



# The Little Christmas Tree



Patty Beecham – Words

Images by Neil Ennis and Google



# **The Little Christmas Tree**

**By Patty Beecham**

**For children everywhere, because everyone needs a little Christmas.**



In the dappled valleys that drape and fringe the inland communities of the  
Glasshouse Mountains, a forest grew.

And grew.







Mount Tibrogargan kept a close watch over all of the trees to the north.



Mount Beerwah looked after the southern end of the forest, where the wild crows called.

Beside that forest, near to the road that swathed through, a little tree nodded and smiled to the commuters in cars as they wove their way back to the city.





“Don’t you wander too far!” Mother Tree would rouse.



“Oh mum, I just want to wave, and see the families, and their children,  
and their shared happiness.”



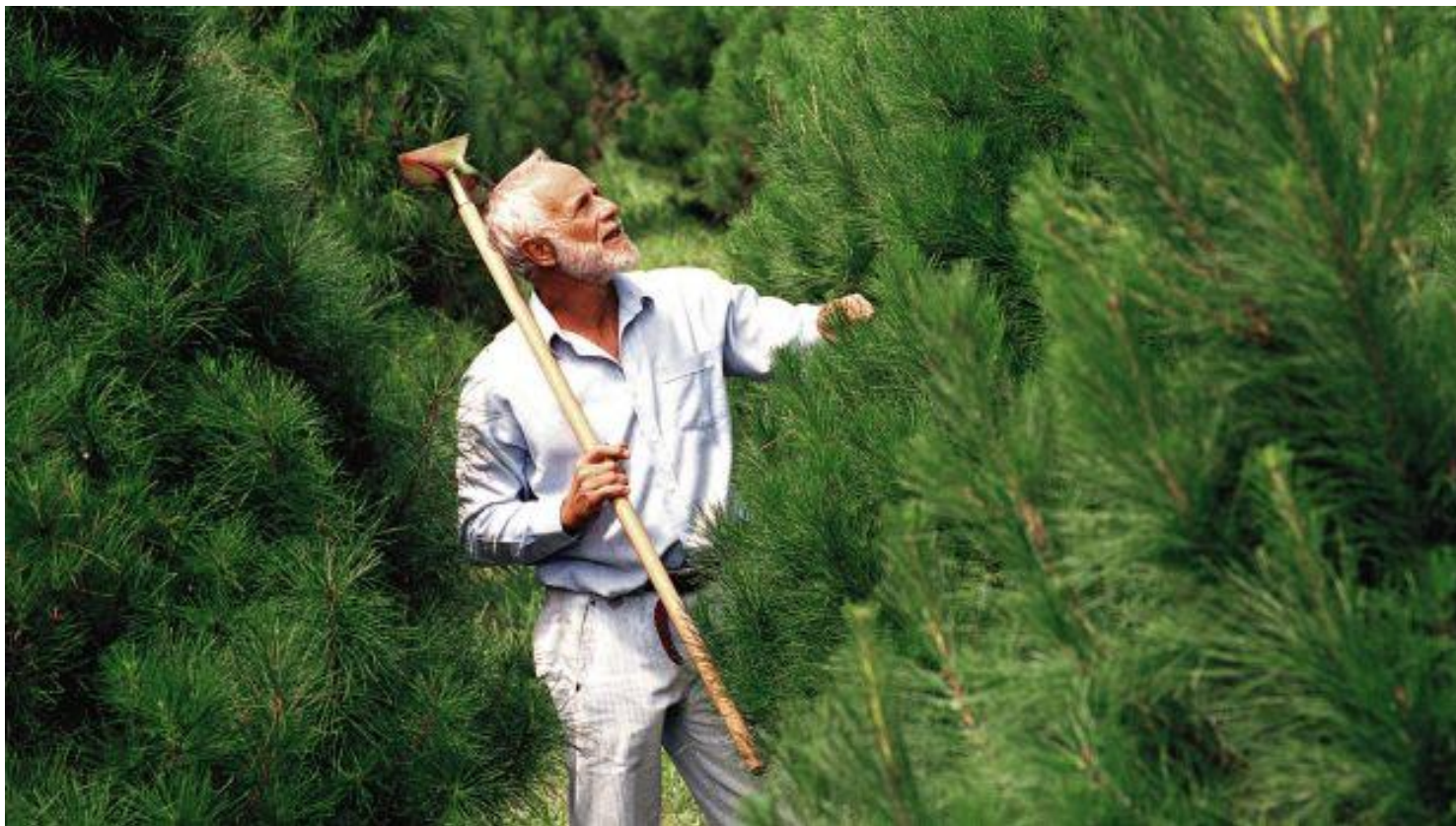
Little Tree was happy enough, but deep down he knew there was a bigger world out there, beckoning, and he dreamt of a new life full of laughter and children.





He sighed, and wriggled his toes in the soft forest floor that was carpeted in pine needles and shadow.

One day a forestry worker ambled along.







“Look sharp!” barked Father Tree, and they all stood stock still, and gazed their eyes upwards to the soaring birds.





The forestry worker whistled as the roar of the chainsaw gently trimmed stray lower branches.



“I needed a shave” joked Father Tree, “I was beginning to feel a bit bushy down there. In fact, I feel TREE-mendous!” and he laughed and shivered in the breeze.

Every tree groaned at his jokes. Branches creaked and swayed with mirth.







One day, a Friday, as commuters began the long conga line of cars to the coast for Christmas, a car stopped. A door slammed.

“What’s going on?” the other trees all called from the canopy, “Be careful!”



Little Tree became frightened as a shovel dug around his base.



