

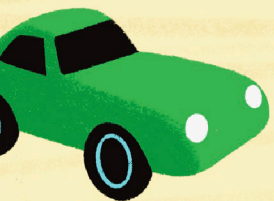
Why Do We Say




THANK YOU?

By Champ Thornton • Illustrated by Brad Woodard

LEARNING TO BE GRATEFUL



An illustration of a young boy with dark hair and a grey beanie, looking out a window with a sad expression. He is sitting at a table with his hands clasped. The window is divided into four panes. Outside, there are trees with vibrant autumn leaves in shades of orange, red, and yellow. A white dove is flying in the sky. The house has a green shutter on the left side of the window. The background is a light green and yellow wash, suggesting a bright, sunny day.

On a fine, frosty day, in the small town of Kent,
There awoke a young boy who was never content.

“This is boring,” he’d say. As if nothing was good.
In his heart, he would never thank God as he should.

If you weighed out his attitude, pail after pail—
You’d have tons of ingratitude . . . (& need a new scale!).

When he talked, he was cross from the first light of day.
Words like “Thanks!” and “That’s great!” you would not hear him say.



“The sun’s up and shining.
A great day!” went the shout.

“It’s too bright; I don’t see what the fuss is about.”

“Can’t you see? It’s so good!
Look, just open your eyes.
This day, like all days,
you’ll find packed with surprise.”

Then Dad cooked a late breakfast. And oh, what a spread!
Stacks of bacon and pancakes as high as your head!

“Let’s be thankful,” said Dad. Then he prayed for their brunch.
Although what the boy craved was some Choco-Bomb Crunch.

“Aren’t you hungry?” Mom asked. “You’re not touching your food.”

**“Looks too meat-y, too bread-y,
and already chewed.”**



“Well, eat up. You’ll need it. We’ve all got a big day—
First the zoo with some friends, then the park where we’ll play.”

**“But I don’t want to go to the silly old zoo.
And the park is so boring. What else could we do?”**



At the zoo they saw lions,
who stretched while they yawned,



Then three lazy brown bears
swatting flies by a pond.



After this were the snakes.
But he wasn't impressed.
They were curled up in cages,
just getting some rest.



Then he saw a red
woodpecker pecking on wood.
So he pointed and shouted
as loud as he could:

**“Oh wow—look! It’s some
bird making holes in a tree.
This whole zoo is as boring as boring can be.”**