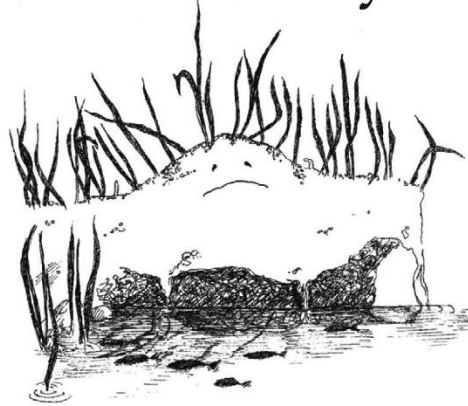
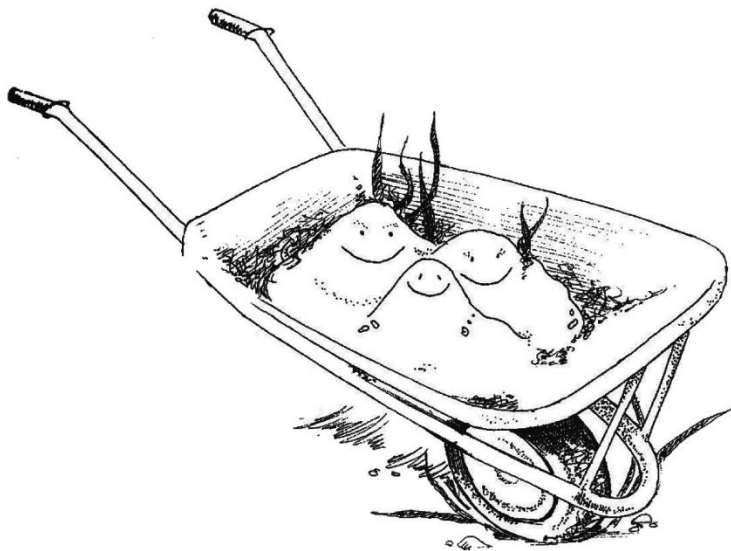


The Story of Little Clay



Little Clay lived by the river bank, under the grass, over the fish and beside the worms.

One day, a potter came to dig up some clay to make things with. She put Little Clay in her wheelbarrow with some other clay.



"Where am I going?" Said Little Clay

"To the Pottery!" Said Big Clay

"What is a Pottery?" asked Little Clay

"A Pottery is where a potter makes soft squishy squashy clay in

to things that are strong and hard." said Big Clay

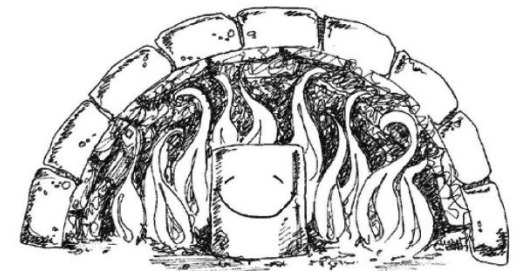
"Like what?" asked Little Clay

"Some clay can be made into bricks or roof tiles, and even sinks and baths and toilets, for houses!" Said Big Clay.

"Well, toilets are really made in factories now, most potters make small things like cups and bowls or teapots!" Said Lady Clay

"How?" asked Little Clay

"The potter makes the clay in to a shape and puts it in to a very, very hot oven called a kiln where the clay becomes



hard." said Lady Clay, "Sometimes the potter decorates the clay with a pattern and covers it with glaze to make it bright and shiny!"

"I can't wait to see what I am made in to!" said Little Clay.



The Potter took all the clay she had dug from the river bank to her work shop. She made Lady Clay in to a beautiful figure and Big Clay in to a nice brown jug. Then she put Little Clay on her potter's wheel.

"Hmmm" she wondered "What shall I make with you?"

She spun Little Clay round and round on the wheel and shaped him with her hands, then she painted and decorated him, put him in the kiln to be fired, and glazed and fired him again. "There we are, all



done!" said the Potter when he had cooled down, "You must stay here in the pottery with me as my very special tea mug!"

And so Little Clay lived with the potter in the pottery, happily ever after.

