

THE HAPPIEST TREE IN THE FOREST

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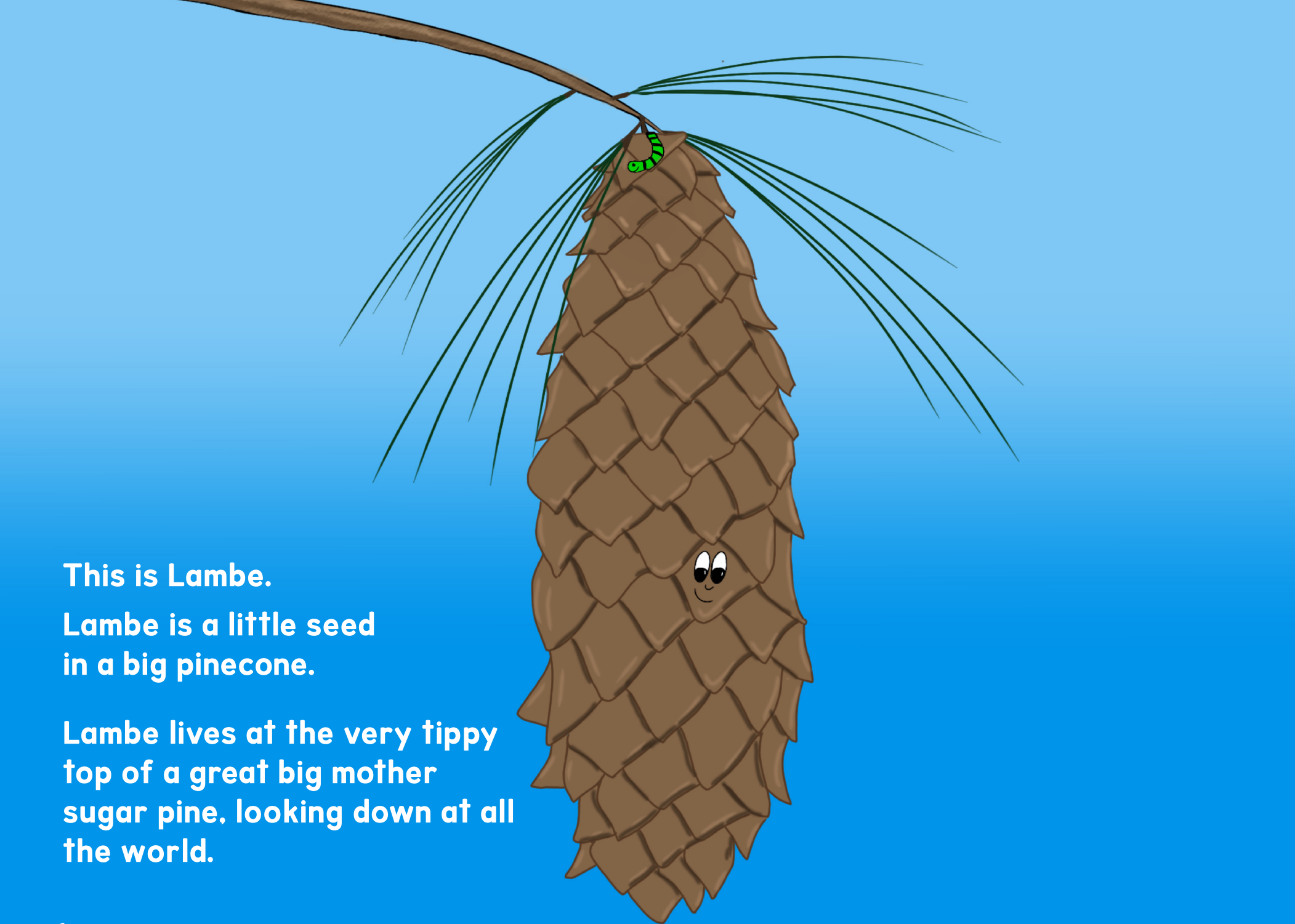
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