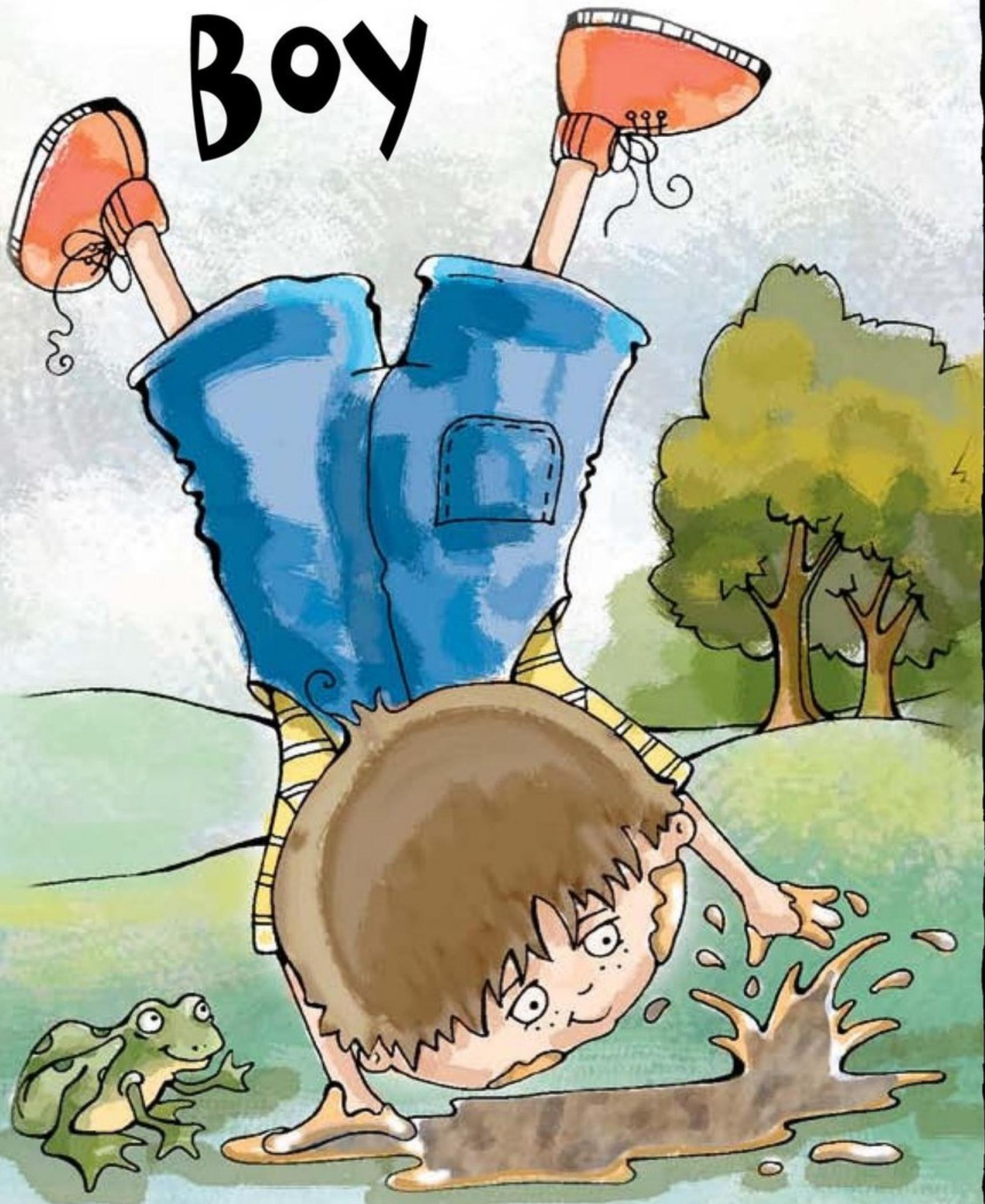


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THE UPDOWN Boy

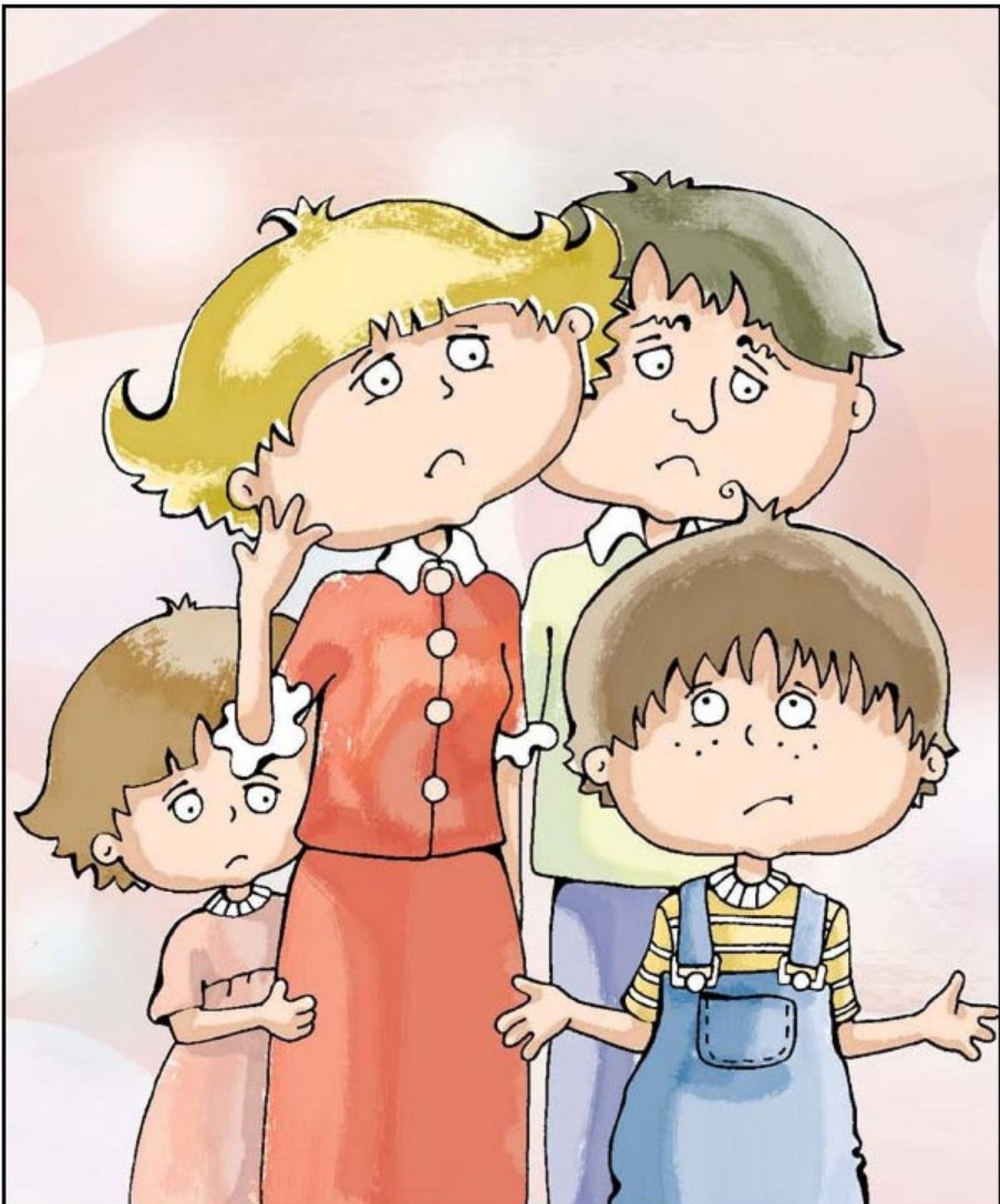


Written by Stephen Cosgrove
Illustrated by Carolyn LaPorte

