



The Legend of the Fir Tree

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A long time ago, all the trees used to keep their leaves in winter.

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Just before Christmas, a small bird was unable to fly off to warm countries. His wing was broken. Shivering with cold ...

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... He found shelter in the leaves of the big oak tree.

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- Go away! I don't want you to eat my acorns.
The old tree chased him away. The little bird flew off.

5

He found refuge in the branches of the thick beech tree.

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- Do not stay here! You are going to peck all my nuts, the strong tree shouted.
The little bird was terrified. He flew away and went to hide in the birch tree.

7

- I don't want you here! You're going to make my branches dirty.
And the beautiful tree chased him away.

8

Rejected by all the trees, the little bird lay down to die.
- Come here little one, come!

9

Nearby, a fir tree was calling the little bird. Numb with the cold, the little bird dragged himself towards the kind fir tree.

10

- Come here, don't be scared, I will protect you.

11

On Christmas Eve, a violent wind blew through the forest.

12

All the trees lost their leaves. The fir tree was the only one to remain green. He saved the little bird.

13

Sheltered by the fir tree, slowly, the little bird recovered. And with the first rays of sunshine, he flew away. Since that day at Christmas, we have been gathering around the generous and protective fir tree. He has become our Christmas tree!
