

THE GIVING TREE BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN

Once there was a tree. And she loved 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 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 thing 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 city. Then you will have money and you'll 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 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 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 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," said the tree. "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 a house. And the tree was happy.

But the boy stayed away for a long time and the tree was sad. 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 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 gone."

"My teeth are too weak for apple, " 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... and rest."

And the tree was happy...

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Once upon a time, there lived a rich emperor who had nothing to do but think about which clothes he would wear.

He changed clothes every hour and showed them off to his people.

Two wicked men wanted to trick the emperor and take his money.

The men said they were tailors who could sew magical clothes that could only be seen by people who were smart and wise.

The emperor paid the men a lot of money to make the magical clothes.

When the emperor put on the magical clothes, he was embarrassed to see in the mirror that he was naked.

"If I see nothing, that means I am not smart and wise," the emperor thought to himself. So the emperor said, "How beautiful my new clothes are," even though he could not see any clothes.

All the people gathered to see the emperor show off his magical clothes. "If I see nothing, that means I am not smart and wise," the people thought to themselves. So the people said, "How beautiful the Emperor's new clothes are," even though they could not see any clothes.

But one small boy laughed said, "The emperor is naked."

The emperor is standing naked on the balcony of his palace, acting like he is wearing dazzling royal clothing. A crowd of people has gathered in the plaza below to see the emperor's new clothes. A young boy sitting on his father's shoulder, is laughing and pointing at the emperor. We can only see the emperor from the waist up because of the stone railing on the balcony

The emperor realized that the child was right, but he could not tell the people that he had been tricked by the two wicked men. Then the people would know that he was not smart and wise. So the emperor continued to act like he was wearing his magical clothes, even though he was wearing nothing at all.

THE UGLY DUCKLING BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Once upon a time down on an old farm, lived a duck family, and Mother Duck had been sitting on a clutch of new eggs. One nice morning, the eggs hatched and out popped six chirpy ducklings. But one egg was bigger than the rest, and it didn't hatch. Mother Duck couldn't recall laying that seventh egg. How did it get there? TOCK! TOCK! The little prisoner was pecking inside his shell.

"Did I count the eggs wrongly?" Mother Duck wondered. But before she had time to think about it, the last egg finally hatched. A strange looking duckling with gray feathers that should have been yellow gazed at a worried mother. The ducklings grew quickly, but Mother Duck had a secret worry.

"I can't understand how this ugly duckling can be one of mine!" she said to herself, shaking her head as she looked at her last born. Well, the gray duckling certainly wasn't pretty, and since he ate far more than his brothers, he was outgrowing them. As the days went by, the poor ugly duckling became more and more unhappy. His brothers didn't want to play with him, he was so clumsy, and all the farmyard folks simply laughed at him. He felt sad and lonely, while Mother Duck did her best to console him.

"Poor little ugly duckling!" she would say. "Why are you so different from the others?" And the ugly duckling felt worse than ever. He secretly wept at night. He felt nobody wanted him.

"Nobody loves me, they all tease me! Why am I different from my brothers?"

Then one day, at sunrise, he ran away from the farmyard. He stopped at a pond and began to question all the other birds. "Do you know of any ducklings with gray feathers like mine?" But everyone shook their heads in scorn.

"We don't know anyone as ugly as you." The ugly duckling did not lose heart, however, and kept on making inquiries. He went to another pond, where a pair of large geese gave him the same answer to his question. What's more, they warned him: "Don't stay here! Go away! It's dangerous. There are men with guns around here!" The duckling was sorry he had ever left the farmyard.

Then one day, his travels took him near an old countrywoman's cottage. Thinking he was a stray goose, she caught him.

"I'll put this in a hutch. I hope it's a female and lays plenty of eggs!" said the old woman, whose eyesight was poor. But the ugly duckling laid not a single egg. The hen kept frightening him.

"Just wait! If you don't lay eggs, the old woman will wring your neck and pop you into the pot!" And the cat chipped in: "Hee! Hee! I hope the woman cooks you, then I can gnaw at your bones!" The poor ugly duckling was so scared that he lost his appetite, though the old woman kept stuffing him with food and grumbling: "If you won't lay eggs, at least hurry up and get plump!"

"Oh, dear me!" moaned the now terrified duckling. "I'll die of fright first! And I did so hope someone would love me!"

Then one night, finding the hutch door ajar, he escaped. Once again he was all alone. He fled as far away as he could, and at dawn, he found himself in a thick bed of reeds. "If nobody wants me, I'll hid here forever."

There was plenty a food, and the duckling began to feel a little happier, though he was lonely. One day at sunrise, he saw a flight of beautiful birds wing overhead. White, with long slender necks, yellow beaks and large wings, they were migrating south.

"If only I could look like them, just for a day!" said the duckling, admiringly. Winter came and the water in the reed bed froze. The poor duckling left home to seek food in the snow. He dropped exhausted to the ground, but a farmer found him and put him in his big jacket pocket.

"I'll take him home to my children. They'll look after him. Poor thing, he's frozen!" The duckling was showered with kindly care at the farmer's house. In this way, the ugly duckling was able to survive the bitterly cold winter.

However, by springtime, he had grown so big that the farmer decided: "I'll set him free by the pond!" That was when the duckling saw himself mirrored in the water.

"Goodness! How I've changed! I hardly recognize myself!" The flight of swans winged north again and glided on to the pond. When the duckling saw them, he realized he was one of their kind, and soon made friends.

"We're swans like you!" they said, warmly. "Where have you been hiding?"

"It's a long story," replied the young swan, still astounded. Now, he swam majestically with his fellow swans. One day, he heard children on the river bank exclaim: "Look at that young swan! He's the finest of them all!"

And he almost burst with happiness.