

A stylized illustration of a boy with dark hair, wearing a green shirt and red overalls, looking up at a red apple falling from a tree. The tree is green with a thick trunk and a branch reaching towards the apple. The background is a solid light green color.

The Giving Tree
by Shel Silverstein

Relative Advantage

The advantage to using StoryJumper to present the story is because it is engaging and grabs the children's attention. This software is valuable for the children to read the story on because they use it like it is an actual book. The pages turn in the way one would turn pages of a real book. This software can help kids learn the right way to read a book.



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storyj.mp/ag452vt8vnjt

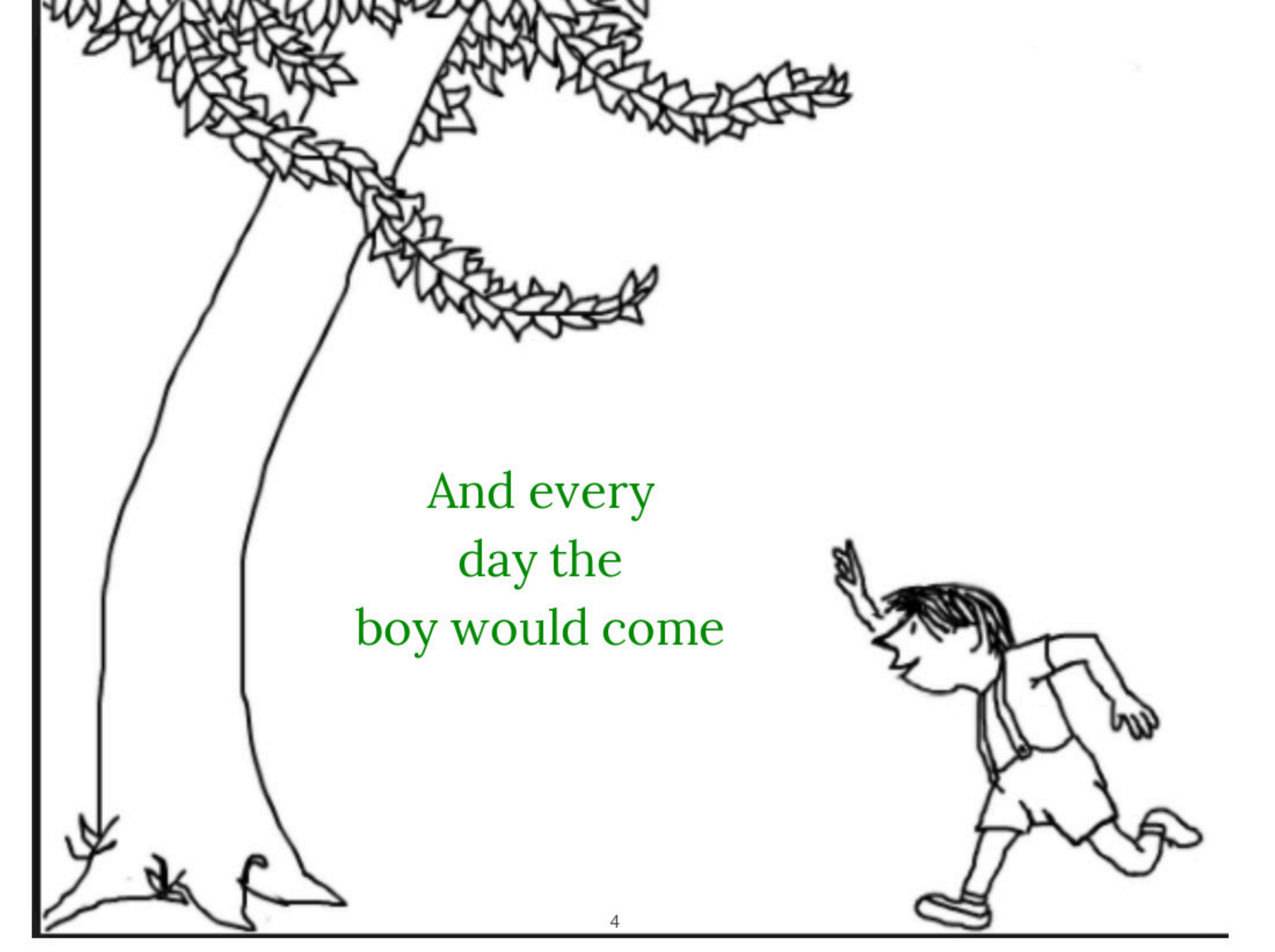


Once there
was a tree....




and
she loved
a
little boy.