THE UPDOWN Boy

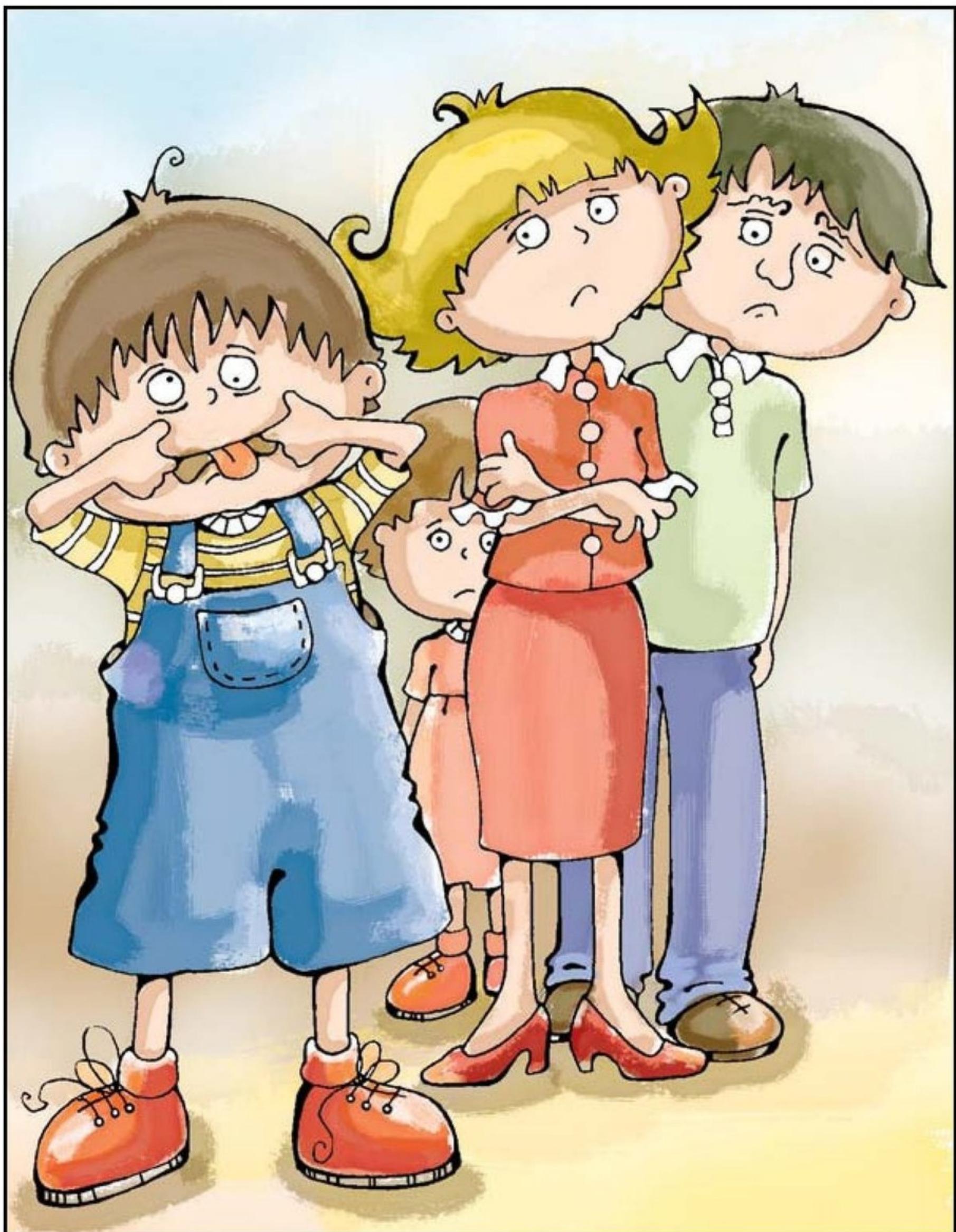


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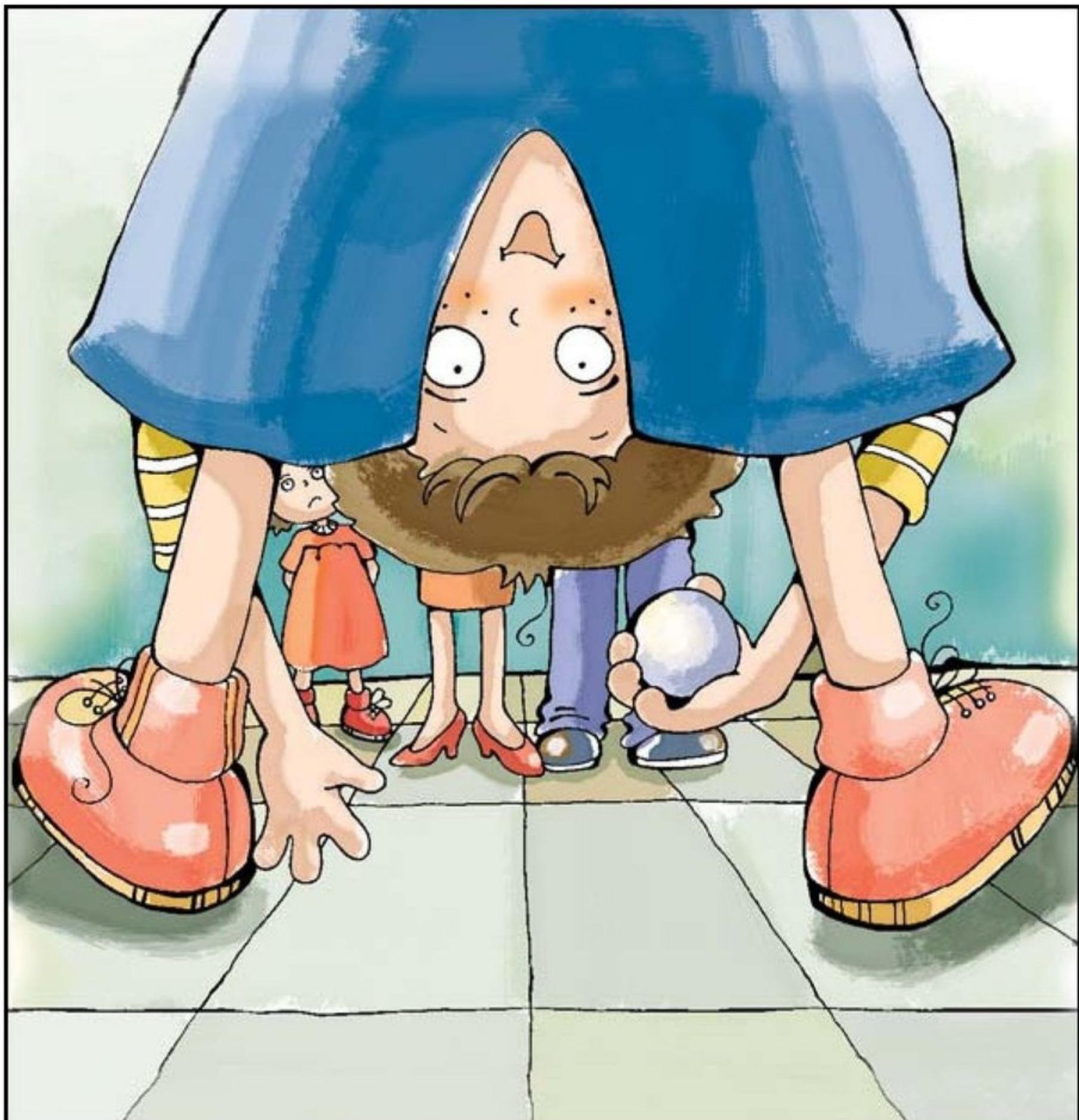
There once was a boy who noticed
that people had become very,
very sad.

