To Tatsuo Parker Bridwell

The author thanks Manny Campana for his contribution to this book.

When I was little, my family lived in the city.
My dog, Clifford, was born in the apartment next door.
He was the smallest puppy in the litter.
Because he was so small, his mother took special care of him.

That's me. Emily Elizabeth. One day our neighbor called us. He wanted to give me a puppy. He told me to choose one.
You know which one I took.

When Mother's Day came, Clifford and I wanted to get something special for my mom.
Daddy took us to the candy store to get her some chocolates.

While I was choosing chocolates, Clifford saw a ribbon on a box of candy.
Clifford loves to play with ribbons.

Oh dear! We decided to buy the candy Clifford chose.
Daddy paid the candy store owner and we went on to the flower shop.

I picked out a nice bunch of flowers for my mom.
Flowers make Clifford sneeze.

He had a big sneeze for such a tiny dog. We decided to buy the flowers he had sneezed on.
Now we had enough presents.
But I still needed a card.

Daddy said I should make the card myself.
We could buy paper and decorations in the store.
I picked out some paper.

Clifford chose the decorations.
I went to work as soon as we got home.

Clifford watched me closely.
He came a little too close.

He couldn’t see where he was going. What a mess!
I unglued Clifford, but my card was ruined.
Now I had to start over again.

I got another idea.
I signed the card with my handprint.

I forgot to close the top of the stamp pad.
That was a mistake.

What would Mommy say when she saw Clifford’s paw prints all over my sweater?
The next day we gave Mom her presents.
She loved them all.
She told me not to worry about the sweater.
She knew just what to do.

We took it next door to Clifford's mother.
My sweater fit inside her basket.
Now she had a Mother's Day gift, too.
Even though Clifford is all grown up, he's still his mother's little puppy.