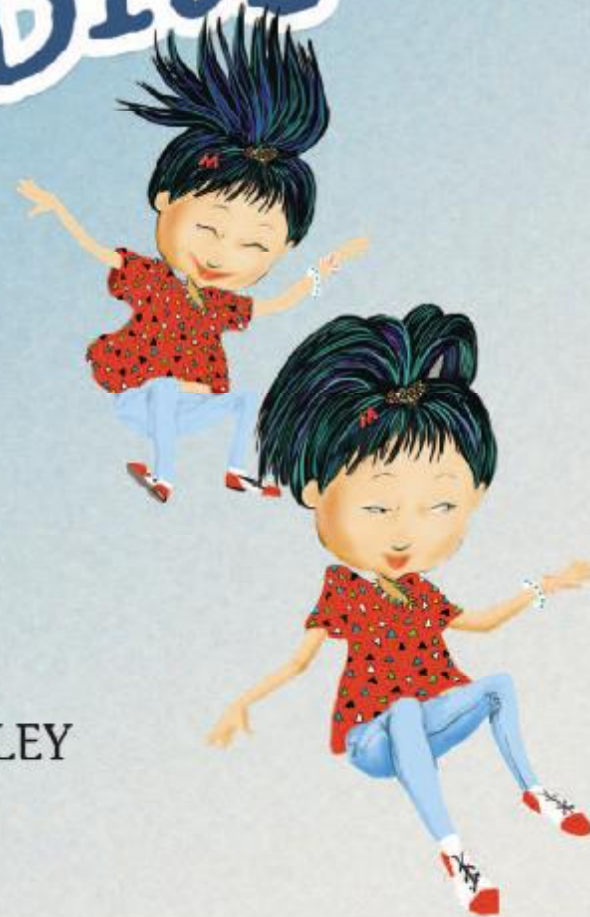





Itty Bitty Bits

Written by ANITA DAHER

Illustrated by WENDY BAILEY





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Illustrations copyright ©2013 by Wendy Bailey

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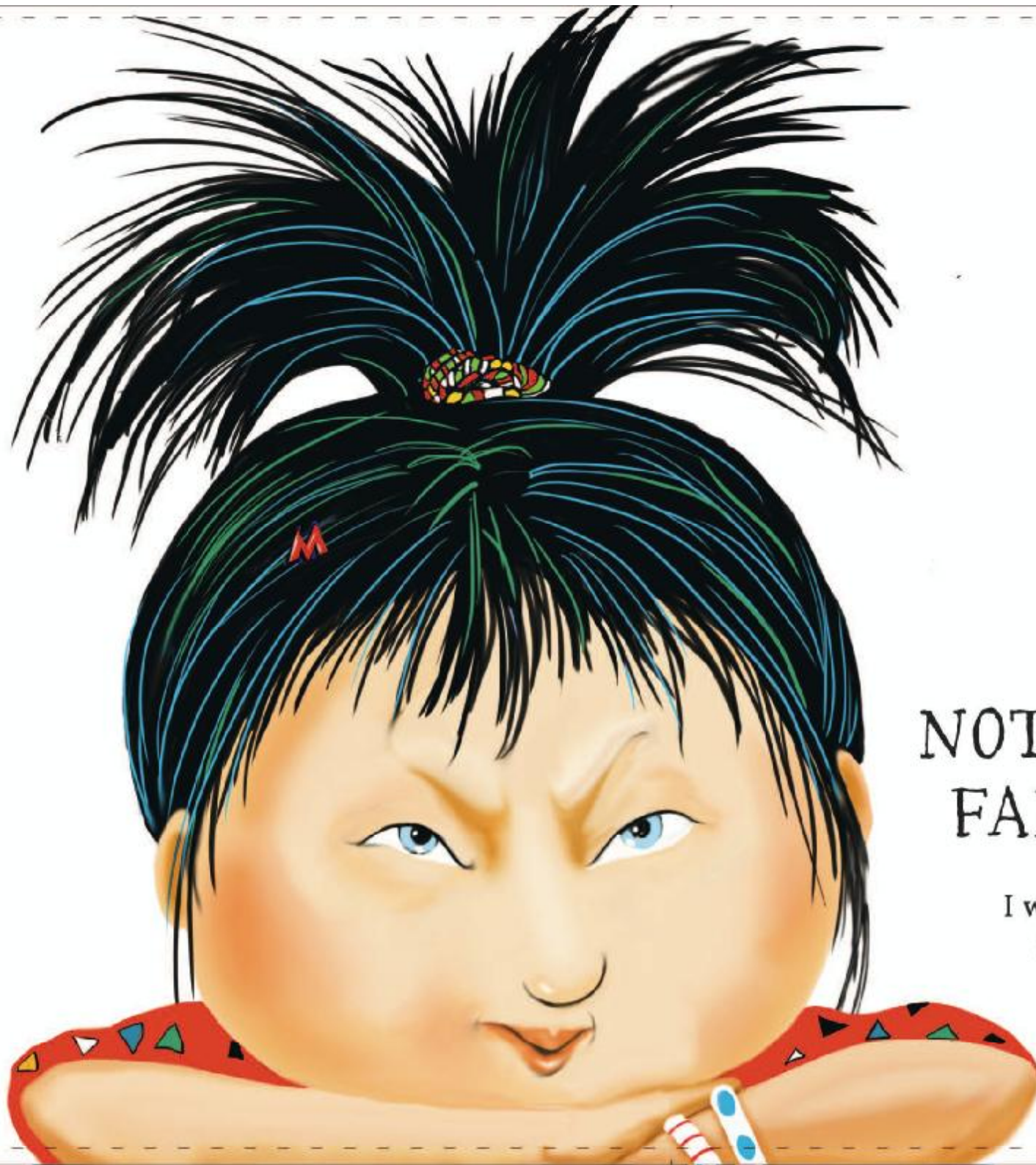
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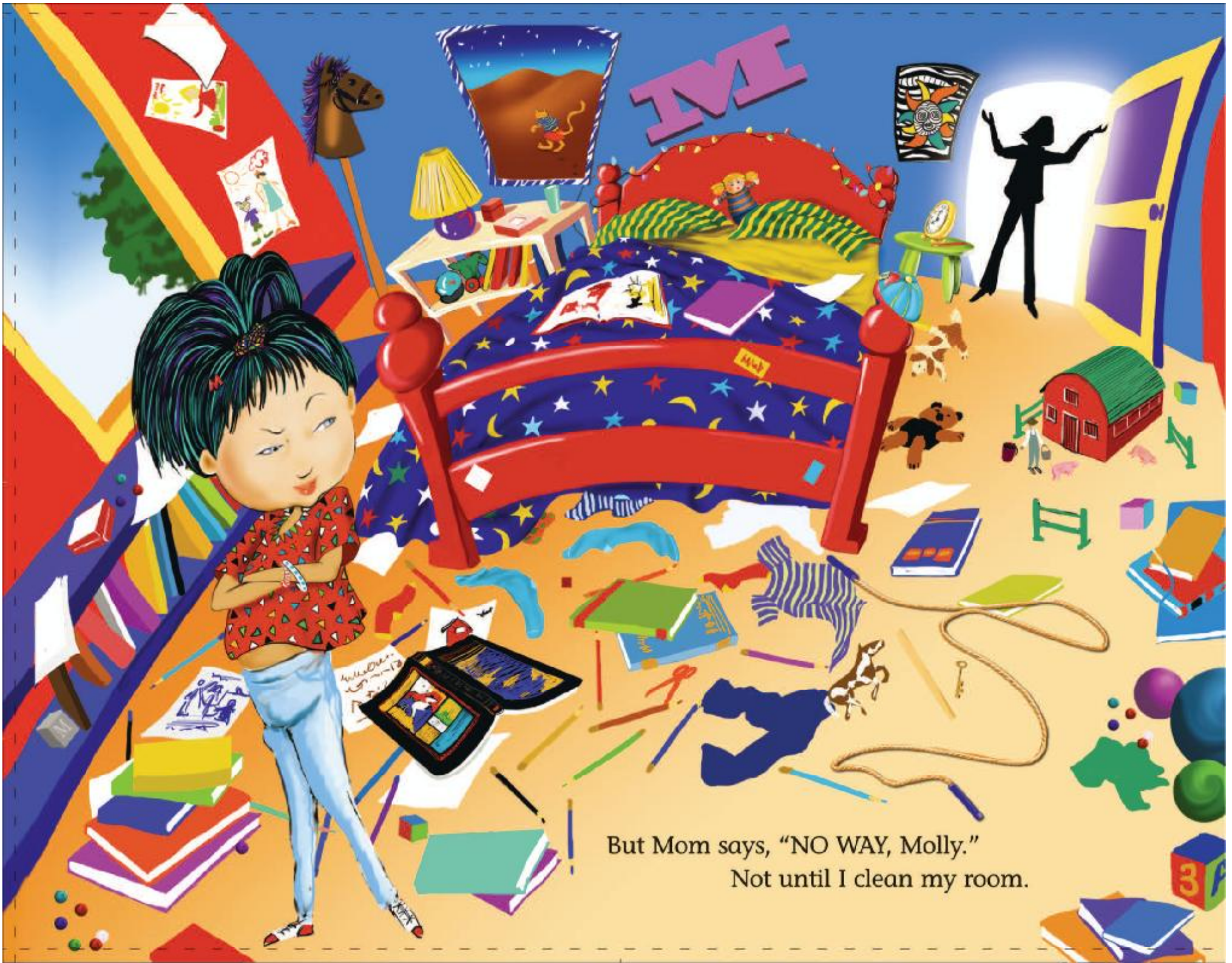
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NOT
FAIR!

I want Yen to come
for a sleepover.



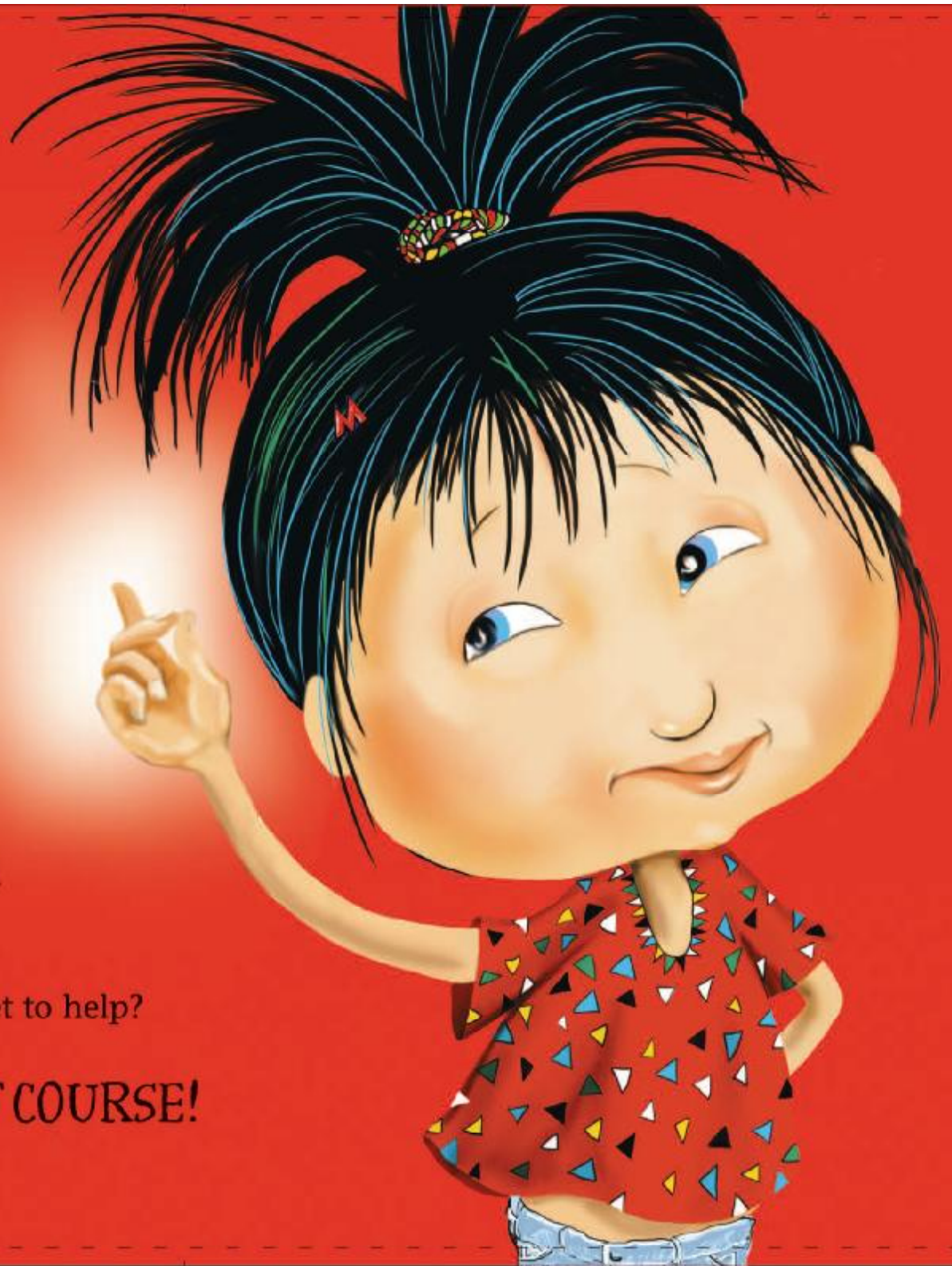
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Not until I clean my room.

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I can't do it by myself.

Who can I get to help?

