

As Still as a Statue



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Chapter 1: **William Withers**

My big brother, William Withers, was the fastest runner, the longest jumper and the highest climber at his school. But there was one thing that William was not good at. He could not keep still. This is just one story about our trouble with William.







William zoomed around our house like a rocket. He crashed over chairs and bumped into walls and doors.

“Slow down William!” our dad called, but it was always too late and something was always broken.

Last year, when our Aunt Ada came to visit, William flew round the corner and ran right into her birthday cake. It was a terrible mess.



“That boy is a menace,” Aunt Ada said.
“You need to do something about him!
Just look at the damage that he’s done!”

Chapter 2: **The Statue**

My dad decided to help William learn to stand still.

“William, I’m going to teach you to stare,” he said.

“Stare at what?” asked William.

“At a statue,” Dad replied as he went into the garden and found a statue with big, round, staring eyes.

“Practise staring at this statue,” he advised William.

“Why should I?” complained William.

“I want to go out to play.”

“When you can be just like this statue,

you'll be ready for Aunt Ada," said Dad as he settled down to read the newspaper.

"It's got a snail on its head," groaned William.

"Don't say that too loudly or everyone will want one," Dad replied. Sometimes Dad made weak jokes.

