

THE METAL

MAN



The metal man was made
of metal, made with fire by
a father
arms, legs, and all.
A bright face standing tall.



THE MAN WAS FULL
OF PRIDE,
AND FULL OF STRIDE,
BUT HE WAS SELFISH:
HE ONLY TOOK,
AND WOULD NEVER GIVE.





"Sir, may I have an apple?"
Asked a little rabbit. With a
kind and soothing voice,
"No!" The metal man screamed.
"They're mine and mine only!"
The metal man was angry.
The rabbit sadly hopped away.



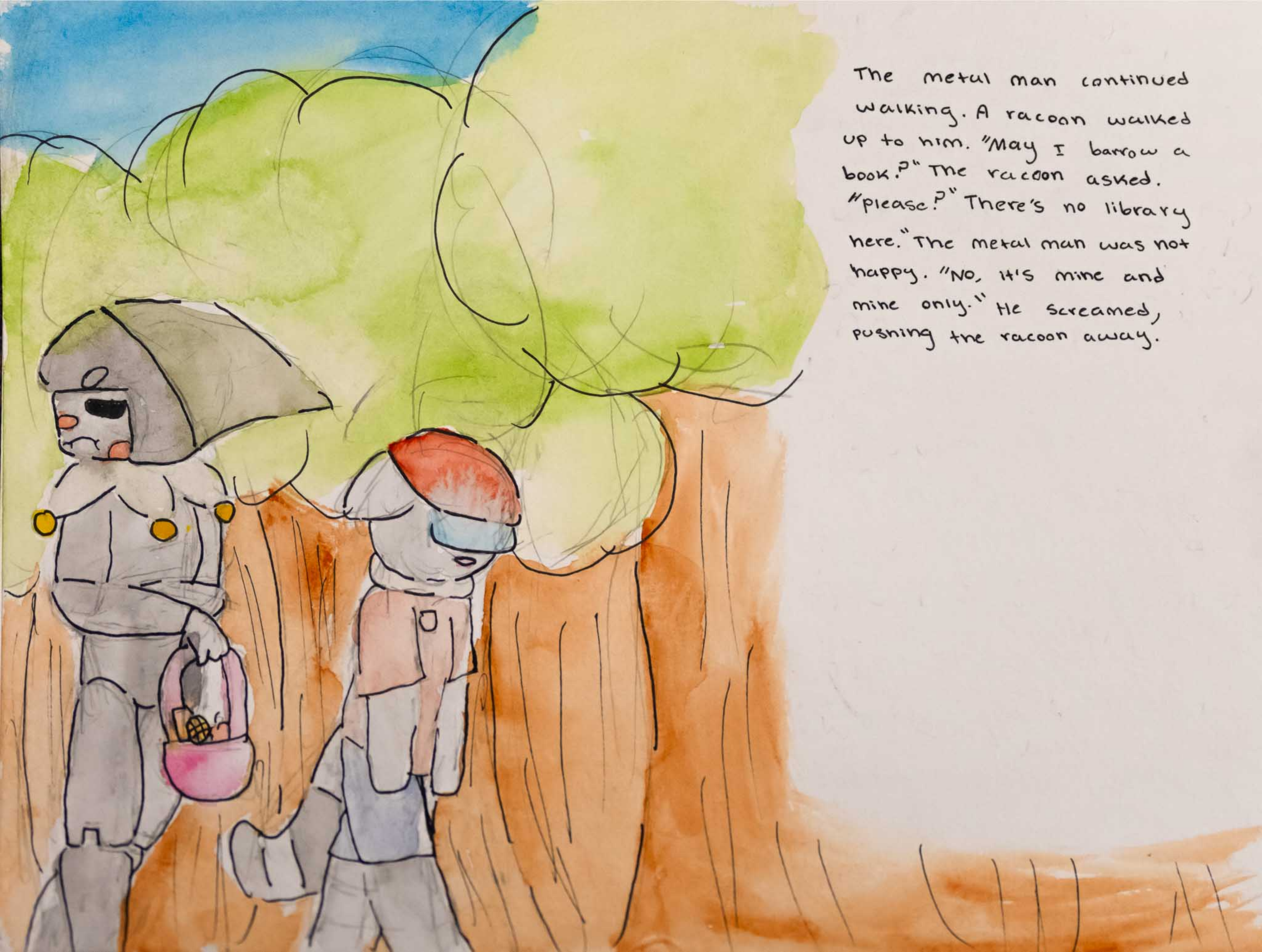
AS THE METAL MAN WALKED,
HE MET A BEAR.

"SIR, MAY I BORROW YOUR
BALL? I WANT TO PLAY,"
THE BEAR ASKED.

THE METAL MAN DIDN'T
LIKE THAT AT ALL.

"NO!" THE METAL MAN SHOUTED.
"IT'S MINE AND MINE ONLY!"

