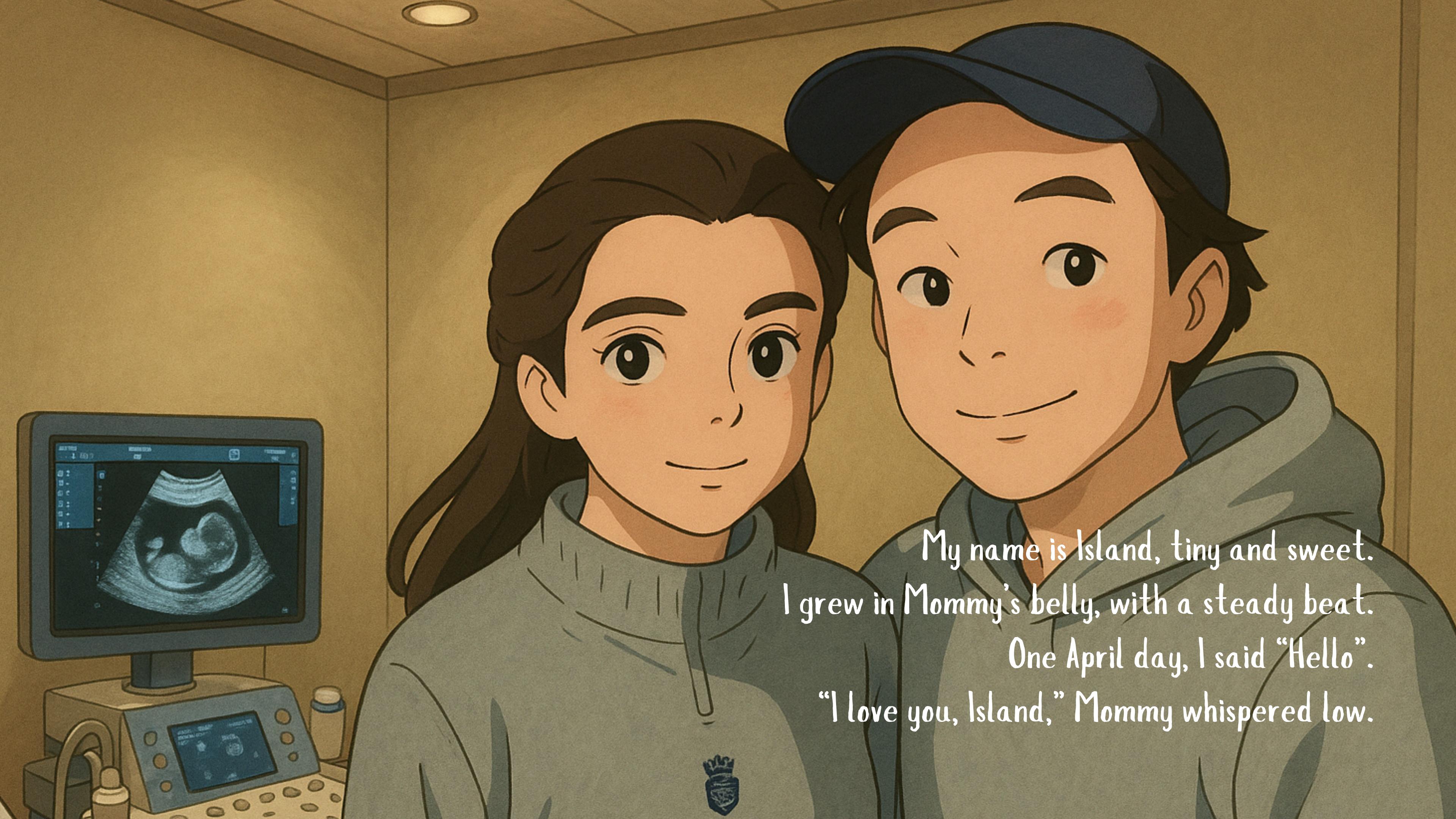




# MOMMY'S ISLAND

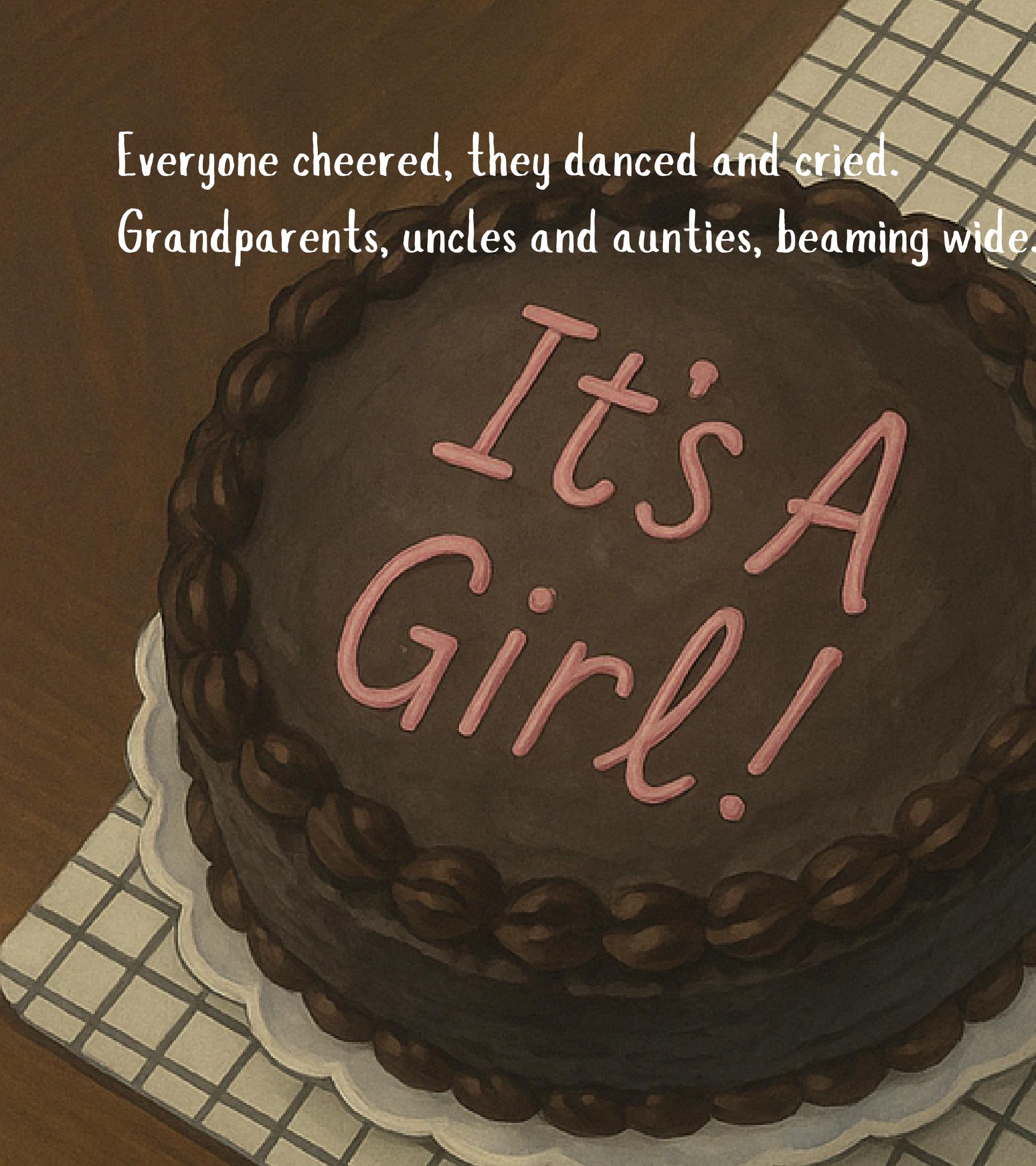


A STORY BY AARON T.



My name is Island, tiny and sweet.  
I grew in Mommy's belly, with a steady beat.  
One April day, I said "Hello".  
"I love you, Island," Mommy whispered low.

Everyone cheered, they danced and cried.  
Grandparents, uncles and aunties, beaming wide.



It's A  
Girl!

They hugged Mommy and touched her head.  
“I love you, Island,” Mommy said.



A woman with brown hair, wearing a teal short-sleeved shirt, is sleeping peacefully in a hospital bed. She is holding a small child wrapped in a blue blanket. The hospital room has wooden paneling, a green door, and medical equipment like monitors and microphones. A yellow curtain is pulled back behind her.

Mommy felt sick. She stayed in bed.  
But she kept me safe, and kept me fed.  
Through every throw up, and every fight.  
“I love you, Island,” Mommy whispered at night.

