

Let Me Help You

Sell Your Homework

12-Week Course of Study:

*24 Ways to Write
Stories for Kids*

Lesson 12

**CATALOG
WHIMSY
GOSPEL**

By Professor Dick Bohrer, M.Sc., M.A.

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Let's Write a
Catalog Story

**You take this thing and that thing and some other thing and you add some more things to some more and more and
MORE!**

Hail, hail, the gang's all here. Catalog structure heaps a gang of items into one story. The variety may be infinite, but all items have something in common that makes it reasonable for them to be mentioned in the same story.

Catalog books can record facts—and facts and facts and facts.

Do you know which insects, like mosquitoes, have movable parts inside their stingers? Tell us in a catalog story.

Do you know lots of things others have forgotten? Tell us in a catalog story. They could be things that happened in your family or things true of lots of members of your tribe.

You could write a book, as has been done, like *Oregon for the Curious*. You could write a *Children's Guide to Your Town*.

You could write a story like “Alexander’s Very Bad Day” which catalogs all the things that went wrong that day.

You could write a story like one of the following:

HIDE AND SEEK DAY by Gene Zion with pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham (New York: Harper and Row, Publishers, 1954).

One morning, when his puppy hides Jimmy’s shoe and his mother can’t look for it until she finds her eye glasses, Jimmy begins to notice all the things that are lost or that hide—a train going in and out tunnels, a turtle, fish, animals in the woods, insects, people hiding in doorways during a rain, seals at the zoo, a puppy hiding a bone, ferry boats, kittens, stars, sailors, children playing hide and seek.

YOUR TURN: Find something a lot of people do and list who does what and when and where. A lot of creatures blow things out and many suck things in. Some creatures stick to the things they walk on

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while others wiggle through life. Find a category and explain all the variations God has put together to make each one alike, but different somehow.

MUD PIES AND OTHER RECIPES (A Cookbook for Dolls) by Marjorie Winslow with illustrations by Erik Blegvad (New York: Walker and Company, 1961).

Library of Congress summary: Presents playful recipes for such dishes as “Wood Chip Dip,” “Seesaw Salad,” “Roast Rocks,” and “Pencil Sharpener Pudding” to be prepared for and enjoyed by dolls.

The recipe for “Dollypops” tells the chef to “pick a dandelion from the lawn—carefully, so as not to disturb the fluff. Hand it to your doll and tell her to lick.”

YOUR TURN: Recipes! Think of all the spheres you can explore where you can create recipes. You could even go back to creation and ponder how the Lord Jesus put things together. But sea life, bird life, insect life, animal life, zoo life, forest life all offer places a creative writer could go for a new recipe book.

Look around your own yard, in your garage, in your neighborhood. Name a pie after your town and tell all its ingredients.

DADDY PLAYED MUSIC TO THE COWS by Maryann Weidt and illustrated by Henri Sorensen (New York: Lathrop, Lee and Shepard Books, 1995.)

Library of Congress summary: A young girl grows up on a farm to the sound of music from the radio her father plays in the barn.

First sentence: Mama always said I

was born in the barn while Daddy played music for the cows.

As the pages turn, a catalog of pictures shows the youngster growing up from year to year. All pictures are scenes in the barn and on the farm. All her life long, Daddy played music to the cows.

YOUR TURN: In this story you have a catalog of things that change and a unifying element that doesn't change in Daddy's playing music to the cows. Editors like the counter melody because it is so unusual. Few writers can compose like this. Bizet's opera *Carmen* does this. As she is being murdered, the crowds in the distance watching the bull fight are singing the Toreador song.

BESIDE THE BAY by Sheila White Santon. (New York: Philomel, 1987.)

The story lists the colorful things seen as one walks beside the bay: a blue sky, gray sea, yellow lizard, pink snail, orange cat, blackbird, green trees.

YOUR TURN: Write about the things you see as you walk to work or school or the families you pass as you go down the aisle to your favorite seat in church.

ROSA, PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE by Barbro Lindgren and Eva Eriksson. (Vancouver: Douglas McIntyre, 1996.)

First sentence: Rosa had arrived at last.

From the moment she was let out of her cage, puppy dog Rosa ran and bit and chewed and dug.

She frightened children, snored at night, ate spiders and got lost—and found.

YOUR TURN: Make a list of all the things new puppies in the house do and you will find plenty to put into a catalog story like this. Maybe it's boys on the playground or girls at a sleep-over. All of us are surrounded by animals and people who do a wide variety of interesting things we could catalog.

Catalog can include lists or it can string events through a story like this one of mine:

TEDDY WON'T

By Dick Bohrer

Page one: (Words) My mother's friends bring their kids when they come over.

Page two: "Run and play with your little friends," my mother says to my brother and me.

Page three: If they're girls, we go to my room and play dolls and dress up.

Page four: If they are boys, Teddy should take them out to do boy things.

Page five: But Teddy won't. (Picture: Teddy is in his room reading a book.)

Page six: Teddy should climb some trees. (Picture: She and the boy visitor are climbing a tree.)

Page seven: But Teddy won't. (Picture: Teddy is playing with his train set.)

Page eight: Teddy should show him our garage. (Picture: She and the boy visitor are walking through garage door.)

Page nine: But Teddy won't. (Picture: Teddy is watching a video.)

Page ten: Teddy should play dress up mechanic. (Picture: She and guest are putting on aprons and gloves and workers' caps and picking up tools to work on the car.)

Page eleven: But Teddy won't. (Picture: Teddy is climbing a tree.)

Page twelve: Teddy should play hide and seek in our attic. (Picture: She and guest are creeping around the attic, the one looking for the other.)

Page thirteen: But Teddy won't. (Picture: He's creeping around the garage dressed as a mechanic.)

Page fourteen: Teddy should show him our coin collection. (Picture: She and the boy are looking at coin books.)

Page fifteen: But Teddy won't. (Picture: He's in the attic, looking for something behind an old couch.)

Page sixteen: Teddy should take him out riding our bikes. (Picture: She and the boy are pedaling their bikes.)

Page seventeen: But Teddy won't. (Picture: He's putting pennies in his coin board.)

Page eighteen: Teddy should let him color. (Picture: She and the boy are on the floor coloring color books.)

Page nineteen: But Teddy won't. (Picture: He is riding his bike.)

Page twenty: Teddy should show him his Legos. (Picture: She and the boy are building a tower with Legos.)

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Page twenty-one: But Teddy won't. (Picture: He's coloring.)

