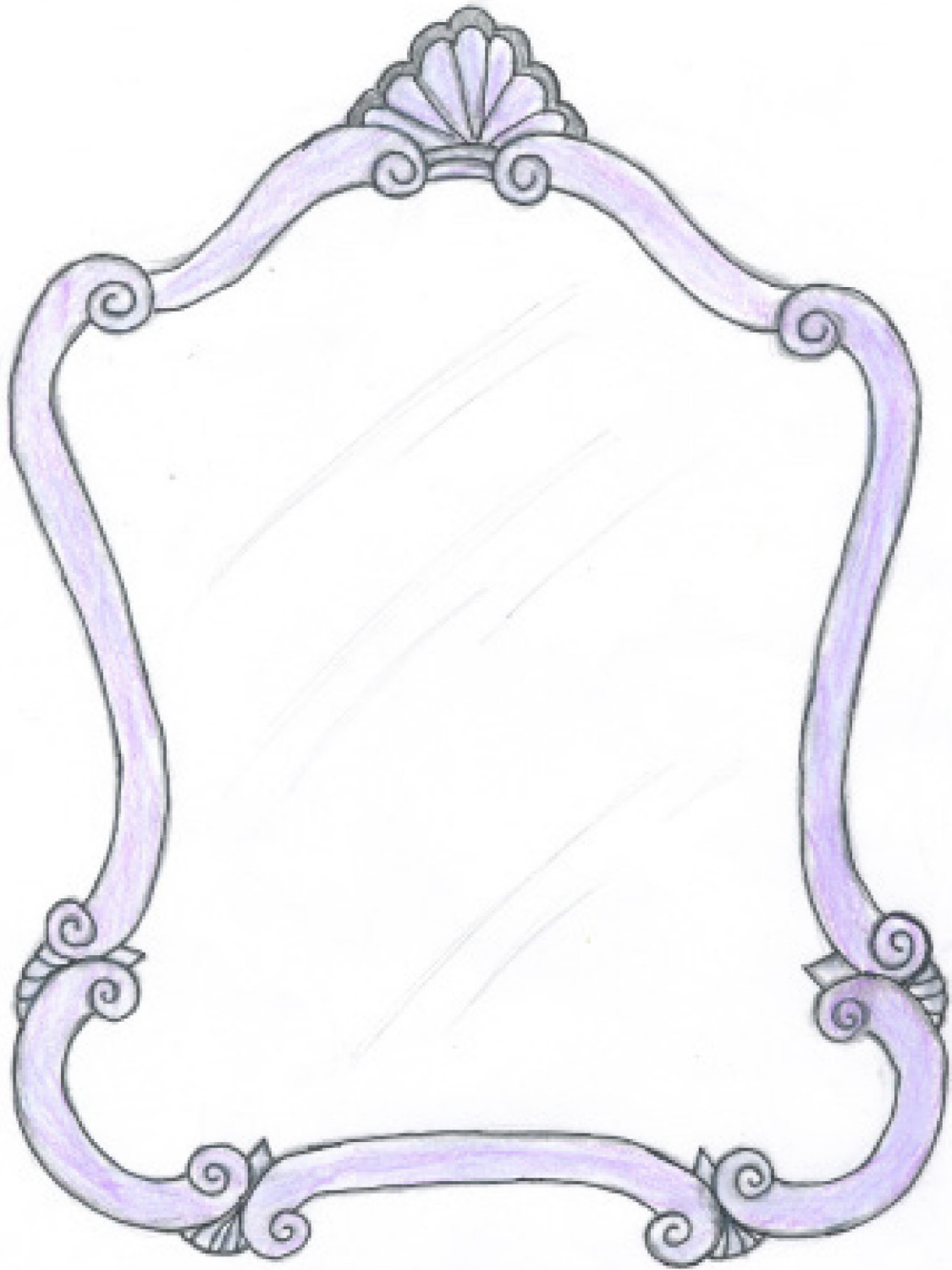


MIRROR
WIBBOB

**A STORY ABOUT LEARNING
TO LOVE YOURSELF**

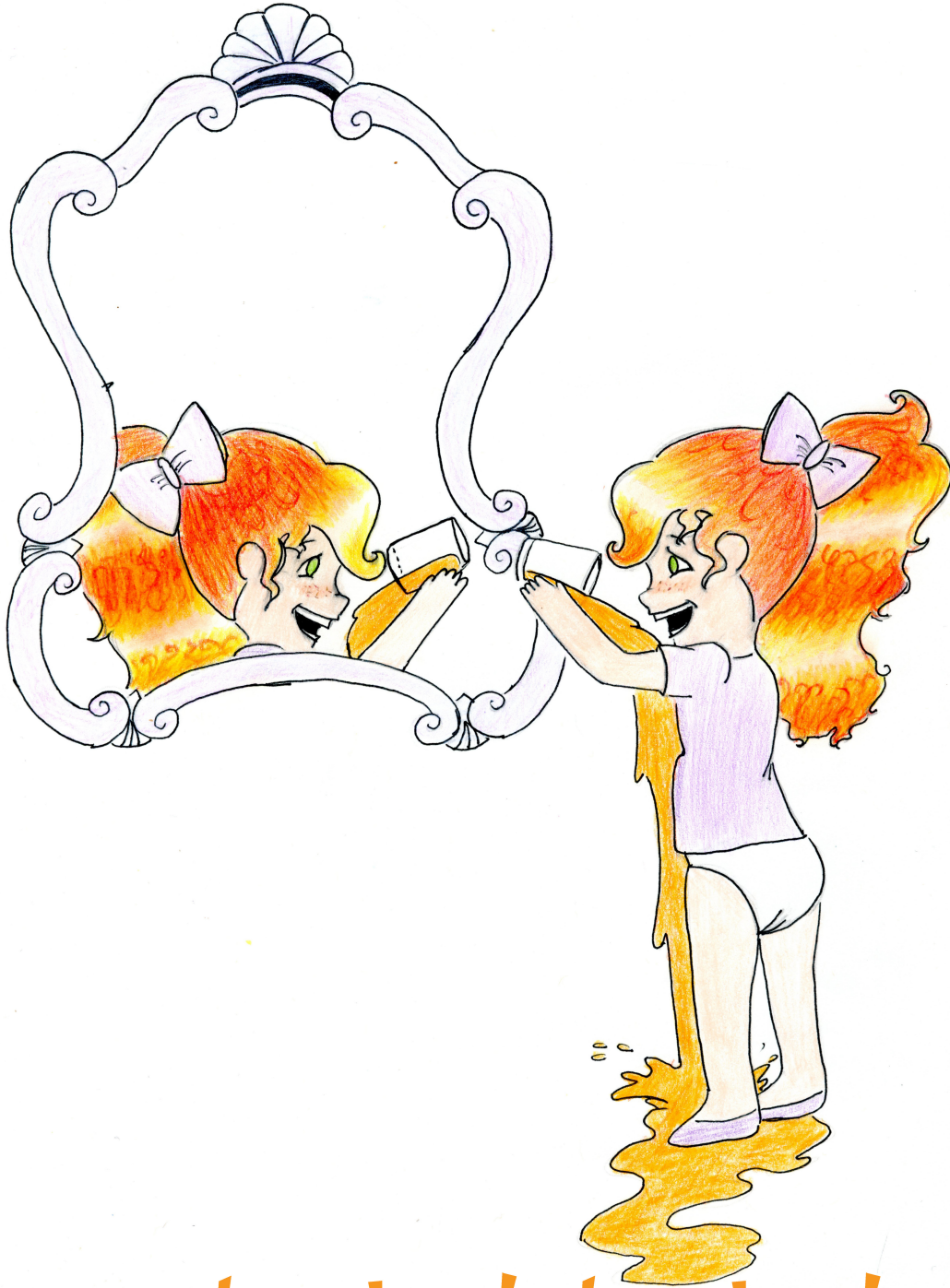
Written and Illustrated By

HANNAH **M**OSHER



When I was little, I **LOVED** my reflection.





Every time I **laughed**, it **laughed** with me.