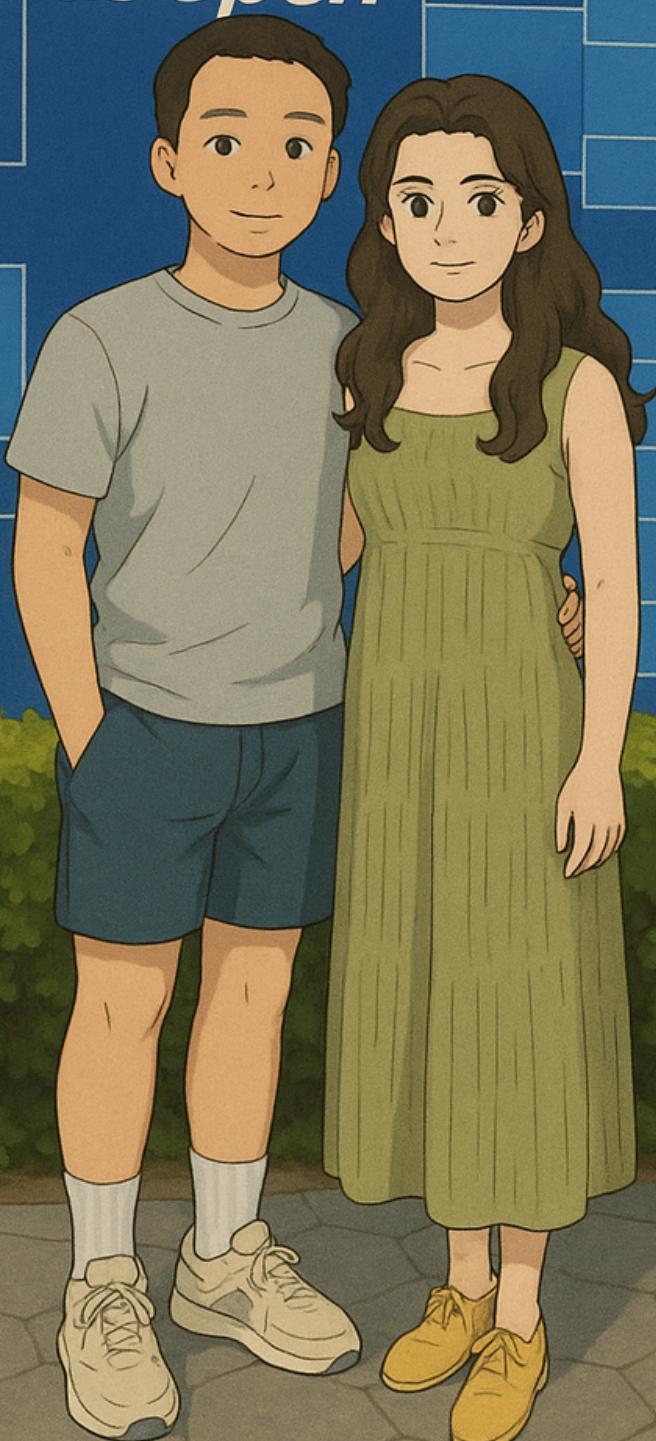
## MEN'S SINGLES

DRAPER

DRAPER

DRAPER

DRAPER

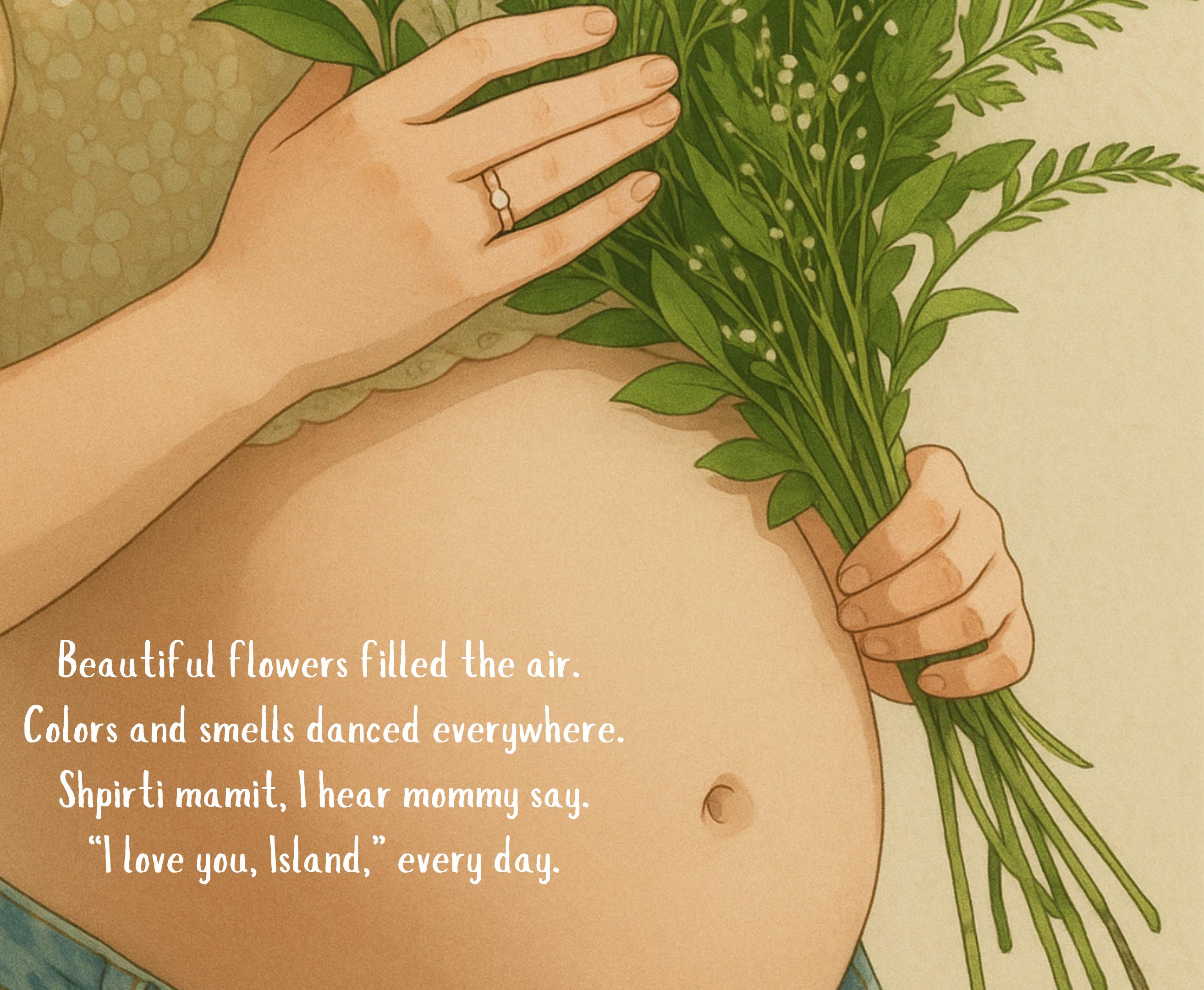


When Mommy felt strong, we went to play.  
Off to New York, hooray, hooray.  
Tennis balls bounced, crowds cheered loud.  
“I love you, Island,” Mommy said proud.

