

## The little boy

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 anymore.

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 liked to 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 orange 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 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 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 looked at the teacher's 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  
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 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.  
"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.

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