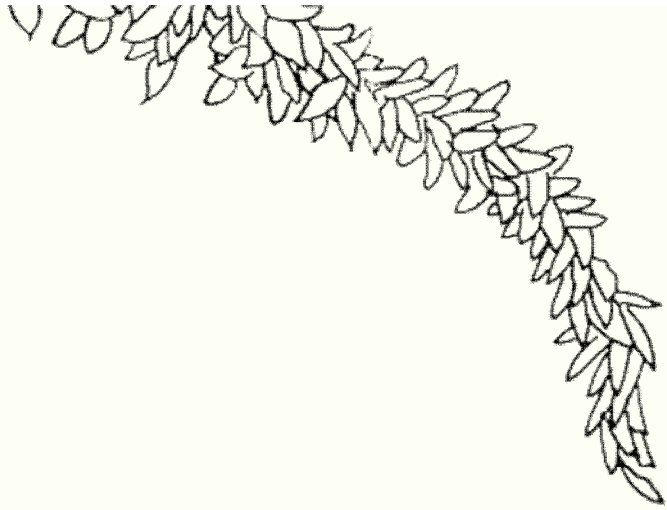


The  
Giving  
Tree

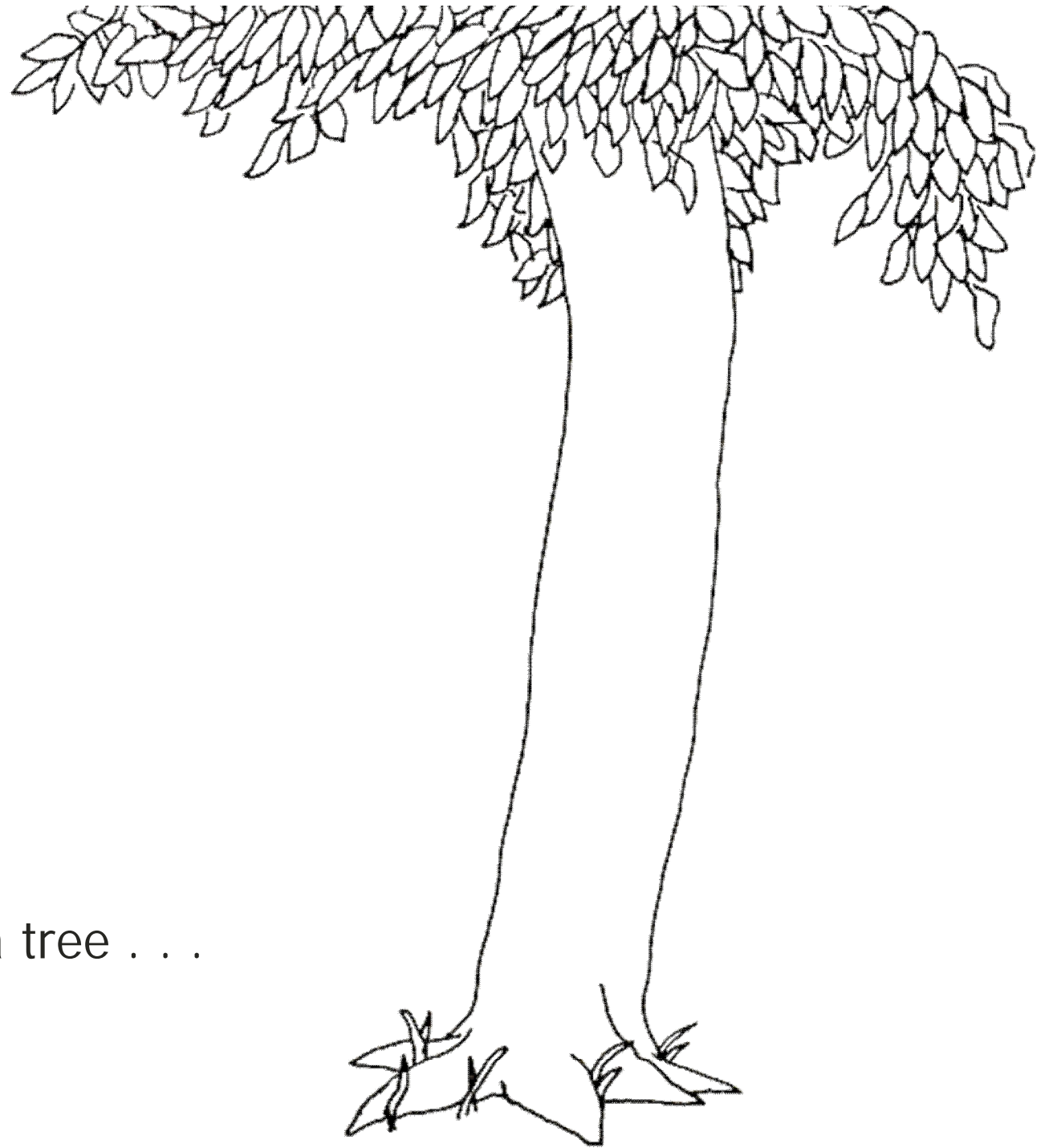
by  
Shel  
Silverstein



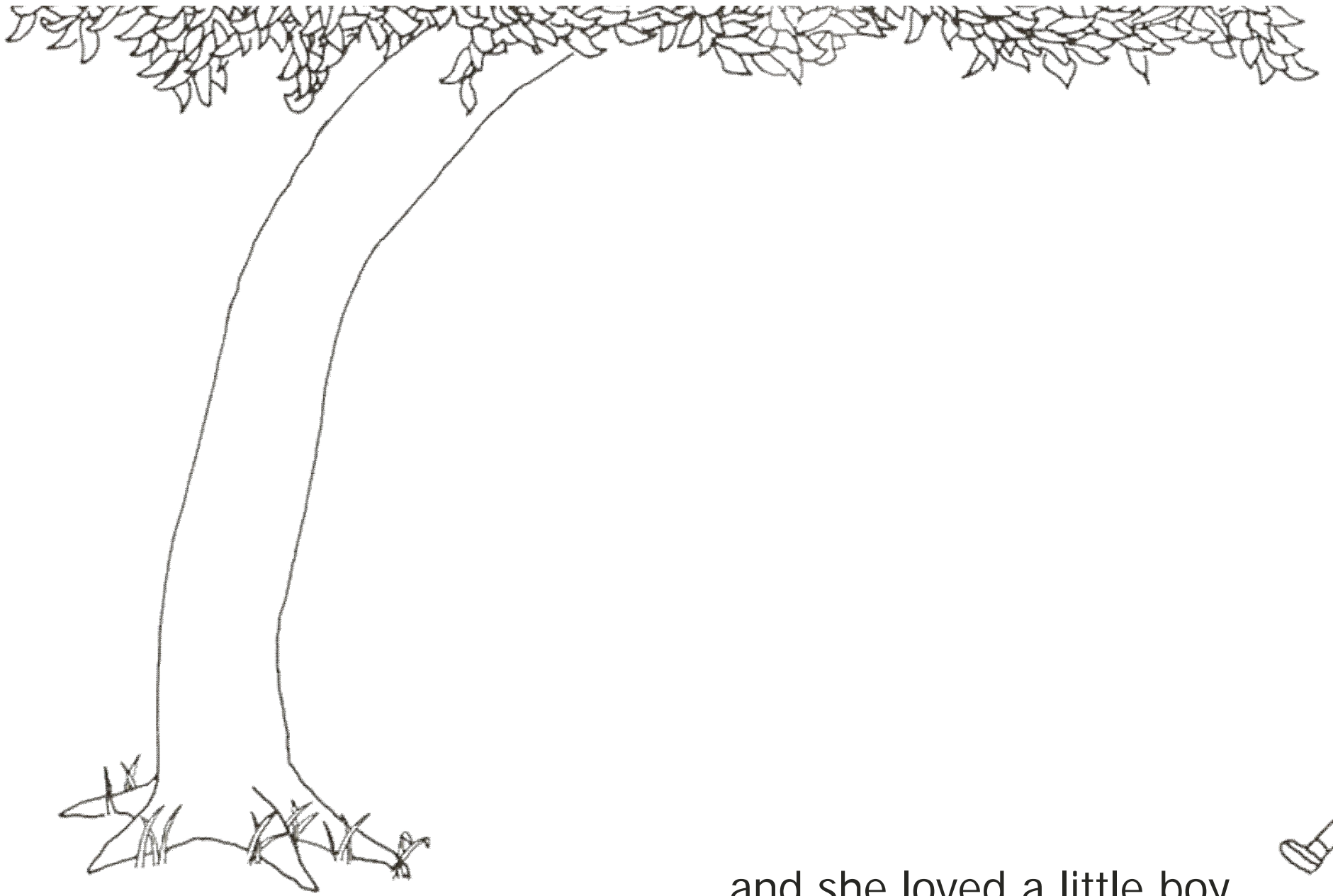
# The Giving Tree



By Shel Silverstein  
(Originally published in 1964)

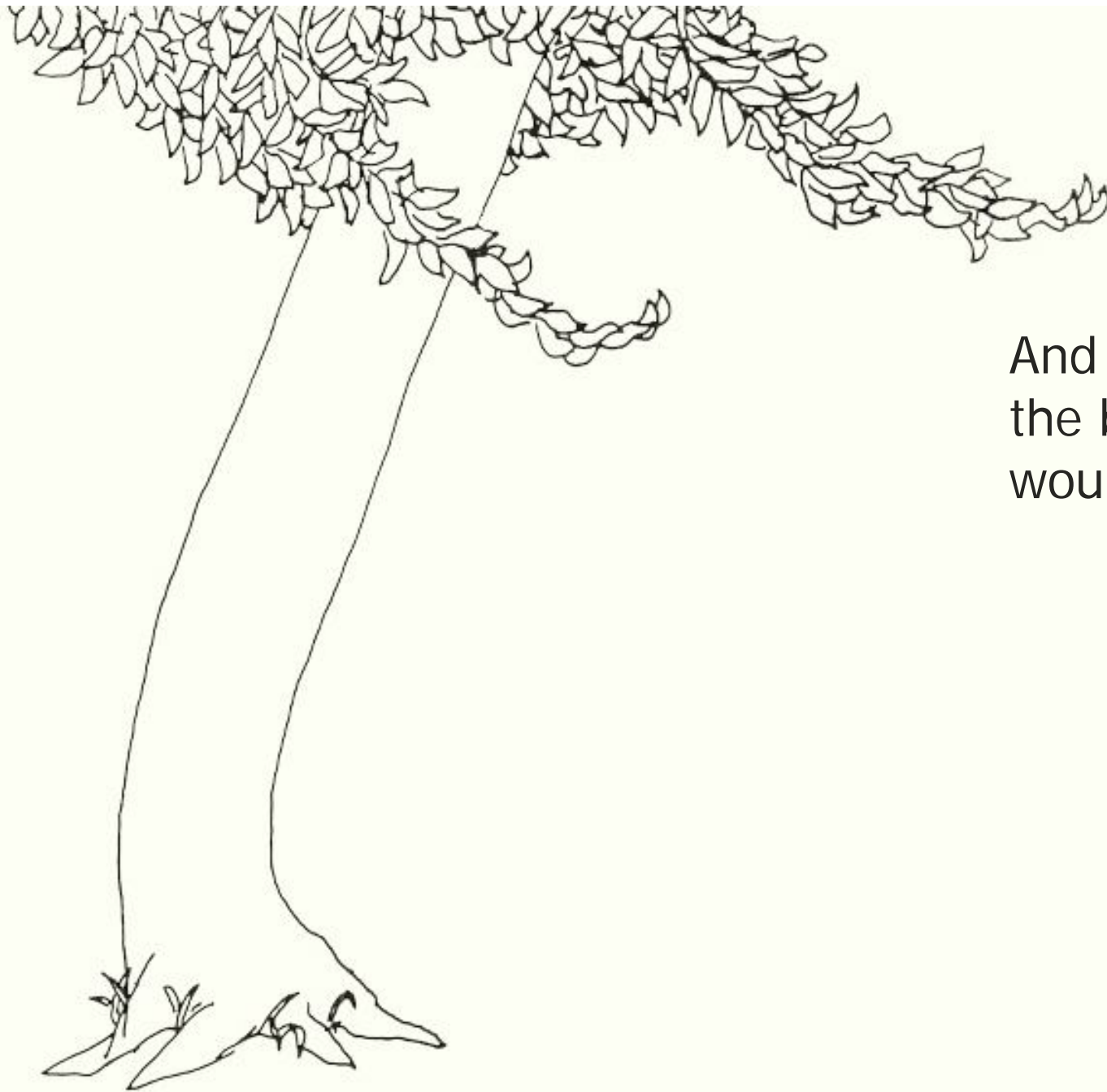


Once there was a tree . . .

