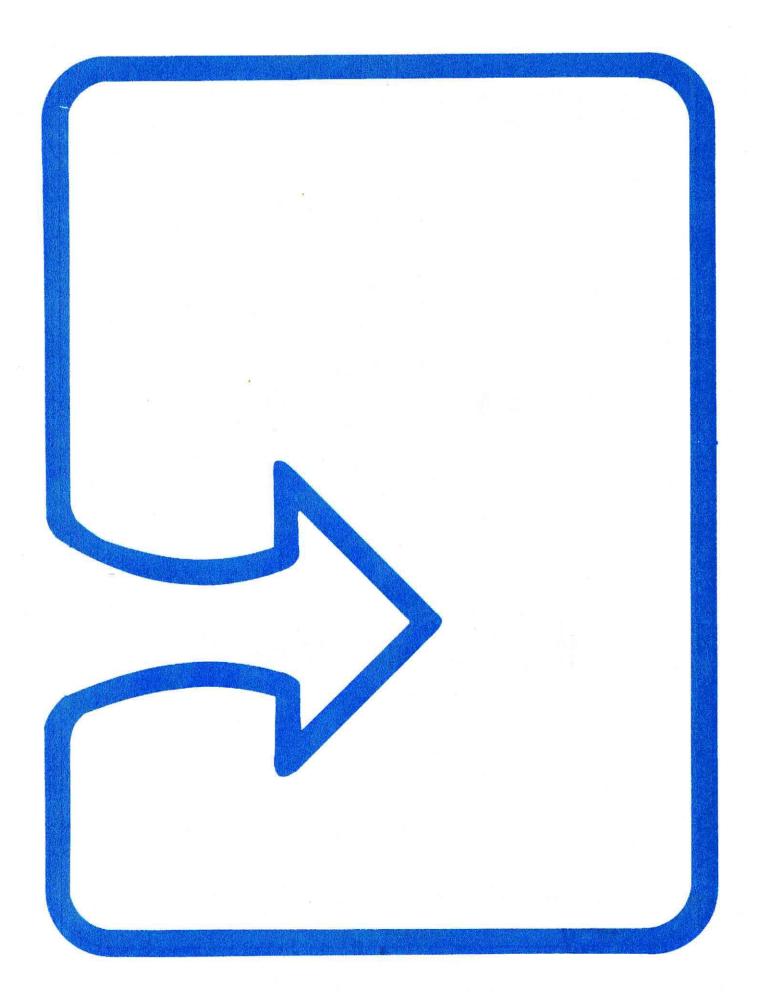
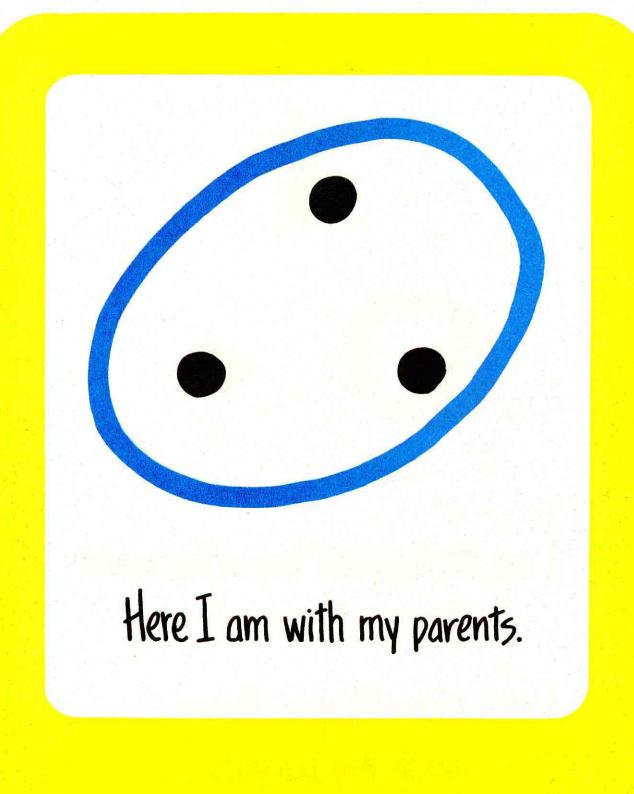
by hederique

Pictures/Design Robert Hunter Vivian Benson

Copyright © 1975 CEMREL, Inc.