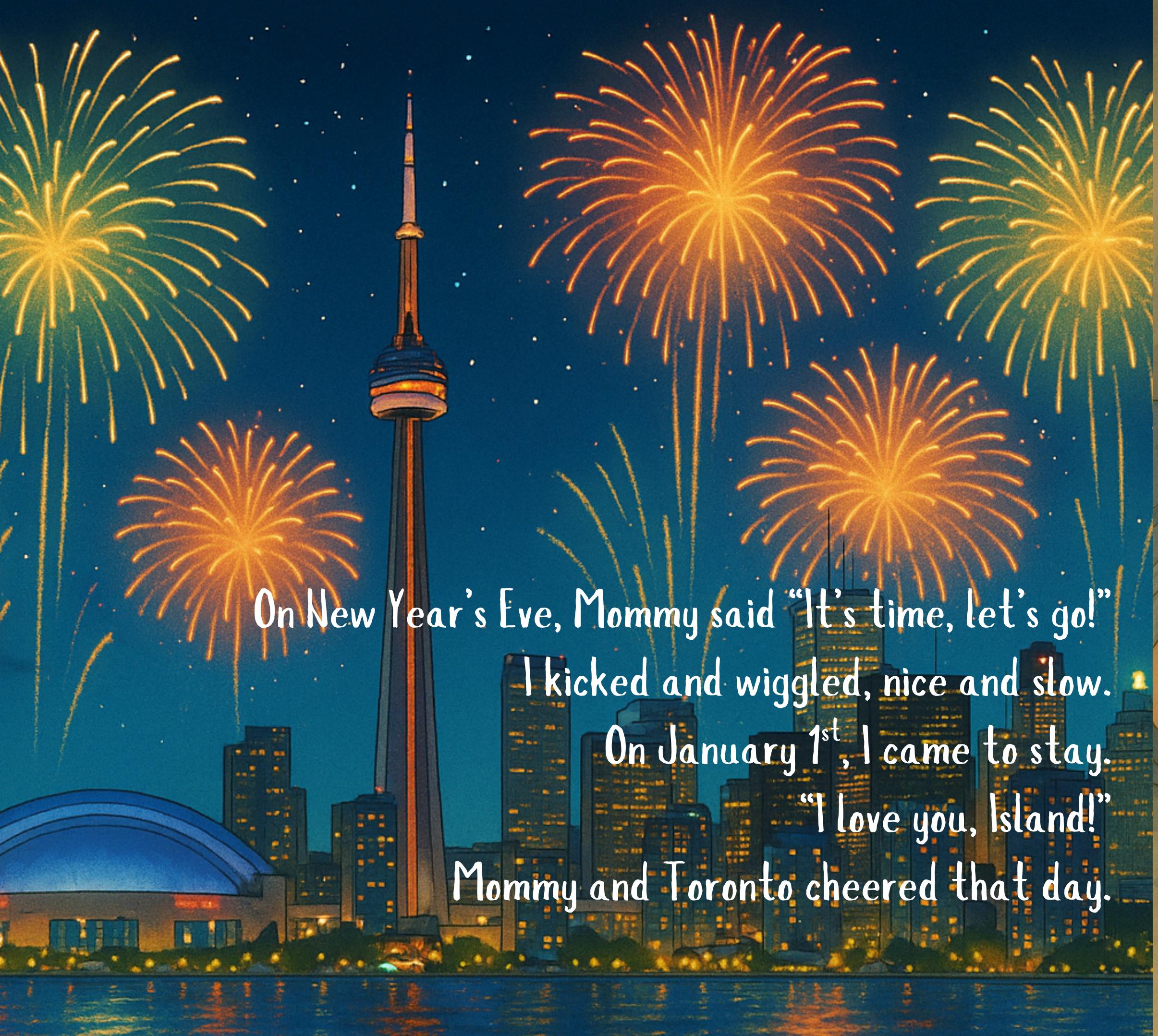


After New York, we flew away.  
To Cali sunshine and a brand new day.  
Daddy had interviews, big dreams to create.  
“I love you, Island,” Mommy couldn’t wait.

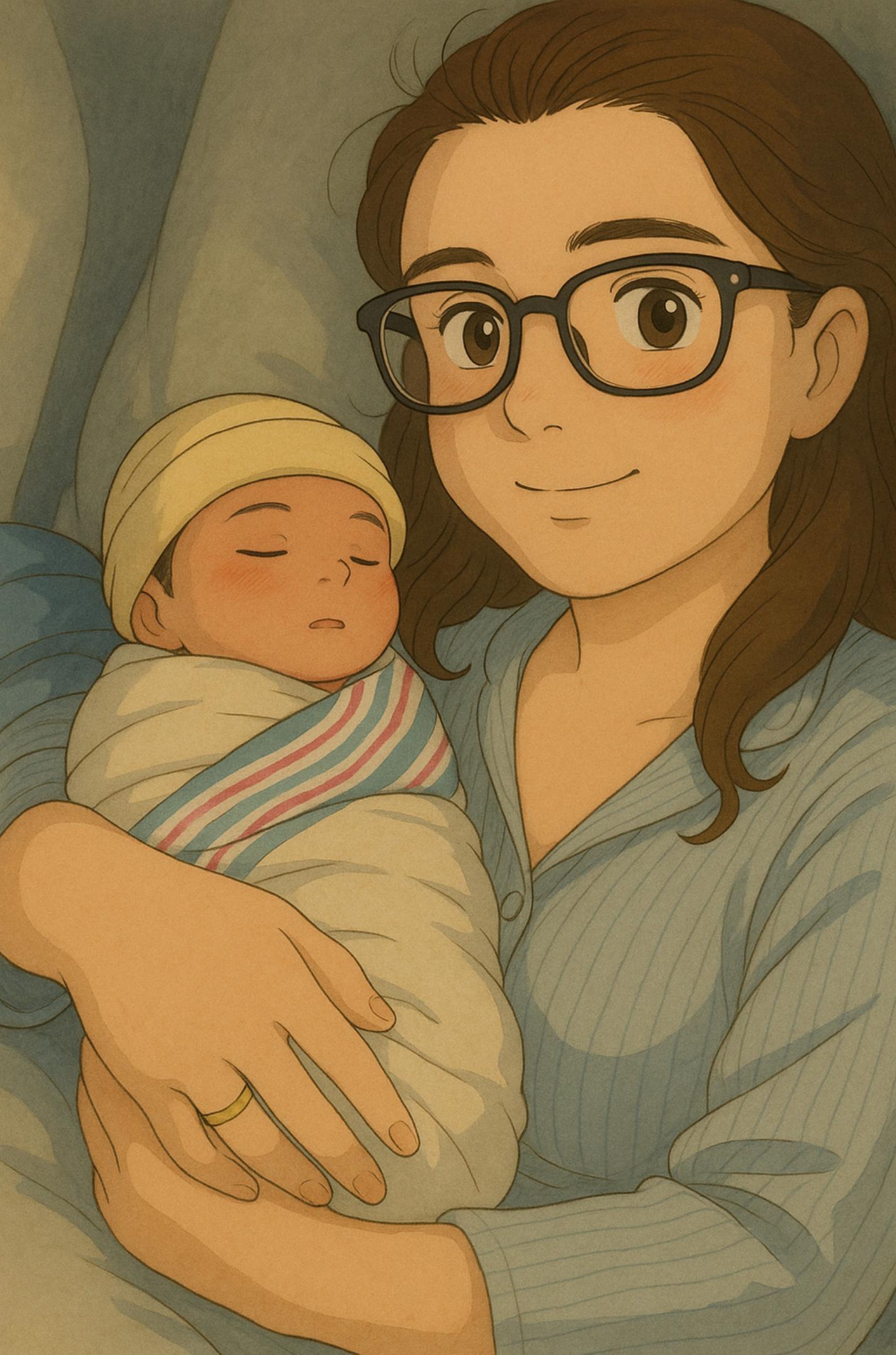
SF



Beautiful flowers filled the air.  
Colors and smells danced everywhere.  
Shpirti mamit, I hear mommy say.  
“I love you, Island,” every day.