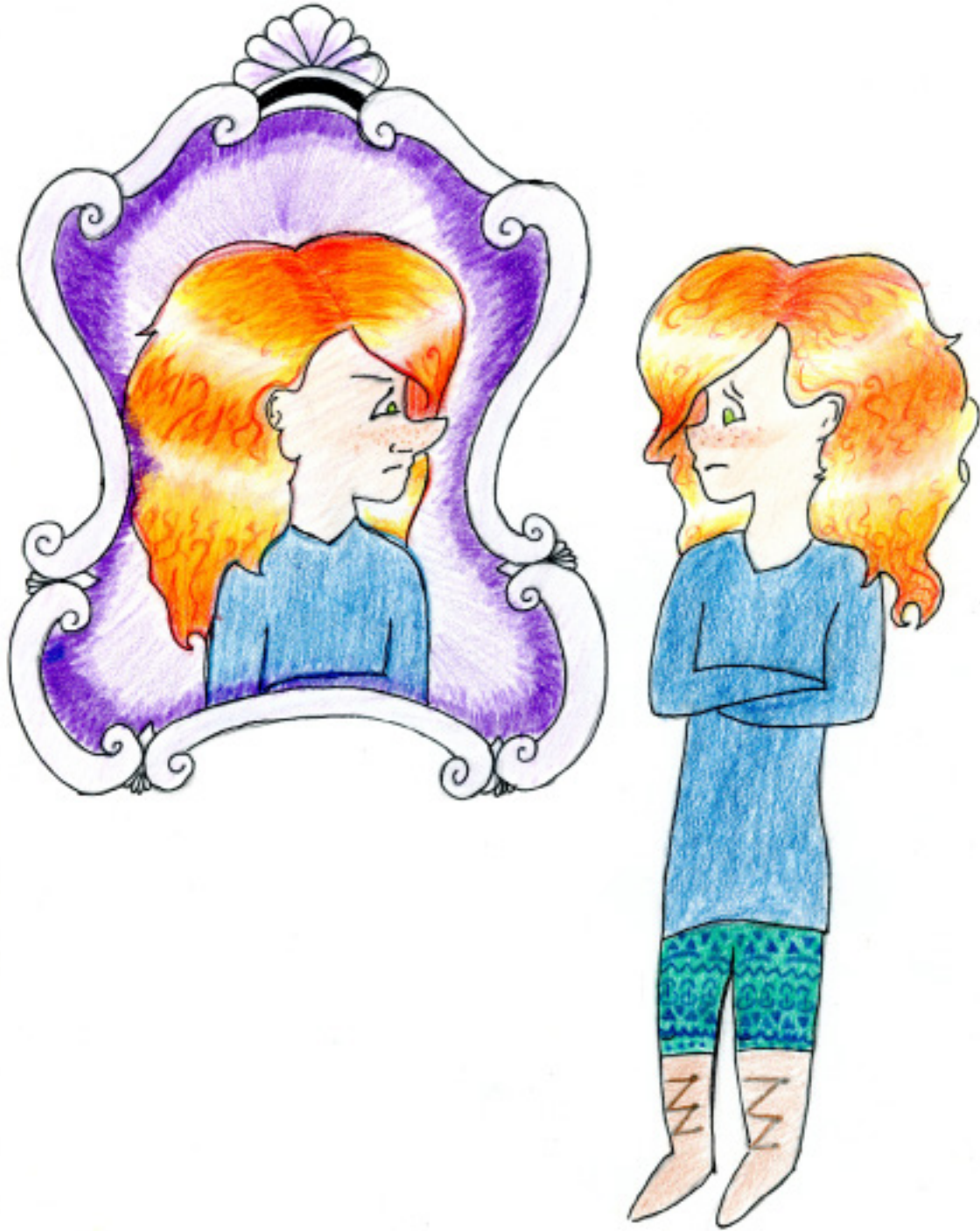
Every time I *waved*, it *waved* back.



But as I started to **grow** up, my reflection seemed **MEANER** than before, and I didn't like it anymore.



It started to tell me I was too **FAT**...



Or that my nose was too **long**...



Or that my hair was too **MESSY** . . .



I began to worry about what people would think of me,
and I was too **SCARED** to go to school.



When Mommy asked me what was wrong,
I tried to convince her I was **Sick**,
but parents are really good at telling when kids are lying.



“Did you forget to do your homework?”

