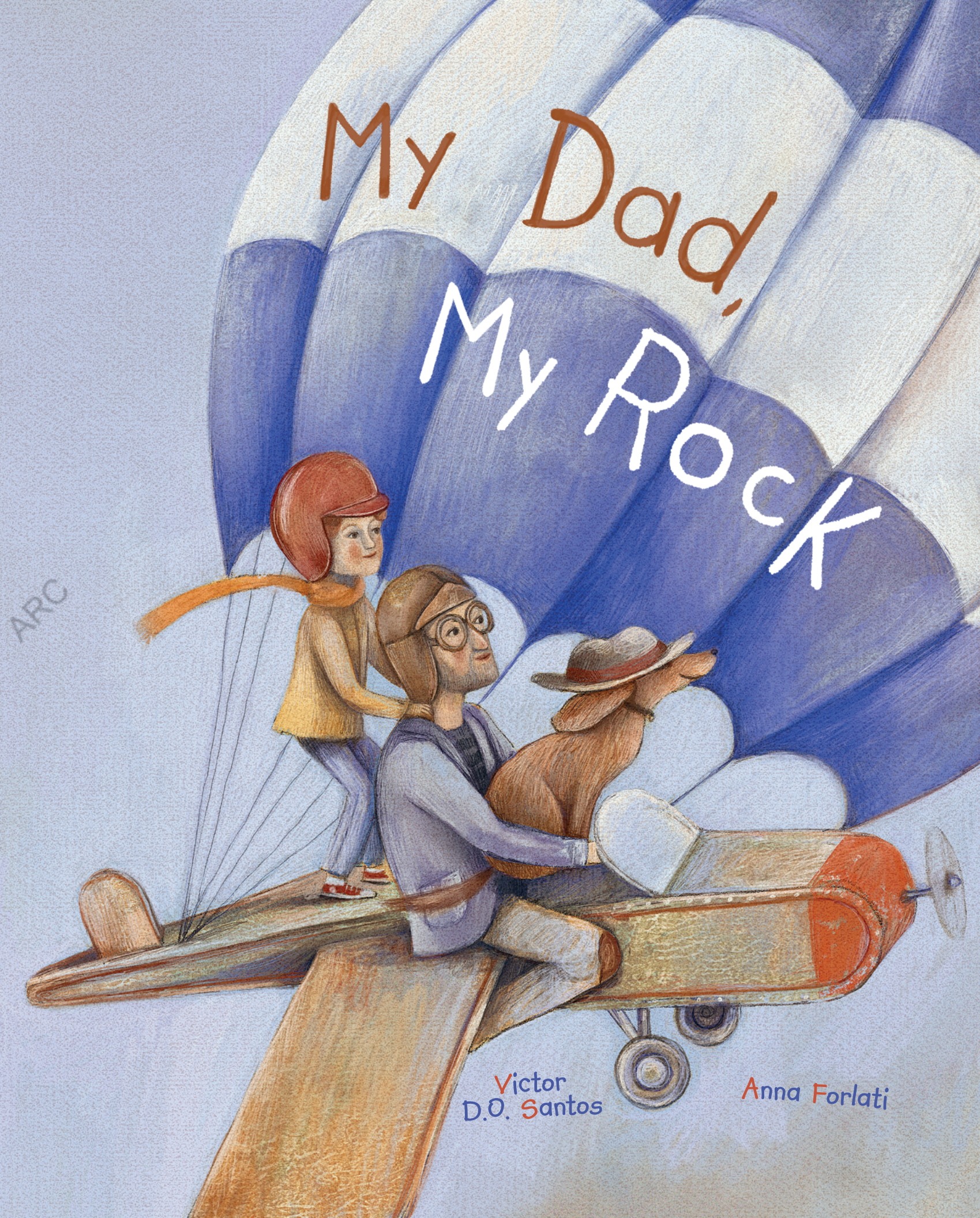




“Such a heartwarming story. Beautifully written and illustrated.”  
– author-illustrator Eric Fan (from *The Fan Brothers*)

Oliver never met his grandpa. He wonders what he would tell Grandpa if the two of them could meet, even once. Oliver decides that he would tell him about an amazing man that Grandpa never met: Oliver’s dad, Grandpa’s own son. In this touching and heartfelt story, you will be taken on a journey of what it means to be a dad and to be the master of your own destiny.



