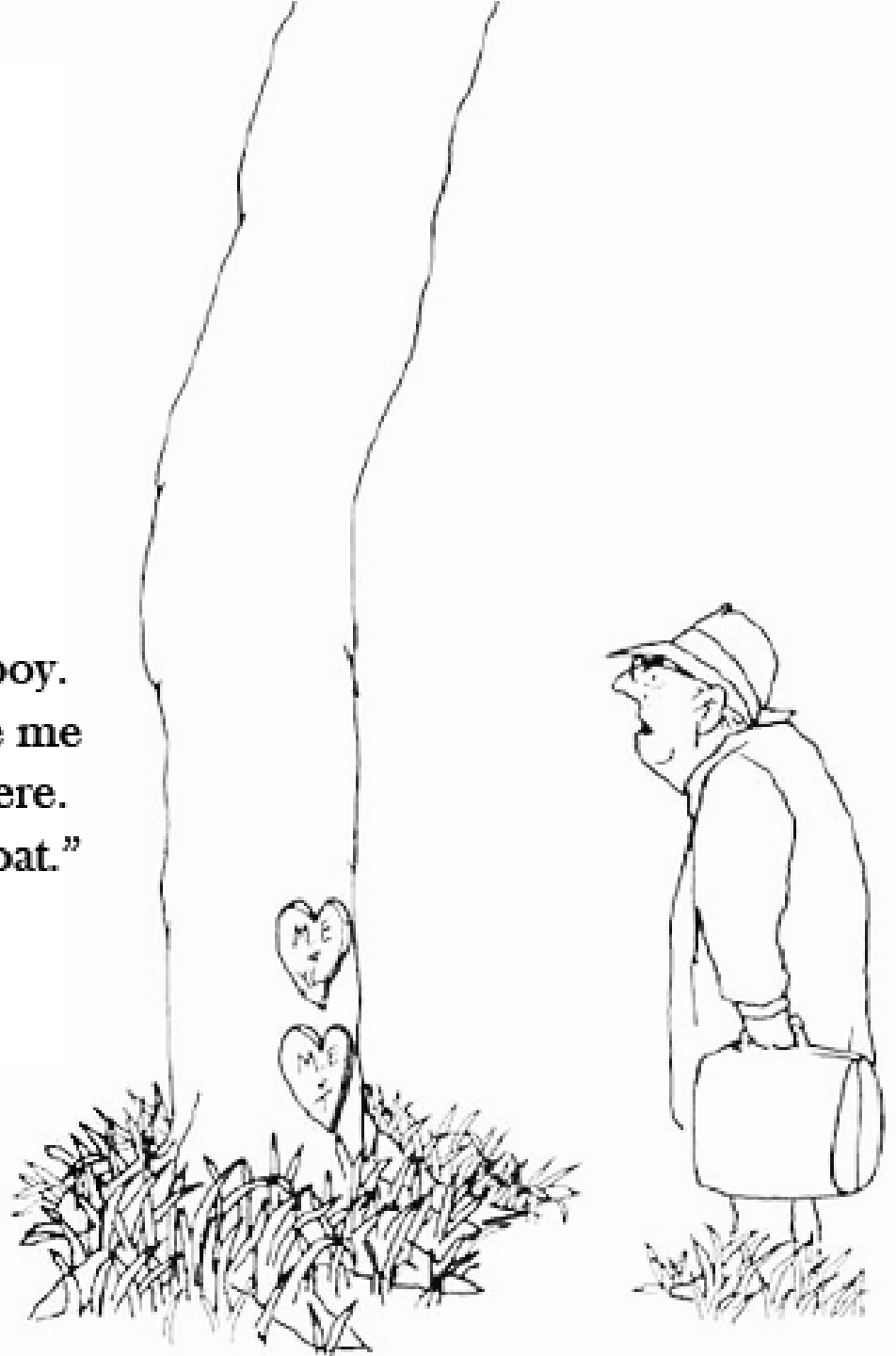


And the tree was alone for a long time.
The squirrels and birds and bugs had left
because she had no fruits or branches or shade
to offer them.
And the tree was lonely.



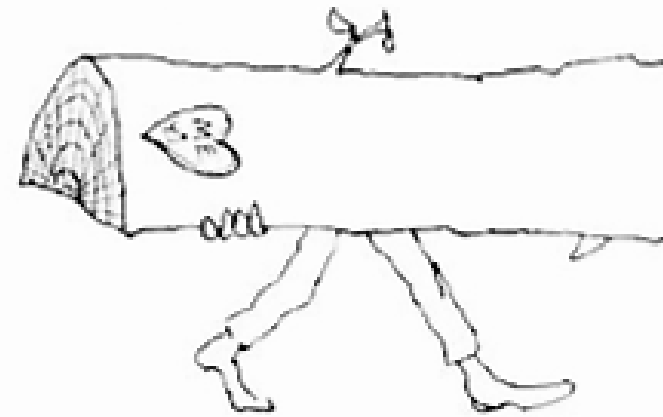
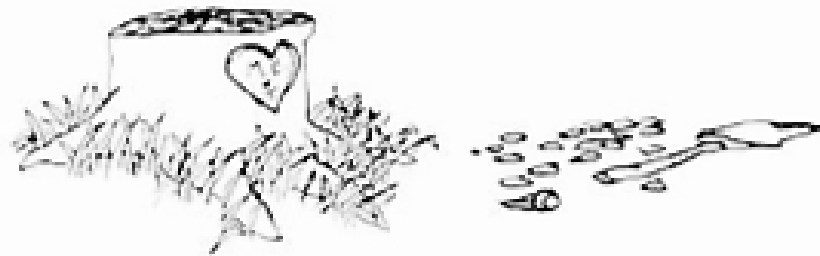
The boy stayed away for a long time.
And when he came back, the tree
was happy to be cured of loneliness.
“Come, Boy,” she whispered,
“come and play.”

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



And so the boy cut down her trunk
and made a boat and sailed away.

The tree was no longer a tree anymore,
and the squirrels went hungry and the birds
could not build their nests and the tree was sad.
She was just a stump.



And the boy's children did not have
a tree to play with, or eat apples from.
They wanted to play and they were sad.





This little girl also loved a tree
and the tree loved her.

She played in its shade and she
ate apples and swung from its
branches.

She always gave some of the apples
to the squirrels and was careful
not to disturb the bird's nest when
she swung.



She loved the tree so much that she planted others, so more children could play and more squirrels could come and more birds could nest.



And when she grew older,
her children could play in the
forest with the trees and they could
eat the apples and they were happy.