Mommy asked.

I shook my head.

“Is your teacher mean?”

I shook my head extra hard

because Mrs. Thayne

was the nicest teacher I’ve ever had.

“Is someone bullying you?” she said.

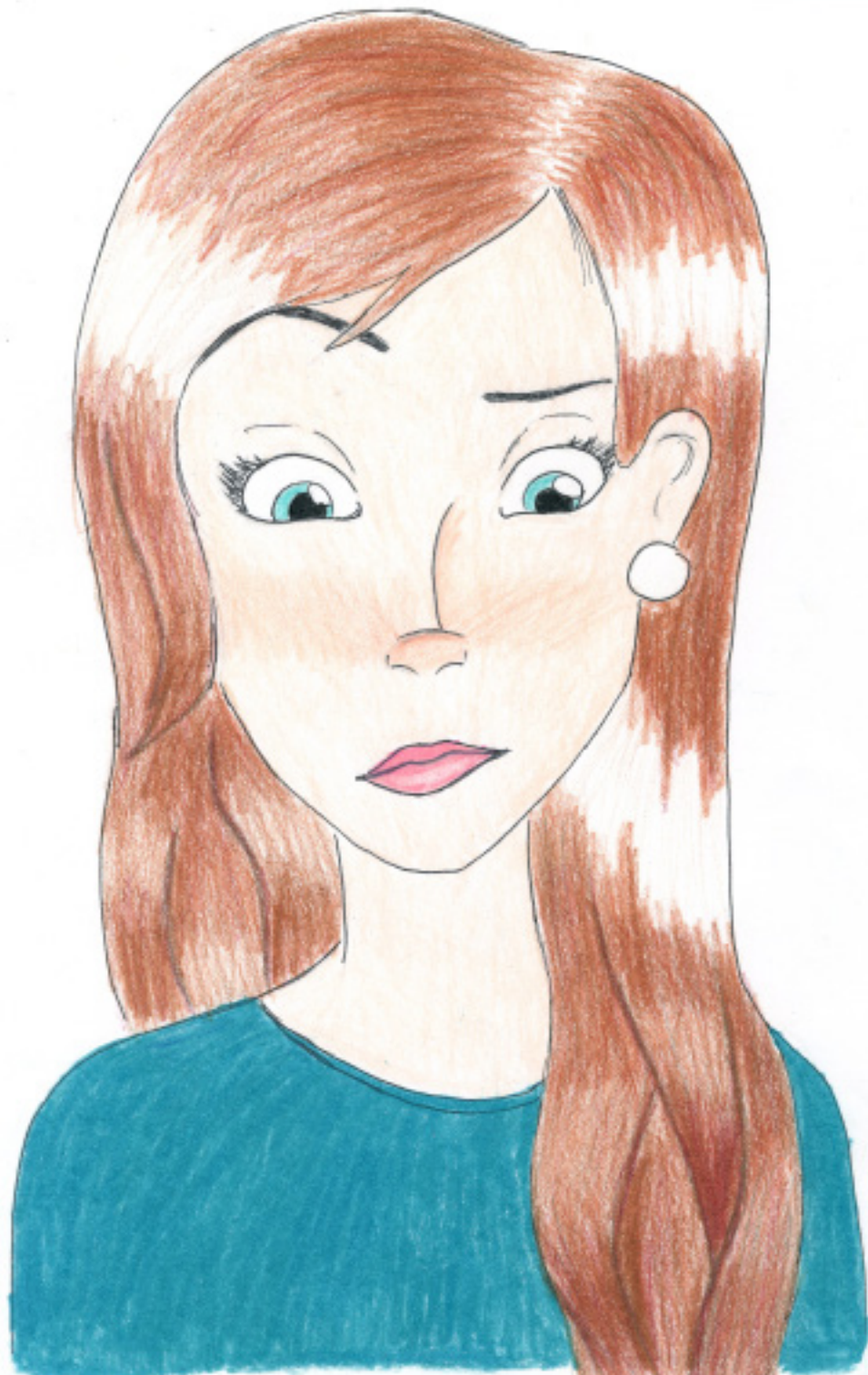
I hesitated.

“Is it even possible to be your own bully?”

