

THE LITTLE BOY BY HELEN BUCKLEY

One morning, the teacher said:
"Today we are going to make a picture."

"Good!" thought the little boy.
He liked to make all kinds;
Lions and tigers,
Chickens and cows,
Trains and boats:
He took out his box of crayons
and began to draw

But the teacher said. "Wait!"
"It is not time to begin!"
And she waited until everyone looked ready.

"Now," said the teacher,
"We are going to make flowers."
"Good," thought the little boy.
He liked to make beautiful one's
with his pink and orange
and blue crayons.

But the teacher said, "Wait!"
"I will show you how."
And it was red, with a green stem.
"There," said the teacher,
"Now you may begin"
The little boy looked at his teacher's flower,
then he looked at his own flower.
He liked his flower better than the teacher's
but he did not say this.
He just turned his paper over
and made a lower like the teacher's.
It was red, with a green stem.

On another day, the teacher said:
"Today we are going to make
something with clay."
"Good!" thought the little boy;
He like clay.
He could make all kinds of things with clay:
Snakes and snowmen,
Cars and trucks,
And he began to pull and pinch
his ball of clay.

But the teacher said. "Wait!"
"it is not time to begin!"
And she waited until everyone looked ready.
"Now," said the teacher,
"We are going to make a dish."
"Good!" thought the little boy,

He liked to make dishes.
And he began to make some
That were all shapes and sizes.

But the teacher said, "Wait!"
"I will show you how."
And she showed everyone how to make one deep dish.
"There," said the teacher,
"Now you may begin."
The little boy looked at the teachers' dish;
then he looked at his own.
He liked his better than the teacher's
but he did not say this.
He just rolled his clay into a big ball again
and made a dish like the teacher's.
It was a deep dish.

And pretty soon,
he didn't make things of
his own anymore.

Then it happened that the little boy
and his family moved to
another house.

In another city, the little boy had
to go to another school.
The teacher said:
"Today we are going to make a picture."
"Good!" thought the little boy.
And he waited for the teacher
To tell what to do.
But the teacher didn't say anything.
She just walked around the room.
When she came to the little boy, she asked,
"Don't you want to make a picture?"

"Yes," said the little boy.
"What are we going to make?"
"I don't know until you make it,"
said the teacher.
"How shall I make it? Asked the little boy.
"Why, anyway you like," said the teacher.
"And any color?" asked the little boy.
"Any color," said the teacher.
And he began to make a red flower
with a green stem.