

Morning Presentation: The Giving Tree

2B Joyce Yip

Pharadon Cheung



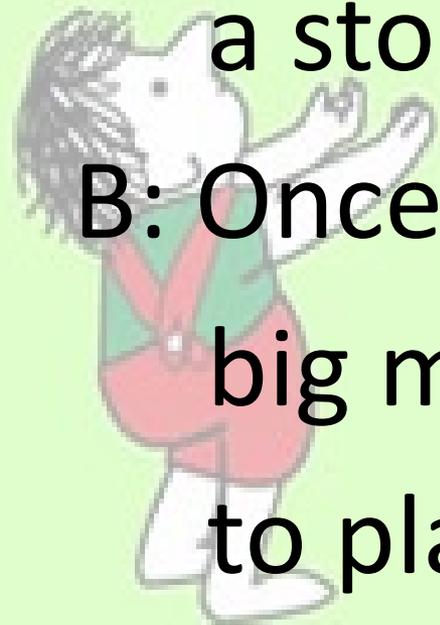
A: Good morning, everyone. We are from 2B. I am Joyce.



B: I am Pharadon.

A: Today, we are going to talk about a story, “The Giving Tree”.

B: Once upon a time, there was a big mango tree. A little boy loved to play around it every day.



He loved the tree and the tree loved to play with him. Time went by, the little boy grew, and he no longer played around the tree.

A: One day, the boy came back to the tree with a sad look on his face.



“Come and play with me,” the tree asked the boy. “I am no longer a kid, I don’t play around trees anymore,” the boy replied. He needed money to buy toys. The tree told him to pick its mangoes and sell them for money.



The boy did so excitedly and left. He didn't come back. The tree was sad.

B: One day, the boy grown into a man returned. "Come and play with me," the tree said happily.



“I don’t have time to play. I have to work for my family. We need a house for shelter. Can you help me?”
the man replied. The tree told him to chop off its branches to build his house. He did so.



The tree was glad to see him happy, but the boy didn't come back afterward. The tree was again lonely and sad.

A: One hot summer day, the man returned and the tree was delighted.
“Come and play with me!” The tree said.



“I am getting old. I want to go sailing to relax. Can you give me a boat?” the man replied. The tree asked him to use its trunk to build his boat. So, the man did so and went sailing. He didn't come back for a long time.



B: Finally, the man returned after he had left for many years. “Sorry, my boy, but I don’t have anything for you anymore. No more mangoes to give you,” the tree said. “I don’t have teeth to bite,” the man replied.



“No more trunk for you to climb on.”

“I am too old for that now,” the man said.

A: “I really can’t give you anything, the only thing left is my dying roots,” the tree said sadly. “I don’t need much now. I am tired after all these years,” the man replied.



“Good! Old tree roots are the best place to rest. Come sit down with me.” The boy sat down and the tree was glad and smiled.

B: The tree in the story represents our parents. When we are young, we love to play with them.



When we grow up, we leave them and only come back when we need help. Parents sacrifice their lives for us. We should give them love and care before it's too late.

A: That's the end of our presentation. Thank you for listening!