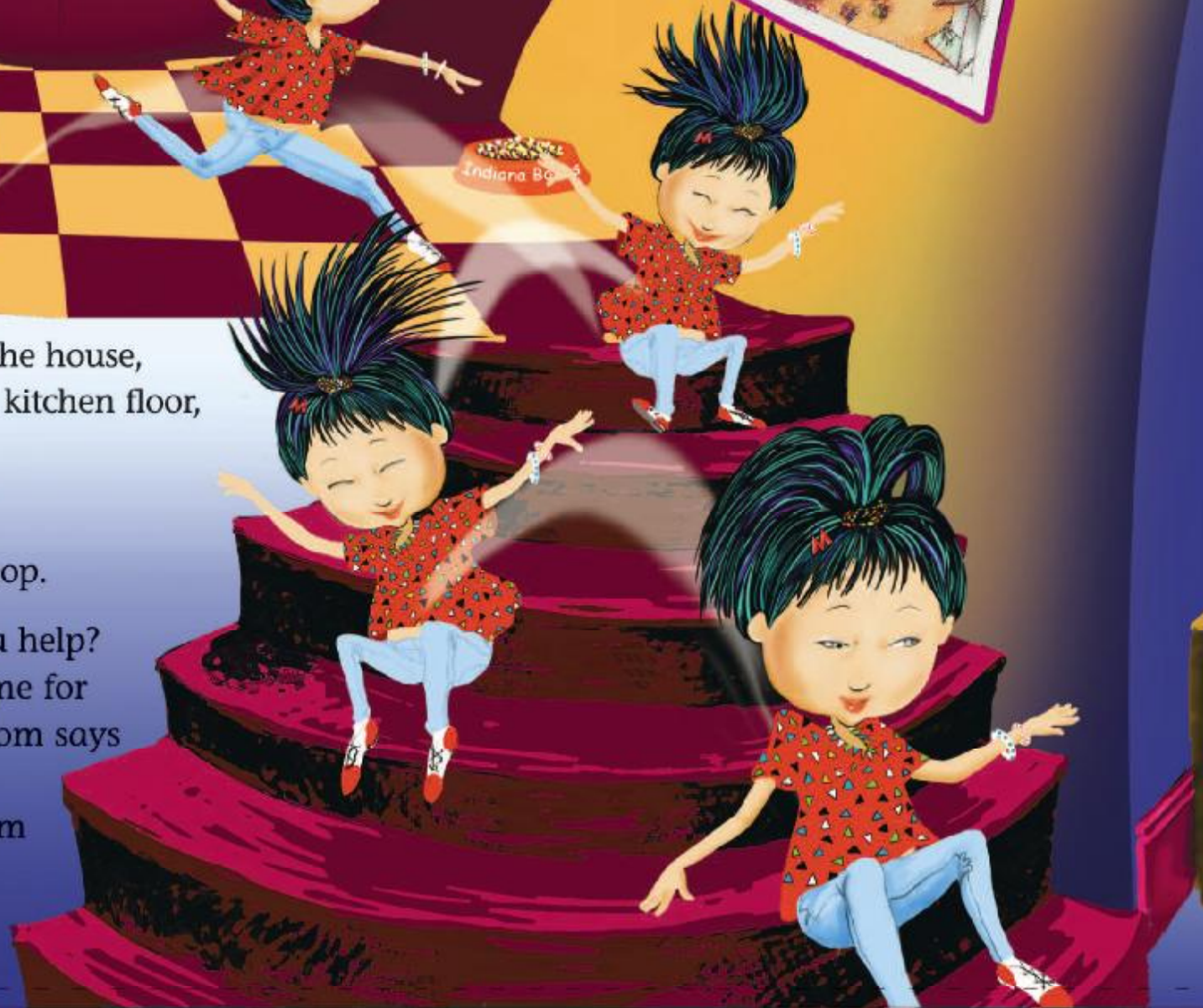
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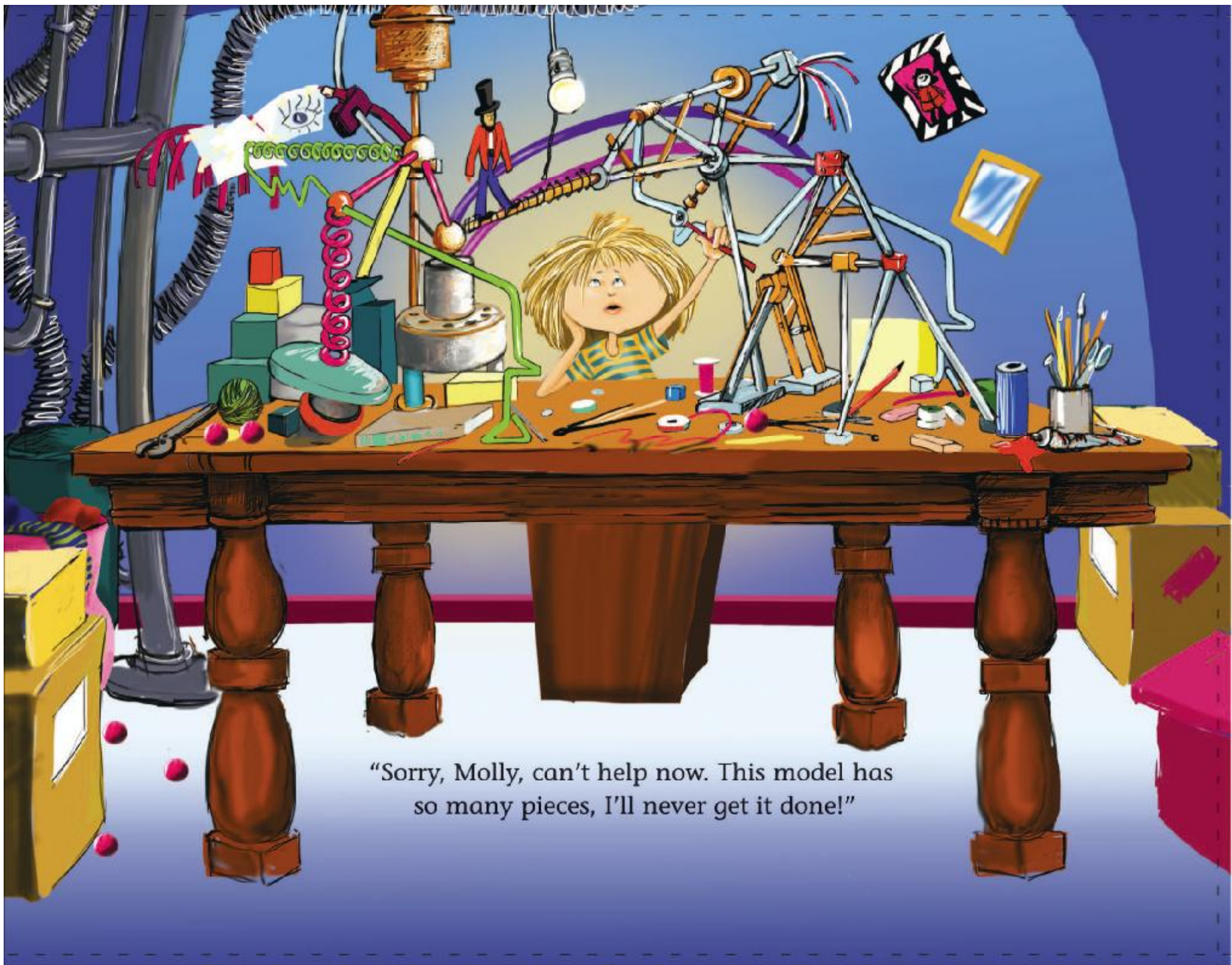




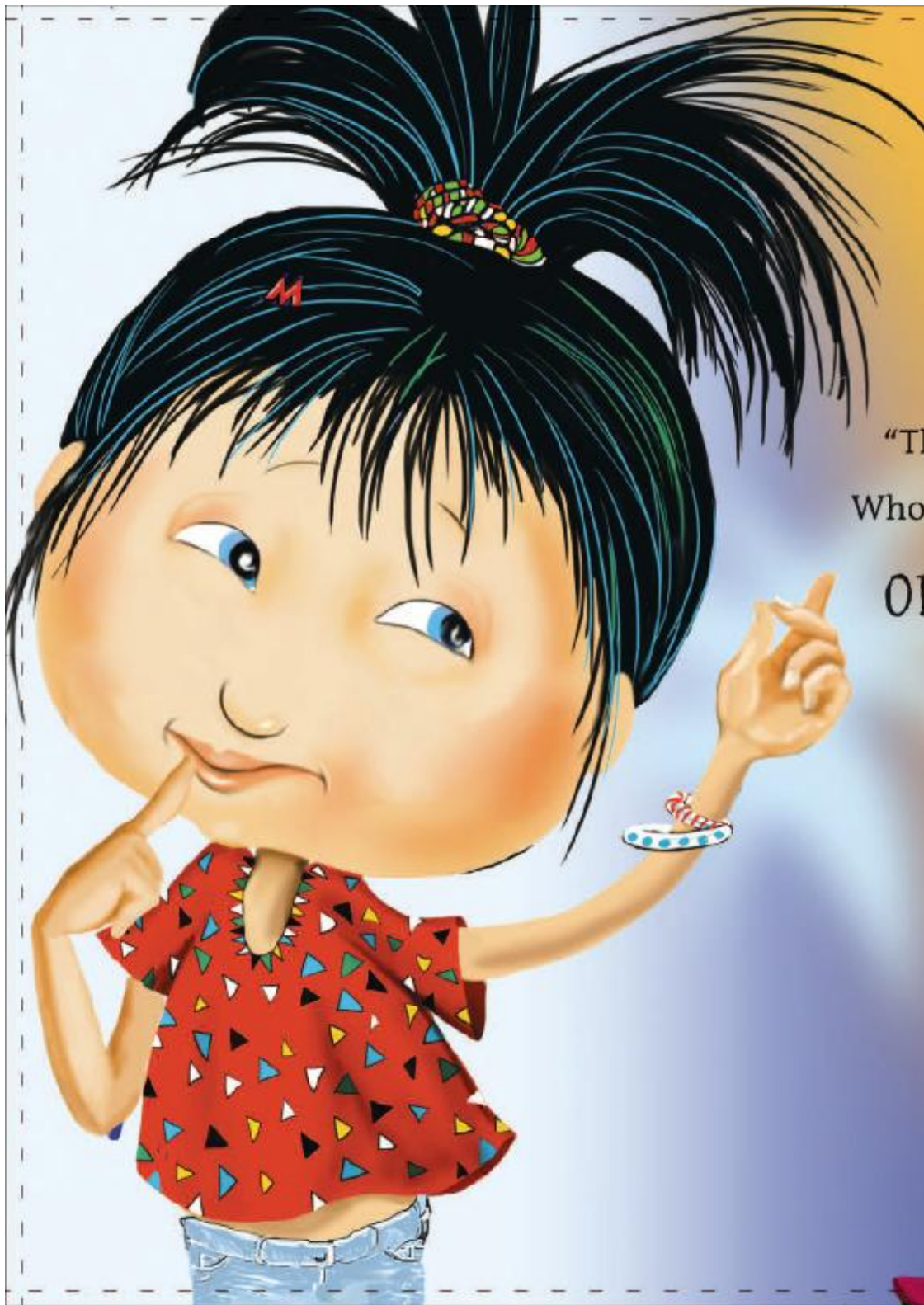
I whoosh through the house,
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and bump down
the steps
to the workshop.

“Brittany, can you help?
I want Yen to come for
a sleepover, but Mom says
NO WAY.
Not until my room
is clean.”

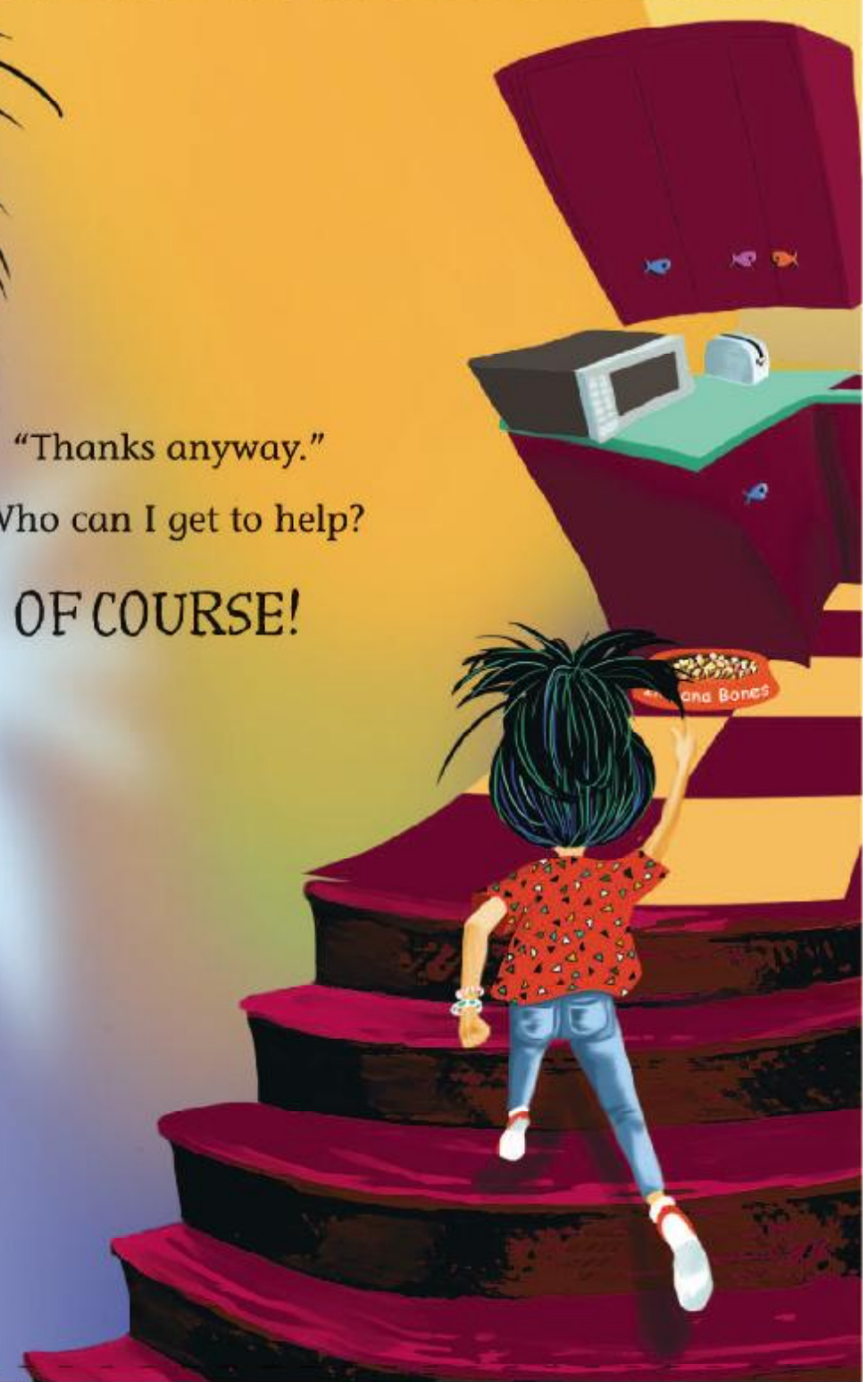




"Sorry, Molly, can't help now. This model has so many pieces, I'll never get it done!"



"Thanks anyway."
Who can I get to help?
OF COURSE!





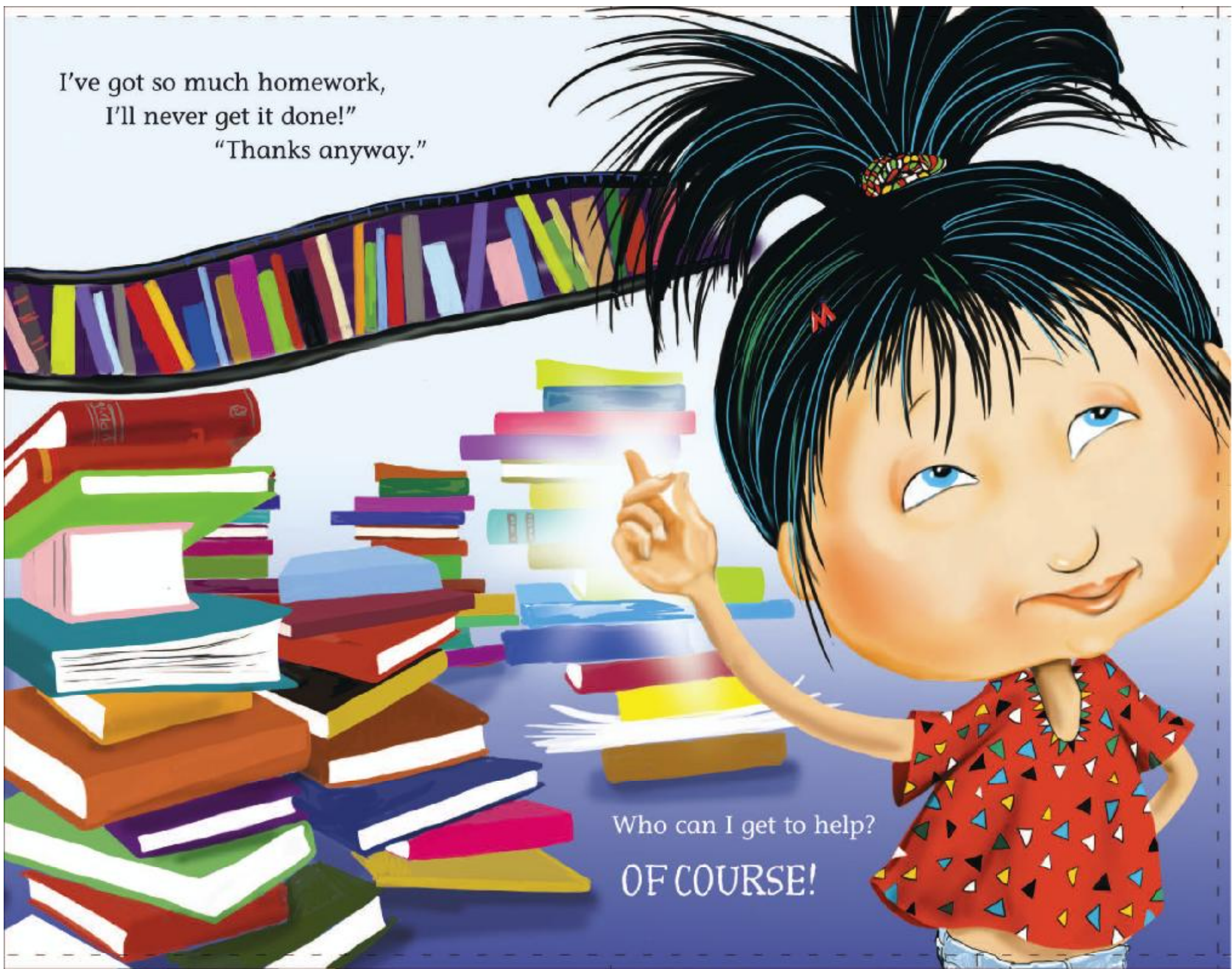
I race up the steps,
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"Ryan, can you help? I want Yen to come for a sleepover, but Mom says NO WAY. Not until my room is clean."