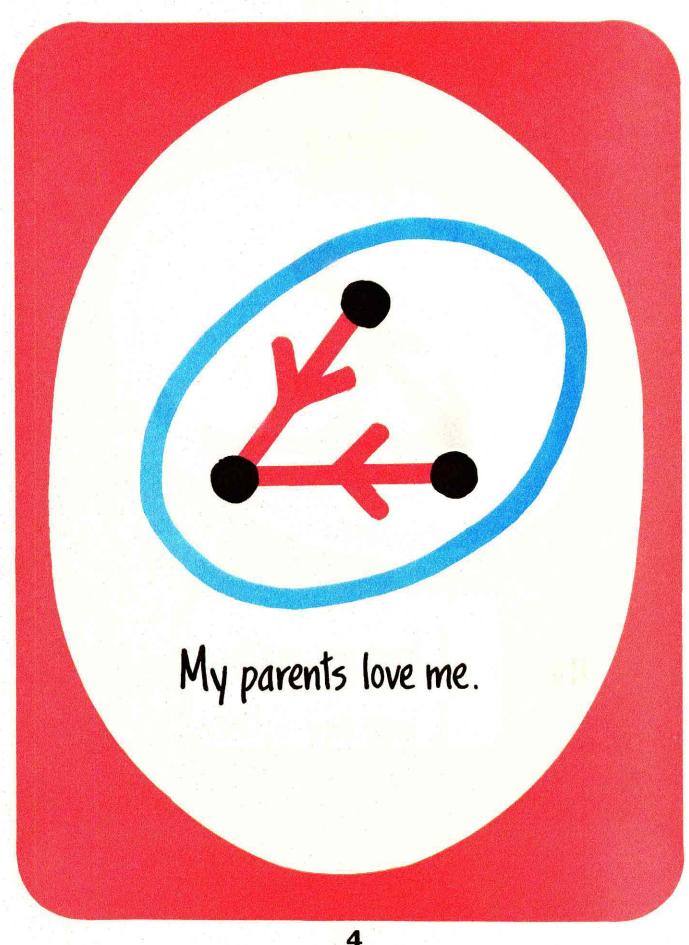


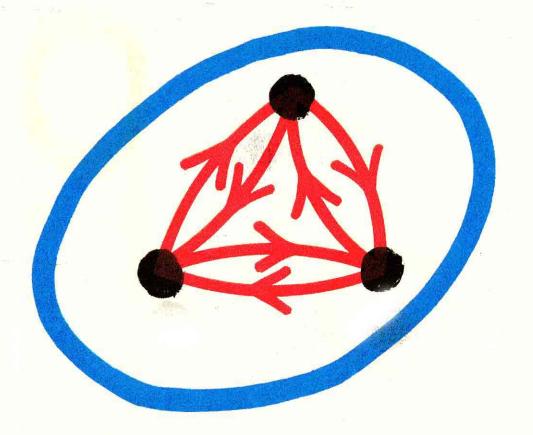
I am the happiest boy in the world. Can you see me.?

Touch me with your finger.
Touch my parents too.