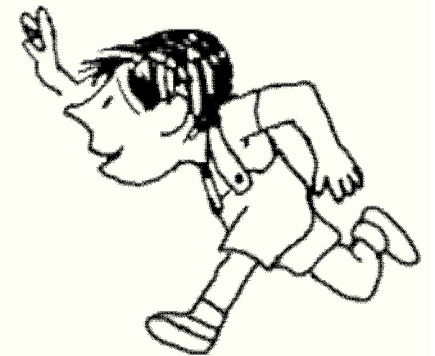


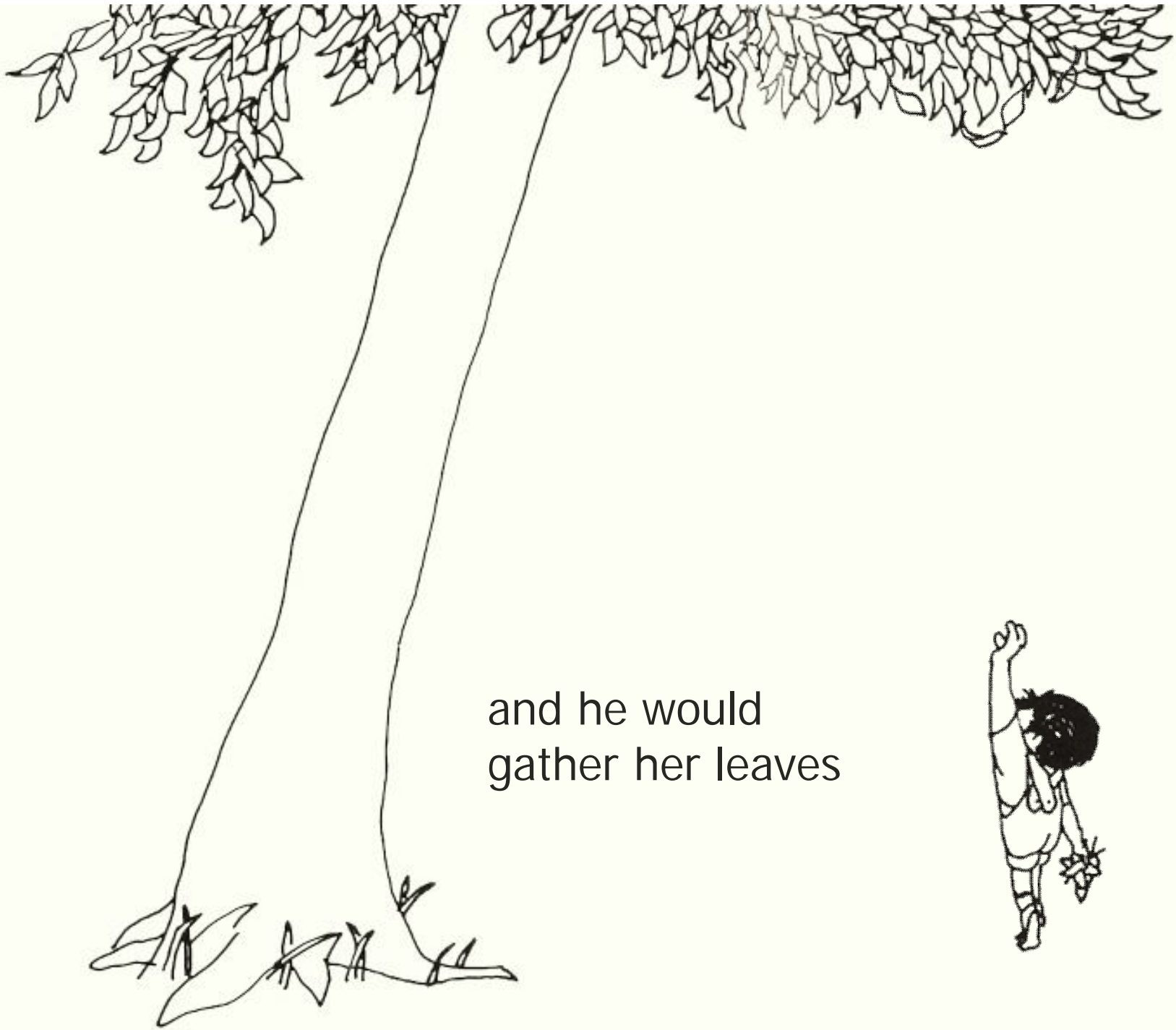
and she loved a little boy.



