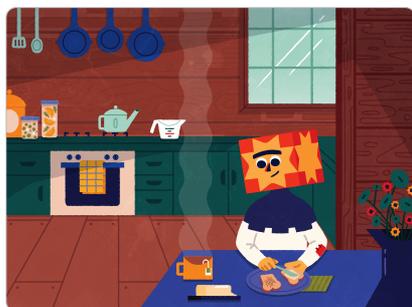




Read-Aloud Coen and Obita

2



Coen did everything alone. He woke up alone. He ate breakfast alone. Whenever there was something that needed fixing or adjusting—Coen would do it alone.

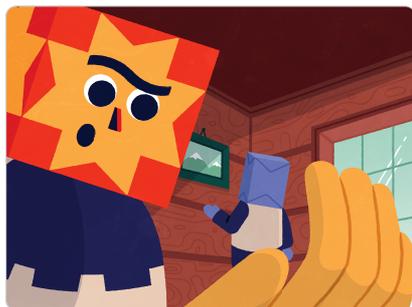
3



One morning, he found a strange box in the corner of his kitchen. He picked it up to get a closer look.

Suddenly a tiny voice gave a shout: “Keep your huge hands off my house!”

4



To Coen's shock, a tiny creature emerged from the box.

“You're so small!” Coen exclaimed. “Are you some kind of mouse?”

“I'm not a mouse,” the creature squeaked. “I'm Obita the Tailor. And I'm not small. You're big!”

5



“Why are you here?” Coen asked.

“As a tailor, I need someplace quiet to make my clothes,” Obita said.
“This is the perfect spot.”

What a strange creature, Coen thought. And I like my alone time.

“Listen, Mr. Obita, you can’t live here. You have to go somewhere else.”

“I’m not going anywhere!” the creature cried. Before Coen could say another word, Obita went back into his box and slammed the door shut.

Ask: “What do you notice? What do you wonder?”

6



That night, Coen heard a noise coming from the kitchen.

“What is that racket?” he grumbled. He tip-toed to the kitchen and peeked inside Obita’s box. Coen saw tiny rolls of cloth, mini-mannequins for dressing, even a little measuring tape hanging on the wall. Finally, he spotted the little tailor in his cot, shivering.

7



Watching Obita shiver, Coen remembered his first night living alone. It was cold and scary. So he went into his closet to search for something warm. Perhaps his purple silk handkerchief would do.

As a blanket, it was too large for the little tailor so Coen cut out a rectangle from the handkerchief. Then he folded it and brought it to Obita’s door.

Ask: “What do you notice? What do you wonder?”

8



Coen tapped softly. After a moment, the door opened. “What do you want?” Obita said wearily.

Coen pushed the bundle toward him. “Here, take this.”

Obita looked at the bundle. “Thank you,” he said.

Satisfied, Coen went back to bed. After that, he heard nothing from the kitchen but gentle snoring.

9



From then on, Coen helped Obita with things from time to time.

He'd set aside a bit of toast for him. To Coen it was a crumb, but for Obita it would be a feast. Later, when he found an old cork laying around, Coen carved it into a table and a chair. He even sculpted Obita a little teacup from a bit of clay.

Ask: “What do you notice? What do you wonder?”

10



One cold winter's day, Coen was busy at work when suddenly he cried out. “Ouch!”

Obita looked up. “What's wrong?”

“Nothing,” Coen growled, rubbing his knuckles. Then he went into his room and slammed his door.

11



What a shame, Obita thought. I bet Coen's hands ache from all this cold air... Maybe a pair of gloves is what he needs.

Obita got to work. He drew up diagrams with great care. His measurements had to be exact.

12



When they were complete, he set off to find the perfect materials. He collected loose threads from Coen's sweaters, yarn from a scarf, and fluff from a pillow.

13



After he had everything he needed, Obita locked himself away. For several days, he worked non-stop. Finally one morning, he was done. He greeted Coen with his gift.

"Here you are," he said, presenting the box.

Coen picked up the box. Inside was a beautiful pair of purple gloves. "You made these for me?"

"Of course," Obita said.

Coen pulled the gloves on. He looked at his friend. They were a perfect fit.