



My Family

By David Dickson

My dad, he wears the weirdest clothes, like green and purple pants.
He snores at night, and when he's glad, he does this goofy dance.
My mom, she likes collecting pink flamingos for our yard.
I think we're up to 80 now—to find them all is hard.

My little sister, for her birthday, got a tambourine.
And now she shakes it all morning, night, and always in between.
My baby brother hides my stuff then makes me go and look.
Last month it took me seven days to find my favorite book!

But then again, my baby brother can be fun, it's true.
He's never lost a tickle contest, and he's not even two!
And really, come to think of it, my sister's pretty great.
She might be two years younger, but she taught me how to skate.

And yes, though Mom and Dad do things I sometimes just don't get,
They love me more than anything. They're my biggest heroes yet.
You know, I think, in families, these differences are fun.
Like flavors at an ice-cream store, you need lots more than one!

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD TEARE