

Sensory and Vivid Expressions – Group work

THE LITTLE PROTECTOR

On a snowy morning, a small boy named Paul May marched into a store, determination written all over his tiny face. "I want to see the 'prietor," he declared, his voice steady. The clerk, trying not to smile at his seriousness, directed him to Mr. Martin, the store owner. "Good morning, little man," Mr. Martin greeted him kindly. "What brings you here?"

"I want a wrap for my mama," Paul replied, his eyes bright with purpose. "I can make fires and pay for it."

Curious, Mr. Martin asked, "Is your father living?"

"No, sir. He died when we lived in Louisville," Paul said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Paul explained that they had just moved and that his mother had been sick. "She cried because she didn't have a wrap for church," he added softly, "but I can be her little protector!"

Mr. Martin nodded thoughtfully. "What if you clean the snow off the walk outside? Then I can give you the wrap for just five dollars."

"Okay!" Paul said, excitement flickering in his eyes. Inside the store, Miss Smith, a clerk, tried on the wrap for Paul to see. "Do you like it?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes!" Paul exclaimed, bouncing on his feet. Mr. Martin handed the wrapped gift to Paul. "Take this to your mama," he said. "When you clear the snow, I'll pay you a dollar each time."

Paul carried the bundle home, and his mother looked surprised when he presented her with the gift. "Where did you get this?" she asked, a mix of confusion and joy in her eyes.

"I bought it for you!" Paul proudly declared, handing her Mr. Martin's note, which explained their special arrangement. Tears sparkled in his mother's eyes. She hugged him tightly, whispering, "You are my little protector." She put on the wrap, delight lighting up her face. Days passed, and one morning Paul woke up with a sore throat, feeling sad that he couldn't clean the snowy walk. "Mama, I can't go! What if Mr. Martin thinks I don't care?" he cried.

"Let's write him a note," she said gently. After Bennie, the neighbour boy, promised to deliver it, they waited.

Soon, there was a knock at the door, and it was Mr. Martin. He sat beside Paul, asking how he felt. "Mrs. May," he began, "my mother needs a housekeeper. Would you like to come work for us?" Paul's heart raced with hope as his mother accepted the offer. Mr. Martin leaned down and

said, "Get well soon, little protector." Paul beamed with pride; he had helped his mother once again. In that warm moment, beneath the white snowy blankets outside, Paul knew he was truly her little protector.