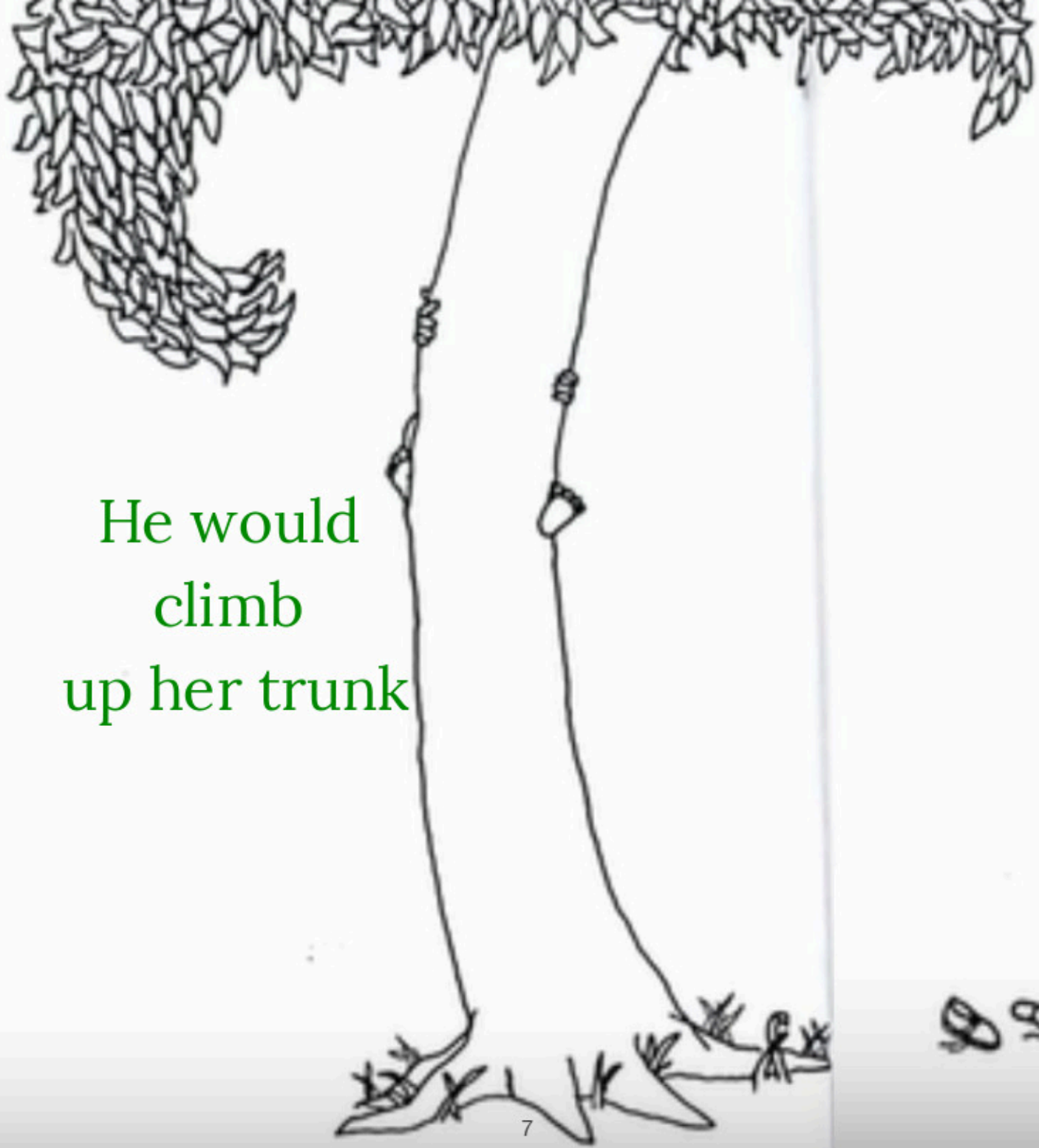
And every
day the
boy would come



and he
would
gather
her
leaves



