

Why Can't It Be My Birthday Everyday?

Chapter One: It's Almost Bobby's Birthday

"Mommy, how many days until my birthday?" Bobby asked.

"Let's see...31 days now."

"And I'll be six?"

"Yes."

"I can't wait!! I wish it were my birthday right now!!" said Bobby

"It's hard to wait, isn't it?" said Mommy. "But if you spend every day thinking about your birthday, you'll miss all the fun we'll have until then."

"OK, Mommy. I'll try to pay attention to all of the days. But I can't wait til my birthday!!"

Chapter Two: The Big day

Bobby woke up, slid down the slide of his bunk bed, and went into the kitchen to see what was for breakfast.

"Good morning! Happy Birthday!" Mom and dad shouted, happy for him that his special day had finally arrived.

At school, his friends wished him a happy birthday, too. His teacher, Mrs. MacNamara, put a cardboard crown with his name on it on his head.

Bobby had a big smile. He was so happy that it was finally his special day.

Bobby thought, "I wish every day could be my birthday!"

At school, Bobby got to be first in line wherever the class went. And all of the children colored a picture of what they'd like to wish him for his birthday. The teacher put all of the pictures together into a Birthday Book for Bobby to take home.

At home, Bobby's daddy has been putting together a basketball hoop in the driveway.

"Daddy! Wow! That's for me?! I love it!!"

Bobby got his basketball and started shooting baskets right away.

"I always wanted a basketball hoop!! This is the best birthday ever!! I wish everyday could be my birthday!"

After dinner, Bobby's mom brought out a beautiful chocolate cake with candles on top.

Everyone sang, "Happy Birthday to you...dear Bobby...Happy Birthday to you!"

It was time to make a wish and blow out the candles.

Bobby knew just what he wanted to wish for!"

"I wish that everyday could be my birthday!" he said to himself. And he blew out the candles. He felt something like a little chill, but then it went away and he forgot about it.

Everyone had a piece of delicious chocolate cake.

Chapter 3: Bedtime

Soon, it was time to get ready for bed.

Bobby felt sad. “My special day is almost over,” he thought to himself. Tomorrow will be an ordinary day, and it’s a **really** long time until my next birthday.

Mommy noticed that Bobby looked sad and asked, “what wrong?”

Bobby didn’t want to tell her, but he did anyway.

“Mommy, I don’t want my birthday to end. I wish everyday could be my birthday.”

Mommy says, “You liked feeling special all day. And now it’s almost over.”

Bobby nodded his head and snuggled next to Mommy.

All of a sudden he noticed how tired he was from all of the day’s excitement. He fell asleep before he could say another word.

Chapter Four: The Next Morning, Something Amazing Happens

Bobby woke up after a good night’s sleep and slid down the slide on his bunk bed. He went into the kitchen to see what was for breakfast. But something felt different.

“Happy Birthday!” said Mom.

“Hey buddy, you’re six years old today!” said Dad.

Bobby felt confused. “But yesterday was my birthday” he said.

His mom and dad laughed. They thought he was joking.

Mommy said, “I’m going to bake you a chocolate cake with chocolate icing for after dinner!”

Bobby was about to say that she already did that yesterday, but he didn’t say anything. He was really confused. If they were joking, it wasn’t funny.

Bobby's mom drove him to school, and he forgot all about the strange morning at home. But when he got to school, his teacher came over to him and gave him the cardboard crown with his name on it. Just like she had done yesterday. This was really getting weird!

"But, Mrs. MacNamara, my birthday was yesterday. I already wore the crown."

Mrs. MacNamara looked at him like he was being silly, and said, "Happy Birthday, Bobby! You get to be line leader all day!"

"Thanks" Bobby said. But now he felt really confused. Did his mom or dad tell his teacher to pretend it was his birthday? Why would they do that?

Suddenly, he remembered his wish last night when he blew out the candles on his birthday cake.

"Oh my gosh!" Bobby said to himself. "My wish came true!"

Bobby didn't feel confused anymore. He felt excited. He was going to have another birthday. This was great! His mom said he would get another birthday cake. Maybe he'd get more presents!

All day at school Bobby was line leader. His classmates drew more pictures for him wishing him good things on his birthday. Mrs. MacNamara made a book out of the pictures that he could take home. He started feeling a little bad that his classmates were working so hard on their pictures for him since they had just done it yesterday. But it felt good to get the birthday book and for everyone to make him feel special. Just like yesterday.