I thought.

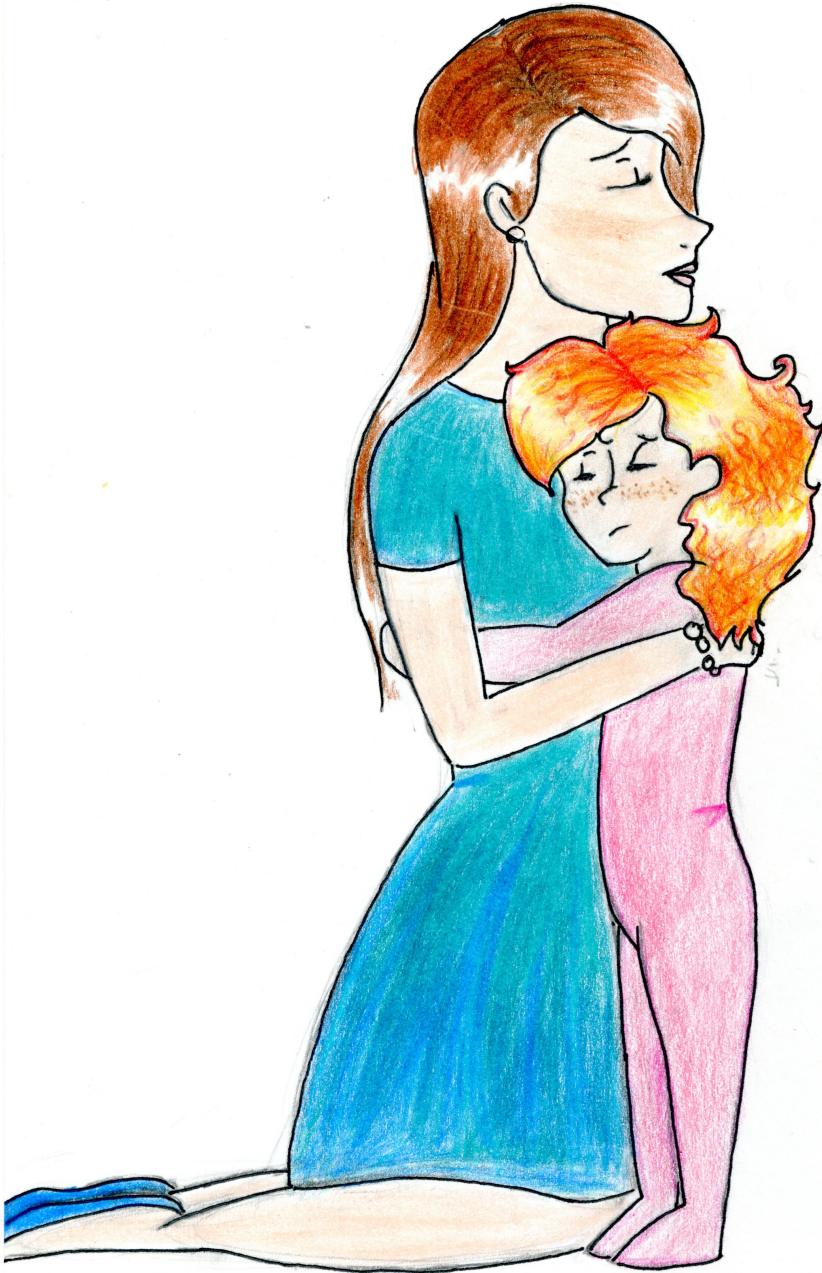
Still, I shook my head.

“I’m sick,” I lied...again.



She just gave me that **MOMMY LOOK** that she knew that it wasn't the truth, and I better spit it out.