And, of course, this made the boy
very, very sad.



He tried to make the people laugh.
But no matter what wonderfully silly
face he made, no one would smile.

It was a sad world he lived in.



It was then that the boy made a magical discovery.

His discovery was made in the simplest of ways. He had bent over to pick up a ball. As he was bent over, he saw the world through his legs—upside down.

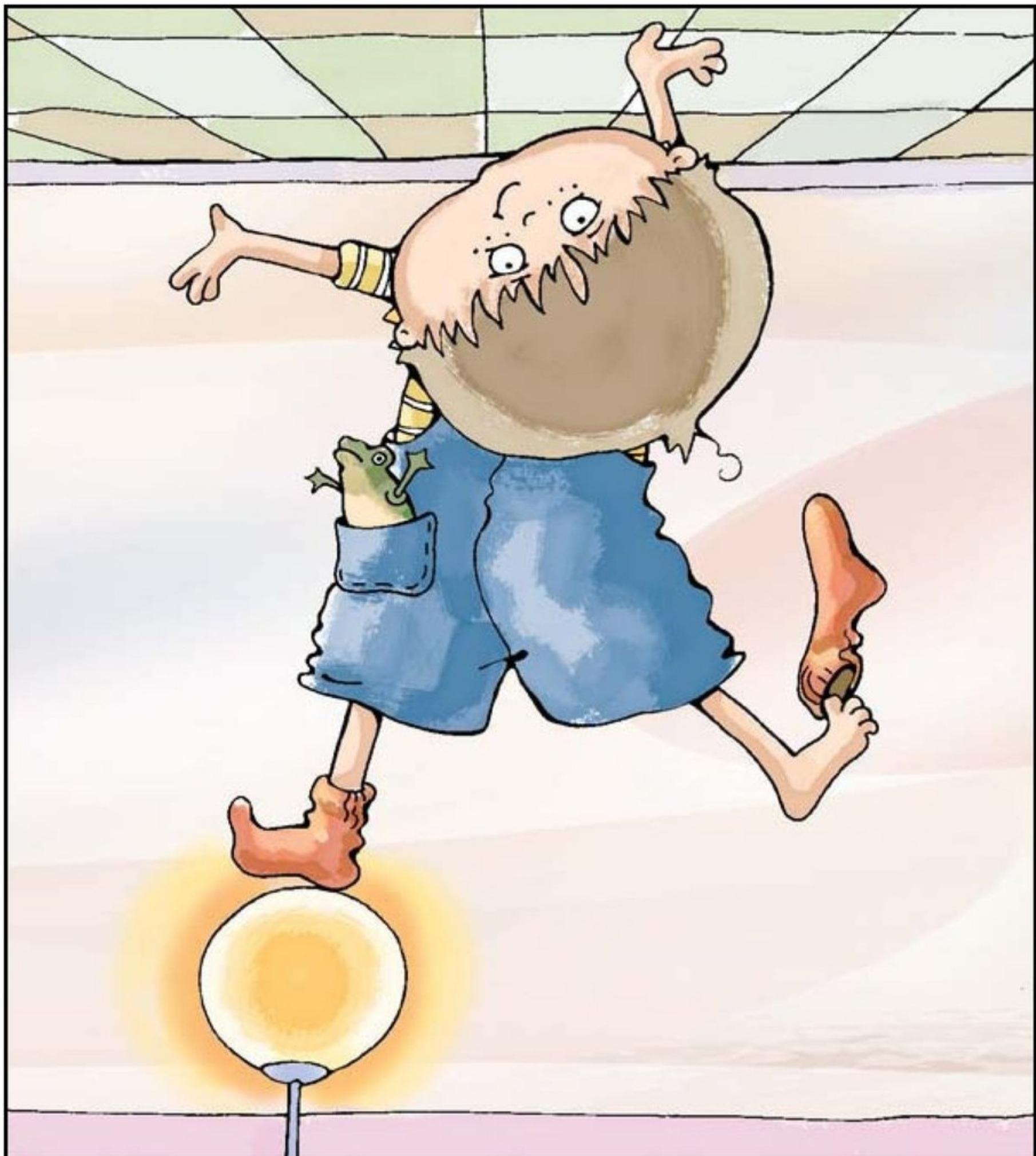


It looked like people were walking on the ceiling. What had been *up* was now *down*. The long, sad frowns of the people, now upside down, looked like great big smiles.

The boy had found an UpDown world.

