

# The Man Who Loved Boxes



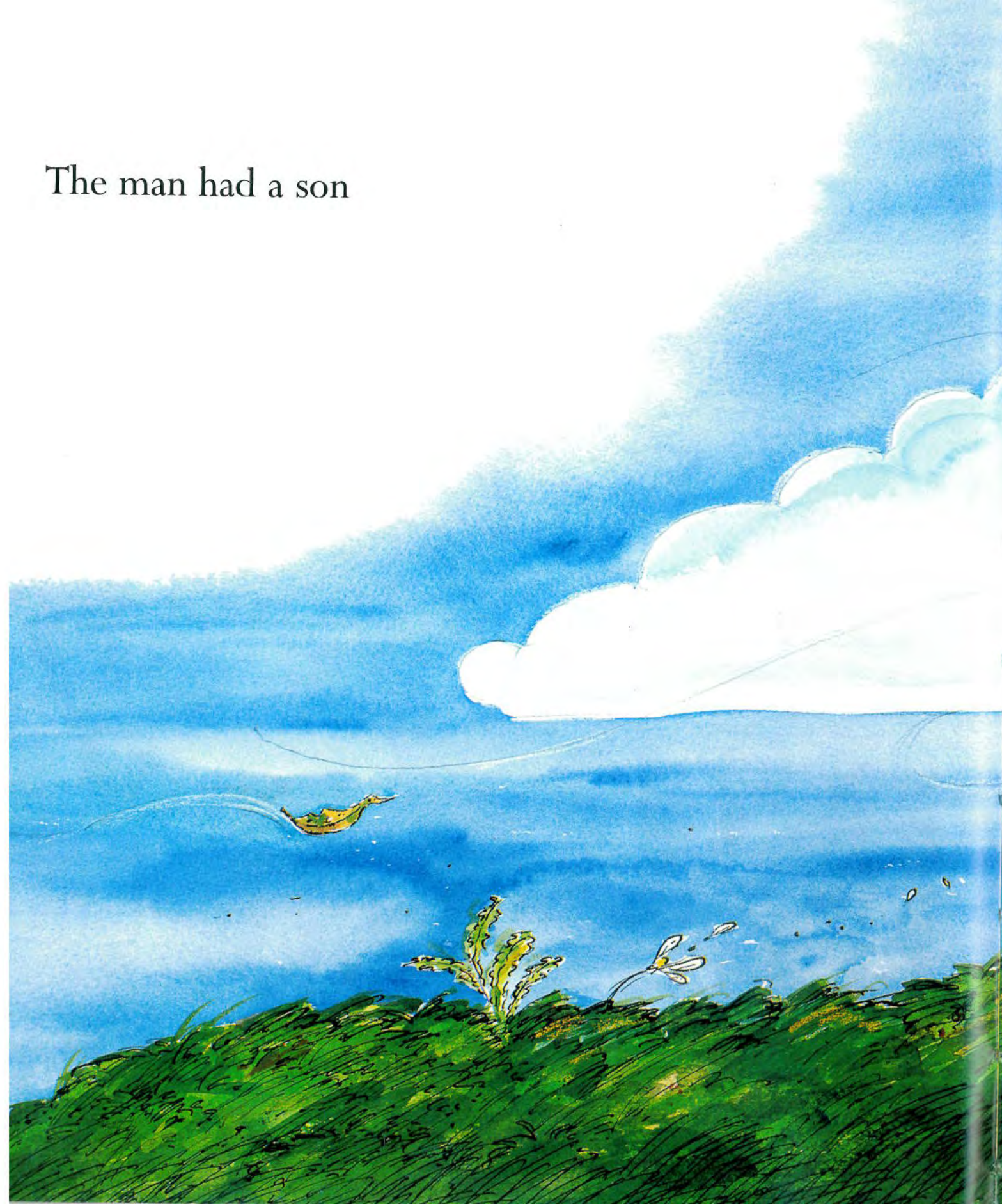
Stephen Michael King



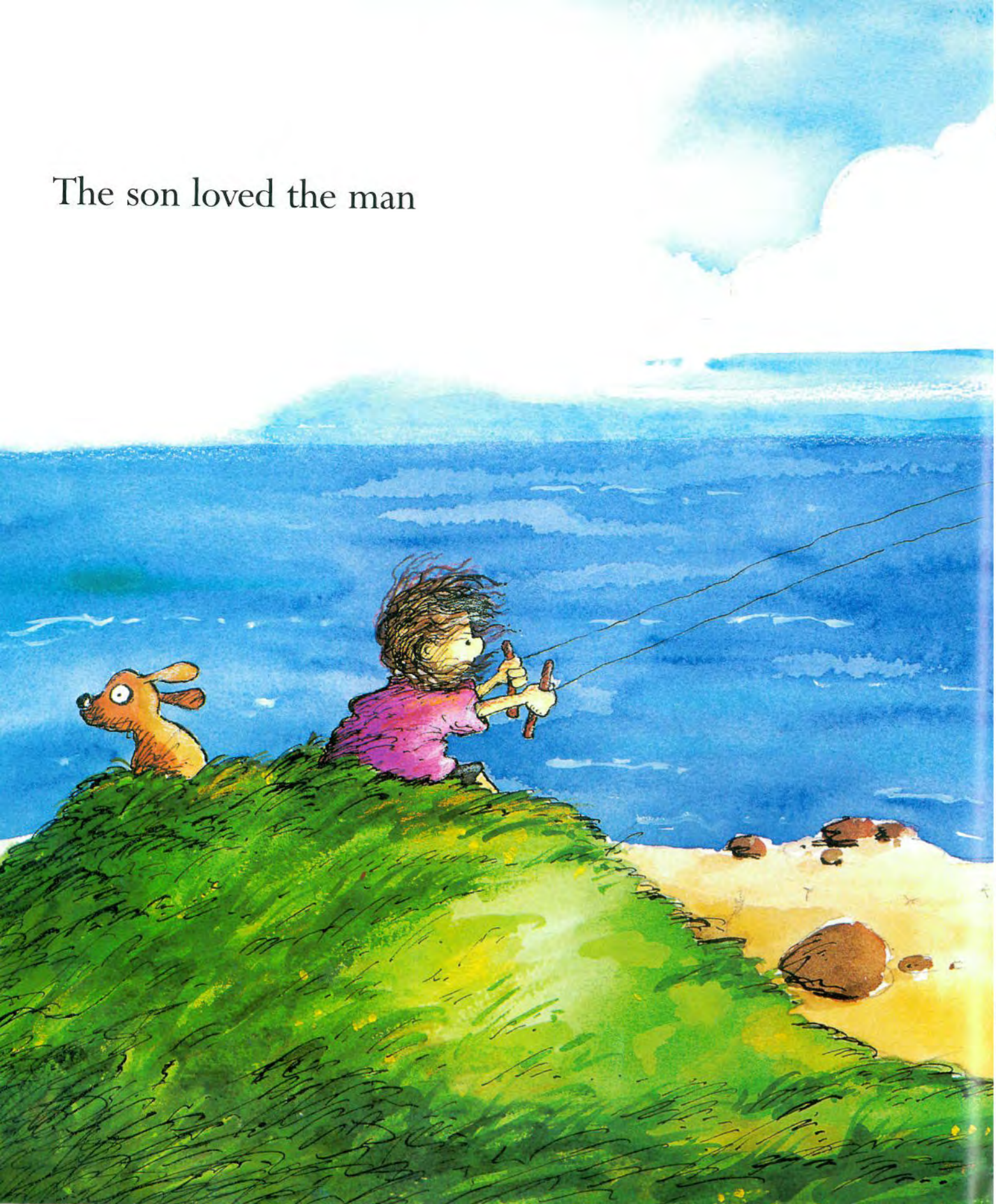


Once there was a man

