



Story Time

With the Master

—The Carpenter’s Hands—

Story Time with the Master

—To help you feel happier and heal faster.

Curl up and enjoy these special stories!

—Imaginary Stories—

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There once was a carpenter who admired his tools. They could make things that his own hands couldn't fashion on their own.

These tools were hard and strong, or small, or long, or rough, or sharp, or whatever they needed to be.

"Why can't I be more like them? Why do I have to have hands that get hurt, that bleed, that get blisters, that get calluses while trying to do tough jobs? Couldn't I do more if I was made of tougher stuff?" the carpenter wondered.





A little girl then burst into the workshop. She came and wrapped her arms around the carpenter's leg—he was too tall for her to hug him all the way.

"Daddy, daddy," she called out. He then leaned over and picked up his little girl and gave her a big hug. She was glad to see up so high. She was pointing out this and that in his tool shed, and pointing out the window.



Then she squirmed to be put down. She thought she wanted the freedom to run over and touch all the things she was looking at.

Before her carpenter daddy could stop her, she had touched something sharp, and cried out. She had gotten a small cut on her finger.

"Come back over to Daddy," he said gently to the girl. The carpenter helped wash the cut on her finger, then wrapped a little clean piece of cloth on it and gave it a kiss.



"Those things are dangerous to play with," he said, and gently wiped the tears that were running down her cheeks with his thumbs, and then placed her hands in his.

He placed one of his hands underneath hers, and the other like a soft blanket over her small hands, making them feel snug and warm.

"Daddy's hands soft. Not hurt me," she said.



The carpenter thought about that, then replied, "Yes, Daddy's hands are soft. I'm glad they are. Sometimes the hard tools hurt me too," he said, and showed the girl a cut that was also healing on his finger.

"But I'm glad my hands are not like the tools—hard and tough and rough. Then I can comfort others that get hurt. I can use the tough tools to make nice things, but I can have soft hands and help you feel all better."



The little girl smiled and curled up onto his shoulder while he sang a song and they walked out of the shed.

The carpenter placed his little girl on the wooden seat swing that he had build for her, and gave her a push. They laughed and sang together. They were made just right, and could help each other in the best ways.