

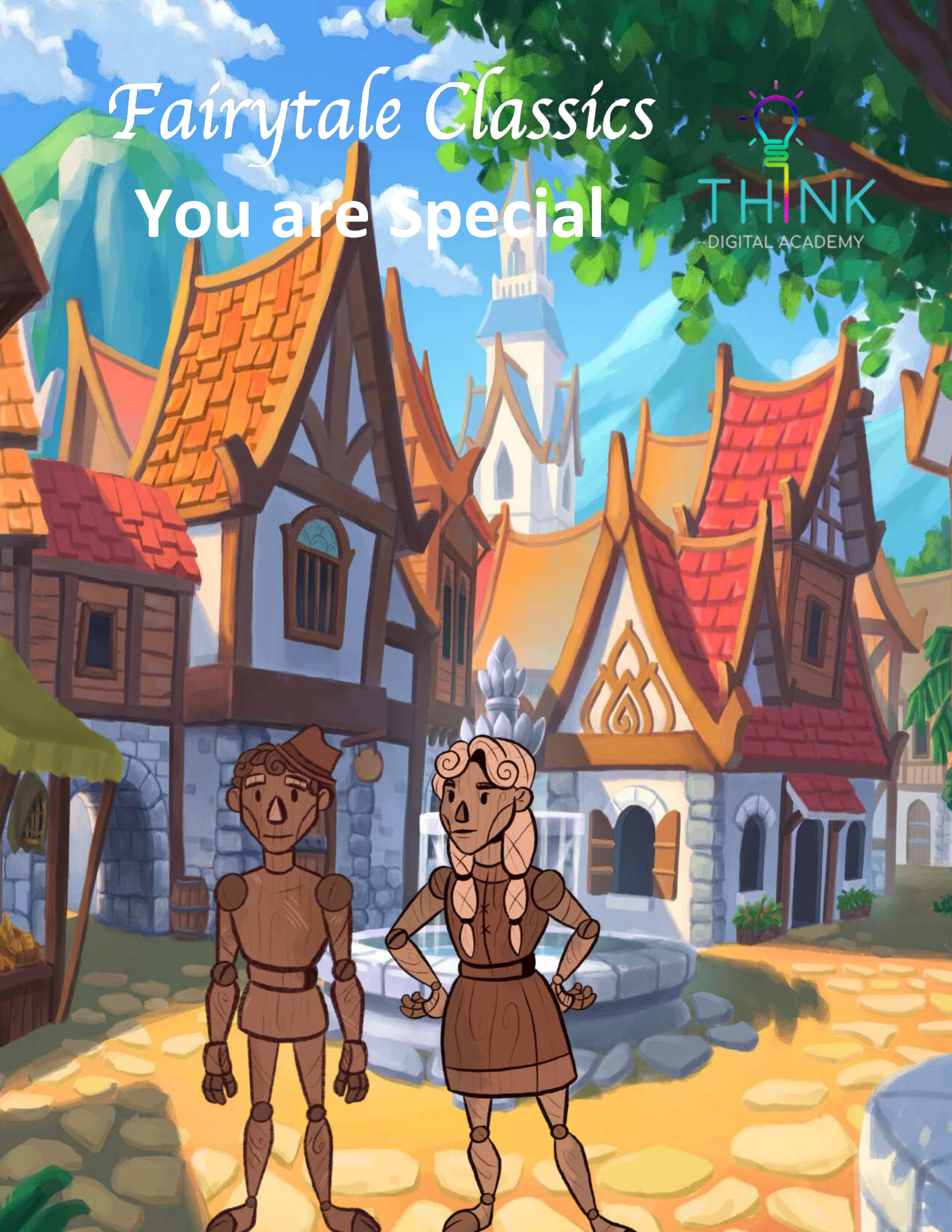
Fairytale Classics

You are Special



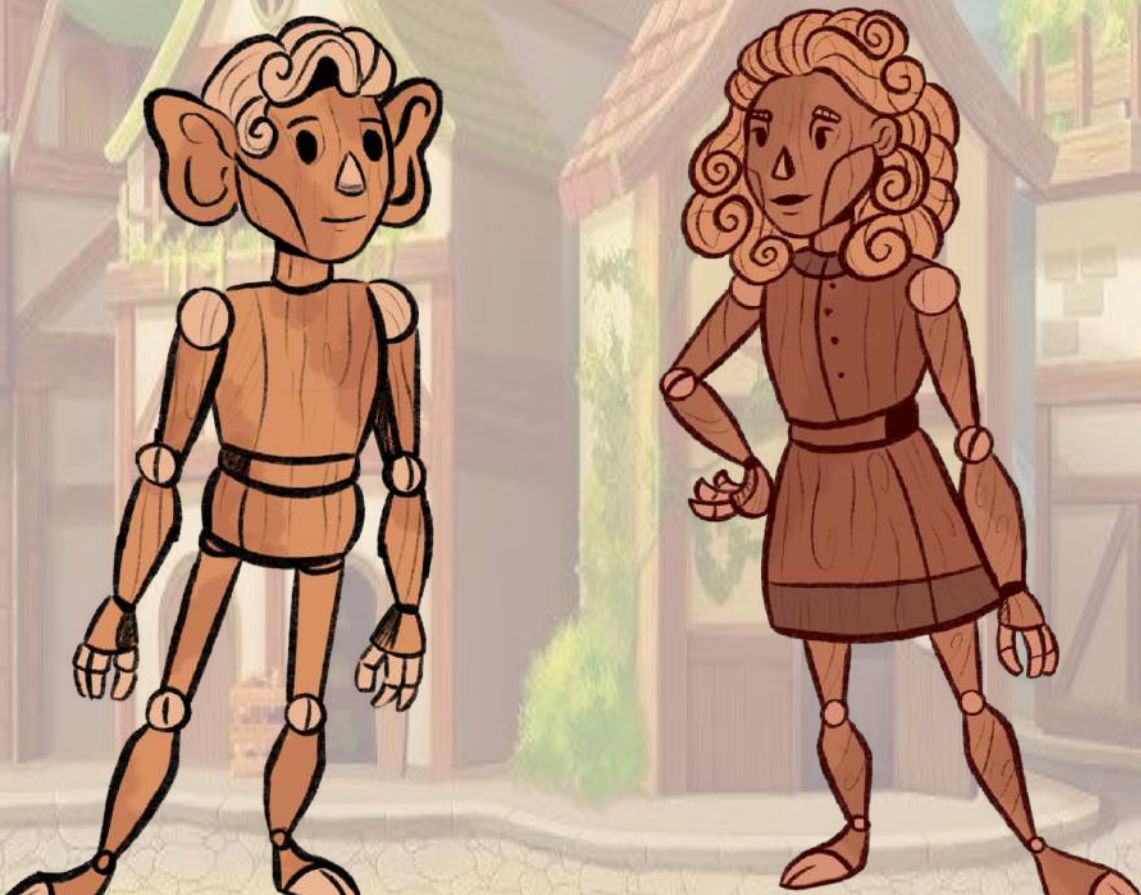
THINK

DIGITAL ACADEMY

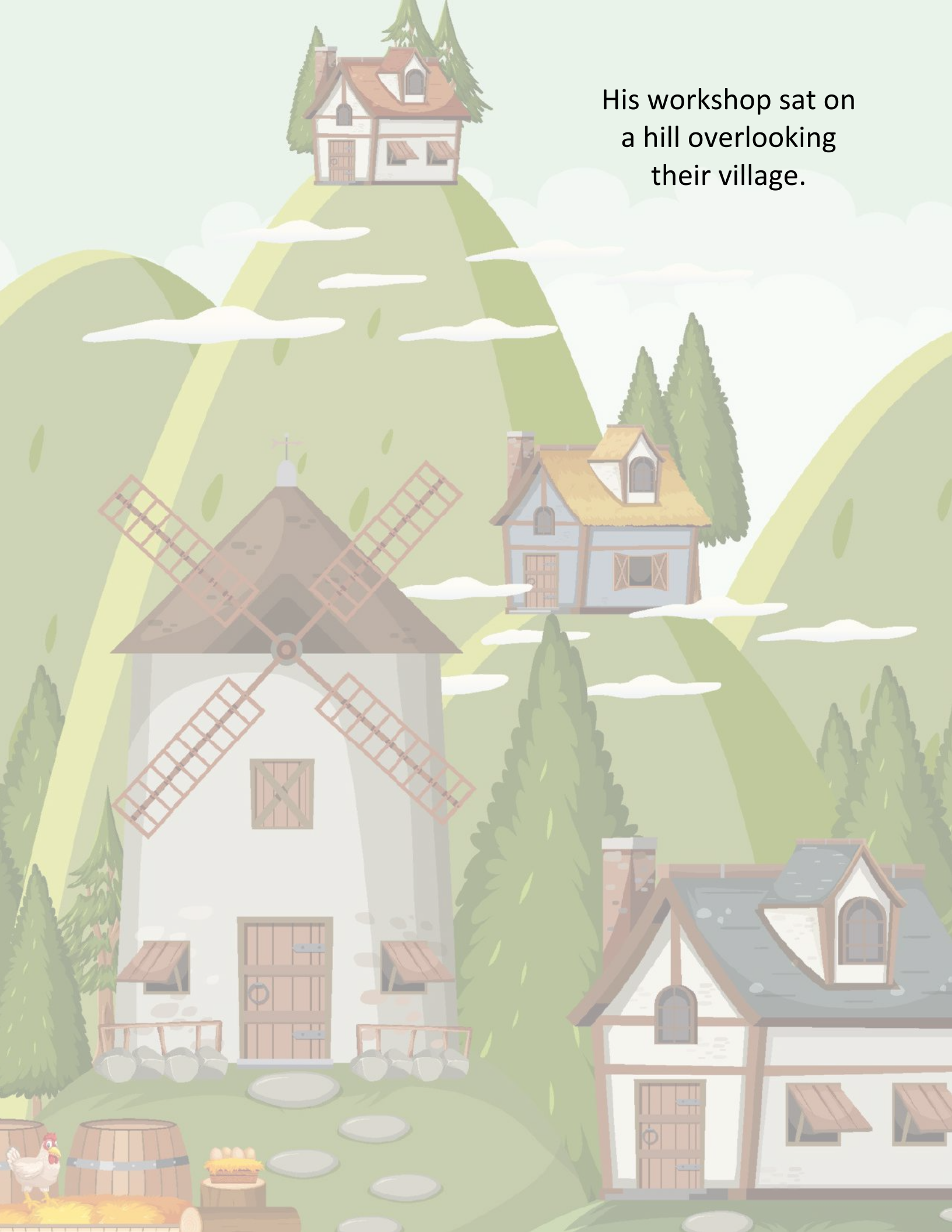


Once Upon a Time

The Wemmicks were small wooden people. All of the wooden people were carved by a woodworker named Eli.



His workshop sat on
a hill overlooking
their village.



Each Wemmick was different. Some had big noses, others had large eyes. Some were tall and others were short. Some wore hats, others wore coats. But all were made by the same carver and all lived in the village.