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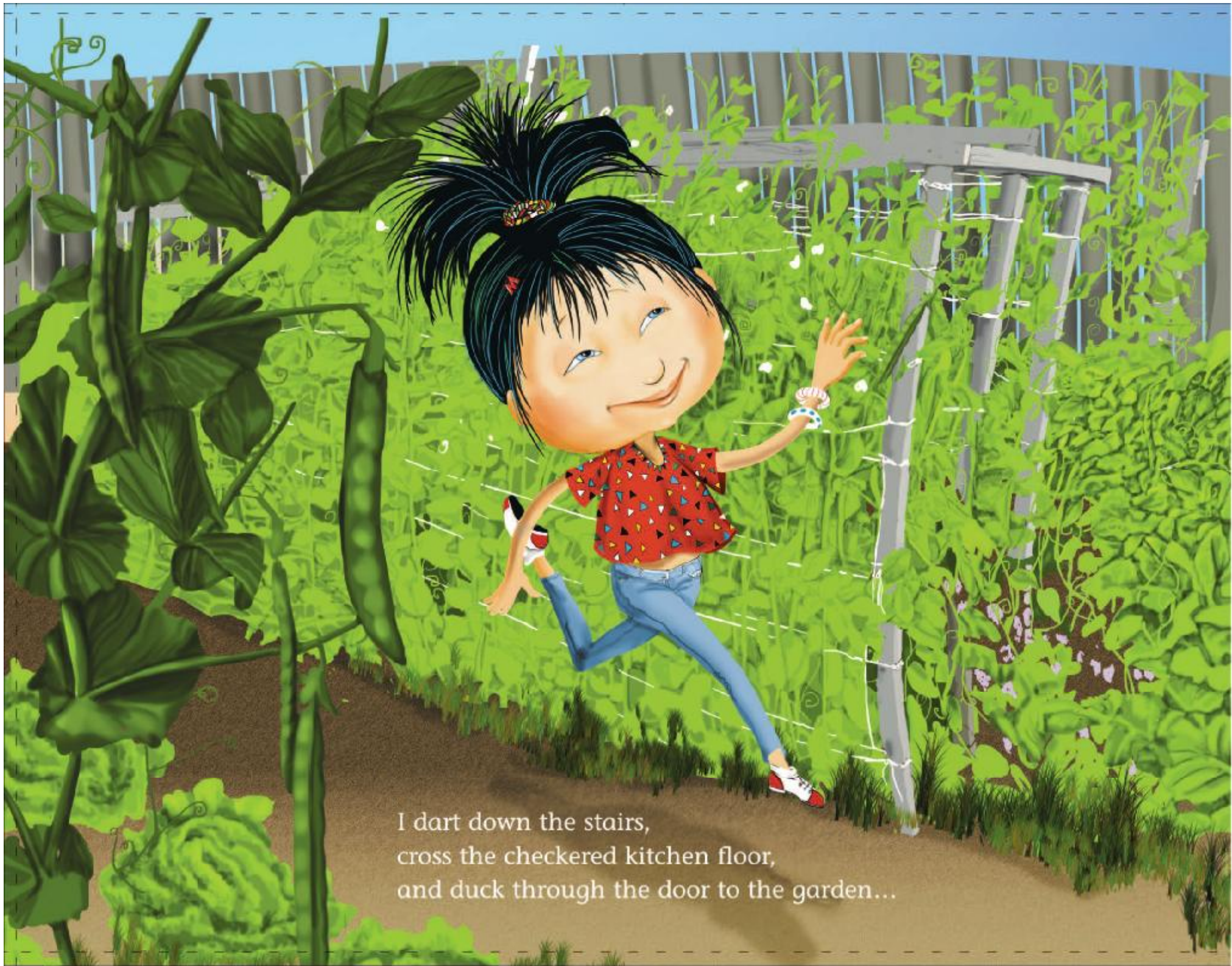


I've got so much homework,
I'll never get it done!"
"Thanks anyway."

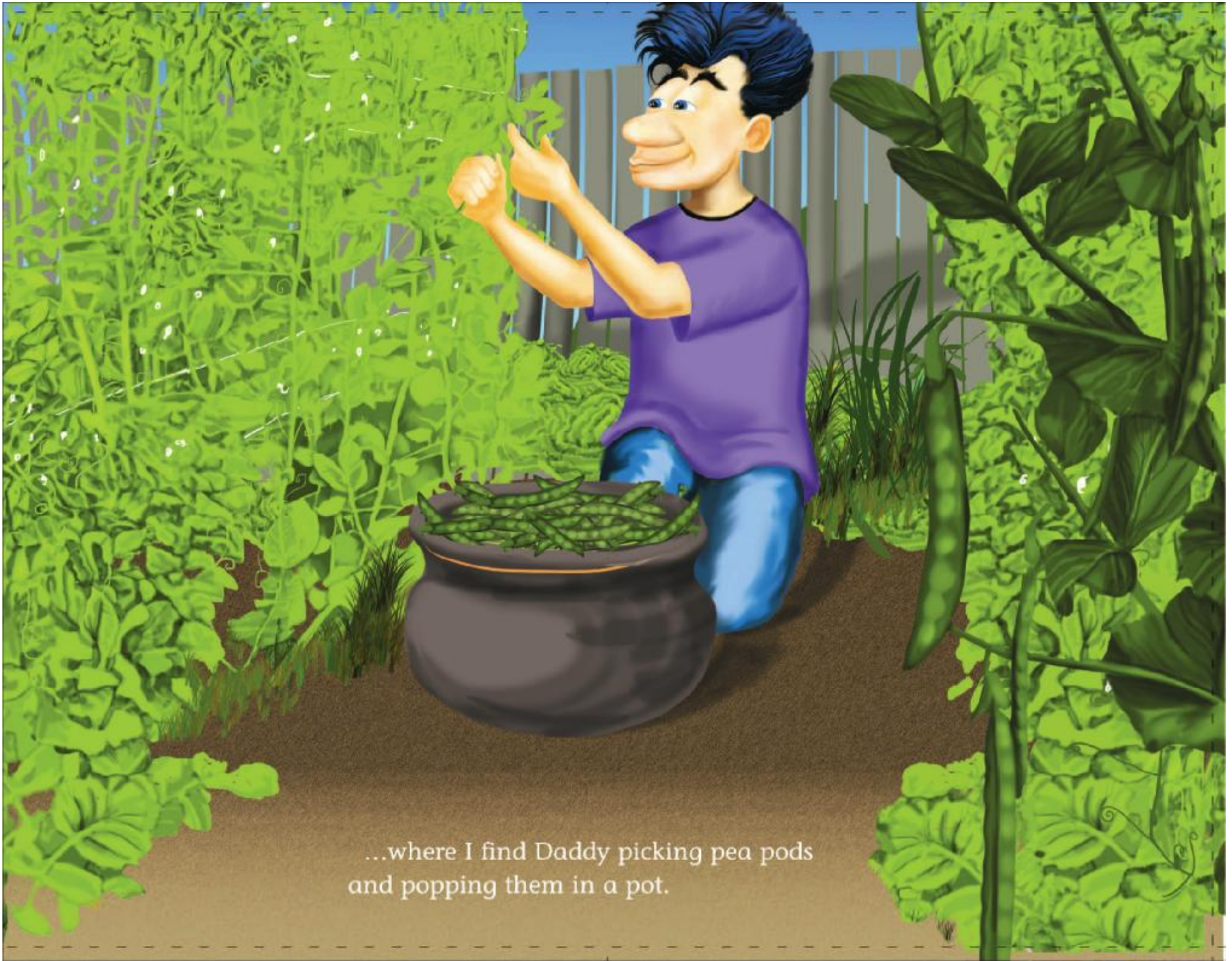


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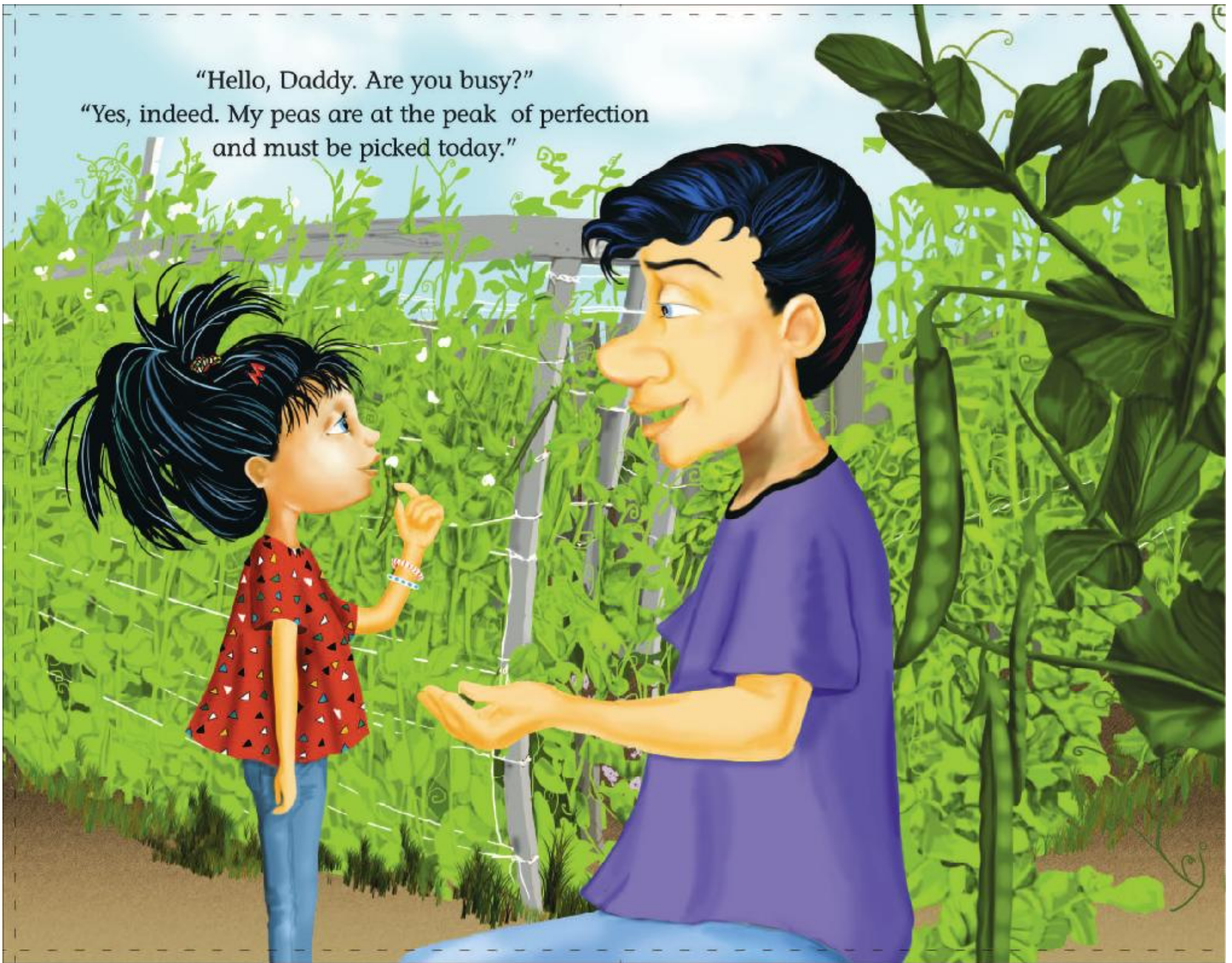
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...where I find Daddy picking pea pods
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"Hello, Daddy. Are you busy?"

"Yes, indeed. My peas are at the peak of perfection
and must be picked today."

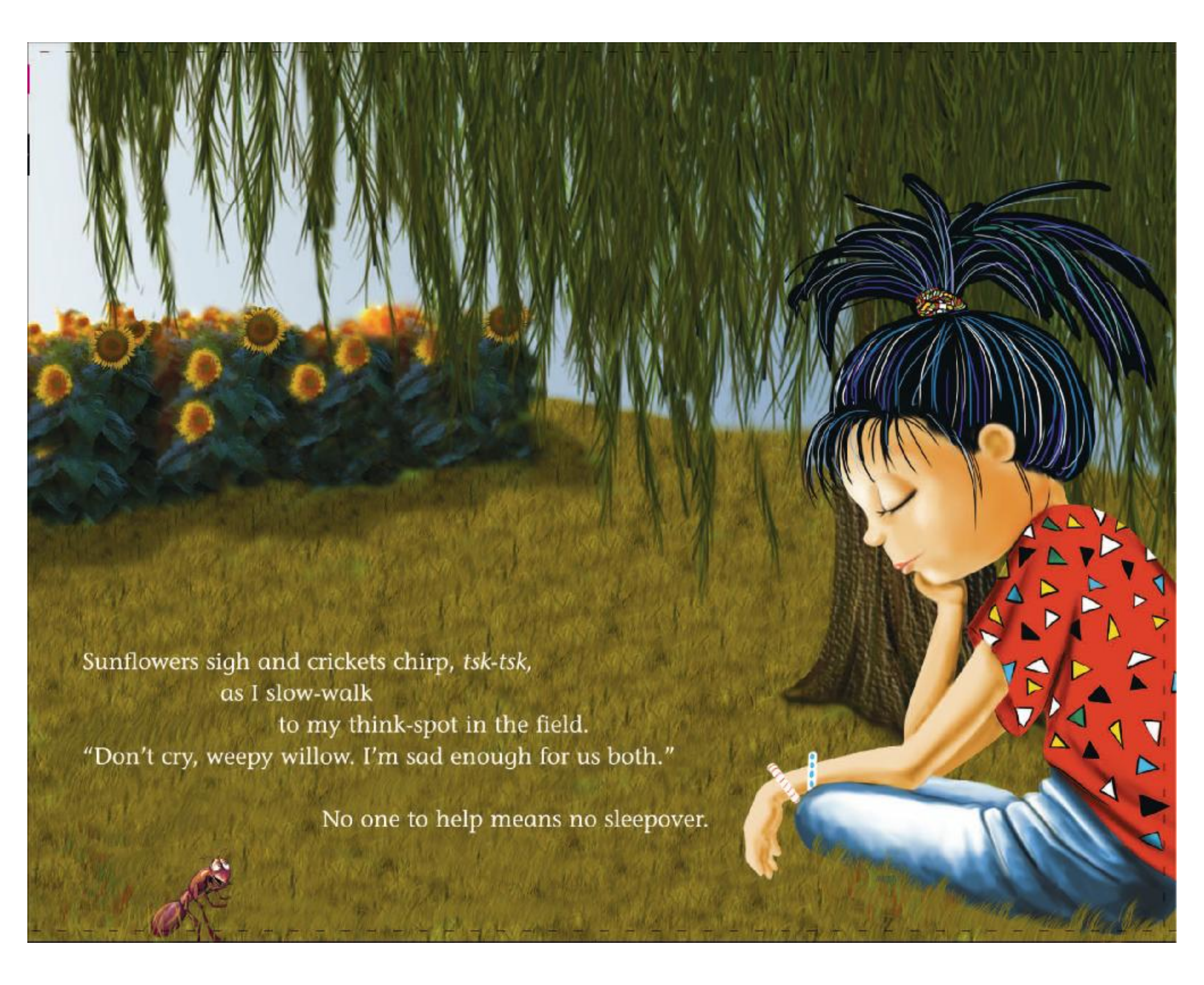


A young girl with a large, spiky blue ponytail is crouching in a grassy field. She is wearing a red patterned top and blue pants. She is looking at a brown and white dog with long, curly fur. The dog is lying down and looking back at her. In the background, there is a wooden fence, a row of sunflowers, and a red house with a chimney. The sky is blue with some clouds.

“How about you, Indiana Bones?
Can you help me sort my stuff?”
Wuff?

“Aw, poor dog. Did you forget
where you buried your toy?”