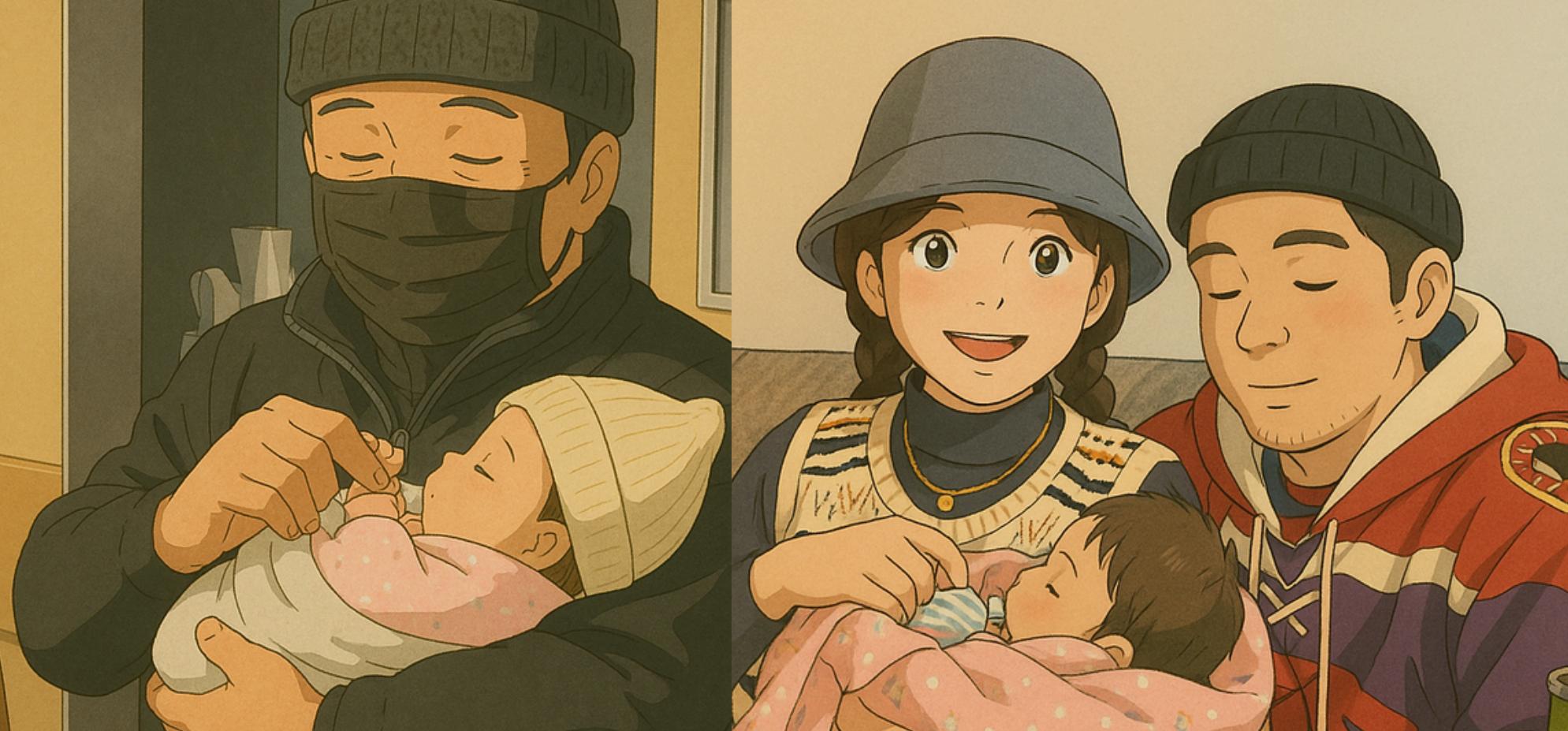


On New Year's Eve, Mommy said "It's time, let's go!"  
I kicked and wiggled, nice and slow.  
On January 1<sup>st</sup>, I came to stay.  
"I love you, Island!"  
Mommy and Toronto cheered that day.





Grandma and Grandpa smiled and clapped.  
Uncles and Aunties hugged while I napped.



“You’re here! You’re here!” the family said.  
“I love you, Island,” Mommy kissed my head.

