



THE FIR TREE AND THE TRUNK

BY ELIDE FUMAGALLI

VIVO DI FIABE

1 It was a cold winter evening. Silvestro, the little fir tree, was trembling, and not just because of the cold.

He had heard the older trees whisper that every year, mums and dads came to the forest with their children... to cut down fir trees and take them to their homes!

All of a sudden, shadows appeared.

Someone was coming straight towards him, carrying a big suitcase. Silvestro's little heart began to beat fast as he thought, "Is it an axe?"

"This one is perfect!" shouted a man from afar, pointing at Silvestro. The tree trembled with fear!

The man opened the suitcase and...



VINO di FIABE

The man opened the suitcase, and a warm, golden light spread through the forest. Inside the suitcase, there wasn't an axe, but glowing strings of lights, shiny baubles, colourful ribbons, and a golden star.

With great care, they began to decorate him. Silvestro felt gently touched and cared for as he slowly turned into a beautiful Christmas tree!

When the tree was ready, they sang a sweet Christmas song together and then went back to their homes.

As soon as they left, the forest animals came closer, amazed, while Silvestro smiled, making the lights shine even brighter.

He whispered to them, "I'm colourful, glowing, and... still alive!"

The stars lit up the sky, and the first snowflakes began to fall. From far away, the sound of church bells could be heard: it was Christmas.

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