

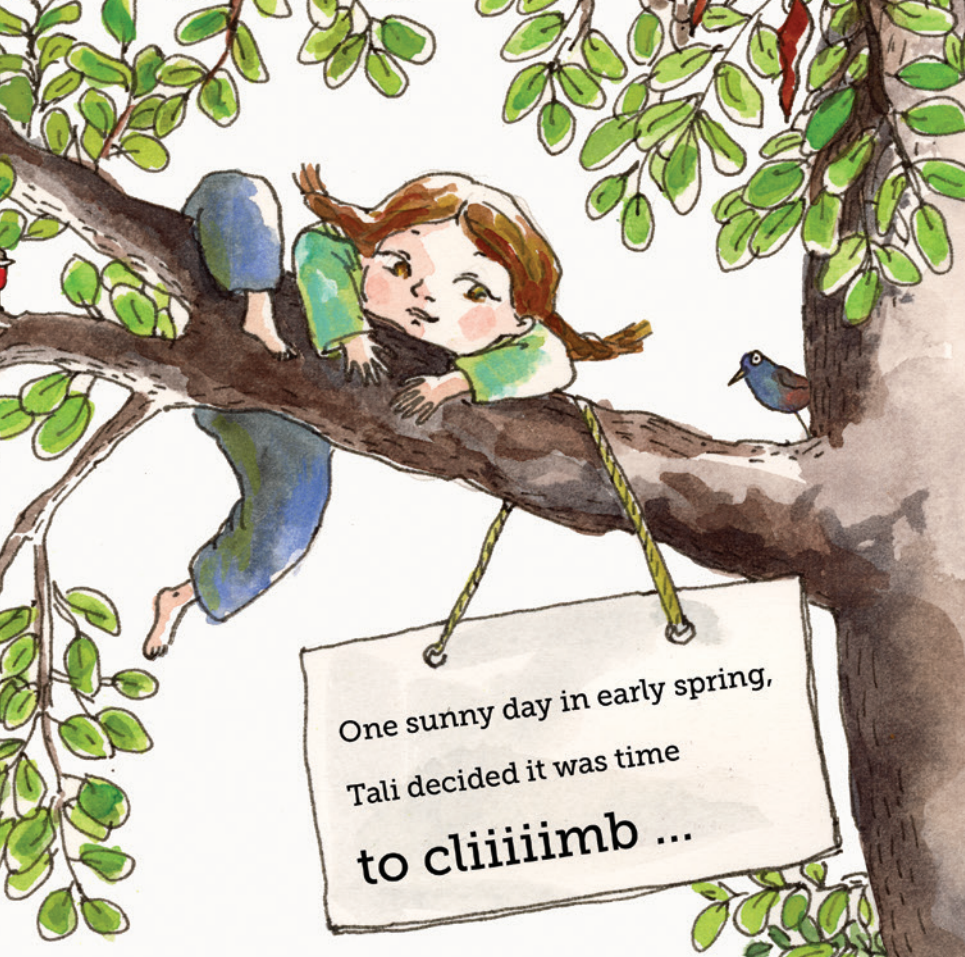
THE  
CAROB  
TREE

A Jewish Folktale



Retold by  
Naomi Shulman & Danny Paller

Illustrations by Sabina Hahn



One sunny day in early spring,  
Tali decided it was time  
to cliiiiimb ...





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a tree.

Not just any tree, but the big  
carob tree in her backyard. She loved  
to sit and read books and chew on the sweet  
pods that grew there. On this day, she  
hid in its branches and watched ...





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"Planting a carob tree, just like the one you're in."





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"True," Hannah admitted. "But years and years from now, when you're all grown up, you'll be able to climb this one too."  
Tali asked, "Why are you planting it if it's going to take that long? I might not even live here when I'm a grown-up."  
"You might not climb on it, but someone will," Hannah said. "The tree you're climbing on was planted by my great-grandfather before I was even born. So I'm planting for my grandchildren and their children and *their* children."  
Tali thought about that too, but only for a moment. Her tummy was rumbling, and Dad was calling her in for lunch.

