

# When I Was Little

A Four-Year-Old's Memoir of Her Youth



by Jamie Lee Curtis  
illustrated by Laura Cornell

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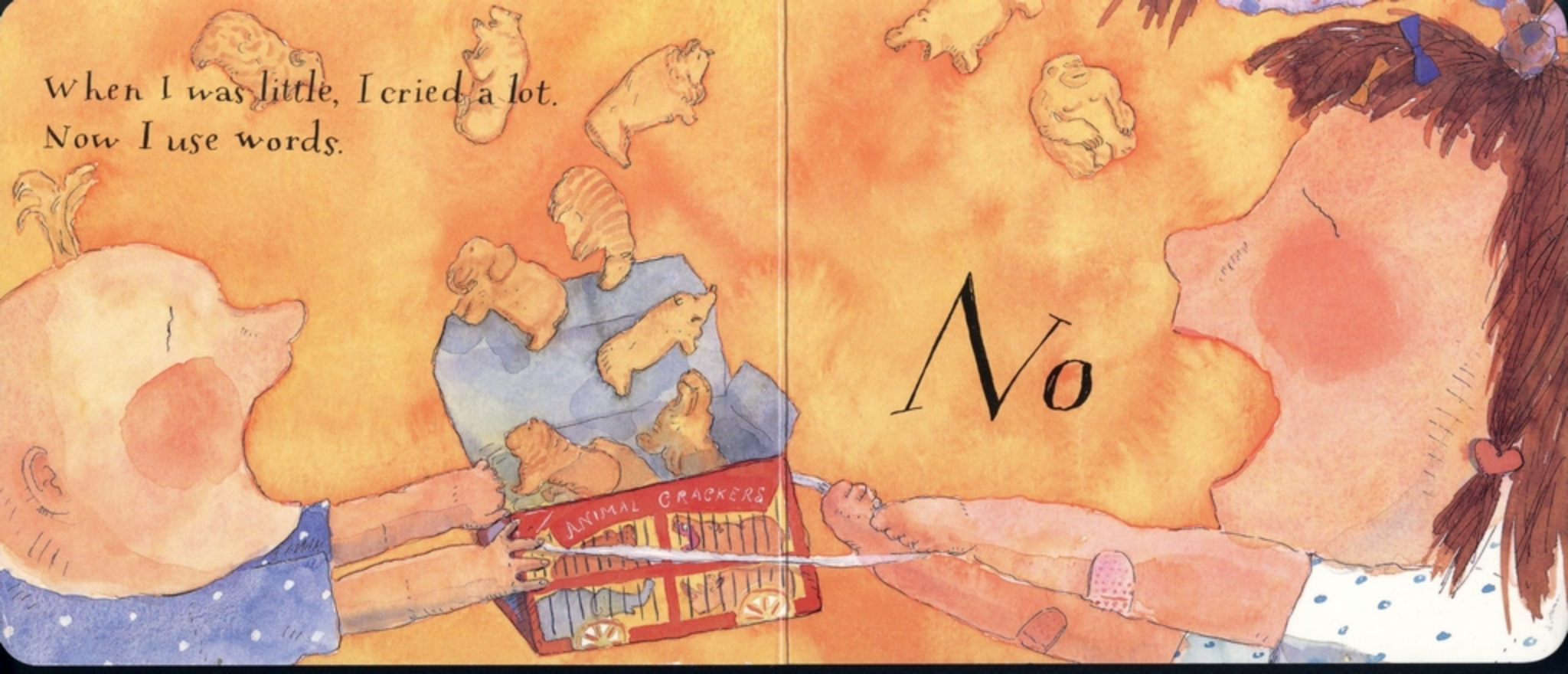


