

THE TOOLBOX



BY IGNACIO ROSALES

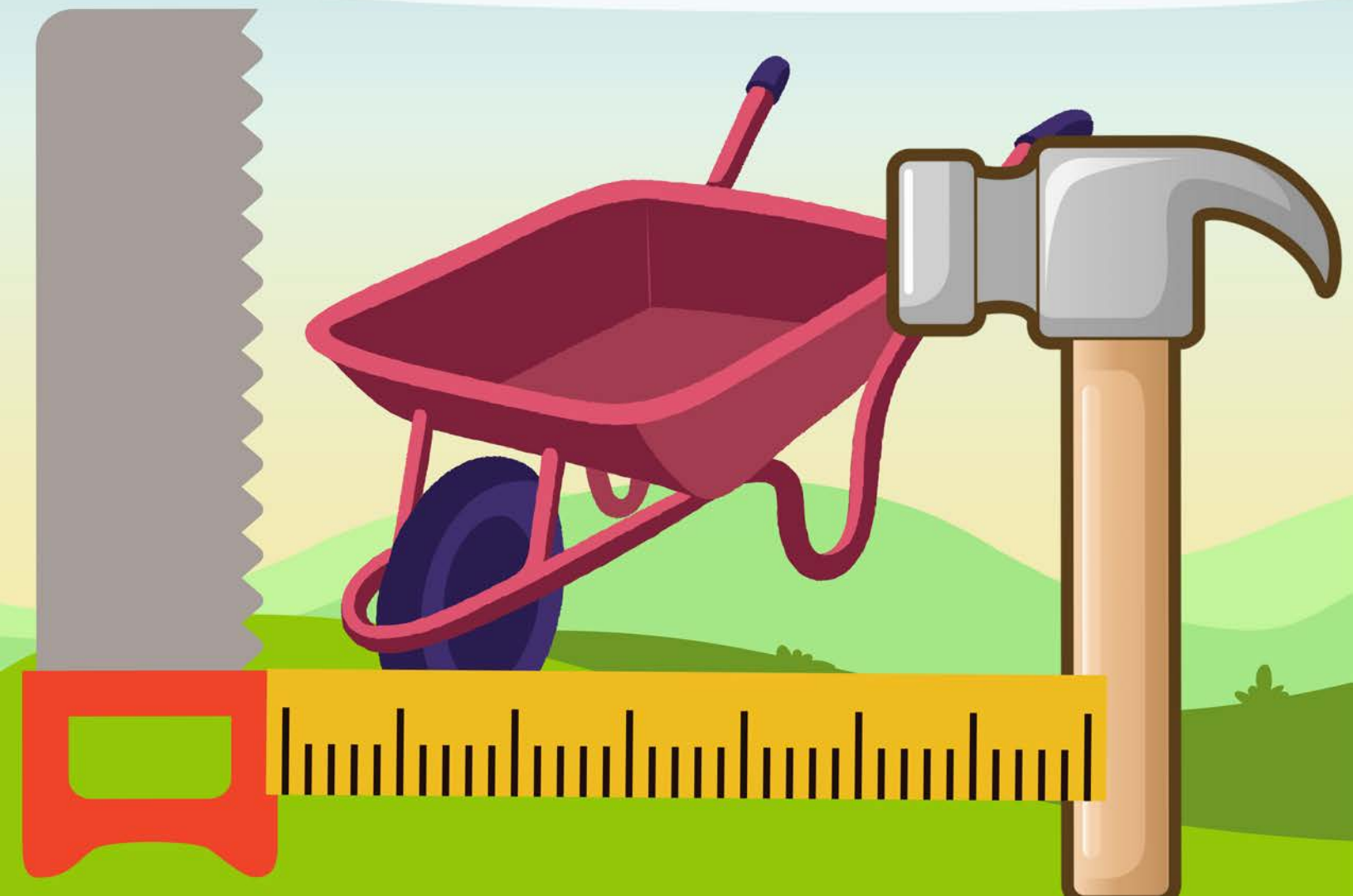
In a town far, far away lived a family of tools.

Harry, the hammer, was known for his power.