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



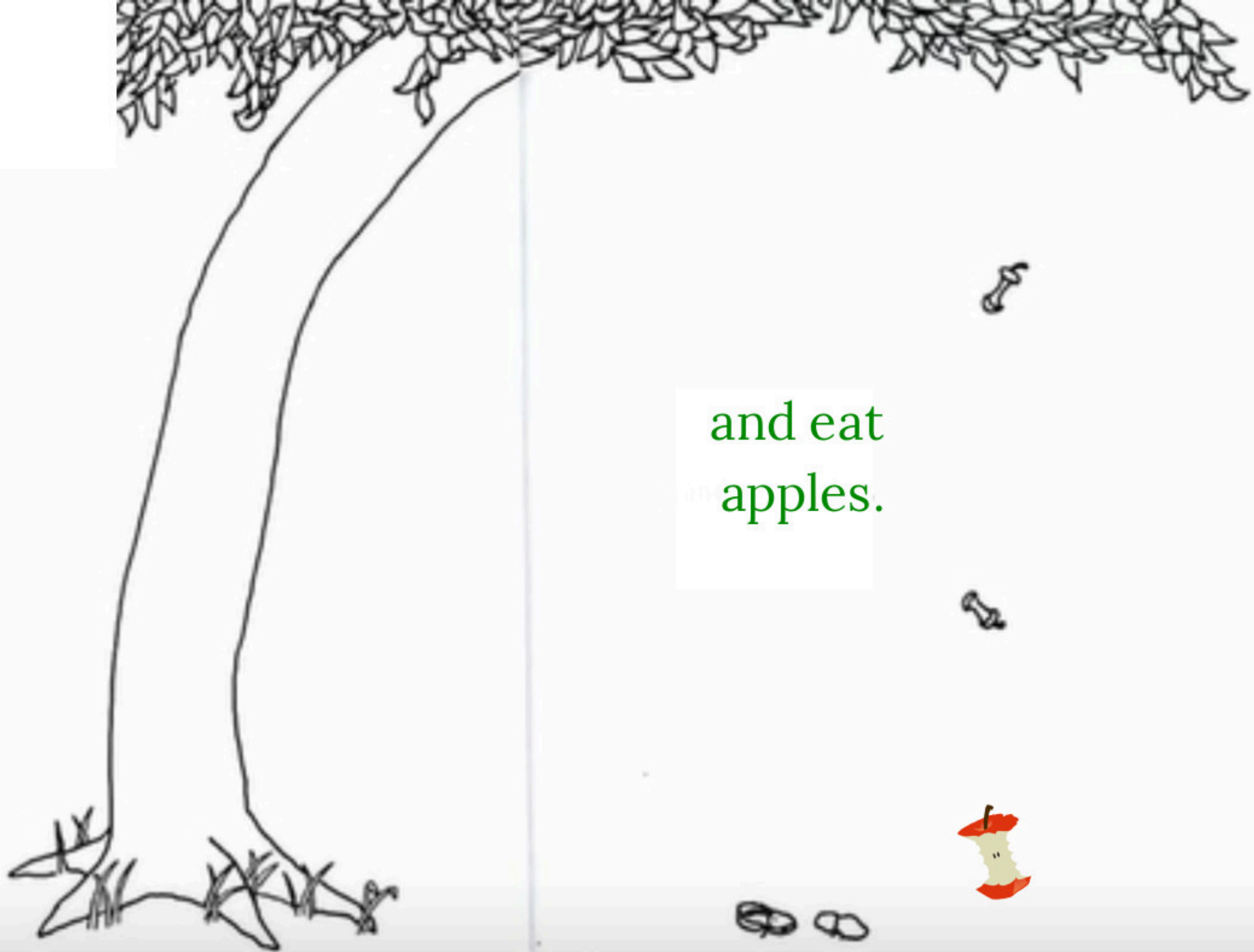
He would
climb
up her trunk

BB