THE BEAR SADLY WALKED AWAY.



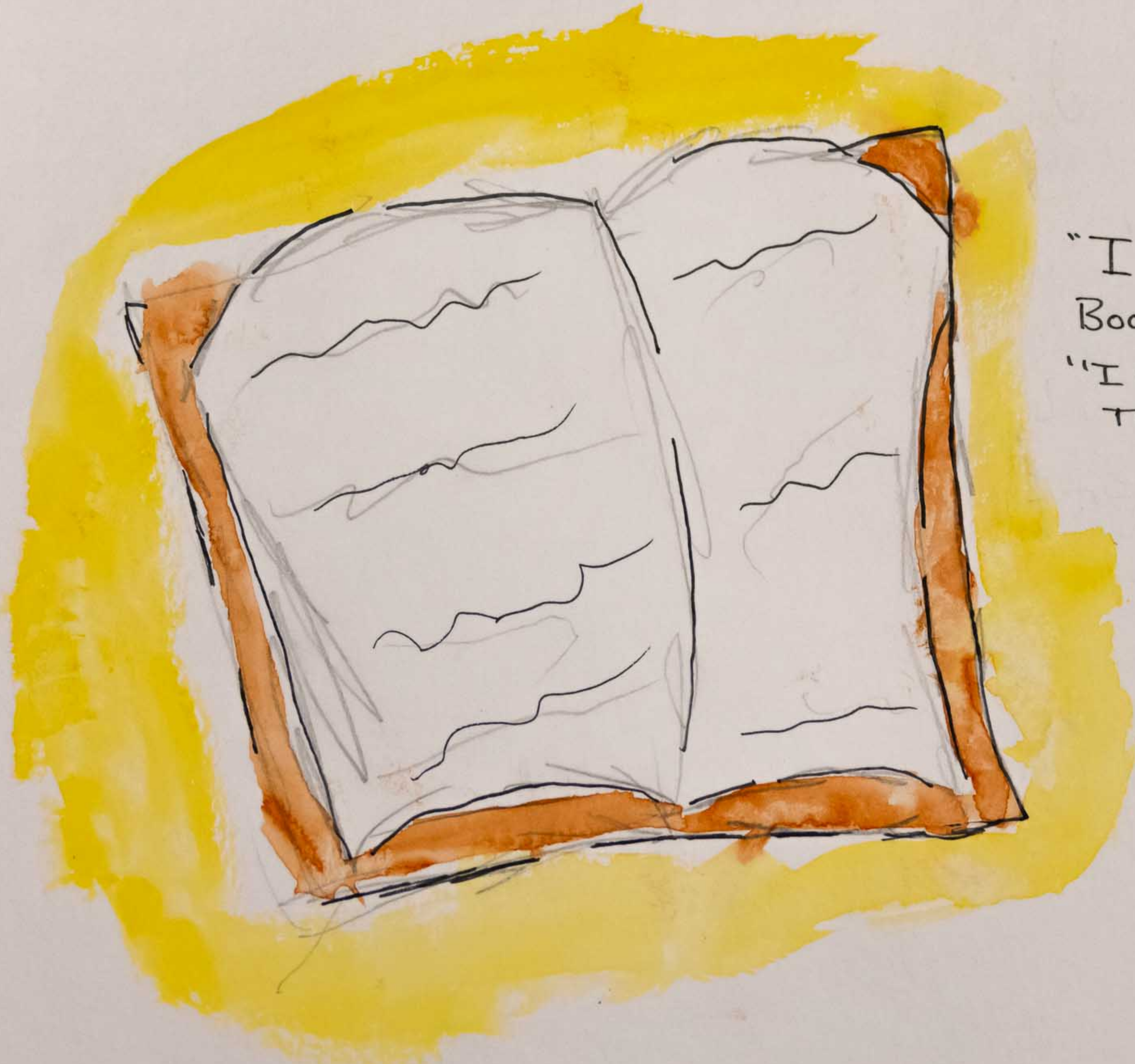
The metal man continued walking. A raccoon walked up to him. "May I borrow a book?" The raccoon asked. "please?" There's no library here." The metal man was not happy. "No, it's mine and mine only." He screamed, pushing the raccoon away.



As the Metal Man walked, he thought
"Oh my. I have too many apples!" He
thought. "I wish I had someone
to share them with."



"OH HOW I WISH I HAD
SOMEONE TO PLAY BALL WITH,"
HE WHINED.



"I'VE READ ALL THESE
BOOKS," HE CRIED.

"I WISH I HAD SOMEONE
TO GIVE THEM TO."



THE METAL MAN CRIED
METAL TEARS.

HE CRIED
AND CRIED
AND CRIED.

THE METAL MAN REALIZED:
IF YOU'RE SELFISH,
NO ONE WILL WANT
TO BE AROUND YOU.