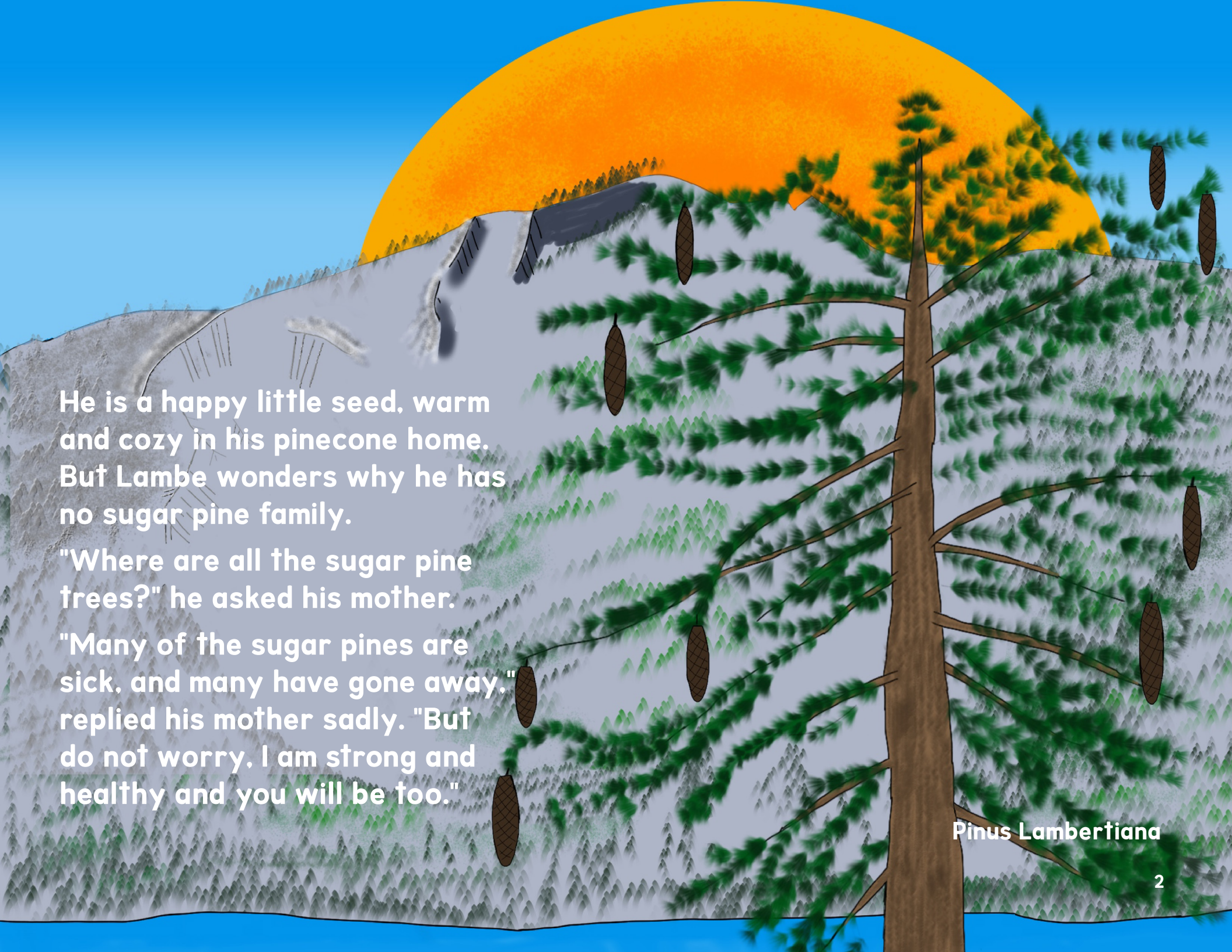
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**This is Lambe.
Lambe is a little seed
in a big pinecone.**

