



Thad's Little Stool



Thad had a wood shop at the back of his home. Every tool had its own hook, and the room smelled like fresh pine. Today Thad wanted to make a tall stool.



He took a look at his book of plans. Then he cut the wood and put on four long legs. Thad set the stool down and sat on it.



The stool shook, and then it tipped! "One leg is too long," said Thad. He took his saw and cut a bit off that leg. Then he sat again. Now the stool tipped the other way.



So Thad trimmed a leg on the other side. Then he trimmed one more. He cut and checked, cut and checked, again and again. By noon, the stool did not tip at all. But it was not tall.



It only came up to the top of his foot! Thad felt glum. "Who can sit on a stool this small?" he said. Just then, his little pal Jim poked his nose in the door.



Jim looked at the stool, and his face lit up. He hopped on and sat down. The stool did not tip a bit. "This is the best stool yet!" said Jim.



"It is just my size. It is so cool!" Thad looked at the little stool, then at his little pal, and he had to laugh. "Then it is for you," said Thad.



"Take it home." Jim gave him a big hug and carried the stool away on his back. Then Thad got out more wood. He still wanted a tall stool, and this time he would cut much less!