A Gift for Timmy

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Every year millions of Christmas trees are planted and grown to perfection. These trees are then transported all over the world, to light all of the houses in the month of December. All the trees were different, some tall, some small, some with lots of branches and they all have different names. Timmy was a tree like all the others, but there was something strange about Timmy. He didn’t have many branches and he was the smallest in his field. Timmy was a BAD TREE, well that’s what all the other trees said, the also said nobody would ever want to buy him. Timmy had no clue what they meant but he still was upset by it.

The next day was just like the rest, cold and frosty. But just as the sun was rising, melting the sheet of frost, four men came from over the hill. They all were holding long sticks with something shiny on the end, the sun shone right on them so you couldn’t make out what they were holding. The four men got closer and closer to the trees, one went up to Melvin, he always bullied Timmy. He lifted his stick and at great speed hit Melvin’s one and only leg. Thud! Melvin fell to the ground, the man dragged him in the direction that he came from. Thud! Thud! Thud! All the other men did the same. One by one all of the trees fell, including Timmy!!! They were all loaded on to a massive lorry that said DOBBIES Garden Centre. They passed Greenan Castle, hundreds of shops, thousands of people, Ayr town hall, the River Ayr, the River Doon and lots of cars. After an hour they had finally arrived, it was terrifying with all of the jumping children, the bright decorations and the horrific mobility scooters!

When Timmy was carried in a strange man attached a paper tag to him, it said Hello My Name Is Timmy. But how did he know his name he thought, then he attached another, this one said £29.99. But to Timmy these were just some random scribble so he got a bit worried. Soon enough he was he was placed next to all of trees from his field, the trees that once bullied him were now shivering in fear, then night fell.

The next day they only saw the occasional person rushing to get somewhere, sometimes a loud voice would come from the ceiling saying we will be opening soon. This just made Timmy scared of what would happen when they opened. But after a while Timmy just drifted off to sleep, about thirty minutes later he felt something cold tug on one of his few branches. He opened his eyes and saw the most horrific sight you could ever imagine, was it a dragon ready to burn him at any moment or was it giant woodpecker coming to eat his brain. No, it was worse, it was a small, scary, mean, dangerous, smelly child. He stared at it in terror, “I want this one Daddy!!!!” she said. A man probably triple the size of the child came up behind her “Are you sure? There’re are much better trees over here” he said. “NO!!!! I want this one.” She said in a veryhigh voice. “Ok, Ok fine” the man said. He then picked up Timmy and lifted him to the till. But Timmy thought the worst, he imagined all of the horrible things they could do to him. They could chop him up and use him as fire wood, or turn him in to compost or other horrible things that are way to scary for this story. Timmy was then loaded no to their car, as they were moving Timmy could feel the wind in his branches for the last time. He watched all of the snowy fields flash by and flocks of birds migrating for the winter. Timmy remembered to when he was a seedling and when snow would land on his stubby wee branches, was this really the end of Timmy. It felt like a year but really, he was only on the car for ten minutes.

Timmy was carried inside of their home, the girl was jumping with excitement while Timmy was shaking with worry. He was placed next to a long window. The man and the girl went to a different room while Timmy stared out the window, he was sad and he didn’t know what to do. Until he saw a tree just like him but this tree was covered in amazing lights and baubles, he didn’t look sad at all. This made Timmy extremely confused, why was that tree so happy.

Then the little girl came skipping into the room where Timmy was, she came right up to Timmy and read his paper tag. “Hello Timmy” she said in a kind voice, but Timmy didn’t trust her. “We’ve got a gift for you” then the man came into the room holding a ripped cardboard box. Every step he took made Timmy shake, he imagined all of the horrible things he was about to pull out of that box, Timmy knew he shouldn’t have trusted the girl. The man put the box on the floor in the middle of the room, just out of Timmy’s sight, it rattled with the sound of glass. Timmy knew it, they were going to cut him up with knives!!! Timmy felt a cold breeze go down his skinny trunk, Timmy just closed his eyes and tried to make it all go away…until, he felt small piece of string go around his branch and something gently being rapped around him. Then something heavy was plonked on top of his head, he slowly opened his eyes and saw the man and the girl carefully decorating all of his branches with yellow lights and baubles of all colours and sizes. Timmy couldn’t believe his small scared eyes when he looked up and saw glowing golden star on his head, then he was lifted up and moved into a small clay pot. It was red with yellow stars, then three boxes wrapped with colourful paper and topped with bright blue ribbons were place underneath him. Timmy was happy and he wasn’t scared any more, Timmy was a good tree.

The End