“BOY”

By JULIA B. FOSTER

CHAPTER II

The door at eight o'clock. By ten, the sawing, clattering, and the grating of the tools had ceased, and it was evident that it was now time for dinner.

The men had finished their work, and the boys were busy in the kitchen, preparing the meal. The house was full of life and activity. The children were playing, laughing, and chattering, while the women were busy with their household duties.

The meal was served, and the family sat down to eat. The food was simple, but plentiful, and the children were served first, with their portions of bread and milk.

After the meal, the children were sent to bed, and the men settled down to read newspapers and talk. The women went to their various tasks, and the house was once again quiet and peaceful.

The family was happy, and the children were content. The boy, too, was happy, but he had a feeling of loneliness. He knew that he was different from the other children, and he longed to be accepted by them.

He tried to fit in, but he was always rejected. The other children teased him, and he was often made fun of. He felt isolated, and he longed for someone to understand him.

One day, he met a boy who was just like him. They talked, and they became friends. The boy was happy, and he felt like he had finally found a place where he belonged.

The boy was different, but he was happy, and he had found a way to deal with his loneliness. He had learned that being different was not a bad thing, and that he could still be happy even in a world that was not made for him.