



Bigger!

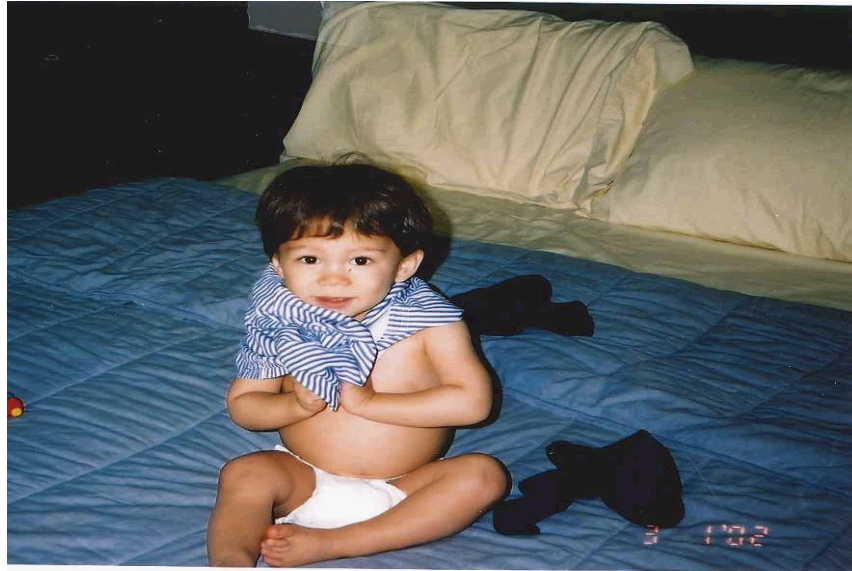
Once, I was very small.
I was a baby.



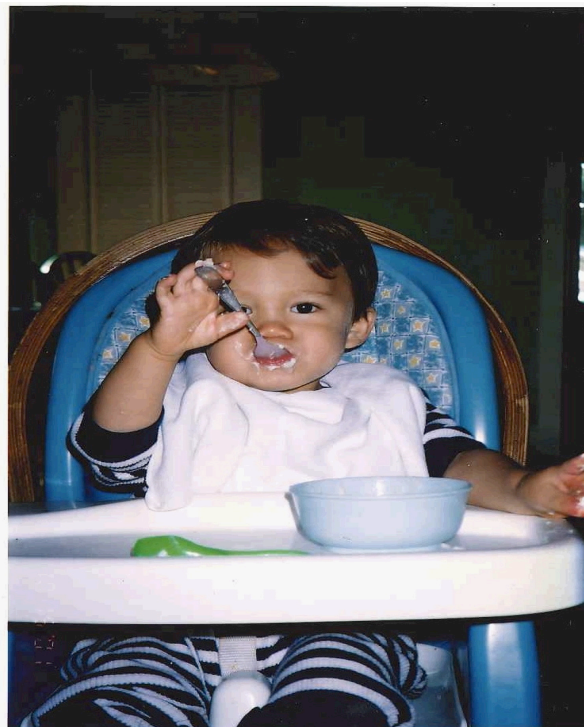
My daddy used a ruler to draw a line on the wall to see how tall I was getting. "You are such a big boy!" he would say. And I knew it was true.



I needed bigger clothes and I learned how to dress myself.



I ate big meals and learned how to feed myself, even though it was messy.



Mama and Daddy called me their
“little boy,” but I didn’t mind. I knew
I was getting bigger every day.



My muscles got bigger and stronger
and I learned how to ride a
tricycle.



When I got bigger, I played on a
baseball team with big kids.



I did big jobs like sweeping the floor



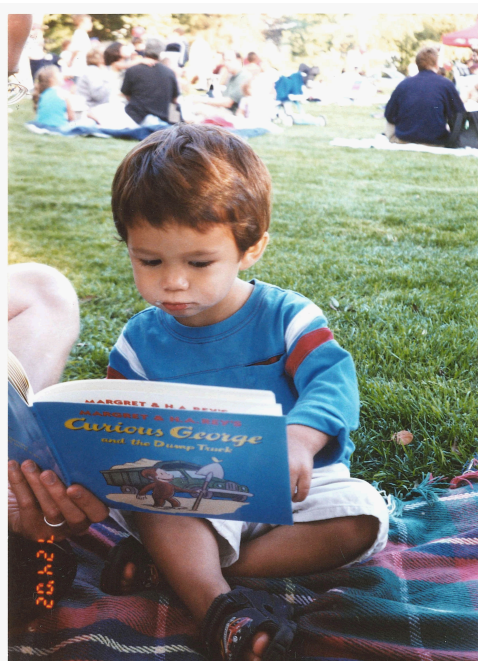
and making food for my family.



I went to big kid school and learned
how to play with my friends.



I am learning how to read
and write.



My world keeps getting bigger
and so do my hopes, dreams, and
ideas.

I like getting bigger!