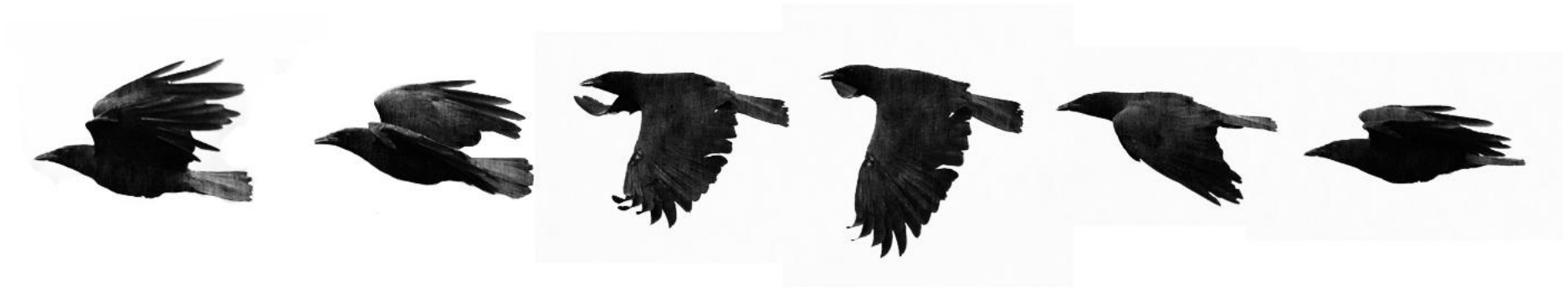
“Oh Dad!” he trembled.

“Be still son, be brave!” Father Tree commanded him.

“You’ll be okay.”

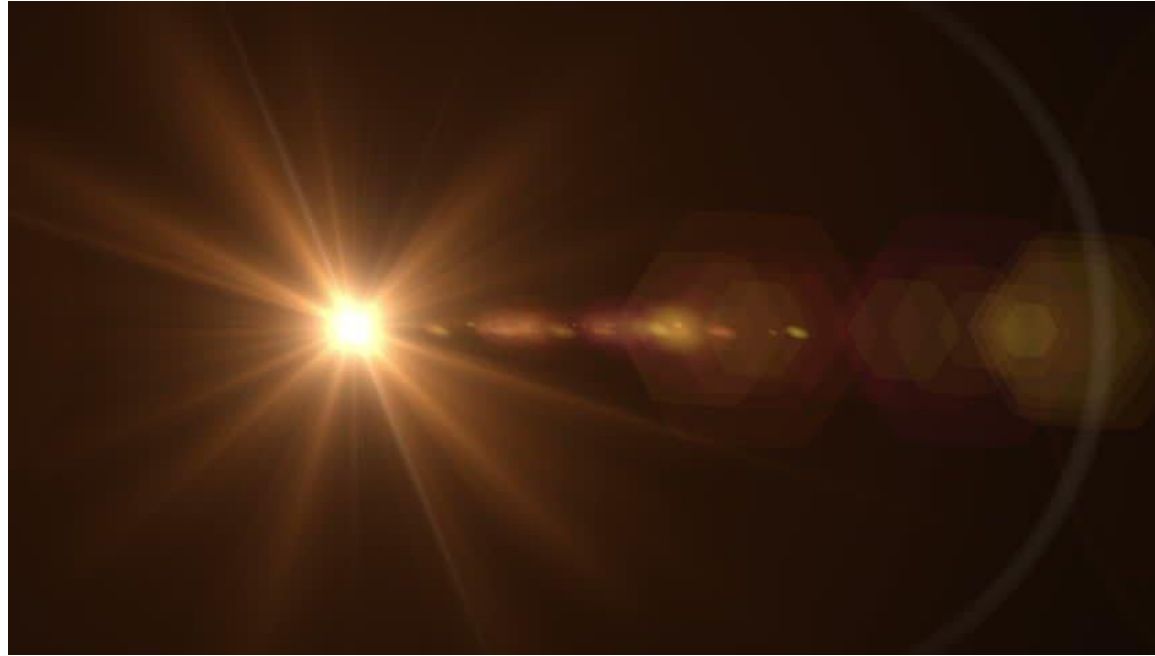


In one smooth motion, Little Tree was lifted higher than he had ever been before, and placed in the back of a vehicle. His roots felt cold, hard plastic.



The next moment, he was travelling faster than the fresh wind that danced past his young branches, faster than the crows that would dart and flap within the deep forest.

Little Tree closed his eyes; his body bent and whipped with the wind.



Finally, an adventure! It felt good.

When Little Tree opened his eyes again, he smelt perfume, and mangos.

“Darling, a real tree! It is truly beautiful!”





He was inside a house! He had never known the sky to be hidden, and he missed the openness and breeze, and the wilful rain that fell like diamonds.





He had only known sunsets, with the stars that guarded them, and the moon that guided them; in that tall, silent forest of friends and family.





For a moment, he missed his forest friends, but he knew in his heart that this was the life he was meant to live.

He gazed at the room. The Father of the Household watered him in the sturdy pot.

He drank deeply; he was thirsty after the unexpected journey.





Children gathered around and sang.

They tenderly draped his young branches with shiny metallic tinsel.





The Christmas lights made him glow.



He was bedazzled. How handsome I must look, he thought.



I even have a star!



“That little tree,” said a warm voice “is going to join our Christmas every year. We’ll pop him out in the garden afterwards, and he will be our very special family Christmas Tradition.”



Little Tree raised his branches, and beamed.



Then he felt it.

That warm glow from the inside that spread, reaching every little, tiny pine needle.

Happiness.





This is never  
The End.

It's always the beginning!

Merry Christmas to you.

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