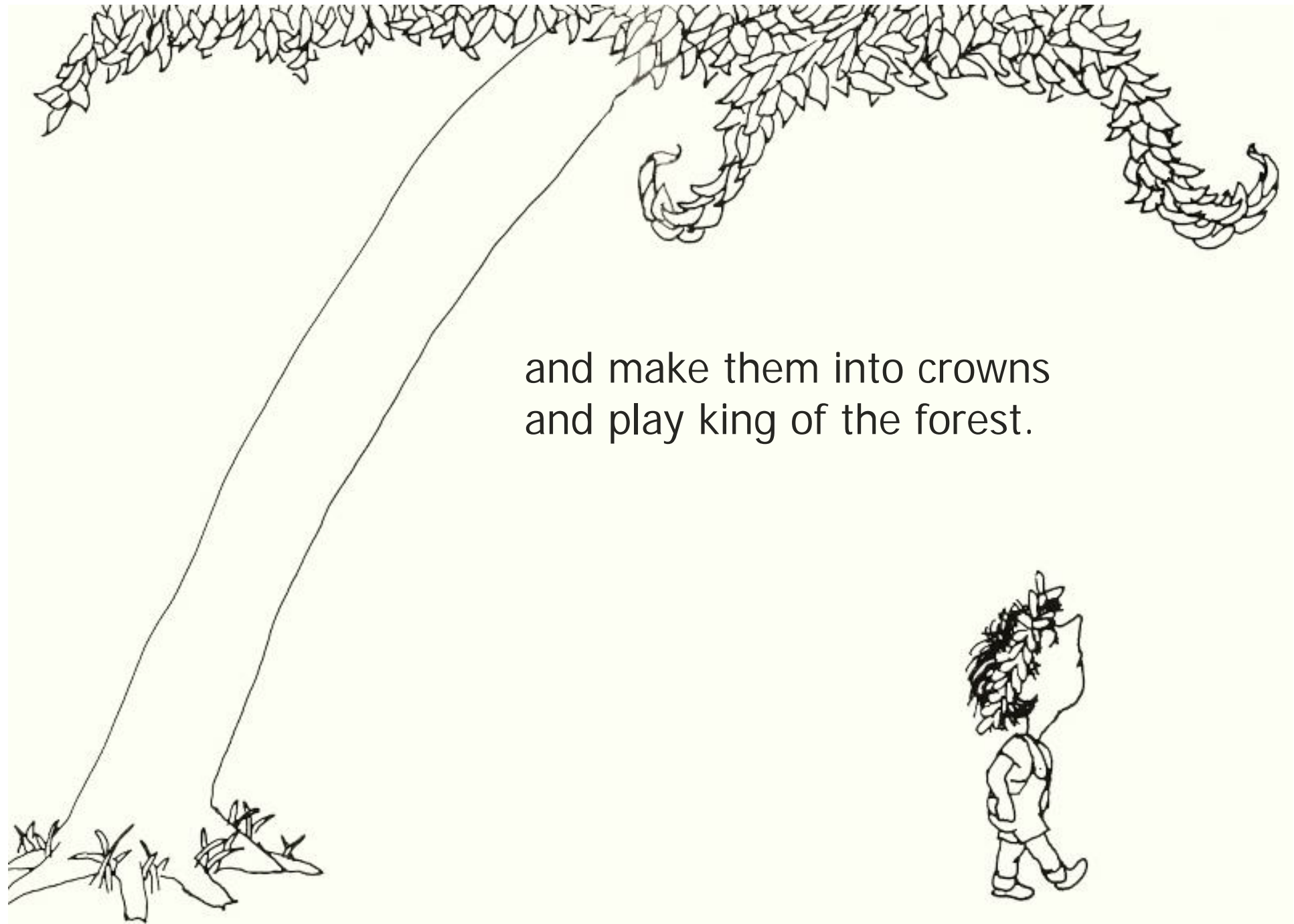


And every day  
the boy  
would come

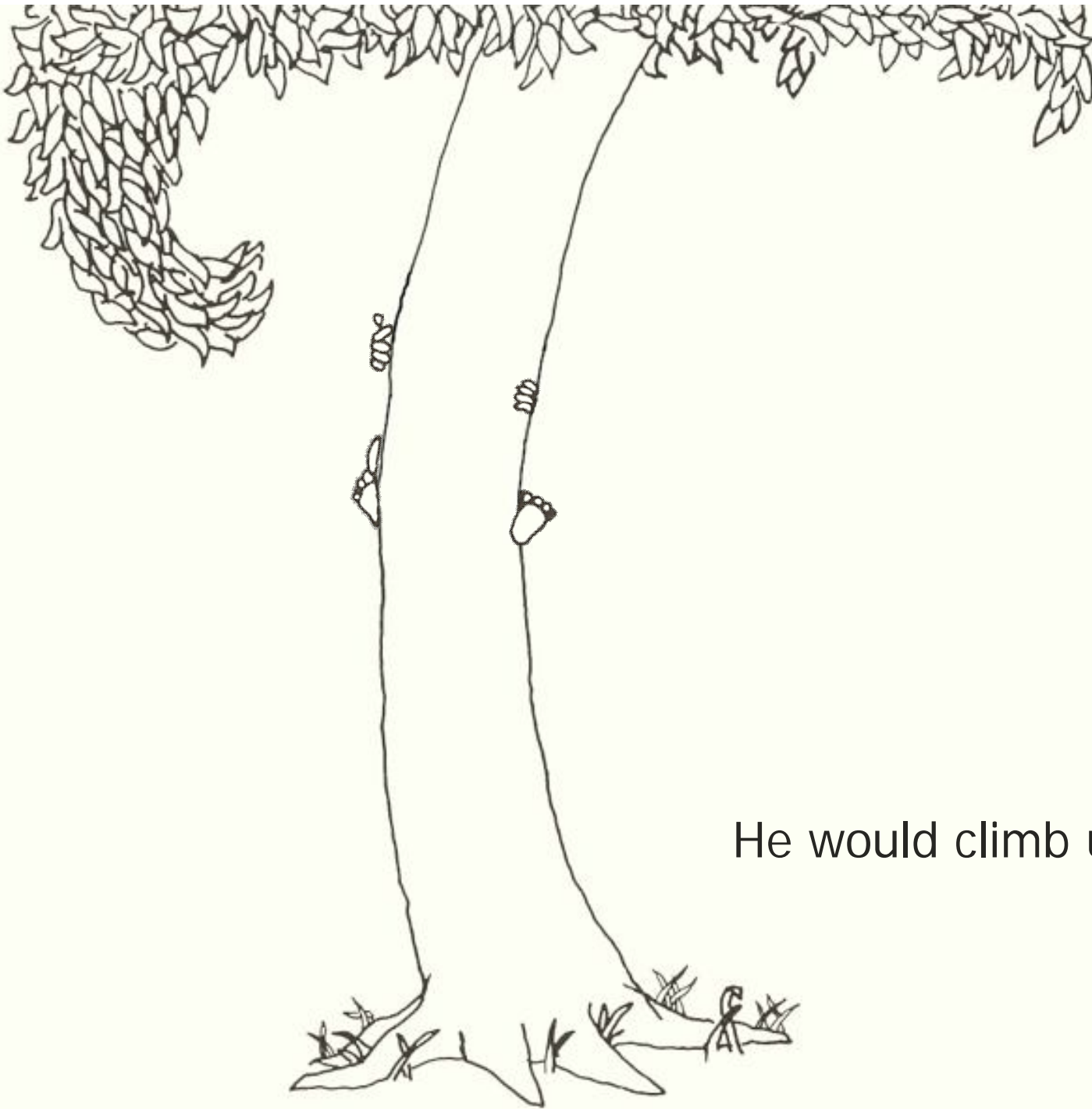




and he would  
gather her leaves

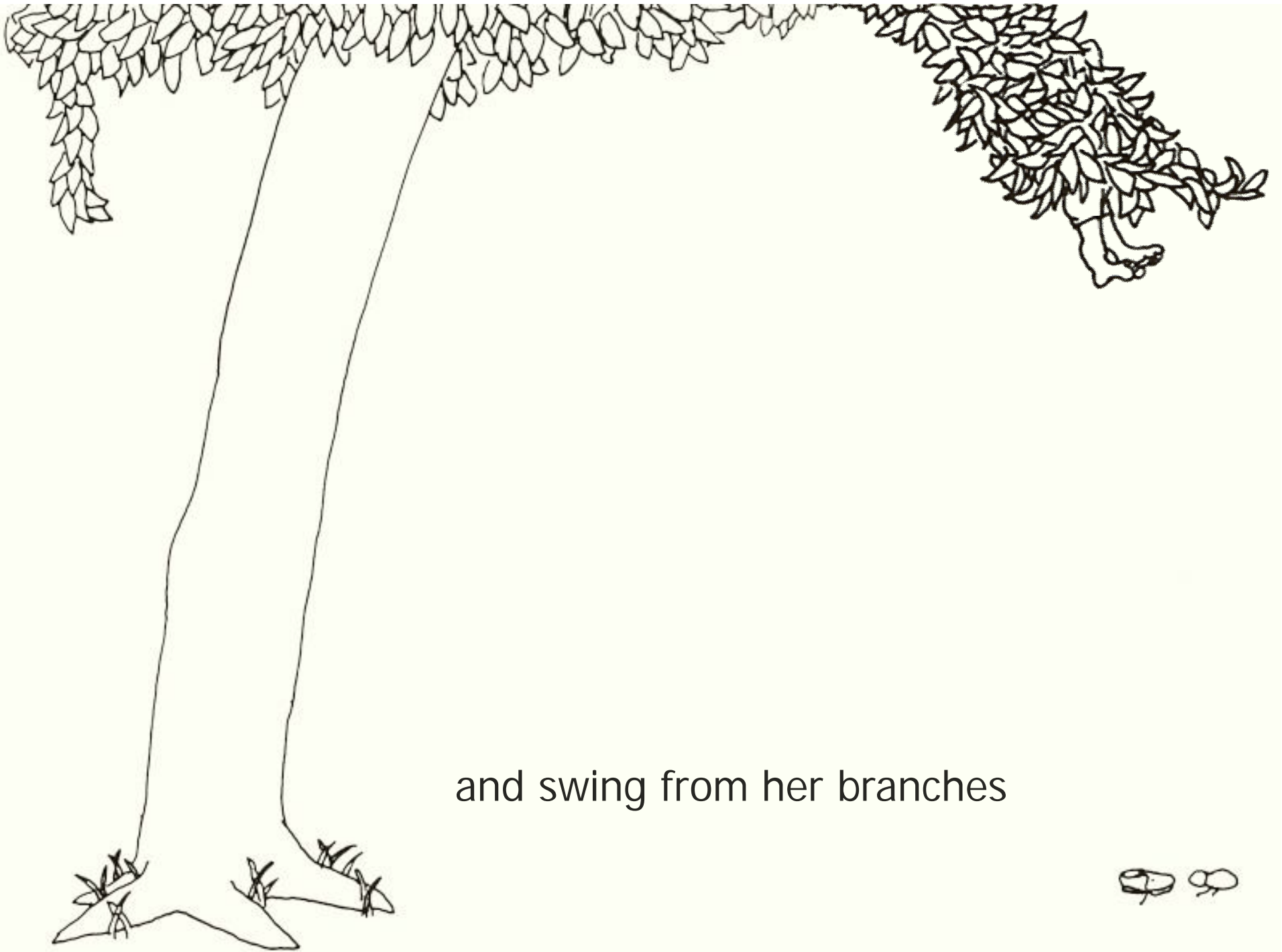


and make them into crowns  
and play king of the forest.