Page twenty-two: Teddy should work a puzzle with him. (Picture: She and the boy are at a table putting a puzzle together.)

Page twenty-three: But Teddy won't. (Picture: He is playing with his Legos.)

Page twenty-four: Teddy should let him finish the tea and cakes left on mother's tray. (Picture: They are in the kitchen, drinking tea with extended pinkies and licking the icing off left-over cakes.)

Page twenty-five: But Teddy won't. (Picture: He is working on the puzzle.)

Page twenty-six: Mother calls us into the living room. The lady is going home. (Picture: Living room scene of this.)

Page twenty-seven: Teddy should say goodbye. (Picture: Mother and girl are waving to the departing guests.)

Page twenty-eight: But Teddy won't.

(Picture: He's in the kitchen licking the cake plates.)

Fill out the following list with things you could write a catalog story about:

A _____

B _____

C _____

D _____

E _____

F _____

G _____

H _____

I _____

J _____

K _____

SELL YOUR HOMEWORK: THE CATALOG STORY

L _____

M _____

N _____

O _____

P _____

Q _____

R _____

S _____

T _____

U _____

V _____

W _____

X _____

Y _____

Z _____

You could put in birds, friends, felines, insects, questions, relatives and teachers. Make a long list and then start in. Look up facts in encyclopedias. Ask your librarian for non-fiction books on your subject. Talk to people. Ask them what they would like to know about the subject you've chosen.

Research Sheet

Title: _____

Author: _____

Publisher _____ Date _____

Synopsis _____

First Sentence: _____

Category: _____

List the Things Cataloged _____

Unifying Theme _____



Title: _____

Author: _____

Publisher _____ Date _____

Synopsis _____

First Sentence: _____

Category: _____

List the Things Cataloged _____

Unifying Theme _____



Let's Tell a
**Story Full of
Whimsy**

It's an odd fancy, an idle notion,
something curious,
QUAINT.

What is whimsy? It's an intangible sense of wish, of quiet fancy, of reflection, of hope, of nice things happening to nice people.

I don't know that you can sit down and say to your computer, "Okay, honey. Today we're going to write whimsy."

You don't just write "whimsy." It comes. It attaches itself to your story without your even knowing how to put it there. It creeps in through the tone of voice you use, the sadness, the wonder, the humanity, the joy—any or all of these—that readers perceive as they absorb your story.

Look at these examples. They're so different from one another, but they are all whimsical.

RALPH'S FROZEN TALE by Elise Primavera (New York: G. P.

Putnam's Sons, 1991).

Library of Congress summary: Ralph, a fearless explorer on his way to the North Pole meets a friendly polar bear who helps him on his journey.

First sentence: Ralph was an explorer. He loved the excitement and the danger.

Ralph buys huskies, a dogsled and a book on dogsledding. He loses his dogs and sled and meets a polar bear going his way. Later, separated from the bear, he is swept up by a wind and wrapped around a pole (North Pole) where he finds the bear.

YOUR TURN: This happy-ever-after kind of story takes us through the rigors of snow and ice and lost dogs and wind. Our wish for Ralph is met when he finds the bear who we know will lead him back to civilization. Your story could hark back to the man who lost his axe in the water and along came the prophet who made it float. With whimsy our wishes come true.

THE PUPPY WHO WANTED TO BE A BOY by Jane Thayer and

illustrated by Lisa McCue (New York: Morrow and Co., Inc., 1958). This story has a whimsical twist as the reverse of the boy-who-wants-a-puppy story.

Summary: When Petey the puppy decides that he wants a boy for Christmas, he discovers that he must go out and find one on his own.

When Petey told his mother about the boy he wanted, she asked him, "Have you been a good puppy?"

He goes to look for a boy. He asks four dogs without success if they will give him their boy. Then he finds a lonely boy at a home for boys and finds 50 boys. He says won't his mother be surprised when he tells her he got 50 boys for Christmas.

YOUR TURN: It's always wonderful when we get more for our wish than we could ever imagine. This clever writer did a reverse on the boy-dog routine story and came up with a winner. Always look for stories you can reverse. You may find whimsy, too.

THE PAPER CRANE by Molly Bong (New York: Mulberry Books, 1985).

Summary: A mysterious man enters a restaurant and pays for his dinner with a paper crane that magically comes alive and dances.

YOUR TURN: Magic is a far cry from the realities we have in Christ. Magic is the easy answer when we can't think of a solution to the problem we've raised. Our Christian man would offer to do the dishes. He would meet the Irish cook, fall in love with her (she's trusting the Savior, too) and open a restaurant of their own.

DAYDREAMS with story and pic-

tures by Denys Cazet (New York: Orchard Books, 1990), 32 pp.

Library of Congress summary: The children in Mrs. Williams's class find it hard to concentrate on a blustery day.

It is Miss Williams, and she is a tall white poodle. The animal children in her class forget what they are supposed to be doing. Even Miss Williams forgets questions she stands to ask. She does read stories to the children. Then, encouraging a child, she says the key sentence, "Wishes and hopes travel with daydreams."

At book's end, she is standing beside the school bus and visualizing what these youngsters will one day become. She thinks to herself, "Wishes and hopes . . ."

YOUR TURN: Your Miss Williams would fit right in as a Sunday School teacher who wonders how the Lord can ever use these wiggle-warts who fidget in front of her week by week. Won't she be surprised when they become great preachers and missionaries and Christian mothers and fathers?

ONE STORMY NIGHT by Ruth Brown (New York: Dutton Children's Books, 1992).

Summary: In 78 words, the author/artist traces the return of a ghost dog from the fields around the castle to the mausoleum where it returns to its form as a marble dog on a tomb resting at the feet of a fallen knight.

First sentence: One stormy night, the wind was howling.

Each spread has a simple sentence or half a sentence. There are only

eight sentences in the text. The water-colors are beautiful.

YOUR TURN: We love the moors and knights and old mausoleums, but ghost dogs returning to marble is fancy in the extreme. Think what you could write for Christian kids with the same setting! We don't need ghosts when we could have lost children and rescues and robbers hiding out and mothers in old thatch-roof homes standing with arms out-spread in open kitchen doorways.

MOONBALL by Jane Yolen and illustrated by Greg Couch. (New York: Simon and Schuster Books for Young Readers, 1999).

Library of Congress summary: Danny always strikes out, but in a dream he plays baseball with the moon and stars and finds it an eminently satisfying experience.