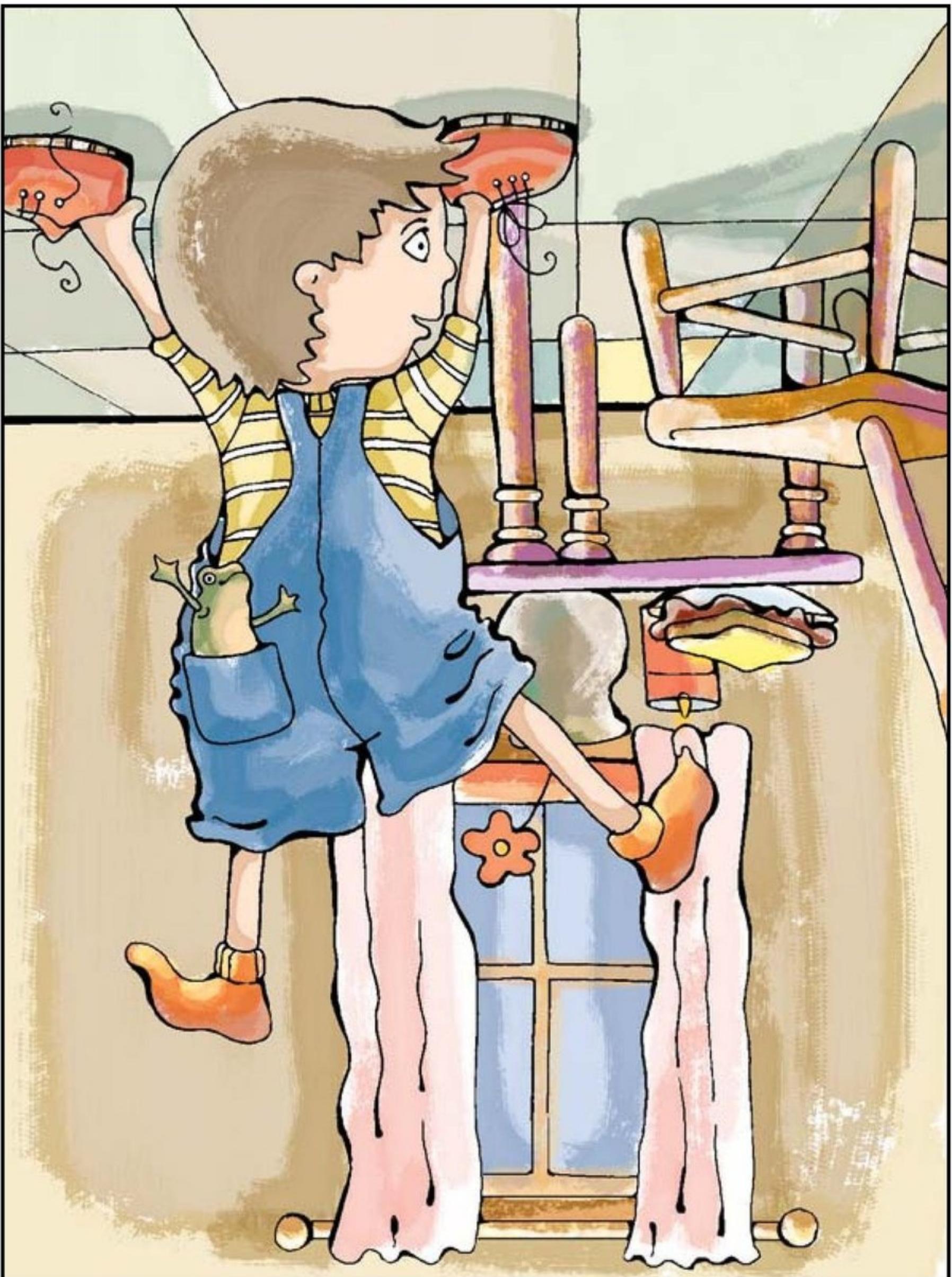


So he placed his hands on the floor
and lifted his legs high in the air.
His hands and arms did what his
feet and legs had done so well
before. Excited, the boy began
to explore his new UpDown world.

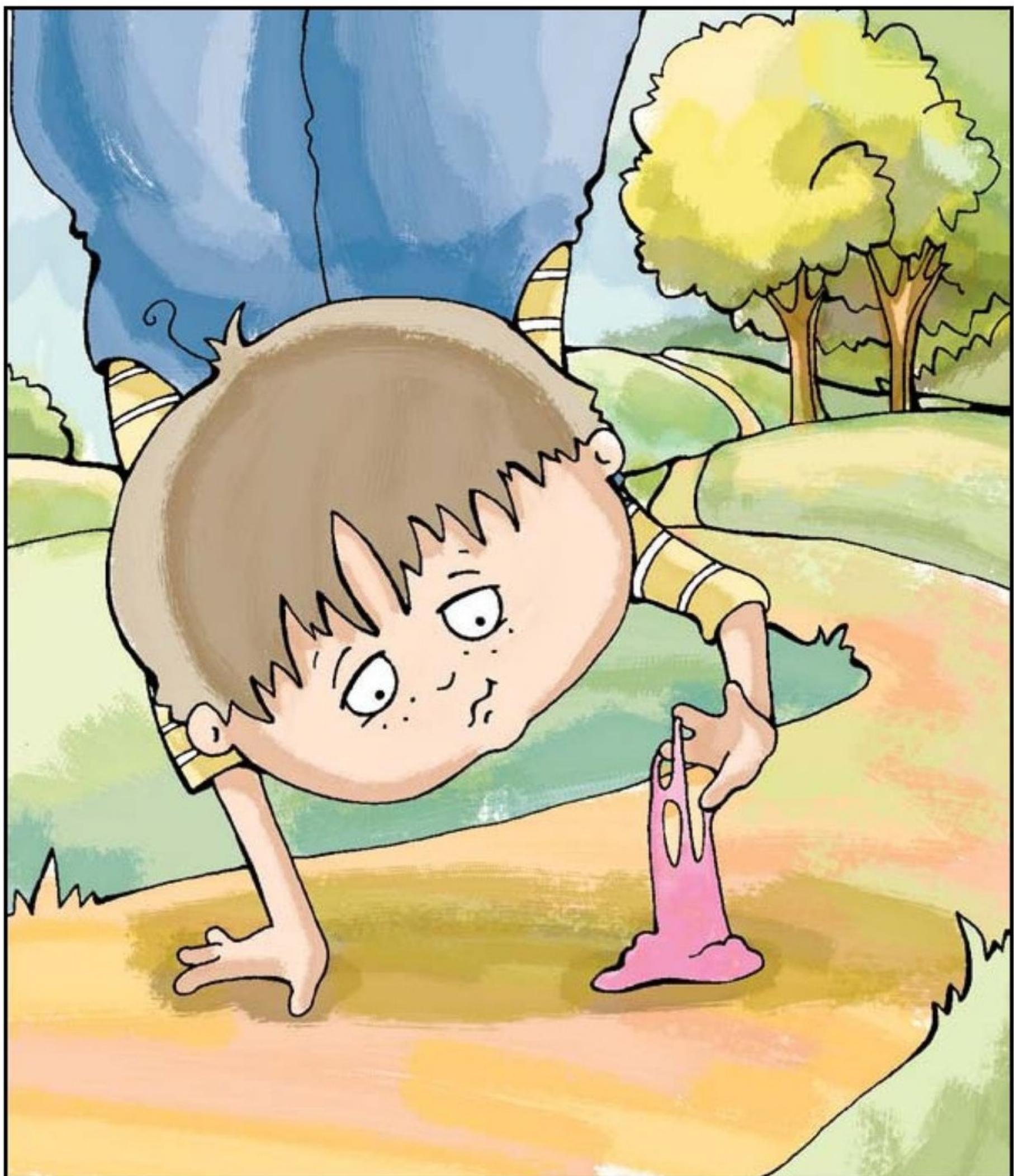


Now what used to be *up* was *down*,
and what used to be *down* was *up*.
The floor was the ceiling, and
the ceiling was the floor.
And frowns were smiles.

He was the UpDown Boy.