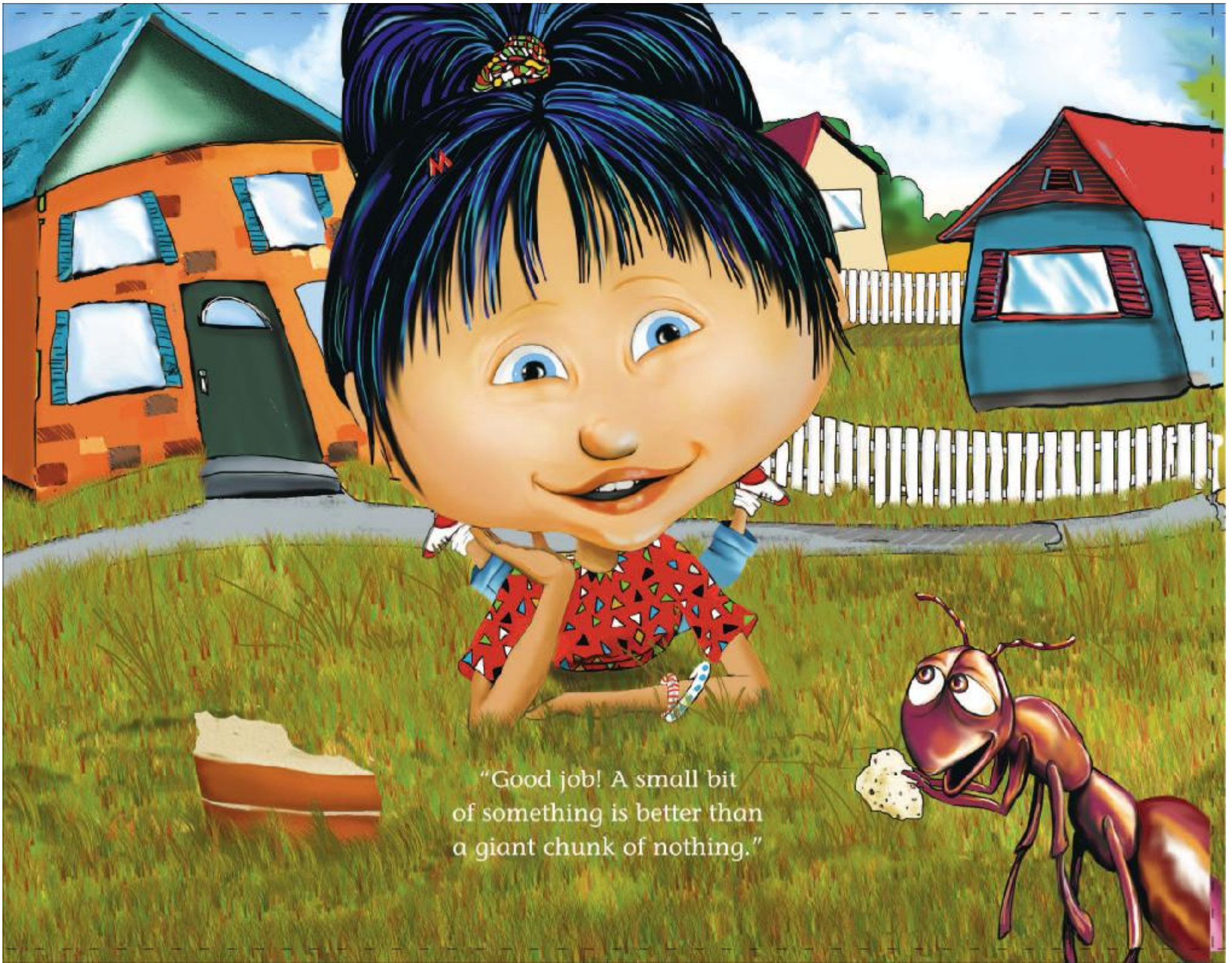


Sunflowers sigh and crickets chirp, *tsk-tsk*,
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to my think-spot in the field.
“Don’t cry, weepy willow. I’m sad enough for us both.”

No one to help means no sleepover.

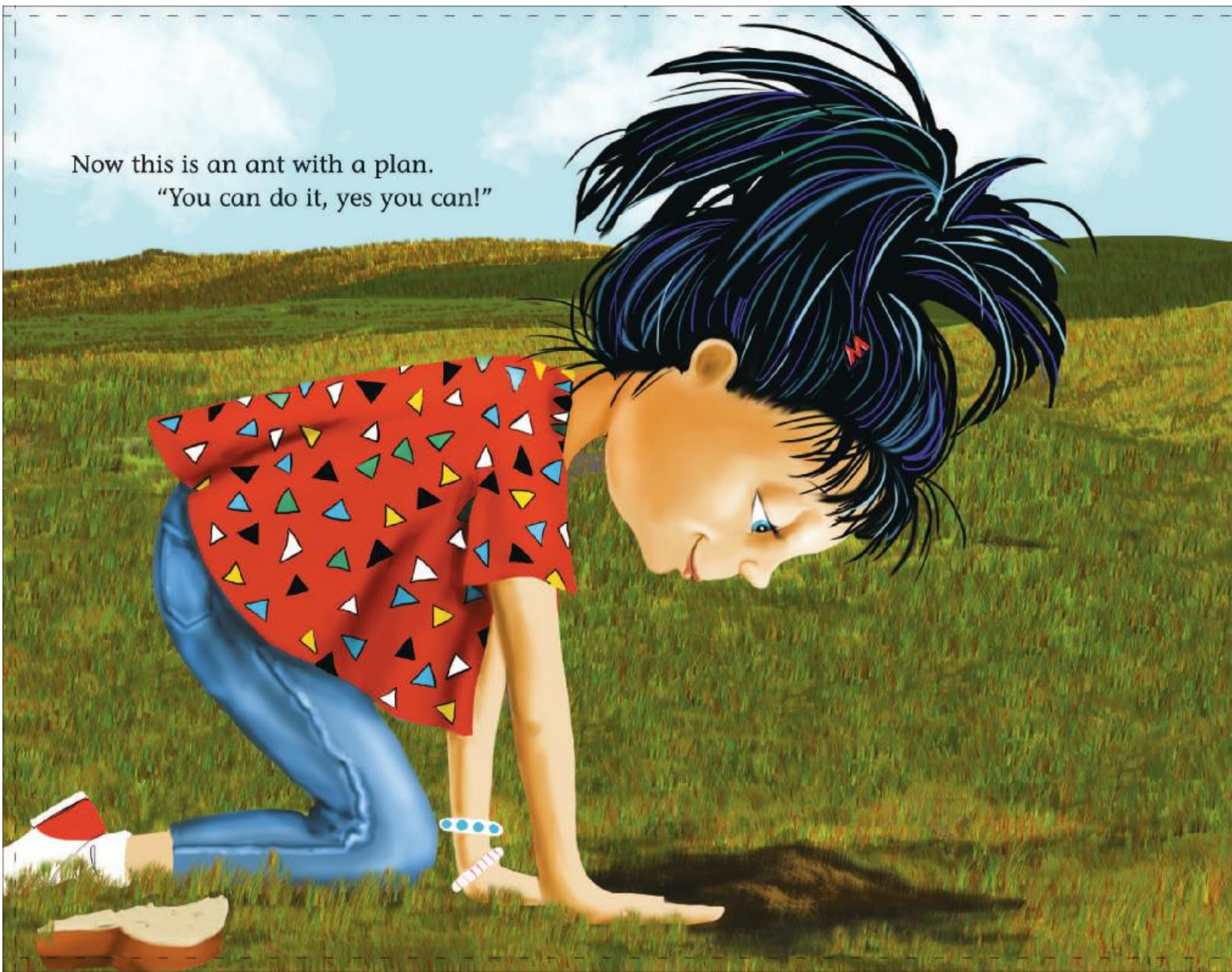


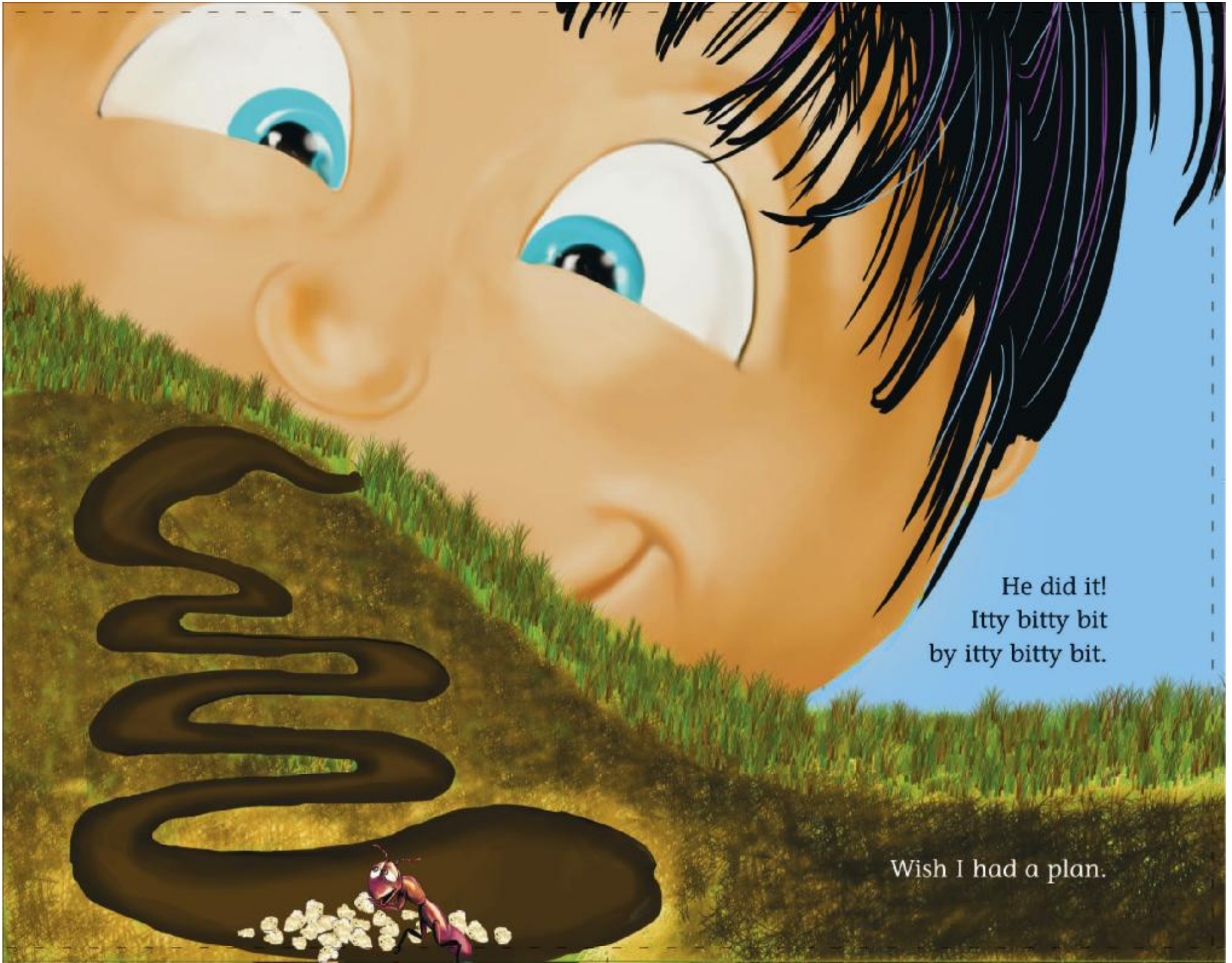
“Hello, little ant. What a treasure you’ve found!
But it’s much too big for you.”



“Good job! A small bit
of something is better than
a giant chunk of nothing.”

Now this is an ant with a plan.
"You can do it, yes you can!"





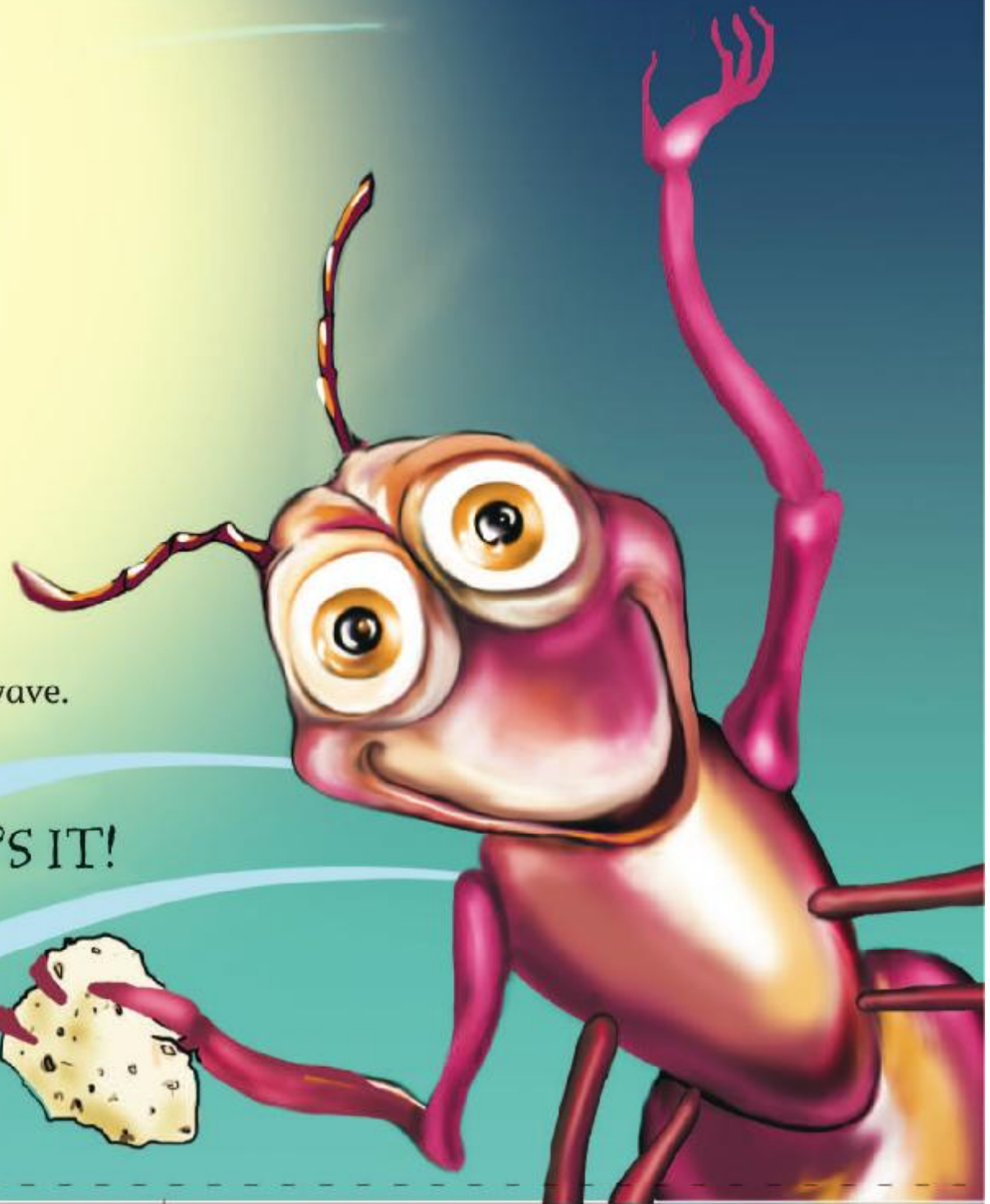
He did it!
Itty bitty bit
by itty bitty bit.

Wish I had a plan.



Then the sun gives a wink,
and the wind goes nudge-nudge,
and the little ant gives me a wave.

THAT'S IT!



Like I'm fired up with rockets, I fly to my yard.
"Indiana Bones, you CAN find your toy! Just make like an ant
and get the job done, itty bitty bit by itty bitty bit."



