The Thing

“What are you making, Charley?” asked Mr. Sizemore.

“A Thing,” said Charley as he rolled another piece.

“You come with me,” Mr. Sizemore said. “Bring your clay.”

Mr. Sizemore led the way to the room where the blocks were kept. The other children went on painting.

“Since the Thing is so long, why don’t you work in here by yourself?” asked Mr. Sizemore. “We’ll spread a newspaper on the floor, and you can make your Thing on the paper.”

“It’ll have to be a long newspaper, Mr. Sizemore,” Charley told him. “Because this sure is a long Thing I’m making.”

Together Mr. Sizemore and Charley spread the newspaper on the floor from the middle of the room up to the door. Then Mr. Sizemore went back into the classroom where the other boys and girls were painting.

Alone in the room, Charley looked at the row of jars of clay standing on the shelf. He took down the jar containing the pink clay and went to work, rolling and rolling and rolling, each piece a little thicker than the one before, and pinching the ends together.