



Click's Everyday Magic

Click and the Very Busy Classroom

— Book Ten —

Strangewoven

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CLICK'S EVERYDAY MAGIC

BOOK TEN

Click and the Very Busy Classroom

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A new place.
A helping hand.
Something to learn together.

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“Our class is having a visitor day,” June said.

“Would you like to come?”

Click straightened his yellow cardigan.

“I shall do my best to be educational.”



June showed him where to hang her backpack.
Her teacher welcomed them at the door.
“We’re glad you’re here, Click.”
Click stood a little straighter.
He was glad, too.



The classroom chair was very small.
Click carefully folded his long legs.
His knees came up beside the table.
“I believe I have brought too much leg.”



The teacher found him a grown-up chair.
“Who has a question?” she asked.
Click reached toward his wrist.
“You can leave your hand attached,” she added.
“Oh. That will save time.”



Click kept his hand attached and raised it.

“What are we learning today?”

“We’re going to build,” the teacher said.

Click looked at the wooden blocks.

“That sounds like a good place to start.”



Across the rug, a quiet child was building a tower.
Up went a block. Then another.
The tower leaned.
The blocks tumbled down.
The child sat very still.



Click sat nearby.

“Would you like someone to hold this end?”
The child looked at the blocks, then at Click.

“Yes, please. I want it to stand up.”



“What could we try?” June asked.

The child chose two wide blocks.

“These can go at the bottom.”

Click nodded.

“I shall hold them while you build.”



Click held the bottom blocks steady.
June passed over the next block.
The child set it carefully in place.
Then came another.
This tower was taking all three of them.



“Ready?” Click asked.
He slowly took his hands away.
The tower stood.
The child smiled.
“It worked!”



At tidy-up time, they sorted the blocks together.
“Thank you for helping,” the child told Click.
“Thank you for showing me your plan,” he said.
June slipped the last block into the basket.



At home, Dad asked what Click had learned.
“That asking for help is allowed,” Click said.
He stretched out his long legs.
“And that the chairs
were expecting somebody shorter.”

THERE IS ALWAYS MORE TO LEARN.



The End

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