First sentence: The afternoon the moon came out early, hanging over the field like a pop fly, Danny Brower struck out again.

Driven from the game by catcalls, Danny finds solace playing with the "All-Stars"—Orion, the Dipper, the Gemini twins and Rigel who teach him to keep his eyes on the ball.

YOUR TURN: Your hero can't play the game until someone unusual comes along who teaches him the tricks and skills necessary to be a success. This clever use of "All-Stars" will intrigue any editor. How would you teach a youngster to hold the bat, swing it straight and keep his eyes on the ball? Maybe your Christian boy goes with his father to the rescue mission and meets an old ball player, now saved, who thinks he can help.

THE CLEVER COWBOY by Angela McAllister, illustrated by Katherine Lodge. (New York: DK Ink Book, DK Publishing, Inc., 1998).

First sentence: Clever Cowboy was a clever cowboy.

He knew how to mix up a barrel of batter that would make a pancake flip so high it would eclipse the moon.

He wins the pancake tossing contest and the telescope that will help find his long-lost sister Kate.

YOUR TURN: The story is full of great expectations and performance. It's wild west. It's corn pone. It's full of knees and elbows as outlandish things happen. They are fun and kids love the book. Can Christian writers concoct stories like this? Should they? Let's all shout YES!

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE IN THE NIGHT by Tomek Bogacki. (New York: Frances Foster Books, Farrar Straus Giroux, 1998).

Library of Congress summary: Their inattentiveness strands a little mouse and a little cat in the meadow after dark, where their fears turn into a wonderful discovery.

The first sentence tells that one early morning, three mice left their home, something they did every day.

They met and played with three cats.

After dark, an owl leads the cat and mouse that didn't go home to see beauty from the top of a tree.

The next night the pair lead the others to see beauty from the top of the tree—close to the moon and stars.

YOUR TURN: This is like the lion and the lamb that lie down together. Owls eat mice and cats eat owls. Here they buddy and oggle the moon. You can bring odd combinations of creatures together and let them marvel at God's creation. Let your own appreciation of His beauties color your prose.

SLOW TRAIN TO OXMOX by Kurt Cyrus (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1998).

Library of Congress summary: Although he starts out in a hurry to reach his destination, Edwin Blink comes to enjoy his unusual trip on a slow train.

The first sentence tells that very early one fall morning, cold drizzle dropping down from the sky speckles the glasses of Edwin Blink.

Edwin rushes to work and follows the passenger ahead of him onto the slow train, not the express he wanted.

His train creeps, stops for geese, gets stuck in mud, falls through a bridge.

Edwin whips up a “double action jimmy-spindle with a flip-flop toggle” and gets the train on its way.

An engine sneeze sprays Edwin with what he calls “the biggest, wettest, sloppiest kiss ever.”

YOUR TURN: This is multiple problem and solution as bad things happen and happen to Edwin B. But he comes to the rescue and gets a kiss for his efforts. The book is fun partly because he seems absent minded. Writing for kids is fun. You can be as crazy as you like.

BENJAMIN McFADDEN AND THE ROBOT BABYSITTER, story and pictures by Timothy Bush (New York: Crown Books, a Random House Company, 1998).

Library of Congress summary: When Benjamin McFadden reprograms his robot Babysitter to be more

fun, he discovers that there is such a thing as too much fun.

The first sentence tells that the night his mother and father went out to the rings of Saturn Preservation Dance, Benjamin McFadden and his kitten Fantastic were not invited to come along.

Everything goes to pieces when Benjamin reprograms his robot sitter to have fun because he doesn't want to go to bed early.

When he tires and wants to go to sleep, she wants more fun.

Only when he discovers the magic reprogramming word—“Parents”—do things return to normal.

YOUR TURN: We're up-to-date modern when we write about robots and computers. This cute piece returns things to normal with the one word, “Parents!” You know other one words that stop mischief: “Teacher!” “Police!” “Mother!” These are especially effective when given in loud whispers.

LUCY DOVE by Janice del Negro and illustrated by Leonid Gore. (New York: A DK Ink Book, DK Publishing, Inc., 1998.)

Library of Congress summary: When sewing the laird's “trews” (trousers) by moon-light in a haunted churchyard in return for a sack full of gold, an aging seamstress outwits a terrible monster.

The first sentence tells that a rich laird (lord) lived in a stone castle by the sea in the days when wishes were horses and beggars could ride.

He wants trousers. She wants gold to see her through her old age.

She reaches the castle with the finished trousers before the monster gets her.

YOUR TURN: Here is a version of the Billy Goat Gruff who gets stopped by the troll under the bridge. We love stories where we slip through the door safe in the nick of time. David chose five stones at the brook, remember. Goliath had four brothers. It's a fact! He never knew when one of the brothers would slip up behind him.

SUN AND MOON by Lisa Desimini New York: Blue Sky Press (Scholastic, Inc., 1999).

A giant girl who walks only in moonlight and a boy who walks only in sunlight finally meet in an eclipse and fall in love.

They belong together.

YOUR TURN: We have many cases where children of enemy families have met and fallen in love. Rich girl, poor boy and saved girl, lost boy find love all the time. Our dilemma is to get them together in a believable way and especially to save the boy who is lost.

THE MOST WONDERFUL EGG IN THE WORLD, written and illustrated by Helme Heine (New York: Atheneum, a Margaret K. McElderry Book, 1983).

Library of Congress summary: The king must choose the most beautiful egg laid by three hens, one of which he will then make a princess.

Hens, arguing about which is most beautiful, consult with the king. He discounts beauty in favor of function and offers to make a princess of the hen who lays the most beautiful egg.

Number One does so.

Number Two lays an ostrich egg.

Number Three lays a square egg with a different color on all sides.

The king is so pleased, he crowns all three who are now the best of friends.

YOUR TURN: Everyone gets her wish in this whimsical piece. What if the girls were man-sized fishwives? Lady wrestlers? Bouncers at a bricklayers' club? Clowns? Midgets? The list can be endless. You could even go through the yellow pages phone book and look for unusual occupations. Would the king still make all three princesses?

I WAS A SECOND GRADE WEREWOLF by Daniel Pinkwater (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1983).

Library of Congress summary: Though he has turned into a werewolf, his parents, teacher, and classmates still see him as Lawrence Talbot, second grader.

The first sentence tells that, when the viewpoint character woke up in the morning, he saw that the back of his hands were covered with hair.

