

"Pick ME!"

cried aRilla



Written
and Illustrated by

phillip martin

to

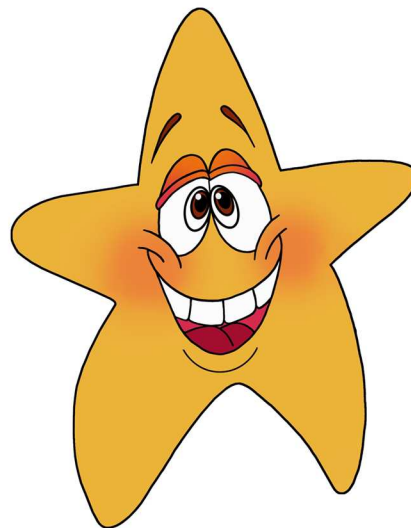
aRilla

my grandmother

and

tommy

who told me to write a book



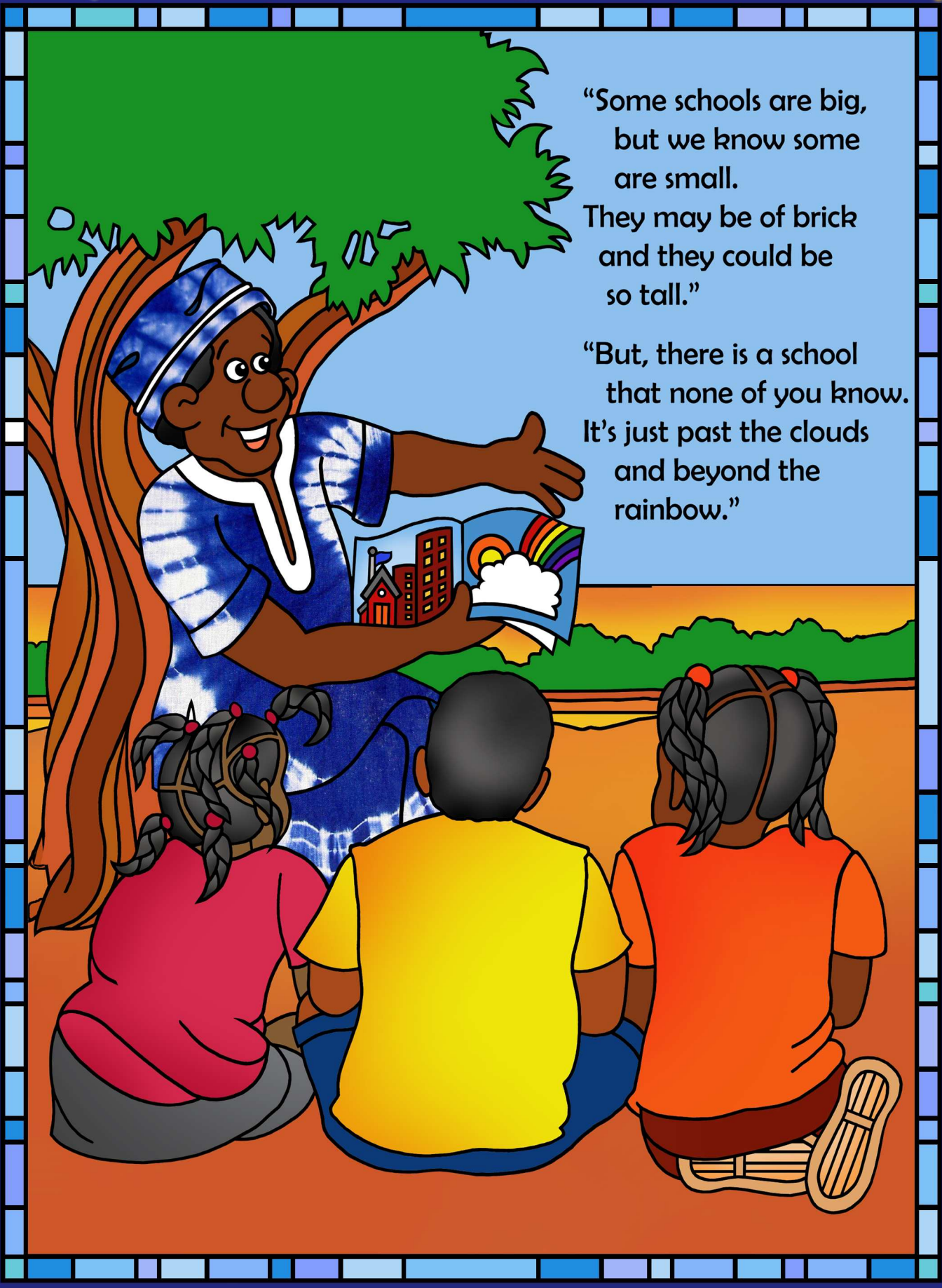
All of the kids
sat around Miss Carey
for story time at
the school library.