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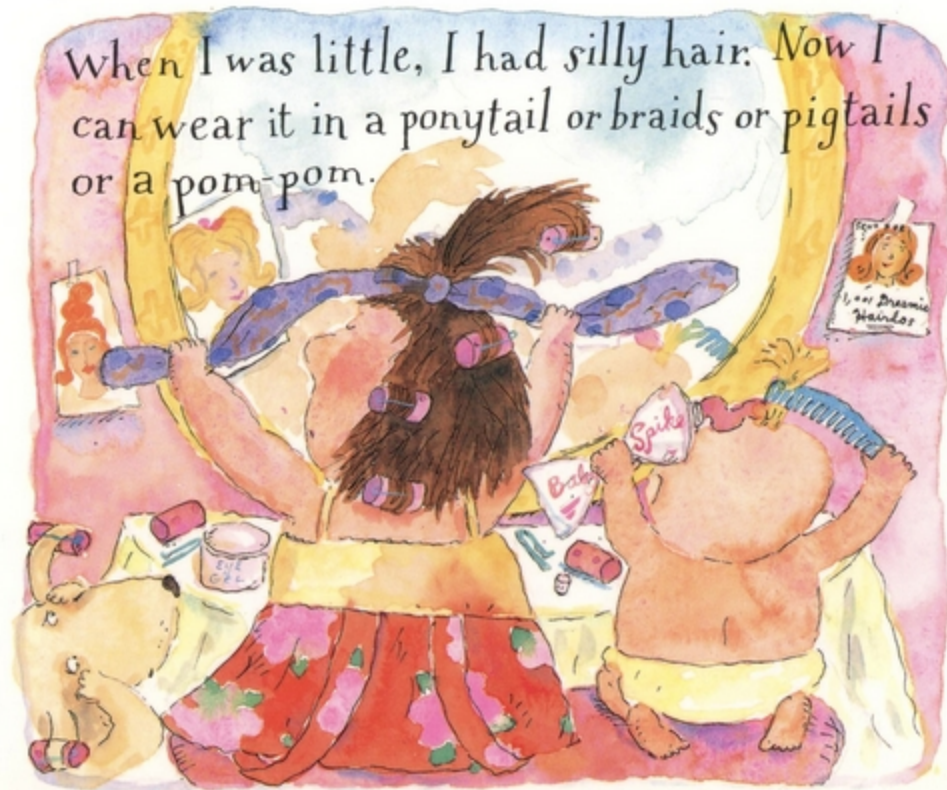
When I was little, I was a baby.

When I was little, I cried a lot.  
Now I use words.





When I was little, I didn't know I was a girl. My mom told me.



When I was little, I had silly hair. Now I can wear it in a ponytail or braids or pigtails or a pom-pom.

When I was little, I didn't get to eat  
Captain Crunch or paint my toenails  
bubble-gum pink.



When I was little, I spilled a lot.  
My mom said I was a handful.  
Now I'm helpful.

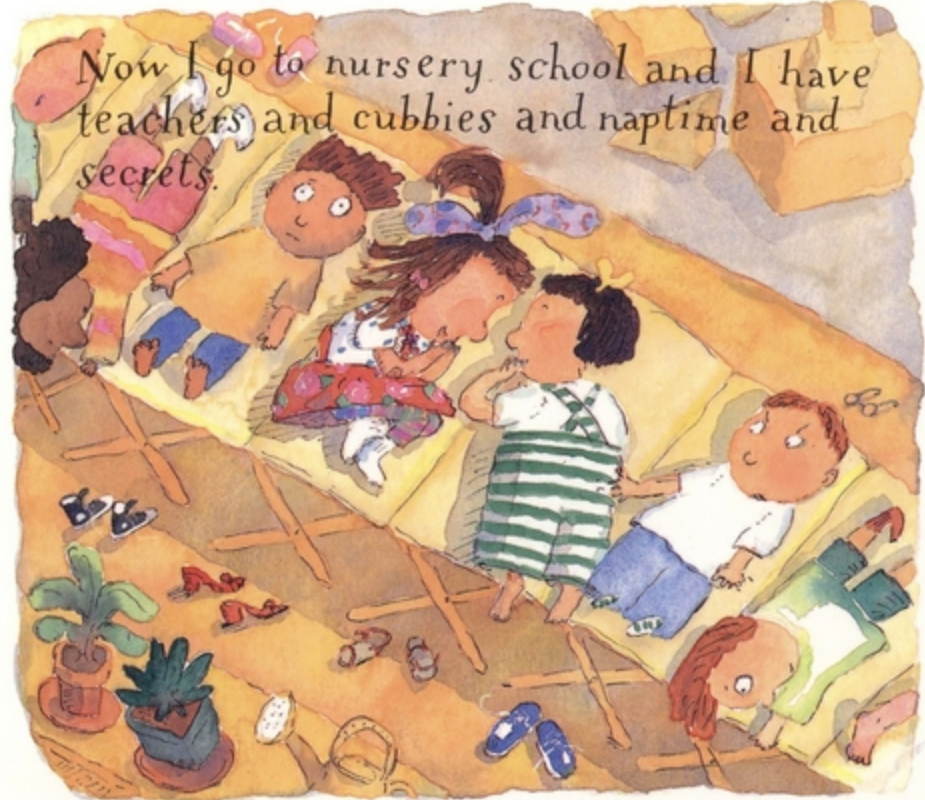
When I was little, I rode in a baby car seat.  
Now I ride like a grown-up and wave at  
policemen.