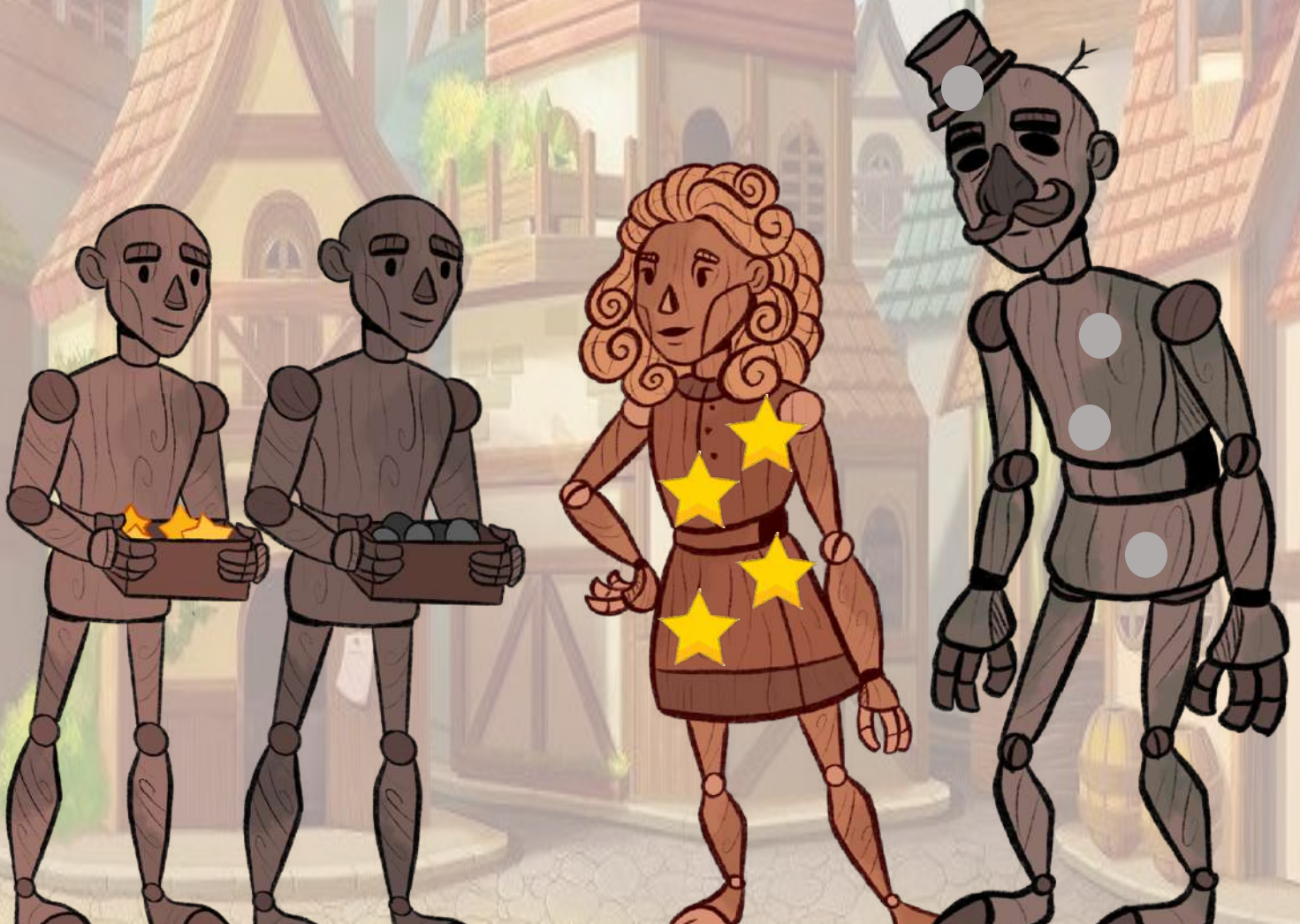


And all day, every day, the Wemmicks did the same thing: They gave each other stickers. Each Wemmick had a box of golden star stickers and a box of grey dot stickers.

Up and down the streets all over the city, people spent their days sticking stars or dots on one another.



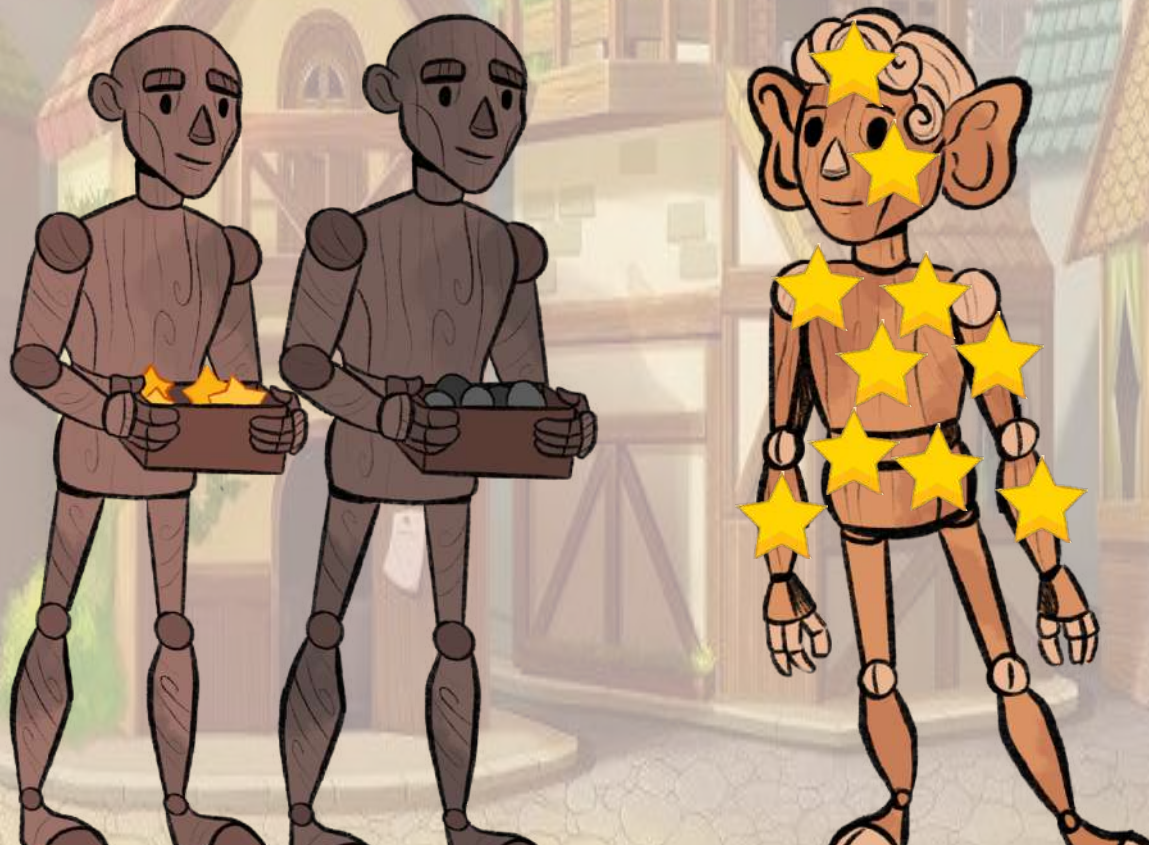
The pretty ones, those with smooth wood and fine paint, always got stars. But if the wood was rough or the paint chipped, the Wemmicks gave dots.



The talented one got stars, too. Some could lift big sticks high about their heads or jump over tall boxes. Still others knew big words or could sing pretty songs. Everyone gave them stars.