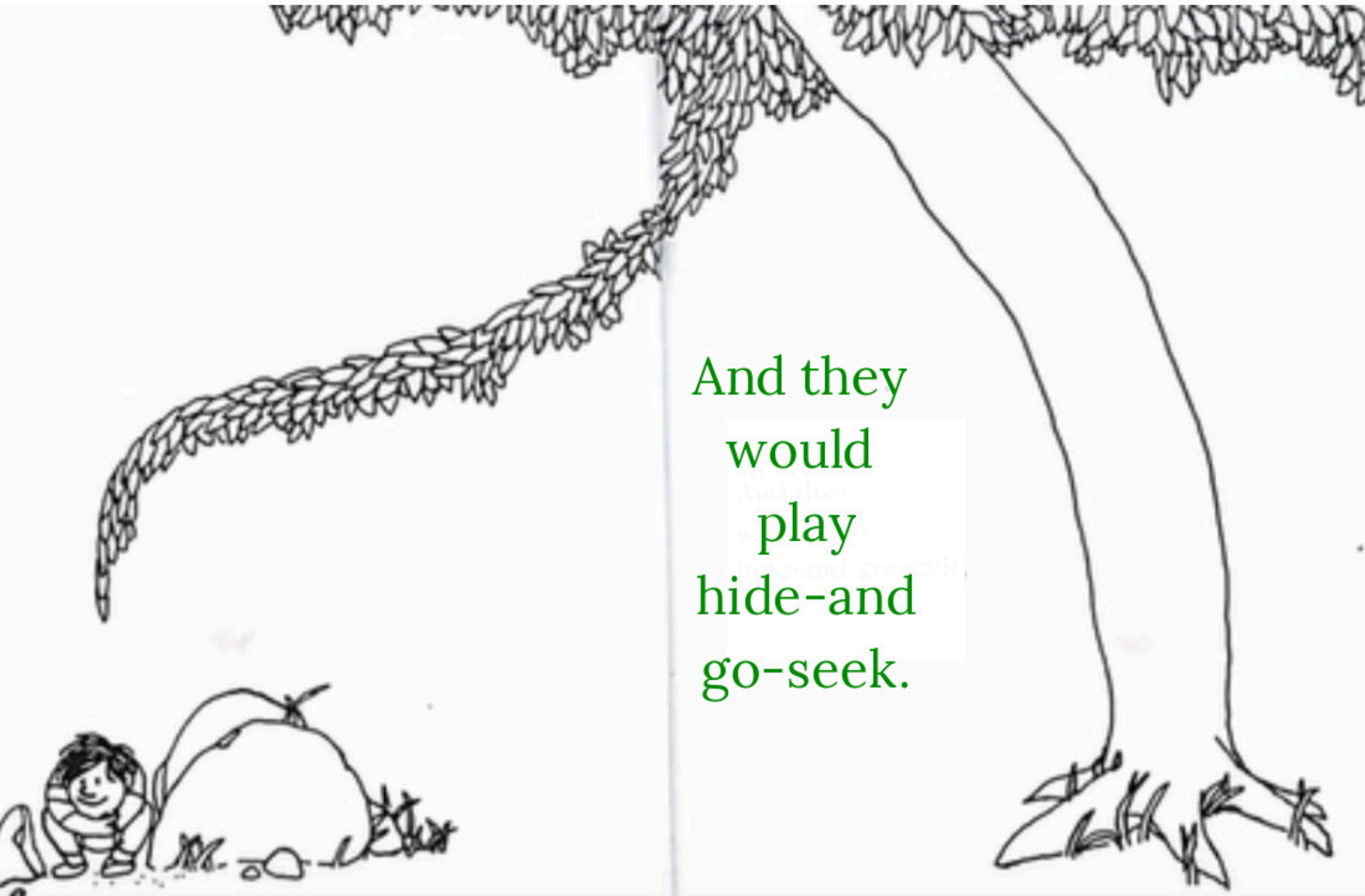


and swing from
her branches

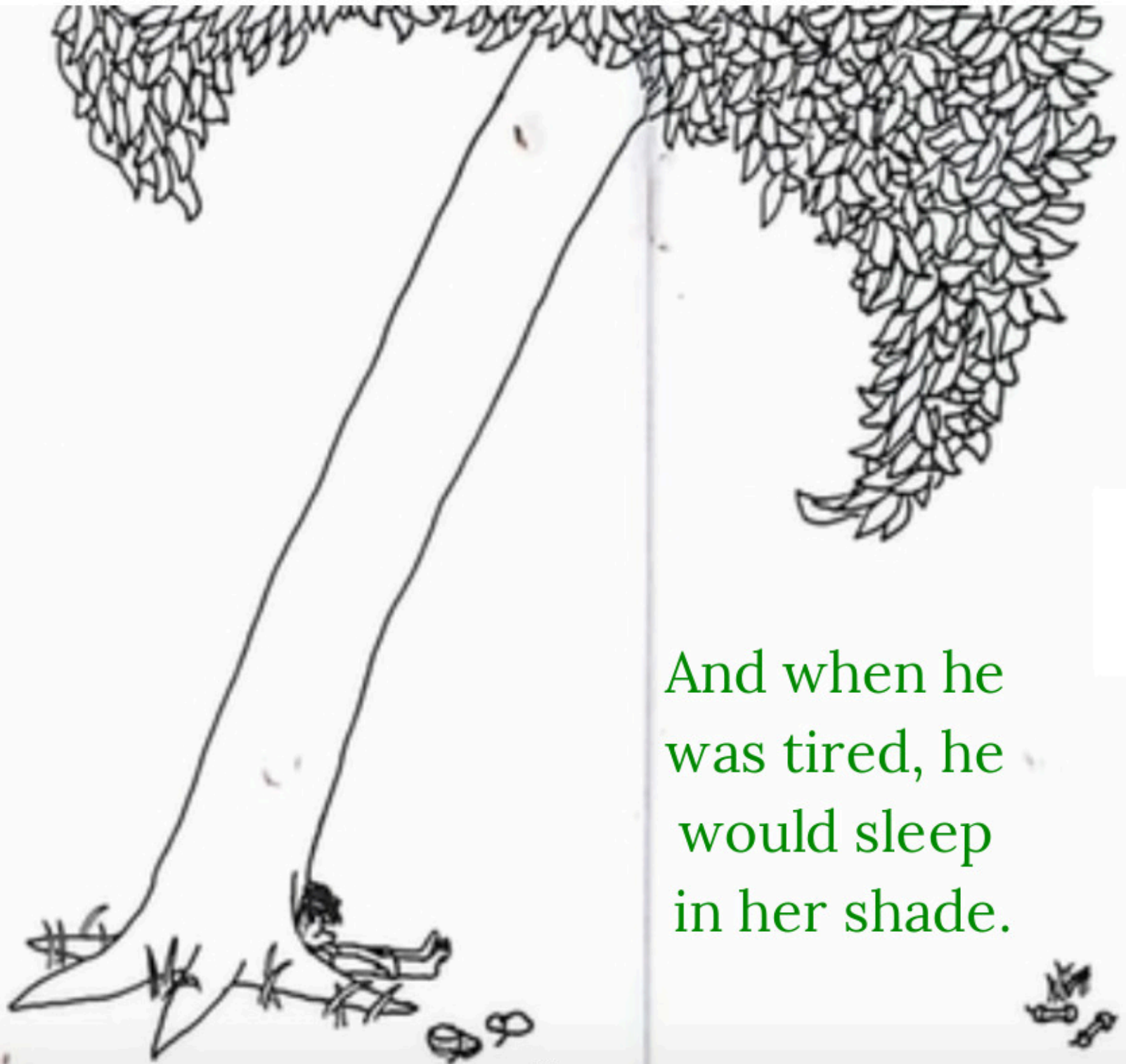




and eat
apples.



