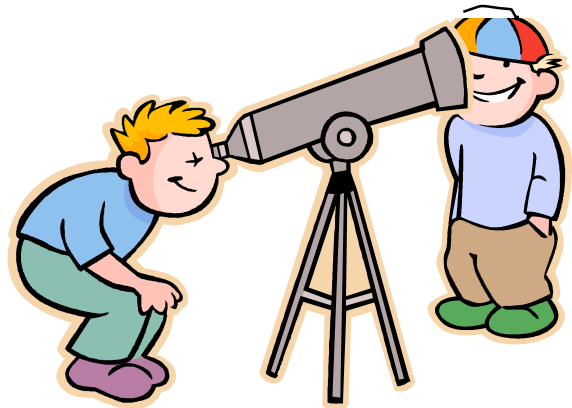
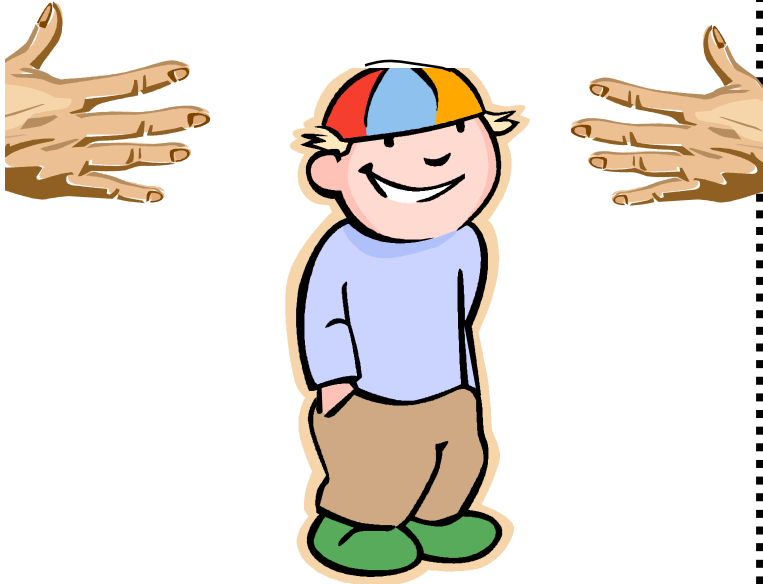


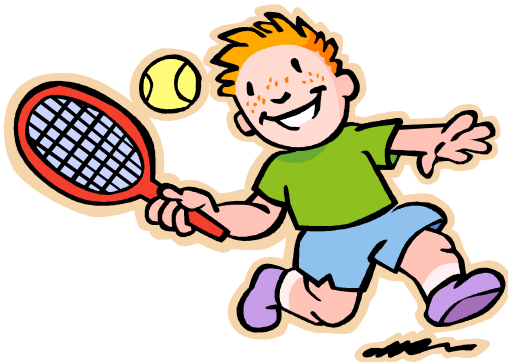
My Brother

by Sharon MacDonald



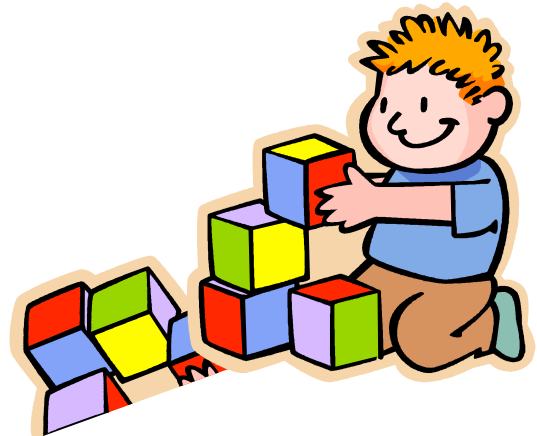
So, I shared my telescope the day before the last. He looking into it backwards then fogged up the glass.

Page 2



I have a little brother who says he wants to learn, how to use the bigger words and how to take his turn.

Page 1



I helped him do construction with some blocks we had around. But he stacked them up so tumbly, they knocked **my** building down.

Page 3



When we play hide and seek and it is his turn to find. He forgets to look for me but I don't really mind.



'Cause when Mama says, "Bedtime" after we've been bathed and fed, it's not so dark and scary since we share a nice big bed.