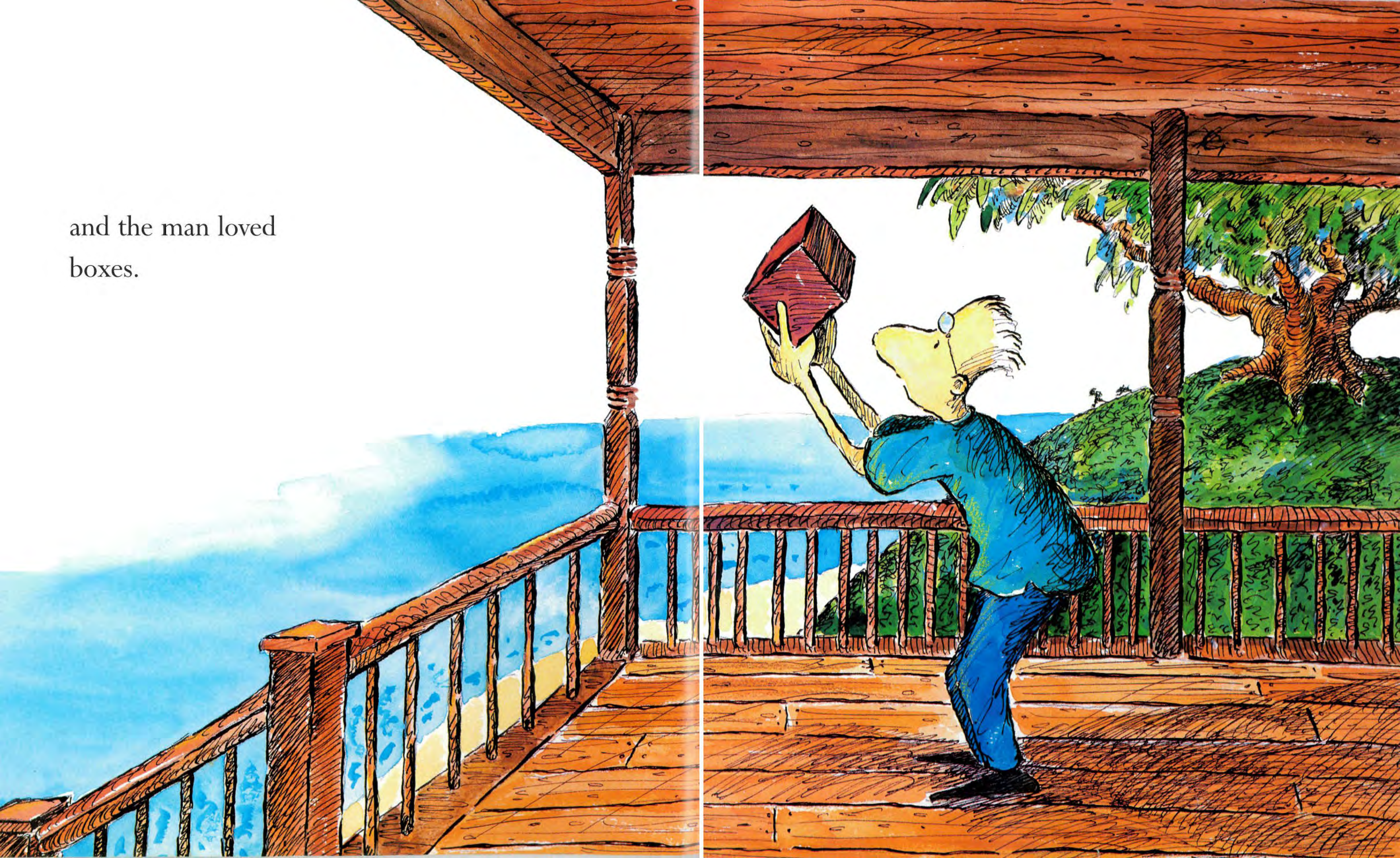
The man had a son



The son loved the man



and the man loved  
boxes.





Big boxes



tall boxes



all kinds of boxes!