Lawrence goes through the day certain he has turned into a werewolf, but no one notices even though he bites the girl who sits in front of him, eats his milk carton and twinkie with the cellophane still on it and howls at the moon.

Next morning, his mirror shows him he is not a werewolf. Regretting that no one ever noticed, he resolves that the next time he turns, they will.

YOUR TURN: Write about a second grader who thinks he has turned into another creature and take him through the day and into the next morning.

THE GIGANTIC TURNIP by Aleksei Tolstoy and Niamh Sharkey (Brooklyn, N.Y.: Barefoot Books, 1998).

The first sentence tells that long ago, an old man and an old woman lived together in a crooked old cottage with a large, overgrown garden.

The couple had 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 animals and fowl on their small farm. At harvest time one turnip was so big the man, then the man and the woman, then with the cow, the two pigs, the three cats, the four hens, the five geese, the six canaries couldn't pull it out (each was added when the others failed).

Only when they added a mouse did the turnip pop loose.

YOUR TURN: It takes a mouse, the smallest of the group—at least as small as the canaries—to add the ounce of strength that loosens the turnip. Thus, the insignificant member makes the greatest contribution. It's the boy who put his finger in the dike that saved Holland. It's the youngster who overheard the mischief who saved the Apostle Paul.

This finds its whimsy in the fact that the small, the so-insignificant-he-wasn't-counted-among-the-family's-animals mouse turns out to be the key member of the family. Without him they could not have pulled the turnip.

Whimsy is a way. It often carries a message or a new insight. And it can speak to a child's heart because it talks of fulfilling dreams and wishes.

Look at this old story I got out of a

high school textbook I taught from years ago. Its whimsy makes it timeless.

That's What Happened to Me

by Michael Fessier

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Summary statement

I have done things and had things happen to me and nobody knows about it. So I am writing about it so that people will know. Although there are a lot of things I could tell about, I will just tell about the jumping because that is the most important. It gave me the biggest thrill. I mean high jumping standing and running. You probably never heard of a standing high jumper, but that's what I was. I was the greatest jumper ever was.

Background

I was going to high school and I wasn't on any team. I couldn't be because I had to work for a drug-store and wash bottles and deliver medicine and sweep the floor. So I couldn't go out for any of the teams because the job started soon's school was over. I used to crab to the fellows about how old man Patch made me wash so many bottles, and so they got to calling me **Bottles Barton and I didn't like it.**

They'd call me Bottles in front of the girls, and the girls'd giggle.

Embarrassment #1

Once I poked one of the fellows for calling me Bottles. He was a big fellow and he played on the football team, and I wouldn't have hit him because I was little and couldn't fight very well. But he called me Bottles before Anna Louise Daniels and she laughed, and I was so mad I didn't know whether I wanted to hit her or the football player, but finally I hit him. He caught my arm and threw me down and sat on me and pulled my nose.

"Look, Anna Louise," he said, "it stretches."

He pulled my nose again and Anna Louise put her arms around herself and jumped up and down and laughed, and then I knew that I should have taken the first poke at her. I was more mad at her than the football player, although he was pulling my nose and sitting on me.

Embarrassment #2

The next day I met Anna Louise in the hall going to the ancient history class and she was with a couple of other girls and I tried to go past without them noticing me. I don't know why, but I had a funny feeling like as if somebody was going to throw a rock at me or something. Anna Louise looked at me and giggled.

"Hello, old rubbernose," she said.

Resentment #1

The girls giggled and I hurried down the hall and felt sick and mad and kind of like I was running away from a fight, although nobody'd expect me to fight a girl. And so they called me Bottles sometimes and Rubbernose other times and always whoever was near would laugh. They didn't think it was funny because Jimmy Wilkins was called Scrubby or Jack Harris was called Doodles. But they thought it was funny I was called Rubbernose and Bottles and they never got tired of laughing. It was a new joke every time.

Dream #1

Scrubby pitched for the baseball team and Doodles was quarterback of the football team. I could have pitched for the baseball team or played quarterback on the football team. I could have pitched no-hit games, and I could have made touchdowns from my own ten-yard line. I know I could. I had it all figured out. I went over how I'd throw the ball and how the batter'd miss and it was easy. I figured out how to run and dodge and straight-arm and that was easy too. But I didn't get the chance because I had to go right to Patch's Drugstore after school was out.

Resentment #2

Old Man Patch was a pretty good guy but his wife she was nothing but a crab. I'd wash bottles and old man Patch he would look at them and not say anything. But Mrs. Patch, old lady Patch, she would look at the bottles and wrinkle her nose and make me wash half of them over again. When I swept up at night she'd always find some corner I'd missed and she'd bawl me out. She was fat and her hair was all straight and I wondered why old man Patch ever married her, although I guess maybe she didn't look so awful when she was a girl. She couldn't have been very pretty though.

Dream #2

They lived in back of the drugstore and when people came in at noon or at six o'clock, either old man or old lady Patch'd come out, still chewing their food, and look at the customer and swallow and then ask him what he wanted.

I studied salesmanship at high school and I figured this wasn't very good for business and I wanted to tell them but I never did.

One of the fellows at school was in waiting for a prescription and he saw me working at some of the things I did at the drugstore. So when another fellow asked what I did this fellow he laughed and said,

“Old Bottles! Why he rates at that store. Yes, he does! He rates like an Armenian's helper.”

That's about the way I did rate but I was planning on how I'd some day own a real, modern drugstore and run the Patches out of business so I didn't mind so much.

Dream #3

What I did mind was Anna Louise at school. She was the daughter of a doctor and she thought she was big people and maybe she was but she wasn't any better'n me. Maybe my clothes weren't so good but that was only temporary. I planned on having twenty suits some day.

Dream #4

I wanted to go up to her and say, “Look here, Anna Louise, you're not so much. Your father isn't a millionaire and some day I'm going to be one. I'm going to have a million dollars and twenty suits of clothes.” But I never did.

Dream #5

After she laughed at me and started calling me Rubbernose, I began planning on doing things to make her realize I wasn't what she thought I was. That's how the jumping came about.

Embarrassment #3

It was the day before the track

meet, and everybody was talking about whether or not our school could win. They figured we'd have to win the high jump and pole vault to do it.

"If we only had old Heck Hanson back," said Goobers MacMartin. "He'd out-jump those Fairfield birds two inches in the high and a foot in the pole vault."

"Yeah," somebody else said, "but we haven't got Heck Hanson. What we got is pretty good but not good enough. Wish we had a jumper."

