



Jenny Nilsson mars 1973, Vinlandsgata



The Fir Tree
By
Jenny Nilsson (about 1955)
Translated by Elaine Severson Messier

Someone had planted me in a peaceful spot in the forest, surrounded by other saplings within whose shelter I grew up, thrived well and was content with my lot, and I shot up in height. Perhaps I felt proud.

As everyone knows, some often carry their pride until their decline, as it happened to me.

One time before Christmas, I was sawed off at the roots, and sold out from a peaceful corner.

What is to become of me? Together with many other fir trees I was loaded onto a car which distributed us to a large city. Oh, how my needles glisten then when all the lights shone towards me along the way to the marketplace where we would be sold.

Now there was a fuss all around us. We were surveyed from all sides. Were we fine enough to decorate the place we were considered for?

One kind little wife and two small daughters were content with me, bought me and took me home. I had beauty in the forest, yet here still beautiful. What a pretty little home! What really pleased me, to be sure, was that I got to stand for a long time in the front drawing room. Because of my lost roots, I became screwed tight in a basin so I could stand upright.

Now the girls hung color, paper decorations and many other pretty things on my branches... and on them afterwards there were placed whole long candles and they filled the basin with water and I eagerly sucked it up. It wasn't so long ago that they (the branches) went lifeless, woke up again, and after some weeks I sprouted new shoots, and set new cones which make me more and more beautiful. I enjoyed celebrating with my hosts and spread out my decimeter long shoots like a proud peacock with his feathers.

But I say that I am glad to be steady. It was discovered that I had shed my old needles. It is not easy, not for a fir tree, to conceal his age when one is never hidden very much.

One day, the same little thing happened as before, unexpectedly as well ... I was mercilessly tossed out with all the other fir trees without needles.

Oh, it is so cold outside; I am freezing in my tender small needle tips.

