

This is Grandpa Lewis. We call him Big Lou.
He forgets things. They say someday,
he might forget me, too.



I'm Lou, or Little Lou,
and I'm not going anywhere.



When I'm with Big Lou,
the winds are softer and
the days are brighter.



We skip and hop, and there's no end
to the laughs we can share.



We're inseparable.
How can you forget someone
who's always by your side?