The Giving Tree

مصطلح: اروندلیتا
ترجمه: محمد نیما
The Giving Tree
Once there was a tree....
and she loved a little boy.
And everyday the boy would come ...
... and he would gather the leaves
and make them into a crown.
and play king in the forest. He would climb up her trunk
and swing from her branches
and eat apples.
And they would play hide-and-go-seek.
And when he was tired, he would sleep in her shade.
And the boy loved the tree very much. And the tree was happy.
But time went by.
And the boy grew older.
And the tree was often alone.
Then one day the boy came to the tree and the tree said, "Come, Boy, come and climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and eat apples and play in my shade and be happy."

"I am too big to climb and play," said the boy. "I want to buy things and have fun. I want some money?"

"But I have no money. I have only leaves and apples. Take my apples, Boy, and sell them in the city. Then you will have money and you will be happy."
And so the boy climbed up the tree and gathered her apples and carried them away. And the tree was happy. But the boy stayed away for a long time....
and the tree was sad. And then one day the boy came back and the tree shook with joy and she said, "Come Boy, climb up my trunk and swing from my branches, and be happy."

"I'm too busy to climb trees," said the boy. "I want a house to keep me warm," he said. "I want a wife and I want children and so I need a house. Can you give me a house?"

"But you may cut off my branches and build a house. Then you will be happy."
And so the boy cut off her branches and carried them away to build his house. And the tree was happy.

But the boy stayed away for a long time. And when he came back, the tree was so happy she could hardly speak.

"Come, Boy," she whispered, "come and play."
"I want a boat that will take me far from here. Can you give me a boat?"
"Cut down my trunk and make a boat," said the tree. "Then you can sail away.... and be happy."
And so the boy cut down her trunk and made a boat and sailed away. And the tree was happy.... but not really.
And after a long time the boy came back again. "I am sorry, Boy," said the tree, "but I have nothing left to give you - my apples are gone," said the tree.

"My teeth are too weak for apples," said the boy. "My branches are gone," said the tree. "You cannot swing on them."

"I am too old to swing on branches," said the boy.
"شچنس کبھی نہ تھا روا
تو نہیں پڑھنی جاتے
کو طاقت بھی میں
ختم ہے"  اڑکے
نکدےہاں۔
"میں آئے بنیاد میں
جاپنا
تخدھنا

اگر آب میرے سے پاپ بھیجا جا سکتا ہے-
یہٹے پاس ایک خوفشہ خیابہ بھی۔
تھی معاوے کرنا۔
"مگر بھائی بہت خوششہ خیابہ بھی
گجرکے ہے ساڑھہ ساڑھہ پھر نہیں ہے۔
خدھا آئے خوفشہ اور ساتھ نے کے
لیے میں نہیں بھیت تھاکے بھاولدیوں۔
"بہتر ہیا" درخت نے اپنے آپ کو بھیجا جا کے تو اڑکےہاں۔
آڑکےہاں اپنے
خدھاشہ پر نہوں دکھاو آرام کرو۔
اور آئے تھاکے بھیجا گیا۔
درخت اپنے بھیجا دکھا دوول۔
"My trunk is gone," said the tree.
"You cannot climb..."
"I am too tired to climb," said the boy.
"I am sorry," sighed the tree.
"I wish I could give you something..., but I have nothing left.
I am just an old stump. I am sorry....."
"I don't need very much now," said the boy,
"just a quiet place to sit and rest.
I am very tired."
"Well," said the tree, straightening herself up as much as she could," well, an old stump is good for sitting and resting.
Come, Boy, sit down. Sit down and rest."
And the boy did. And the tree was happy.