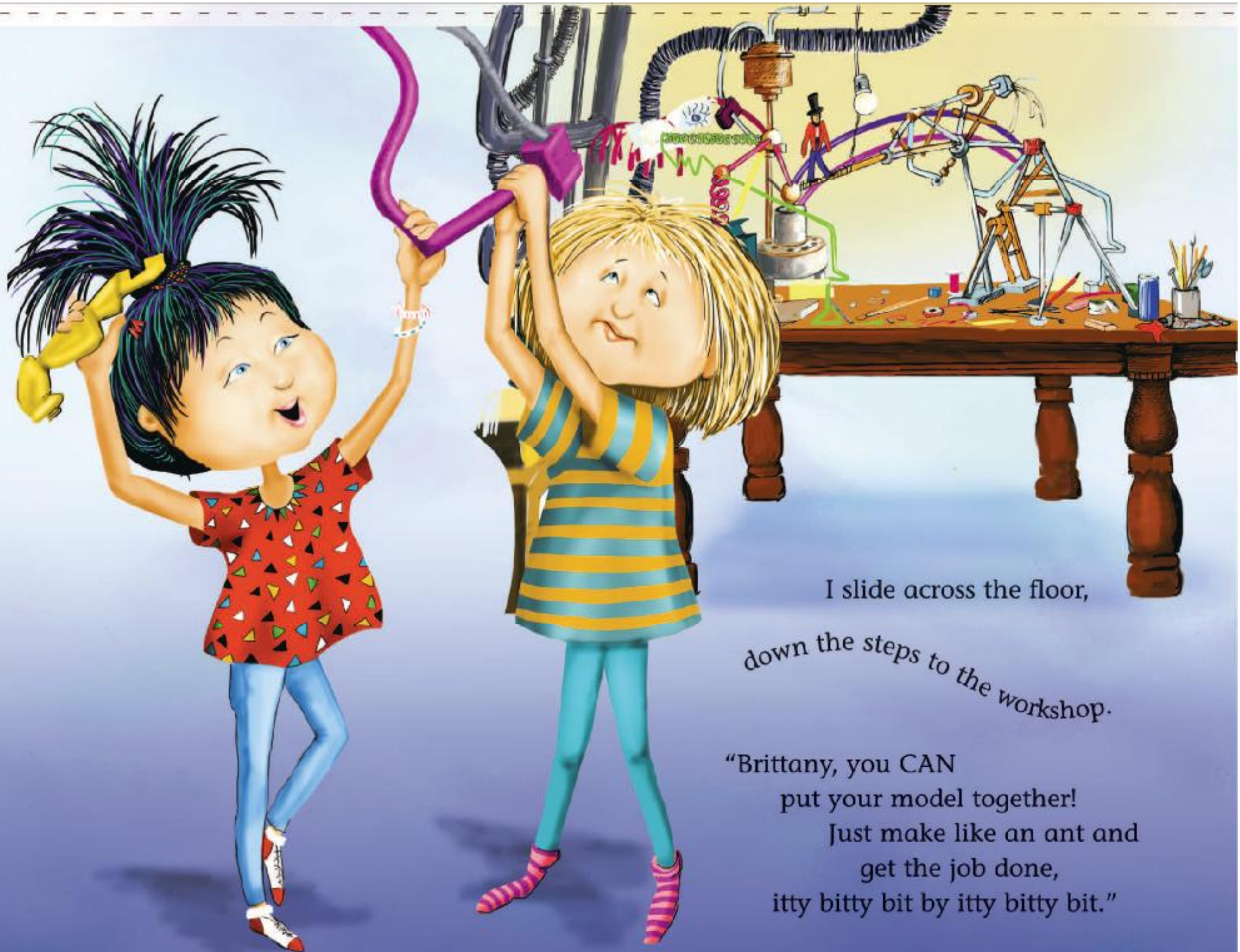
I dash through
the door,
up the stairs to the attic.

“Ryan, you CAN finish
your homework!”



Just make like an ant
and get the job done,
itty bitty bit
by itty bitty bit."





I slide across the floor,
down the steps to the workshop.

“Brittany, you CAN
put your model together!
Just make like an ant and
get the job done,
itty bitty bit by itty bitty bit.”

Like an ant with a plan, I zoom through the house...





...all the way to my messy bedroom.



That night, as the sun dips beyond the field,
and sunflowers bow beneath the moon,
Mom brings Yen and me a big bowl of

hot
battered





“PEA PODS!”

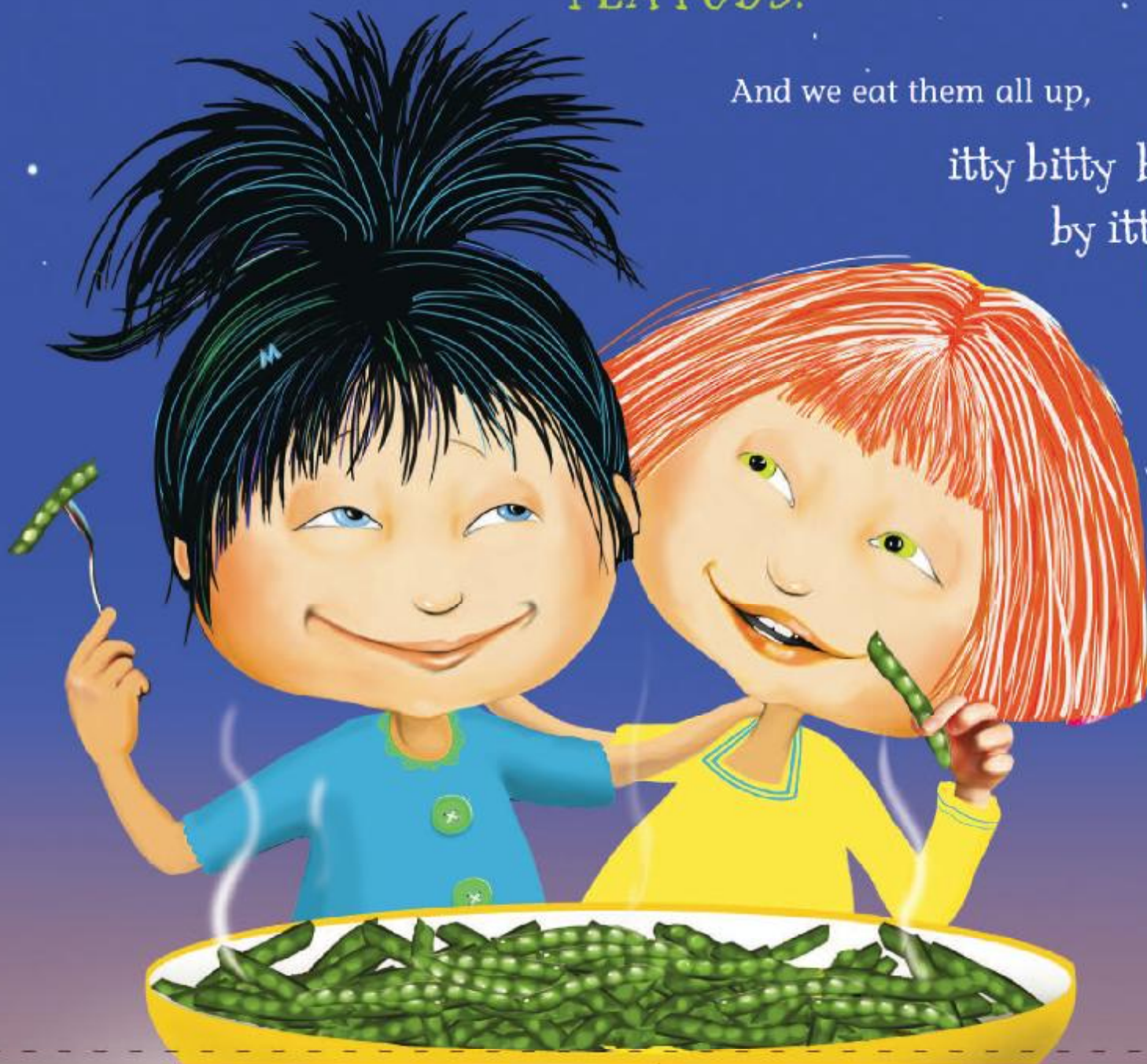
And we eat them all up,

itty bitty bit

by itty

bitty

bit.