"We sure need one," I said.

There was a group of them all talking, boys and girls, and I was sort of on the outside listening.

"Who let you in?" Goobers asked me.

Frank Shay grabbed me by the arm and dragged me into the center of the circle.

"The very man we've been looking for," he said. "Yessir, Old Bottles Rubbernose Barton. He can win the jumping events for us."

"Come on, Bottles," they said. "Save the day for us. Be a good old Rubbernose."

Anna Louise was the one who laughed the most, and it was the third time I'd wanted to pop her on the nose.

I went away from there and didn't turn back when they laughed and called and whistled at me.

"She'd be surprised if I did," I said.

Dream #6

I kept thinking this over and pretty soon I said, "Well, maybe you could."

Then when I was sweeping the drugstore floor I all of a sudden said, "I can."

"You can what?" Mrs. Patch asked me.

"Nothing," I said.

"You can hurry about sweeping the floor, that's what you can do," she said.

Fulfillment #1

There was a big crowd out for the track meet, and we were tied when I went up to our coach. It was just time for the jumping to start.

"What you doing in a track suit?" he asked me.

"I'm going to save the day for Brinkley," I said. "I'm going to jump."

"No, you aren't," he said. "You run along and start a marble game with some other kid."

I looked him in the eye and I spoke in a cold, level tone of voice.

"Mr. Smith," I said, "the track meet depends on the high jump and the pole vault, and unless I am entered we will lose those two events and the meet. I can win and I am

willing to do it for Brinkley. Do you want to win the meet?"

He looked amazed.

"Where have you been all the time?" he asked. "You talk like you've got something on the ball."

I didn't say anything. I just smiled.

Fulfillment #2

The crowd all rushed over to the jumping pits, and I took my time going over. When everybody had jumped but me the coach turned and said, "Come on now, Barton, let's see what you can do."

"Not yet," I said.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I'll wait until the last man has been eliminated," I said. "Then I'll jump."

The crowd laughed but I just stared coldly at them. The coach tried to persuade me to jump, but I wouldn't change my mind.

"I stake everything on one jump," I said. "Have faith in me."

He looked at me and shook his head and said, "Have it your own way."

They started the bar a little over four feet and pretty soon it was creeping up toward five feet and a half. That's always been a pretty good distance for high school jumpers. When the bar reached five feet seven inches all our men except one

was eliminated. Two from Fairfield were still in the event. They put the bar at five feet nine inches and one man from Fairfield made it. Our man tried hard but he scraped the bar and knocked it off.

The crowd started yelling, thinking Fairfield had won the event.

"Wait a minute," I yelled. "I haven't jumped yet."

The judges looked at their lists and saw it was so. Maybe you think it was against the rules for them to allow me to skip my turn but anyway that's the way it was.

"You can't make that mark," one of the judges said. "Why try? You're not warmed up."

"Never mind," I said.

I walked up close to the jumping standard and stood there.

"Go ahead and jump," one of the judges said.

"I will," I said.

"Well, don't stand there," he said. "Come on back here so's you can get a run at it."

"I don't want any run at the bar," I said. "I'll jump from here."

The judge yelled at the coach and told him to take me out on account of I was crazy.

I swung my arms in back of me and sprung up and down a second, and then I jumped over the bar with inches to spare. When I came down it was so silent I could hear

my footsteps as I walked across the sawdust pit. The judge that'd crabbed at me just stood and looked. His eyes were bugged out and his mouth hung open.

Our coach came up and he stood beside the judge and they both looked the same, bug-eyed.

"Did you see that?" the coach asked. "Tell me you didn't. Please do. I'd rather lose this meet than my mind."

The judge turned slowly and looked at him. "There's two of us."

All of a sudden everybody started yelling, and the fellows near me pounded me on the back and tried to shake my hand. I smiled and brushed them aside and walked over to the judge.

Fulfillment #3

"What's the high school record for this state?" I asked.

"Five feet, eleven inches," he said.

"Put her at six," I said.

They put the bar at six and I gathered myself together and gave a heave and went over the bar like I was floating. It was easy. Well, that just knocked the wind out of everybody. They'd thought I couldn't do anything, and there I'd broken the state record for the high jump without a running start.

Rewards #1

The crowd surrounded me and

tried to shake my hand, and the coach and judge got off to one side and reached out and pinched each other's cheeks and looked at the bar and shook their heads. Frank Shay grabbed my hand and wrung it and said, "Gosh, Bottles, I was just kidding the other day. I didn't know you were such a ring-tailed wonder. Say, Bottles, we're having a frat dance tonight. Will you come?"

Revenge #1

"No, I won't come. I don't approve of fraternities," I said. "They're undemocratic."

A lot of the fellows that'd made fun of me before crowded around and acted as if I'd been their friend all along.

Revenge #2

When Anna Louise crowded through the gang and said, "Oh, you're marvelous," I just smiled at her and said, "Do you think so?" and walked away. She tagged around after me, but I talked mostly with a couple of other girls.

Rewards #2, 3, 4, 5

They didn't usually have a public address system at our track meets but they started using one then.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the announcer said, "you have just witnessed a record-breaking perform-

ance by Bottles Barton.”

He went on like that telling them what an astonishing thing I’d done, and it came to me I didn’t mind being called Bottles any more. In fact, I kind of liked it.

Mr. and Mrs. Patch came up and Mrs. Patch tried to kiss me but I wouldn’t let her. Old man Patch shook my hand.

“You’ve made our drugstore famous,” he said. “From now on you’re a clerk. No more bottle washing.”

“We’ll make him a partner,” old lady Patch said.

“No, you won’t” I said. “I think I’ll go over to the McManus Pharmacy.”

Fulfillment #4

Then they called the pole vault and I did like I’d done before. I wouldn’t jump until our men’d been eliminated. The bar was at eleven feet.

“It’s your turn,” our coach told me. “Ever use a pole before?”

“Oh, sure,” I told him.

He gave me a pole and the crowd cleared away and grew silent. Everyone was watching me.

I threw the pole down and smiled at the crowd. The coach yelled for me to pick up the pole and jump. I picked it up and threw it ten feet away from me. Everybody gasped.

Then I took a short run and went over the bar at eleven feet. It was simple.

This time the coach and the judge took pins and poked them in one another’s cheeks. The coach grabbed me and said, “When I wake up I’m going to be so mad at you I’m going to give you the beating of your life.”

