**THE GIVING TREE**

A tall, leafy tree stood on a hill, warmed by the sunshine.

This tree loved a little boy, and its heart would pound when it heard the patter of his footsteps approaching.

Hello Tree! How have you been?

Ha ha. The boy would always run to the tree right after school and tell it everything that had happened to him that day.

Someone hid a frog in the teacher’s desk today.

It hoped out during our dictation quiz and said “wrebbit!” , haha and I wrote “wrebbit” in my notebook!

Hahaha! Oh, that’s very funny.

Your teacher must have been very shocked!

The boy liked to hang upside down among the branches and watch the sunset.

You know Tree, the sun is so sad when it sets, but it always comes back full of energy every morning.

That’s beautiful.

I never saw it like that you should become a poet.

Oh, I don’t know that’s just what I see.

You are always sad too when your leaves fall every winter, but you greet them happily every spring.

That’s true. I like waiting.

However cold and lonely I am in the winter, I always know that the new sprouts will come in the spring.

The boy and the tree understood each other’s hearts and became best friends.

 The boy made crowns from the Tree’s leaves and napped among its roots.

The tree loved him with all its heart.

It was happy because it knew it was loved in return.

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