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Victor  
D.O. Santos

Anna Forlati



# My Dad, My Rock



Victor  
D.O. Santos

Anna Forlati



*To all loving fathers, especially the self-taught ones. And for my son. – V.D.O.S.*

*With all my love, to my 'babbo', my first word. – A.F.*

## **My Dad, My Rock**

Written by: Victor Dias de Oliveira Santos

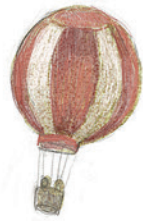
Illustrations: Anna Forlati

Layout: César Pires de Almeida

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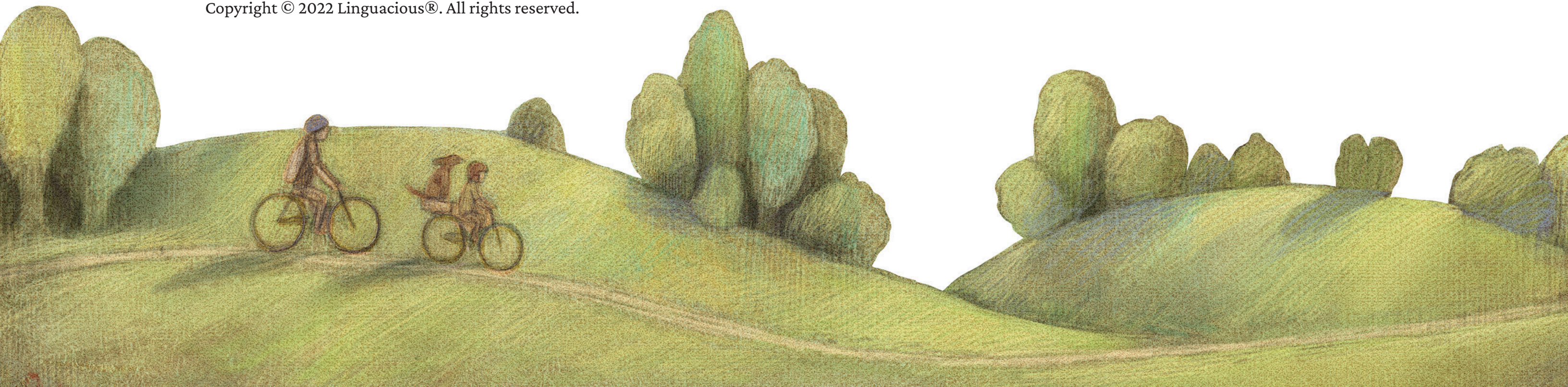
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*"Of all the titles I've been privileged to have,  
'Dad' has always been the best."*

*- Ken Norton (professional boxer)*

ARC







“Dad, was Grandpa a magician?”

“Not that I know, my love.”

