

Toby Too Small

by MaryAnn Diorio

Toby Michaels was small.
Smaller than all his friends.
Smaller than all his classmates.
Smaller than everyone else he knew.
He was even smaller than his Yorkshire terrier Duke
who towered over him like a slobbering giant.

Toby was so small that when he was born,
all of him could fit in his Mama's hand.
"He will be small all of his life," Dr. Lopez said.
"Too small to do big people things."
"What should we name him?" Mama asked Papa.
Papa thought for a moment.
"Let's name him Toby Too Small."
And so Toby was called Toby Too Small.

One day, when Toby Too Small was five years old,
he wanted a bicycle.
The miniature toy one at Miller's Toy Store.
Toby counted his savings from his birthday money.
"Six dollars. I need nine more."

That night, Toby lay on his tiny bed.
He thought and thought and thought.
Toby patted Duke. "I can mow lawns."
Duke barked three times.

But when Toby offered to mow his neighbors' lawns,
they said, "You're too small to mow lawns."

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