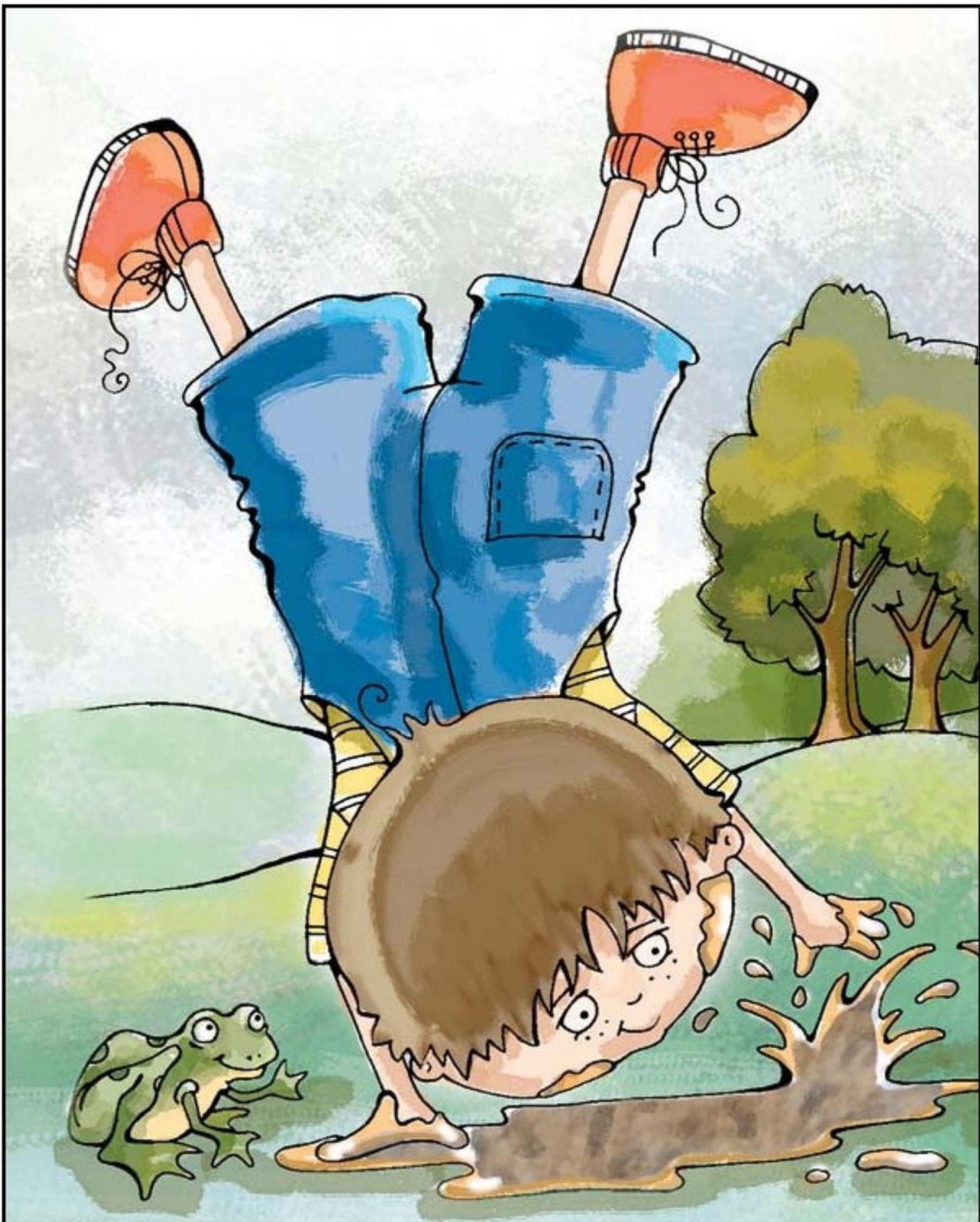
There are *good* things and *bad* things about being an UpDown Boy. There is *good* and *bad* about *up* being *down* and *down* being *up*.



There was used, gooey gum that
used to be *down* but now was *up*.

Up gooey gum stuck to the boy's
down hand.

This was a bad thing!

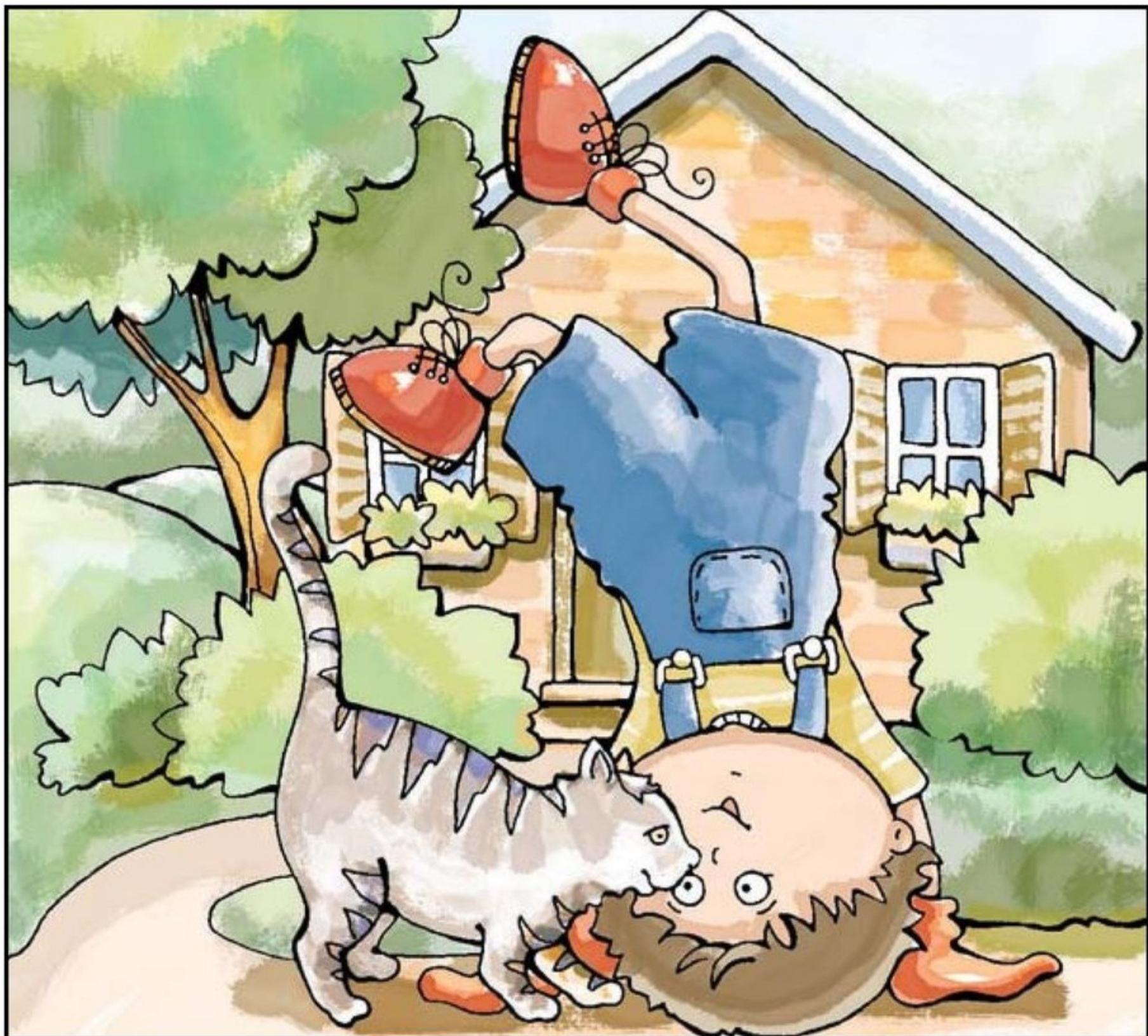


Puddles that used to be *down* now
were *up*. Puddles were always a lot
of fun. But little boys got in trouble
when shoes walked in puddles.
Shoes were hard to clean.