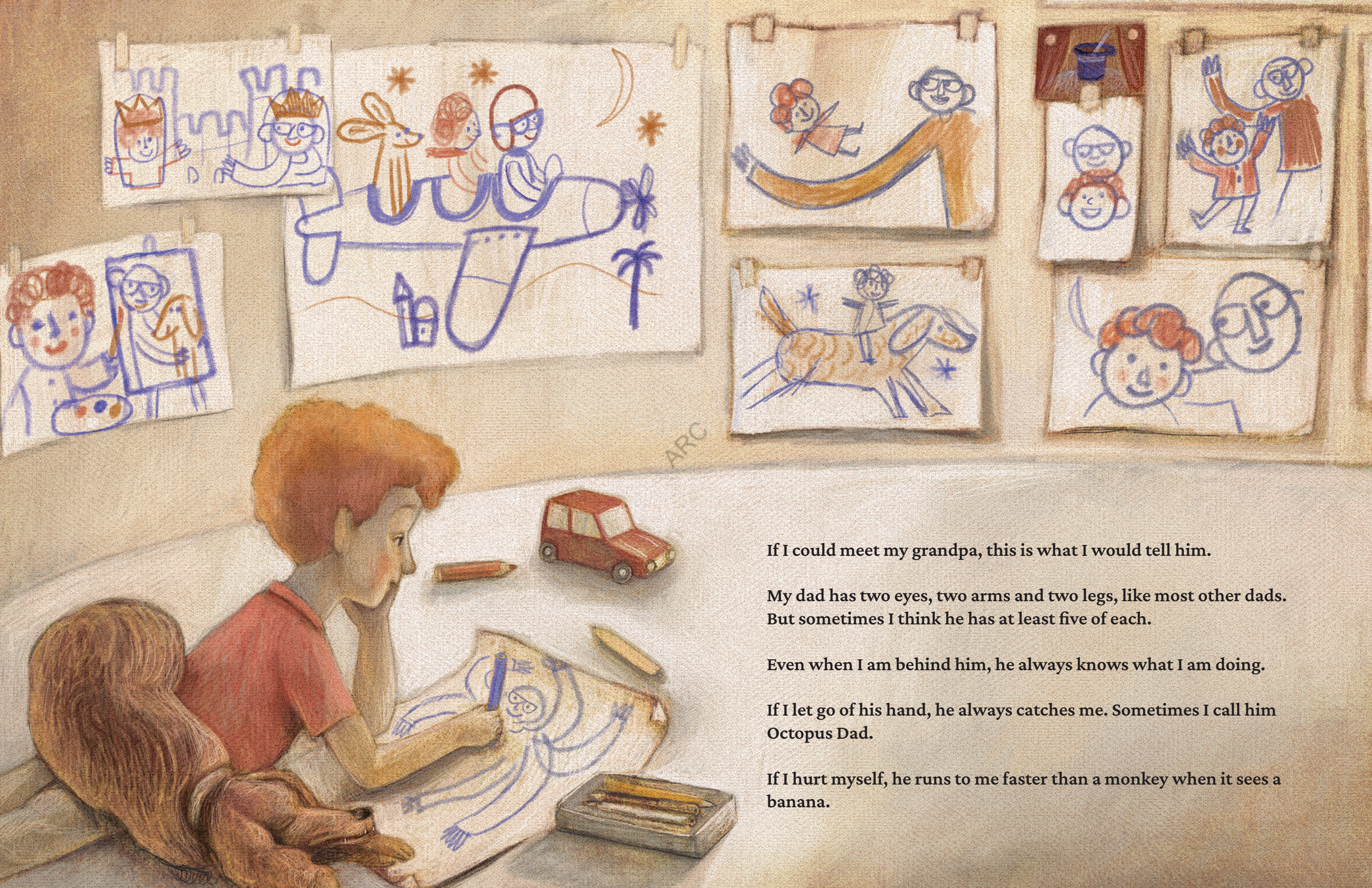
“Then why did he disappear?”





I never met my grandpa.  
And my grandpa never met my dad.





If I could meet my grandpa, this is what I would tell him.

My dad has two eyes, two arms and two legs, like most other dads.  
But sometimes I think he has at least five of each.

Even when I am behind him, he always knows what I am doing.