**Lambe lives at the very tippy
top of a great big mother
sugar pine, looking down at all
the world.**

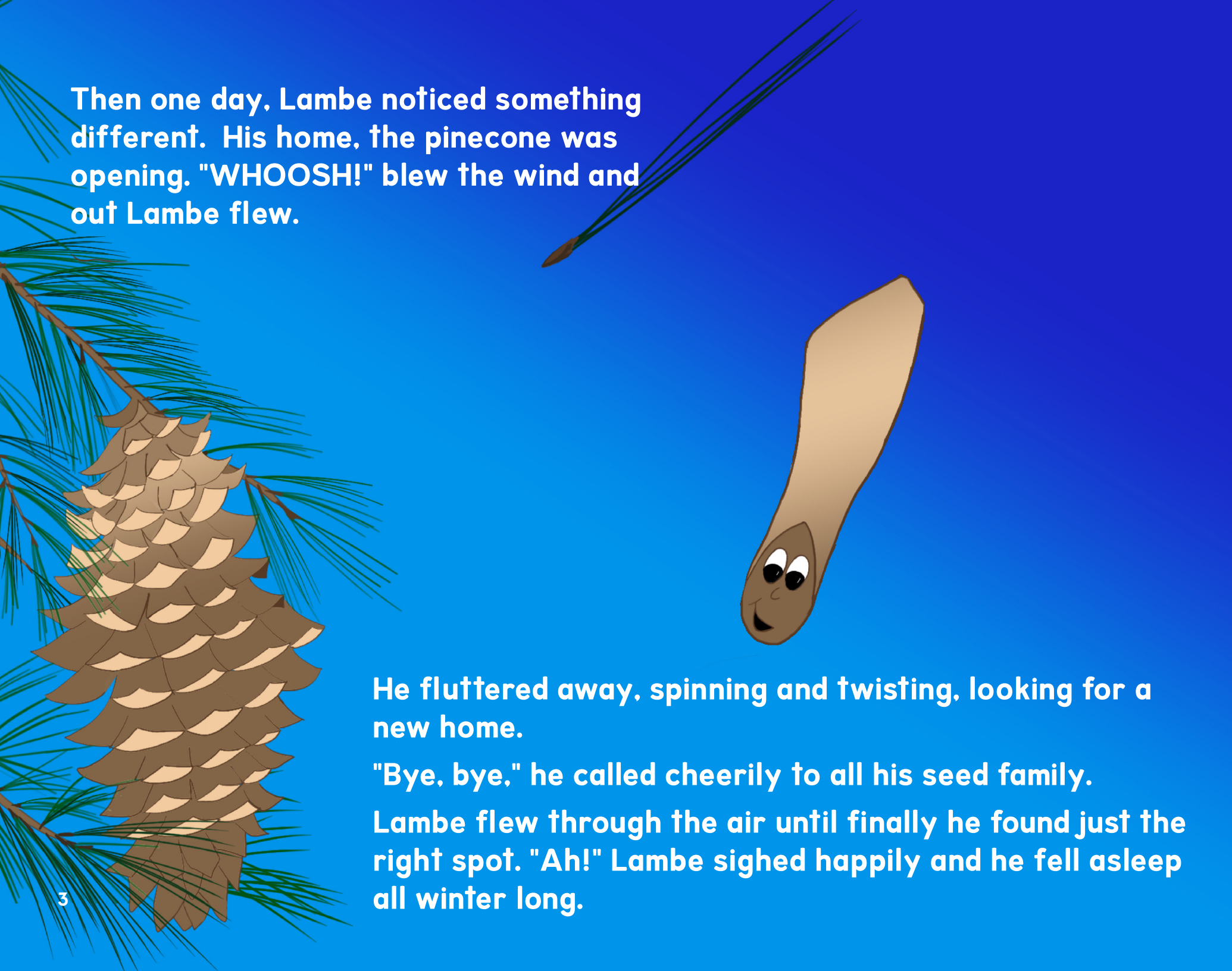


**He is a happy little seed, warm
and cozy in his pinecone home.
But Lambe wonders why he has
no sugar pine family.**

**"Where are all the sugar pine
trees?" he asked his mother.**

**"Many of the sugar pines are
sick, and many have gone away,"
replied his mother sadly. "But
do not worry, I am strong and
healthy and you will be too."**

Pinus Lambertiana


A large, brown pinecone is shown on a branch with green needles on the left side of the page. The background is a solid blue sky. A single pine seed is shown in mid-air, having just been blown away from the pinecone. The seed is a simple brown shape with a small tail of three lines.