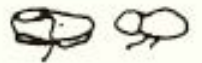


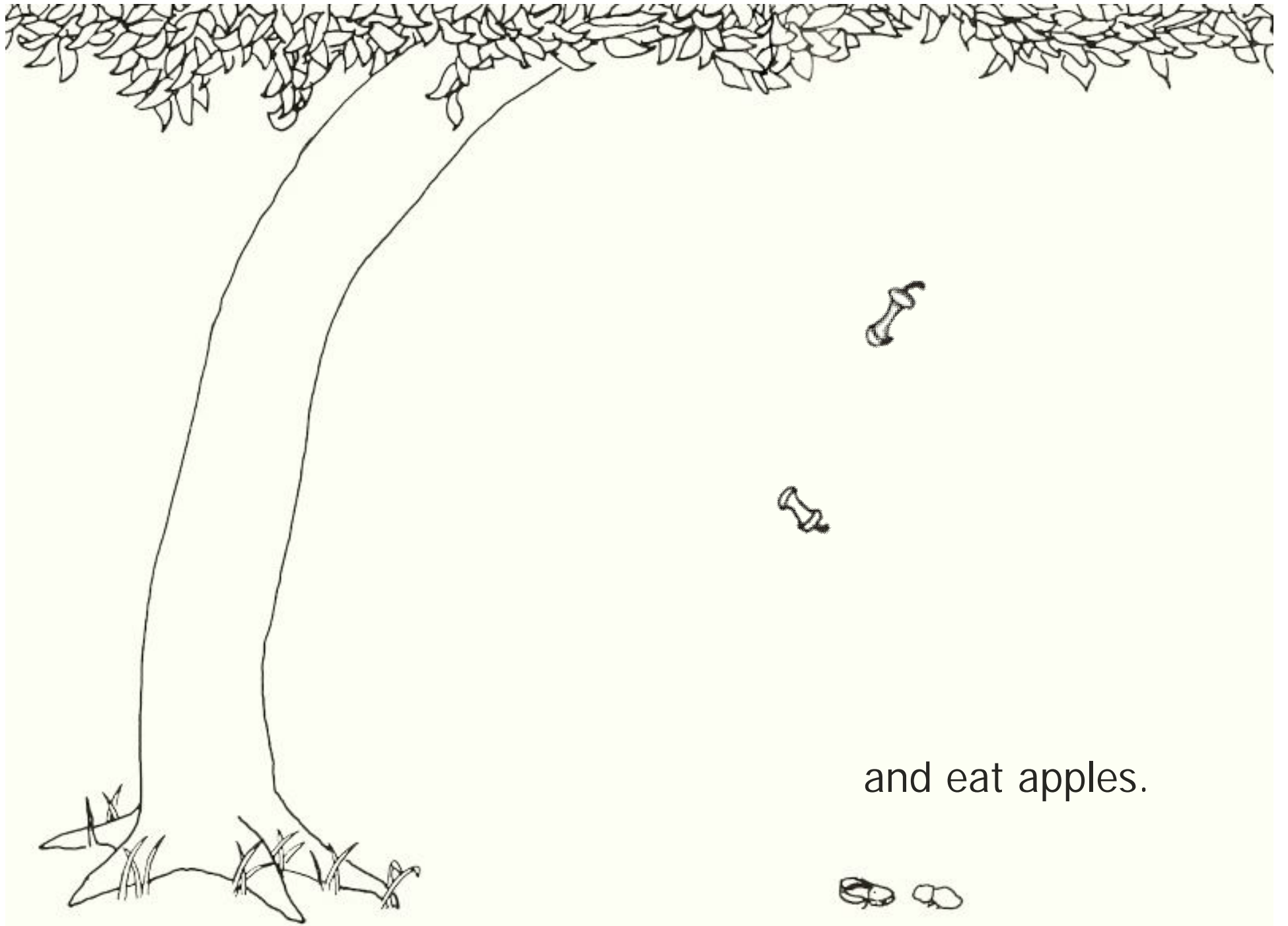
He would climb up her trunk



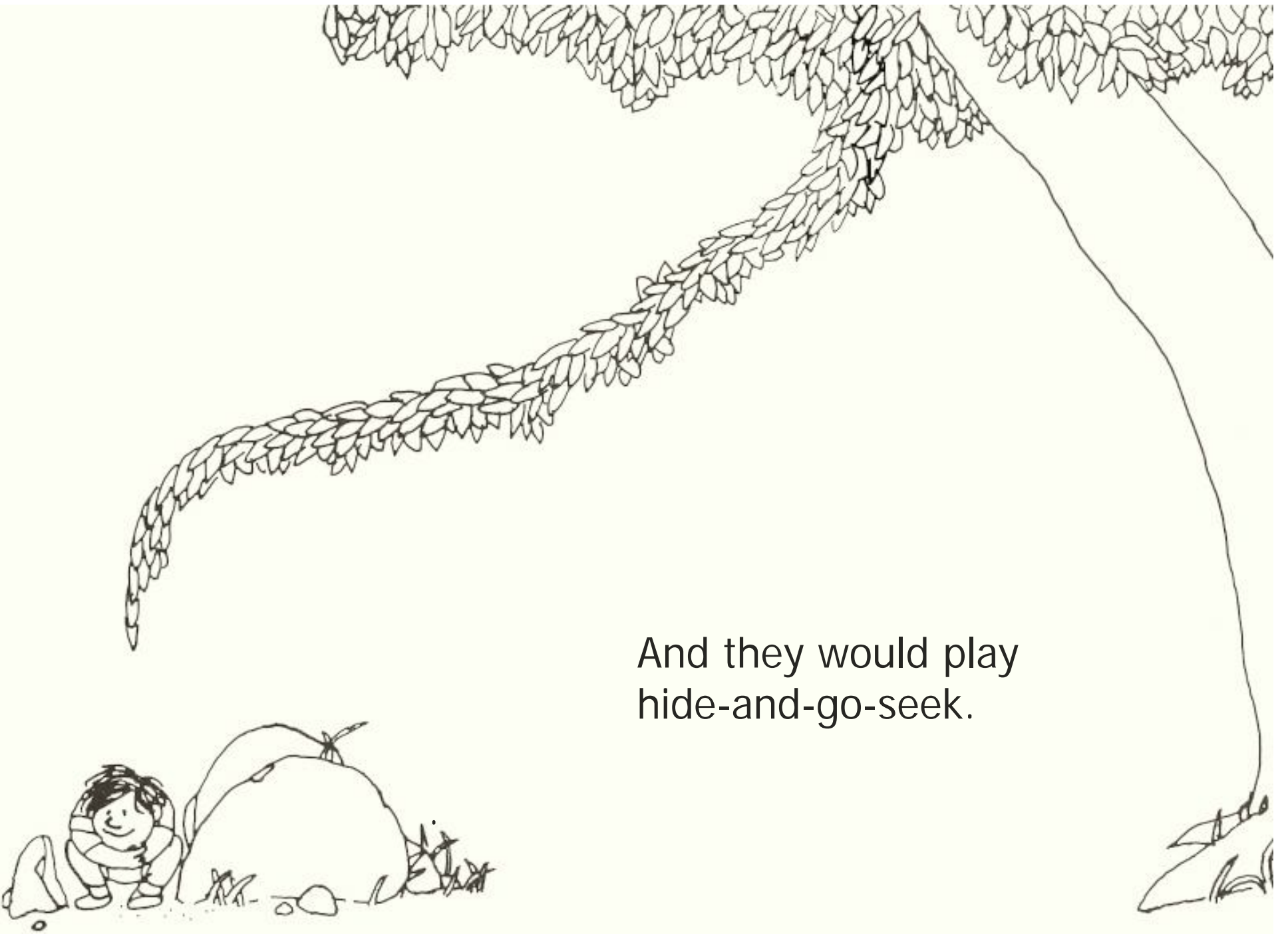


and swing from her branches

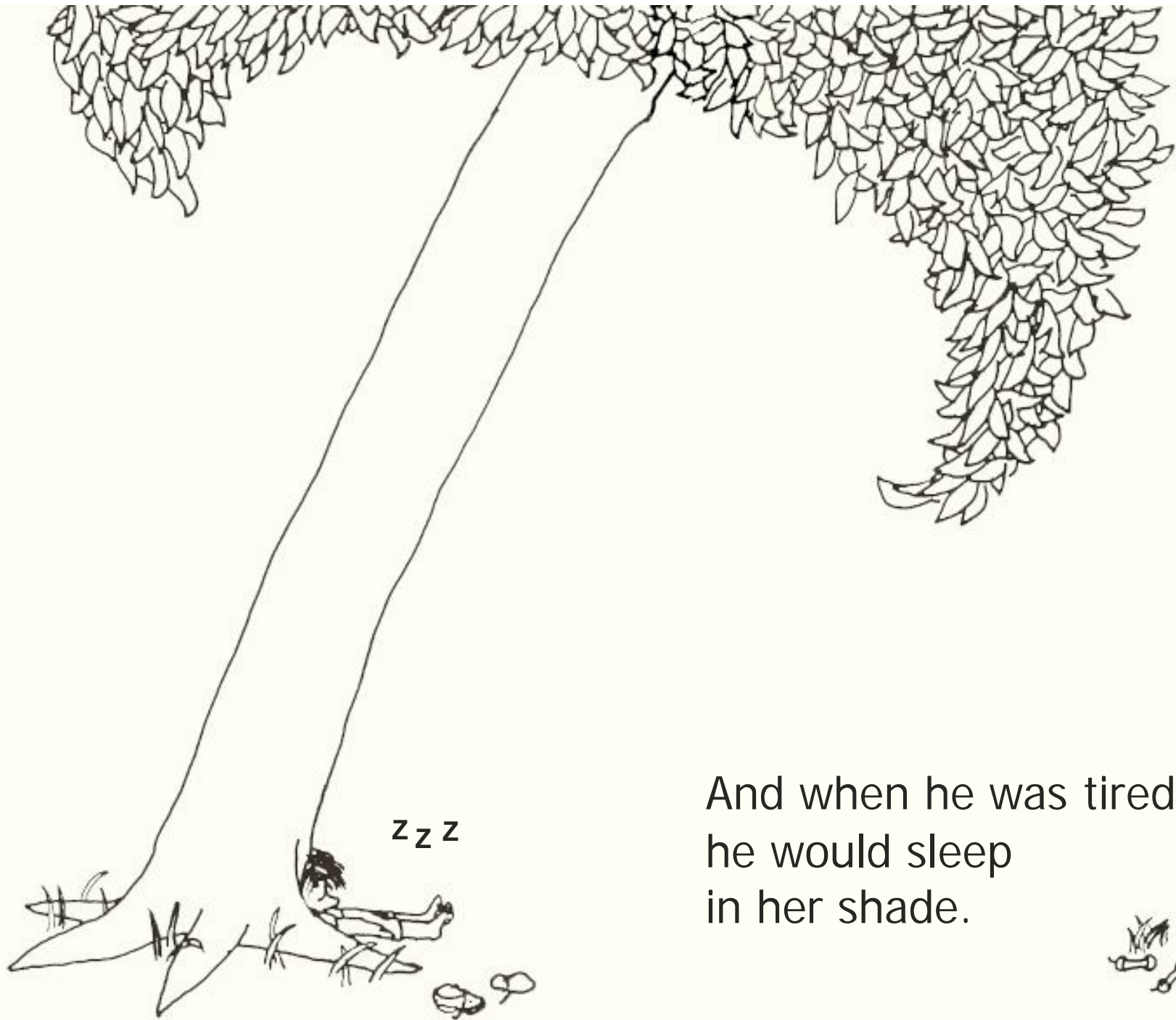




and eat apples.

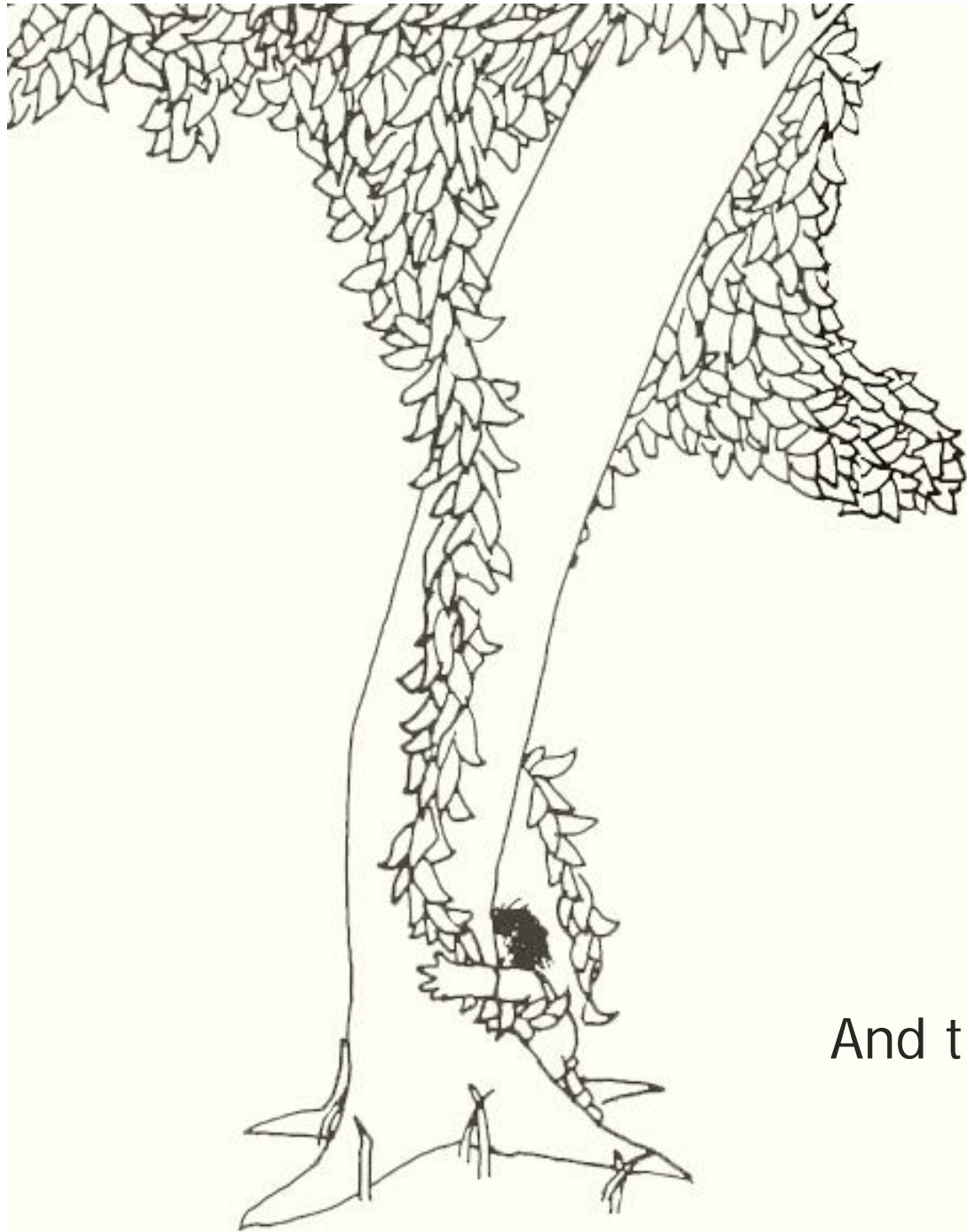


And they would play  
hide-and-go-seek.

