

WHO ARE YOU, PETER TINYPANTS?

By Katie Maule

Once upon a time, on a warm summer day
Easton was going to Smileypark to play!
He imagined roller coasters soaring up high,
And seeing the whole world from the sky.

Once through the gate, he jumped up and down
Amazed at the fun things all around!
He skipped along 'til he saw the bean bag toss
Then got in line to throw his bag across.

Easton knew what he wanted to win —
Now, he just needed to get his bag in!
He tried his best, but his bag fell short.
The hippo helper said, "Try again, sport!"

Lucky for Easton, the bag sailed right in!
The hippo smiled and said, "You win!"
Easton said thanks and chose his prize —
A small stuffed animal with big, round eyes.

Easton cuddled his prize and began walking
But stopped short when he heard talking.
"I'm Peter Tinypants! Can we get ice cream?"

The stuffed animal was real! Was this a dream?

Easton didn't know what to do ...

But he liked ice cream, too.

Easton put Peter down, and he started to walk.

This was no dream — Peter could walk *and* talk!

They had 3 scoops and lots of laughs right away.

And soon, Easton and Peter were ready to play!

The friends set out, walking side by side,

And got in line for the Blizzard Snowslide.

They couldn't wait to go up and come down fast

Their bellies would tingle; they'd have a blast!

Just then, Peter heard a little horse say,

“Here's the Horsey Hurdle. It ends in a pile of hay!”

Then a big pig said with a big, big smile,

“Let's go on the Muddy River and float for a mile!”

There was something for everyone there —

The Honey Hill was popular with every bear,

and the busiest spot for each and every bee —

But Peter wondered, “Which ride is for *me*?”

Easton couldn't stand still

He wanted a thrill!

He was ready, and their wait was almost done —
But he paused when his friend wasn't having fun.

Easton spoke to Peter with care
And asked if he had something to share.

"I don't know what I am, you see,
You're a kid, but what about me?
I'm small and fuzzy and white and black,
But I don't know much more than that."

Peter had arms and legs that were small
And wore tiny black pants like overalls.
He was soft and perfect in every way ...
But as for the type of animal he was? Easton couldn't say.

Easton gave Peter a little wink
And took a moment to think.
Then an idea hit him like a bumper car!
"Let's see what others think you are."

Easton and Peter got out of line and started to walk,
And soon saw a girl who wanted to talk.

"Your friend is a panda. They have two feet.
Leaves, grass, and bamboo are what they eat."
Then she ran to an ice cream truck,

Leaving Peter feeling rather stuck.

Easton said, "Peter, you stand on two feet."

Peter sighed. "But those things don't sound good to eat."

"It's okay, Peter," Easton said, "We'll keep asking."

And just then, along came a duck family, quacking.

"I think your friend is a skunk," said a duck.

"Skunks spray stinky stuff, so I wish you luck."

With that, the ducks waddled off and got in line

To buy rainbow swirl lollipops, three for \$9.

Peter watched the ducks walk off without a word

And thought about what he had just heard.

Peter tried to smell his furry feet and fuzzy toes

They weren't stinky ... but maybe the problem was his nose?

"What am I?" Peter thought out loud,

Just as a turtle emerged from the crowd.

"Hi there, Sir, do you know what I could be?"

The turtle simply said, "You look like a goat to me."

Peter sniffled and snuffled with his head held low.

"How can I be myself if there's so much I don't know?

Everyone knows what I am, but nobody can agree,

So I'm just not sure where that leaves me."

The day hadn't gone as they thought it would
But most things don't happen as we think they should.
Then Peter thought for a minute or more
And looked at Easton as he never had before.

"Everyone has opinions, and that's okay.
It's interesting to hear what others have to say."

"You can't tell much about someone right away;
Getting to know them takes more than a day.
What I am matters, but who I am matters more.
And finding out who I am is something only I can explore."

"I'm Peter Tinypants — that's one thing I know.
I'll learn more about myself each day as I grow.
What am I good at? What makes me smile?
I can't wait to find out, even if it takes a while."

"Maybe they'll make a Peter Tinypants ride," Easton said,
Gently patting his friend's fuzzy white head.
"Maybe," said Peter. "But I don't think it's about the ride,
I think what's important is who's sitting by your side."

Easton hugged Peter and Peter hugged back
And the friends got their fun day back on track.
They made a stop at the funnel cake stand
Then got in line for the Dino Drop, hand in hand.

Peter said, “I’m not just one thing, when I think about it.

I’m like a puzzle, with lots of pieces that manage to fit.

I’m kindhearted, I like to swim, and I can fly a kite.

All these little pieces of me come together just right!”

Easton nodded his head up and down.

He was happy to see Peter smile, not frown.

“You’re like a puzzle, made of many special parts —

But the most important piece of that puzzle is your heart.”

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