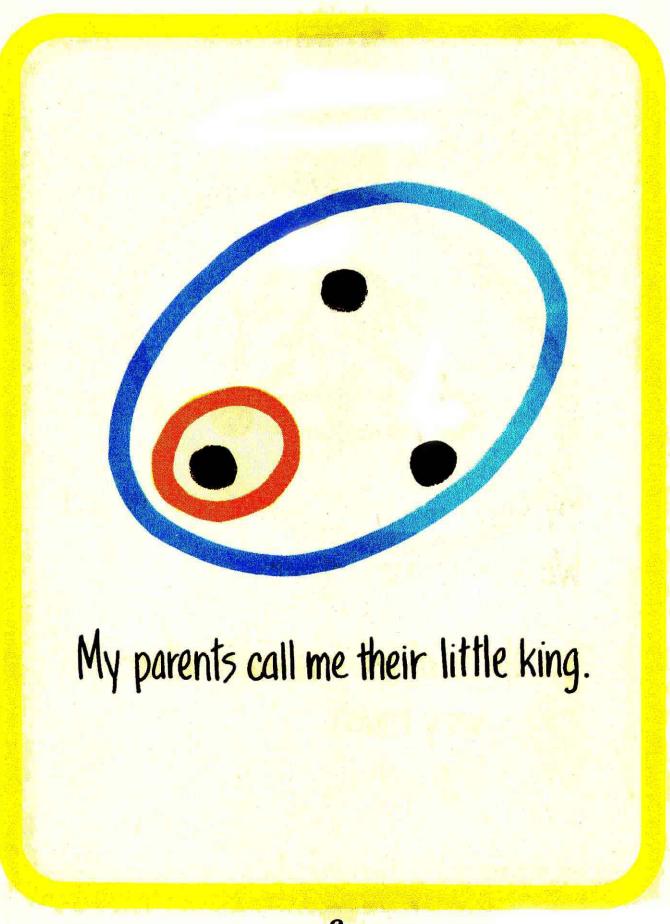


I love my mother. I love my father.



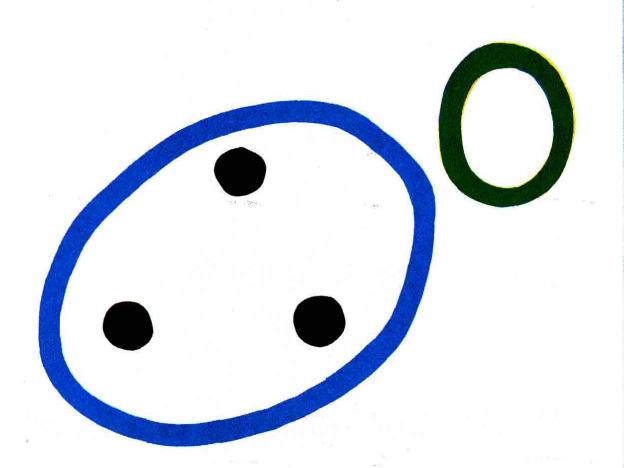


The three of us love each other very much.



I like to play with my toys all by myself.

My old teddy bear is my best friend. We talk to each other a lot.



My mother is going to have a baby.

The baby is growing inside her body.

I touch her stomach and I feel something moving inside.

At bedtime, my mother talks about the unborn child.

I listen to her.

I suck my thumb.

I don't say anything.

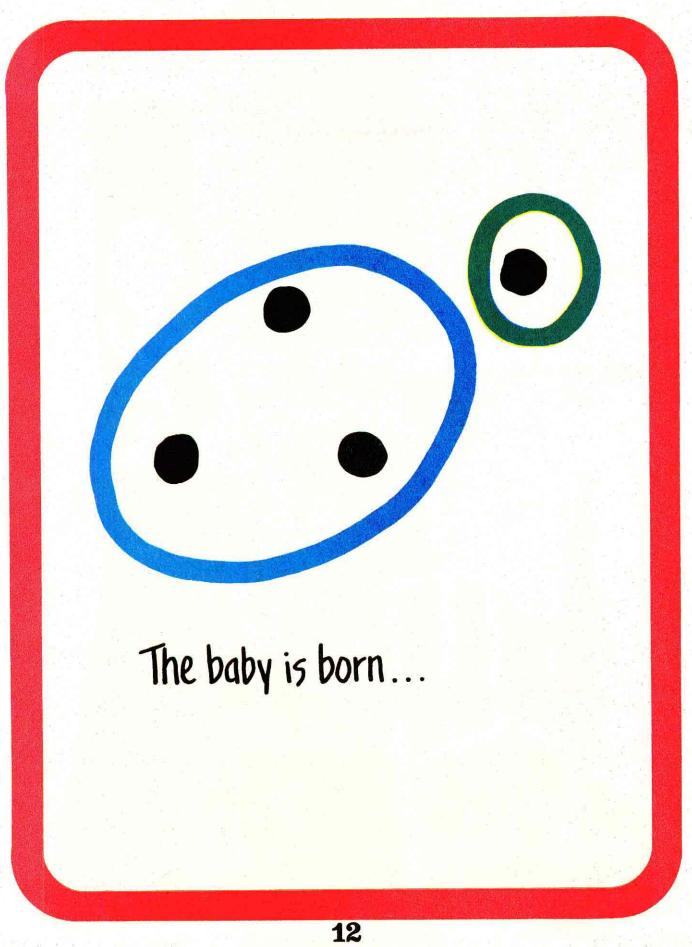
Mom takes me in her arms and sings a lullaby.

