

This is my hubby with our daughter, Zoe Simone, who particularly enjoys reading on the can.

“MamaDaddy, I’m done,” she’ll call from the bathroom in her bell-like voice—but when we arrive to lift her off the padded potty seat attached to our toilet, we’ll find her still engrossed in *The Practical Princess* or *Things that Go*. Waving her hand like a disgruntled grandpa, she’ll dismiss us. “Actually, five more minutes.”

I don’t explicitly include loved ones in my work. At the same time, nearly everyone I’ve ever met is in my stories and poems. So thank you, hubby, and you, Zoe, for that and so much more. And thank you. And you. And you...

(Notes to self: 1. Purchase step-stool for bathroom. 2. In thirteen years, threaten to show this issue of *Glimmer Train* to Z’s boyfriend/girlfriend. Better than a bathtub photo.)

—Soma Mei Sheng Frazier

