

Bill May

Bill May dropped his school books on a chair,	9
gave his mother a kiss, and reached for a piece of cake.	21
“The ice is good and hard,” he said. “I think I’ll	32
go out and skate for a while before supper.”	41
His mother looked up from the apple pie she was	51
making. “It might be nice if you would spend some	61
time playing cards with your brother,” she said. “It	70
would mean a lot to him.”	76
“Oh, Mom,” cried Bill. “I’m sick of cards. All	85
I’ve done the last few weeks is play with Jimmy.”	95
He dropped his skates as he said, “But I suppose	105
I’ll have to.”	108
“I didn’t say you had to,” said Mrs. May quietly.	118