

Tales from the Trees



Children in Upper 3, Lower 4 and Upper 4 gained enormous inspiration from our visiting author, Chris Priestley a few weeks ago. When asked what narratives he was currently planning, Chris told us he was thinking of writing a new collection of short stories told from the point of view of an ancient tree. We liked this idea and decided to construct our own stories, telling the tales that only trees could tell. The concept certainly captured our imaginations. Many stories are inspired by real historical events whereas others are purely fictional. Some stories explain how the tree had a particular relevance to the location in which it stood.

Pupils also used the Heroes and Villains theme of this year's World Book Day to include a hero or villain in their tale. The tree was the hero of many stories. A display of some of the best examples can be viewed in our library and some children read extracts from their stories in the World Book Day assembly.

Mrs Marae Burns



Life



Ah yes hello! I am a tree guarding my post for over-how many years? Around 200, so I'm still quite young. I've seen many things here in south Ontario. Children playing and swinging on my branches. My logo is even on the sticky substance that the humans call maple syrup.

But alas all the children, all the animals all the parents, Found out my dark secret. I'm not just an ordinary tree I am a spirit tree. I live off the tree leader, the great maple, but the great maple is leaving us and, well, so am I. I feel unwell and rejected by the children. My leaves grow brown and crumpled.

My mind suddenly goes blank. I look straight away from the hill that I stand upon. But still, my mind is filled with darkness. But then I have this horrible thought. Of the great maple getting infected and people saying we need to cut her down. Then everything goes back to normal.

The next day, all the children come back, and I suddenly feel as if something is attacking me... From the inside. But it goes away. I'm starting to worry. About the great maple.

A child comes up to me and notices my worrying. She hugs me. I feel warm inside. That sharp pain suddenly fades. I guess all I needed was a warm embrace, someone to keep me company. My leaves, brown crumpled, grew green and healthy once again. But my memory of the great maple still hasn't left me. Her spirit haunting me day and night.

A few hours later, I see a van that says 'Tree cutdowns' and in the van was something I recognised, something that gave me joy in my times of sadness, the great maple. I recognised

her amber leaves. She's gone. My predictions were correct. All the maple trees around me faded. I saw their spirits leaving this world and going on to another. But somehow, I feel no different. I stand here healthy and strong, but my ancestors have passed on. I look down. The child is still there hugging me. That must be why I am standing here today. That child saved my life.

"Thank you," I said.

"You're welcome," the child replied.

I speak very rarely but when I do only my type can tell what I'm saying. Then, she ran off.

So now I feel as healthy as ever.

I am forever thankful. But still a little anxious about all the dangers that are laid out ahead of me.

.....
I guarded my post for over 200 years, so I was still quite young back then.