When I was little, I went to Mommy  
and Me.



Now I go to nursery school and I have  
teachers and cubbies and naptime and  
secrets.








When I was little, I didn't understand  
time-outs.  
Now I do, but I don't like them.




When I was little, I made up words like  
"scoopeeloo."  
Now I make up songs.

When I was little, I swam in the pool  
with boys. I still do, but now we wear  
bathing suits, but we don't wear floaties.





When I was little, the slide at  
the park was so big.



Now it's smaller, but I still like my  
granny to wait at the bottom for me.



When I was little, I ate goo and yucky stuff.


Now I eat pizza and noodles and fruit and Chee-tos.



When I was little, I had two teeth.  
Now I have lots, and I know how to  
brush them.



When I was little, I slept in a zoo.  
Now I sleep in a big bed and get to  
play monkey.



When I was little, I kissed my mom and  
dad good night every night.  
I still do, but only after they each read  
me a book and we play tickle torture.



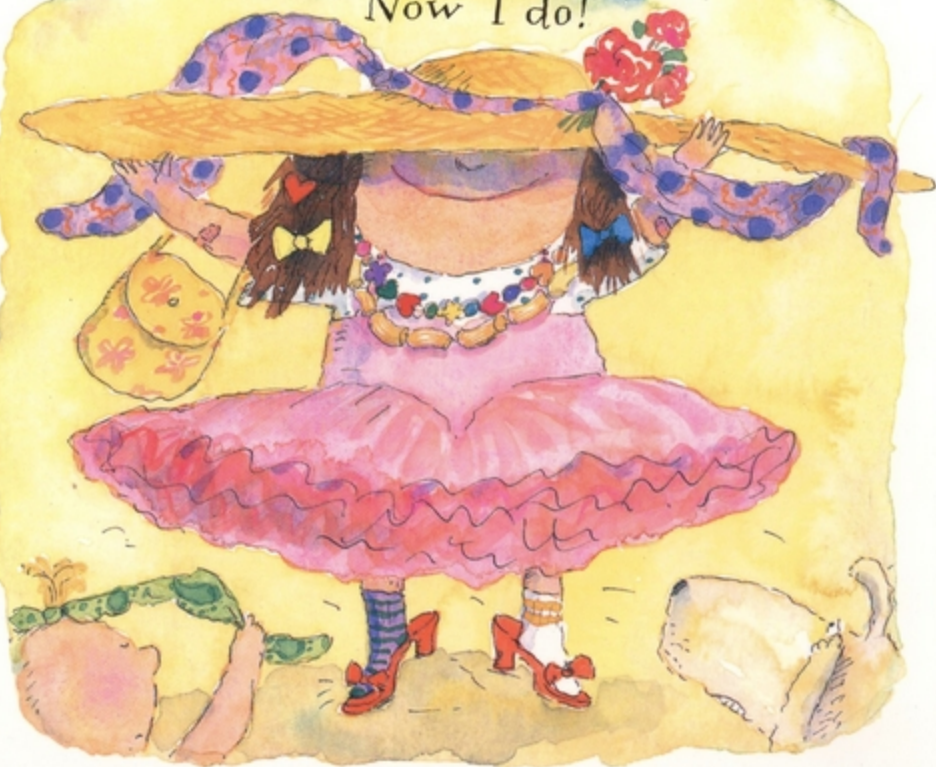
When I was little, I didn't know what  
a family was.

When I was little, I didn't know what  
dreams were.

When I was little, I didn't know who I was.



Now I do!



For Annie  
-J.L.C.

For Lilly  
-L.C.

The author wishes to thank Phyllis, Joanna,  
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*When I was little, I could hardly do anything.  
But now I can do lots of things, like braid my own hair  
and go to nursery school. I'm not a baby anymore. I'm me!*

Here's a little girl's simple, childlike celebration of herself as she looks back on her childhood from the lofty height of four and a half years.



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