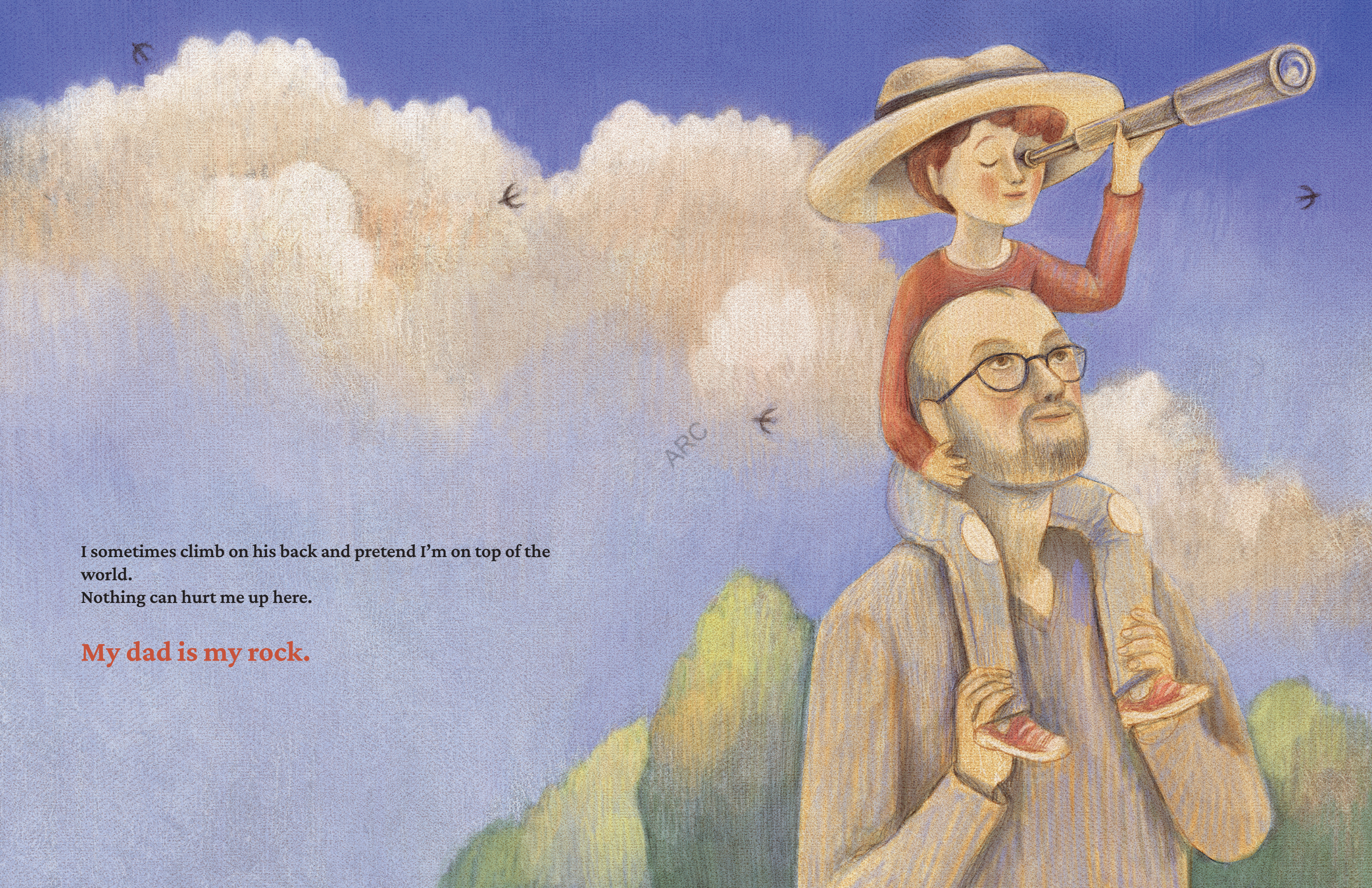
If I let go of his hand, he always catches me. Sometimes I call him  
Octopus Dad.

If I hurt myself, he runs to me faster than a monkey when it sees a  
banana.



I sometimes climb on his back and pretend I'm on top of the world.  
Nothing can hurt me up here.

**My dad is my rock.**







My dad likes being goofy with me, even if other people are watching.

