



Pete's big sister went on lots of playdates.
Mama called her a social butterfly.

Pete didn't want to be a butterfly. He wanted to be a **superhero**.
And he wanted to go on a playdate.

"I'm three and three quarters," said Pete. "I'm big enough!"



Pete had lots of friends at daycare—lots of friends for playdates.



At the art table, he traded his orange crayon for a green one and asked, *“Can I come to your house for a playdate?”*

At snack time, he munched on his apple and asked, *“Can I come to your house for a playdate?”*



And as he balanced the last block on a tall tower, he asked, *“Can I come to your house for a playdate?”*