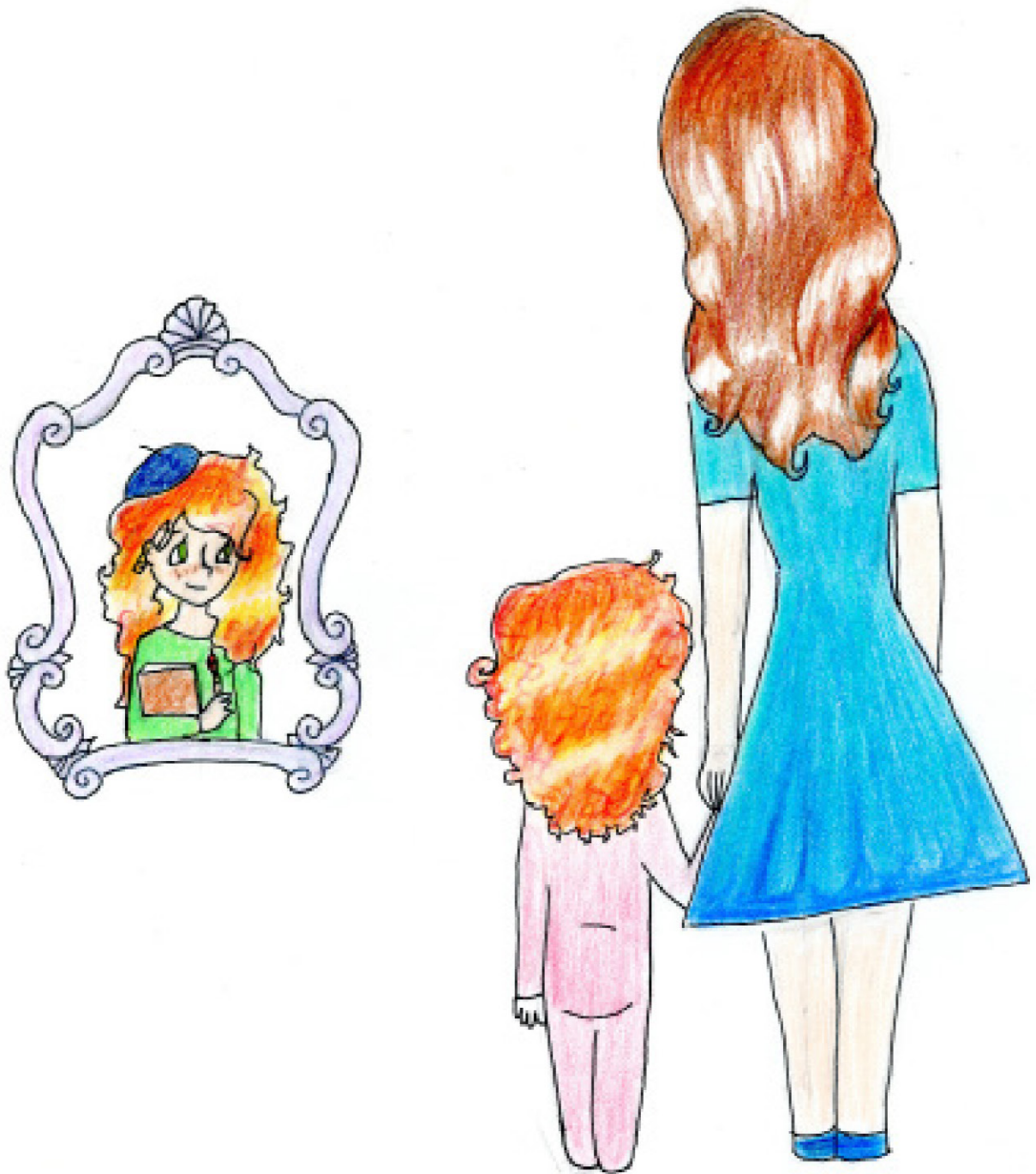


I sighed heavily before telling her the truth: **I was Ugly.**
Her shoulders fell and her eyes seemed misty before she
took me in her arms and hugged me for a long time.
Then she brought me over to the mirror.

