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# THE BIRD TREE





That morning, at the usual park, a group of friends are playing to find treasures.

- I found violet flowers!
- Look! There is a bottle full of seeds!
- I found a bird!

- A bird?

- Yes...on the ground.



- Why is in the ground?

- Has it fallen or is resting?

- It is asleep?



- It is dead.

- Yes, I think is dead.





Dead?

- why did it die?
- It must have fallen and killed itself.
- No. It was old, like my grandfather.
  
- Or very ill, like my dog.
  
- Was it hit by an airplane?



- Poor little bird... I feel sorry for it.
- It disgusts me.
- I don't want to talk about death.

Let's play.



- My grandmother died many years ago.  
- Mine before I was born.  
- My dog Frida died last year.

- When did this bird die?

- You are all so annoying with the bird!

- We have to bury it!



- Why we have to bury it?
- That's what grown-ups do.
- Is it so we don't see them?
- Yes, and so the worms can eat them.
- My mother says the dead go to heaven.
- Mine says they don't.
- How do they get to heaven from a pit?
- Flying!
- This one doesn't fly anymore...

- Let's bury it and put the seeds in, so a tree will grow.

**A bird tree!**