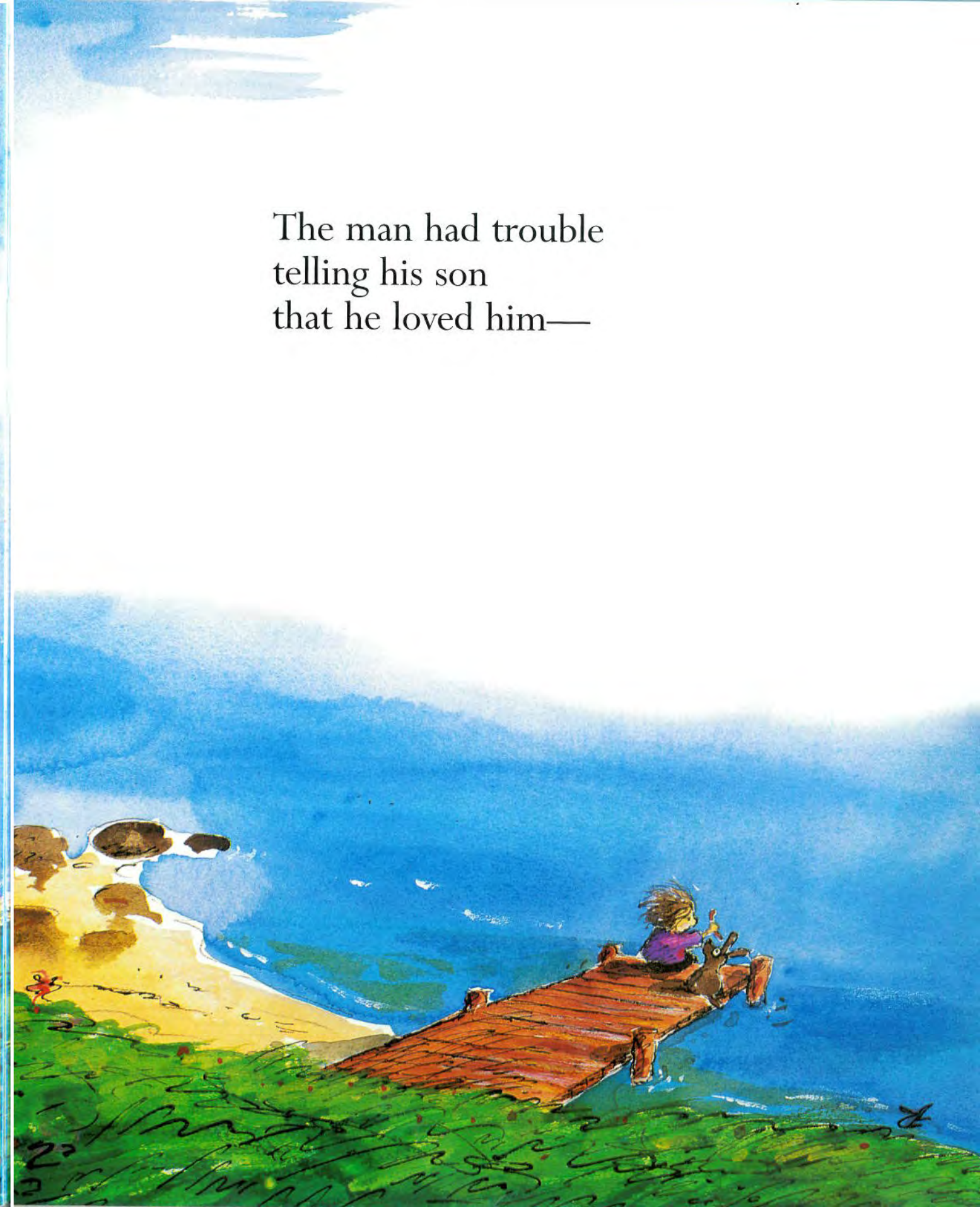
small boxes

round boxes

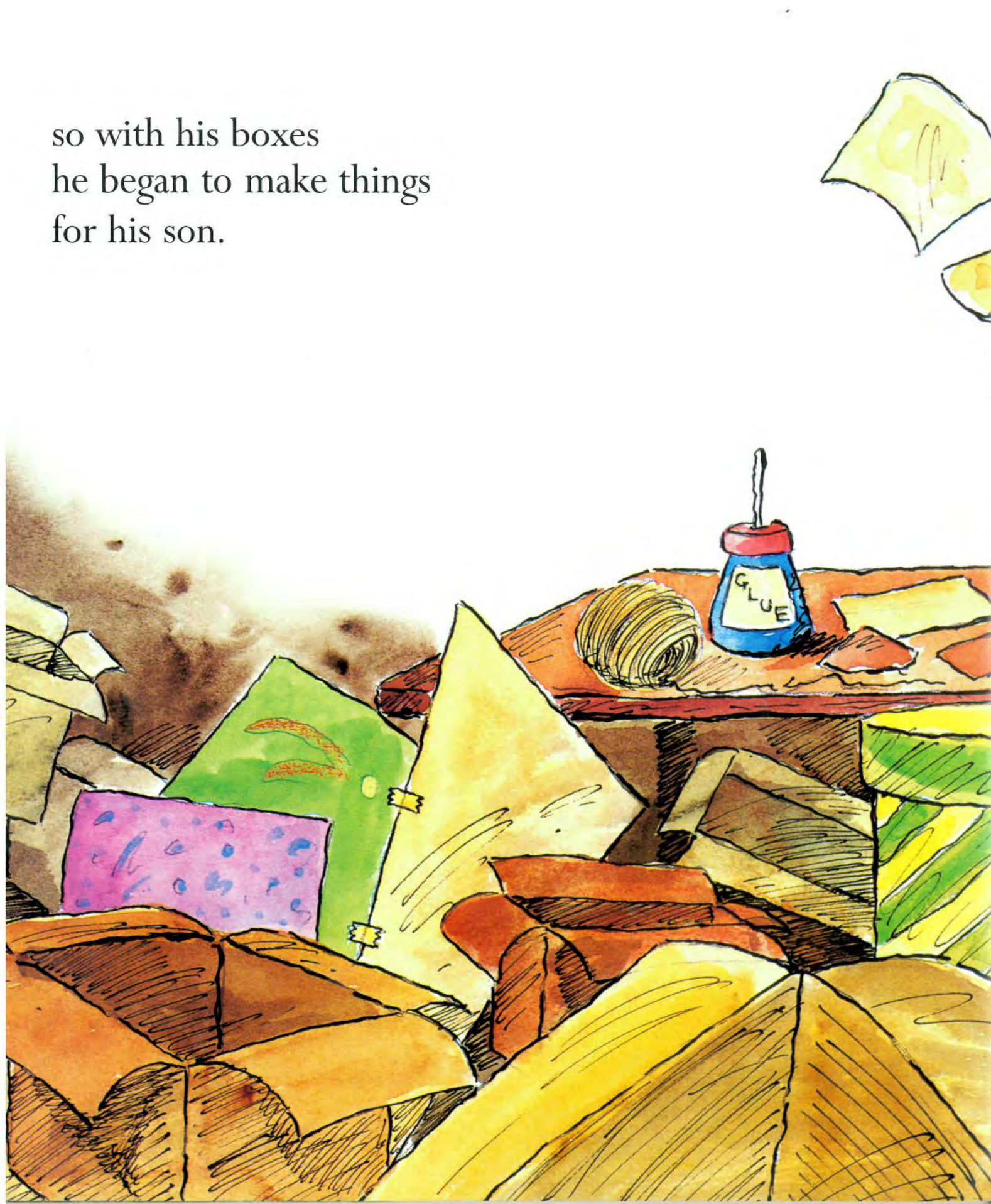




The man had trouble  