Then one day, Lambe noticed something different. His home, the pinecone was opening. "WHOOSH!" blew the wind and out Lambe flew.

He fluttered away, spinning and twisting, looking for a new home.

"Bye, bye," he called cheerily to all his seed family.

Lambe flew through the air until finally he found just the right spot. "Ah!" Lambe sighed happily and he fell asleep all winter long.

A landscape illustration showing a snow-covered mountain range in the background. In the foreground, there is a patch of snow on a rocky outcrop. A small green sprout with a single leaf is growing out of the snow. To the right, a bird with a grey body and a reddish-brown breast is standing on the snow. The sky is a clear, bright blue.

Then came springtime and the birds began to sing and the sun shone warm and bright.

Lambe sprouted and began to grow bigger ...



2 years old

and bigger



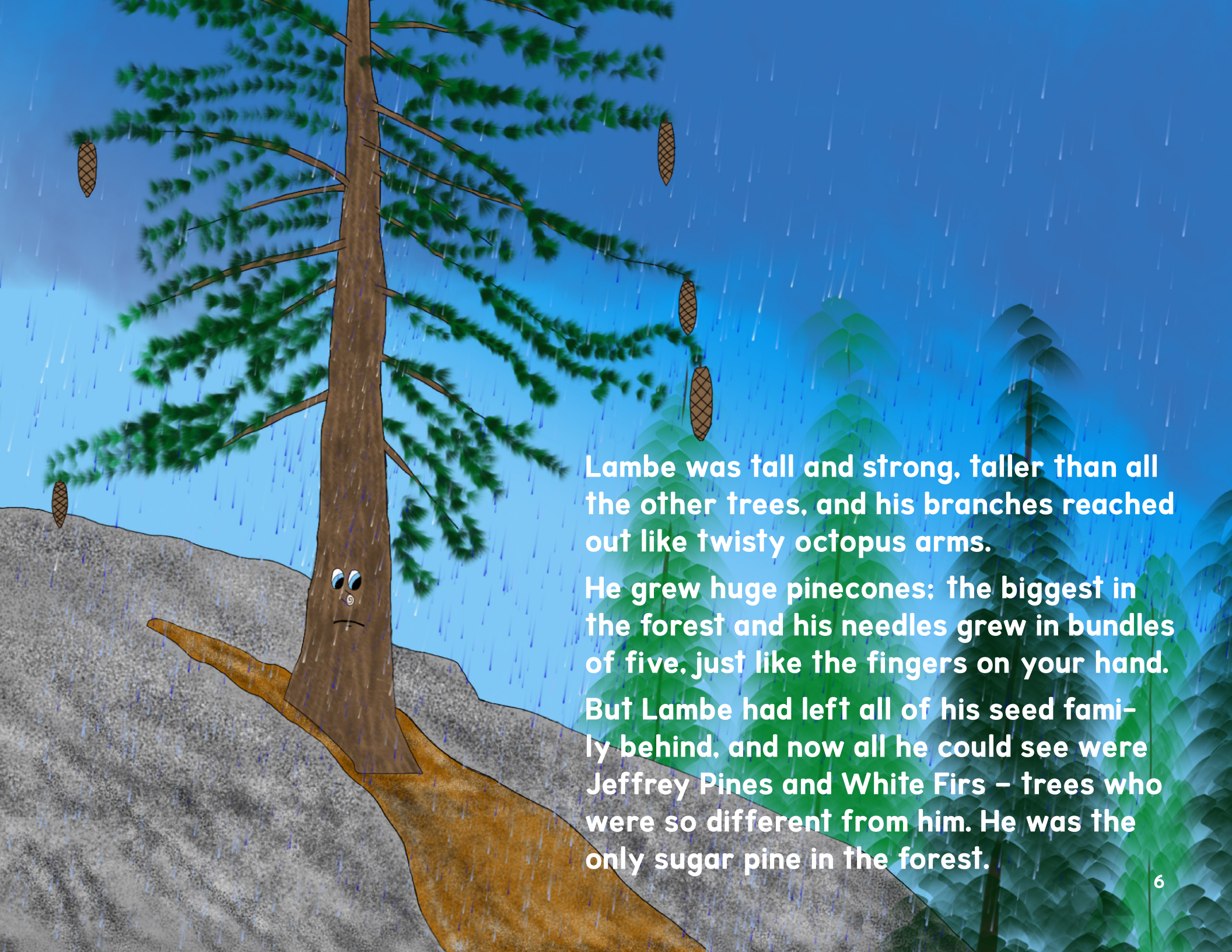
6 years old

... bigger



40 years old

and bigger



Lambe was tall and strong, taller than all the other trees, and his branches reached out like twisty octopus arms.

He grew huge pinecones: the biggest in the forest and his needles grew in bundles of five, just like the fingers on your hand.

But Lambe had left all of his seed family behind, and now all he could see were Jeffrey Pines and White Firs – trees who were so different from him. He was the only sugar pine in the forest.

Raccoon



Then one cold spring night Lambe suddenly felt a

'SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH.'

"Ouch!" yelled Lambe. "Who is that climbing up my trunk?"

"It is me, Mrs. Rosie Raccoon," whispered a small scared voice.
"Mr. Bobcat chased me and I ran to you for safety."

Lambe smiled at his new friend. "Do not worry, you are safe here with me, Mrs. Rosie Raccoon."

As springtime bloomed into summer, one sunny morning Lambe was awakened by a

'PECK, PECK, PECK.'

"Who is that pecking into my bark?" shouted Lambe grumpily.

"Just me, Mr. Willie Woodpecker, looking for some larvae for my breakfast. I hope you don't mind?"

Lambe smiled. "Of course not, Mr. Willie Woodpecker, you can even stay for lunch and dinner."



White-Headed Woodpecker



Black Bear

Later that warm summer as Lambe gazed out at Lake Tahoe, he felt a

'RUB, RUB, RUB.'

"Who is that rubbing on my bark?" asked Lambe.

"Only me, Mrs. Bonnie Bear, may I rest here for a while? If I leave my scent on your bark other bears will know that this is my home."

"Of course," replied Lambe, "rest for as long as you need."

As Lambe's cones began to ripen, Lambe heard a
'CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH.'

