

I Can't

By C.M. Healy

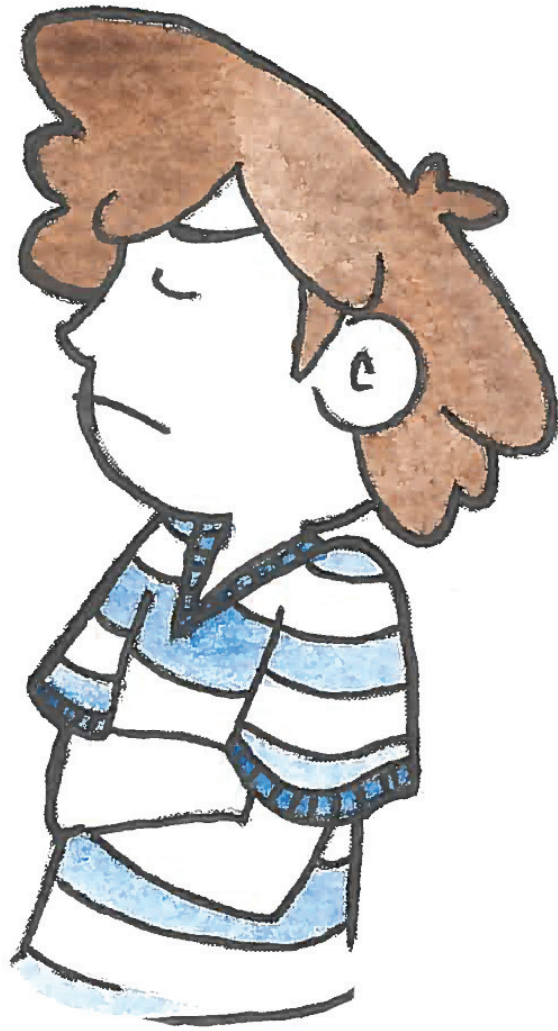
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This is the tale of one young boy whose name was James Labroze, who always said, "I can't," whenever something new arose.



It didn't matter who was asking: teachers, parents, friends, or what they needed from this boy, he simply wouldn't bend. He'd go out with his classmates on the playground to play ball, when asked to play, "I can't," he'd say, "my feet are just too small."



His teacher Mrs. Swaim had asked if he could take the roll, "I can't," he coughed and sniffed his nose, "I think I have a cold."



“It’s time for everyone to now please hand in your assignment.”

“I can’t. It’s lost. It’s back at home. My dog ate it. Can’t find it.”



