# Hat for Ivan

This is a story of a young boy. His father was a Hat Maker.

Ivan's father would create hats that were perfect for each person.

At the age of ten, each boy and girl in the town would celebrate Hat Day.

Ivan was nine years old and he wondered what his hat would be like.

As he walked down the streets, he would meet different people like the baker, the carpenter, the policeman, the teacher, and many others.

They would often ask him to try on their hats. The hats never fit.

They were too big or too small or just didn’t feel right.

Ivan would always be polite and accept their hat because he did not want to hurt their feelings.

Ivan always thought his hat would come from his father but now he thought he might have been wrong. He became so tired taking on all the hats when he heard a voice from a distance.

**"It looks like you've had quite a day!"**

Ivan couldn't remember when a voice ever sounded so good. "Father!" he shouted, jumping up."

You won't believe what happened today. Everybody gave me a hat and --"

**"None of them fit",** Ivan's father spoke up."That's right," said the boy.

**"And they make you tired?"**

Ivan nodded.

**"But you don't want to hurt anyone's feelings?"**

Ivan shook his head. His father put this arm around his son."That's right." Ivan stopped. "How did you know?"

**“I'm the hat maker.** ***I've seen what happens when people wear hats they weren't intended to wear. They feel silly. They fall down. And they get tired. They get really, really, really tired!"***

Ivan's father got down on his knee and wiped the dirt off his son's cheek. **"Listen to me Ivan. Just because someone gives you a hat, that doesn't mean you are supposed to wear it. People mean well, but they don't know you. That's my job. I'm the Hat-Maker, and I'm your father."**

"So you'll make a hat just for me?"**"I will. All you have to do is ask."**

Oh, please, Father." Ivan smiled. "I would like that very much.""**Well, let's gather up these hats and go home**."

As the Hat-Maker and his child walked toward home, the father asked,

***"Tell me, Ivan, what is it you really love to do?”***

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