

When Billy was very small, he loved pictures. His mother often drew some for him on old pieces of paper. She was very bad at drawing, but Billy enjoyed her pictures and always wanted more.

Then, when he was a little older, Billy's mother gave him some pencils and a drawing book, and he began drawing pictures too, but they were never good.

When Billy was five years old, his mother gave him a small blackboard, some pieces of chalk and a duster. He liked those very much. One day he was trying to draw a picture of his father on the blackboard. He drew lines and rubbed them out, drew more and rubbed those out too for ten minutes, but when he looked at his picture he was not happy.

'Well,' he said at last to his mother, 'I'll put a tail on it and make it a monkey.'