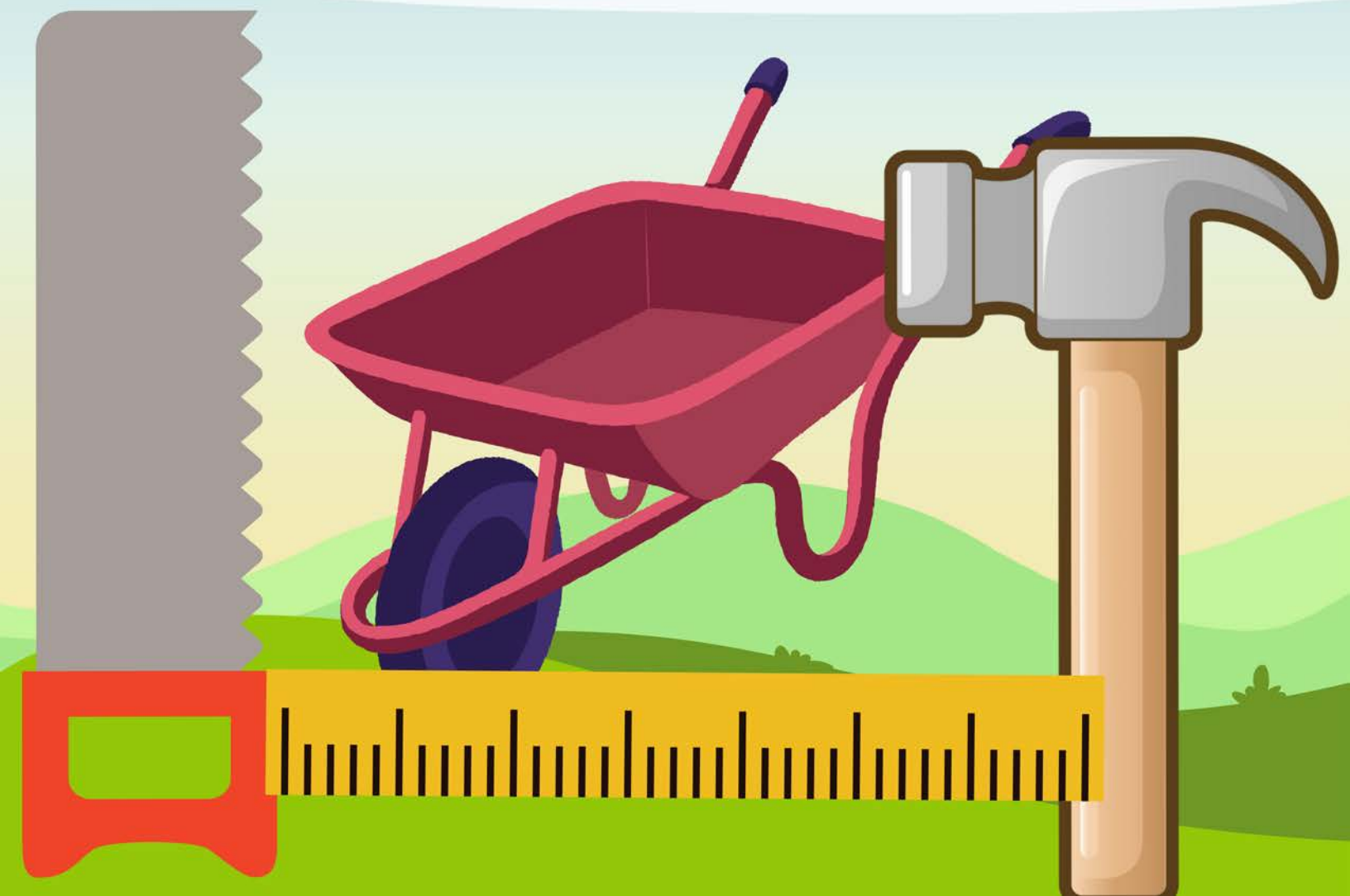
Willy, the wheelbarrow, was known for his sturdiness.

Sammy, the saw, was known for her sharpness.

Larry, the level, was known for his precision.