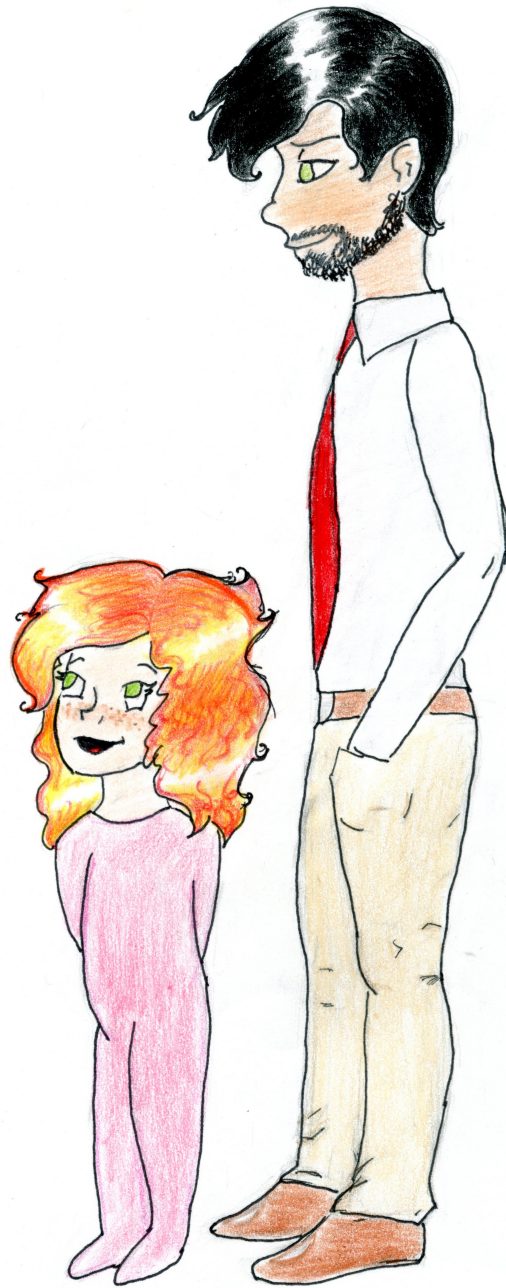
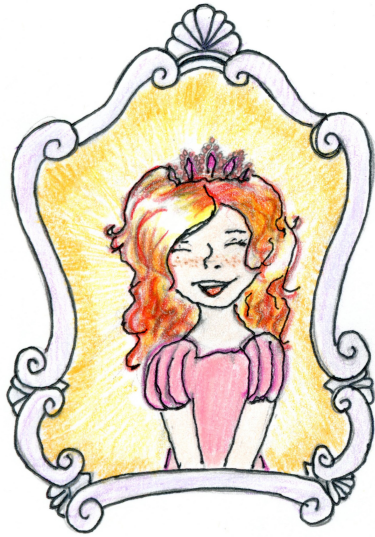


“What do you see?” she asked.

I looked up, seeing what I had been dreading, but I told her anyway. I saw a **FAT** girl, with a **long** nose and **MESSY** hair.

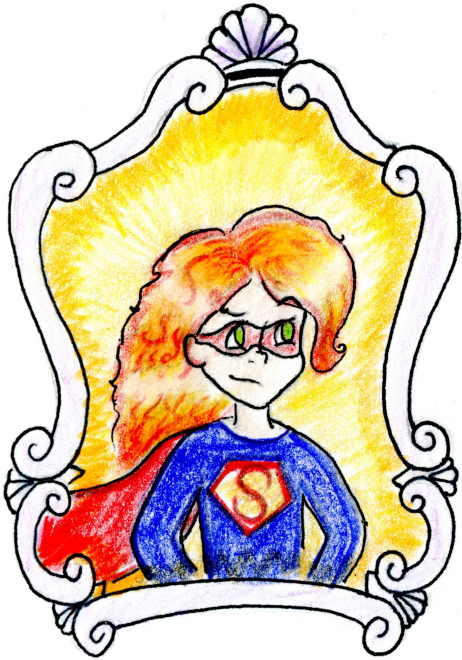


Mommy said, “I see a creative and wonderful **ARTIST**, who will change the world someday.” Then she called in Daddy and asked what he saw in me.



Daddy said, “I see my beautiful little **Princess**, who could stop a war with a smile.” I grinned.