I have a little cradle for my teddy bear.

I often rock my friend in it.

A larger cradle is in my parents' bedroom.
It is empty.
I would like to sleep in it.





... a little girl called Veronica.

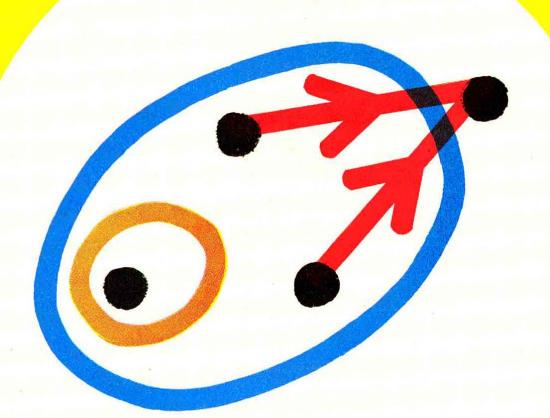
She is ugly. Her face is yellow.

Her tiny fingernails are strange.

I refuse to kiss her.

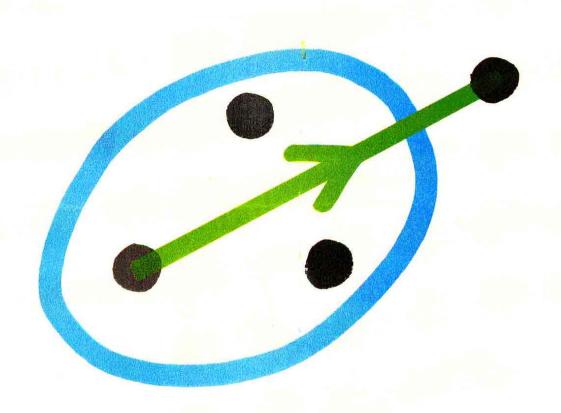
Dad holds me on his lap.

Mom smiles at Veronica.



My parents take care of Veronica all the time.

I hug my teddy bear very close.



One day my sister was in her cradle,

I made a scary face at her.

She began to cry.

This morning, I helped to bathe Veronica.

I gave her my green duck.

With her tiny hand, she gripped one of my fingers.



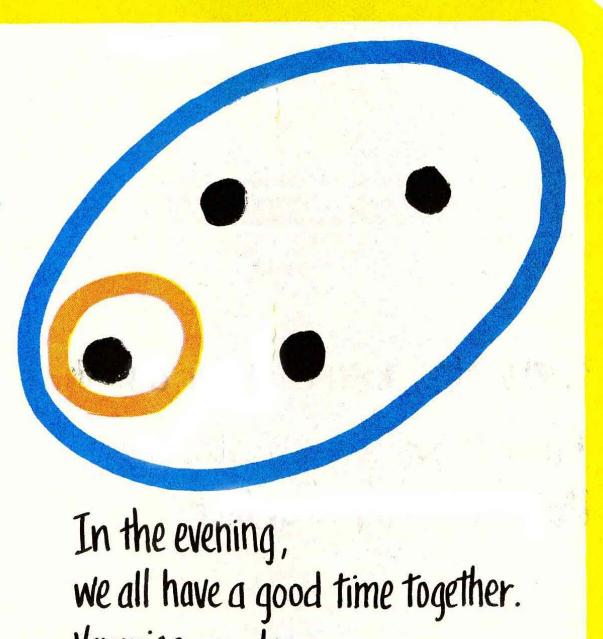
Several times a day, my mother nurses Veronica.