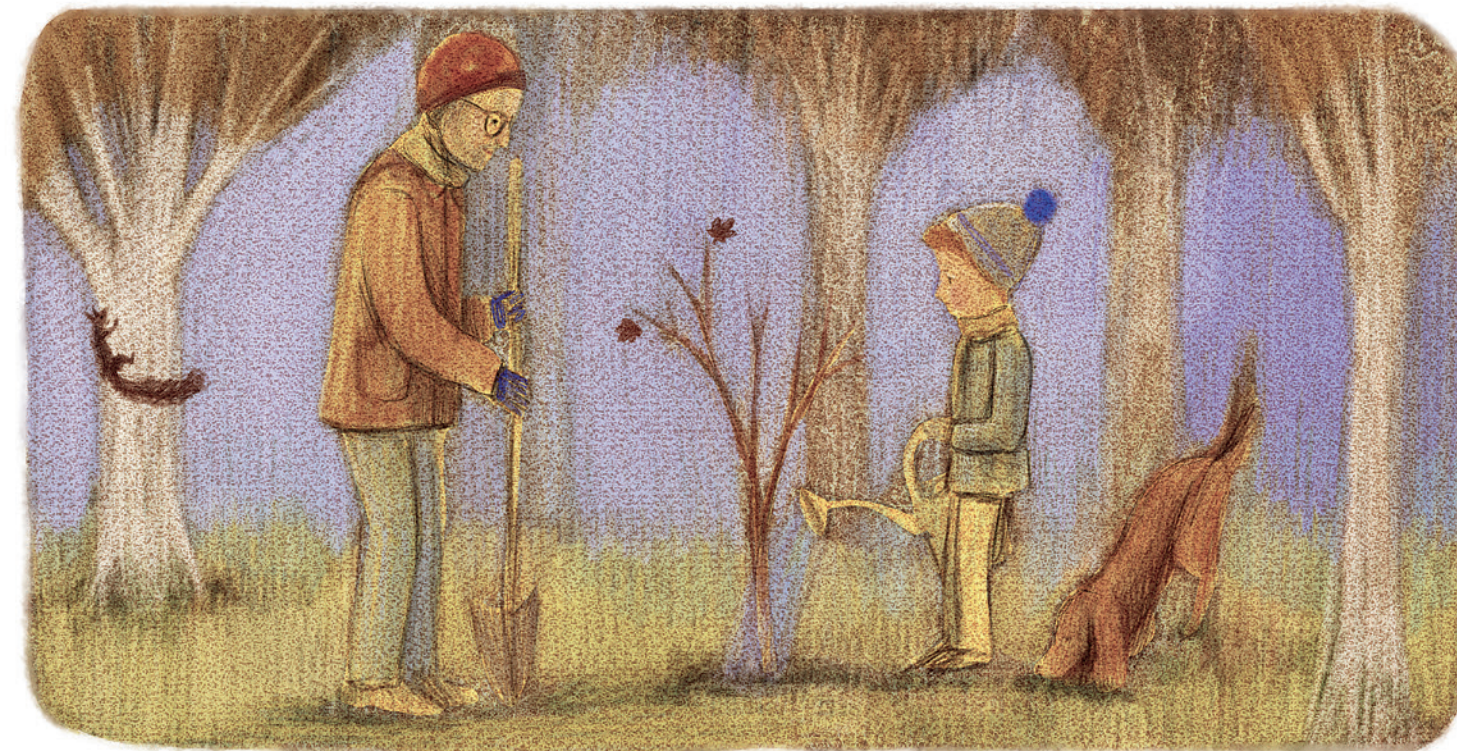
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He says those who laugh, joke, and love live longer.