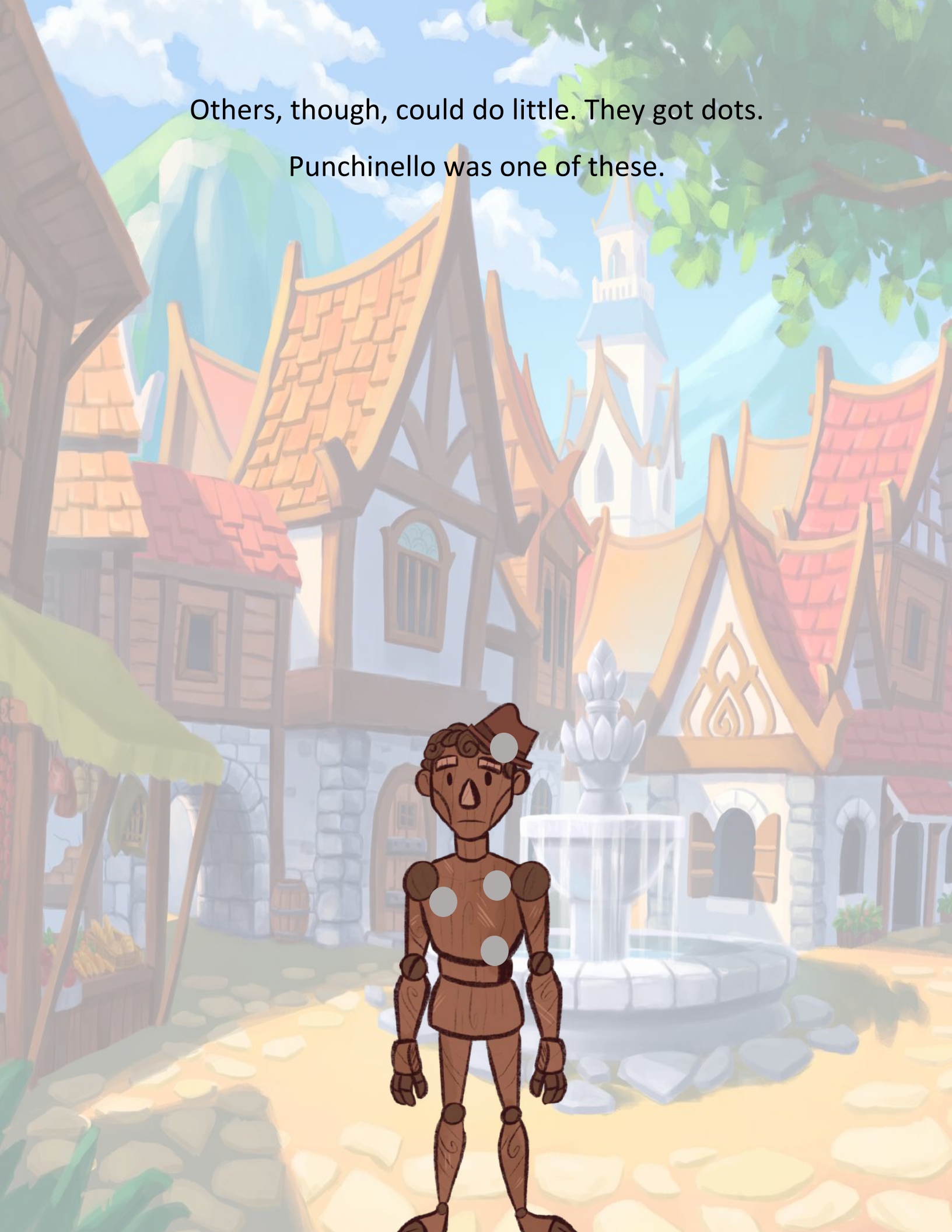


Some Wemmicks had stars all over them! Every time they got a star it made them feel so good! It made them want to do something else and get another star.

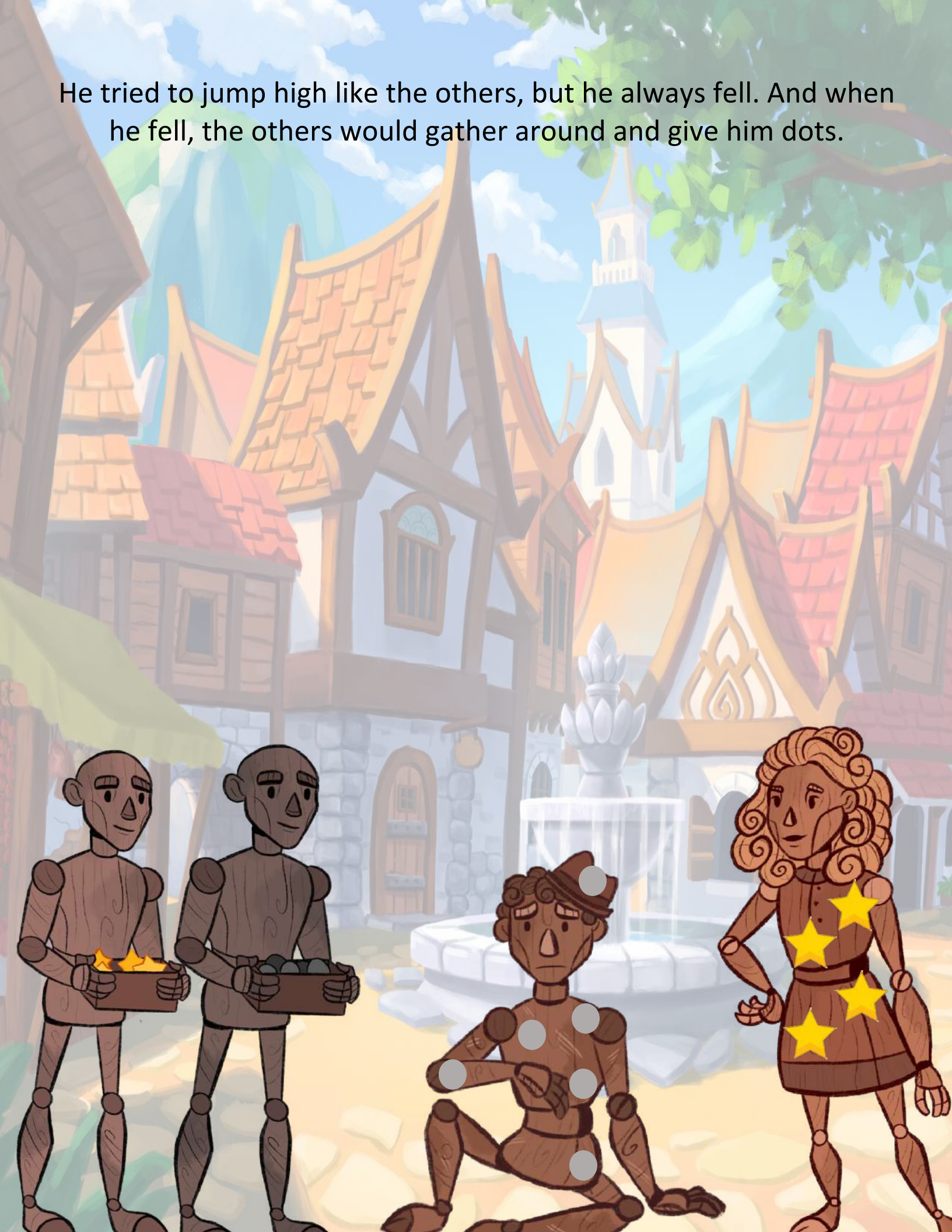


Others, though, could do little. They got dots.