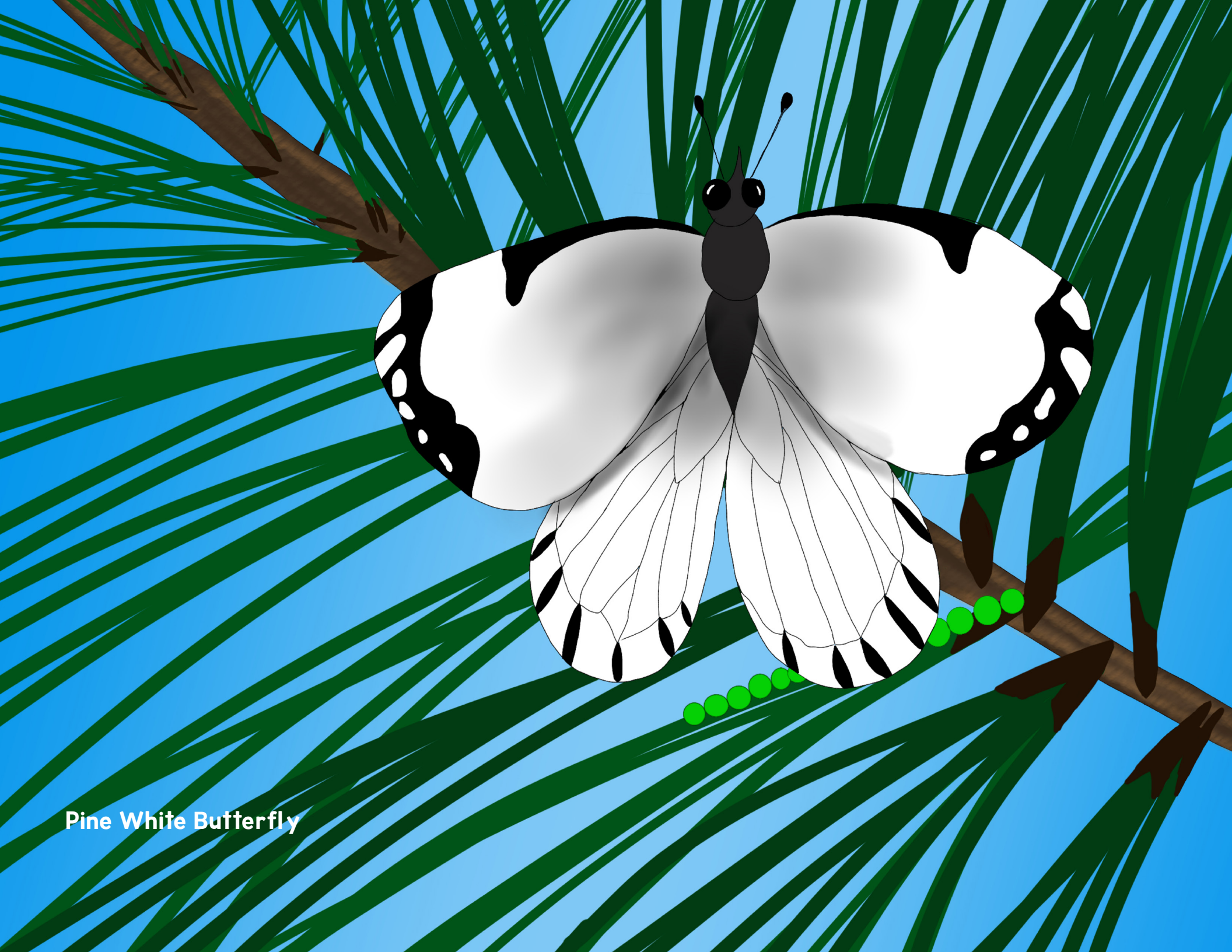
"Who is that munching on my cones?" asked Lambe.

"It is me, Mr. Sammy Squirrel. I am stocking up on seeds for the winter."

"Stay and eat," Lambe said kindly. "I have plenty of seeds to go around, but please make sure to save some for others."

Douglas Squirrel





Pine White Butterfly

As summer faded and the chill of fall began to creep ever closer, Lambe felt a tickly feeling on his needles.

'FLUTTER, FLUTTER, FLUTTER.'

"Oh, that tickles!" giggled Lambe. "Who is fluttering on my pine needles?"

"Only little old me, Mrs. Betsy Butterfly, laying my eggs."

"How exciting," replied Lambe. "I can't wait to meet your babies next spring."



