The Giving Tree

by Shel Silverstein
The Giving Tree

Dr Seuss

Once there was a tree...

and she loved

a

little boy.

And he loved her.

And every day the boy would come
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.
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."

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"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.

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.
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 ....

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"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."

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And the tree was happy.