Reward #6

Anna Louise came up and held my arm and said, “Oh, Bottles, you’re wonderful. I’ve always thought so. Please forgive me for calling you Rubbernose. I want you to come to our party tonight.”

“All right,” I said. “I’ll forgive you but don’t you call me Rubber-nose again.”

Fulfillment #5

They moved the bar up again and the fellow from Fairfield couldn’t make it. I took a short run and went over. I did it so easy it came to me I could fly if I wanted to, but I decided not to try it on account of people wouldn’t think it so wonderful if a fellow that could fly jumped eleven feet without a pole.

Rewards #7, 8

I’d won the track meet for Brinkley High, and the students all came down out of the stand and put me on their shoulders and paraded me

around and around the track. A lot of fellows were waving papers at me asking me to sign them and get a thousand dollars a week as a professional jumper. I signed one which threw in an automobile.

Concluding summary

That's what I did once and nobody knows about it, so I am writing about it so that people will know.

####

The story strikes home because the writer knew what the underachiever is really like, especially in the way he preserves his fancied plans and achievements by saying, "I could have done or said such and such, but I never did."

What carries this kind of story is its tone, not its structure. Its tone can be caprice and lightheartedness or it can be penetrating sadness.

It's a way to write appealing stories for children because it often carries a message or a new insight or a wish that things might be different. If I had a muscle, I could beat him up. If I had a better bicycle, I could win the race.

It's the "you can wish upon a star and all your dreams will come true" concept.

You, too, can go to the ball, Cinderella. You, too can marry the prince. The whimsical story can speak to a discouraged child's heart and

make him laugh—and maybe hope.

And, actually as in my case, a whimsical story can be seminal in setting the tone of much of the writing you will do in the future. It brings a gentleness as it plays with reality. Its exaggerations are sweet—and fun.

Even when writing whimsy, we need to know people, their character, their manner, their sensitivities, their insecurities, their willingness to excuse themselves by blaming others, their hopes that someday things will be different.

But has whimsy a place in literature for the Christian child?

Isn't whimsy just fancy?

Certainly, in Christ we have new life, new hope, safety, certainty and enjoyment. We have reality in Christ and all the promises of God as our daily provision.

Any place for whimsy?

Ask if there is any place for laughter, for play, for fun, for teasing, for imagining, for dreaming.

In the writer's hands, it's a tool for allegory. Ask Tolkein and C. S. Lewis.

And it can be a tool for capturing the wannabes of human wistfulness. It can point on to the John 3:16s of God's response to the wondering: "Whosoever believeth on Him SHALL NOT PERISH but have everlasting life."

Let's Write a
Gospel Story

A story of yours
could be for someone else
the doorway to

ETERNITY!

There's nothing like the clear Gospel of new life in Christ which we get when we recognize that we're sinners, deserving death and punishment eternally for our sins.

We implore God for mercy, asking, "Isn't there someone else who can die in my place? Can't there be something I can do, something I can offer—some lamb like in the Old Testament—who could die in my place?"

He answers, "Yes, there is Someone. Me."

We find that God became Man with one purpose in mind—that He as the sacrificial Lamb, as the representative man—might die in my place. God has accepted the blood of His dear Son, shed on the cross of Calvary, as my blood.

When I admit I'm a sinner and ask God the Father to forgive me because God the Son has died in my place, He does.

I'm saved from the eternal punish-

ment I deserve. My sins are all forgiven. Life can begin new all over again.

This is the Gospel story and we, as writers, can present it to the world. But to hook the interest of other sinners, we sometimes have to use a story.

Many stories are printed in tract form to make it easy to insert in an envelope when we pay our bills or to hand to someone when a discussion has turned serious.

Some tracts come at the Gospel from another angle than story in order to transition into the message. This one below meets all the excuses we hear head on:

I'VE BEEN A SPORTS FAN ALL MY LIFE (No. 59. No author given. Published by The Tract League, Grand Rapids, MI 449544-1390.)

It reads:

I've been a SPORTS FAN all my life:

Football in the fall.

Basketball in the winter.

Baseball in the spring and summer.

But I'll never go to another game because:

They always ask me for money.

The people I sat with weren't very friendly.

The seats were too hard.

The coach never asked my advice.

The referee made some bad calls.

Some people cared more about their looks than the game.

Some games went into overtime and I was late getting home.

The band played some numbers that I didn't know.

Too many games didn't fit into my schedule.

My parents took me to too many games when I was growing up.

I just read a book on sports and I know more than the coaches.

I don't take my kids to any games so that they can make their own choices what sport they like best.

Do you use the same excuses for not attending church?

God says: Seek the Lord while He may be found. . . . You will find me when you seek Me with all your heart.

What keeps you from seeking

God?

YOUR TURN: Notice it lists the excuses and then asks a pointed question. A Bible verse follows, introduced by "God says" to give it authority. It ends with a pointed question again that sends the message home.

FRED SOMEBODY (No. 132).
No author given. (The Tract League,
Grand Rapids, MI 49544-1390.)

This one also speaks to the point of church attendance:

**Fred Somebody,
Thomas Everybody,
Susan Anybody,
and Joe Nobody
were neighbors, but they were not
like you and me.
They were odd
people and most
difficult to
understand.
The way they
lived was a
shame.**

**All four belonged to the same
church,
but you would not have enjoyed
worshiping with them.**

**EVERYBODY went
fishing on Sunday
or stayed home
to visit with
friends.**

**ANYBODY wanted to
worship but was**

**afraid SOMEBODY
wouldn't speak to
him. So guess who
went to church
—NOBODY.**

**Really, NOBODY
was the only decent
one of the four.**

**NOBODY did the visitation.
NOBODY
worked on the church building.**

**Once they needed a
Sunday school teacher.
EVERYBODY
thought ANYBODY
would do it, and
ANYBODY thought SOMEBODY
would do it.**

**And you know who did it?
That's exactly right . . .
NOBODY!**

**It happened that a fifth neighbor
(an unbeliever) moved into the
area. EVERYBODY thought
SOMEBODY
should try to win him for Christ.
ANYBODY could have
made an effort.**

**You probably know who
finally won him:
NOBODY!**

**This little parable brings to focus
again the fact that each
of us is personally
responsible for**

**God's work.
If we leave it for
somebody or
everybody or
anybody,
nobody will do it.
Let's work till
Jesus comes!**

YOUR TURN: This is a serious approach reminiscent of Abbot and Costello's famous banter, "Who's on First Base?" The double meanings make it compelling.

We pray people who read it will get the point.