ARC

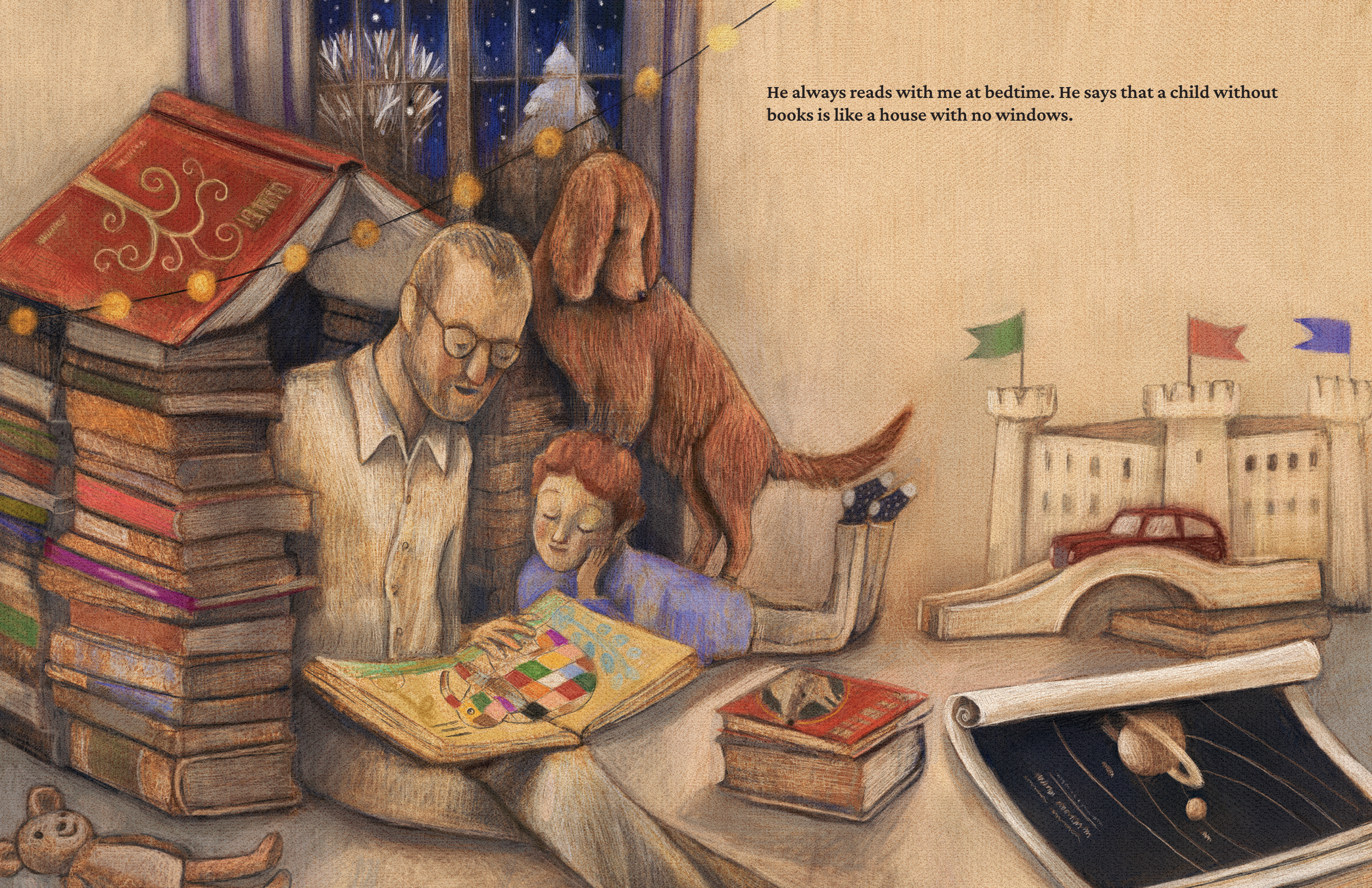


He doesn't do everything for me. Instead, he shows me how to do it on my own.

Something about teaching a boy how to fish instead of always giving him the fish . . .



He always reads with me at bedtime. He says that a child without books is like a house with no windows.





