

Mrs. Baker seemed to take it very well. She just said, "William, Elizabeth says that there is a bug in her desk—would you remove it, please?"

I stood at the front of the room while the whole class watched Billy paw around looking for my beetle. I thought that he must be the bravest boy in the world. At last he stood up and, with a wide grin on his face, announced loudly, "It's just a piece of black crayon paper!"

I don't remember how I got back to my seat—I think that I must have blacked out, because the next thing that I remember is me drawing boats with a very red face, while the entire class giggled. Billy kind of took a fancy to me after that—I think he thought that someone ought to look after me. And, the next time that he borrowed my black crayon, I let him keep it.

BALLOONS

Dan Lillard

Shimmering globs of
suns, sunrises, sunsets;
Even rainbows, really.
Yes. . . .
Sweet, wet, laughing rainbows.