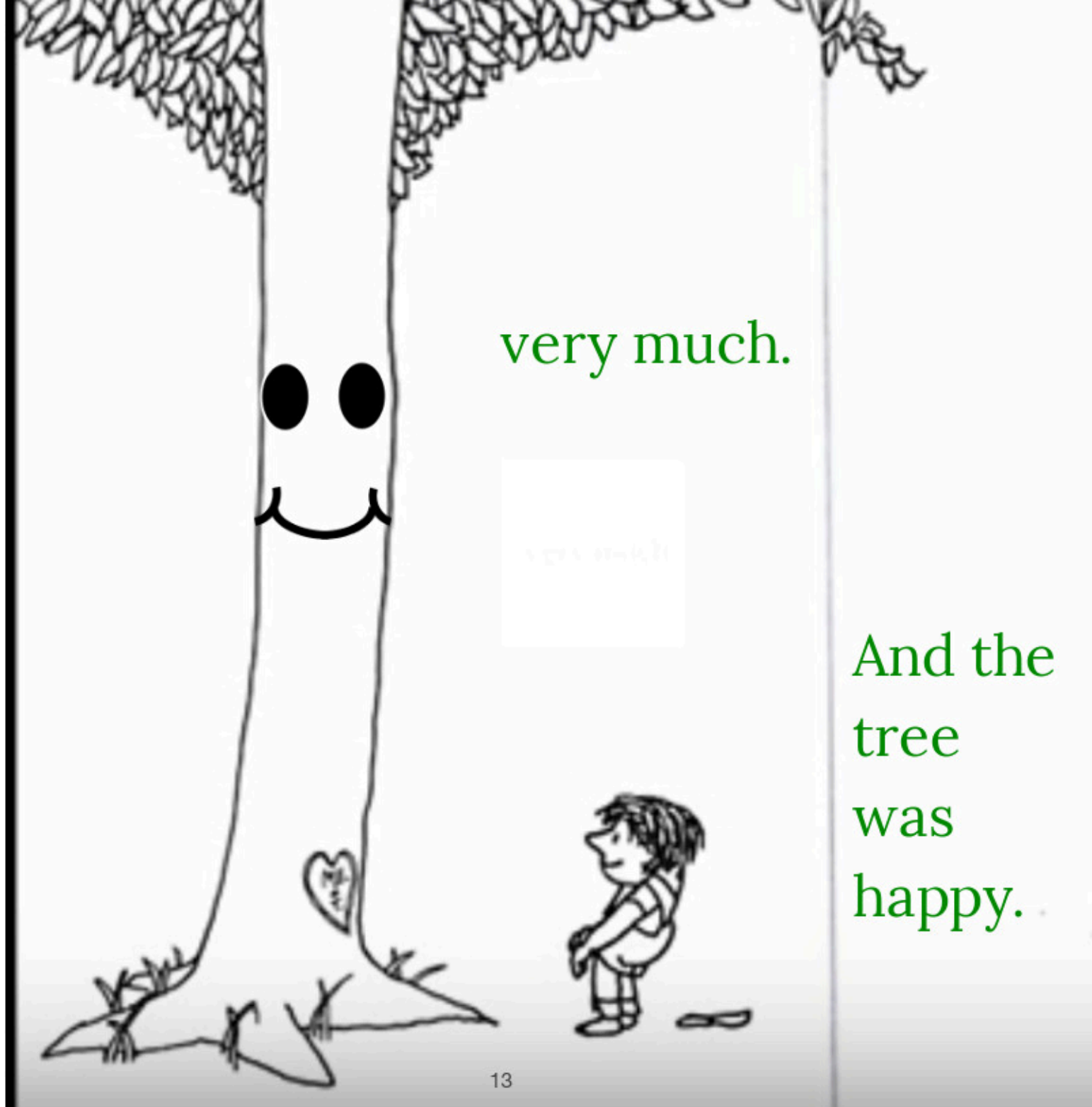
And they
would
play
hide-and
go-seeek.



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.