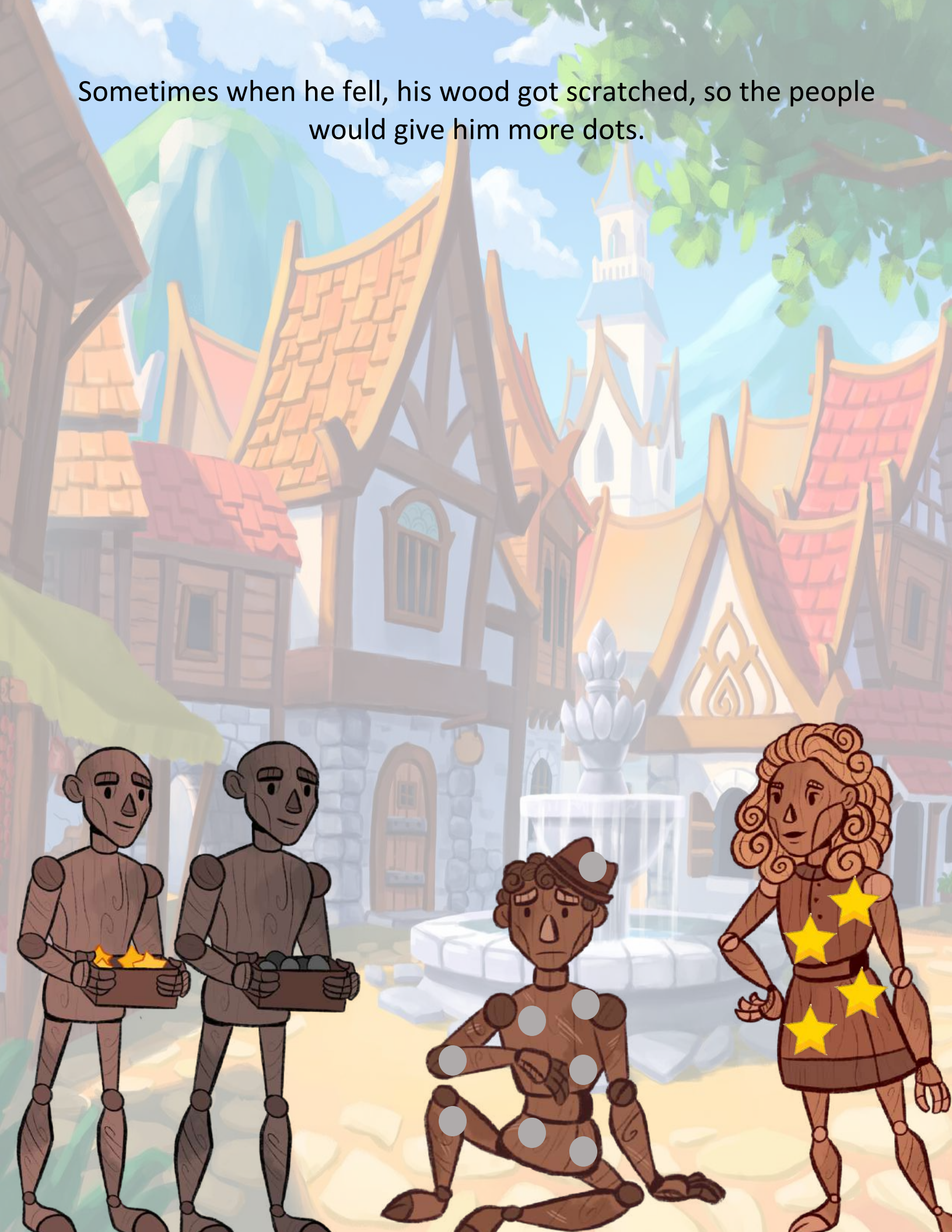
Punchinello was one of these.



He tried to jump high like the others, but he always fell. And when he fell, the others would gather around and give him dots.



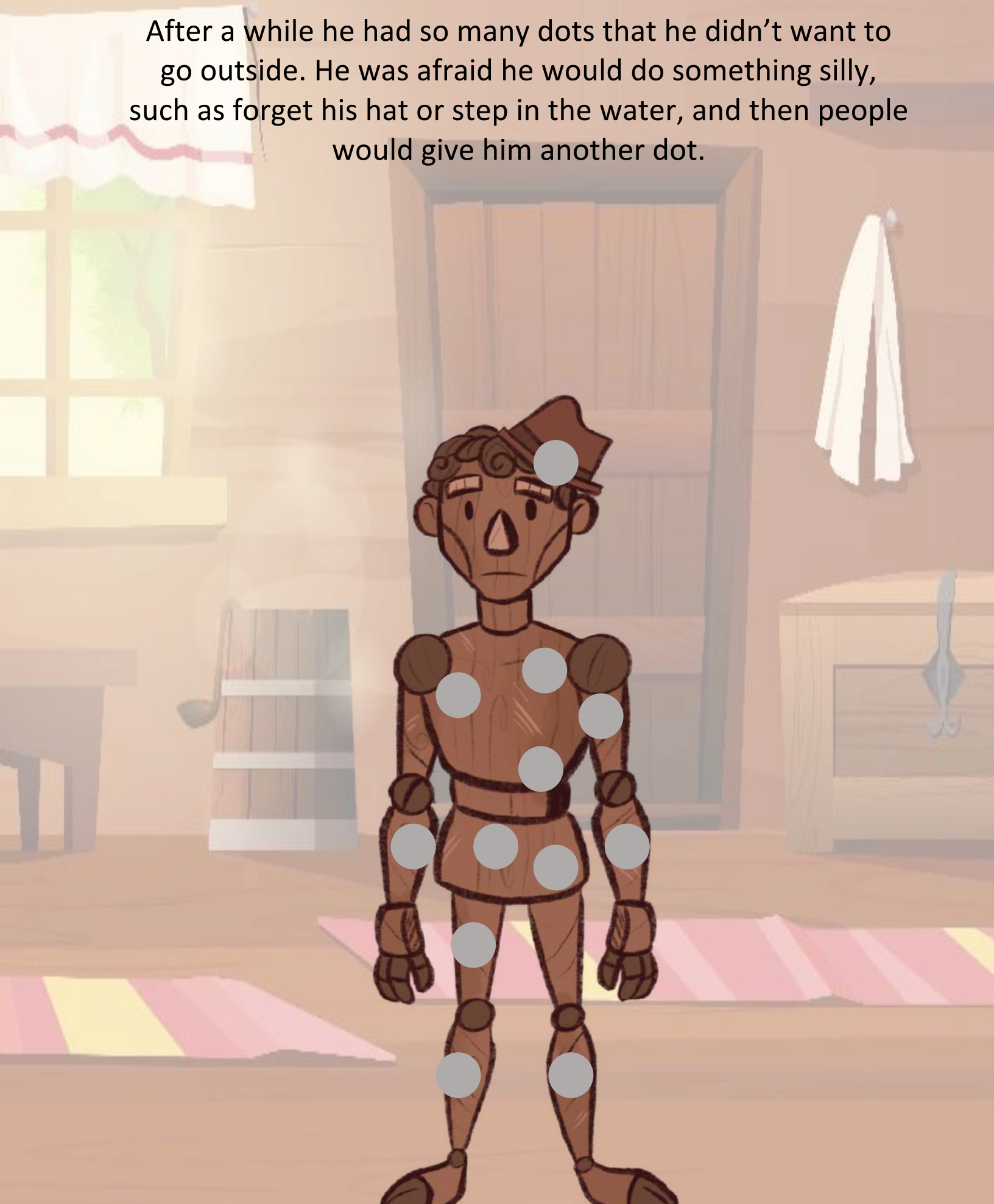
Sometimes when he fell, his wood got scratched, so the people would give him more dots.