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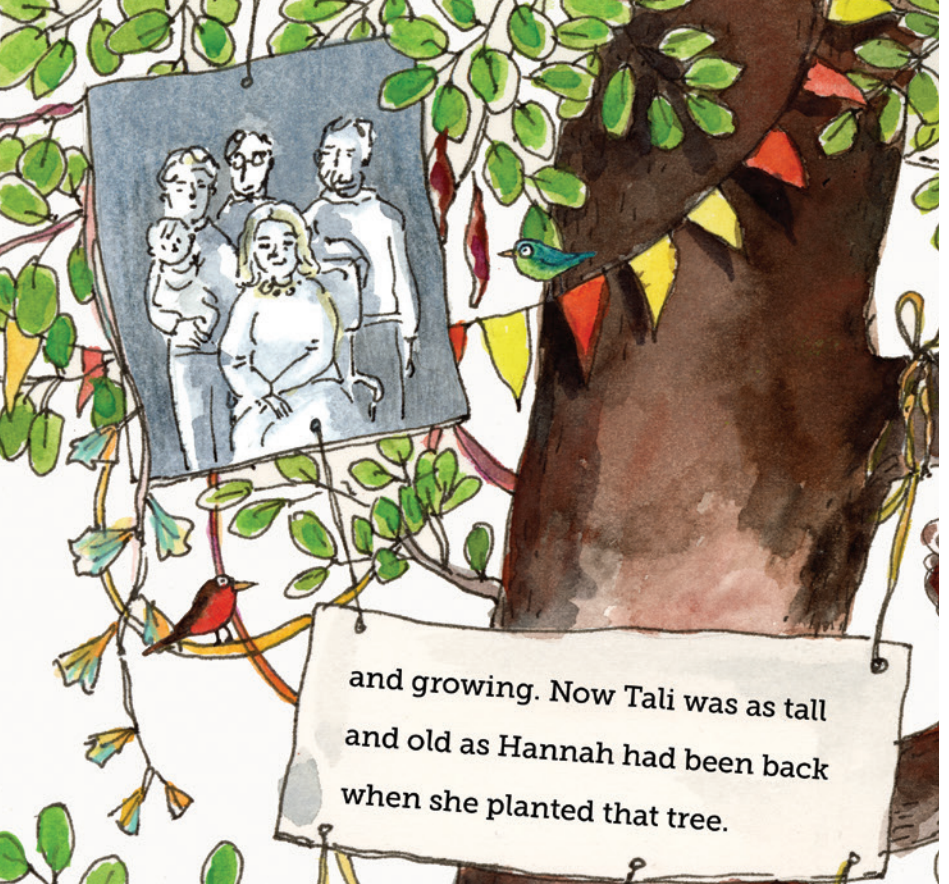
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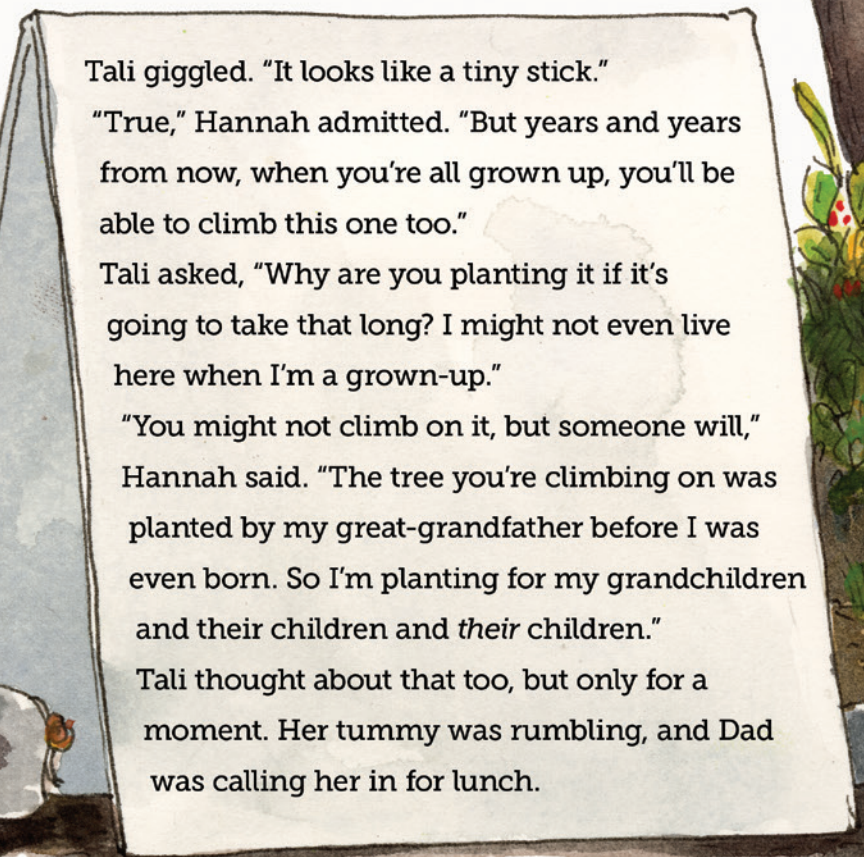
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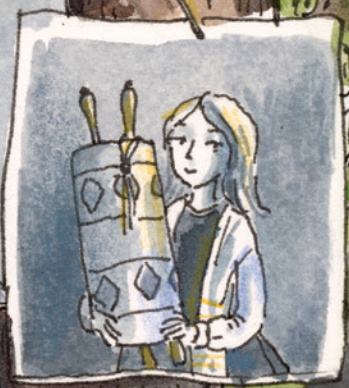
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and watch her neighbor Tali, who was outside planting a tree.

"Hi, Annabel!" Tali waved at her.  
"Hi, Tali!" Annabel waved back.  
"Whatcha doin'?"

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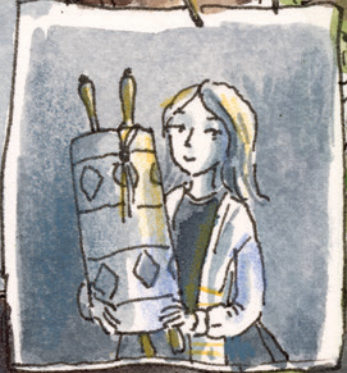
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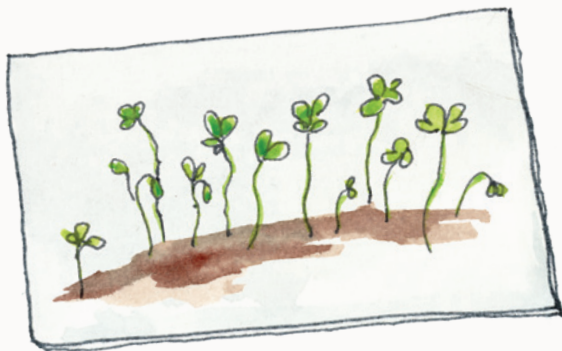
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Make a daily sketch of your  
microgreen seeds as they sprout —  
**until it's time to eat them up!**

