



# ME and SPOT



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

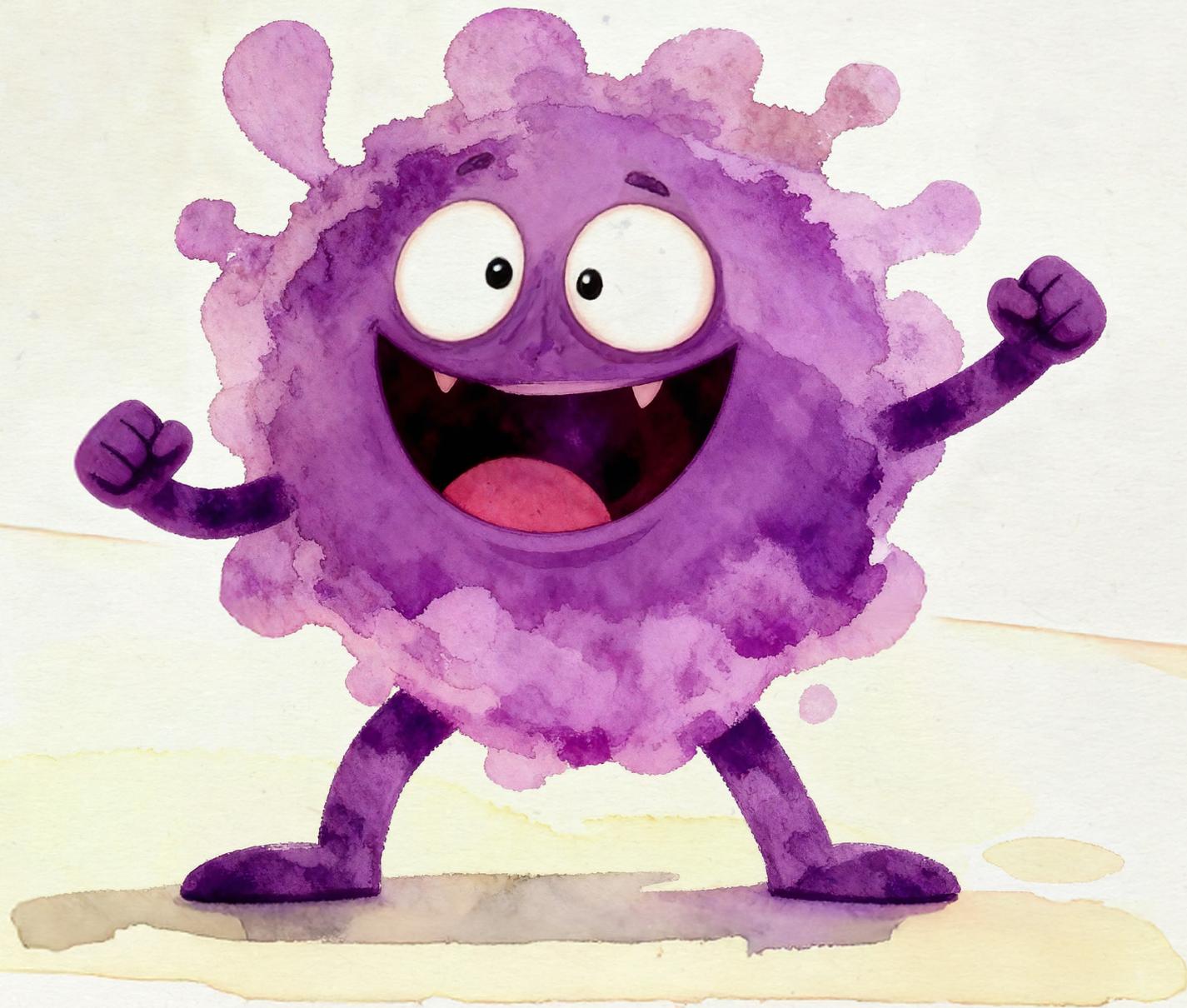




**But, when I looked,  
I didn't see a stain.**



**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.**



A watercolor illustration of a young boy with curly brown hair, wearing a white t-shirt, tan shorts, and red sneakers. He is standing on a dirt path next to a large, leafy tree. A small, purple, fuzzy creature with large eyes and a wide-open mouth is standing next to him, looking nervous. The background is a soft, yellowish-green wash.

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

A watercolor illustration of the same young boy from the previous scene, now climbing a tree. He is holding onto a branch with one hand and the hand of the purple fuzzy creature with the other. The creature is also climbing the tree, looking very nervous with wide eyes and an open mouth. The background is a soft, yellowish-green wash.

**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.**



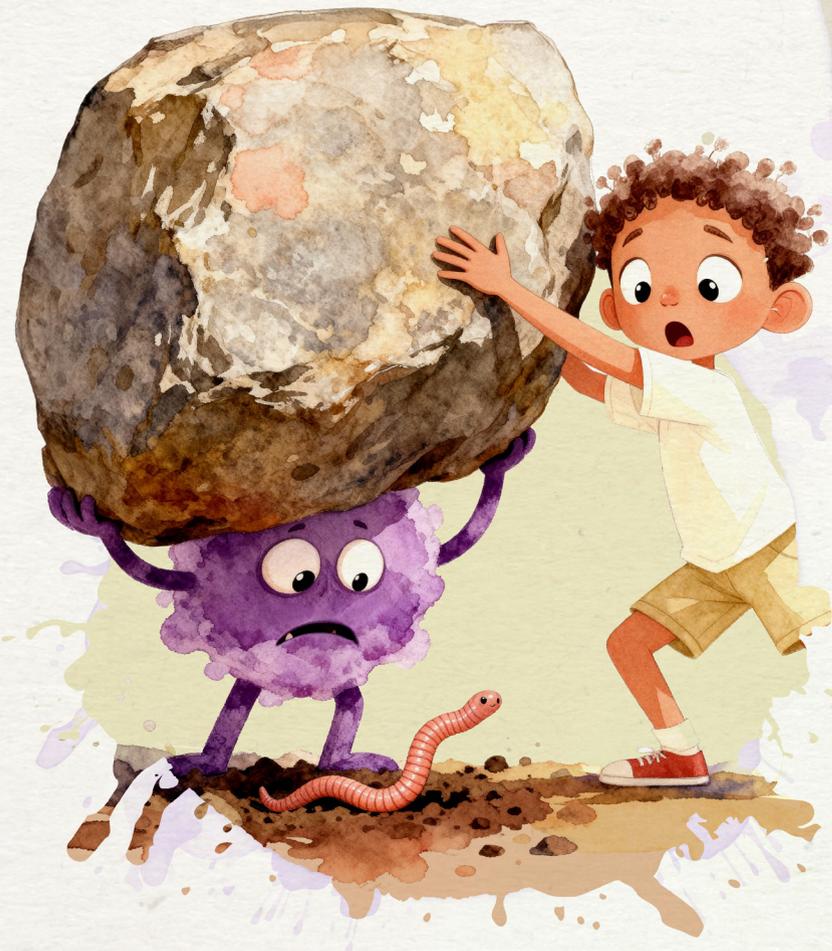
**Swung on the fence.  
Growled at the clouds.**



**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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