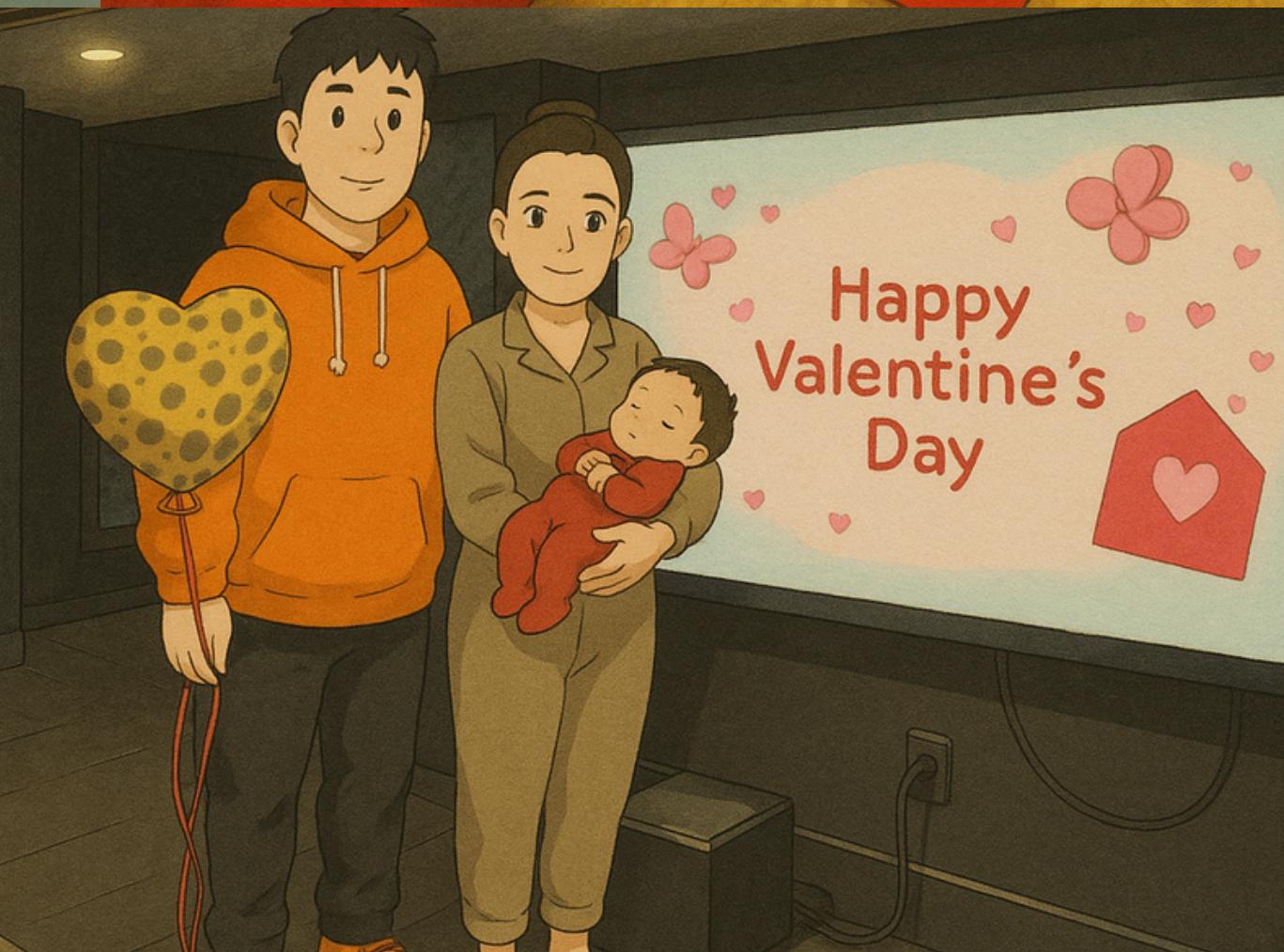


At home we stayed, just warm and tight.  
Grandma, Daddy, and Mommy's light.  
Fuddle Wuddle kept me near.  
“I love you, Island,” Mommy whispered clear.

Dates run in almost numbers in the same  
order indicate the basic nature of continuing,  
order and change and the ability to do  
continuation also is maintained, continuing  
order relations.

It has shown over decades is no function  
territorially surrounded by other  
countries that Japan does not have  
other external relationships  
in her own country are the following  
functions of Japanese territorial areas:  
the administrative functions of the local  
government under the central government  
so that there are many areas for  
territorial administration





Daddy's birthday, candles bright.

Mommy's birthday, hugs so tight.

Lunar New Year, red and gold.

Valentine's Day, love so bold.

"I love you, Island," Mommy would say.

