



Soon it was summertime and children came with baskets of berries.

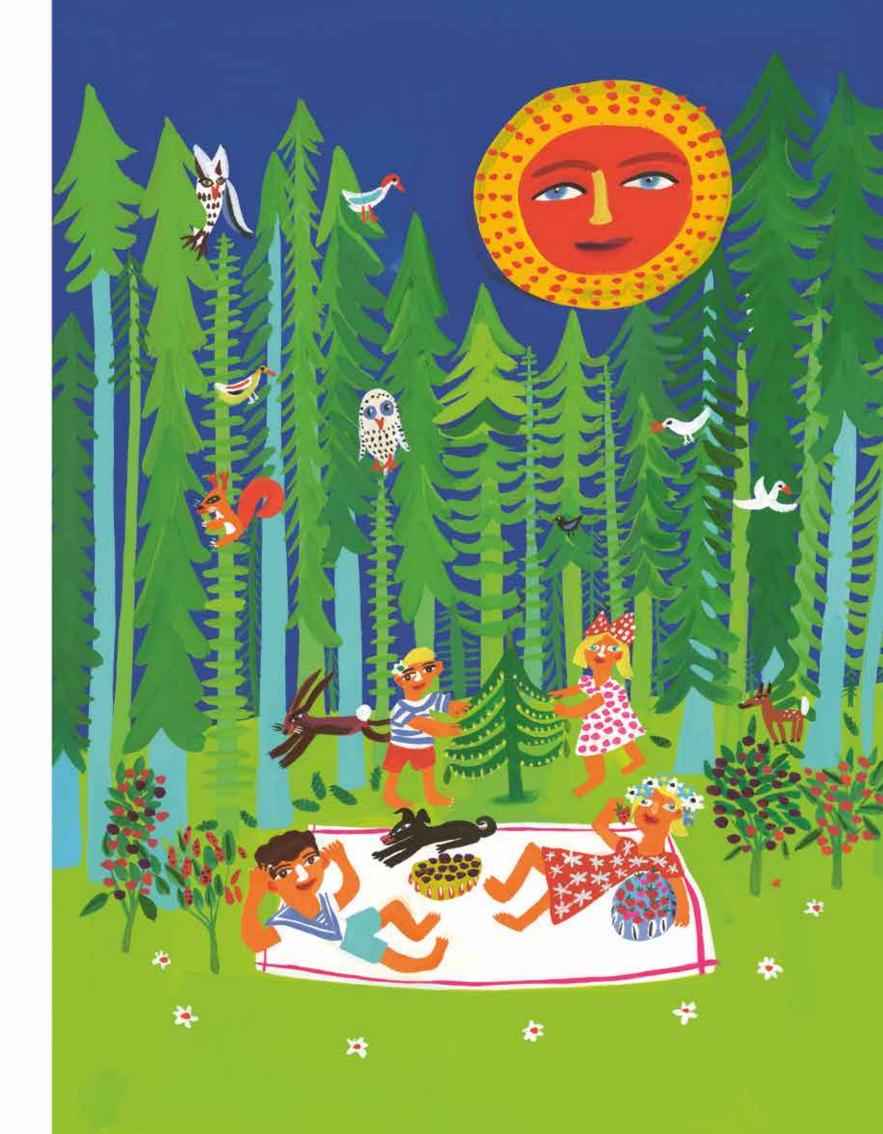
They sat next to the fir tree as they ate their fruit.

"What a perfect little tree," they said, stroking his branches.

"He is so pretty and sweet."



The little fir tree sighed. "I don't want to be pretty and sweet," he thought. "And I wish they'd leave my branches alone."









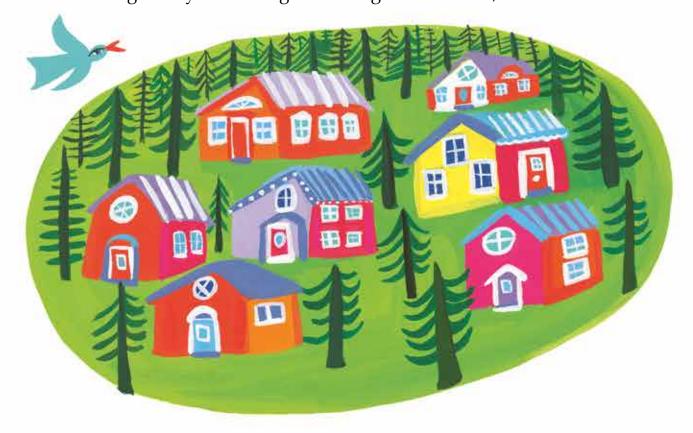
But the giant trees didn't reply.

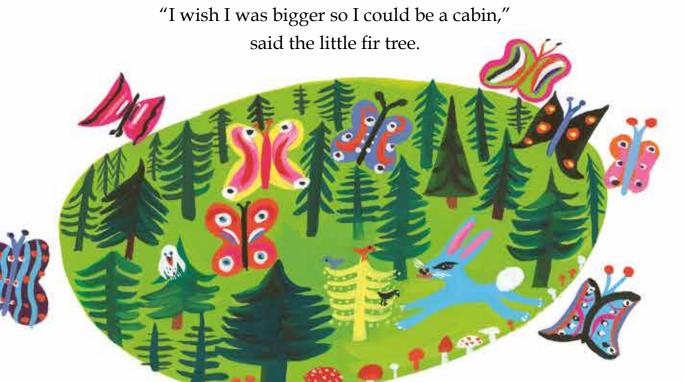
"Don't worry," said Squirrel, as the little fir tree fretted.

"It will be your turn one day."



"They have become cabins for people to live inside, standing sturdy and strong on the edge of the forest," said the birds.





He was so busy imagining it that he didn't notice the butterflies fluttering around him.