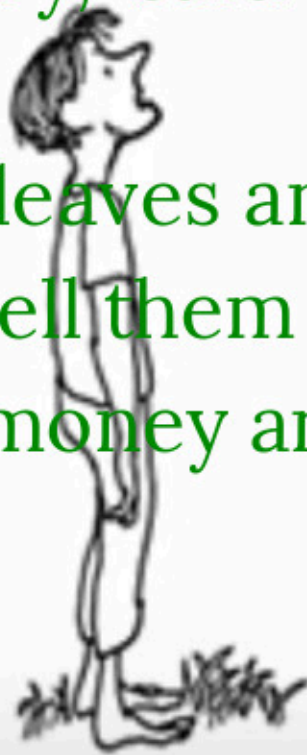


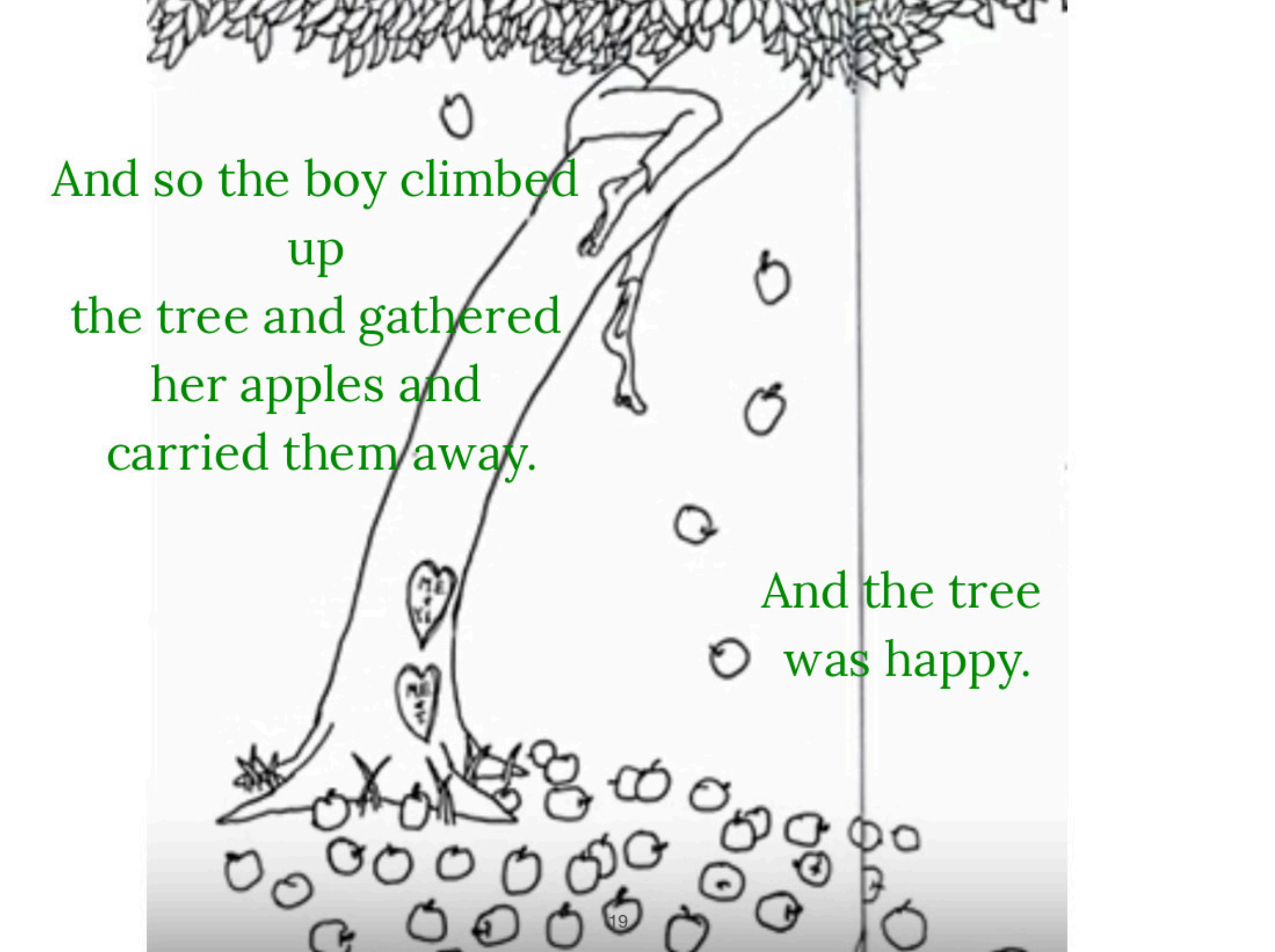


"I want to buy things and have fun. I want money. Can you give me some money?"

"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."