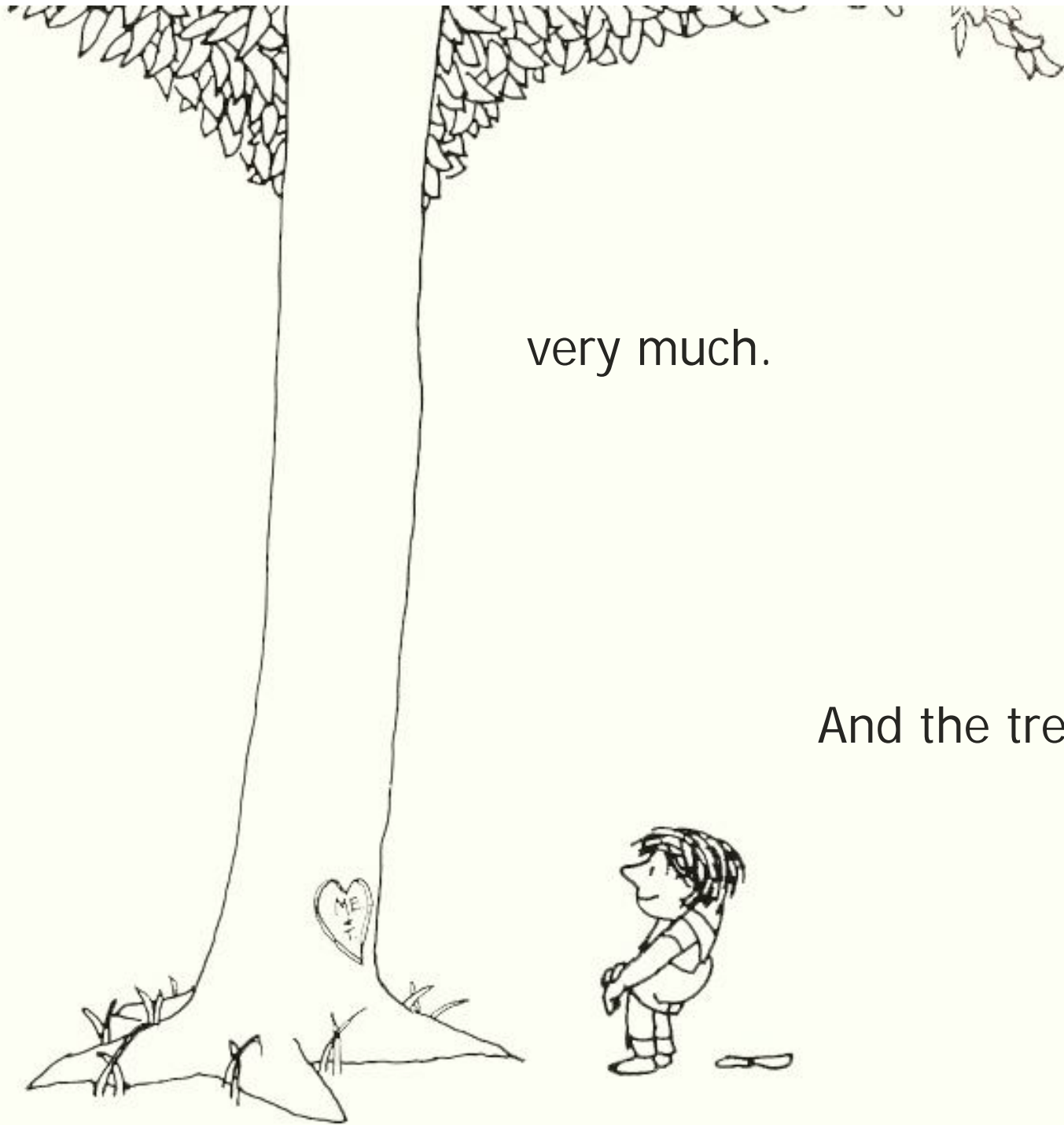


And when he was tired,  
he would sleep  
in her shade.



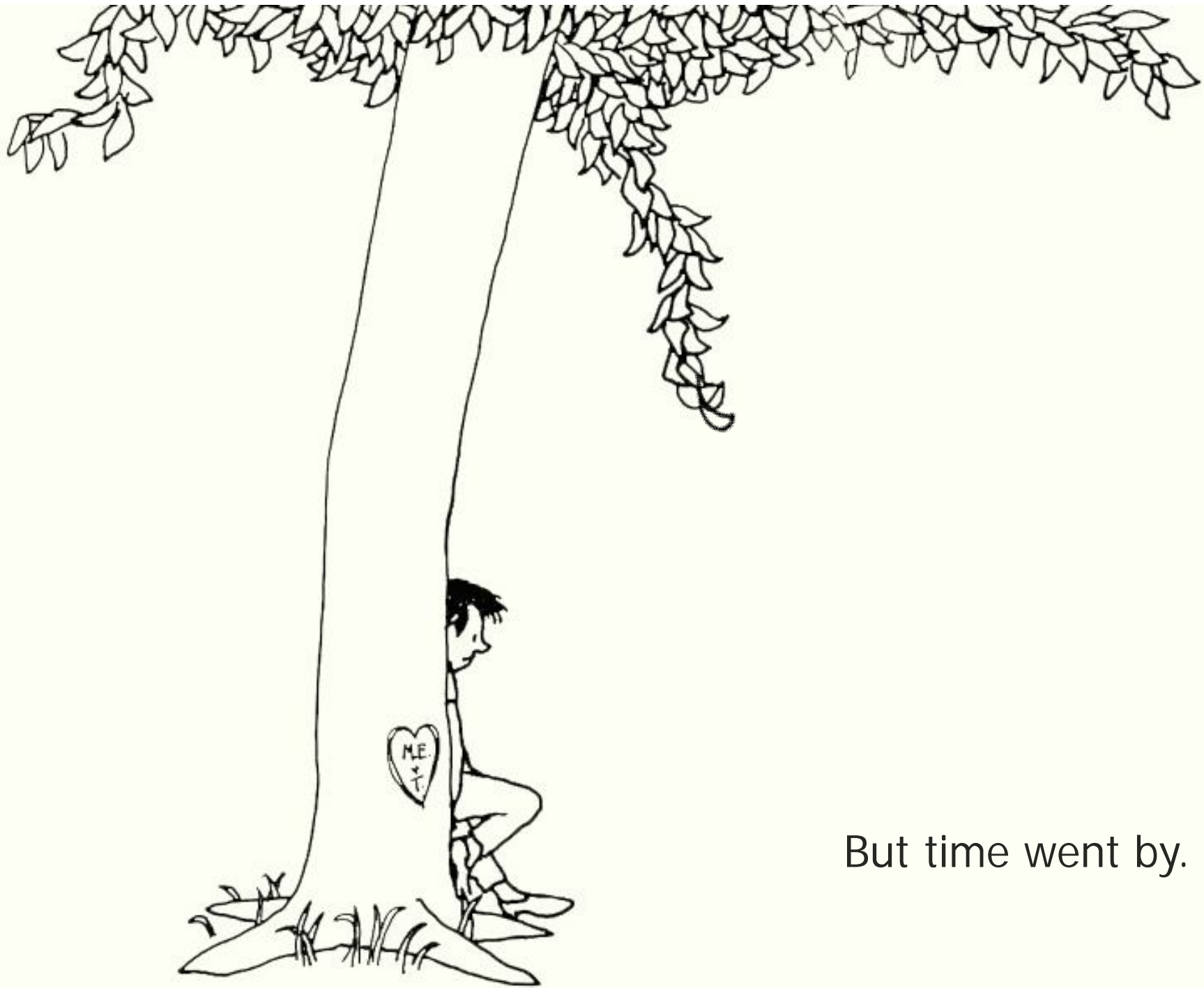


And the boy loved the tree . . .



very much.

And the tree was happy.

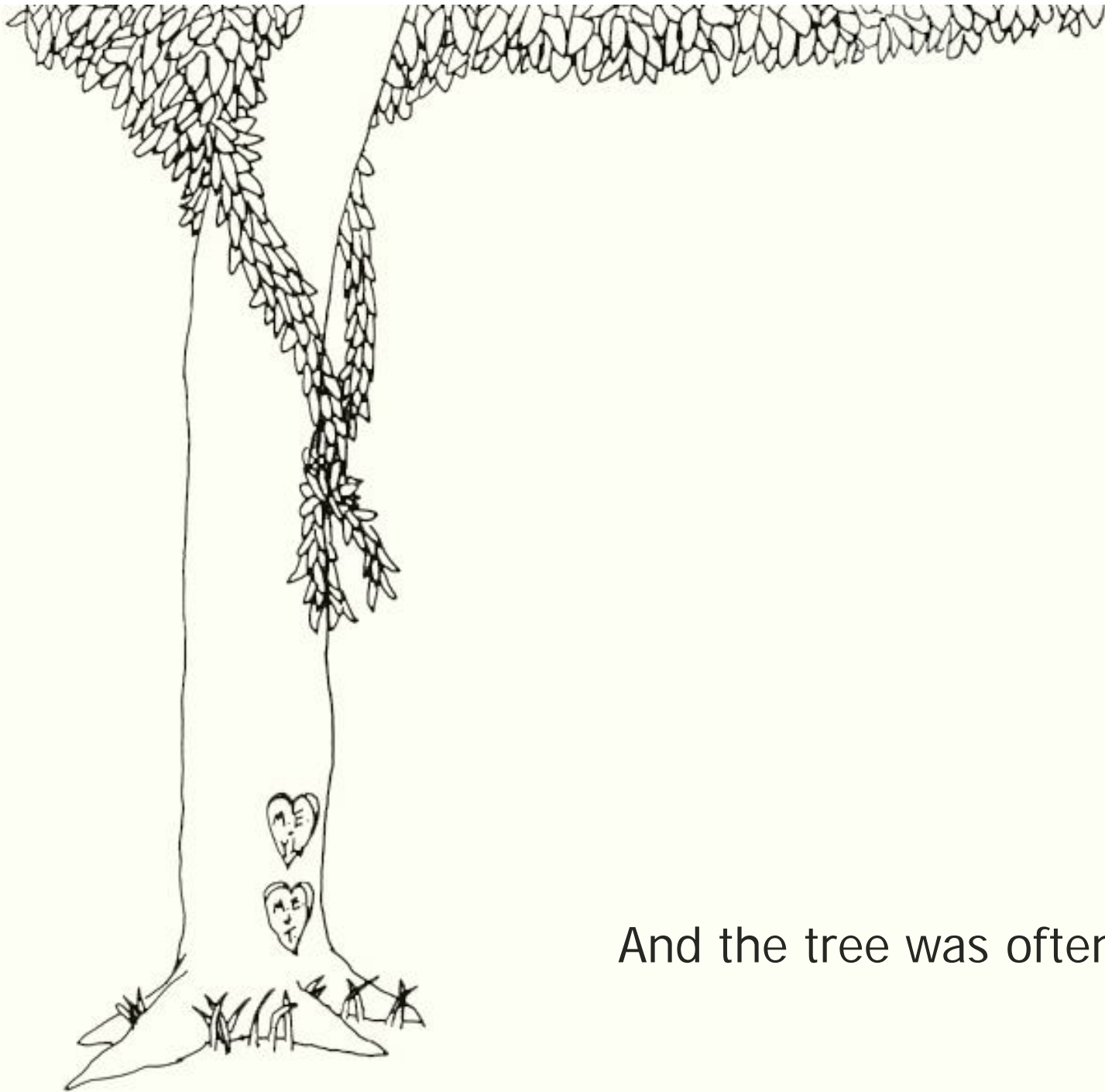


But time went by.



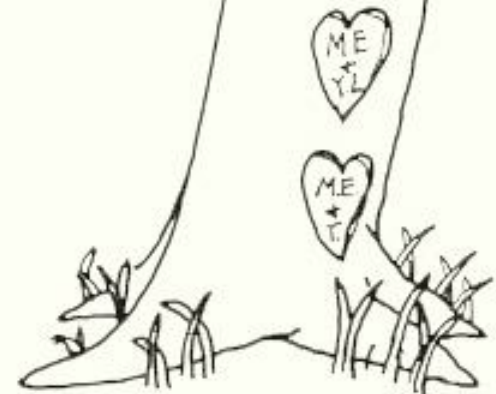
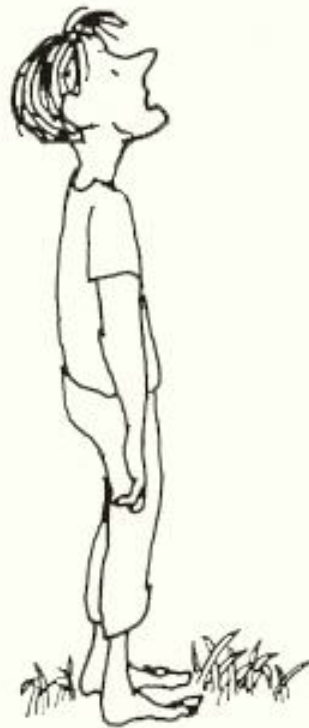
And the boy grew older.

