

While walking home from school, Tino often stops to visit his neighbor, Mrs. Sunday. For one visit, Tino decides to take his favorite model car with him to show her. Read “The Sharing” to find out more about his visit and answer the questions that follow.

## THE SHARING

by Leo Buscaglia

1 Tino brought his favorite miniature car, the Packard, to school the next day. It was the car that had taken him and his father the longest time to make, and it was his favorite. He wrapped it carefully in a handkerchief and packed it into his lunch box.

2 Mrs. Sunday was on her porch when Tino arrived.

3 “Tino, what a nice surprise.” Mrs. Sunday seemed very happy to see him. It made him feel good. “My first visitor today,” she said.

4 “I brought something to show you,” he said. “It’s a model of an old car they don’t make anymore. It was called a Packard.” He held it out to her. She took it carefully into her hands.

5 “You made this?” she asked. “It’s beautiful! You know, a long time ago we had a real Packard.”

6 “You had a *real* Packard?”

7 “I know I have pictures of it somewhere. Wouldn’t it be fun to find them? Come and look,” Mrs. Sunday said. Tino followed her into the living room. It was very dark inside. Still, he was surprised to see how nice it was. Everything was very old: framed photographs, paintings, vases, glasses, books, and old-fashioned lamps everywhere.

8 “Let’s see,” said Mrs. Sunday, “I think the photo albums are in that large cupboard over there, under those boxes. You can get to them more easily than I can.” Tino rummaged among the boxes where Mrs. Sunday pointed.

9 “That’s it . . . there,” she said. Tino carefully took out the large photo album.

10 “Oh dear. Look at the dust. It’s been a long time since I’ve looked at this. Now, let’s see. There’s more light by the window. We can raise the shade.”

11 Tino raised the shade. Warm sunlight streamed into the room and swallowed the darkness.

12 Mrs. Sunday said, “It’s much nicer with the shades raised. I can’t imagine why I’ve been living in the dark.”

13 They settled side by side, and Mrs. Sunday opened the album.

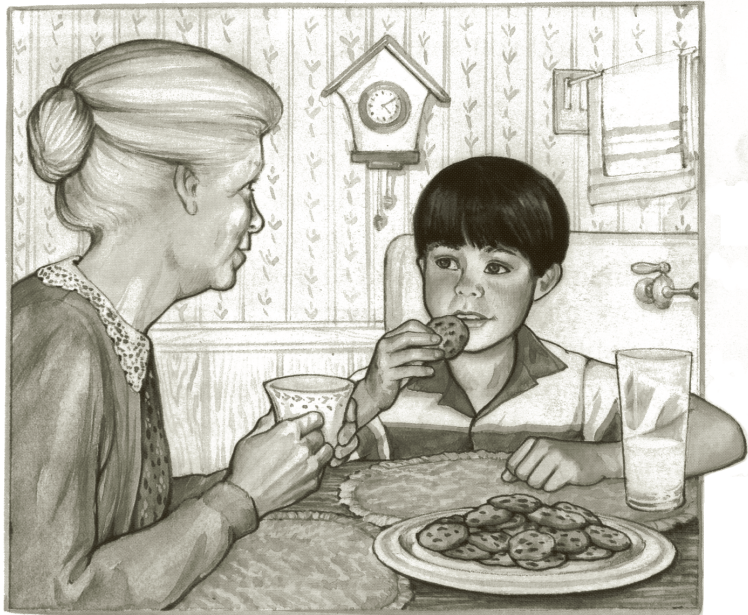
14 “Here I am with my husband, Ben, when we were first married. Can you imagine that I ever looked so young?”

15 She showed him another photograph. “And these are my children.”

16 Quickly she turned a few more pages. “Ah, here it is!” she said, touching a photo of a shiny, black automobile. “Just look at that! Isn’t it beautiful? Riding in that car always made me feel so good. We’d pile the children in on Sundays and have such a good time. I loved that Packard,” she said, “and now my new friend Tino has a Packard and it’s *his* favorite, too.”

17 They both laughed. “These photographs are full of memories for me,” Mrs. Sunday told Tino. “Every picture tells its own story. My past is on every page.” Tino wondered why she had tears in her eyes if her memories were as nice as she said they were.

18 Afterward they sat at the kitchen table and drank milk and ate fresh gingersnaps. Tino liked being with Mrs. Sunday. She was not like other grownups. She spoke right to him and listened to him as if he were really there. Most of all, she was interested in him and in the things he was doing.



19 “You know,” Tino stammered, rather ashamed, “before I knew you, I was afraid of you.”

20 “Afraid of me?” Mrs. Sunday laughed. “Oh, Tino, you can see that there is so little of me to be afraid of.” After a moment, she asked, “And what do you think now?”

21 “I think you’re real nice,” Tino said, matter-of-factly.