"Some students," she said,
"study under a tree.
And, others have
buildings like this
one you see."

Story Time

with
Miss
Carey





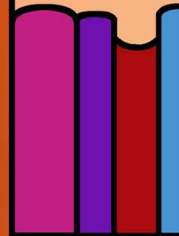
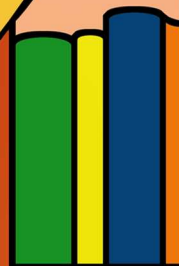
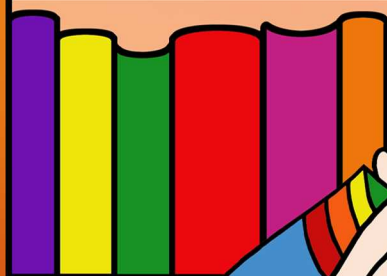
"Some schools are big,
but we know some
are small.

They may be of brick
and they could be
so tall."

"But, there is a school
that none of you know.
It's just past the clouds
and beyond the
rainbow."

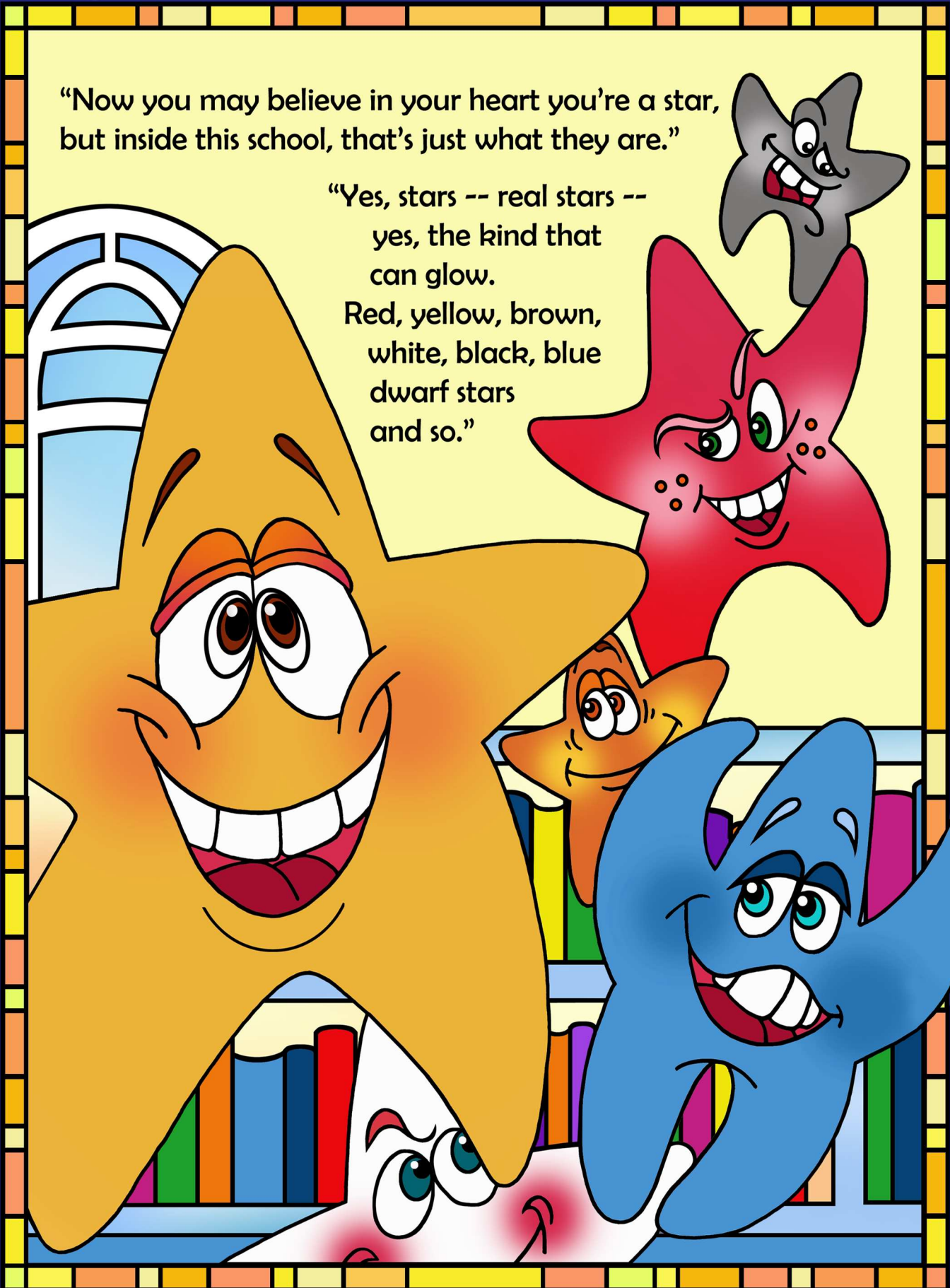
"It's way up in heaven, where all streets are gold,
and this school is found at the end of one road."

