The Box

by Patricia Lee Gauch

Illustrated by Doris Burn

Fragile

The story of two friends, Peter and Paul, as they solve the mystery of the box in all its delights. A treasure hunt through the pages, filled with humor and adventure, as the boys use their imaginations to see the most exciting scenes in literature. The Box will make you laugh and wonder as you journey through the pages of this delightful story.

About the Book

Christina Katerina and her mother had relocated to the countryside, where she discovered a mysterious box hidden in the forest. As they open the box, they uncover a treasure trove of stories and adventures. The box contains a collection of famous stories, each with its own unique charm. From classic fairy tales to modern stories, the box becomes a portal to a world of imagination and wonder.

Christina and her mother begin to explore the contents of the box, uncovering stories from around the world. Together, they embark on a journey of discovery, learning important lessons along the way. The box becomes more than just a collection of stories; it becomes a source of inspiration, creativity, and friendship.

The Box is a delightful and engaging story that will capture the hearts of readers of all ages. It is a celebration of the power of imagination and the joy of exploring new worlds. Whether you are a child or an adult, The Box is sure to bring a smile to your face and transport you to a world of endless possibilities.
Shoe boxes.
Bakery boxes with see-through lids.
Hat boxes.
Any of those things, but mostly boxes.
Worn-out ties and empty boxes.
Hurtling rt. ears and dressers.
Kirstina Kutten liked things.
under the apple tree.

It couldn't hurt — it couldn't possibly hurt — for one day or two to have the big box in the front yard, there. She dragged it under the apple tree. But she decided that her boxes were for basements or trash barrels, not for the yard. Who was very neat and tidy, it seemed.

And she quickly declined the box for her own and
handle and she couldn't get out. She and her father put bricks in the windows and drewbridges and poles for the door. And the box became a castle. Inside, she put sticks on the window to make it a door. That afternoon, Christmas Father cut a window and
For two days she and her bears lived and played in her castle peacefully.
Until Fats Watson came home. He sneaked into her castle while she was out to lunch and ate all her Fig Newtons, and she locked him in until he bellowed, "I'm sorry," fifteen times.

When she finally let him out, Fats gave Christmas's castle a kick and over it went, smack on its side.
argum. "There's my clubhouse!"

But that's no castle, said Christmas, hauling it back.

Mother came out and saw the fallen box. "I see that's
the end of the castle, Christmas," she said with a smile.

and started to haul it away.
mice on the outside.

Keep out. "Members only." and "Danger to one-
boss and a chair for the president, and she painted
door into a window. She put in two benches for mem-
"Christina changed the window into a door and the
the apple tree.

And it was... for three long days, right there under
And she let Fats join. Then they met in the club-house (which was very dark when the door was closed) and very secret, and they spit on a nickel and swore to be friends forever.

And they were.
Until one day when Fats got angry at always being vice-president, he climbed on the clubhouse roof and promised to sit there until Christina made him president.

Only the roof caved in first, and Christina disbanded the club.
“Hurry up, Grandma.”

“Okay, I’m coming.”

When Mother saw her sit in the box, she brushed her hands together. Now she would have her nice neat hands together. "Well, " she said, "That is the end of the club."

Laelor and she lurched it toward the street.

"That's my recipe car, Hermonoe, and I'm back again."

But there's no clubhouse, " said Christmas. "Long time it
apples too,
which she placed at Piers every time she rounded the
tiles, painted two magnificent silver horns below, turned the window into a cockpit, and on
before speeding off, Christina put the top on the
Every time,

For two days she raced around the yard and won.
Car collapsed.

When he cut off the hose to get at the motor, the

lid fell off and he decided to take a look at the motor.
The

motor caught fire.
And she did. Right there under the apple tree.
and I'm going to have a ball.
back again. "This is the floor of my summer mansion.
"But there's no race car." said Christina. Pulling it
christina's mother was relieved. "Well, that's the
cardboard toward the trash barrel."
Ball
for the living room so there would be music for her
bed for the bedroom, and a grand piano and a violin
each for a stove and refrigerator for the kitchen, a
She piled the box and drew furniture on
Even without shoes Christian had a wonderful time.

Their feet hurt and they had to take off their shoes.

Everybody came, and they danced and danced until

some presidents and one vice-president to come, and

and high heels, and they invited kings and queens and

Then she and her bears and fins dressed up in gowns
Until Fats decided the floor needed scrubbing. He sprayed it down with the garden hose and mopped it until the floor puckered and grew lumpy and finally fell apart.
But quick! Christmas said.

"Oh, you mean that old raked box? Let's do it now.

"Well, here's your Christmas who was running by.

And then: "Is this the end of your Grand Hoop?

Well, her young head she shook her head and said, "Well."

When Mother came out a little later and looked at

Mother breathed a sigh. At last she could have her
"And... High under our apple tree..."

wouldn't mind a bit if we sat here in our front yard... and read them here... with my mother... and bring two ships down now..."

"Our mother got a washer... and dryer today..."
By Patricia Lee Cauah

Title of the essay: "A House by the Lake"

Over the course of the essay, Patricia Lee Cauah reflects on her childhood experiences in Oregon, where she grew up near the Columbia River. She describes her family's move to the Pacific Northwest and her memories of spending summers in an old farm house near Lexington, where her brother's workshop is now located. Through these experiences, she explores themes of family, nature, and the lasting impact of childhood memories.

About the Author

Patricia Lee Cauah grew up in Oregon, where she now resides in Hyde Park, New York. She has a degree in fine arts from the School of Visual Arts in New York. She currently lives in Westchester County, where she was a member of the Jeanne Frits Project. 

For more information, visit Patricia Lee Cauah's website or follow her on social media.