# Photographer in the Making

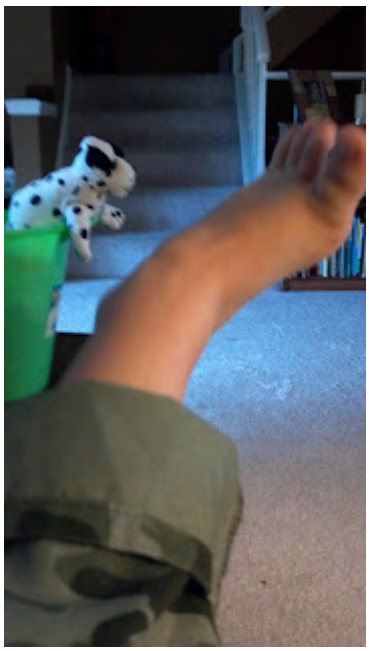
Yesterday I had my regular Wednesday night play date with my grandson Riley. He loves playing with my phone and wanted me to show him how to take pictures.  I showed him what to do and let him have at it.  Now I know I'm a bit partial but I think the kids got some natural talent. Here's a peek into the mind of a three year old. These are the things he apparently thought were important enough to take a picture of.



A rock.  If you have a rock why on earth wouldn't you take a picture of it?



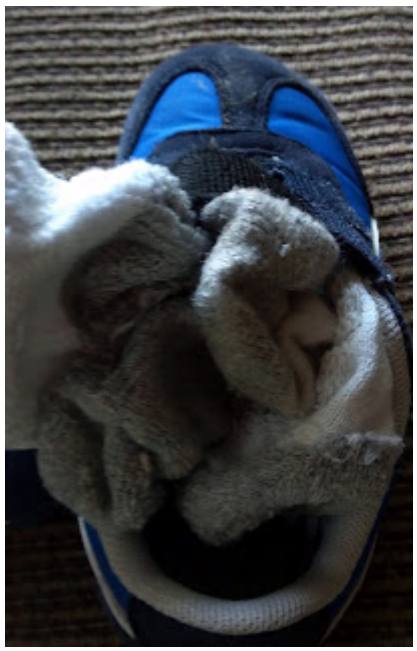
The Wii remotes.  Maybe he was trying to point out that I need to dust back here.



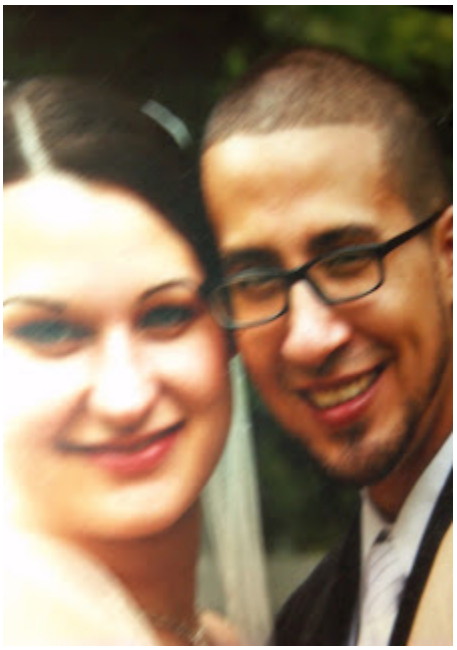
His foot. Now this is a seriously cute foot.



His puppy Spot. That Spot is always getting in to some kind of jam.



His shoe and socks. See my beautiful daughter in the picture below?  He gets his stinky feet from his Mama.



A picture of a picture of Mom and Dad.



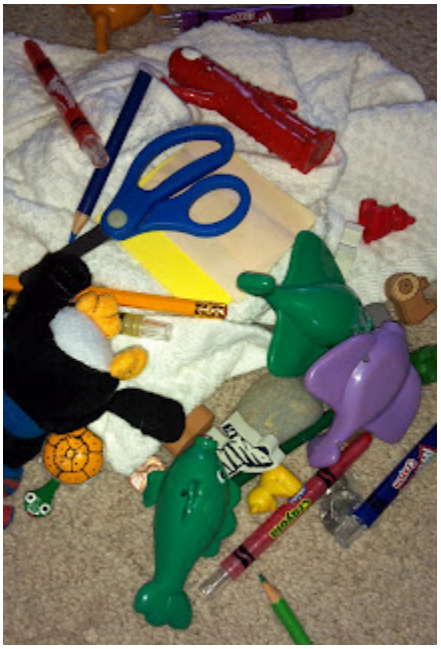

He did this on purpose.  He knows she gets on my nerves. Where are her parents and why is she allowed to go out exploring without an adult?



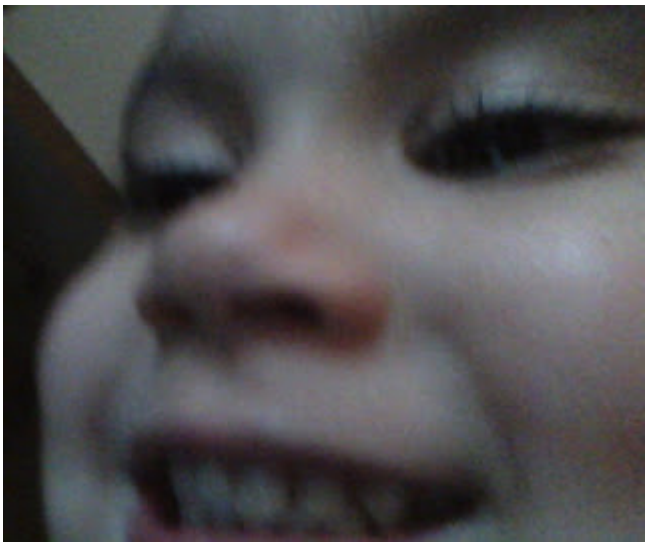
This is sock puppet Mom. She has dread locks, listens to Bob Marley. eats tofu and doesn't shave her pits.



Bob the Builder. He says "Can we fix it?  Yes we can!" but I'm still waiting for this lazy SOB to hang a shelf in the guest room.



Random toys on my livingroom floor.



My favorite picture that he took.  Lord how I love this face.

I know everyone's favorite day of the work week is Friday but mine just might be Wednesday. No matter what kind of day I've had, the minute he gets in the car my troubles melt away. If that doesn't make for a favorite day I don't know what does.