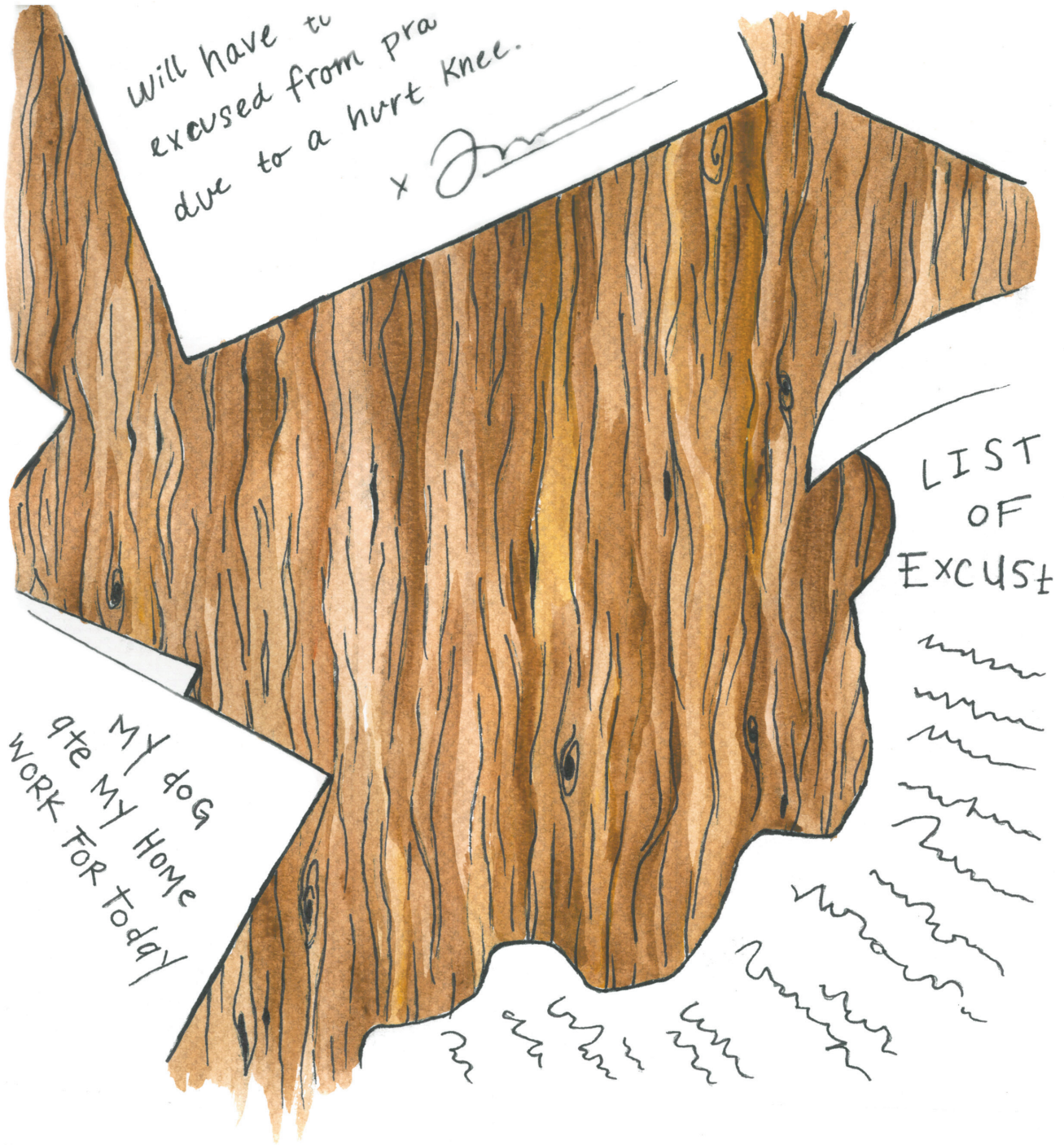
At home, I'm sad to say, he didn't get much better there.
"I can't take out the trash today, I need to wash my hair."



“I’m sorry, mom, I can’t assist you washing dinner dishes, my night is much too busy filled with counting birthday wishes.”



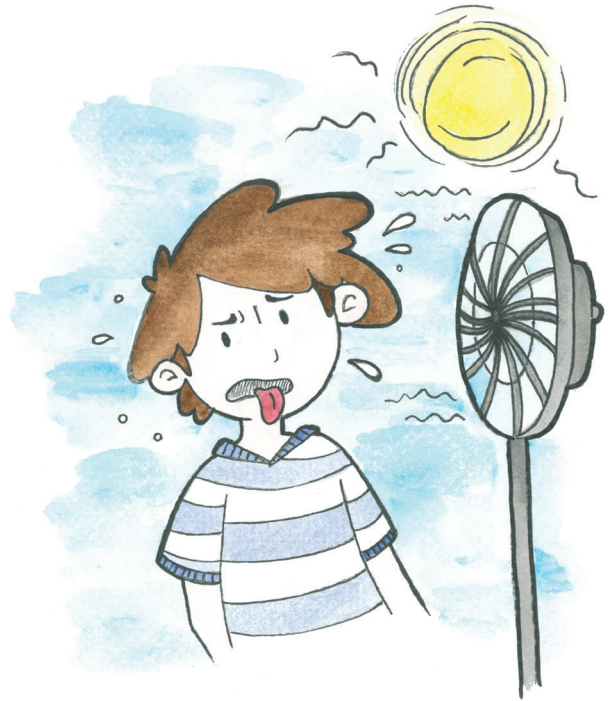
His dad asked, "Son, could you help move these boxes, pretty please?"
"I can't," he shrugged, "I think today I have arthritic knees."



Day and night he didn't change as he grew up and old.
Here are just a handful of excuses that he told...



I'm cold,



I'm hot,
I simply cannot,



because, I was
tied up in a knot,