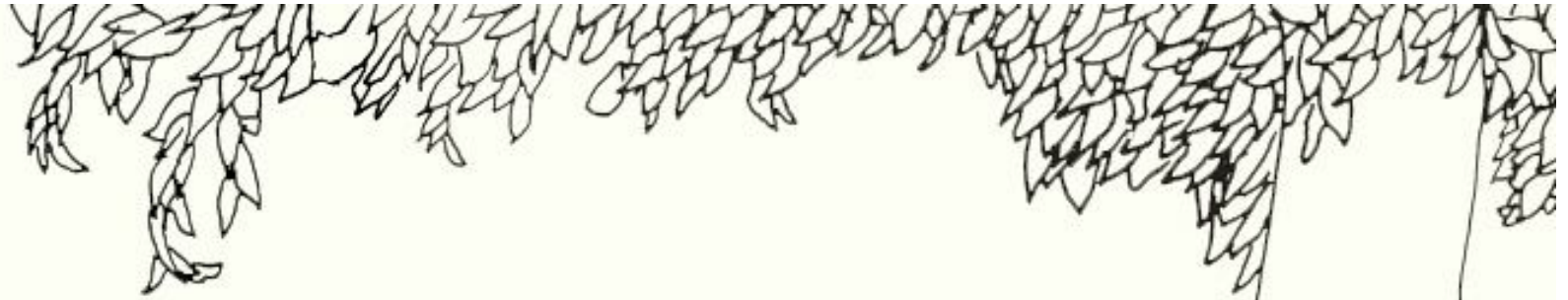




And the tree was often alone.

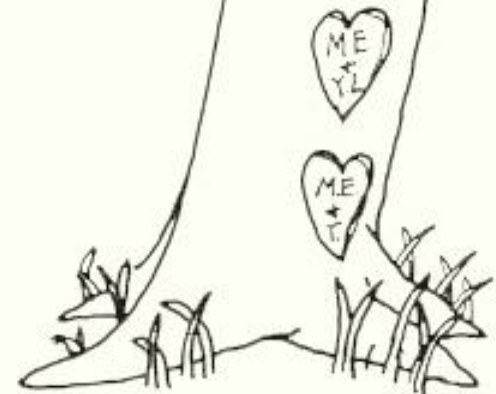
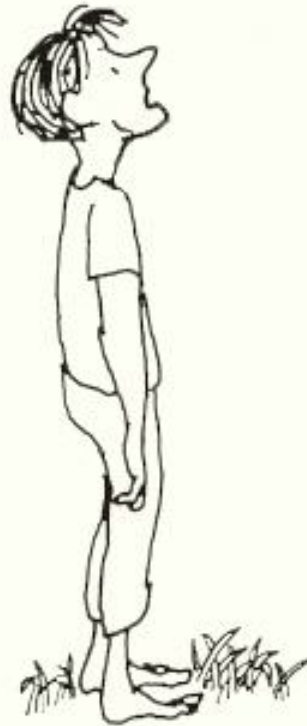
Then one day the boy  
came to the tree  
and the tree said,  
"Come, Boy, come and  
climb up my trunk  
and swing from  
my branches  
and eat apples and  
play in my shade  
and be happy."



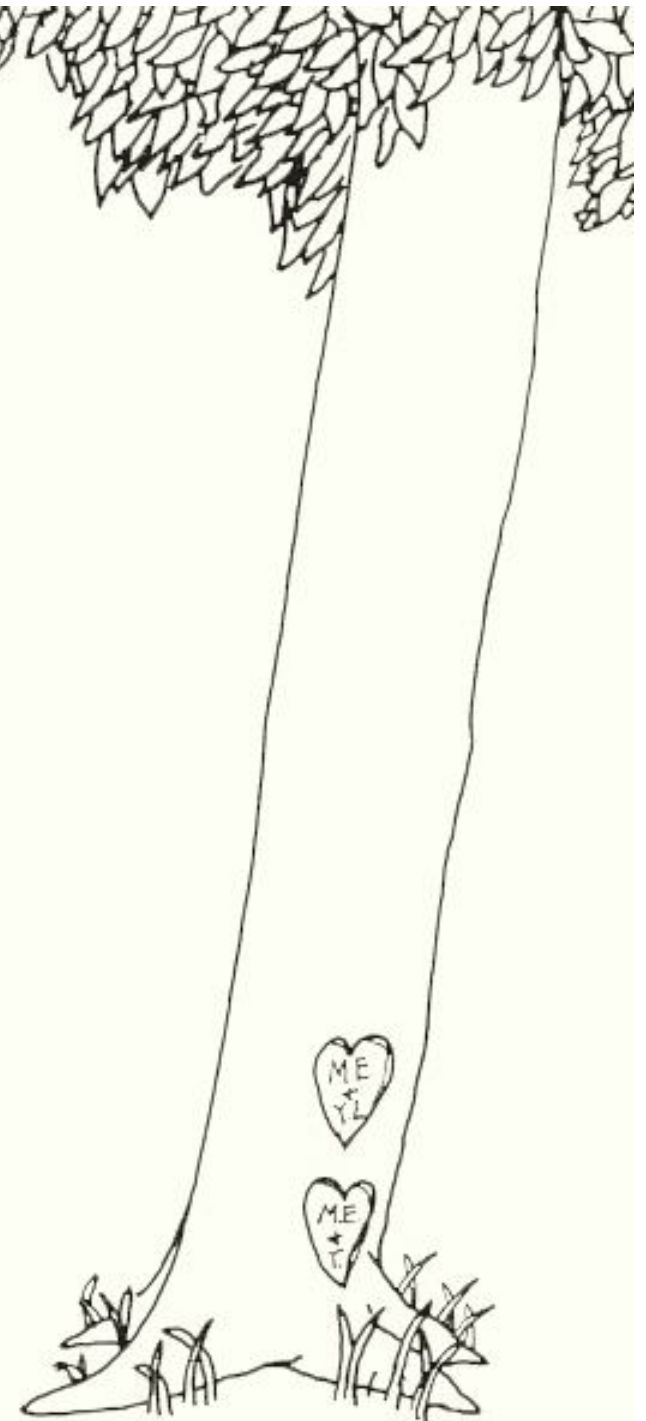
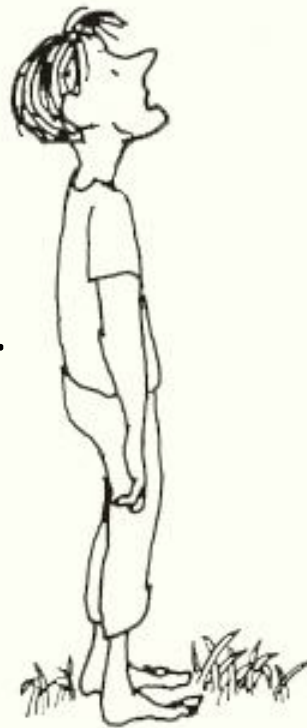


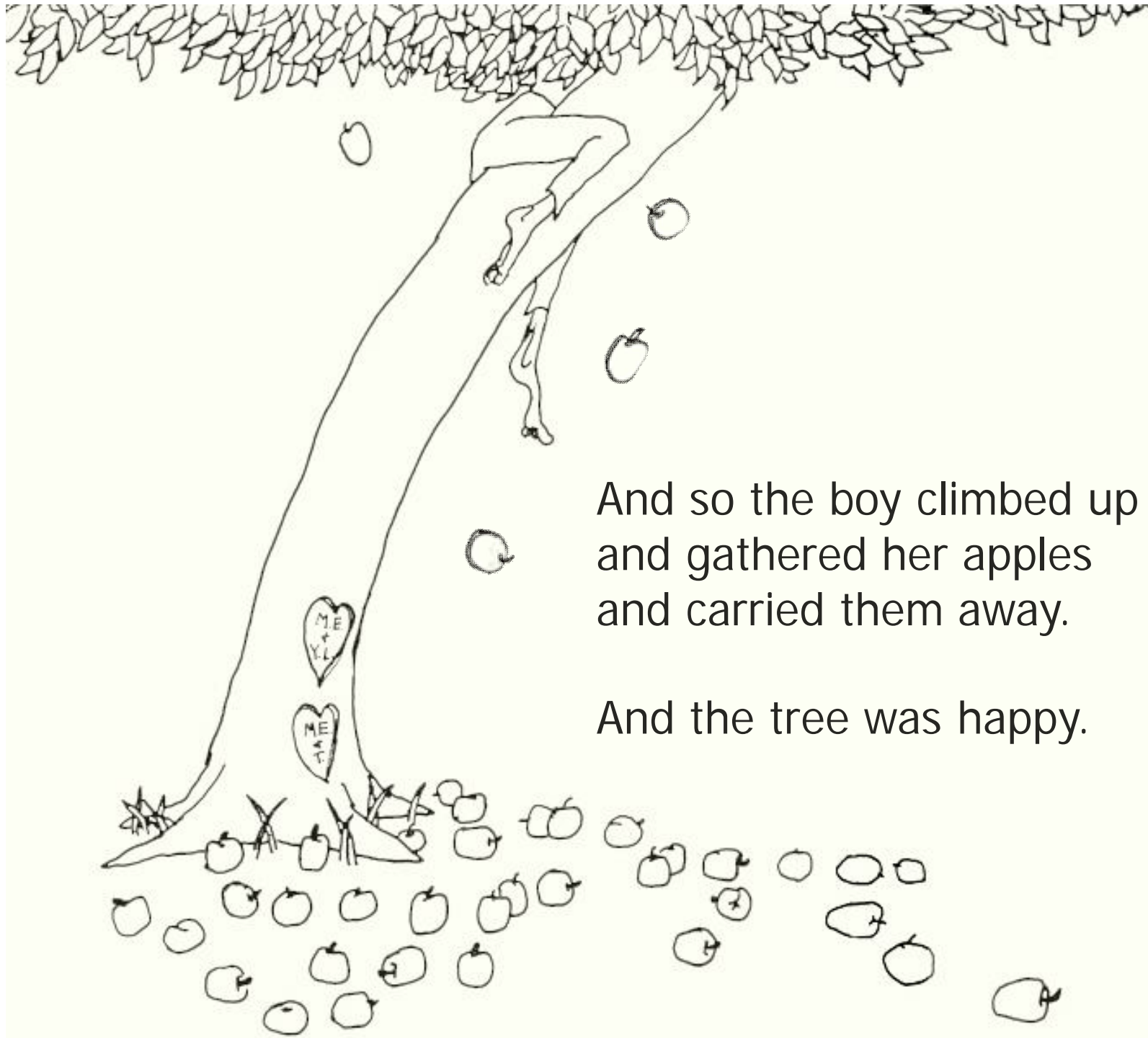
"I am too big to  
climb and play,"  
said the boy.

"I want to buy things  
and have fun.  
I want some money.  
Can you give me  
some money?"