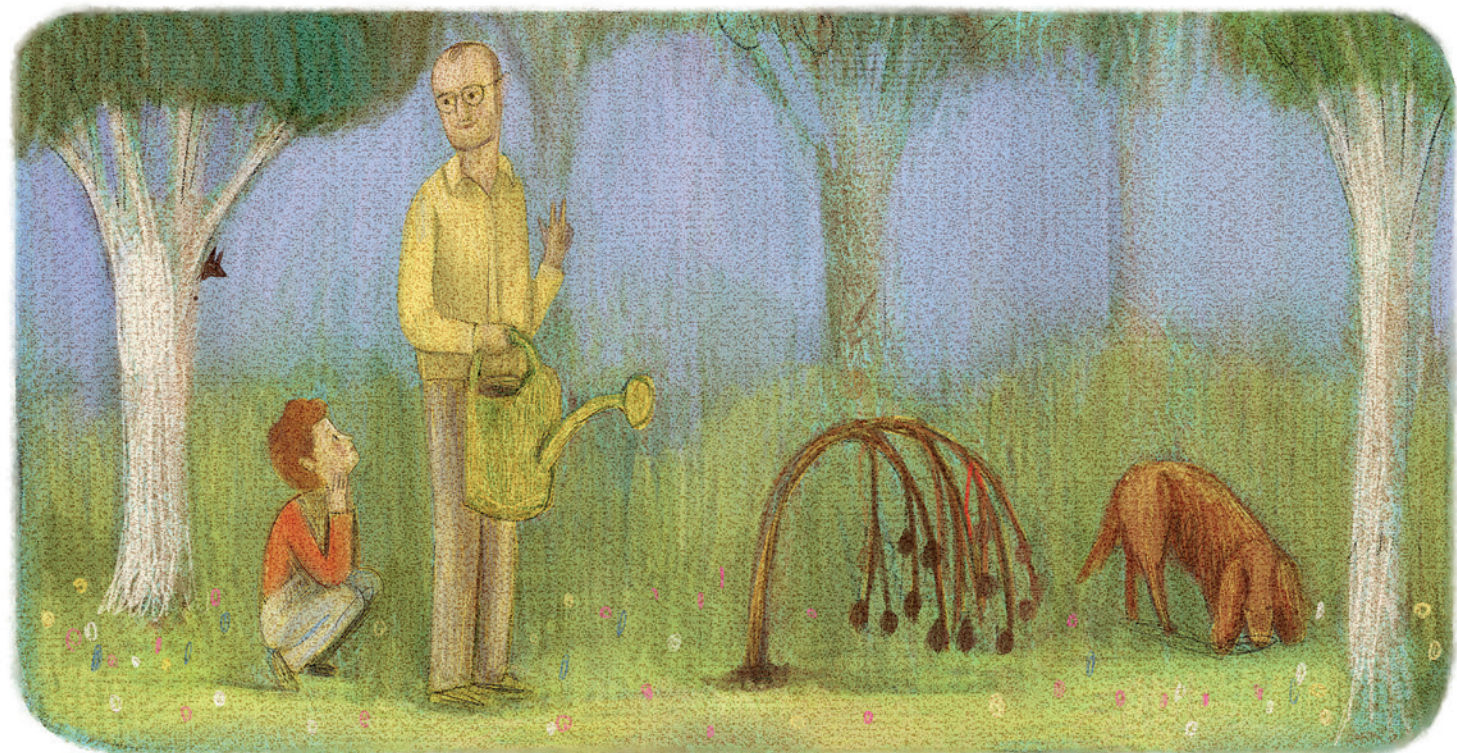
When I am sad, he listens to me. Even if I cry a river, he is always there to wipe away my tears. And sometimes he cries with me.

He says some people say real men don't cry.

I think men who don't cry aren't real.