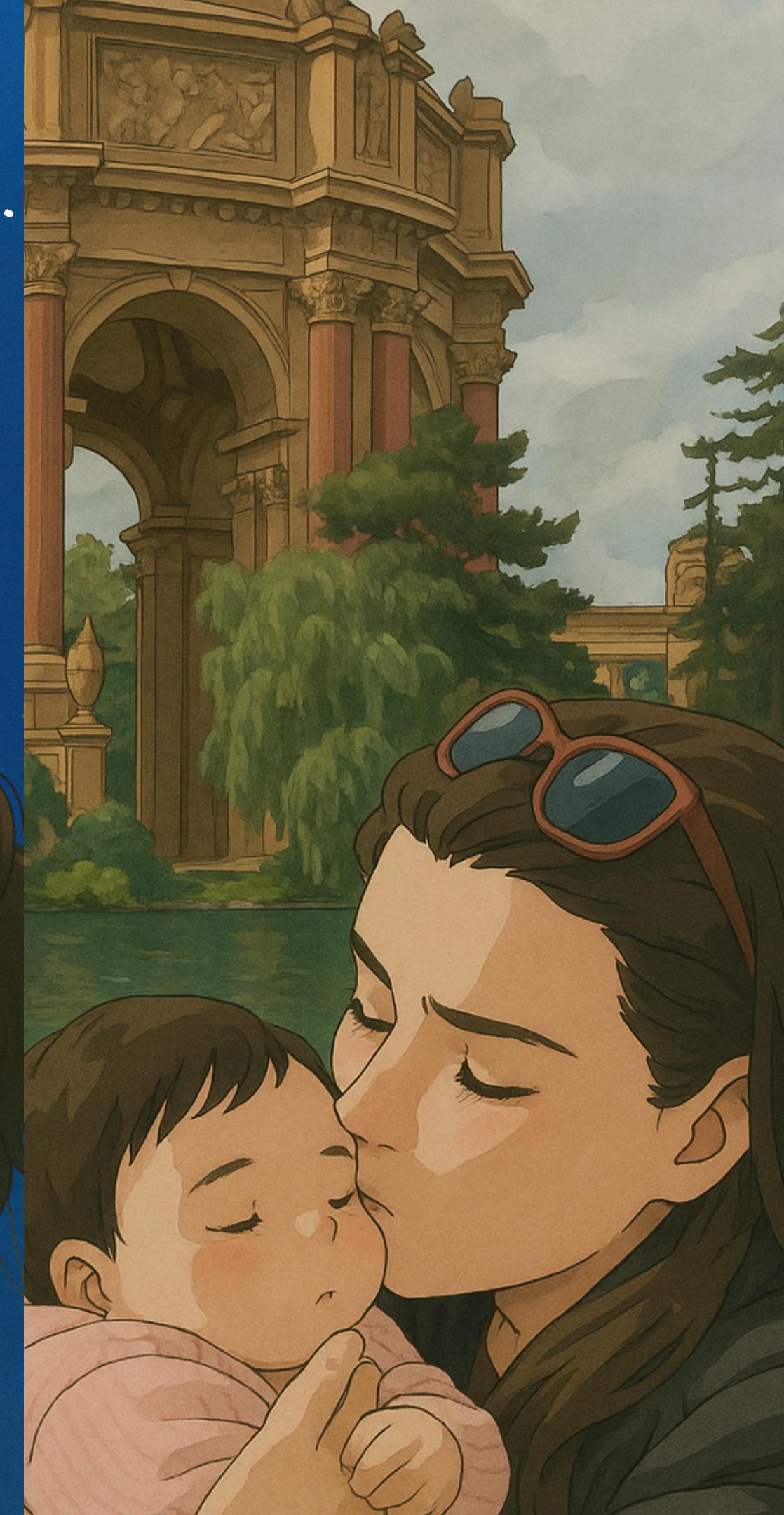
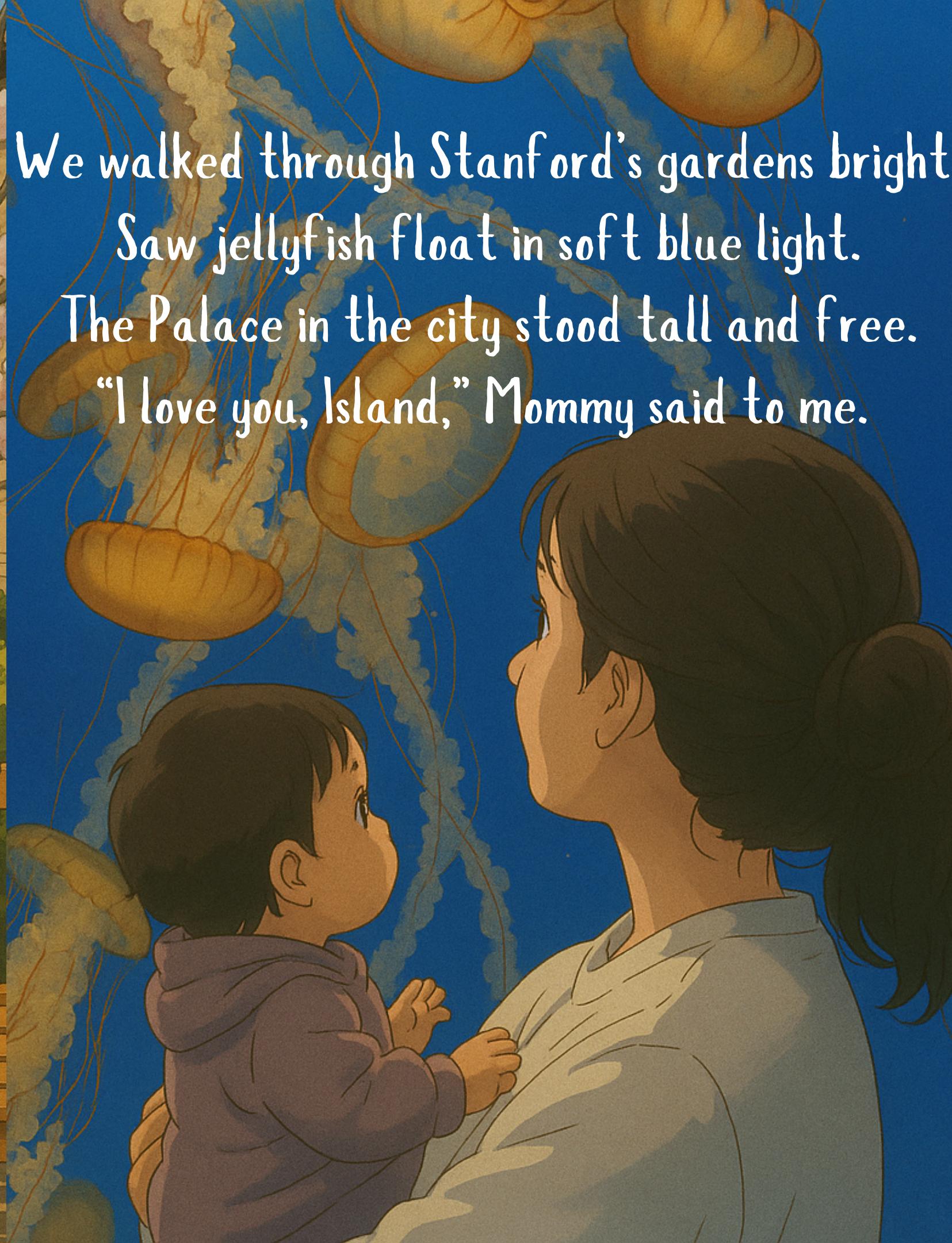