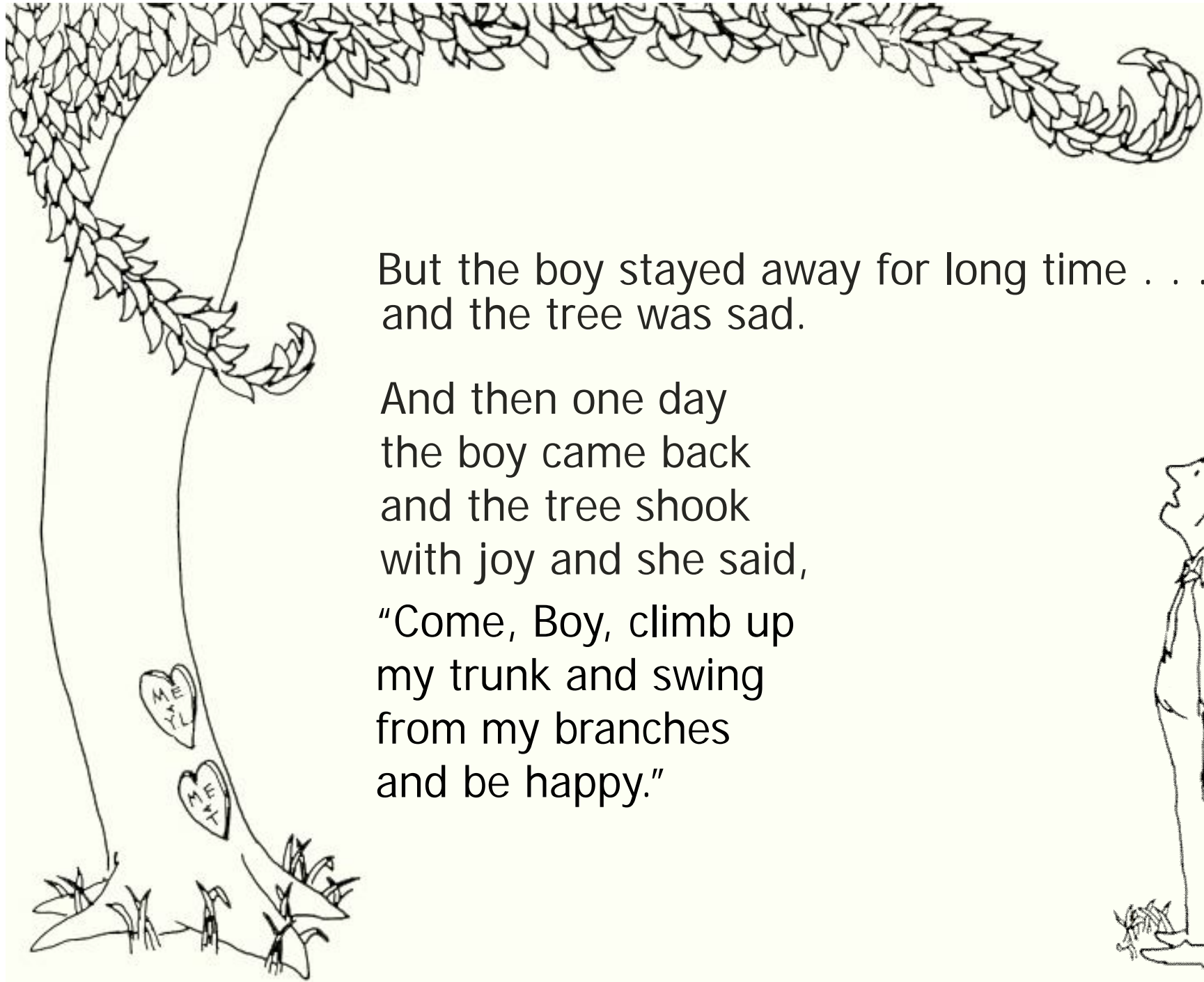
"I'm sorry,"  
said the tree,  
"but I have no money.  
I have only leaves  
and apples.  
Take my apples, Boy,  
and sell them in the city.  
Then you will  
have money  
and you will be happy."





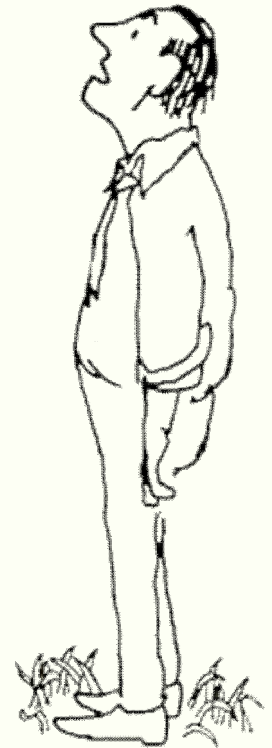
And so the boy climbed up the tree  
and gathered her apples  
and carried them away.

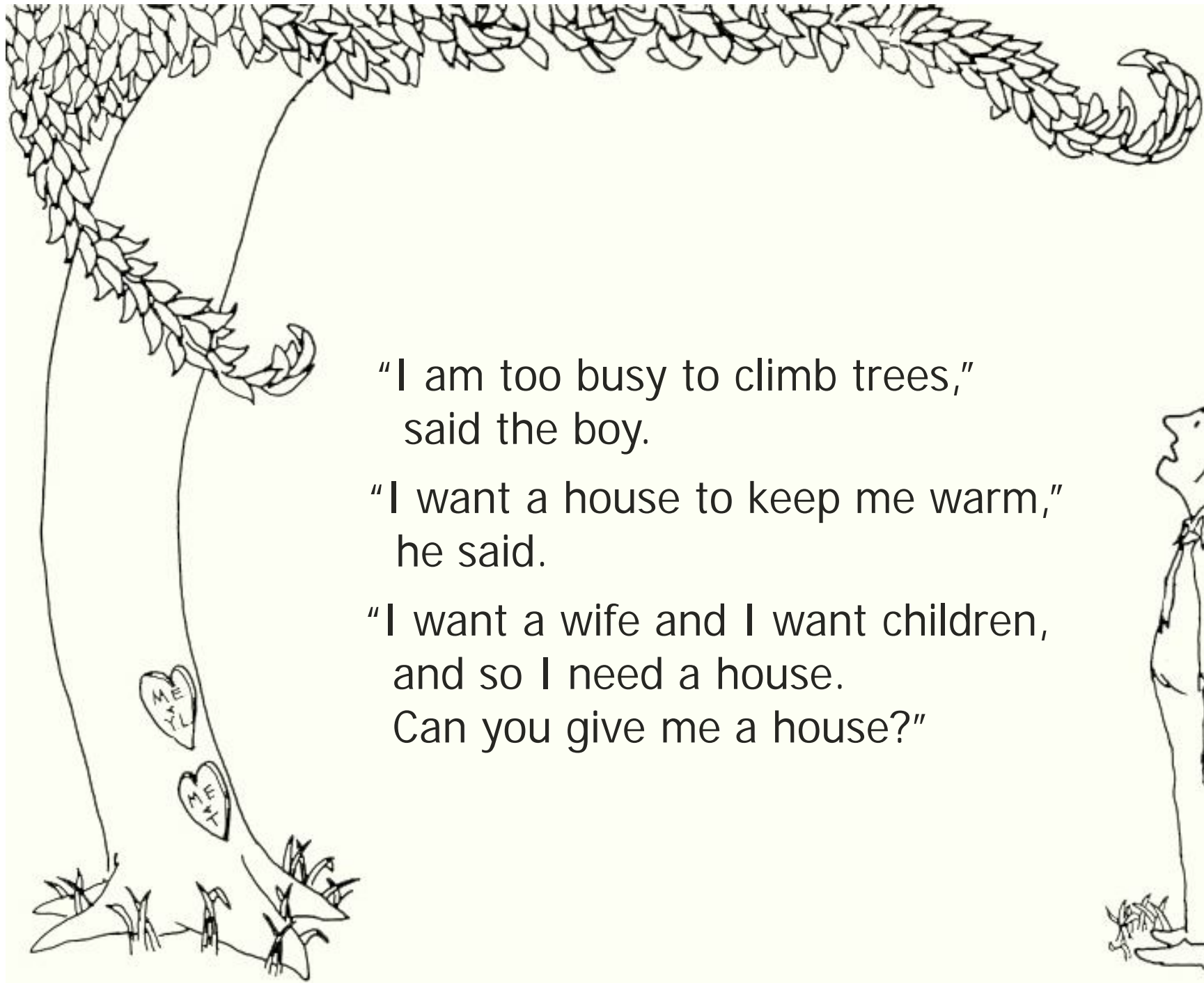
And the tree was happy.



But the boy stayed away for 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."

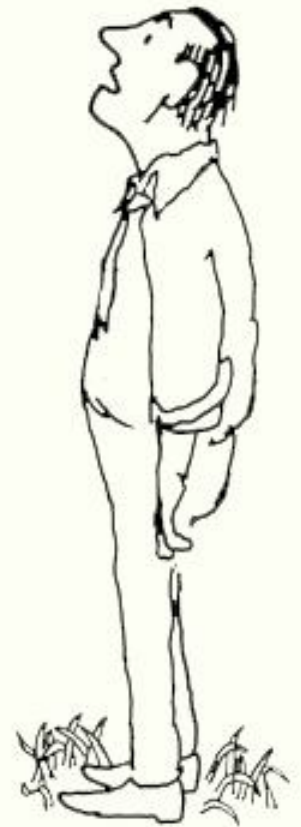


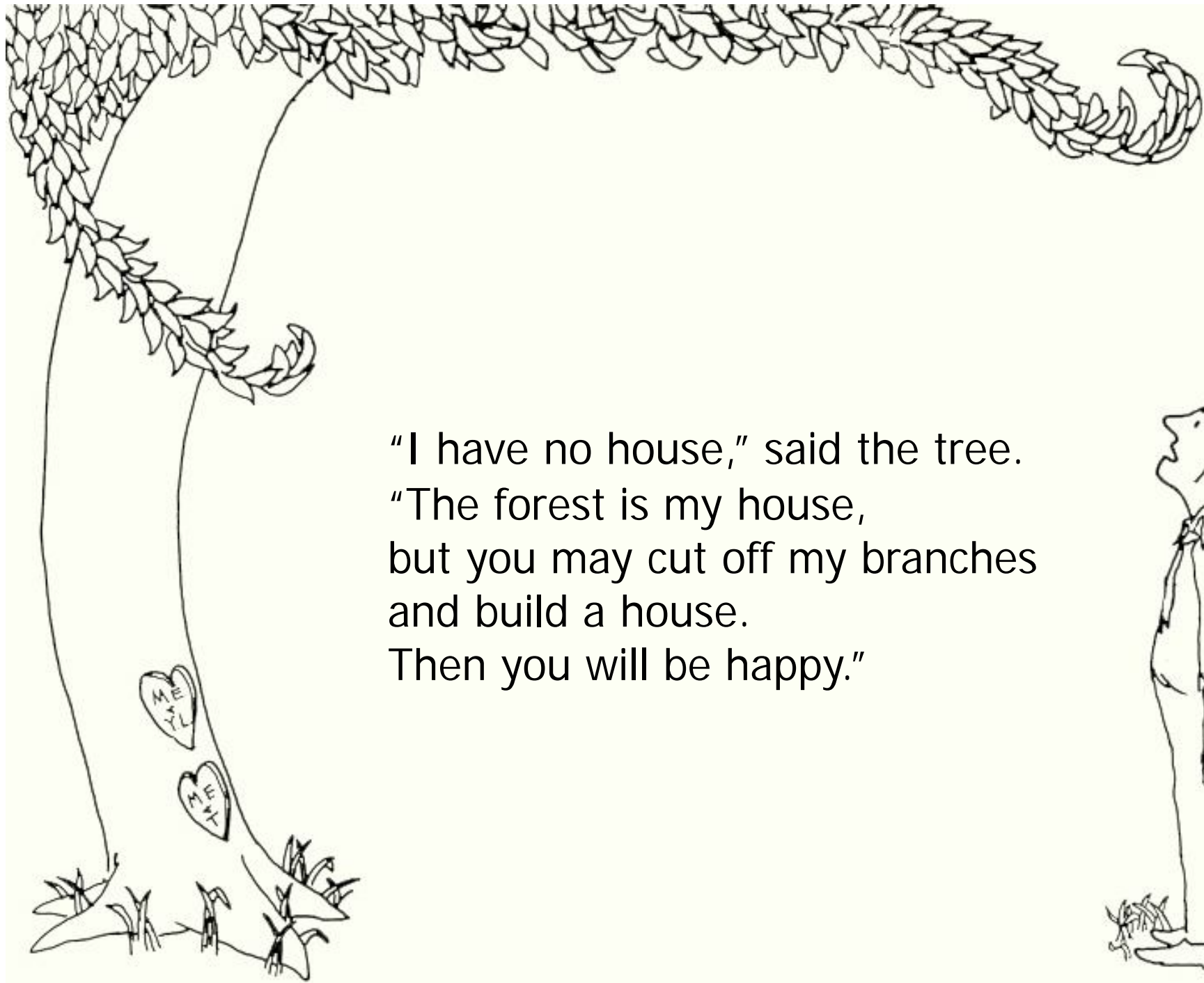


"I am too busy to climb trees,"  
said the boy.