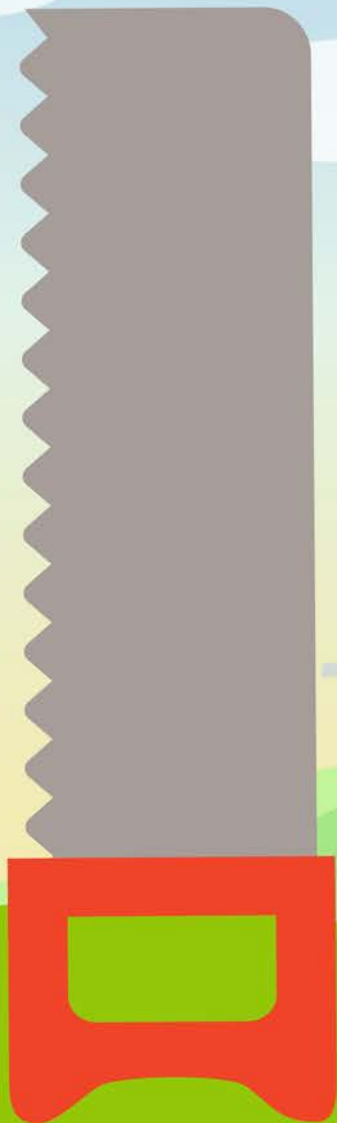
They had known each other since they were little tools. They were now, though, growing bigger and bigger, and Tommy could no longer provide a home for them, so they needed to build a new shed to live in. Quickly, they assembled and distributed the chores. It had to be a surprise, finished before Tommy, the old toolbox, would come back.