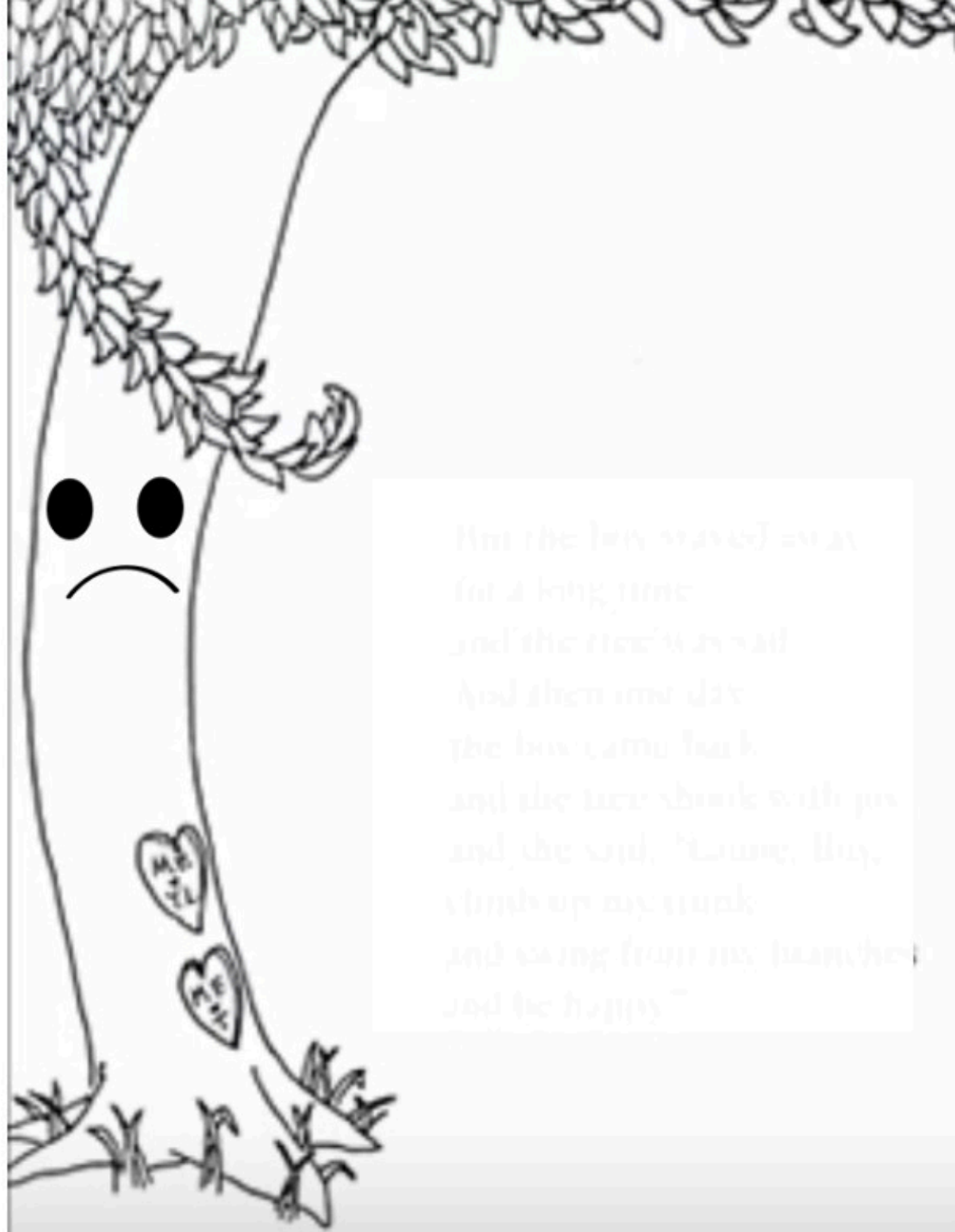




And so the boy climbed
up
the tree and gathered
her apples and
carried them away.

And the tree
was happy.

But the boy stayed away for 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."



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, 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. I want a wife and I want children, and 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.





