



Štěpánka Sekaninová * Pavla Bašťanová

Our Tree



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Long, long ago.



Once, she fell from the tree
and hurt her knee.

Then they got married.





The tree's surface is like my grandpa's face. Both are wrinkled. A tree's skin is called bark. Wrinkles are made by life – nice things in it, but also things that hurt ... Will my face be like our tree's bark someday?





We can have fun with it.



Best of all, I like its swing.



I know for sure that one day
I'll swing to the Moon and the Sun.
I'm already pretty close.

There is a tree in the garden. An old, very ordinary apple tree. When the weather is good, it is heavy with red fruit. When it isn't, there is no fruit to be had. But this book isn't much about apples. Because this apple tree is magical! It connects a great-great-granddaughter with her great-great-grandfather, her great-grandmother and and ... If you think this is impossible, think again! Maybe your garden has a tree just as magical, but you don't know about it yet. Read and think about our story and you may begin to see your old tree through new eyes.



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