

# The Proud Fir Tree

Thirteen words in the story are wrongly spelt.

Put a ring round each misspelling and write down the correct spelling.

The fir tree <sup>fir</sup>  
was the tallest tree  
in the forest.

He rows up straight from  
the forest floor and was very  
beautiful, especially in winter.

At this time of year the other trees  
were bear, the last of their leaves blown  
away by the autumn goals.

The fir tree was as green then as he was in the  
summer, for he did not loose his needles all at once,  
but shed them a phew at a time all threw the year.

One winter day he said to the other trees, "What an ugly lot  
of trees you are.

You haven't got a single leaf between you. And what awful shapes  
you have.

Your trunks and limbs writhe about all over the plaice as if you are  
in agony.

How glad I am that I am tall and straight!"

He then court site of a bramble growing nearby.

"As for you," he said to the bramble, "you are not even a tree. What an ugly  
thing you are, hugging the ground. Do you not wish that you could reach into the  
sky as I can?"

Just then a party of woodcutters came by. "Keep away from that bramble," one  
of them shouted. "He's covered with thorns." They all carefully avoided  
the bramble.

The woodcutters went straight up to the fir tree and chopped him down.

"Just what we wanted for Christmas," said one of them. "We'll get a good price  
for this won."

As they carried away the Christmas tree, the bramble said, "What a pity he was  
so tall and straight and green! If he were low, crooked, and spikey, he wood still  
be alive.

There's a lot to be said  
for being a  
bramble after awl."