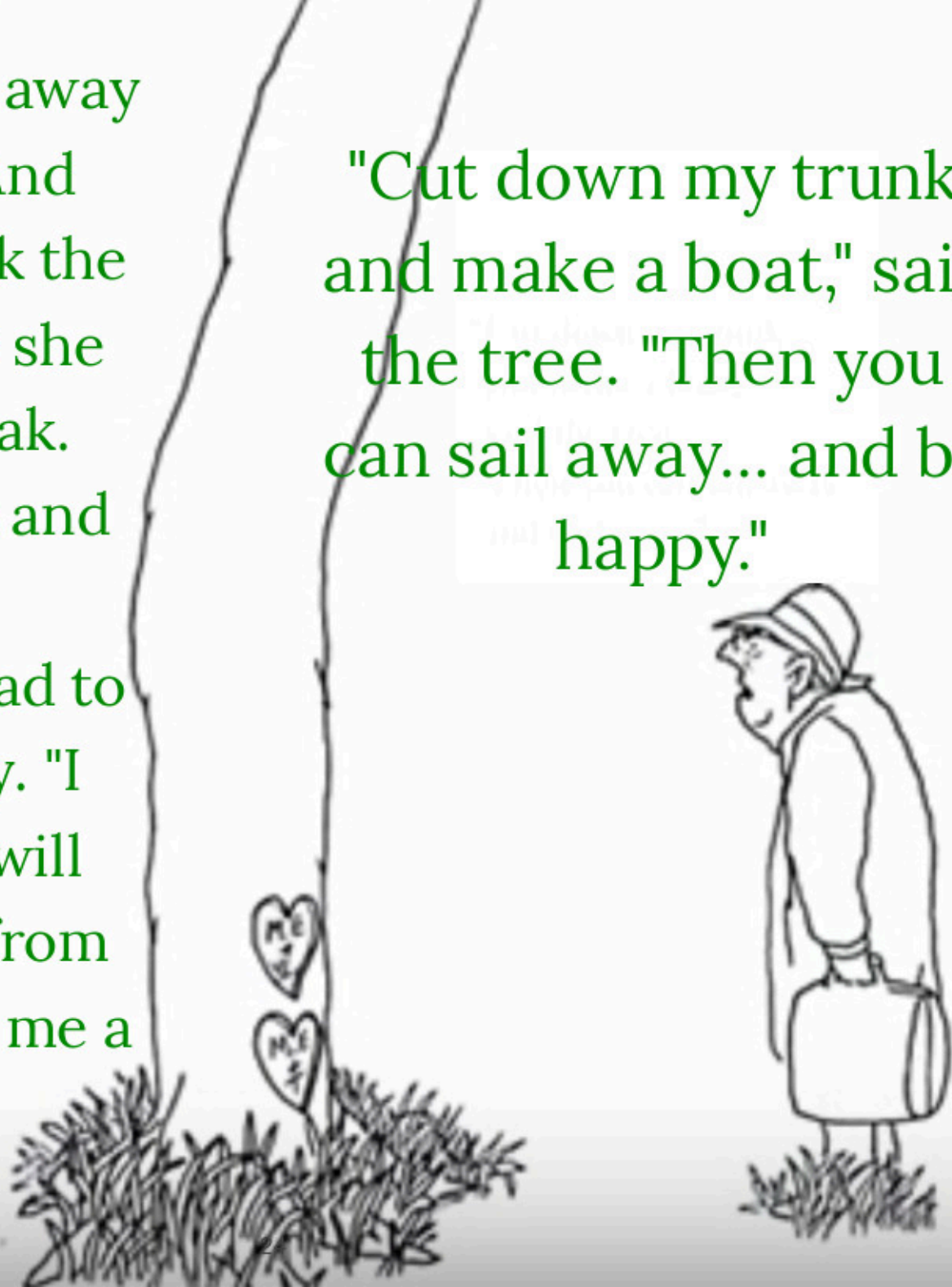
And the tree
was happy.

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, 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."



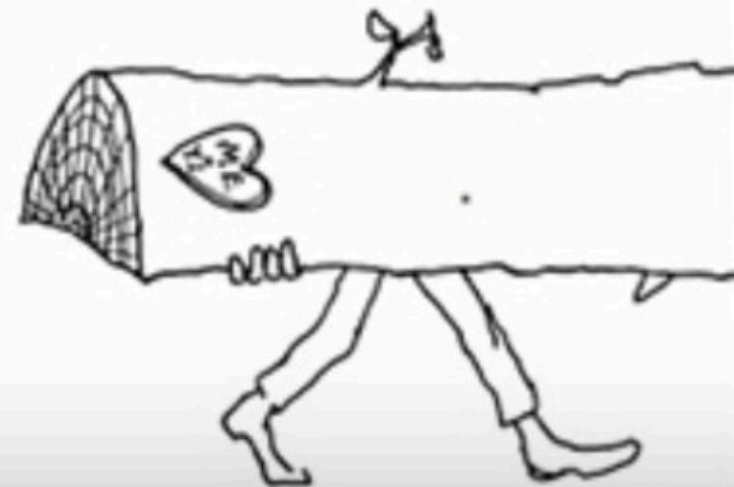
And so the boy
cut down her
trunk

And so the boy cut down her trunk



and made a boat
and sailed away.

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 I could give you something... but I have nothing left. I am just an old stump. I am sorry..."

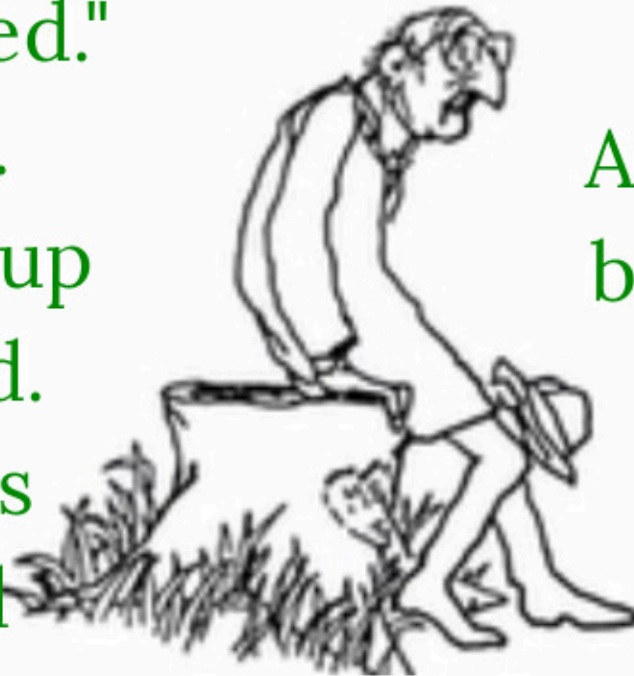


"I don't need very much now," said the boy.

"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 boy did.

And the tree
was happy.



THE END



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