

*A sneak peek*

**Nancy Paris**  
**It's Me,**  
**Lilly McKee!**



**Illustrated by**  
**Penny Weber**

# Meet Lilly



She has big ideas...

Strong opinions...

And sometimes slightly confused ears.

Dad said yoga would be a perfect hobby for me.

Two days later, I was in yoga class.

Miss Sunny was my teacher. Her T-shirt had huge letters screaming YOGA—like we might forget.

“All right, friends,” Miss Sunny said in a not-so-sunny voice. “Breathe deep and pretend you’re a mountain.”

So I did.

And I tipped over.

Mountains don’t breathe deep in real life.

Pretty sure.

“Class!” Miss Sunny thundered, staring right at me.

“Yoginis don’t fool around in yoga, right?”

“Right!” the whole entire class shouted, except me.

I said, “Right.”

You know why? I’m beginning to think Miss Sunny has the wrong name. That’s why.

“Class, listen up!” Miss Not-So-Sunny thundered again.

“Everyone down—hands and knees! Arms and legs stretched! Now—look at your feet!”

Then she said blah blah blah—dog. Hard to tell, because my ears were upside-down.

So I guessed.

“Woof woof! Ruff ruff!” I barked.



I even added a little butt wiggle to make it extra fun.

But... it was the wrong guess.

Miss Not-So-Sunny boomed, “Lilly, are you trying to be funny? I told you to do a Downward-Facing Dog pose. This is yoga class, not puppy playtime.”

Okay, I give up.

On the way home, Dad was not a happy guy.

“Lilly, what happened? The teacher told me yoga wasn’t for you.”

“Oh. Well, you see—I thought Miss Sunny told us to be dogs. Then she got mad at me for barking.”

He took a deep breath. Wow. Sweet. I didn’t know Dad did mountain breaths, too.

Only, he never mentioned yoga again.

This was before Lilly discovered ballet... and everything changed.

If there's a child, grandchild, or young dancer in your life, I'd love for them to meet Lilly.



If someone comes to mind, feel free to share this with them



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