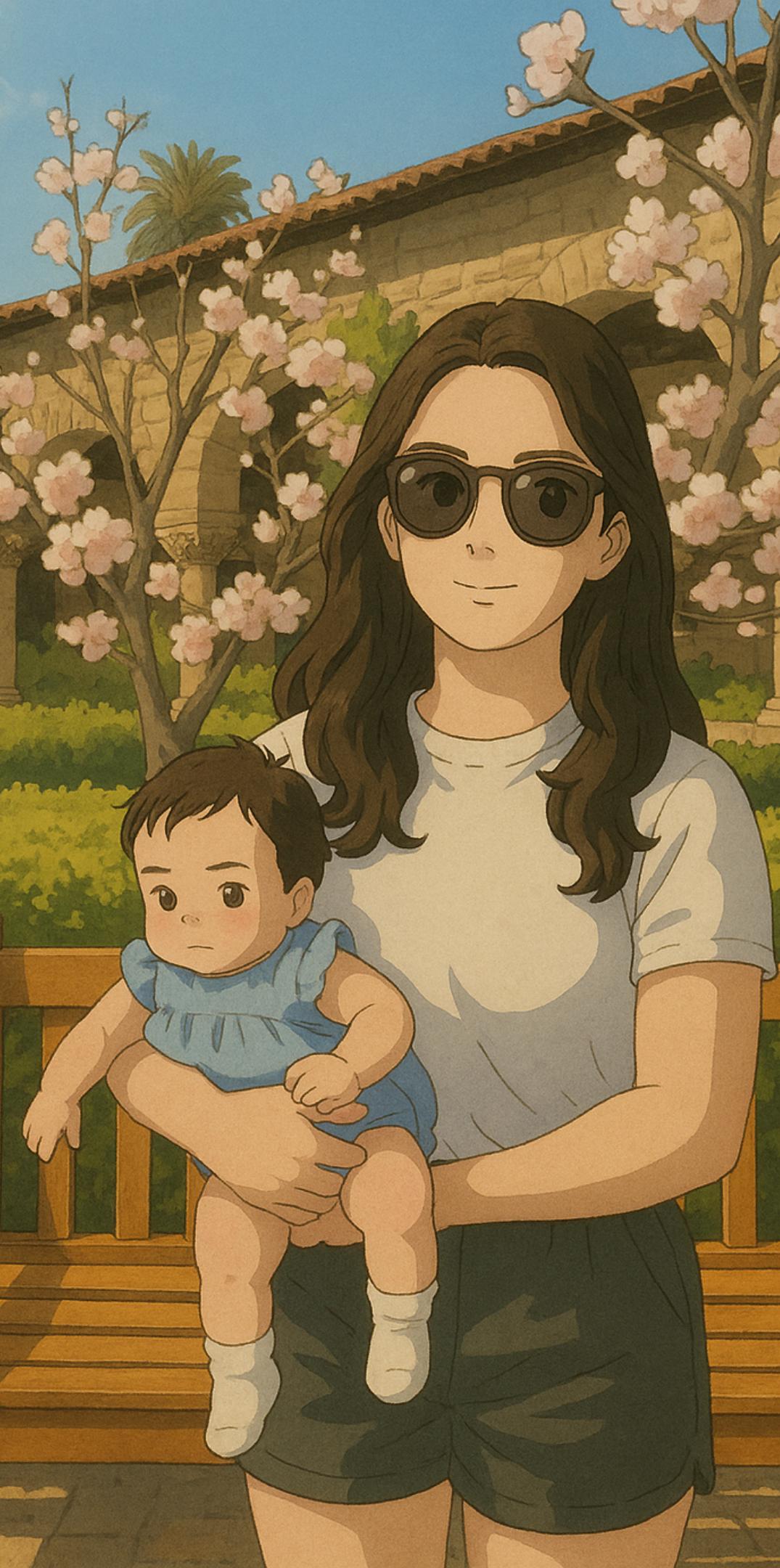
In every laugh, in every day.