I take my old baby bottle and suck on it with pleasure.

Every afternoon we go for a walk.

I push Veronica's carriage, and

Mom carries my teddy bear.



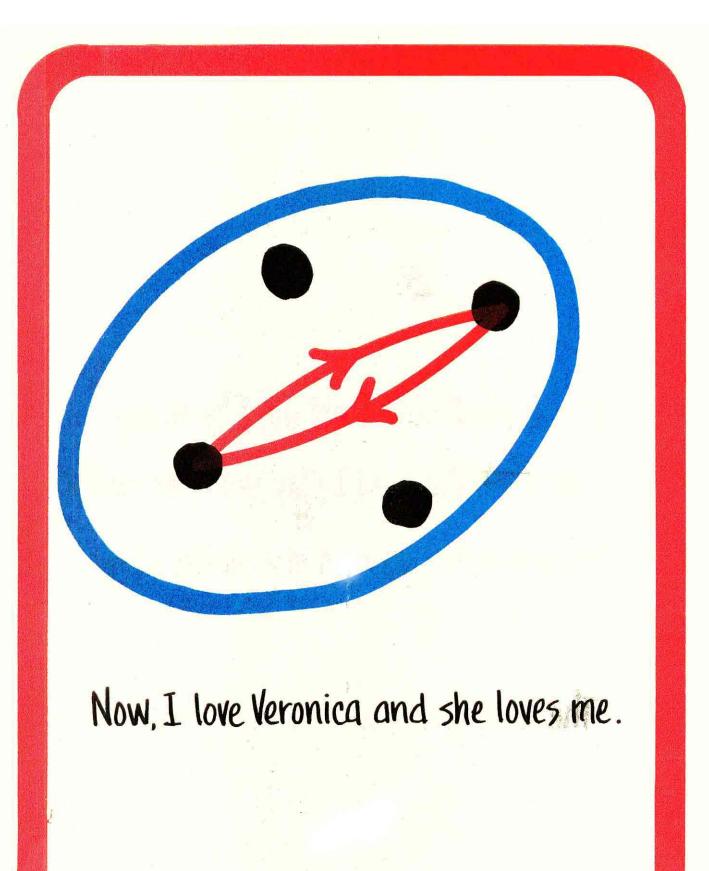
In the evening,
we all have a good time together.
Veronica gurgles.
Mom and Dad read the newspaper
and then get the dinner ready.
I draw.

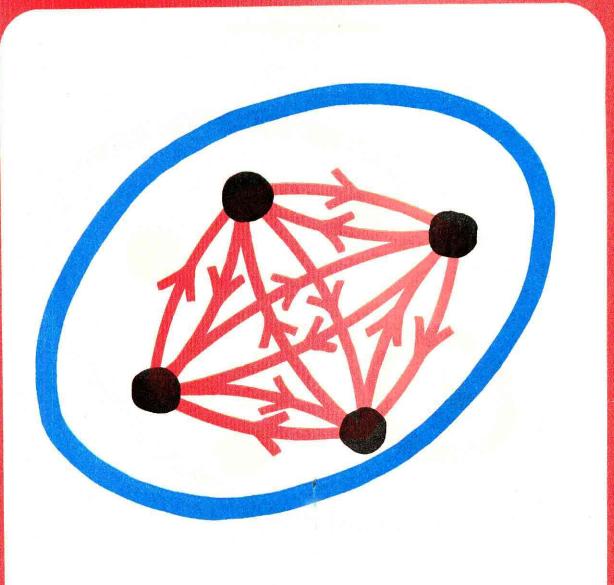
Early in the morning, I go to my parents' room and I climb into their bed.

