



**Calvin**  
**The Christmas**  
**Tree**

**By Stephen G. Bowling**

# Calvin The Christmas Tree

*The Greatest Christmas Tree of All*



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*[www.calvinthechrismastree.com](http://www.calvinthechrismastree.com)*

*For my mother, Angelina, who truly kept the  
Spirit of Christmas in her heart all year long*

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Every Christmas, every tree, in every forest, waits to hear the story of the greatest Christmas tree of all...





Stumpstinkie's Tree Farm was well known.  
People traveled from near and far to buy Stumpstinkie trees  
because they were the very best.  
But only the best of the best were picked for Christmas trees.

Calvin was the littlest tree on Stumpstinkle's Farm. He loved the stories of the famous trees from long ago, especially the ones that celebrated Christmas with movie stars, sports heroes, famous singers, even Presidents.



All of the trees liked Farmer Stumpstinkle. He sang to them every morning. He had such a beautiful singing voice that all the animals would come to listen.





Farmer Stumpstinkle worked hard every day. But the busiest time of year on the farm was December. The trees talked about Christmas all month long... Especially Calvin.

Who would become a Christmas tree?

Who would Farmer Stumpstinkle pick?



Calvin was the most excited. He really wanted to be a Christmas tree. He tried and tried and tried to get bigger so he would be picked. The other trees encouraged him.

“Keep eating. That makes you strong,”  
said FlexerStout, the Strongest Tree.

“Drink lots of water. That makes your branches grow,”  
explained FinkleBark, the Greenest Tree.

“And take your vitamins,”  
added BellaBrush, the Prettiest Tree.





“Calvin, you’re too small. Your branches are too short. You can’t be a Christmas tree,” bristled old GrumpMeyer, the Second Oldest Tree.

But Calvin didn’t believe GrumpMeyer.

He knew that Christmas trees are special.

A Christmas tree is more than just branches.

It was three weeks before Christmas. Farmer Stumpstinkle woke up early. It was the first day to choose Christmas trees. It was the first day the farmer and his wife would bring them to market.





Mrs. Stumpstinkle made a big breakfast. And she prepared everything for their trip to town. It was always a happy time. The townspeople looked forward to picking their Christmas trees. They especially liked Mrs. Stumpstinkle's decorations. And she made hot chocolate to keep everyone warm.

Farmer Stumpstinkle began selecting the best trees and wrapping their roots to protect them for the long, bumpy trip to town.

Calvin tried his best to puff himself up to look bigger, but Farmer Stumpstinkle didn't see him. Soon the truck was loaded, and the farmer and his wife were off to town without their littlest tree.

“Don't worry, Calvin,” said TowerTwiddle the Tallest Tree. “This is only the first day.”

“Yes, be patient,” said WireWhistle, the Skinniest Tree.