What can you do with this method?

Most tracts introduce a story that catches the interest of the reader. Then with a transition, they turn to the message.

It is so important that studied writers turn their hand to stories that will make an eternal difference in the lives of their readers. These children's stories are well and good; but, if we really want to use our gifts "in the service of the sanctuary," we should consider writing gospel tracts as well.

Certainly getting sound doctrine into the hearts of our children and clean, captivating stories is worth-while. We have a generation to reach. With Gospel tracts, we have a world to reach.

The following tract on the imminent return of the Lord Jesus for His own is presented in this parody of "The Night Before Christmas" (No. 77, The Tract League, Grand Rapids, MI 49544-1390):

**‘Twas the night Jesus came and
all through the house**

**Not a person was praying, not one
in the house.**

**The Bibles were left on the shelf
without care,**

**For no one thought that Jesus
would come there.**

**The children were dressing to
crawl into bed,**

**Not once ever kneeling or bowing
a head.**

**And mom in her rocker with
baby in her lap**

**Was watching the Late Show
while I took a nap.**

**When out of the east there rose
such a clatter,**

**I sprang to my feet to see what
was the matter.**

**Away to the window I flew like a
flash**

**Tore open the shutters and lifted
the sash!**

**When what to my wondering eyes
should appear**

**But angels proclaiming that Jesus
was here!**

**The light of His face made me
cover my head—**

**It was Jesus returning, just as He
said.**

**And though I possessed worldly
wisdom and wealth,**

I cried when I saw Him in spite of

myself.

**In the Book of Life which He held
in His hand**

**Was written the name of every
saved man.**

**He spoke not a word as He
searched for my name;**

**When He said, “It’s not here,” my
head hung in shame.**

**The people whose names had
been written with love**

**He gathered to take to His Father
above.**

**With those who were ready He
rose without sound**

**While all of the rest were left
standing around.**

**I fell to my knees, but it was too
late;**

**I had waited too long and thus
sealed my fate.**

**I stood and I cried as they rose
out of sight;**

**Oh, if only I’d known that this
was the night.**

**In the words of this poem the
meaning is clear;**

**The coming of Jesus is now draw-
ing near.**

**There’s only one life and when
comes the last call**

**We’ll find that the Bible was true
after all.**

The Bible says: “If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved.” Romans 10:9

“It is by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth . . . salvation is found in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given to men by which we must be saved.” Acts 4:10-12

Do not delay! The Bible says we must:

**REPENT of our sins,
BELIEVE in Jesus Christ,
and
FOLLOW Him.
Do it today!**

See how there was no transition to the message in this case. The point had been made. The Bible verses followed. Then the urgent message concluded the tract.

EXERCISE

Take the following story and finish it with an appropriate message that fits children. Use one of the structures in this book—perhaps frame and flashback or sunk and saved with a sad ending. Practice taking news stories and turning them into children’s gospel tracts. What a wonderful way to serve the Lord!

BARRY, THE HEROIC DOG

(Gospel Series No. 115, Moments with the Book, P.O.Box 322, Bedford, PA 15522)

The *National Geographic Magazine* some time ago devoted a large section of one of its issues to the subject of dogs and their deeds, and the following story of Barry is well worth repetition.

Barry belongs to that breed of dog known to the world as the St. Bernard stock. This famous dog, during his lifetime, actually saved more than forty human beings from being frozen to death high in the Alps.

Whenever a snowstorm begins, these well-trained devoted dogs become very excited at the prospect of saving men from a terrible death. They leap and bark and show every sign of impatience if they are not sent out into the storm immediately.

God has gifted these great dogs with keen sense of scent, so that they can discover a person, although he may be buried many inches beneath the snow.

But the strange and sad part of Barry’s unique story is that while he saved more than forty persons, he lost his own life during his last rescue.

After digging the perishing man out of the snow, the dog stretched himself over the body of the man, as he had been trained to do, to impart warmth and revive the flickering spark of life.

When the man began to regain consciousness, he saw the huge dog hovering over him.

In his dazed, drowsy condition, he mistook the dog for a wolf intent on devouring him. Quickly he plunged a dagger into the animal's side!

Without a whimper, the noble dog crept away to his home, leaving a trail of blood which led rescuers to the injured man.

News of the death of Barry soon spread, causing genuine grief because of such a tragedy. The deeds of Barry, the heroic dog, stand as a monument to the selfless nature of these St. Bernards.

Why did this man, imperiled as he was, do such a cruel, terrible thing? Because he misunderstood

the dog's purpose and mission. He thought the dog had come to devour him, while in actual fact he had come to deliver him.

How many today . . .

Hopefully, if you've read this far, you have caught the torch I'm trying to throw. We have a message to tell to the nations. We can slip it into our children's stories and they will read and we hope love what they read.

But as the tract above says, "Each of us is personally responsible for God's work. If we leave it for somebody or everybody or anybody, nobody will do it.

Let's work till the Lord Jesus returns to take us to be with Himself. We will adore and praise Him for ever!

Okay, Gertie, Your Act's Over. Get off the stage.

But there's so much more to say that I don't want to

QUIT!

We haven't covered transitions.

You know, they are the unexpected changes that come in the direction of a story as in the case of Little Red Riding Hood. When she left home with the cookies for Grandma, she had expected to take cookies directly to Grandma.

But when the wolf appeared on the scene, the whole story changed direction. Now there was threat to contend with.

At this point we add interest and at this point we experience a transition.

But having a conversation with the wolf doesn't seem to be all that threatening until the wolf excuses himself to go one way while Little Red goes another.

The threat has intensified, and we begin to quake with fear. We know where he is going and that he is traveling fast.

Through the story there are transitions, changes in direction, that heighten the conflict—transitions that we wouldn't have expected from the beginning.

In essence, these are the ingredients of conflict—like the salt in the oatmeal. Without them—you've just got muck.

We haven't covered the third drawer. When you've finished a story, you need to put it away.

Take off the hat you've worn as you've written it. You've been the heroine fourth grader who kept your frogs in a corsage box until your older brother took your box thinking it was his orchid for his date. (Vela de Peugh did this in "Maggie Mix-up.")

Maybe you've been your version of Homer Price or Encyclopedia Brown or Harry Potter. But you've got to get away.

The reason?

SELL YOUR HOMEWORK

You need to look at your work again a week later with new eyes.

You've got to take the time to become objective again. Clear your palate, as it were, so that you can appreciate the flavors of your story all the more when you look at it again.