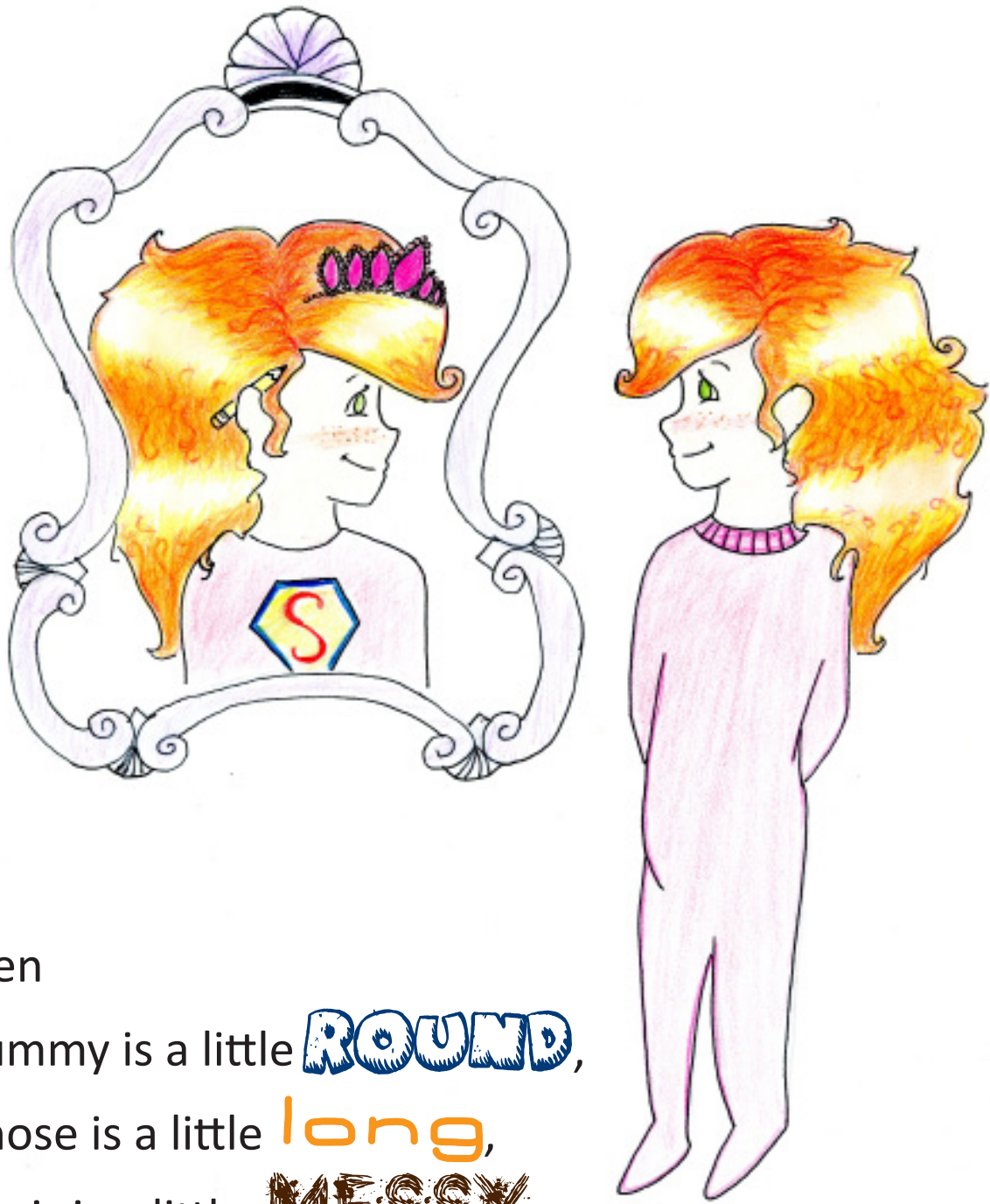
“That’s the smile,” he replied with a wink. Then my little brother came in and they asked what he saw in me.



He said, "I see my strong, brave, **HERO** who is my favoritest sister ever." Even though I was his only sister. I hugged him.



Then, when I looked in the mirror, I was slowly able to see it too! Because although I may not look perfect to everyone, the people who really **LOVE** me look past my flaws and see me for my own kind of perfect.



And even

if my tummy is a little **ROUND**,

or my nose is a little **long**,

or my hair is a little **MESSY**,

I am still an **ARTIST**, a **Princess**, and a **HERO**.

These are the things that make me, me,

and I wouldn't have it any other way.