Now that *down* was *up*,
mud puddles felt squiggly good.
Dirty walking hands could
easily be cleaned.

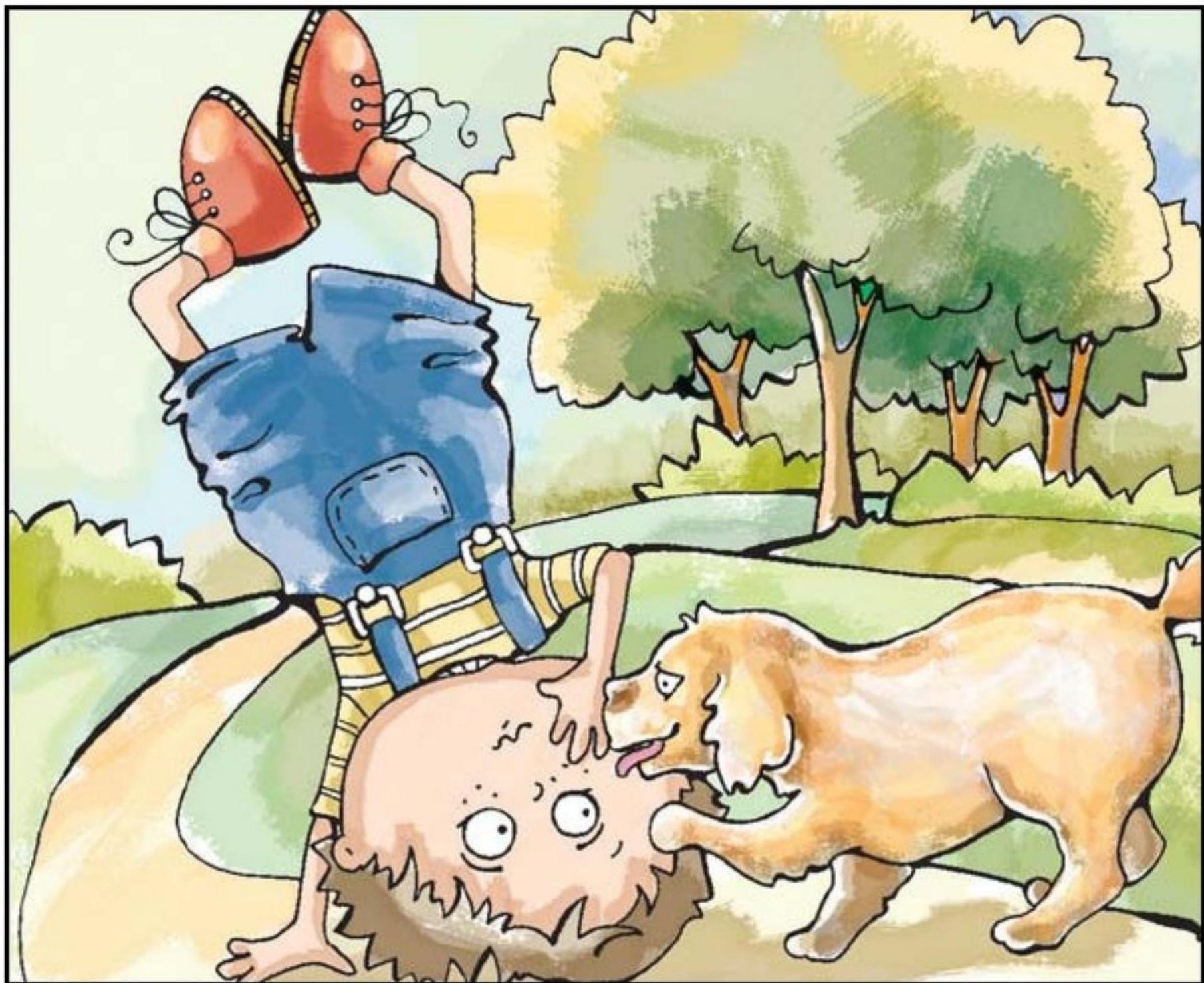
This was a good thing!



The cat that used to be *down* now was *up*, too. The cat thought the UpDown boy was funny.

No more rubbing on the little boy's legs that could kick and bump. Now the cat rubbed on UpDown Boy's cheeks and nose—tickly, tickly nose.

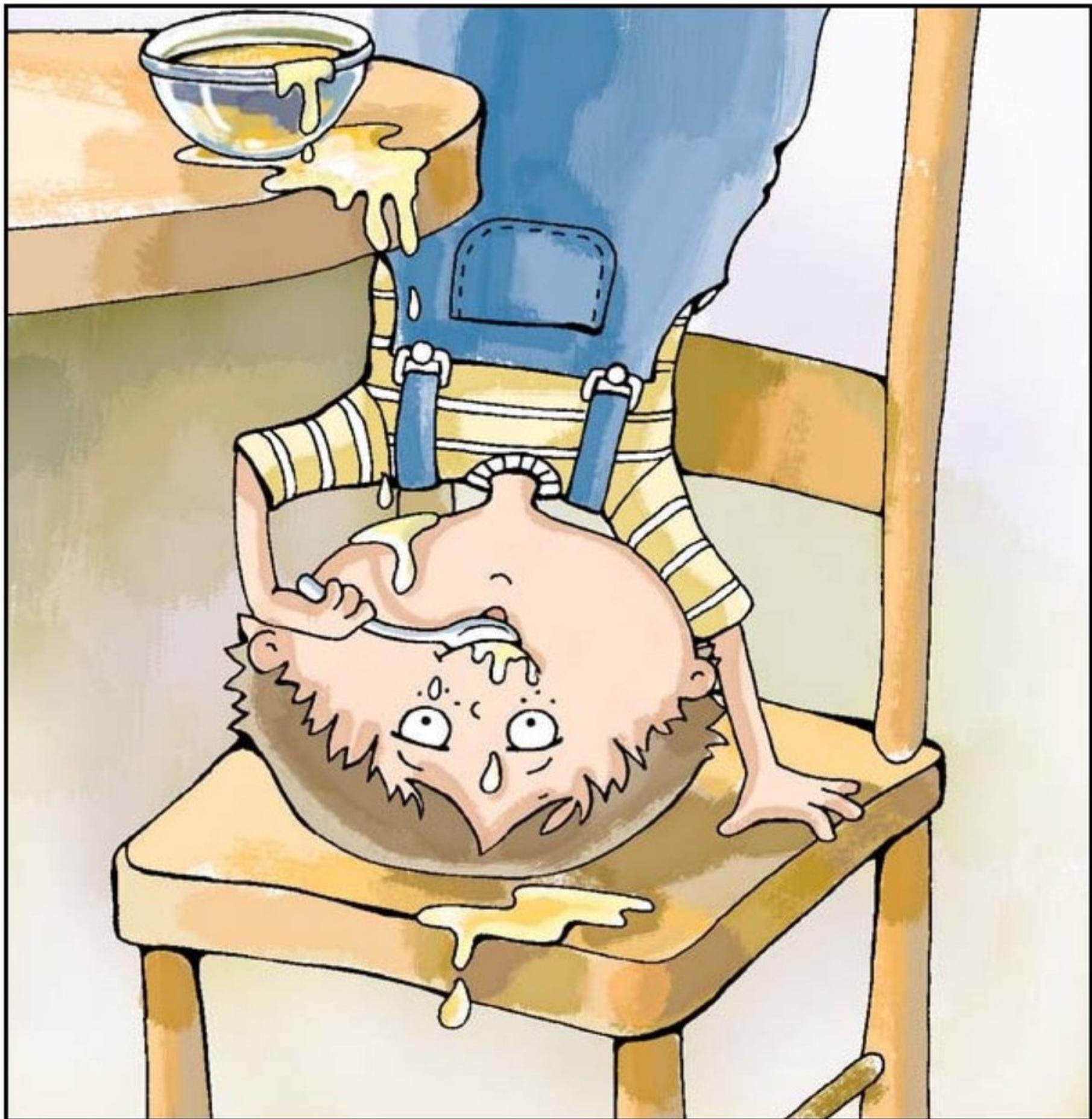
“Oh, oh, oh ka-chew!”