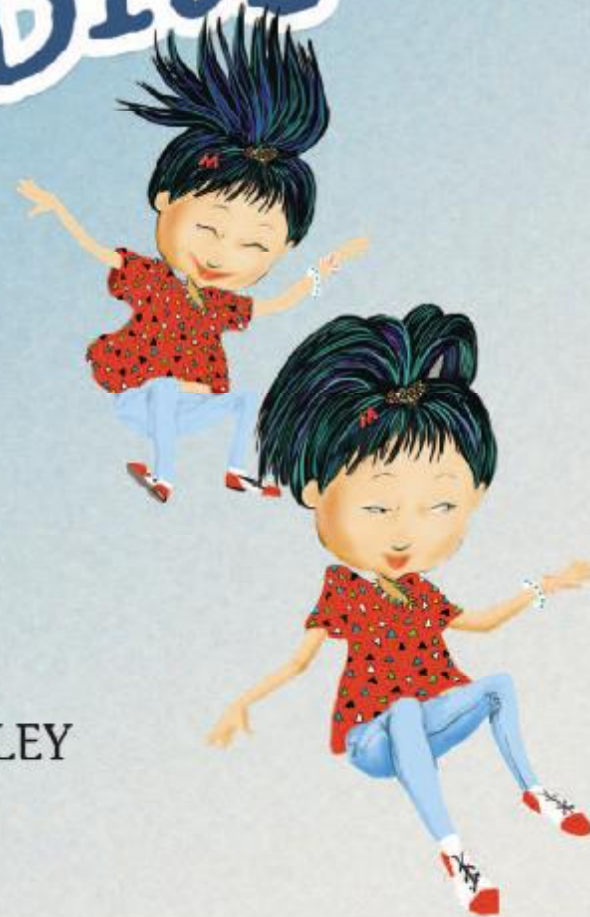





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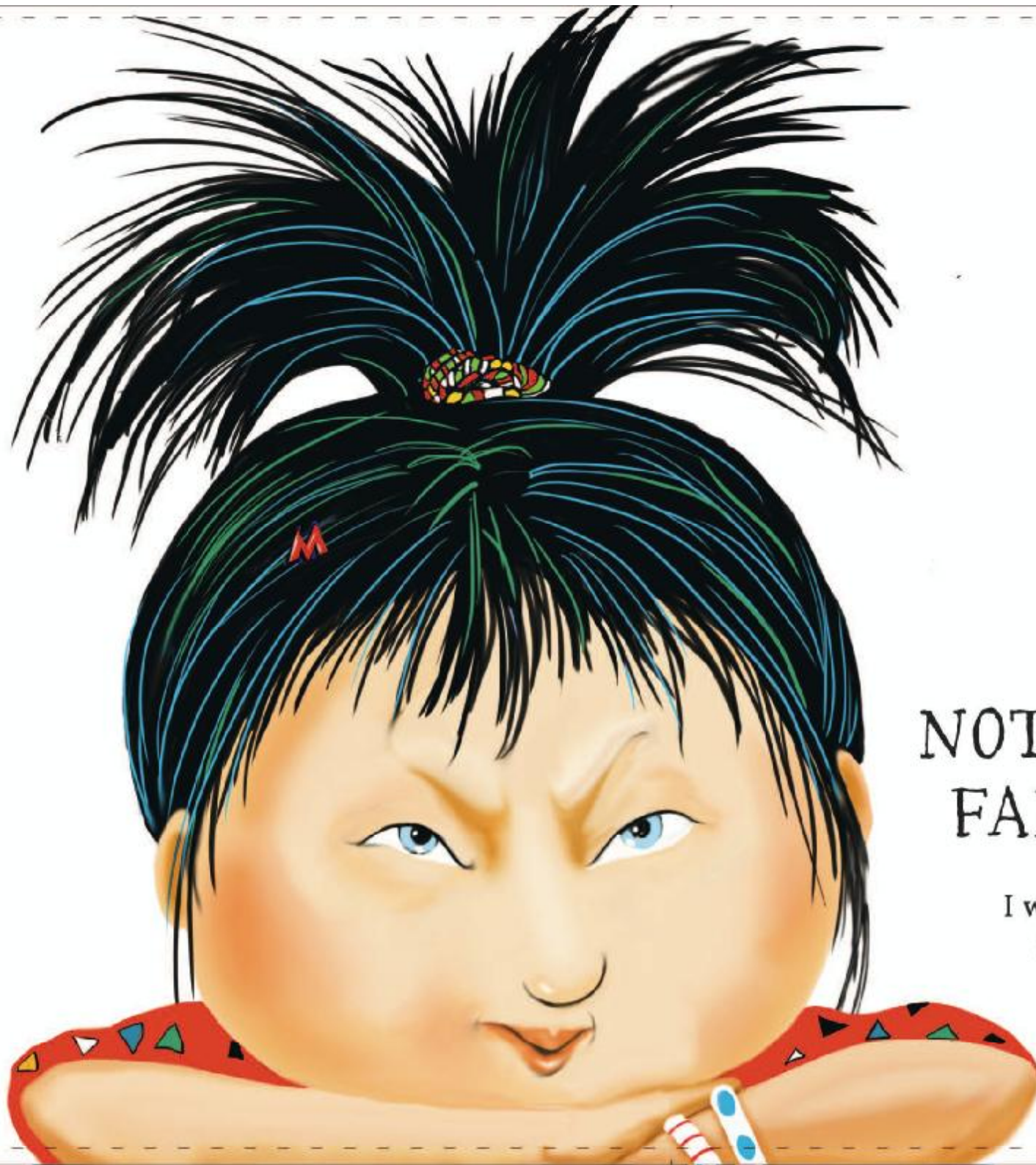
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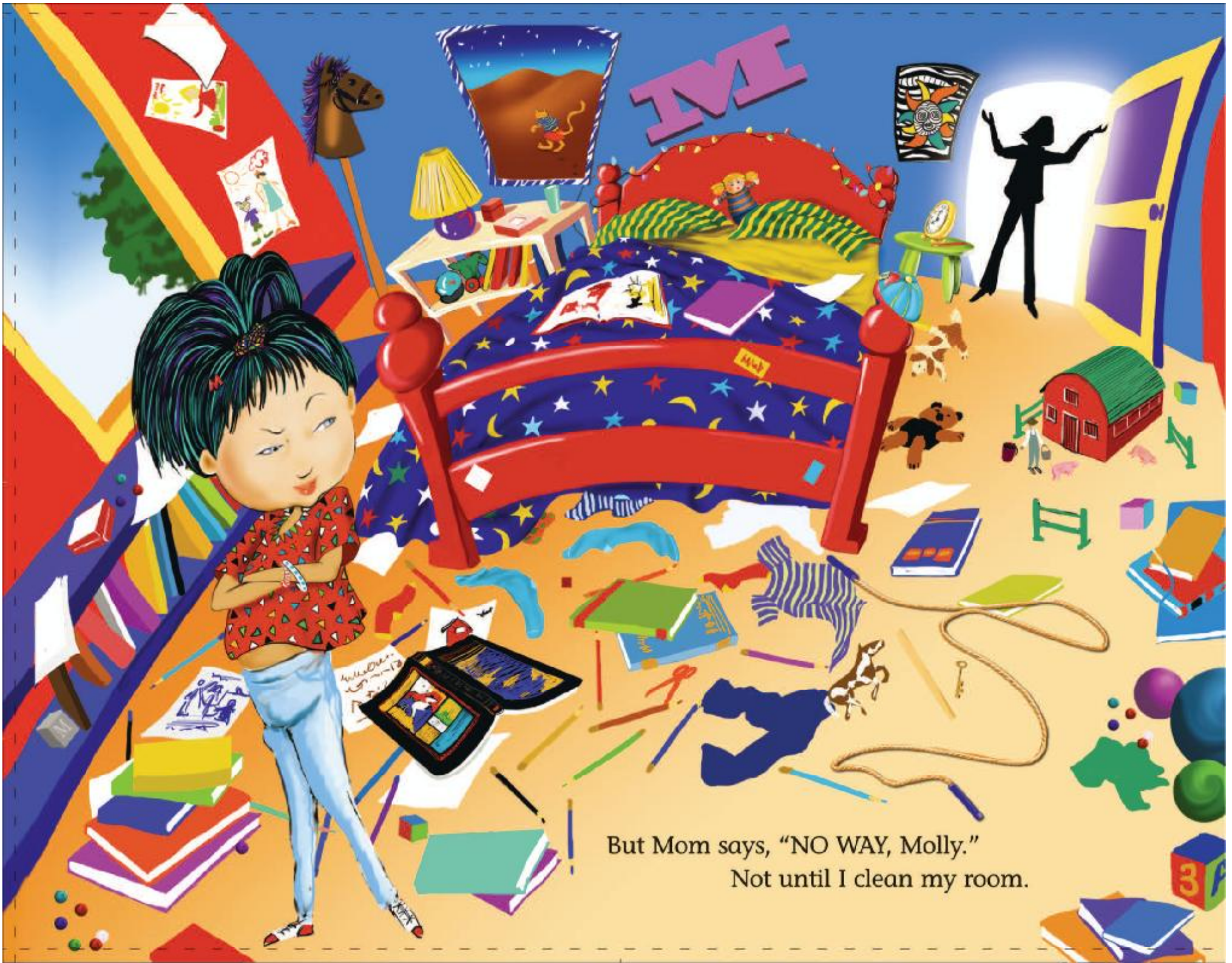
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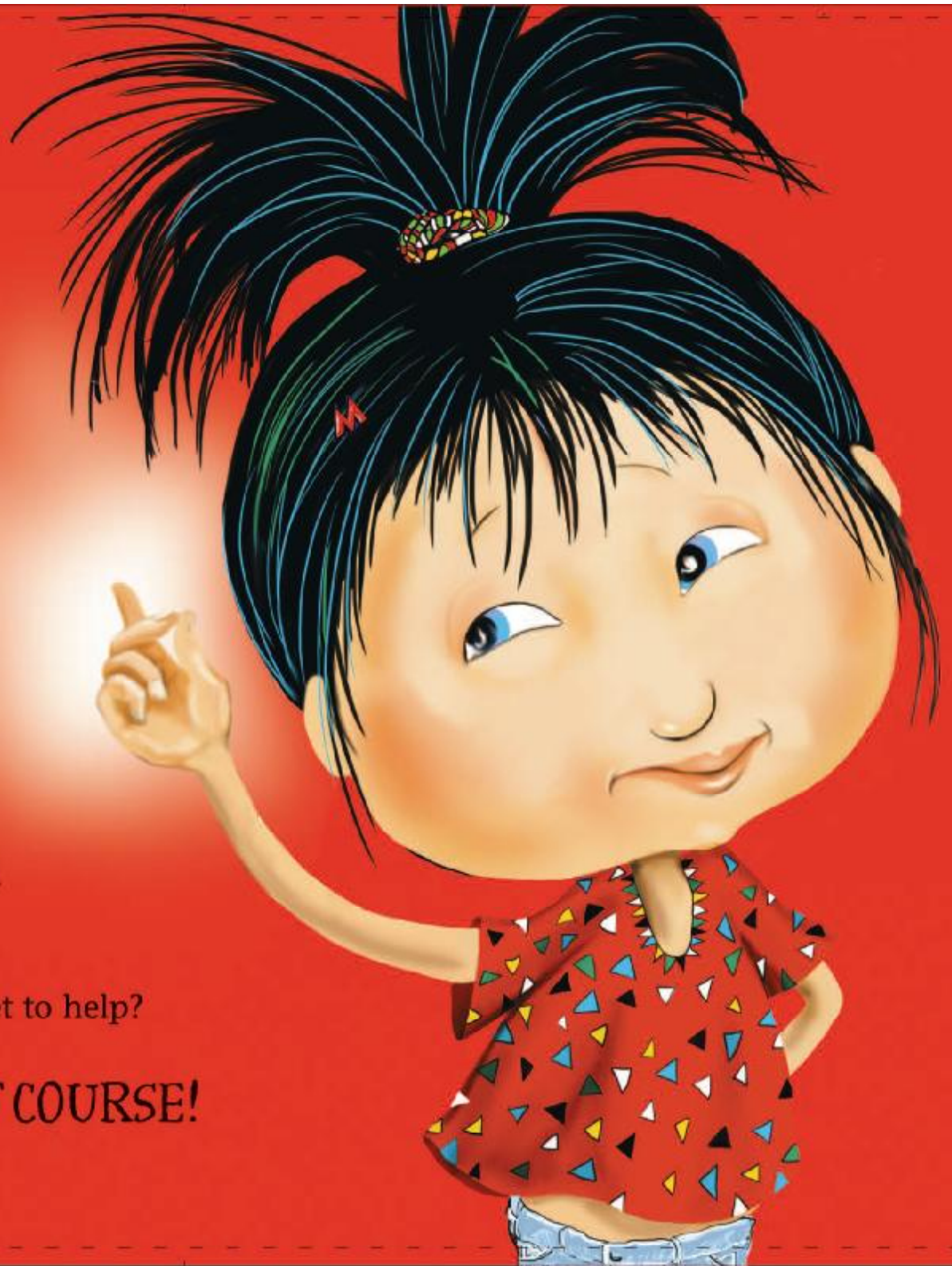
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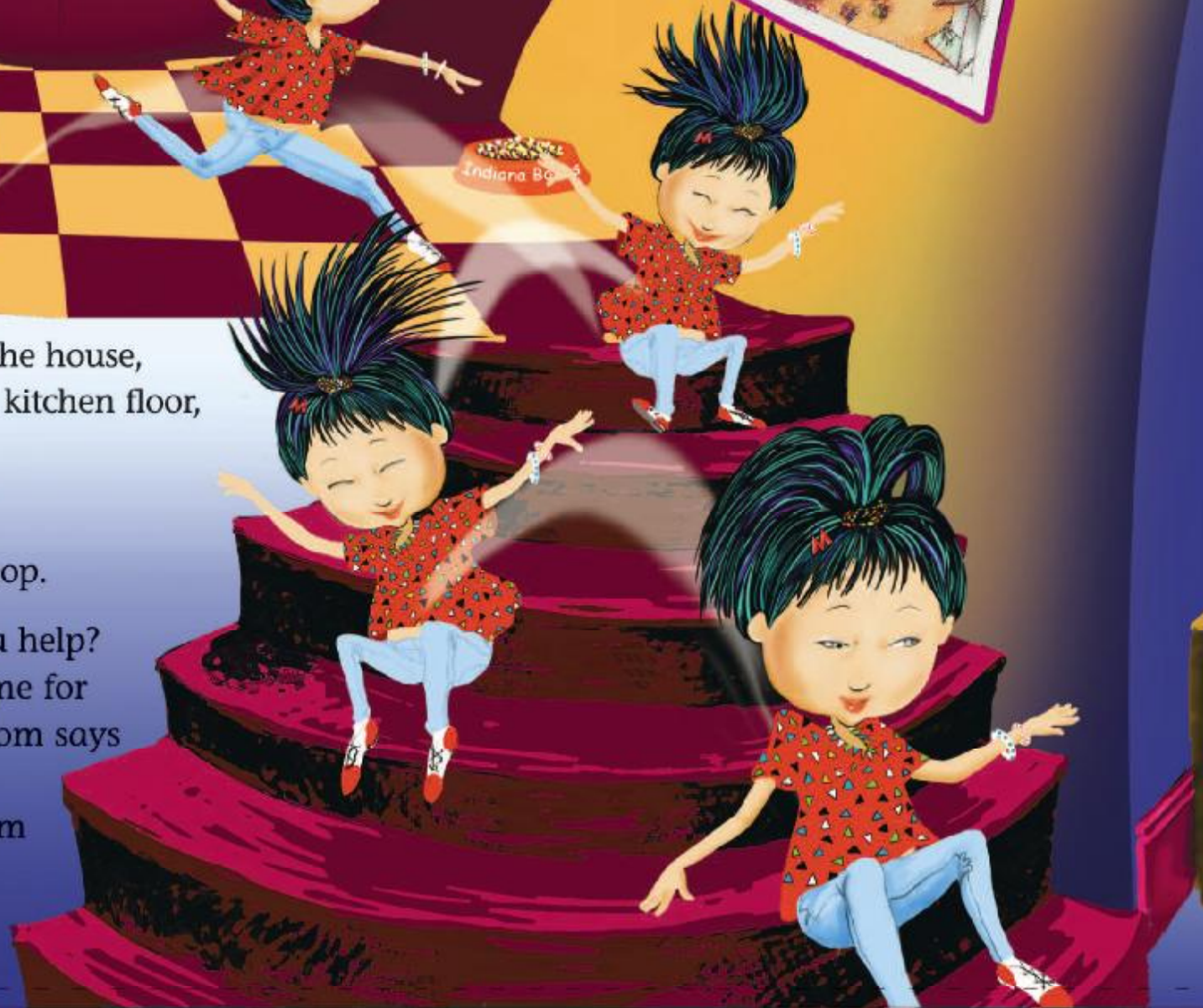
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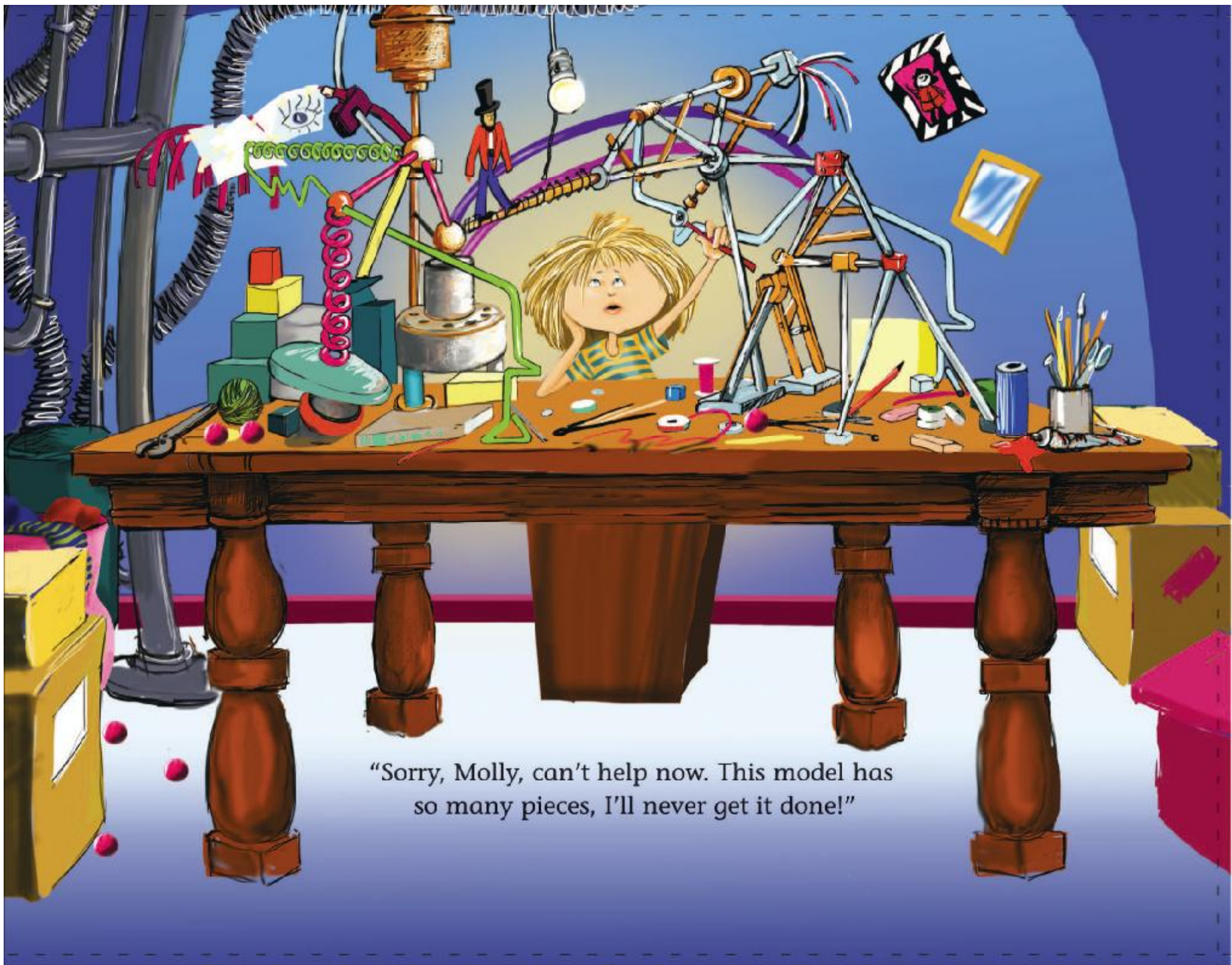




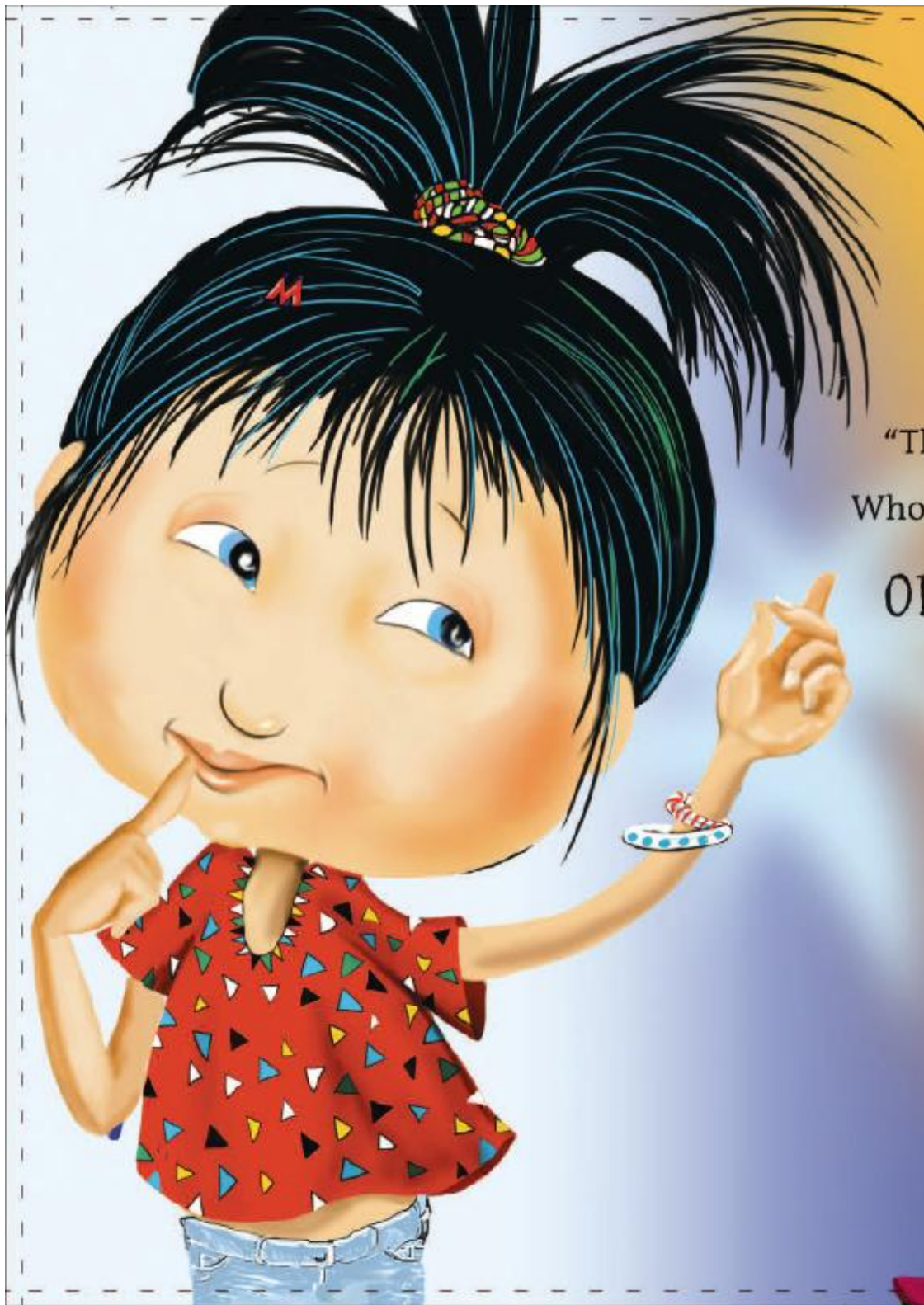
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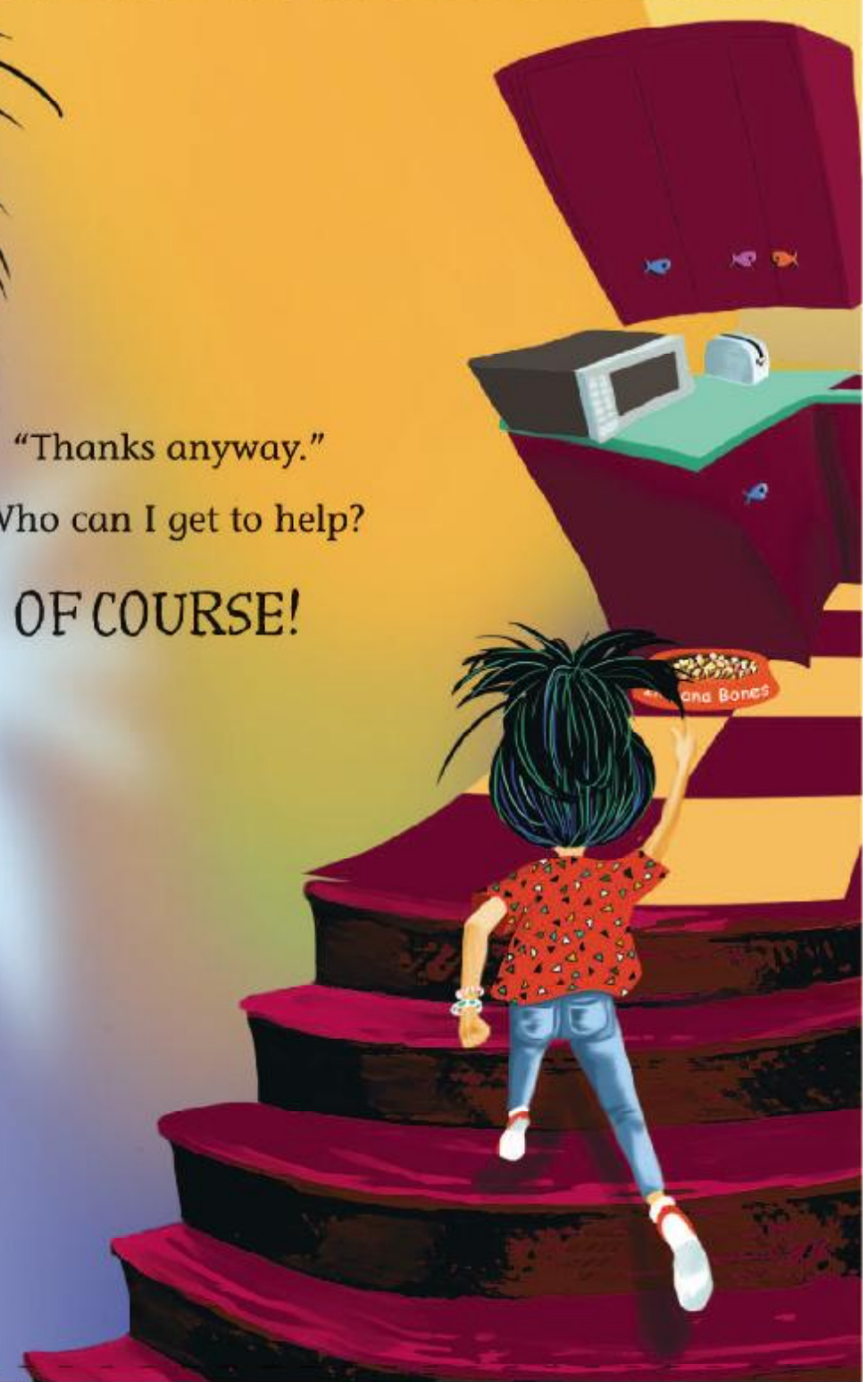




