

THE ROBIN &



THE FIR TREE



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One day, a tiny robin flew high above this forest, carefully carrying three velvet-red roses. She glided through the clear sky and disappeared amongst the trees.



In the centre of a clearing, a young fir tree woke up. He yawned, stretched, and shook off his cobweb-lace pyjamas. "What a beautiful morning it is!"

Just then, he saw something fluttering in the blue sky above him.

It was the robin. She swooped through his branches, scattering his needles. Finally, she came to rest on a branch, where she carefully placed the roses. The fir tree smiled.

"Thank you, my little friend. What a beautiful gift! Where did you get such lovely things?"





From a garden on the edge of the forest, in a glasshouse with dancing rainbows inside," the robin chirped.

"I wish I could see such a place," the fir tree sighed. "I only ever see the green of the clearing and the tiny white flowers that grow here."

The next day the fir tree woke to find the roses withered in the morning sun. Above him, an arrow of geese flew south for the winter. The fir tree wished he could join them and see what they saw.

It was autumn. Many of the trees in the forest had already changed into their gold and orange cloaks, but not the fir tree; he was greener than ever. "Every season will be just the same," he said. "How I long for something different to happen!"





The next day, he had his wish. People arrived in a meadow beside the forest and started building strange wooden structures. All the creatures in the forest chatted about the new arrivals, but the most interested of all was the fir tree.

He strained and stretched to peek past the forest's edge, where he saw towers and a wheel being built. He turned to the robin, who often rested on his branches now, and said, "What are those wooden things? Have you seen anything like them before?"