Deep in the forest,
there lived a little fir tree
who longed to see the world.

When the tree is taken to town at Christmas,
it feels like all his dreams have come true.
But what will happen the day after?
Find out in this beautifully illustrated retelling
of Hans Christian Andersen's festive tale.



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Frances Lincoln
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The Little Fir Tree

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The Little Fir Tree



From an original story by

Hans Christian Andersen

Deep in the forest,
there lived a beautiful little fir tree.
The sun shone warmly, the birds sang and a cool breeze blew,
but the little fir tree was unhappy.

"When will I be big and tall like the other trees?" he wondered.
"Then the birds would build their nests in my branches and sing to me.
Now I am so small that no one pays me any attention."

Suddenly, a hare leapt over the little fir tree
and he felt smaller than ever.

Soon it was summertime and children came with baskets of berries.
They sat next to the fir tree as they ate their fruit.

"What a perfect little tree," they said, stroking his branches.
"He is so pretty and sweet."



The little fir tree sighed. "I don't want to be pretty and sweet,"
he thought. "And I wish they'd leave my branches alone."

Then autumn came
and the lumberjacks arrived with saws and axes.
Some of the giant trees crashed to the floor and the ground shook!

"Where are you going?" the little fir tree asked the giant trees.
"Can I come too?"



But the giant trees didn't reply.



"Don't worry," said Squirrel, as the little fir tree fretted.
"It will be your turn one day."

The next morning the birds arrived.



“What happened to the trees that got taken away?”
asked the little fir tree.

“They have become cabins for people to live inside,
standing sturdy and strong on the edge of the forest,” said the birds.



“I wish I was bigger so I could be a cabin,”
said the little fir tree.



He was so busy imagining it that he didn’t notice
the butterflies fluttering around him.