The puppy that lived down the street
was the fastest and slickest licker
around.

Now that *down* was *up* and *up* was
down, the puppy had never had so
much to quickly lick. He had much to
lick now that he was nose-to-nose
with the UpDown boy.

“Oh, yuck!”



Dinnertime came. Still the UpDown boy was where *up* was *down* and *down* was *up*.

The table and chair were *up*, so the boy put his head *down* on the chair. He tried to eat from the table that now was *up* instead of *down*.

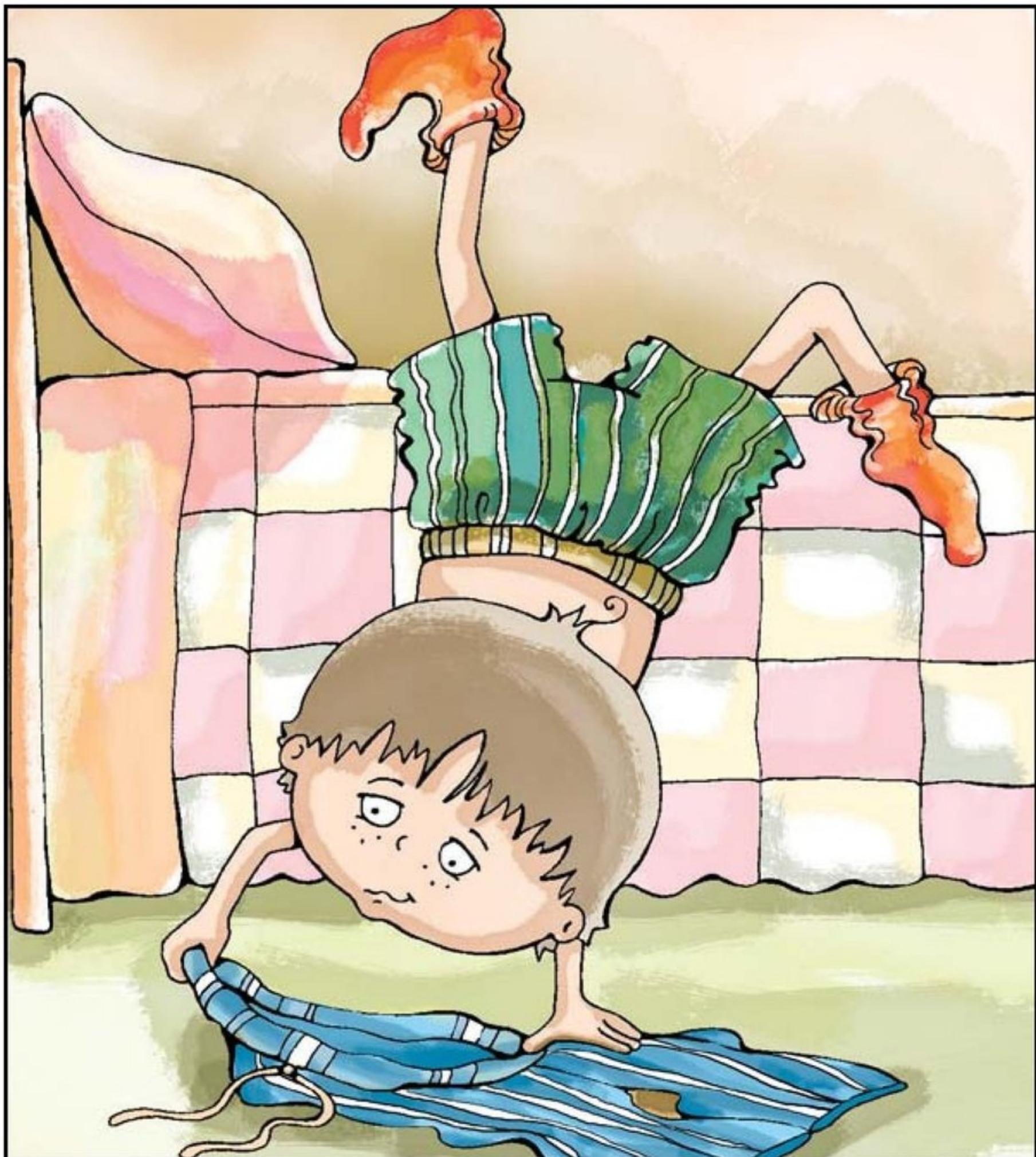


It would have been much easier had the boy had a sandwich or a bit of fruit.

There was no sandwich. There was no fruit.

There was only a bowl of *up* soup.
The boy tried to *down* the soup.

Oh, what a mess!