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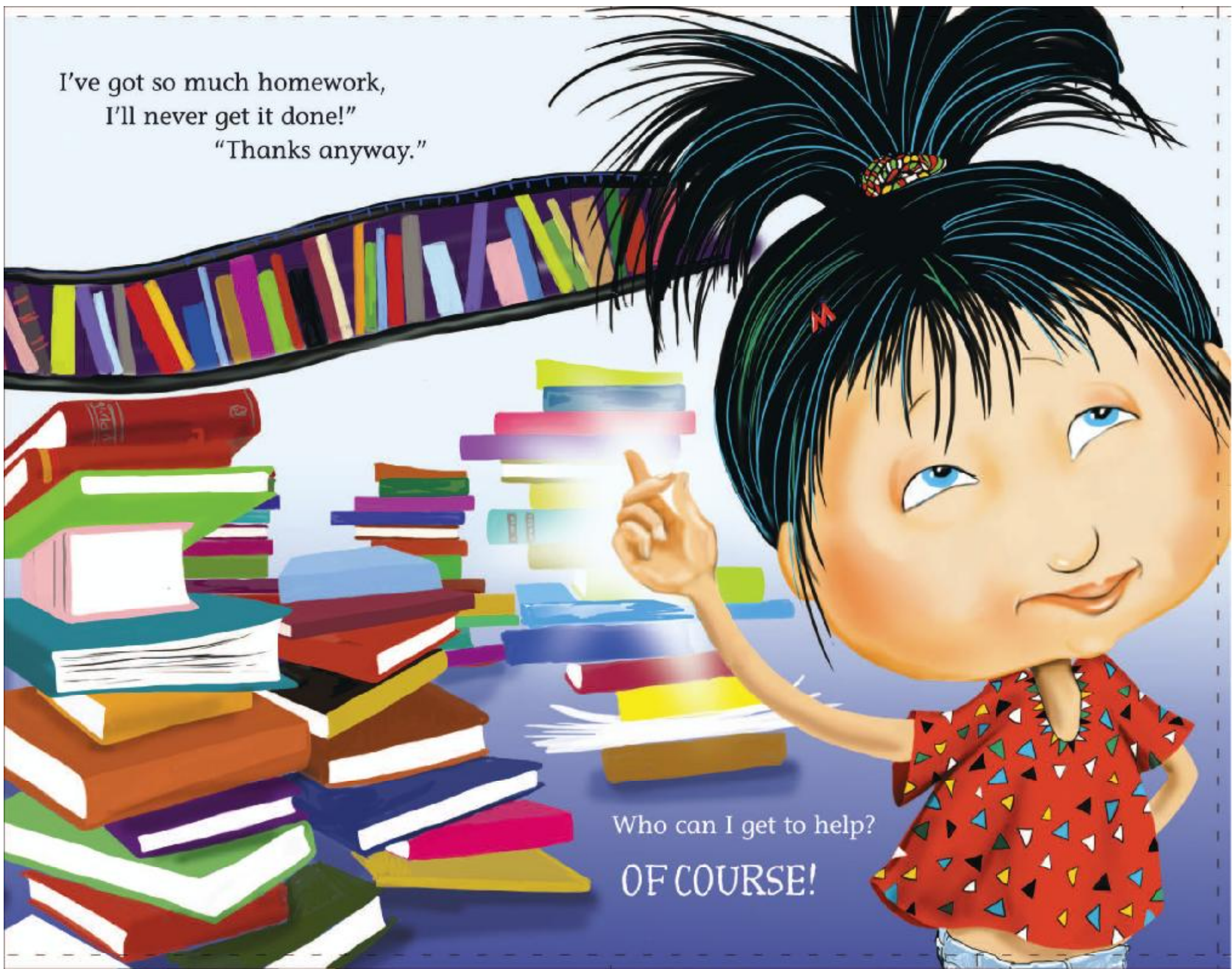
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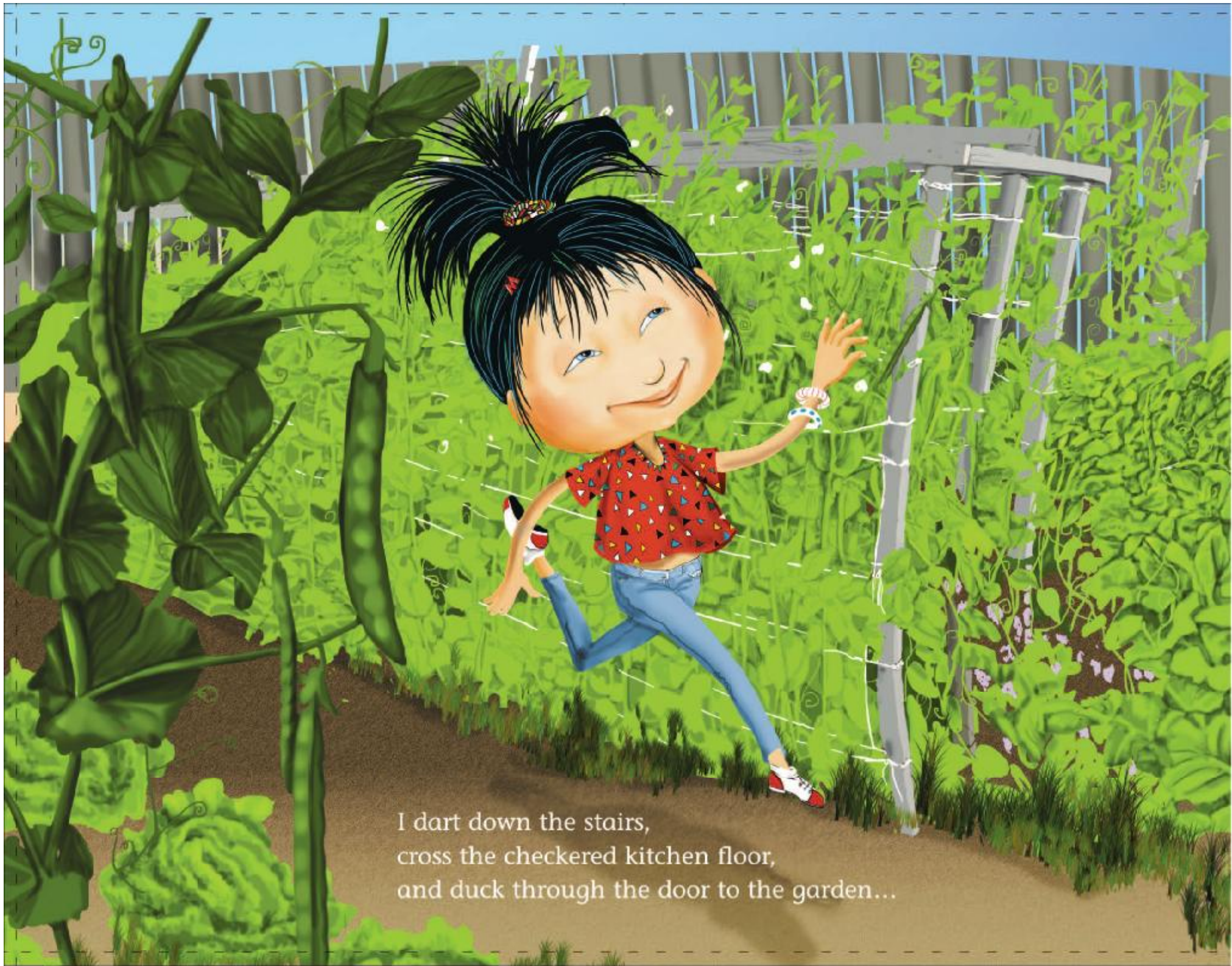


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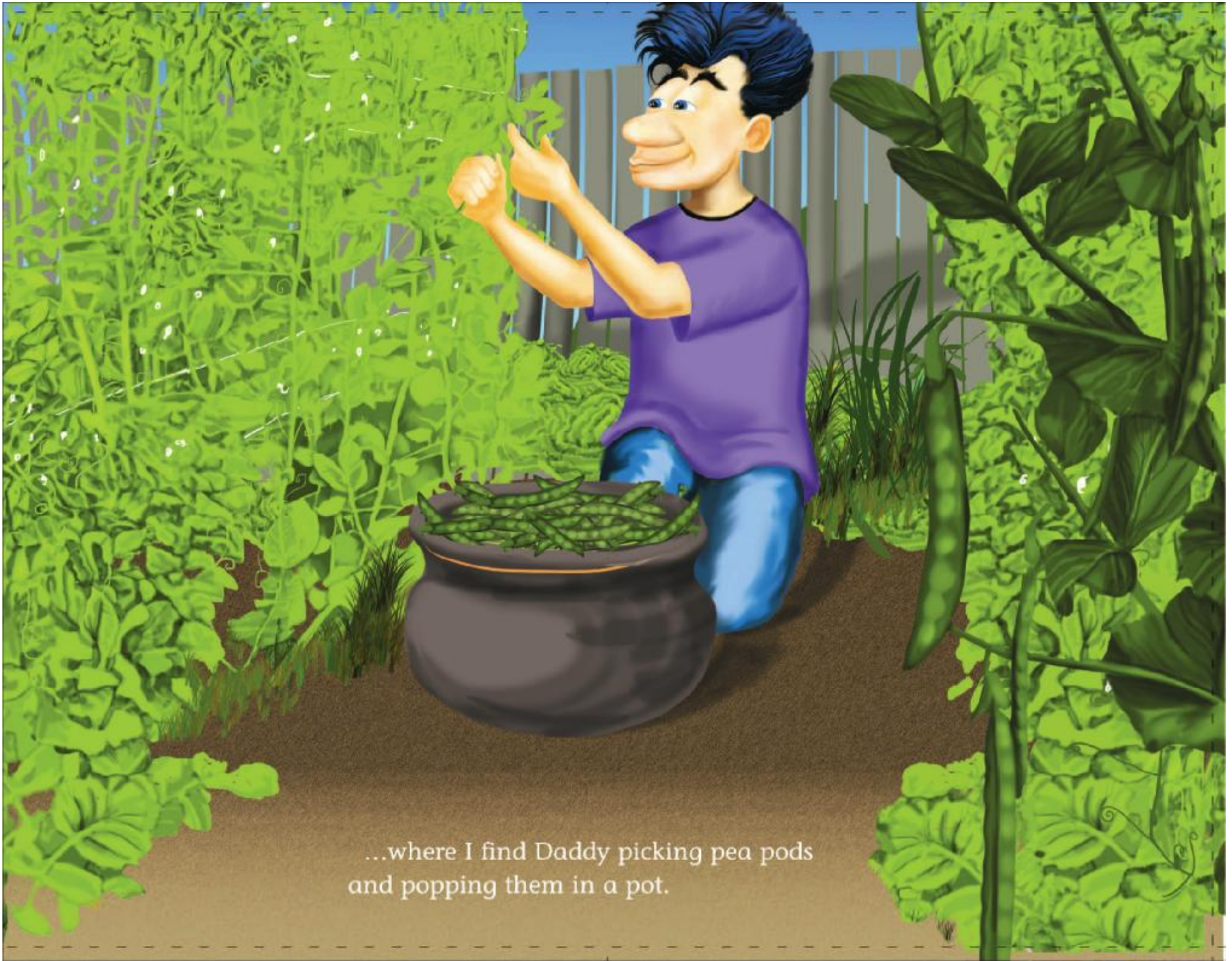


