

What's Wrong with Little Goose?

“I will draw a picture for my teacher,” said Little Goose.

He looked in his crayon box. He took out his black crayon and drew a nice house. He drew a big sun and a tall tree. Then he colored the sky and the grass. He took his picture to his teacher, Mrs. Hen.

“Oh, dear!” said Mrs. Hen.

“Black is such a sad color. Is anything bothering you, Little Goose?”

“Well,” said Little Goose, rubbing his neck. “My sweater feels a little scratchy, but I am fine.

Mrs. Hen took the picture to Principal Pig.

“There is something wrong with Little Goose,” she said. “He made his picture all black.”

“Black is such a sad color. I will talk to him,” said Principal Pig.

“Little Goose,” he said. “Is anything bothering you?”

“Well,” said Little Goose. “My sweater feels a little scratchy, and I could not find my left shoe this morning so I had to wear my boots, but I am fine.”

Principal Pig called little goose's mother.

“There is something wrong with Little Goose,” he said. “He made his picture all black.”

“Black is such a sad color. I will talk to him,” said Mrs. Goose.

“Little Goose,” she said. “Is anything bothering you?”

“Well,” said little Goose. “My sweater feels a little scratchy; I could not find my left shoe this morning so I had to wear my boots, and I lost a feather, but I am fine.”

Mrs. Goose called Mr. Goose at work. “There is something wrong with Little Goose,” she said. “He made his picture all black.”

“Black is such a sad color. I will talk to him,” said Mr. Goose.

“Little Goose,” he said. “Is anything bothering you?”

“Well,” said little Goose. “My sweater feels a little scratchy; I could not find my left shoe this morning so I had to wear my boots, and I lost a feather, and I have a splinter in my finger, but I am fine.”

Mr. Goose called Grandma Goose. “There is something wrong with Little Goose,” he said. “He made his picture all black.”

“I will talk to him,” said Grandma Goose. She came right over.

“Little Goose,” she said. “Why did you make your picture all black?”

“Because,” said Little Goose. “I lost all of my other crayons. Black is the only color I have left.”