

sad.) The house in which Paul and his mother lived was tiny, in fact it had just two rooms, one to sleep in and one to be awake in. It had no paint on the outside, but that did not matter at all because it was completely covered with vines, scarlet runners and morning glories, that had been planted, and wild cucumber that had planted itself; these covered it close all summer. In the winter it was almost buried in snow, so it's lack of paint did n't matter much then either.

Behind the house was a broad, shallow pond, and all the shore around it was covered with nice, flat chips of convenient size to be made into ships and set sail to every port in the world. Now that was what made Paul so happy, and who wouldn't be? Besides, he was never bothered about clothes, never sick, had a lovely mother all to himself and, if he was