telling his son  
that he loved him—

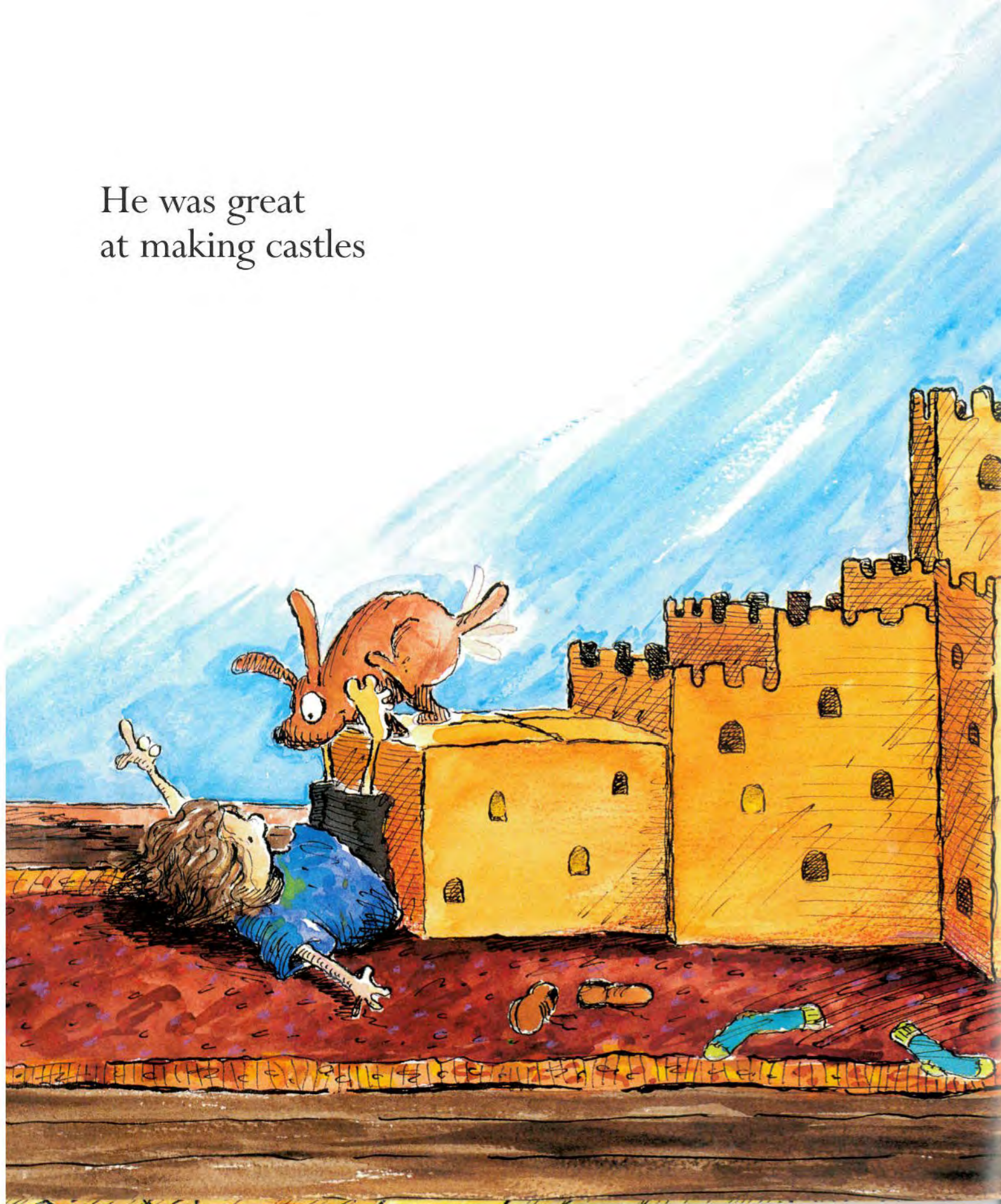


so with his boxes  
he began to make things  
for his son.