And we haven't covered your opinions.

You need to be a most opinionated person. How are you going to convince the world if you're a vegetable yourself.

Do you know your doctrine?

Do you **KNOW** what you believe spiritually?

Do you know your Bible? Read it in great sweeps to get its stories and principles well in your mind. What good will you be to the Christian child if you don't know God's Word.

Do us a favor and don't write if you are a spiritual illiterate.

Nothing is more important than stoking God's Truth into the minds of His little children.

"The best books emerge from the strongest convictions," Dorothea Brande says in her book, "Becoming a Writer."

We haven't talked about nibbling.

Many successful writers seem porky to me. I can understand why.

Their blood sugar level drops while they work endlessly at their computer. They stick a hard candy in their mouth.

Then they get a box of crackers.

Pretzels.

Potato chips.

Carrot sticks.

Cracker jack.

Dill pickles.

Their life is spent sitting in a chair. Each book costs them an inch or two of waistline. Talk about the weight of words!

But I've solved this problem. I chew an elastic band. It keeps my tongue and jaw busy. It's not fattening and it lasts forever.

As for not getting enough exercise, I eat prunes.

And, finally, we haven't talked about—what if it all doesn't work?

You've lived the life.

You've had wonderful things to say.

You've created characters from real life.

You've worked them all into the stew.

You've stirred and stirred and poured the words through your computer.

You've sent them to an editor and gotten them back in six months with a rejection slip.

Your friend, who is more of a beginner than you, gets a contract and a picture in the newspaper. And you don't. Why? Several reasons.

Some of us can change a frog into a

SELL YOUR HOMEWORK

prince with just one kiss. We can take something out of our life and frame it into professional prose right off the bat.

Most of us have to shower that frog with more kisses than we knew we had. This is called write and rewrite and rewrite and rewrite.

Writing is a craft.

Craftsmen work and work and work to polish their art.

We have to, too.

But endless writing isn't enough. We must read books on craft and attend writers conferences to get inspiration.

Some of us attend writers clubs to share our work-in-process.

Here be careful.

Always be sure there are published writers in the group. Then listen to the kind of advice they give one another. Just because they are writers doesn't make them right. Find a group of encouragers who will help one another and offer thoughtful suggestions. Such groups ARE out there.

Good ideas can get zapped in some writers clubs. Good writers can be discouraged there as well. Good writers can be discouraged at home, too. So don't let your family read what you've written unless they are unusually supportive.

The ones who can tell you how well you write are the editors. You'll know you write well when they send you a check.

Most don't comment when they send you a rejection. They are afraid you will correct what they've objected to and send it back and send it back and send it back.

Some editors—and I tried to be one like that when I edited “Moody Monthly” magazine—write encouraging notes when they have to reject a piece.

My thesis and it has been worked out in this book is that you analyze the writings of the people who have published. We have read their stories and then have suggested ideas you can run with, ideas along the line they have used to strike it rich.

This isn't stealing. You are letting each book be your teacher. You are not copying their story. You are following how they mixed their story according to their recipe.

Each chapter has been followed by a research sheet for you to use as you do your own research in the vast treasure trove of your library's children's section. If the suggestions I've made are not enough, go there to mother lode and find more.

And you might do well to check out the actual books I've mentioned. See how they are illustrated. See how the words are divided among the pages. Each book was once several sheets of paper sent by mail to the editor.

Study what others have done and then you do it, too.

SELL YOUR HOMEWORK

And buy a pen that has a little flash-light in it to illuminate the words you write when you wake up in the night with an idea or a dream fresh in your mind. Write it down THEN! It will be gone in the morning.

And before you delete on your computer a portion of a story you think is all wrong, DATE IT AND MAKE A COPY OF IT. You will find later that it was right after all and you said it better the first time.

Now let me end at the point we began and to which we've referred several times.

Our writing can be ministry. It can have eternal results. It can spring from self-effort for self-glory or it can be part of our service for Christ.

It can be wood, hay, stubble fit only for burning at the Judgment Seat of Christ. Or it can be gold, silver, precious stones.

The secret is found in Colossians 3:23-24. It is writing "heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord you shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for you serve the Lord Christ."

And in that service, we must realize that we have more to do than create milk for the children of the world. Although the sunlight of God's love is shining on us from day to day, we don't have forever to press home to little hearts the need to repent not only for sins committed (and little ones know when they have chosen to do

wrong things) but for being sinners.

They need to ask God to forgive them and they need to understand He can do so because the Lord Jesus took our penalty for us by dying in our place on the cross. His shed blood is proof that He died. We get to stand in the good of that when we ask Him to be our Savior.

It's difficult but not impossible to get this across. Certainly, it's easier in novels than in picture books and ABCs.

My novel *They Called Him Shifta*, published by Moody Press, is a gospel tract in 320 pages.

My son Joel had told me when he was nine that he knew he was saved because whenever anyone told him to open his heart's door and let Jesus in, he would pray, "Okay, little Jesus, the door's open. Come on in." He thought Jesus was small enough to come into his actual heart. I put those words in Ted Quigley's mouth and that was where his trust lay—having said those few words.

He comes at the end of the book, following unfortunate circumstances, to realize that he is the sinner for whom the Savior died.

Salvation doesn't come with a few words casually "repeated after me." It involves genuine repentance.

We are responsible, as writers to communicate truth. The sweetness of salvation should be easy to include one way or another in what we share.

SELL YOUR HOMEWORK

As I said at the beginning, not every book has to be a gospel tract or even religious. We can write nonsense stories with very good conscience.

But our reason for being and our reason for writing should be to bring our readers to an understanding of the truth as it is to be seen in the death and resurrection of the Savior. We want to rescue as many as possible from the wrath to come.

May this be on the heart of each one of us as we work. Might we bring forth an eruption of great books, compelling books, fascinating books that present the Gospel story. Worldly writers know nothing of this. They can't meet this need. But know that Christian kids and unchurched youngsters can revel in the Gospel through their story books.

Your books!

Father God, we dedicate ourselves to write for Your glory. May we bring many little ones to You!

Dear Student: Kindly address any comments you wish to make about these studies to:

dick@professordick.com

Thank you for studying with me to the end. Let me commend to your interest the other series in my website: **SELL YOUR HOME-WORK: ARTICLES** and **SELL YOUR HOMEWORK: OPINIONS**.

My hope is that these low-cost lessons will encourage you to write.

May God enable you to write for His glory.

Professor Dick