**“I am powerful, so I will
carry the planks,”
said Harry, the hammer.**



**“I have a long edge, so I’ll
make sure everything is
straight,”
said Sammy, the saw.**



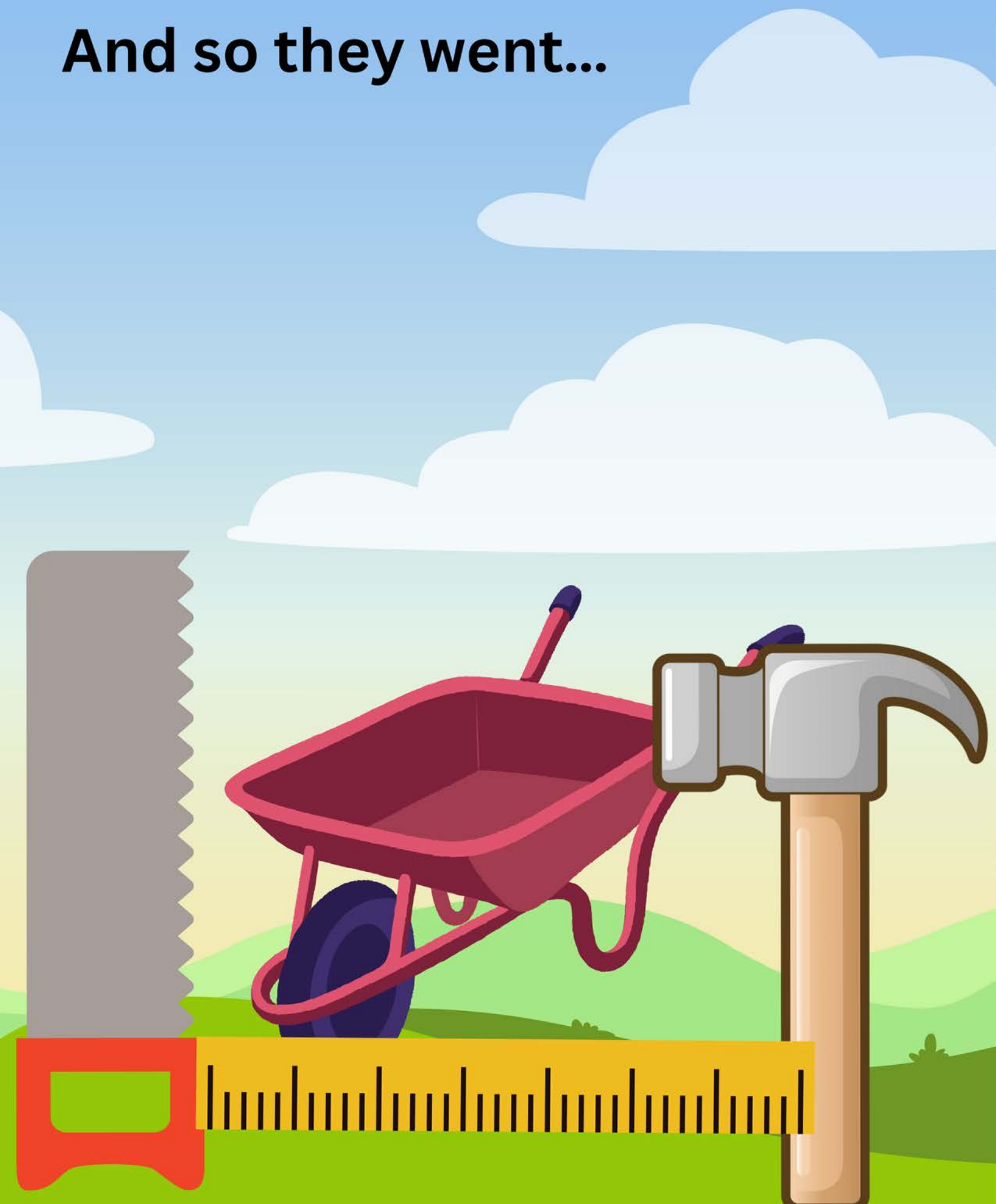
acute angle

**“I am sturdy, so I can hold the
pieces in place,”
said Willy, the wheelbarrow.**

**“I am precise, so I will nail
those planks right in their
place,”
said Larry, the level.**



And so they went...

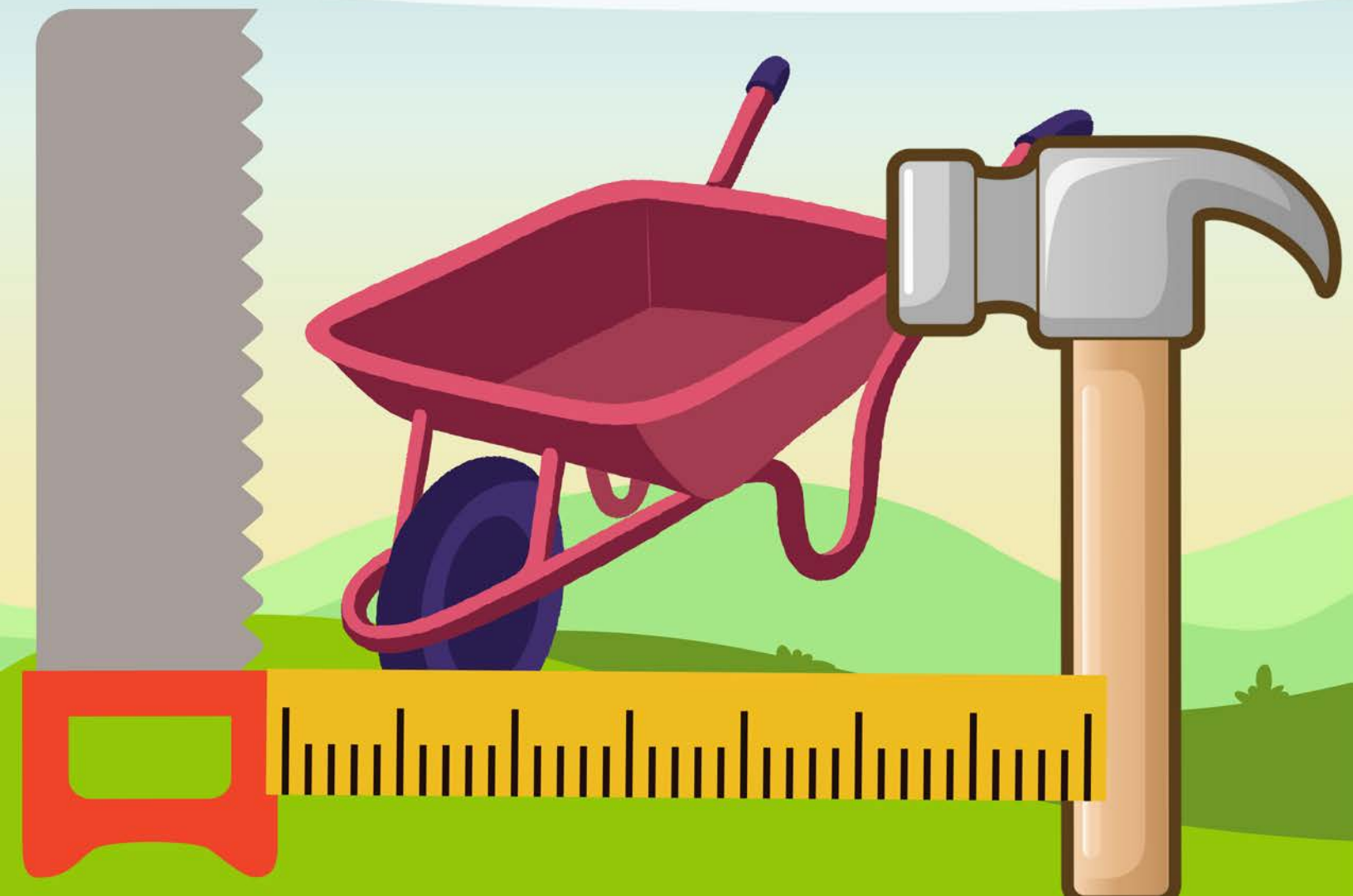


Harry started carrying the planks, but they kept slipping.

