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The Sun Talks to Harry

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Harry had spent his whole life in the city and had never seen wild flowers or the kind of sunset you can only see from a hillside. But he loved bright colors — he loved the way the sky looked just before the sun went down.

On his birthday, after a party and a great deal of running about, he was too tired to go to bed and sat instead by the open window, watching the sun beginning to think about doing the same.

"Oh, please go down, Mr. Sun," he said. "I want to see all your colors."

But the sun wasn't to be hurried. In summer, he liked to take his time. He saved the early bedtimes for winter.

Harry's eyes grew heavy, and he was asleep in his chair before he realized it.

Then the sun came in through the window and sat on the sill, friendly as anything, and told Harry his life story.

It was an extraordinarily long life. Harry felt quite old himself just listening.

"Mr. Sun," he asked, "doesn't it make you sad to think how old you are?"



"Sometimes," the sun admitted. "When I feel that way, you can see the lavender and blue in the clouds around me as I go to sleep. But it doesn't happen often. When I'm being sensible, I remind myself that there is nothing at all to be ashamed of in being old — not when you are as strong as I am, and have such a long and good record behind you. And then I look bright and rosy, which is more comfortable for everyone."

It was a birthday gift the Fairy Queen had arranged, the story told while the boy slept in his chair. Harry's mother found him there and carried him to bed, where he went on sleeping very peacefully.

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