

Higher and higher the coil pots grew. Each one was a little different. Billy looked around at the bulging sides of some and the lopsided walls of others. The pots were not like the shiny, smooth bowls in the kitchen cupboard at home. These bowls were special. They were handmade, designed by the kids in Billy's class. Some of the taller, thinner pots would turn into mugs. That's what Billy was making.

"Better get busy, Billy, or you won't finish," warned Miss Harper. Billy hadn't realized how long he had been admiring everyone's work.

Miss Harper was spreading out tools and weeds and bits of cloth. They would be used to add texture to the sides of the pots when the building was finished. For Billy, this would be the most exciting part of all. Building was fun, but adding the finishing touches—that was the part he was really looking forward to.

His pot was only two coils high, and Billy knew he had better get back to work. *Burlap*, he thought. *That's what I'll use to decorate the outside of my mug.* He began to imagine pressing pieces of coarse burlap against the soft, wet clay. *Those prickly weeds would make a pretty*

*good design, too*, thought Billy. *I can see it now.* He imagined taking his mug home to show his mom. How proud she would be!

The other children were already choosing from the variety of textured objects and cloth, adding the finishing touches to their pots.

"Aren't you going to finish?" Peter asked, jolting Billy back from his daydreams. "Maybe you'd better get to work," he said, noticing Billy's interest in the texture table. "You can't decorate a pot you haven't made."

