

The Little Lump of Clay

by Diana Engel

Way up high, in an old tower, there was a workshop. It was a pottery workshop, filled with barrels of colourful glazes, potter's wheels, kilns and, of course, clay. Near the window stood a big wooden bin with a heavy lid. There the clay was kept. Way at the bottom, squashed into the corner, was the oldest lump of clay. He barely remembered the last time he had been handled, a long time ago. Every day the heavy lid would open. Hands reached in, quickly grabbing bags or balls of clay. The little lump of clay could hear the cheerful sounds of people busy at their work.

"When will it be my turn?" he wondered. As each day passed in the darkness of the bin, the little lump of clay lost hope.

One day a large group of children came into the workshop with their teacher. Many hands reached into the bin. The little lump of clay was the last to be chosen, but he was out!

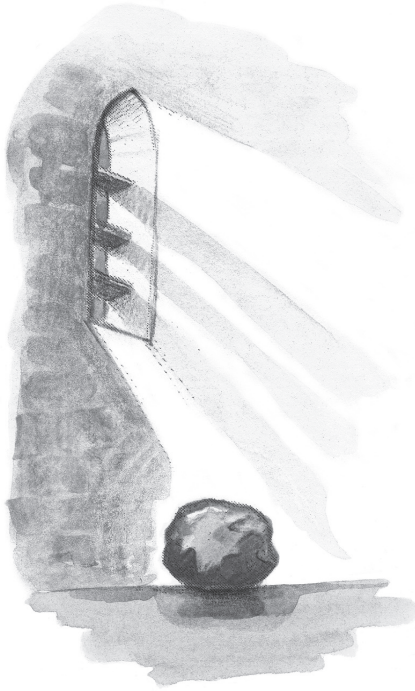
"Here's my big chance!" he thought, squinting in the light.

A boy put the clay on the potter's wheel, spinning it as fast as he could. "This is fun!" thought the little lump of clay. The boy tried pulling the clay up as the wheel went around. The little lump of clay felt the excitement of becoming *something*! After trying to make a bowl, the boy gave up. He pushed and pounded the clay into a neat ball.

"Time to clean up," said the teacher. The workshop was filled with the sounds of children sponging and wiping and washing and drying. Water dripped everywhere.

The boy plopped the lump of clay near the window and rushed to join his friends. After a while, the workshop emptied. The room was quiet and dark. The little lump of clay was terrified. Not only did he miss the moistness of the bin, he knew he was in danger.

"It's all over," he thought. "I'll just sit here and dry out until I'm as hard as a rock."



He sat by the open window, unable to move, feeling the moisture seep out of him. The sunlight beat down, the night breezes blew in, until he was rock hard. He was so hard he could hardly think. He only knew that he was filled with hopelessness.

But somewhere deep inside the little lump of clay, a tiny drop of moisture was left, and he refused to let it go.

“Rain,” he thought.

“Water,” he sighed.

“Please,” he finally squeezed out of his dry hopeless self.

A passing cloud took pity on the little lump of clay, and a wonderful thing happened. Huge raindrops hammered through the open window, falling on the little lump of clay. All night it rained, and by morning he was as soft as his old self.

Voices drifted into the workshop.

“Oh no,” said a woman. She was a potter who often used the workshop. “Someone has left the window open all weekend! We’ve got a mess to clean up. You can work with some clay while I find the towels,” she said to her daughter.

The little girl saw the lump of clay sitting at the window.

“This looks like a perfect lump for me,” she said.

Soon she was pressing and kneading the clay into pleasing shapes. To the little lump of clay, her fingers felt heavenly.

The girl thought as she worked, and her hands moved with purpose. The little lump of clay felt himself being gently pushed into a rounded, hollow shape. A few pinches, and he had a handle.



“Mommy, Mommy,” called the girl, “I made a cup!”

“It’s wonderful!” said her mother. “Put it on the shelf and it will be fired in the kiln. Then you can glaze it any colour you like.”

Soon the little cup was ready to be taken to his new home. Now he lives on a shelf in the kitchen, next to the other cups and saucers and mugs. They are all very different and some are very beautiful.

“Breakfast!” calls the mother, setting the new cup on the table and filling him with hot chocolate.

The little girl holds him gently. How happy he feels with the smooth lines of his new shape. How well he does his job!

The little cup sits proudly. “At last—at last I am something.”