When he tried to explain why he had fallen, he would say something silly, and the Wemmicks would give him more dots.



After a while he had so many dots that he didn't want to go outside. He was afraid he would do something silly, such as forget his hat or step in the water, and then people would give him another dot.



In fact, he had so many grey dots that some people came up and gave him dots for no reason at all.

“He deserves lots of dots,” the wooden people would agree with one another.

“He’s not a good wooden person.”



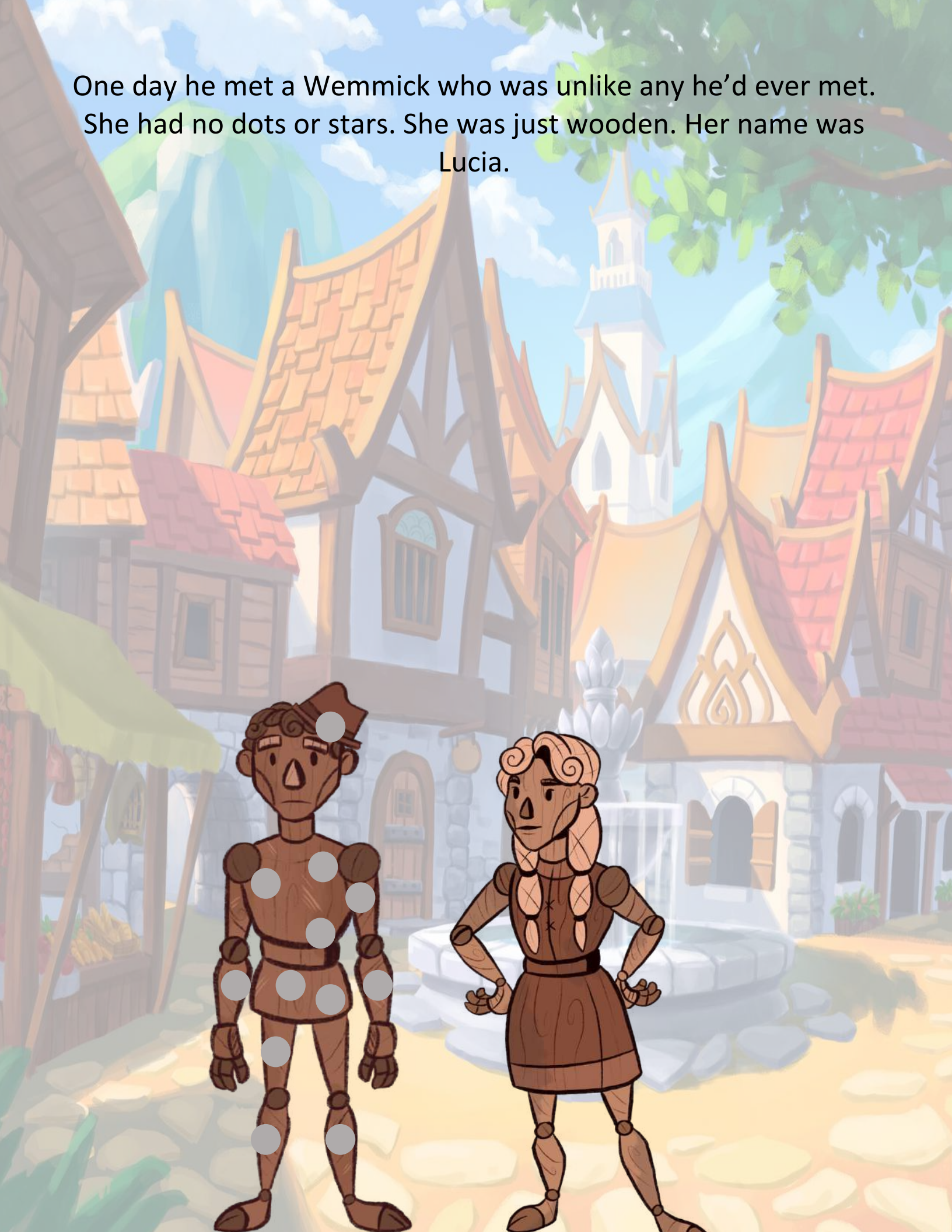
After a while Pinchinello believed them. "I'm not a good Wemmick," he would say.



The few times he went outside, he hung around other Wemmicks who also had a lot of dots. He felt better around them.

