



A PICTURE BOOK

Sam and His Two Tiny Sisters

A story for big brothers — and the people who love them



ONCE THERE WAS A BOY

Sam was three years old.

He was funny and silly and very good at building enormous towers with his magnet tiles.

He was also a big brother.

Sam had two baby sisters.

They were four months old.



ONE MORNING

One morning, Sam woke up and ran into Mommy's room.

“Mommy! Come see my tower!”

Mommy was sitting on the couch with one baby in her arms and the other baby beside her.

“Just a minute, sweetheart,” Mommy said. “I need to finish feeding the babies.”



THE TOWER WAITED

Sam looked at Mommy.

Then he looked at the babies.

He didn't say anything.

He went back to his tower.

A few minutes later, Mommy came to find him.

"Sam, what happened?"

"Nothing."

But Sam didn't feel like playing anymore.

TALK TOGETHER

How do you think Sam feels when Mommy has to hold the babies?

Have you ever wanted Mommy all to yourself?



LATER THAT DAY

Later that day, both babies were crying.

One baby cried.

Then the other baby cried.

Then they both cried at the same time.

Sam covered his ears.

“Too loud!”

He went into the other room.

He sat on the couch and whispered,

“I wish the babies would stop crying.”



A LOT

Mommy came over and sat beside him.

“Sometimes having two babies around can be a lot.”

Sam nodded.

TALK TOGETHER

Do you think Sam likes having babies around all the time?

Do you think he ever wishes the babies would go away?



THAT NIGHT

That night, Mommy was giving the babies their bottles.

Sam watched from across the room.

He remembered when Mommy used to sit with him and read books whenever he wanted.

Now Mommy was often holding a baby.



STILL MY LITTLE BOY

Sam climbed onto the couch beside her.

“Mommy, can you hold me?”

Mommy smiled.

“Of course.”

She put one baby down safely and wrapped her arms around Sam.

Sam snuggled into her.

“I miss when it was just me,” he whispered.

Mommy kissed his head.

“I know. You don't have to stop being my little boy just because you're a big brother.”

Sam thought about that.

TALK TOGETHER

What do you think Sam wishes Mommy would do?

Sometimes do you wish you were the baby again?



THE NEXT MORNING

The next morning, Sam was playing with his cars.

One baby started crying.

Sam looked over.

Then the other baby started crying.

Sam threw his car onto the floor.

“I don’t want to play anymore!”

Mommy came over.

“Are you angry?”

Sam shook his head. “No.”

“Are you sad?”

“No.”

“Do you want to tell me?”

Sam shrugged.

He didn’t know what to say.



A TRUE THING

Mommy hugged him.

“You can tell me anything. Even things that aren't very nice.”

Sam whispered, “Sometimes I'm mad at the babies.”

Mommy nodded. “Thank you for telling me.”

Sam looked worried. “Am I bad?”

“No,” Mommy said. “Having a feeling doesn't make you bad. You can love your sisters and be annoyed with them.”

Sam looked at the babies.

“I love them.”

“I know.”

“Sometimes they're annoying.”

Mommy smiled. “I know that too.”

TALK TOGETHER

Can you love someone AND be annoyed with them?



THAT AFTERNOON

That afternoon, Daddy took Sam outside.

They kicked a ball.

They wrestled.

They made silly faces.

Sam laughed so hard his belly hurt.

When they came back inside, Daddy said, "You know what? Being your daddy is my favorite."

Sam smiled. Then he asked, "Even when you're taking care of the babies?"

"Especially then."

Sam thought about that.

He realized something.

His parents could love the babies without loving him any less.

But sometimes he still wanted them all to himself.

And that was okay.



MOMMY TIME

Later, the babies were asleep.

Mommy sat down on the rug next to Sam.

Just Sam.

“This is our special time,” Mommy said.

They built a magnet-tile castle together.

Sam chose the colors.

Mommy held the walls so they wouldn't fall.

For a little while there was no crying and no bottles.

Just Mommy and Sam.

“I like Mommy time,” Sam said.

Mommy kissed his hair.

“Me too. We can have Mommy time even when there are babies in the house.”

TALK TOGETHER

What do you like to do when it's just you and Mommy?



THAT EVENING

That evening, Mommy was putting the babies to bed.

Sam sat quietly nearby.

Mommy noticed.

“Sam, you seem very quiet tonight.”

Sam looked down. “I don't know.”

Mommy sat beside him. “You don't have to know.”

Sam leaned against her.

After a long silence, he said, “Sometimes I feel sad.”

Mommy hugged him. “I'm glad you told me.”

Sam didn't have to hide his sad feelings.

He didn't have to pretend that everything was always wonderful.



FEELINGS ARE MESSAGES

He could be happy.

He could be sad.

He could be angry.

He could love his sisters.

He could wish for more Mommy time.

He could even wish that sometimes the babies weren't there.

And Mommy would still love him.

Because feelings weren't bad.

Feelings were just messages telling Sam something important.

And whenever Sam was ready...

Mommy would listen.

The End.