

When Ted played at home with his toy animals,  
he lined them up by height, length, or maybe color,  
just so, just so, in a neat little row.



When he was finished doing that, he'd take down his books  
and line them up by height, thickness, or maybe color,  
just so, just so, in a neat little row.





Then he'd sit and quietly look at his work.  
Everything was in its place, filling him with comfort.



But sometimes it felt like something was missing.  
He wondered what it could be, before sighing  
and starting all over again.