ARC

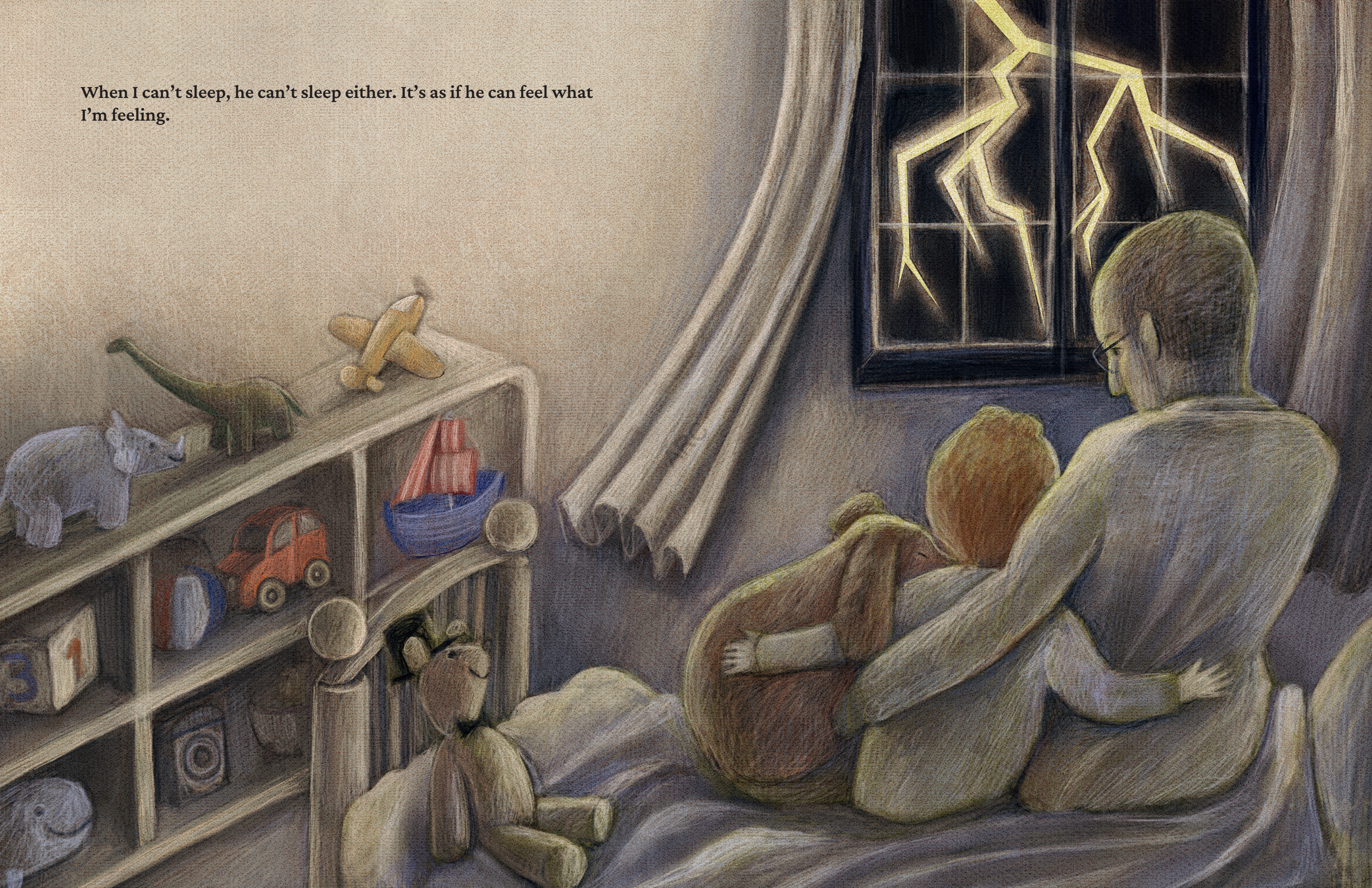


When I am angry, he asks me to count to ten. I am not sure why.

It always takes so long that when I am done, I don't even remember why I was counting . . .



When I can't sleep, he can't sleep either. It's as if he can feel what I'm feeling.





When he drops me off at school, we always hug.  
He says hugs are food for the heart.

Sometimes I don't understand everything my dad  
says.







He always believes in me and tells me I can achieve anything if I try. He says I can be anything I want when I grow up.





When I grow up, I want to be like my dad. But  
with more hair, that's for sure.  
My grandpa never met my dad, but I am sure he  
would be proud of him.

Just like my children will one day.