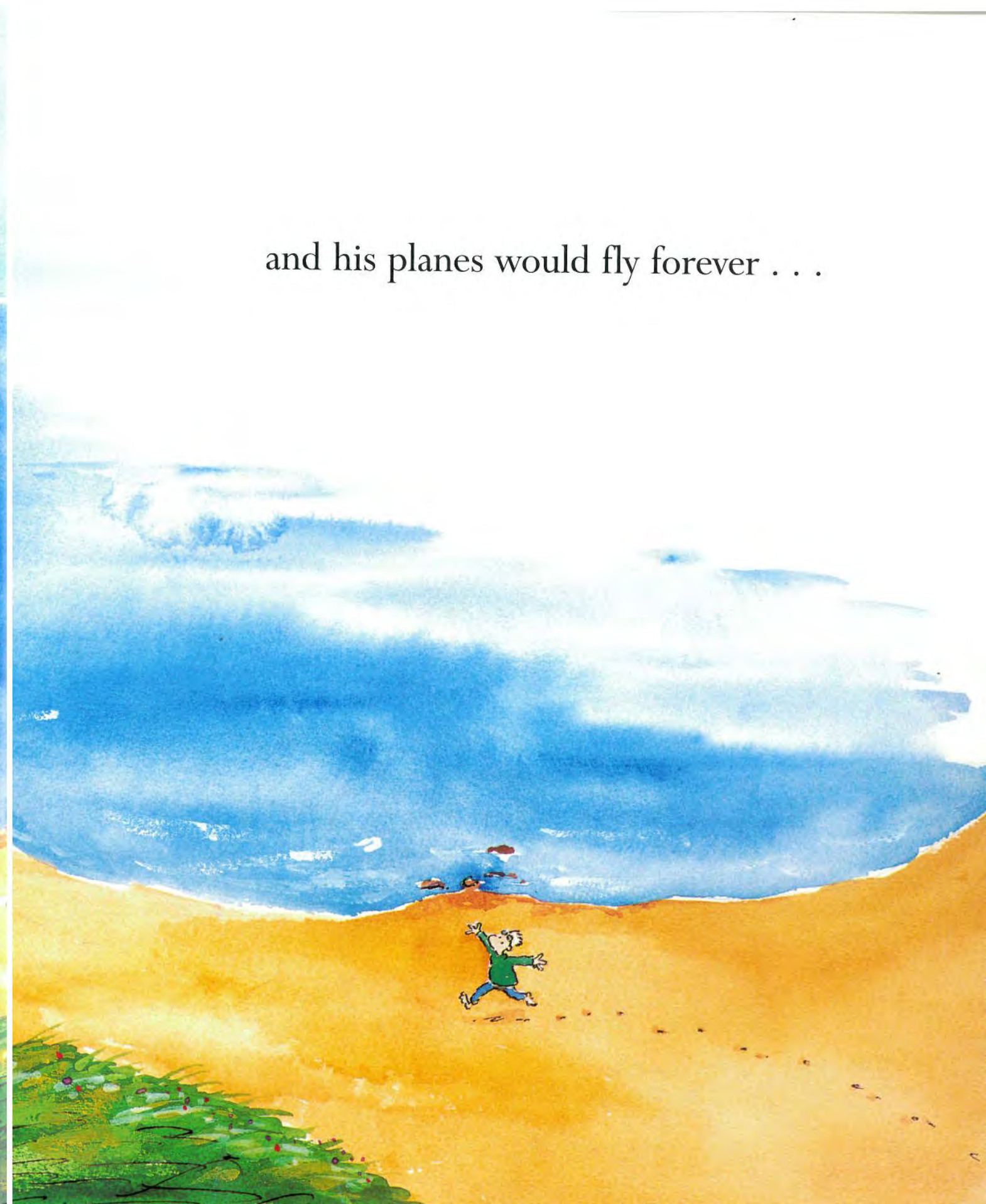


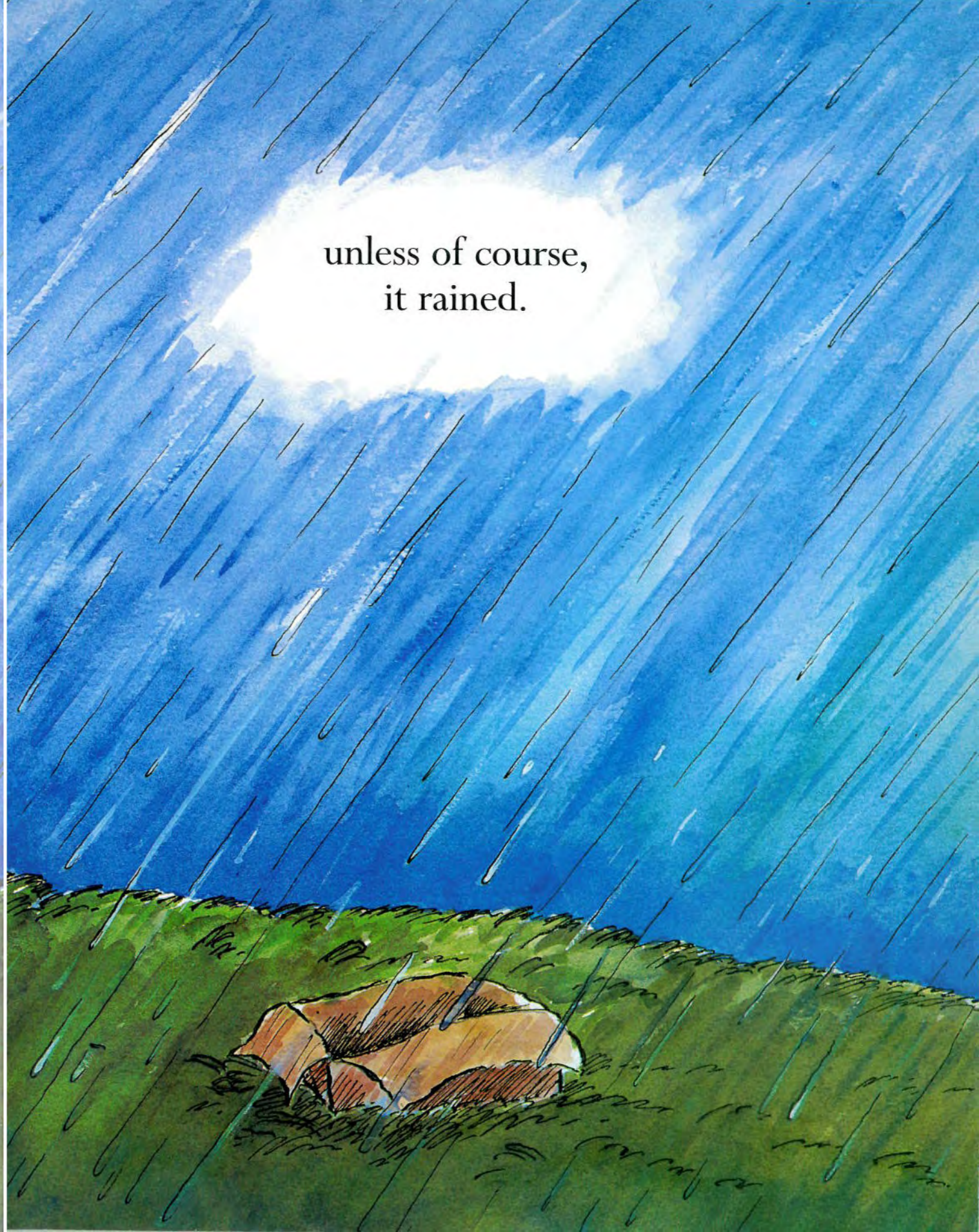
He was great  
at making castles





