



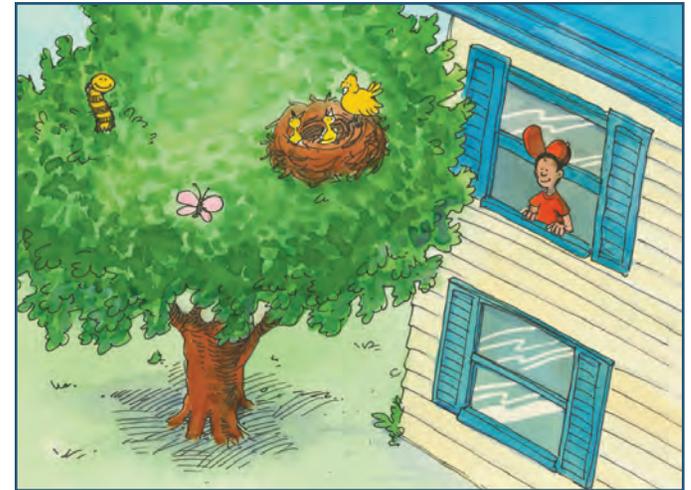


STORY 1: Jay's Tree

When Jay was born, his parents planted a tiny tree outside his bedroom window. The tree and Jay grew tall and strong side by side. Of course, the tree grew much taller and stronger.

Jay loved his tree. Every morning, he watched the birds gather on the branches, and he listened to them sing as they greeted the day. In the spring, birds often built nests at the top of his tree. And Jay would watch the baby birds grow, protected by his tree.

When Jay leaned out his window and got very close to the branches and leaves of his tree, he sometimes saw a caterpillar munching on a leaf. He liked watching the caterpillar. He knew it was getting ready for its long sleep before it turned into a butterfly.



1 of 4





STORY 1: Jay's Tree

On hot summer afternoons, Jay loved to sit in the shade under his tree and watch Mimi, his cat, climb the tree and use its trunk to sharpen her claws. Often, Jay used the tree to hide behind when he and his friends played hide 'n' seek. Every Saturday, Jay watered his tree, so that its branches would stay strong and its leaves would stay green. And Jay always liked to just look at his tree. It was a very pretty tree.



2 of 4

One day, Jay's father, who knew how much Jay loved his tree, said to Jay, "How would you like a treehouse in your tree?"

"A treehouse!" Jay exclaimed. "I'd love to have a house in my tree!"

"Then come on," said Jay's dad. "Let's go to the lumberyard to get the wood to build your treehouse."





STORY 1: Jay's Tree

At the lumberyard, everywhere Jay looked there was wood—light-colored wood and dark-colored wood, rough wood and smooth wood, little pieces of wood and big pieces of wood. “Wow!” said Jay. “Where did all this wood come from?”

Mr. Stevens, who was sitting up on his forklift, heard Jay and called down, “From trees—it all comes from trees!”

“From trees?” Jay repeated, looking up at Mr. Stevens. “You mean we cut down trees to get wood?”

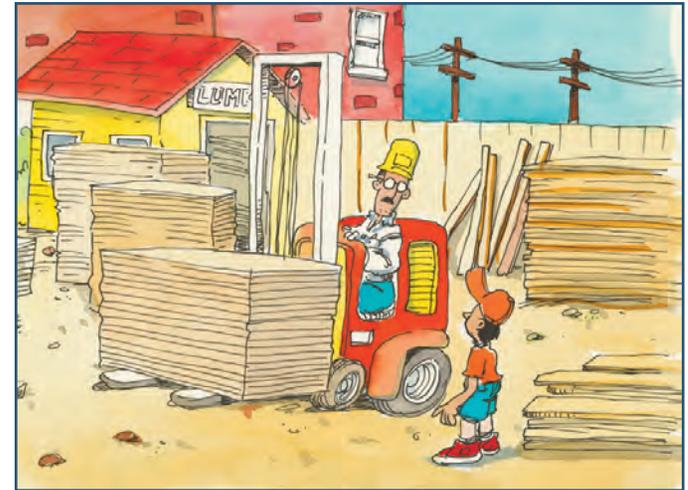
“Yes,” replied Mr. Stevens. “Some trees are grown just so we can use their wood.”

“But what do we use all this wood for?” Jay asked, looking at the stacks and stacks of wood.

“The wood from trees is used for many things,” Mr. Stevens answered, climbing down from his forklift. “We use wood to make tables and chairs and bookcases and other furniture. Look out on the street. Those telephone poles and power poles are made of wood. And we use a lot of wood for houses.”

“Like my treehouse!” exclaimed Jay.

“That’s right,” said Mr. Stevens.







STORY 1: Jay's Tree

"Gee," Jay sighed, sitting down on a stack of wood. "I never knew we used so much wood. It must take a lot of trees."

"Yes, it does," answered Mr. Stevens. "And wood from trees is used for something else, too—to make paper."

"Paper!" said Jay surprised. "We make paper out of trees?"

"That's right," replied Mr. Stevens. "Wood is chopped up into tiny pieces and made into paper."

"Like the paper I write and draw on in school?" Jay wanted to know.

"Yes," said Mr. Stevens. "Wood is made into all kinds of paper. Just look around." Mr. Stevens pointed here and there while saying, "See the bag the popcorn is in, see the newspaper that man is reading, see the cardboard boxes against the wall, see the tissue that woman is using, and see the book that girl is looking at? All of these are made from wood from trees."

"Boy," said Jay. "I knew I liked trees, but I never knew how many things trees were used for."

"Trees are very important," said Mr. Stevens, "both when they are alive and growing and when they are cut down. We'll always need trees."