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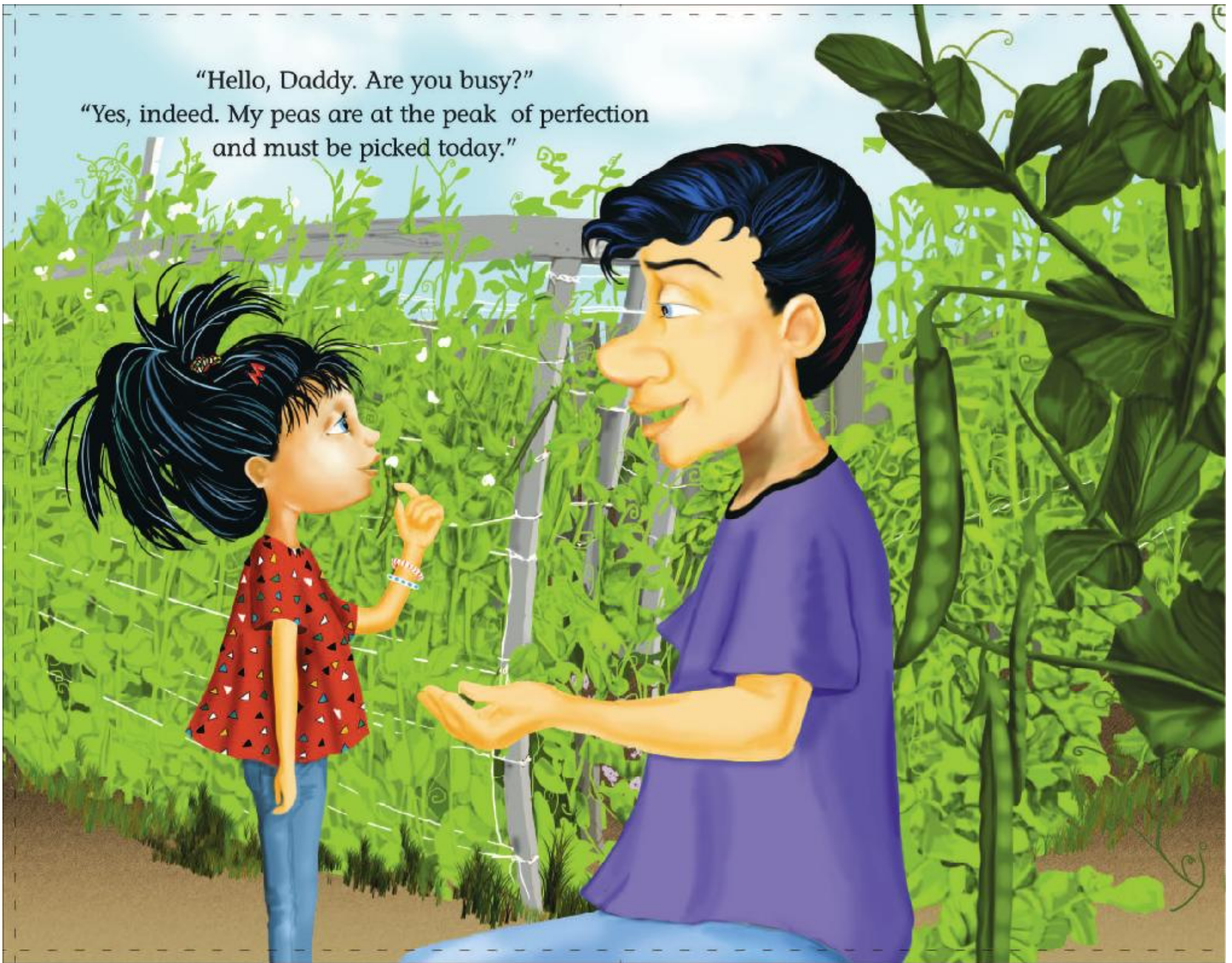
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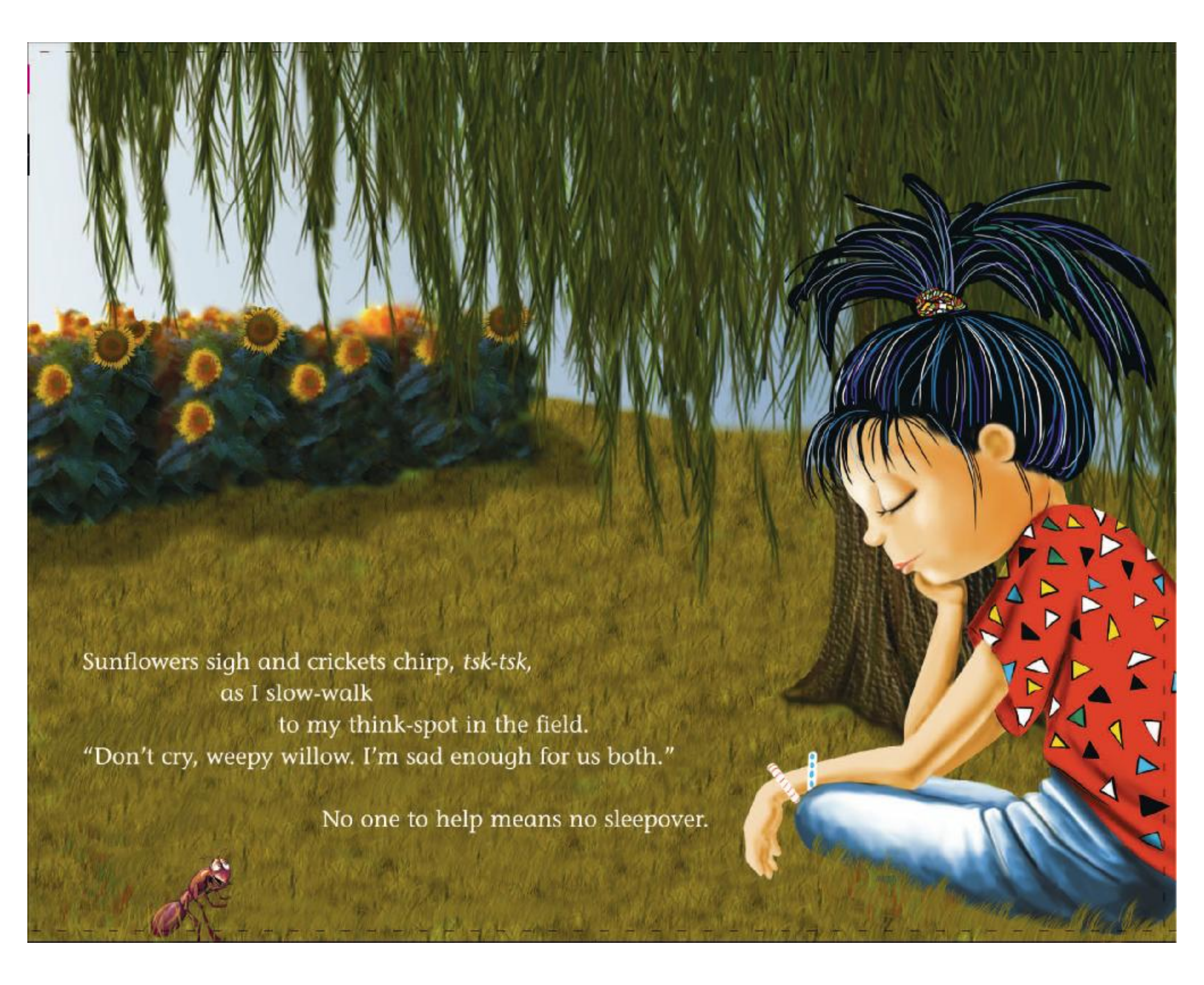


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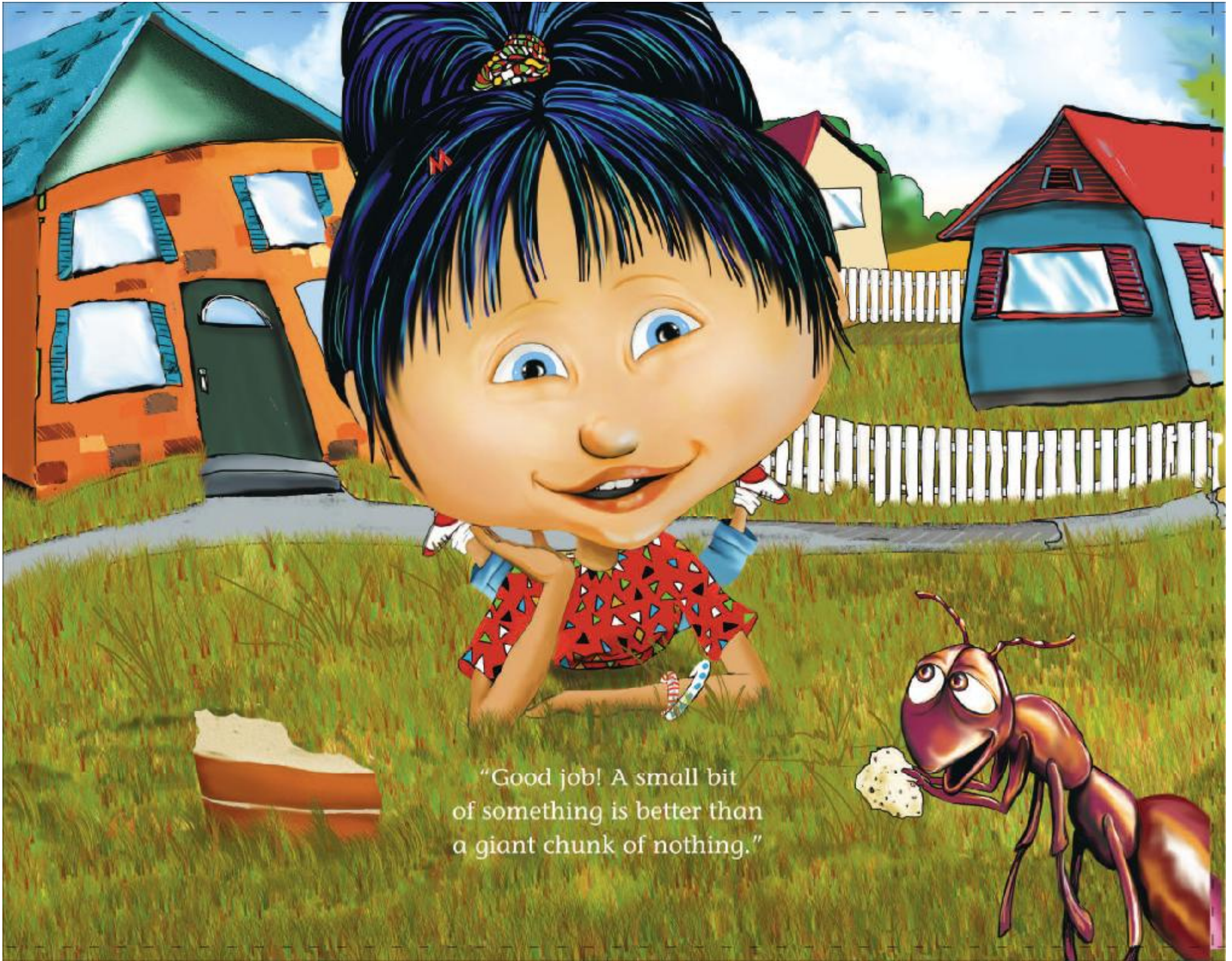


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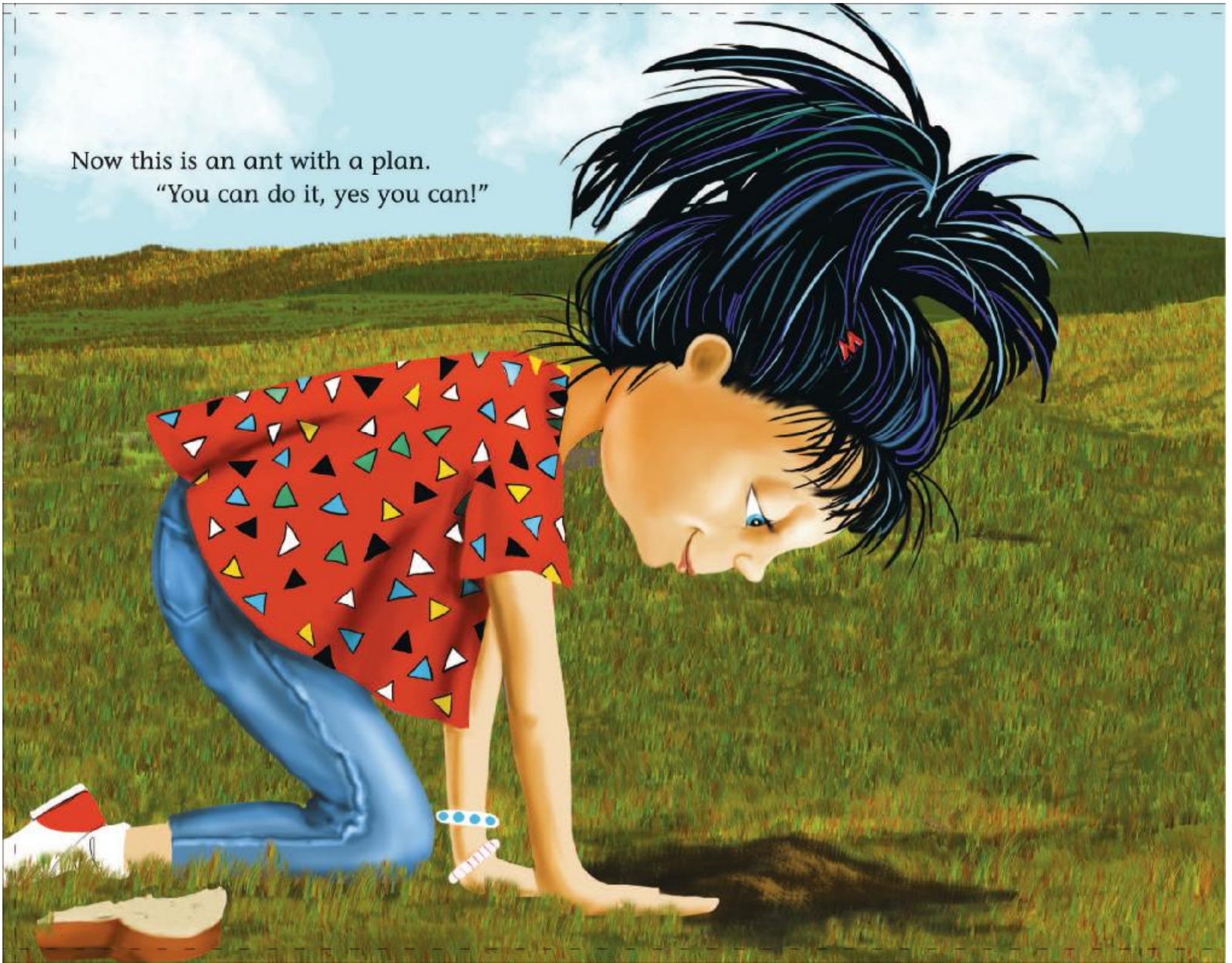


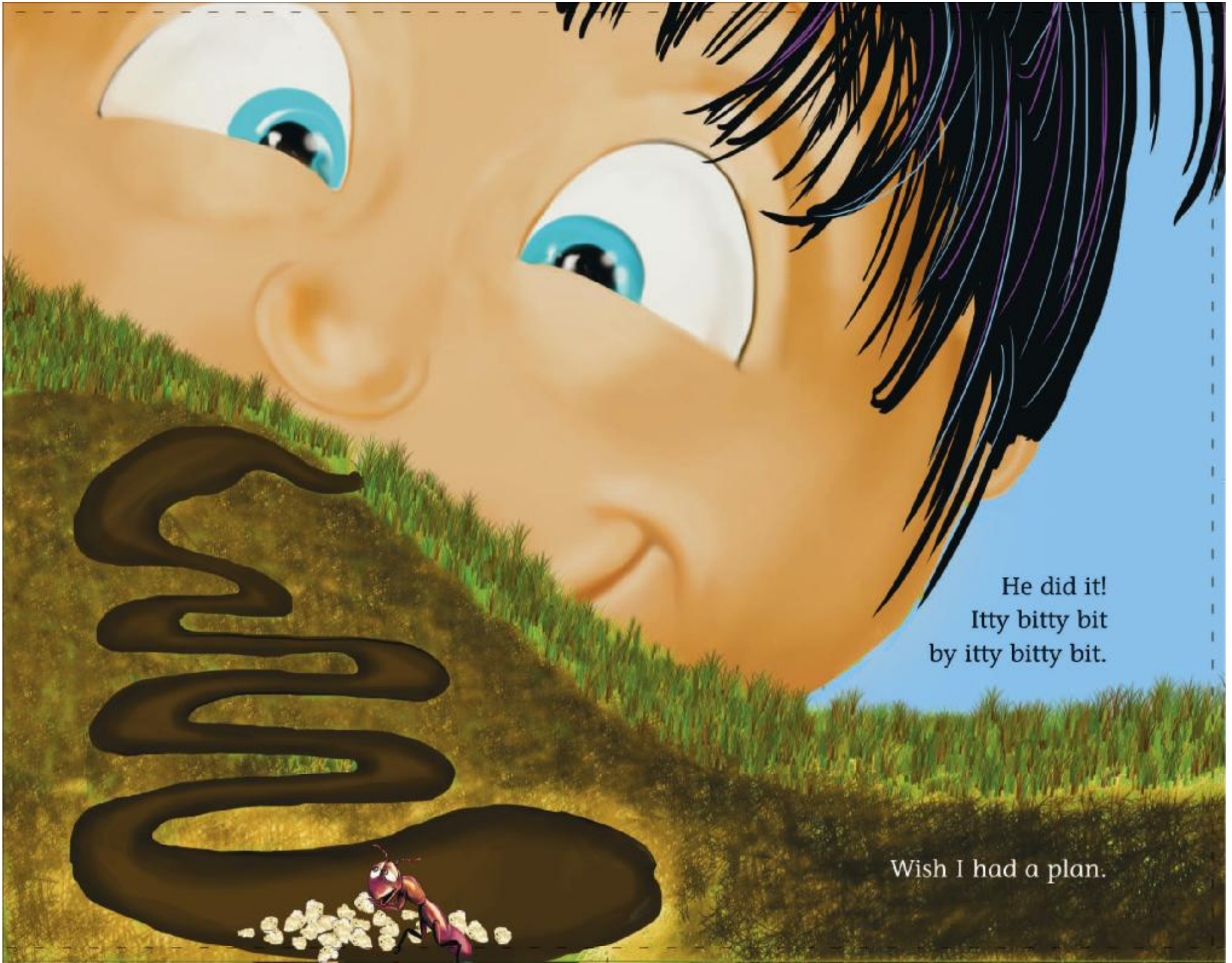
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