Sammy tried to keep the planks straight, but she kept cutting into them.

Willy struggled to hold the pieces in place but kept tipping dangerously.

Larry tried to nail the planks into place, but they ended up crooked and misaligned.



Frustration mounted as their efforts seemed to unravel before their eyes. Just when they felt defeated, Tommy, the wise old toolbox, had arrived.

He spoke up, his voice echoing with clarity and wisdom.



"My dear tools, what are you doing?" asked Tommy. "You are each trying to do tasks that do not align with your true strengths. Harry, your strength lies in your powerful strikes, not in carrying wood. Sammy, your sharpness is perfect for making straight cuts, not for ensuring everything is straight. Willy, your sturdiness is ideal for carrying materials, not for holding them in place. Larry, your precision is meant for ensuring things are straight, not for hammering nails."

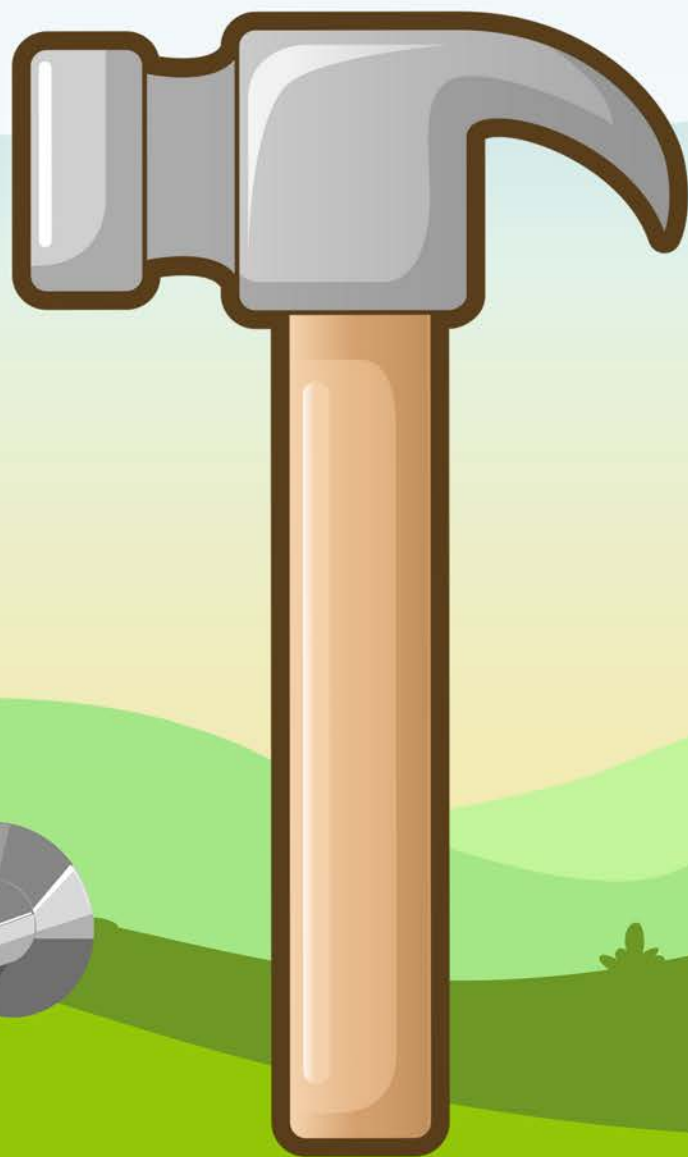


Realizing their mistake, the tools nodded in understanding.

So, they gave it another try.



**Harry, the hammer, drove
nails with power.**



**Sammy, the saw, made
precise cuts in the wood.**



Willy used his size and support to carry the materials around for others.

Larry ensured everything was straight, using his precision to align the planks perfectly.



Working together harmoniously, the tools made quick work of the shed, each playing their part with confidence. As they stepped back to admire their work, they marveled at how seamlessly they had done it together, each playing to their strengths. A present to Tommy was a present to themselves.

