



ME and SPOT



**This morning a little berry
juice dripped on my t-shirt.**

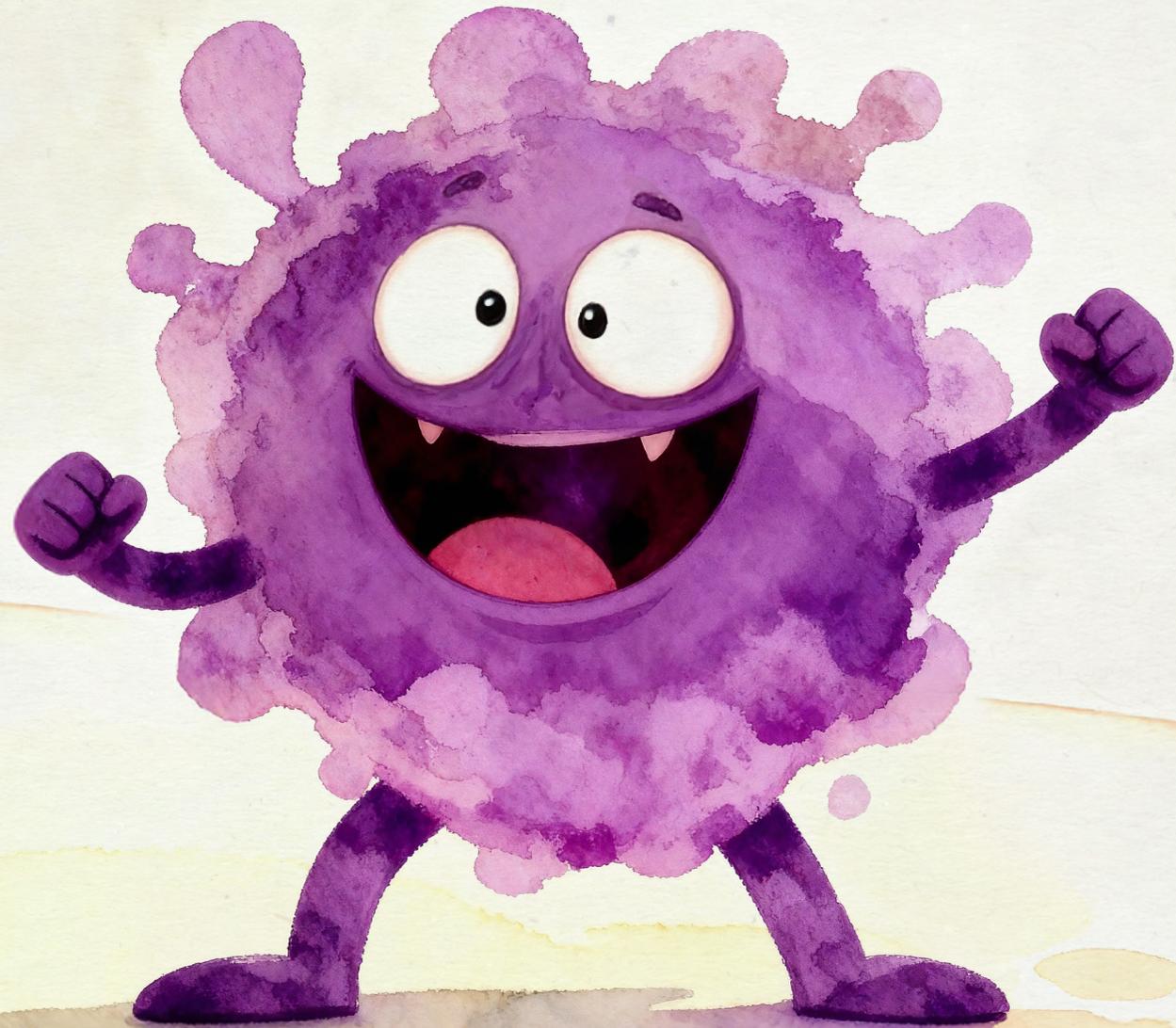




**But, when I looked,
I didn't see a stain.**



I saw a monster.



A little monster.



**With crooked teeth.
Wild arms.
And a round, purple belly.**

I named him Spot.

Spot grinned at me.



I grinned back.

**"Let's play!"
shouted Spot.**



So we played.

We raced around the house.



I steered. And Spot guided.

**We built a fort.
Even bigger
than our smiles.**





**We climbed a tree.
Spot was a little nervous.**



**So I held
his little hand.**

**My sister asked what I was doing.
I pointed to Spot.**



**All she saw
was a stain.**



**She shrugged
and walked away.**

I didn't care.



**Me and Spot
had each other.**



**We ran into the yard.
Hid in the grass.**



**Swung on the fence.
Growled at the clouds.**



**We shared
laughs.**



**We shared
stories.**



**And we
shared
adventures.**



**Big ones and
small ones.**

**He was stuck with me.
And I was stuck with him.**



**That night, I crawled into bed.
Spot crawled in, too.
Tired. And happy.**

**Our eyes grew heavy.
We yawned.
We stretched.**

We slept.



**In the morning,
my t-shirt was
on the floor.
Washed and folded.**



Spot was gone.



But don't worry.



I had a feeling...



...I'd be seeing him again.

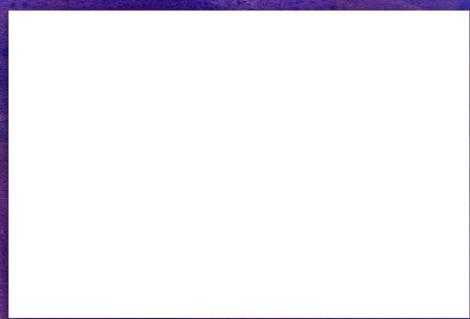


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What if a stain wasn't just a stain?
This sweet tale celebrates a child's
boundless imagination and turns an
everyday moment into pure magic.



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