

# THE GREAT ONE

He huddled up next to the great one on one side while the small *other one* that was not like him huddled up next to the other side. The great one held the object in one hand while moving the other hand across the object's surface. As he did so, the great one uttered those strange sounds that he found so compelling.

He tried to avoid the darkness that always engulfed him, but like always, finally lost the battle.

Coming out of the darkness in the comfortable place, he wondered at the images he saw while there. The images mainly concerned the great ones, but also sometimes included the strangely shaped *other one* with the outer covering so different from his own.

He spent his time between the periods of darkness exploring the world around him and welcoming the attentions of the other great one and the *other one*.

But that great one was always around as was the *other one* that was shaped so differently. He did many interesting things with both between the times when the darkness engulfed him.

Since it was always the last thing he remembered before the longest dark periods, the time he anticipated most was when he was huddled up to the great one who always made the comforting sounds that seemed to reverberate through his body while holding the interesting object.

With him on one side and the *other one* on the other, the great one would cause the object to change shape then move a hand over its surface. At the same time the great one would make the sounds that were so compelling, and sometimes exciting in a way that made him feel good enough to try making his own noises.

Sometimes, the *other one* would leave before the darkness came and he would huddle closer to the great one. He would try to hold back the darkness, to make the good feeling last longer when just the two of them were together, but the darkness always came eventually.

The number of times between the darkness stretched on, one after the other for a considerable time and he began to realize that the interesting object was actually many objects that looked the same. He studied the objects more closely and eventually began to recognize the shapes and colors on the surface of specific objects as associated with certain sounds the great one made.

He watched where the great one put the objects that were so important to his day, but it was in a place he couldn't reach. Finally, one day he grew large enough to be able do what he had planned to reach the objects where they were stored.

After many failed attempts, one day he finally managed to get the object that gave him so much pleasure. Pushing and pulling another object from where it sat till it was close enough he could climb up on it.

Stretching as high as he could, he reached up to the row of objects that he recognized and pulled on the object that looked most familiar.

It came loose but was too heavy and fell, rolling off the object he teetered on, changing shape as it fell.

Knowing some of the noises he made always brought one of the great ones, he hurried to get down and pick up his prize before they came. With the object safely in his hands, he quickly made his way to the spot where the great one usually took him for their routine.

He managed to get his prize up on the object and climb up after it.

He was thrilled when he was able to get the object to change shape. He was waving his hand over the surface of the object and trying to duplicate the sounds the great one made when both great ones came into view.

\* \* \*

“Oh look honey,” Amie said, “he’s trying to read.”

Craig, smiled lovingly at their son. “He’s growing so fast. I hope he grows up to love reading as much as we do.”

“He will if we make reading as important to him as we can when he’s young.” Amie answered.

Their son held the book up and yammered in his baby talk, obviously wanting Craig to read to him before he went to bed.

Running in from another room, the puppy saw the child and jumped up on the couch, leaving just enough space for Craig to sit between them.