

AND THE IMPOSSIBLE HUG

by Jonathan Stutzman

illustrated by Jay Fleck







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I have tiny arms.

It is very difficult to hug with tiny arms.

Each day I am growing taller, but my arms are still tiny.



Hugging almost seems impossible for a Rex as tiny as me, but I will try anyway.
Pointy needs me.



Where is my father?
I will ask him for advice.



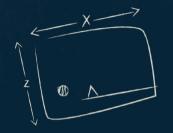


Rexes are thinkers, not huggers.

Perhaps instead of hugs, mathematics might be the answer to your problem?



happiness =
$$8x + 3y + 2z$$



Pointy does not like math.

Math will only make Pointy feel worse.







I have a problem.
I must learn how to hug, but my arms are too tiny.

I have found that balance is the key to every problem.
Balance and freshly squeezed cucumber juice.





I have fallen and now I am lost. I do not think I will find my mother in here.



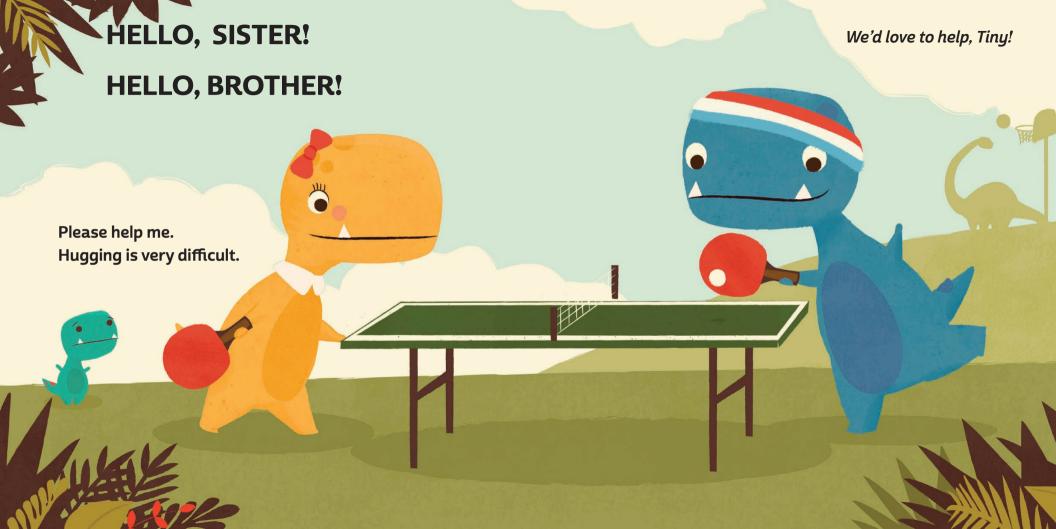


It's okay if you can't hug, Tiny. You are good at many other things. You are kind and creative and braver than most. You are tiny, but your heart is big!

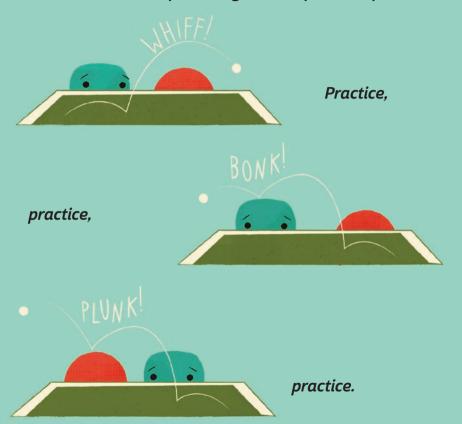




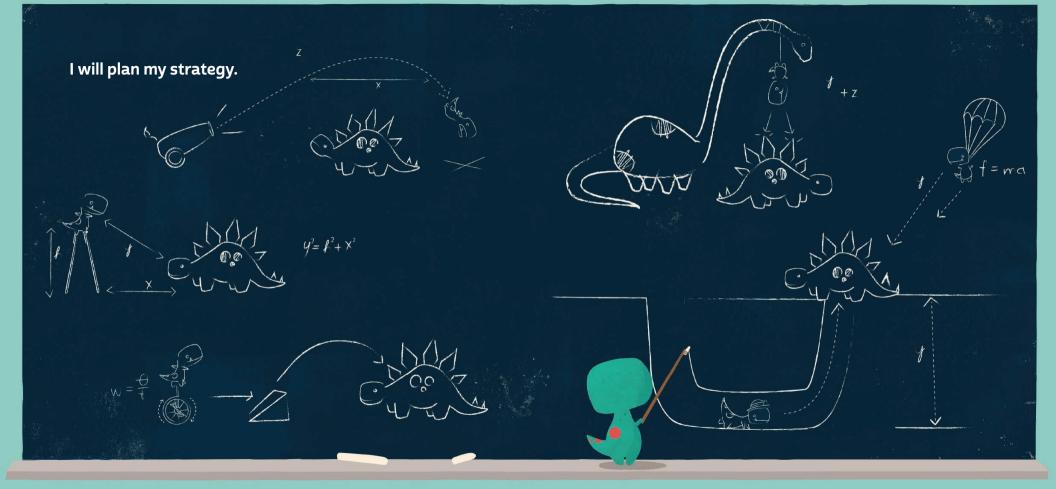
I cannot hug with my heart, Mother. I must learn to hug with my arms.