Stellar's Jay

The days grew shorter and the nights grew colder, when Lambe felt a

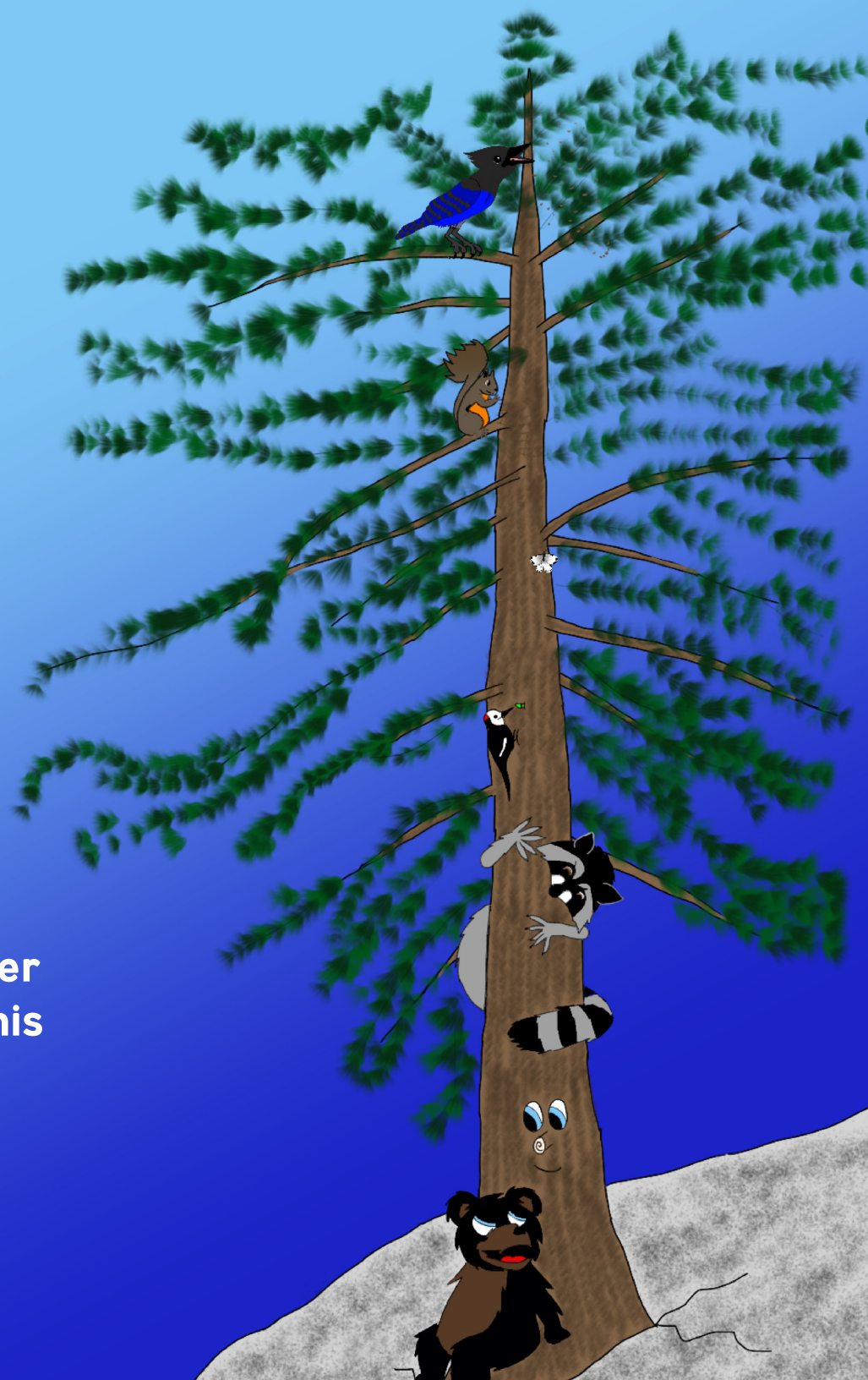
'SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE.'

"Who is shaking my cones?" cried Lambe and he glimpsed a flash of blue way up high.

"Only me, Mr. Johnny Stellar Jay, eating my dinner. Your seeds taste so delicious!"

"Well, thank you! Stay and have a feast," said Lambe. "But please let some seeds fall to the ground so that they may grow into baby seedlings."

Lambe was happy with all of his forest friends, but he was still the only sugar pine amongst all the other trees. As winter crept slowly into the forest, one by one his friends began to leave.



The snow fell hard. DEEP, DEEP, DEEP.
Poor Lambe was cold and lonely. As winter covered the forest in its chilly whiteness, Lambe fell into a deep sleep. He dreamt of sugar pine brothers and sisters joining him and his animal friends in the warm sunshine of spring.
Finally, the winter passed and the snow began to melt.



As the spring sun warmed the sap in Lambe's trunk, he stood tall and strong.

Lambe gazed down upon the deep blue waters of Lake Tahoe, and he saw with great joy that his dream had come true. There were children planting baby sugar pine seedlings. His sugar pine family had joined him at last.

Lambe was the happiest tree in all the forest.





THE SUGAR PINE FOUNDATION

Many of the sugar pines in the Sierras are sick from a disease called 'blister rust'. To help restore the sugar pines, we collect seeds from sugar pine trees that are immune to the disease and grow them into baby seedlings.

Then we plant these seedlings all around Lake Tahoe with the help of children just like YOU!