Veronica is asleep in her cradle.

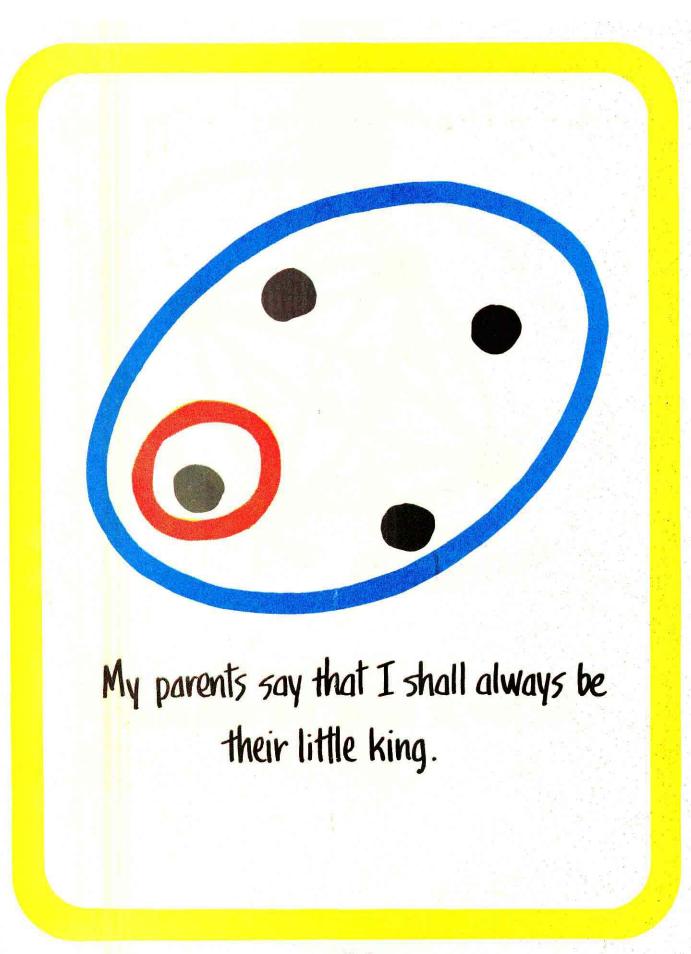
I lie down between Dad and Mom and we whisper quietly to each other.

After a short time I get up, I go to my sister's cradle, and I play with her rattle. Veronica wakes up and she smiles at me.





The four of us, we love each other.



Draw a picture of the family in this story.

Draw a picture of your family.

The birth of a second child in a family can be a traumatic experience. All of a sudden the focus of attention switches from the only child to the new arrival. Feelings of rejection and resentment can follow unless the situation is handled very carefully.

"The Baby Is Born" is a story of just such a conflict and its subsequent resolution. It is seen through the eyes of the firstborn, and the reader shares with him his changing feelings. This spectrum of emotions is illustrated, perhaps surprisingly, by means of two nonverbal mathematical languages: the language of strings and the language of arrows.

Although the resulting drawings might at first blush seem to be very abstract, in fact the reader, especially the young reader, will find that they are far more expressive than realistic illustrations could ever be. This is because the reader's appreciation of the unfolding story is unhampered by an artist's interpretation. Personality and sensibilities come in to play as the reader's imagination is free to fill in the details. Mathematics has something to offer to every area of our existence!

Edward Martin

Stories by Frederique

Ages 5 to 8

The Playful Numbers
The Baby Is Born
81 Roses
One Out of Seven
The Old Shoemaker
I Am a Very Happy Boy
The Little Dreamer
Two By Two
The Weird Story of 24
Where's My Nose?
The Happy Puppet
The Magic Box
Summer School in the Old Days

Ages 8 to 12

The Little Donkey
Singing Friends
Dancing Friends
I Am Not My Name
The Living Lines
The Square Trap
Nabu Wins an Award

Ages 10 to 14

The Hidden Treasure A Valentine Mystery Election in the Number World A Very Strange Neighborhood