

Matt's Orange Blob

By Clare Mishica

Be ye kind one to another ([Eph. 4:32](#)).

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"Today we'll make pictures of our houses," said Miss Greene, the teacher.

"Yippee!" Everyone in kindergarten loved to paint. Matt carefully dipped the tip of his brush into the orange paint. Then he made a bright roof for his house. That's when it happened—he knocked over the orange paint, and it splattered on his shirt.

Matt looked down at the big orange blob. His mom wouldn't like that. He didn't like it either.

"Would you like me to call your mother and ask her to bring you another shirt?" Miss Greene asked.

"She's shopping today," Matt said, swallowing hard. He didn't want to cry.

"Then we'll just have to do our best to clean you up," Miss Greene smiled at him.

A little later, Matt was sitting at his table, printing the alphabet. The spill had been wiped up, and his hands were scrubbed clean. But his shirt still had the orange blob on it.

"That looks like a pumpkin," Lisa giggled, pointing at it.

Matt tried to slouch so that it didn't show.

"We could call it your pumpkin shirt," Bill said.

"No you can't," said Matt, his ears turning pink.

Everyone started working again, but Matt's pencil kept slipping. His letters looked all squiggly.

The recess bell rang, and everyone lined up to go outside. Usually Matt hurried to the front of the line, but not today. He didn't want to go outside and hear the kids laugh at his "pumpkin shirt."

"Hi," said someone. Matt looked up.

Albert stood beside him. Albert was probably the quietest kid in the class. Matt had never played games with him. He'd never even thought about asking Albert to play.

Albert dropped a blue sweater on the table. "Here, you can wear that over your shirt today. My mom always makes me take a sweater, but it's warm enough today without it."

Matt slipped the sweater on. The sleeves were still warm from Albert's arms. He slowly buttoned it up. It covered up the orange blob perfectly. "Thanks!" Matt smiled at Albert.

Albert nodded and went to go outside.

"Wait," Matt said. "Do you want to play catch with me? I brought my ball."

Albert grinned. "I sure do!"

Matt grinned back. He still didn't like the orange blob on his shirt, but he did like the new friend he had found.

Gospel topics: **friendship**, love