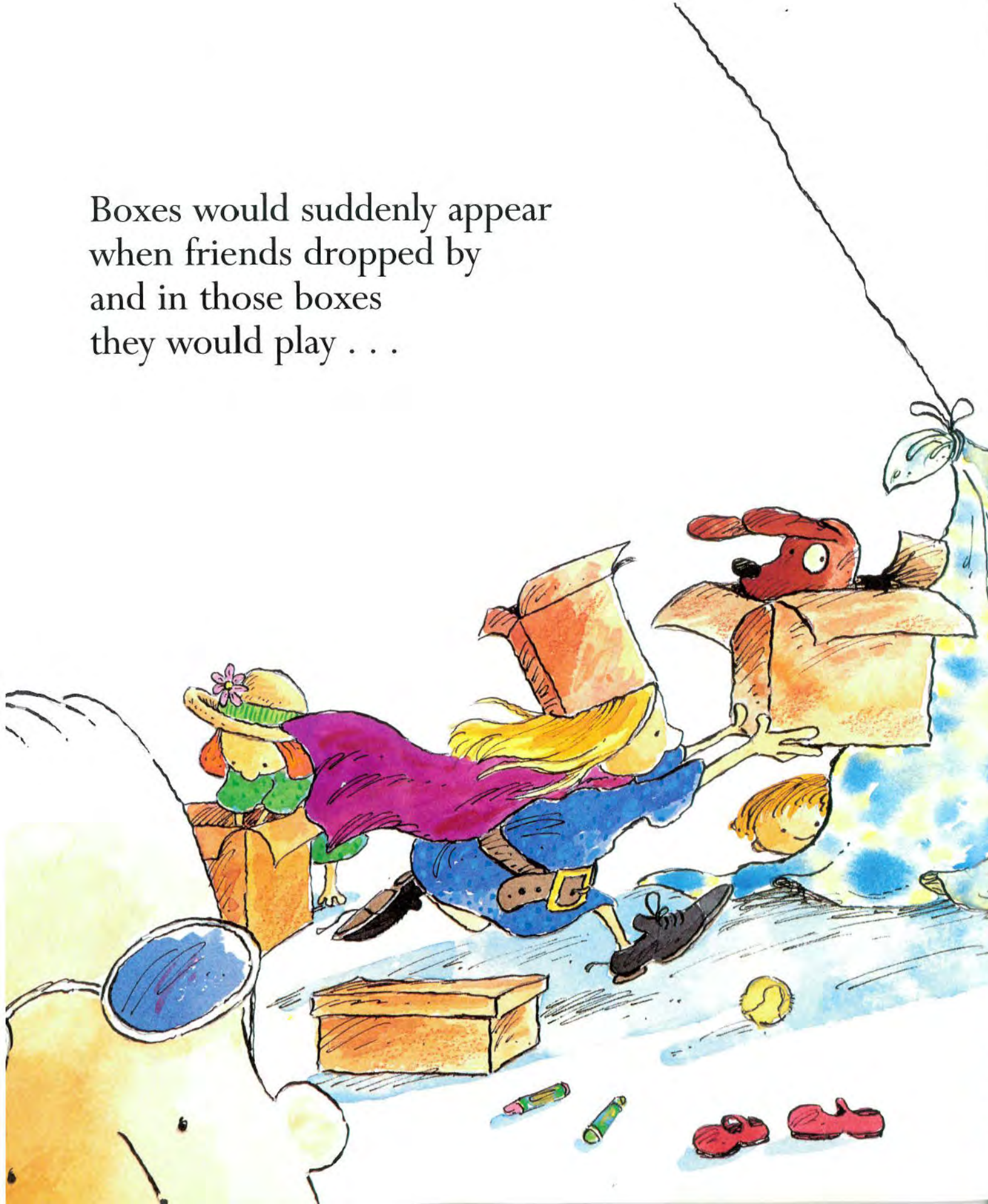
and his planes would fly forever . . .



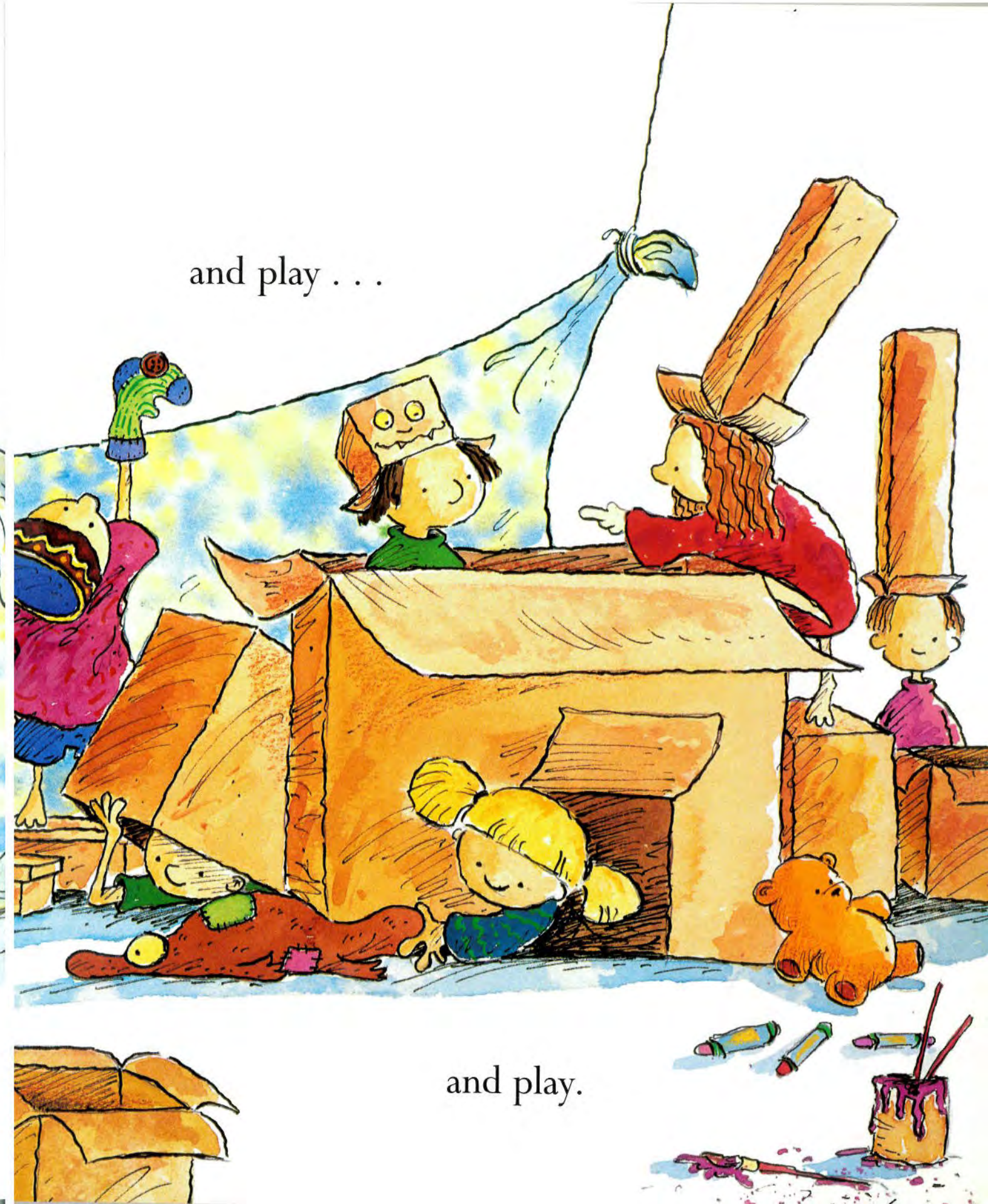


unless of course,  
it rained.