"But there's something special,
inside each classroom
that twinkles and
shimmers
with no room
for gloom."



"Now you may believe in your heart you're a star,
but inside this school, that's just what they are."

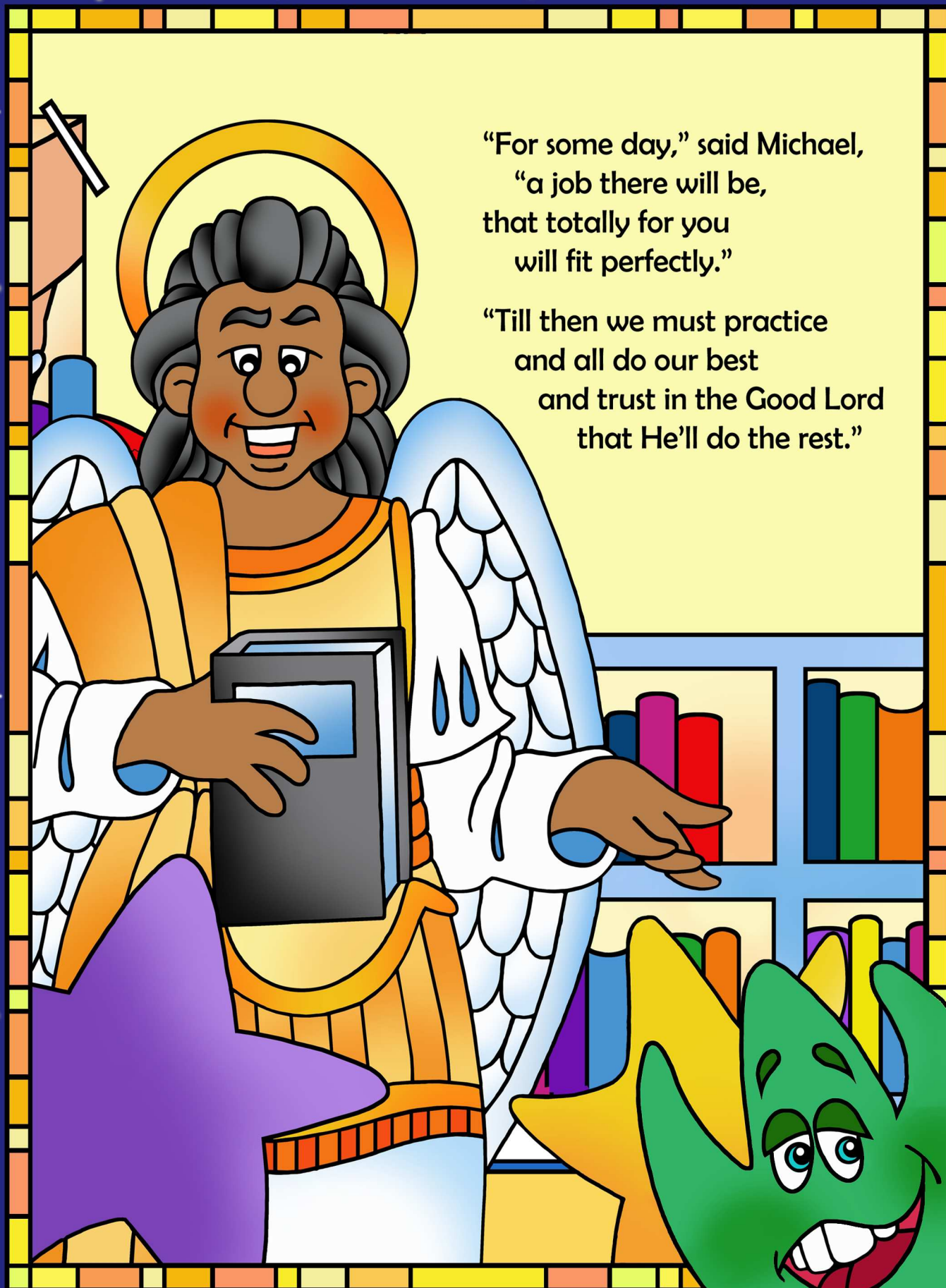
"Yes, stars -- real stars --
yes, the kind that
can glow.
Red, yellow, brown,
white, black, blue
dwarf stars
and so."



“And who do you think
is the teacher up there?
The Archangel Michael
with robes and long
hair.”

“They learn how to shine
and to twinkle and
glow
and all of the other
things all stars must
know.”





"For some day," said Michael,
"a job there will be,
that totally for you
will fit perfectly."

"Till then we must practice
and all do our best
and trust in the Good Lord
that He'll do the rest."

"Now that day came faster
than they could believe.
A job! Yes, an opening.
Someone must leave!"

"And now," declared Michael,
"I need someone who
will shine bright and
guide men at
sea all night
through."

