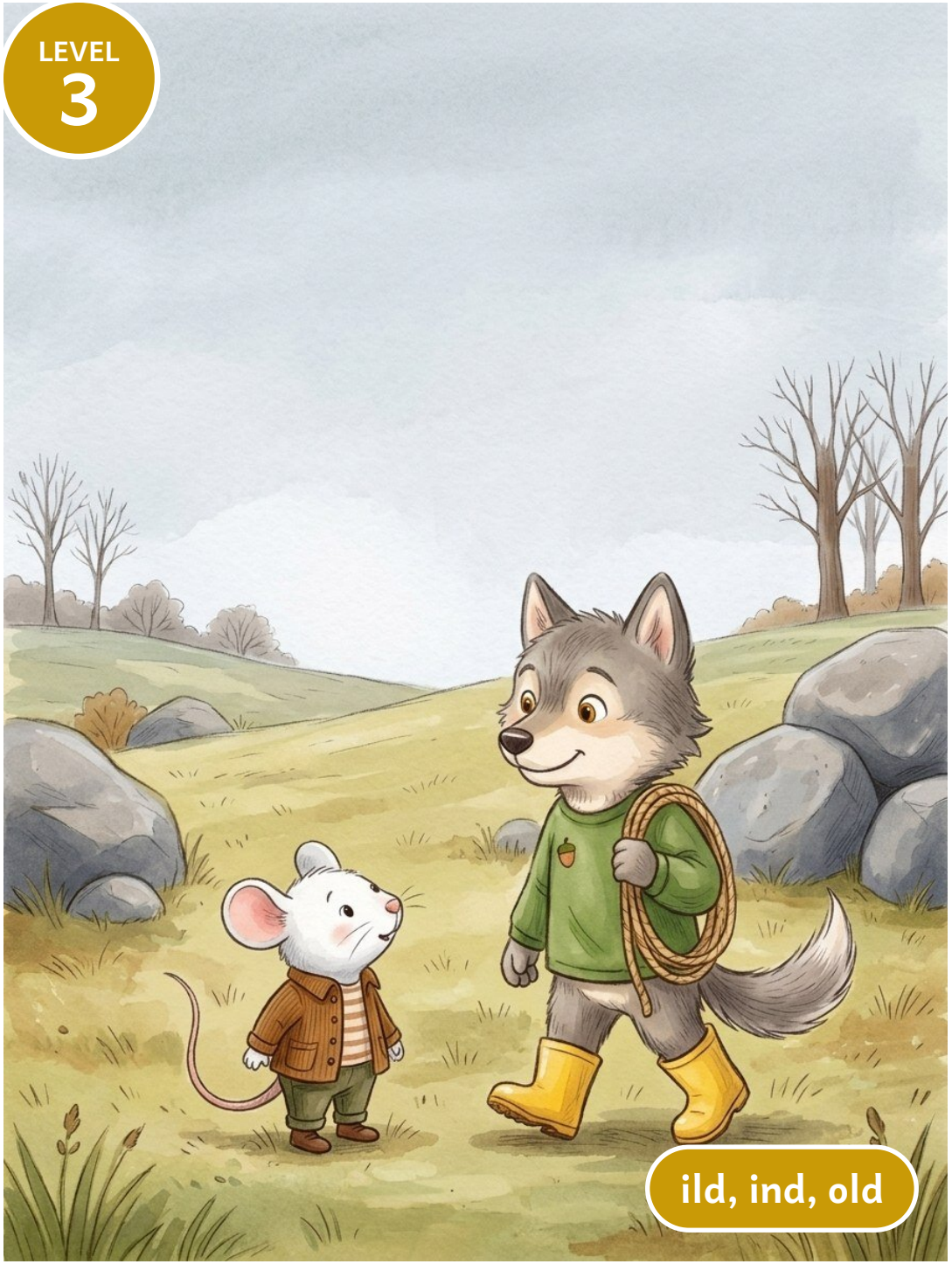


Wes Gives *a* Ride



It was a cold day on the hill, and Wes liked to run wild. He jumped and spun and dashed about. When he ran, he flung mud and grass.



The small children did not like it. When Wes came close, Jim and the other kids ran off to hide behind the rocks.



Wes sat on a stone and felt sad. "No one will play with me," he said. His mom held him close. "Be kind and mild," she said.



"Let them be the boss." Wes got a rope and went to find Jim. Jim was just a little child, and he hid behind a rock.



"Do you want a ride on my back?" Wes asked.
"You can hold this rope and be the boss."



At first, Jim did not trust him. Then he felt bold. He got up on Wes's back and held the rope. "Go!" said Jim. Wes went step by step.



"Stop!" said Jim, and Wes stopped. Wes did just what Jim told him, and Jim laughed and laughed. The other kids came out to look.



Soon most of them wanted a ride too. Wes gave rides until the sun sank, gold and red. Wes grinned. Kind play was even more fun than wild play.