

THE LITTLE BOY

by Helen E. Buckley (The School Arts Magazine)

Once a little boy went to school.
He was quite a little boy.
And it was quite a big school.
But when the little boy
Found that he could go to his room
By walking right in from the door
outside,
He was happy
And the school did not seem
Quite so big any more.

One morning,
When the little boy had been in
School awhile,
The teacher said:
"Today we are going to make a
picture."
"Good!" thought the little boy.
He like to make pictures.
He could make all kinds.
Lions and tigers,
Chickens and cows,
Trains and boats -
And 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
ones
With his pink and organge and
blue crayons.

But the teacher said: "Wait!"
And 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 the 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 flower like the teacher's.
It was red with a green stem.

On another day,
When the little boy had opened
The door from the outside all by
himself,
The teacher said,
"Today we are going to make something
with clay."
"Good" thought the little boy.
He liked clay.

He could make all kinds of things with
clay:
Snakes, and snowmen,
Elephants and mice,
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!
And 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 continued.....

The little boy looked at the
teacher's dish.
Then he looked at his own.
He liked his dishes 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
The little boy learned to wait.

And to watch.
And to make things just like
the teacher.
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.
And the little boy
Had to go to another school.

This school was even bigger
Than the other one,
And there was no door from the
outside
Into his room.
He had to go up some big steps,
And walk down a long hall
To get to his room.

And the very first day
He was there,
The teacher said,
"Today we are going to make pictures."
"Good" thought the little boy,
And he waited for the teacher
To tell him what to do.
But the teacher didn't say anything.
She just walked around the room.

When she came to the little boy
She said, "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 any way you like," said the
teacher.

"And any color?" asked the boy.

"Any color," said the teacher.

"If everyone made the same picture,
And used the same colors,

How would I know who made what,

And which was which?"

"I don't know," said the little boy,

And he began to make a red flower

With a green stem.