Boxes would suddenly appear  
when friends dropped by  
and in those boxes  
they would play . . .

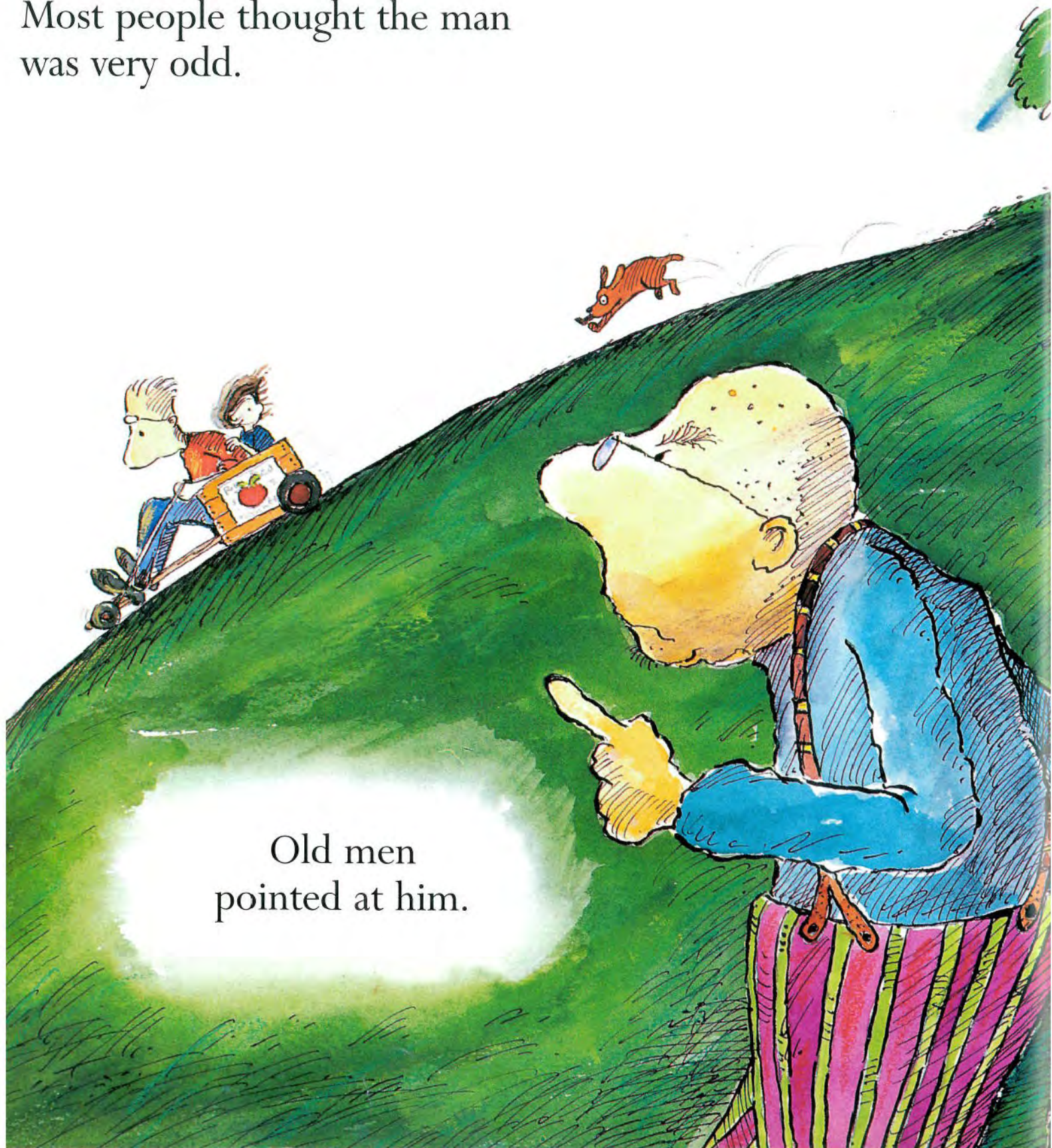


and play . . .



and play.