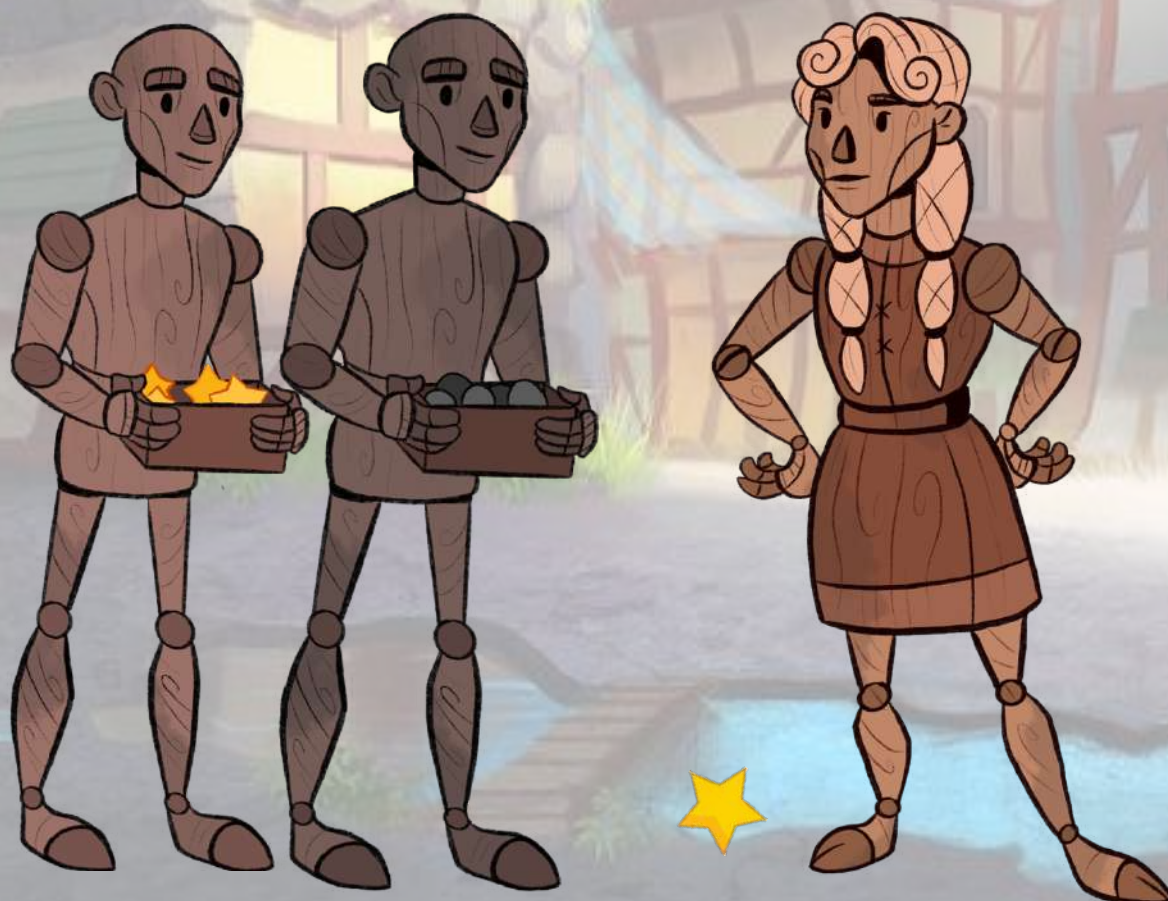


One day he met a Wemmick who was unlike any he'd ever met. She had no dots or stars. She was just wooden. Her name was Lucia.

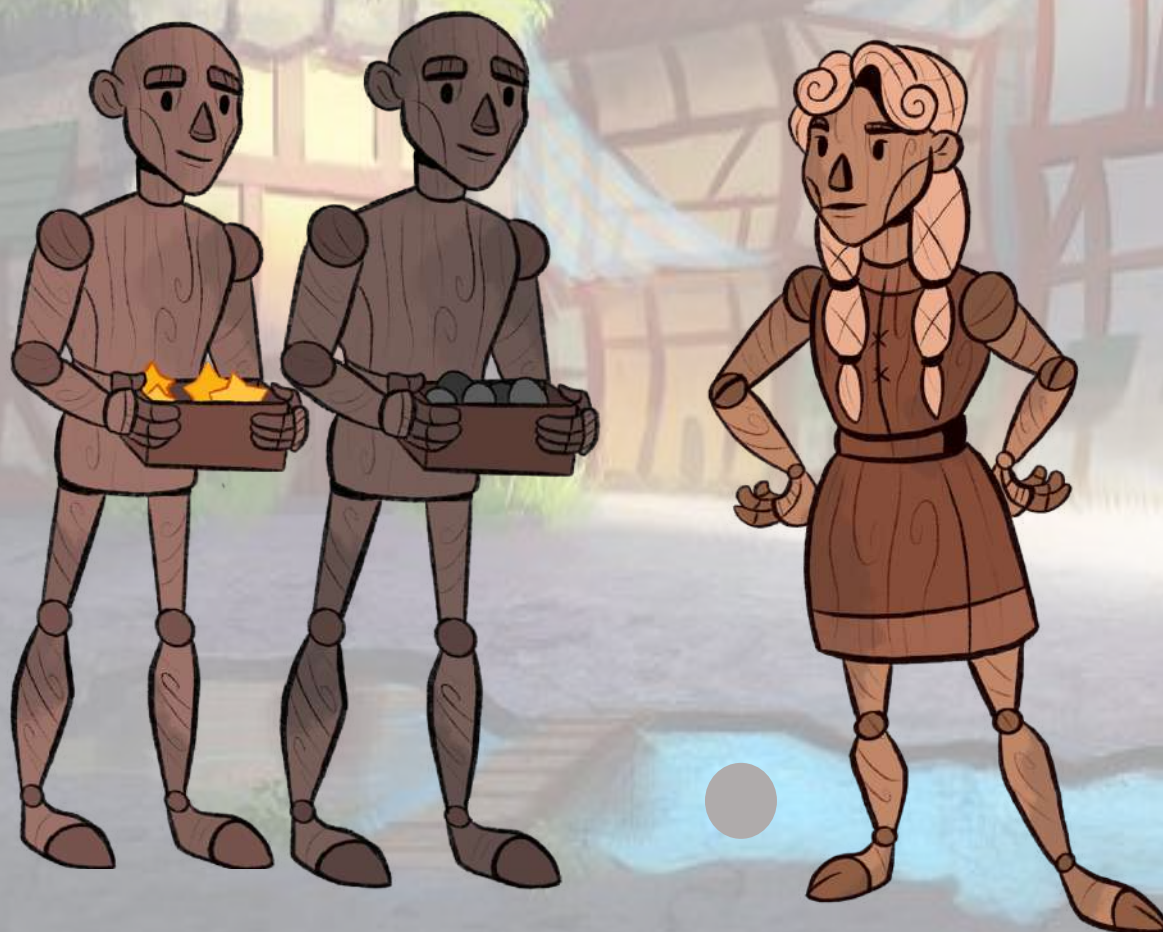


It wasn't that people didn't try to give her stickers; it was just that the stickers didn't stick.

Some of the Wemmicks admired Lucia for having no dots, so they would run up and give her a star. But it would fall off.