At home, Bobby got more presents. He opened them up and played with one of them -- a remote controlled truck -- for a few minutes. But then he was bored. He went into the kitchen to see if his mom would play with him.

"Mom, do you want to play basketball with me?"

“I can’t honey. I’m baking you a cake. It’s going to be chocolate with chocolate icing -- your favorite!”

Bobby was disappointed she couldn’t play, but at least he could have some more cake.

When Daddy came home, he was very excited to see Bobby. “Happy Birthday, Buddy!” Bobby was starting to get used to the fuss made over him, so it wasn’t as exciting anymore. But he wanted to be polite, so he thanked his dad, and went back inside to look at his presents again.

Daddy asked mom, “What’s for dinner, Sarah?”
“I’m going to make macaroni and cheese because that’s Bobby’s favorite.”

“Oh, OK. It is his birthday, after all.” But his dad sounded a little disappointed.

Bobby listened from the other room and felt a little bad. He knew his dad didn’t like macaroni and cheese. But his mom was too busy making special food for him that she didn’t make something for herself or dad.

Chapter Five: Every Day is “Special”

Day after day, Bobby woke up, slid down his slide, and his mom and dad wished him Happy Birthday. They seemed so excited.

He got more presents every day. After a while, he just threw them into the playroom without even opening them. He even got tired of eating chocolate cake after a while. And he wanted to have something else besides his special birthday dinner of macaroni and cheese. He especially wanted his mom to do stuff with him instead of spending the afternoon baking his cake and making his special dinner.

Mom wasn’t even spending time with her friends or checking in on their elderly neighbor. All of her attention seemed to be focused on making him feel special. But he didn’t feel special. He felt strange that his mom and dad

and teachers and friends treated him like he was something special when he didn't do anything to earn it.

He hadn't hit the winning home run in a baseball game. He didn't work hard on a school project. He hadn't done something nice for a friend. He just woke up. That's it. He just wanted to be a normal kid again. Not someone "special" for not doing anything but waking up. Everyday shouldn't be HIS special day. What about other people? Aren't they special, too?

Chapter Six: Bobby Has an Idea to Fix Things

The next morning when Bobby woke up, slid down the slide on his bunkbed, and came into the kitchen, and his mom and dad wished him Happy Birthday, he did something different.

"Hi Mom and Dad. Today I want to do something nice for other people!"

And he did. He put some of the presents that had piled up in the playroom with the wrapping paper still on them in his backpack and brought them to school to give to his friends. He picked some flowers outside for his mom. And when his dad got home from work, he let his dad sit down for a few minutes before he asked him to play. He even brought in his elderly neighbor's garbage cans from the curb.

It felt good to pay attention to other people. And he felt proud of himself that he did something nice for them. It was a relief not to have all of the attention on him.

That evening after dinner when his mom brought out the chocolate cake with chocolate frosting that she had spent all afternoon baking, he felt really happy for the first time in a while. He knew just what to do to get things back to normal.

"Happy Birthday dear Bobby, Happy Birthday to you" his mom and dad sang.

Bobby smiled a big smile, made a wish, and blew out the candles.

That night he went to sleep feeling excited. In fact, he was as excited as he had been the night before his real birthday.

Chapter Seven: Yay! A Normal Day

The next morning, Bobby woke up, slid down the slide of his bunk bed, and went into the kitchen for breakfast. His mom and dad were there eating toast, drinking coffee, and talking.

“Hi cutie pie!” his mom said.

“Good morning, T,” his dad said.

“It’s not my birthday, right?” asked Bobby, just to be sure.

His parents looked at him like he was being silly.

“Not for eleven and a half months, honey” his mom said.

He ran up to her and gave her the biggest hug. Then he hugged his dad. He even hugged the dogs. He hadn’t been this happy since his real birthday. Finally, a normal day! He was a normal boy again!

He went to school that morning and Mrs. MacNamara said, “Good morning, Bobby.” But she didn’t have a crown for him to wear. And he wasn’t line leader for the first time in two weeks. It was nice to see one of his classmates happy to be picked for line leader. And the children could do other projects now that they didn’t have to make him a birthday book.

Bobby thought, “When every day is special, no day is special. They’re all the same. I want to wait for my real birthday. Then it will be truly special. I don’t want everyone to make a fuss over me all the time.”

Time to go to gym class. Bobby got in line... at the end.
This was going to be a great day!

THE END