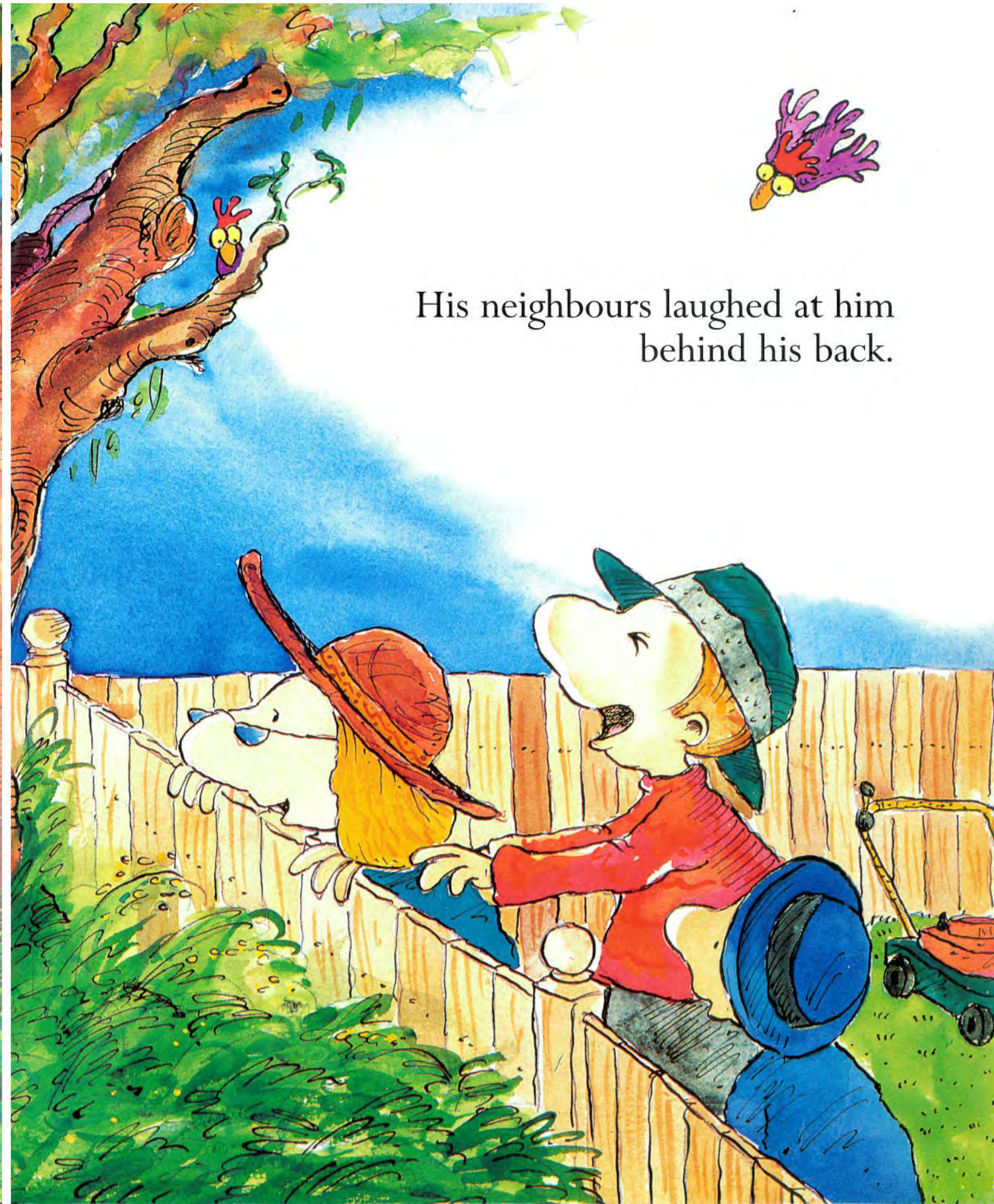
Most people thought the man was very odd.



Old men pointed at him.

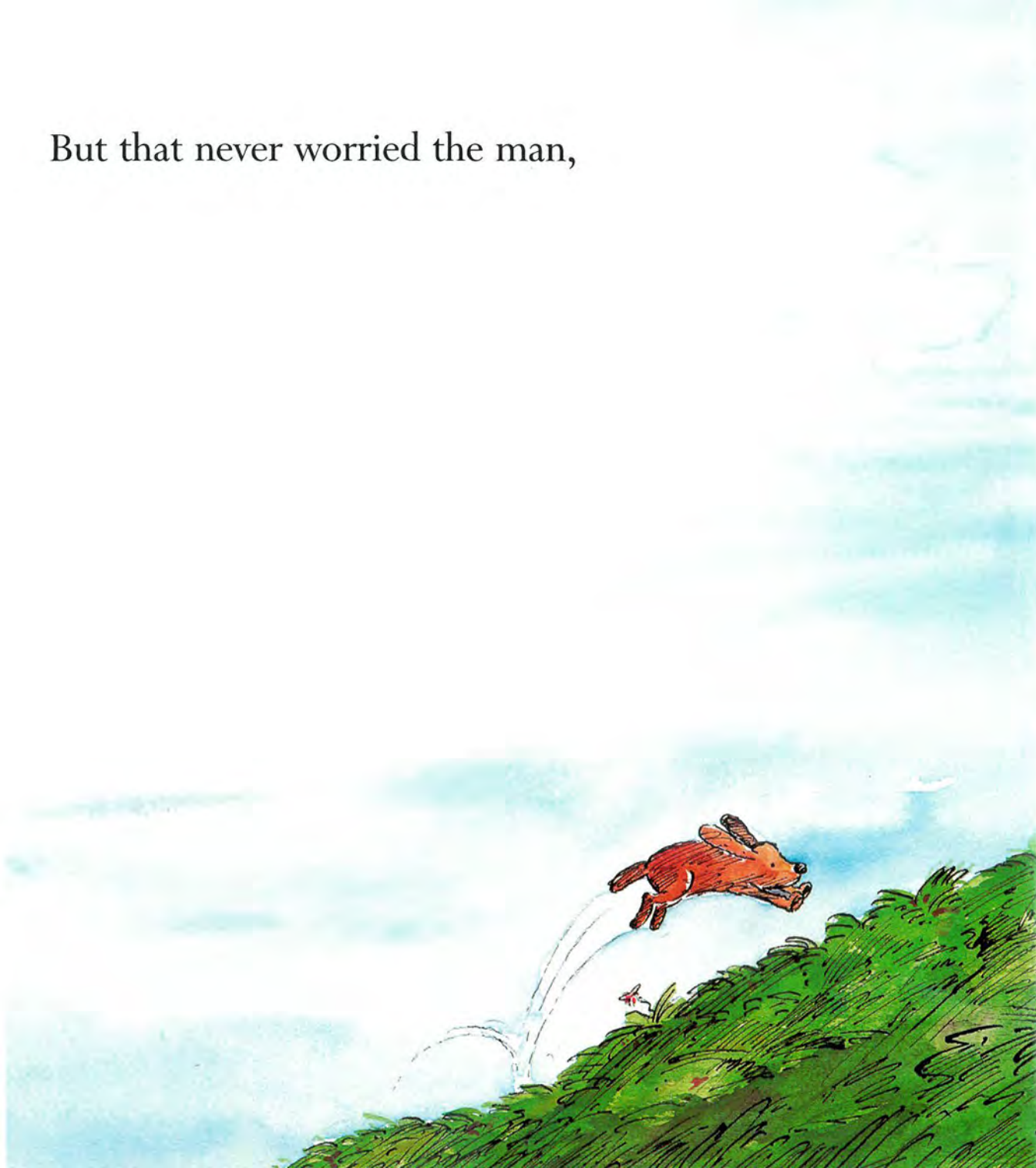


Old ladies scowled at him.



His neighbours laughed at him  
behind his back.

But that never worried the man,





because he knew they had found  
a special way of sharing . . .





their love for each other.