

Today is a special day.

Little Tree has been looking forward to this day all year.

"Maybe I'll get to be a real *Christmas tree* this year!" he says, seeing the truck approach.

The other trees are not so sure.

"Hold your horses," Old Tree says. "You're still so *little*."

"You know, you can't hold many ornaments or lights," Thin Tree explains.

"And there's only room for one present under your branches," Knotty Tree points out.

"A big family likes a big tree to make the children happy," states Big Tree.

"You're just a bit too little to be a Christmas tree," soothes Prickly Tree.



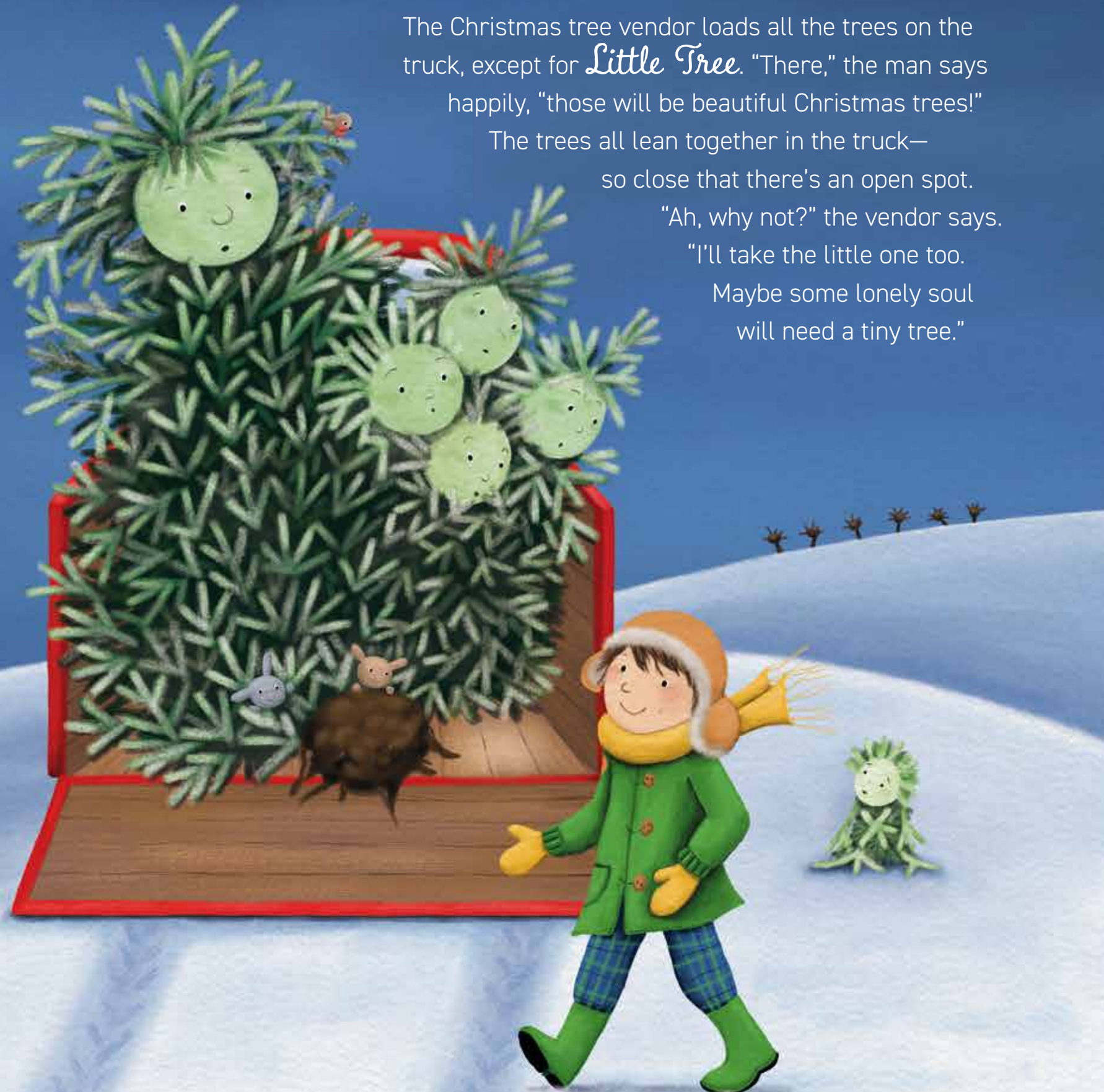
The Christmas tree vendor loads all the trees on the truck, except for *Little Tree*. "There," the man says happily, "those will be beautiful Christmas trees!"

The trees all lean together in the truck—so close that there's an open spot.

"Ah, why not?" the vendor says.

"I'll take the little one too.

Maybe some lonely soul will need a tiny tree."



"You can come with us, Little Tree!" Old Tree says kindly. But Little Tree thinks about what the other trees said. What if they're right? What if he *is* too little and nobody will pick him? He wants to be a Christmas tree so badly! With shining lights. A present under his branches. And happy children.



"Please let a family bring me home for *Christmas*," Little Tree says softly. "Be quiet now," Old Tree whispers, "there's a customer."