Then Mommy, Daddy and I flew away.  
To Silicon Valley, the USA!  
It was my first flight, so happy and free.  
Outside of Mommy's tummy, just little me.



"I love you, Island,"  
Mommy said excitedly.

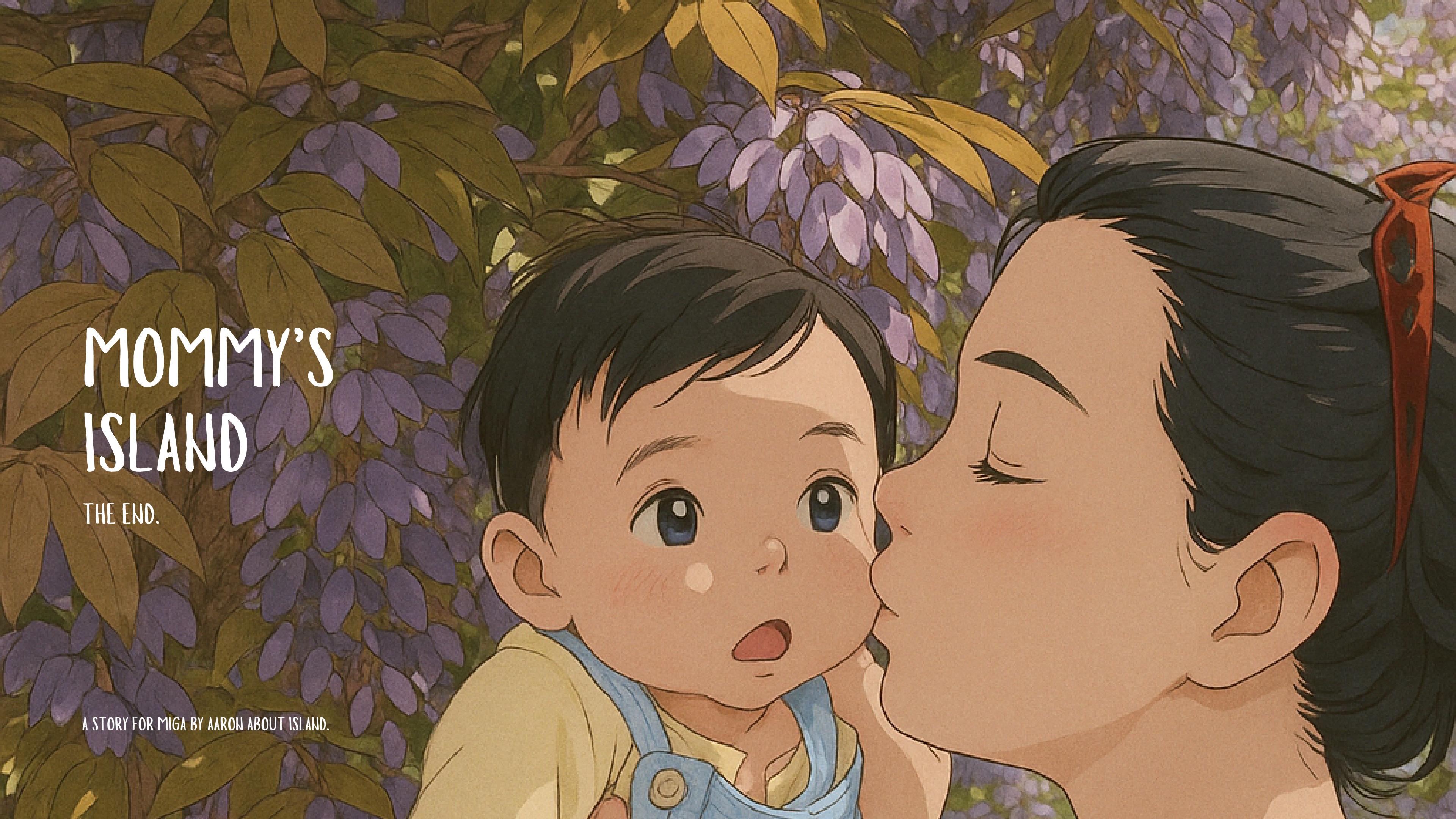




Now here we are, just me and you.  
Mommy, thank you for all you do.



I snuggle close, you light my way.  
I love you, Mommy. Happy first Mother's Day!



# MOMMY'S ISLAND

THE END.

A STORY FOR MIGA BY AARON ABOUT ISLAND.