

About the Author

Aaron Zevy is a writer and publisher from Toronto, Canada.

His children's books, *No Nuts For Me*, *Once-Upon a Breath*, *A Light in the Darkness* and *Bad for Them Good for Me* have been read by hundreds of thousands of kids, parents and teachers in over 100 countries around the world.

My Afternoon Guest is his fifth book for kids, parents, teachers and libraries.

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MY AFTERNOON GUEST



Written By
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Illustrated By
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Dedication

I wrote my first book nearly 30 years ago and dedicated it to my niece Samantha. This is for her son Joey.

But my other nephews and nieces have also had children along the way and lest they think I am playing favorites, I would also like to dedicate it to them.

I hope to write a book for each of you. In the meantime, Penina, Avi, Yaakov, Aaron, Aryeh, Yael, Chaim, Ella and Ido, this book is also for you.



Hello. Good afternoon.
Wait what?
An afternoon guest?
Mommy arranged a playdate
without checking with me?



Well I have to admit. He's a good looking dude. Tough not to like that impish grin. But I hope he's not planning to stay long. I have a nap scheduled at 3:00.



I guess I better introduce myself.
Name is Joseph Jackson. My peeps
call me JJ. I will also answer to
Joey and Joe. My great grandfather
calls me boyo. But you can't call me
that. Maybe just start with Joseph
and we'll see how it goes.



Ok. Now what? Maybe a wave? A
handshake? Oh, I see. A high five.
Ok. I'm down for that.



Can I interest you in a truck? Just
to borrow you understand. This ain't
no gift bag. You can't take it home
with you. My aunt Rena gave me
this truck.



Alright. Shall we try a little raise
the roof? Nicely done. You are
copying me perfectly. Not going to
lie. You have some good moves. I'm
a little impressed.



Here. Take it. Go on. Take it. No truck? No worries. I've got other toys. How do you feel about crayons? This one is green. Ooh. Don't put it in your mouth. That's gross.



Let me take a closer look at you.
Don't worry. I won't bite. I don't
have teeth yet. Just a little head
bump.



Ouch. That hurts. Anyone tell you
that you have a pretty hard head
for such a little person?



Ok. No more head bumps. Maybe just a little hand waving. This is a game I call monkey see monkey do. Try to follow along. I'll try not to go too fast.



Not bad. Not bad at all. Not as good as me of course. But I can see you have potential kid. You've got moxie. And you might be the cutest playdate I have had all year.

No joke.



Ok. One more high five and I got to
call it a day. That nap is not going
to take itself.



Double high five! Nice! I love it. Ok.
One more. Solid.



Gotta go. Nice hanging with you.
Maybe we can get together again.
Come for lunch and we can have
some mashed-up vegetables. But if
you don't mind, let me give you a
little advice. Next time, don't wear
the same outfit as me. That's not
cool dude.

The End