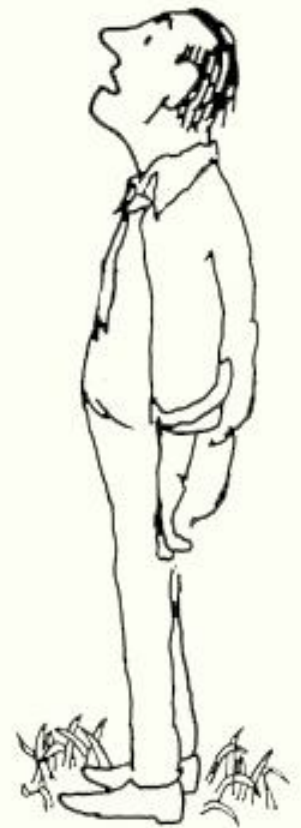
"I want a house to keep me warm,"  
he said.

"I want a wife and I want children,  
and so I need a house.  
Can you give me a house?"



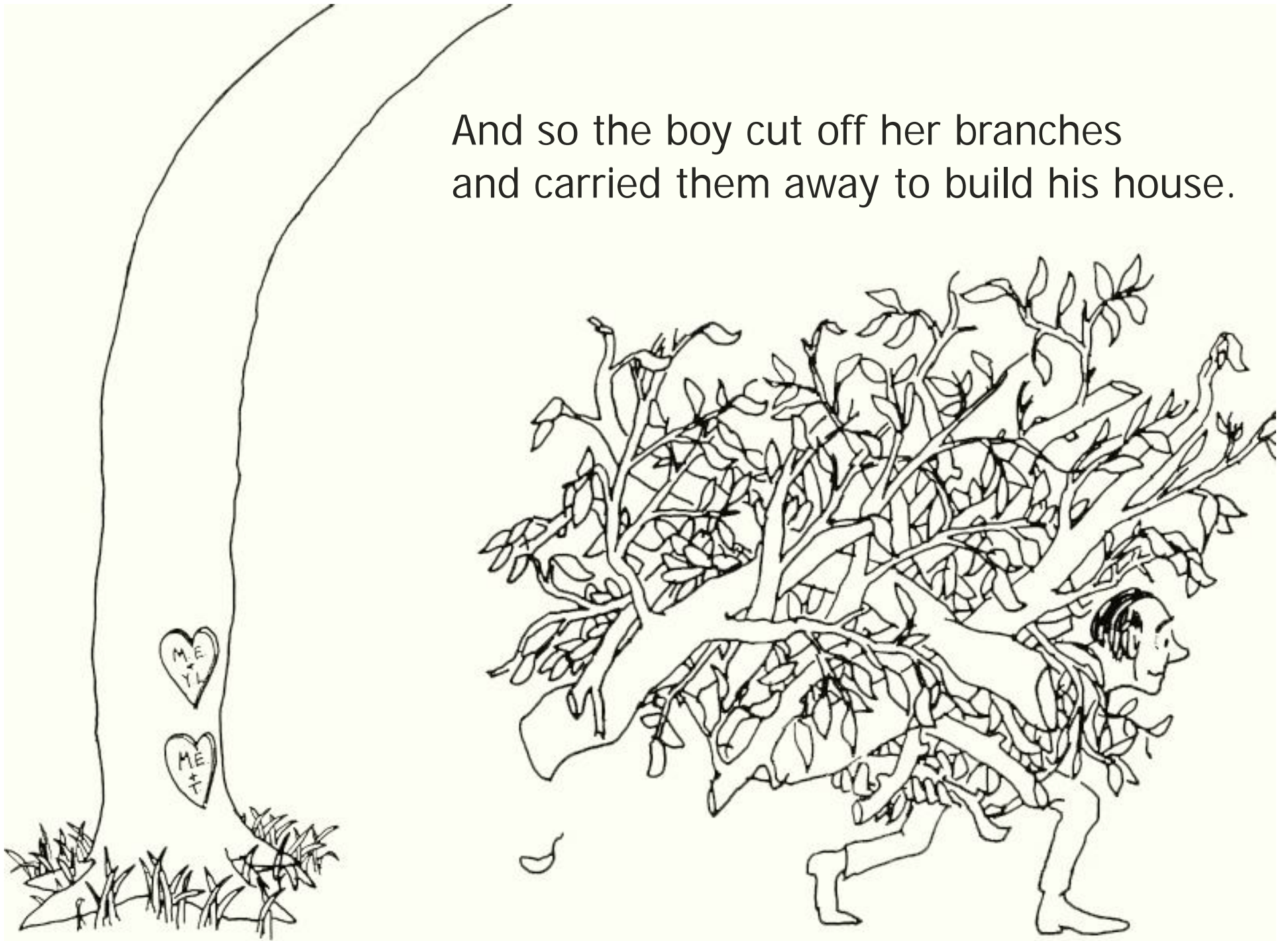


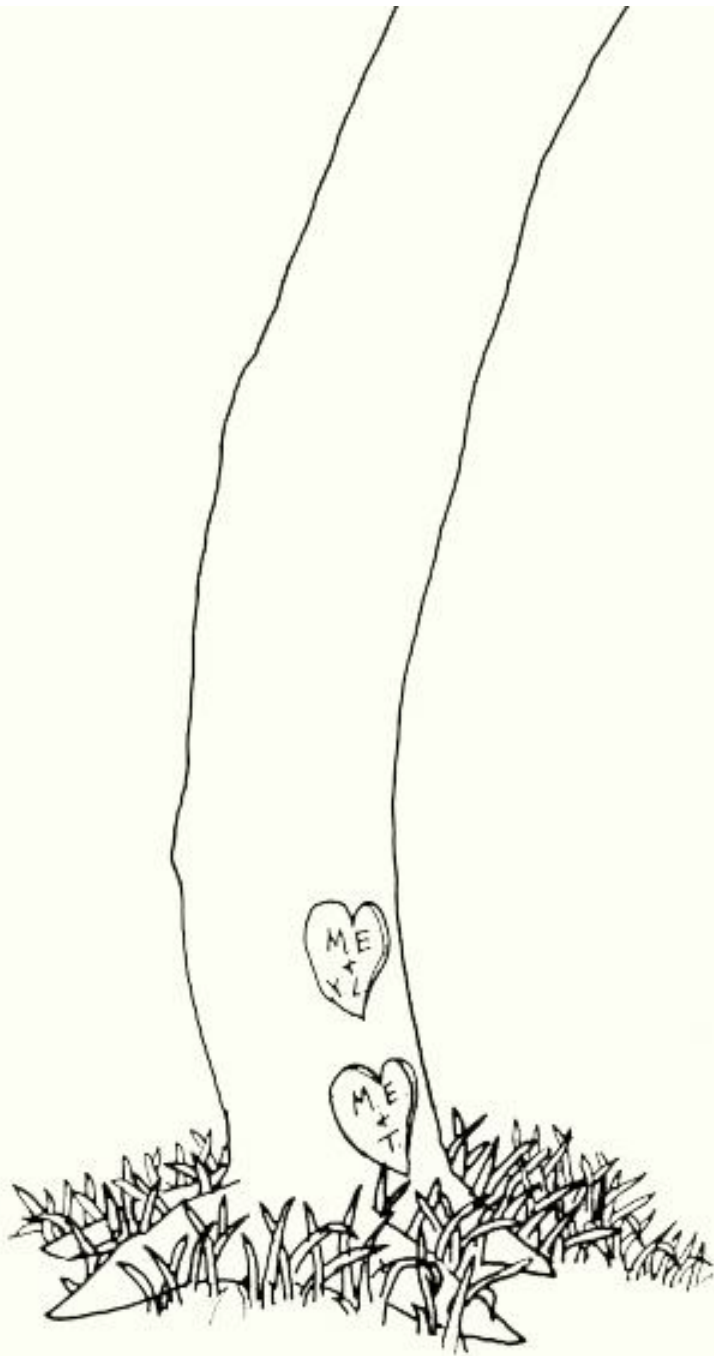
"I have no house," said the tree.  
"The forest is my house,  
but you may cut off my branches  
and build a house.  
Then you will be happy."





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.

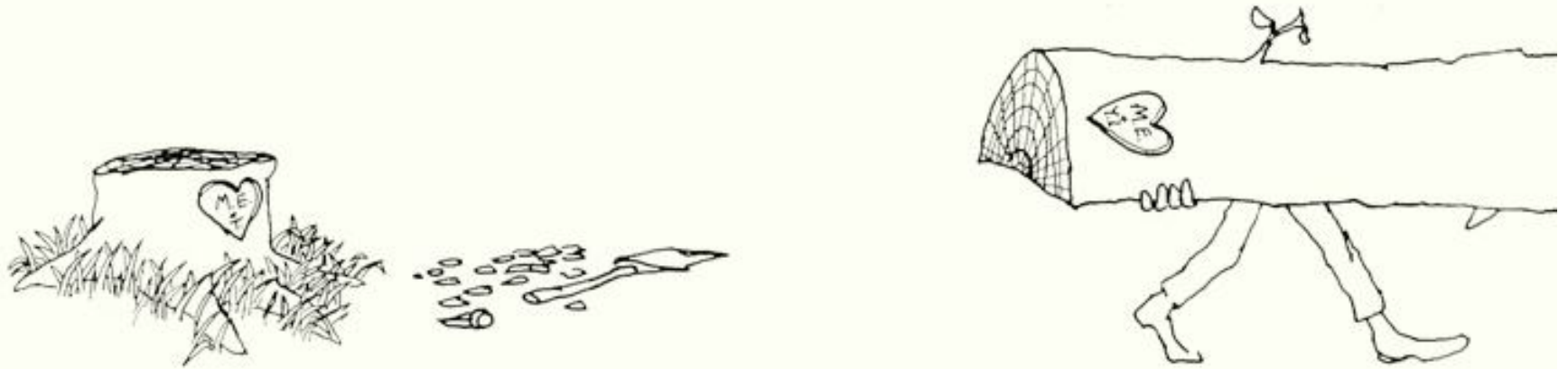
"I want a boat that will  
Take me far away from here.  
Can you give me a boat?"

"Cut down my trunk and make  
a boat," said the tree.

"Than 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.

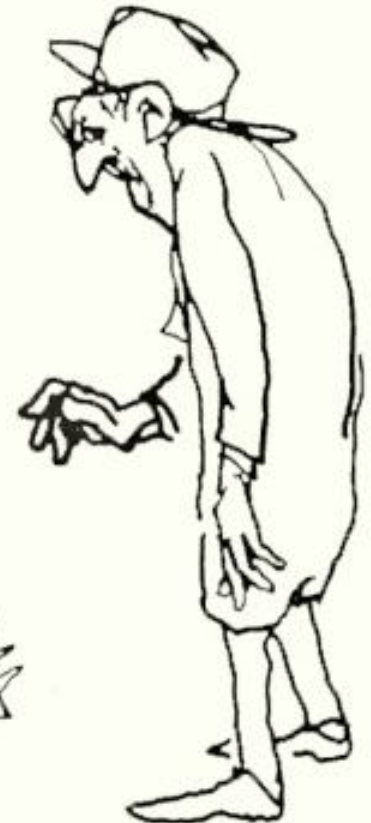
"You cannot swing on them —"

"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