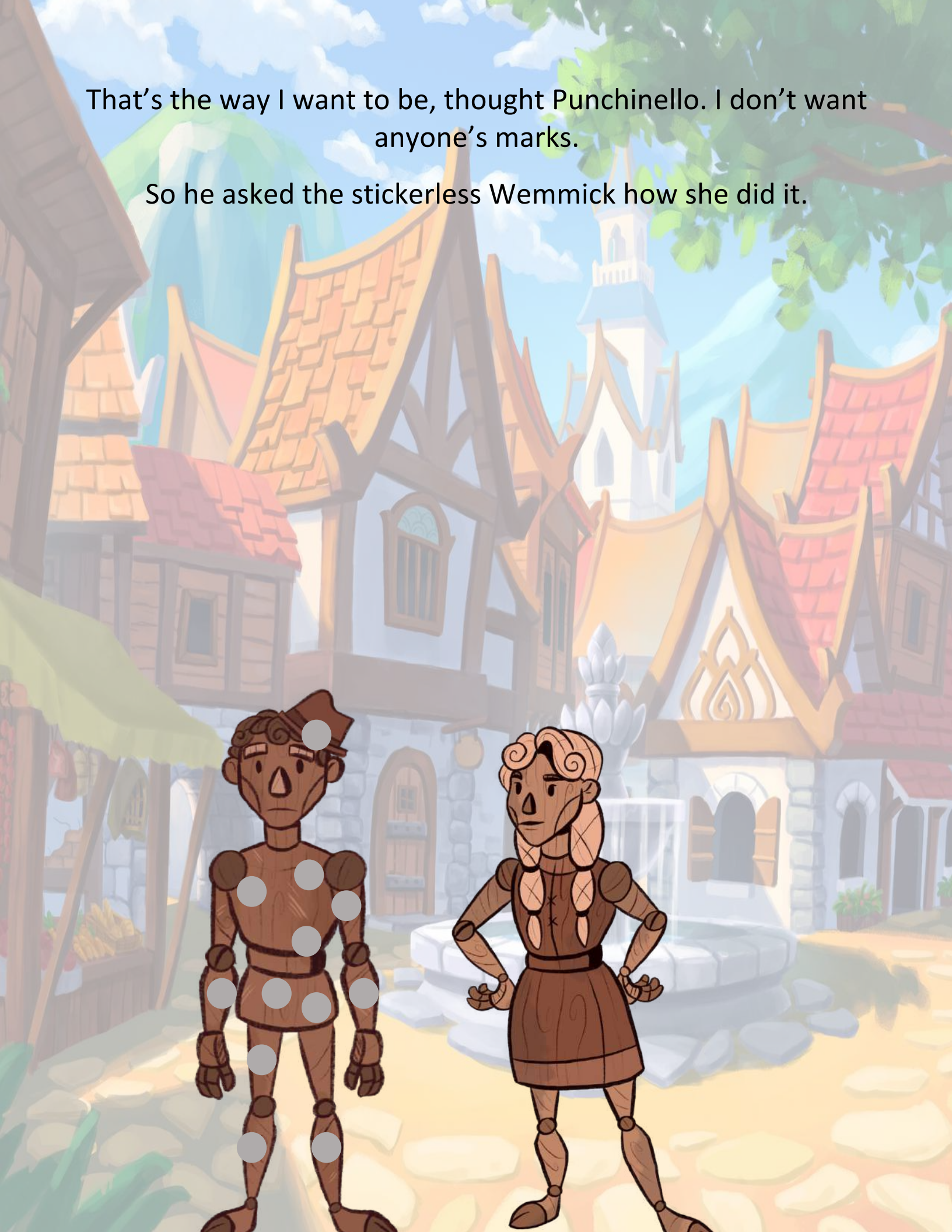


Others looked down on her for having no stars, so they would give her a dot. But that wouldn't stick either.



That's the way I want to be, thought Punchinello. I don't want anyone's marks.

So he asked the stickerless Wemmick how she did it.



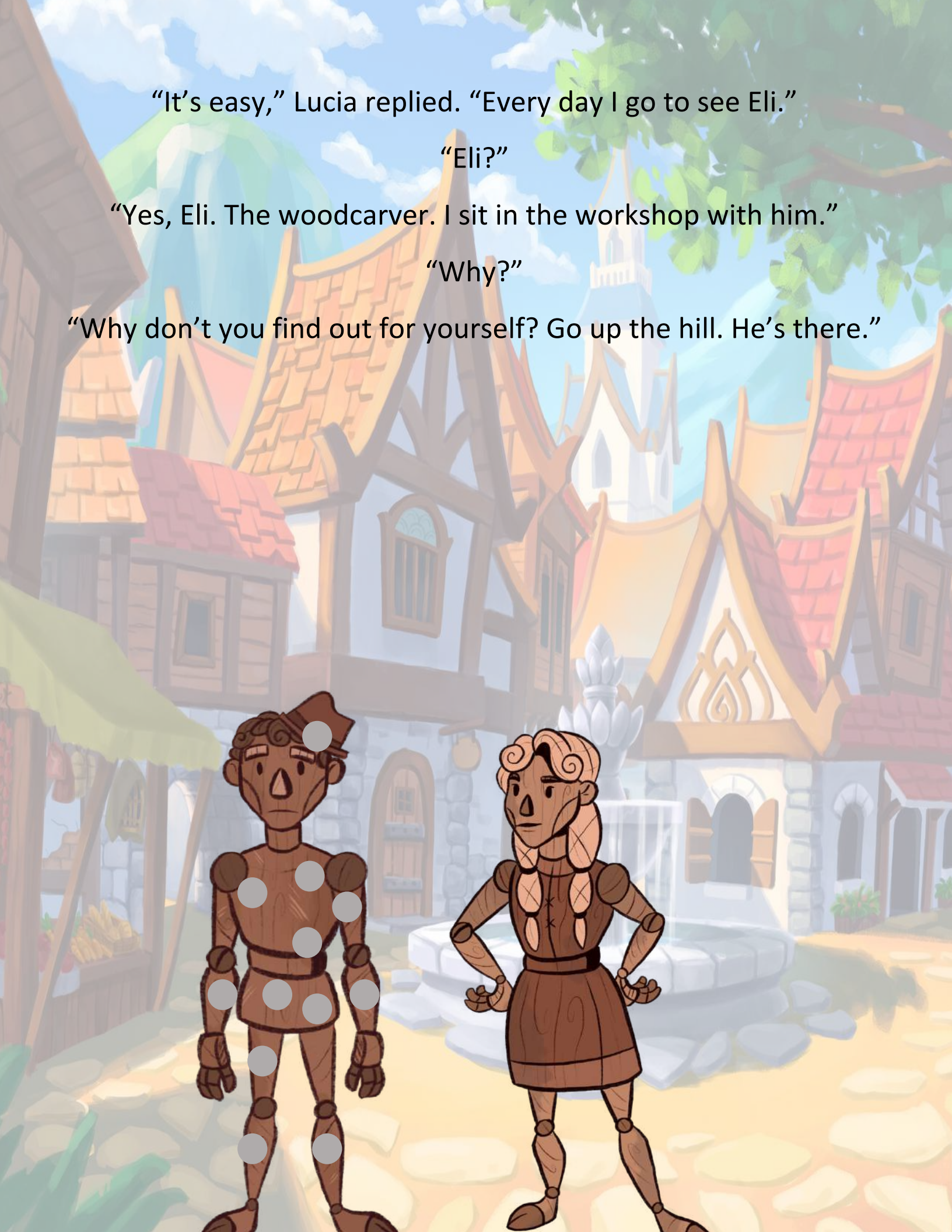
“It’s easy,” Lucia replied. “Every day I go to see Eli.”

“Eli?”

“Yes, Eli. The woodcarver. I sit in the workshop with him.”

“Why?”

“Why don’t you find out for yourself? Go up the hill. He’s there.”



And with that the Wemmick who had no stickers turned and skipped away.”

The End

This is an extract from You Are Special, by Max Lucado, Candle Books 2004.





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