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THE GOODNIGHT BOOKS

Tomorrow Has a Pocket

Gary Gansson



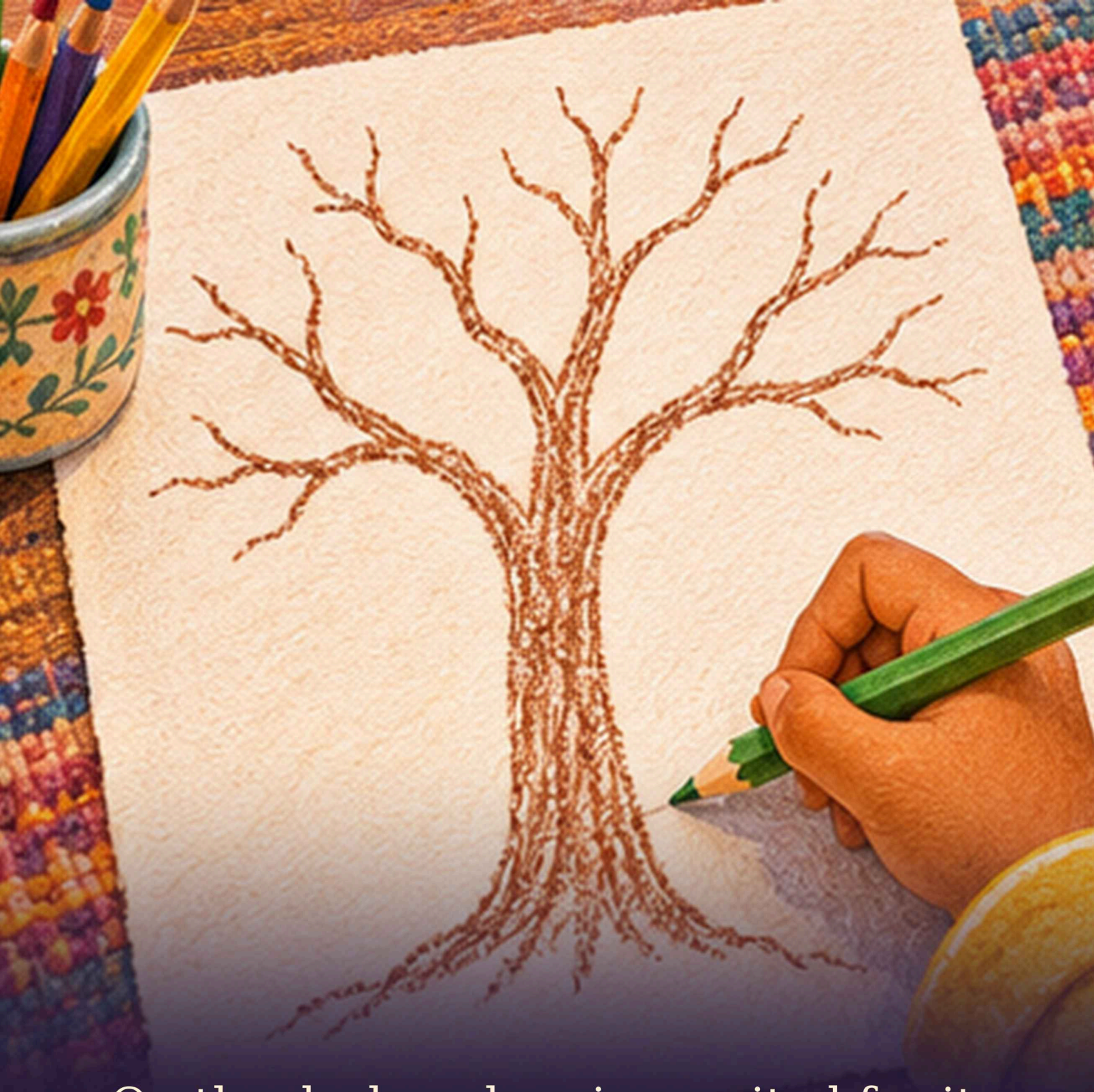
For the things we have not finished yet.



One tooth brushed. Two socks off.
Three blocks left.
The bridge was almost across the rug.



Jojo held up the last arch.
Just then, the grown-up called,
“Time to put the blocks away.”



On the desk, a drawing waited for its green tree. “I have to finish that, too.”



Then Jojo remembered a question. A very good question. It had no words yet, only the shape of a question inside Jojo’s head.



The grown-up sat beside Jojo.
“That is a lot to carry into bed.”



Jojo looked at the bridge. At the drawing. At the grown-up. “Where do unfinished things go?”



The grown-up touched a little red pocket sewn onto the quilt. “Let’s give them somewhere to wait.” Jojo slipped the wooden arch inside.



Jojo tucked the drawing in next.
“Keep it for me, tomorrow.”



But the question would not fold or hold still. Above the pocket it made a little gold curl.



Jojo leaned close. “You can wait here, too,” Jojo whispered.



The gold curl slipped inside.
“Keep it for me, tomorrow.”



The pocket gave a soft, warm wink. Under Jojo’s hand, the quilt began to dream.



Under the quilt, a river of blue squares appeared. The unfinished bridge reached toward the other shore.



A green pencil became a tree with room for many leaves. The question sailed past it like a ribbon on the breeze.



Jojo looked down. “What if I forget where I stopped?”



The grown-up turned the quilt over. There were pockets Jojo had never noticed, worn soft at the seams.



One held a faded drawing of a paper boat. Another held a crooked red stitch.



“I put these here when I was little,” the grown-up said. “Some mornings I came back to them. Some mornings I found somewhere new to begin.”



Jojo touched the little paper boat. It had been waiting a long time, and it was all right.



Jojo slipped a green leaf inside. It would remind Jojo where the tree could grow.



Then Jojo made room for one more thing: a place to begin.



“Keep it for me, tomorrow,” Jojo whispered. The pocket was quiet now.



Jojo slipped the green pencil in too. “The bridge can wait,” said the grown-up.



The tree could wait. Even the wonderful question could wait until it had words.



The lamp went out. Jojo could still feel the little pocket under one hand.



The room settled. The quilt settled. Jojo’s breathing settled, too.



Jojo dreamed of a bridge, a tree, and a question still finding its words.



All night, the arch and the green leaf waited safely in the pocket.



In the morning, Jojo set the last arch in place and drew the green tree. “What shall we make today?”