To do the impossible you must plan and practice.







I will get stronger.







I will practice very hard.
I will practice my hugs on everything!





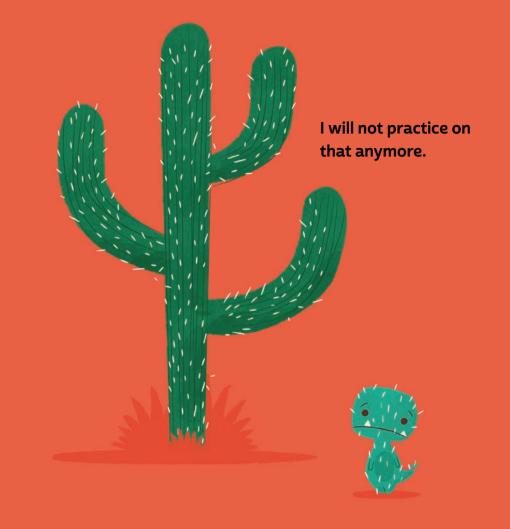


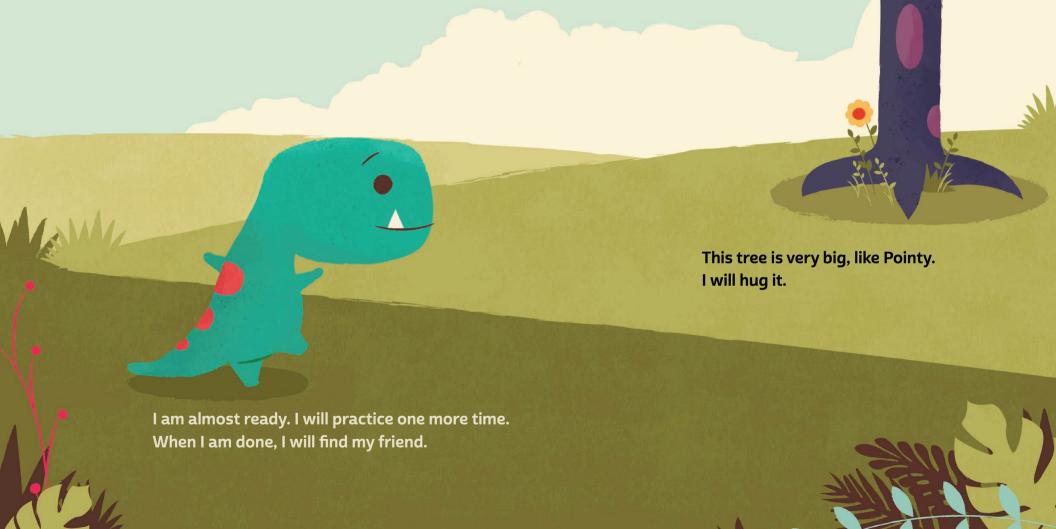




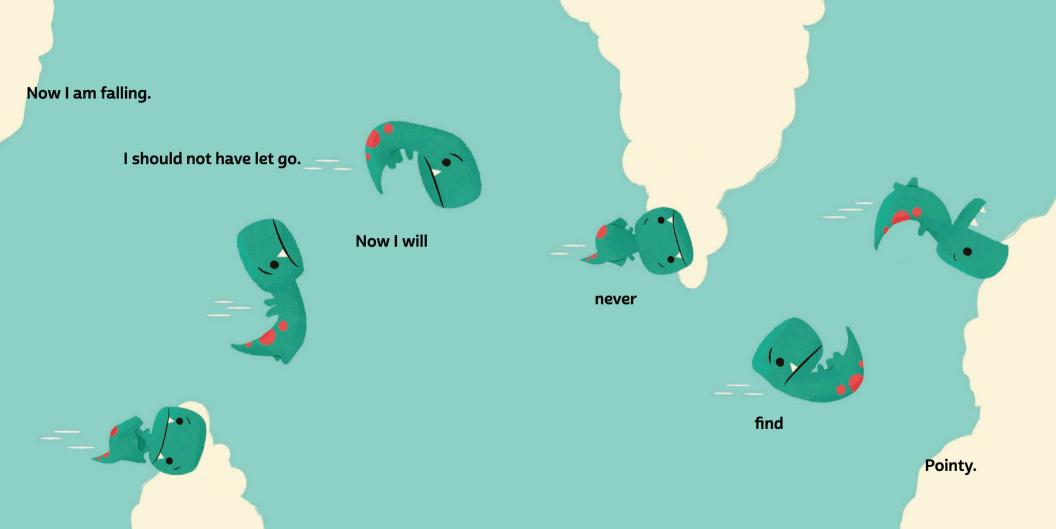
















I am here to make you feel better! I have practiced very hard and hugged many things. My arms are still tiny and my hugs are still tiny, but I will do my very best because you are my very best friend.