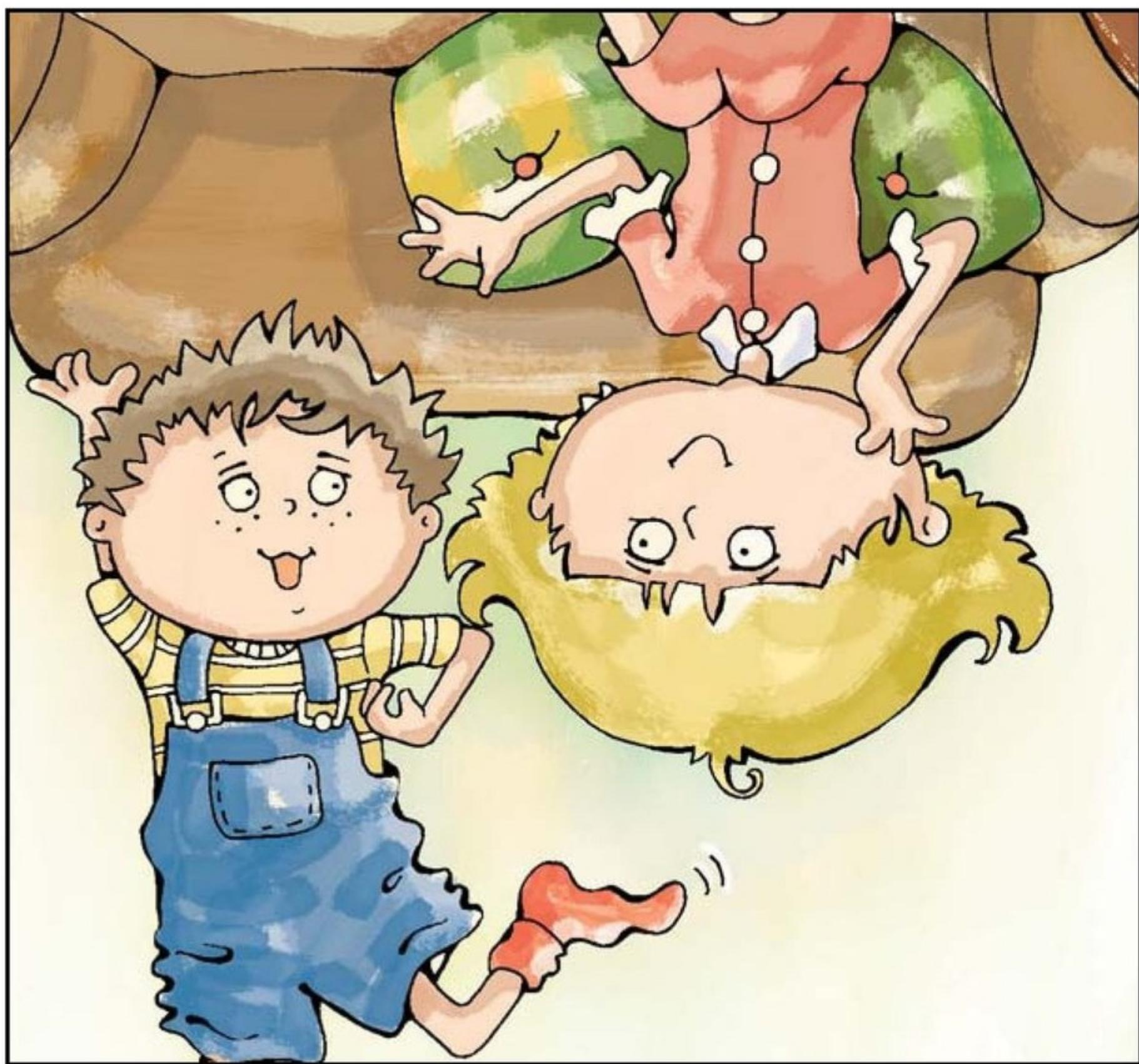
The UpDown day went faster than fast. Finally, it was time to go to bed.

The boy started to put on his pajamas. Oh, no! Now *down* was *up* and *up* was *down*, and *what* went *where* and *how*?



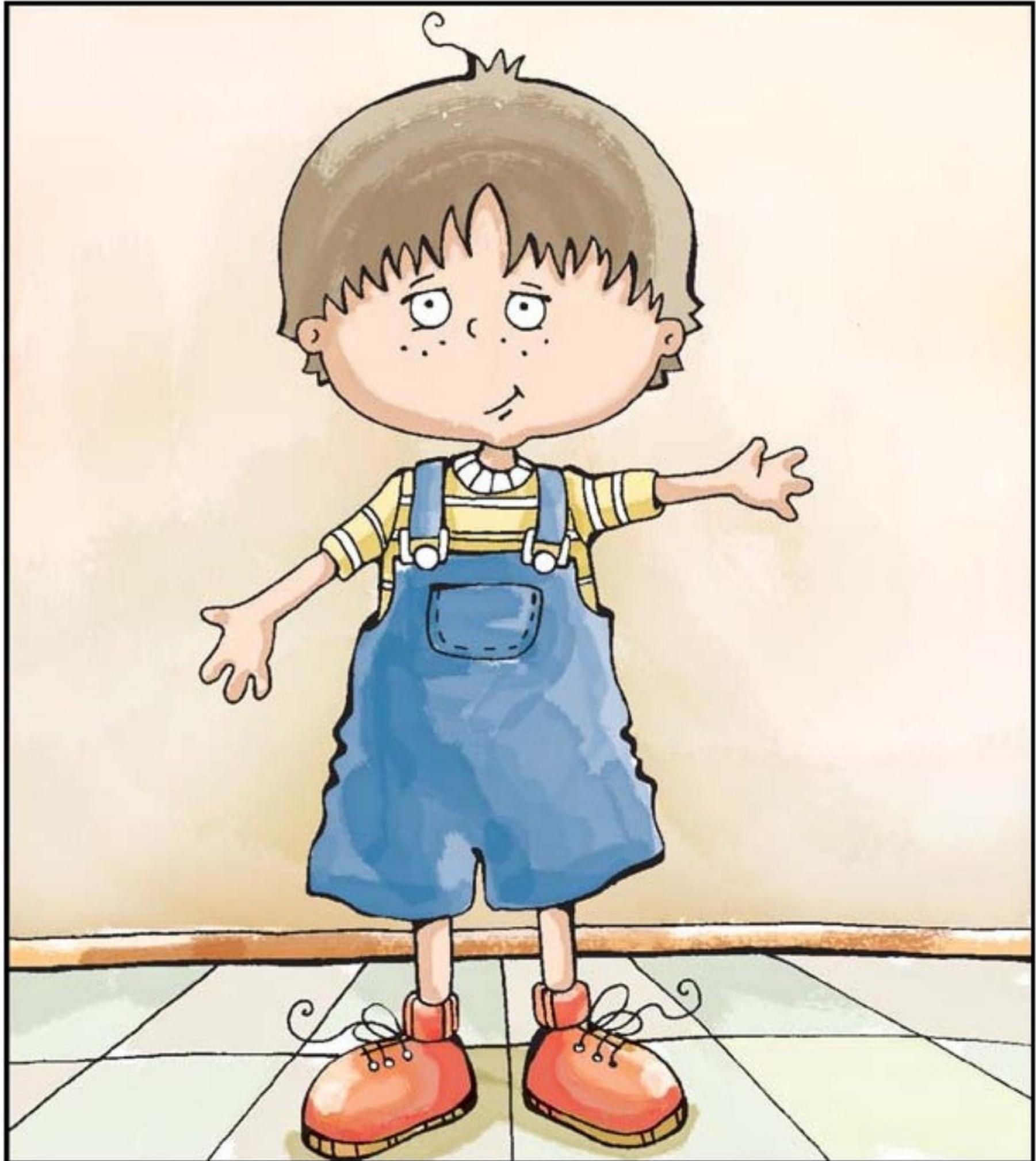
Pajama tops went on the bottom,
which used to be the top. The
bottoms, which were now the tops,
covered the boy's head.

It was all very confusing.



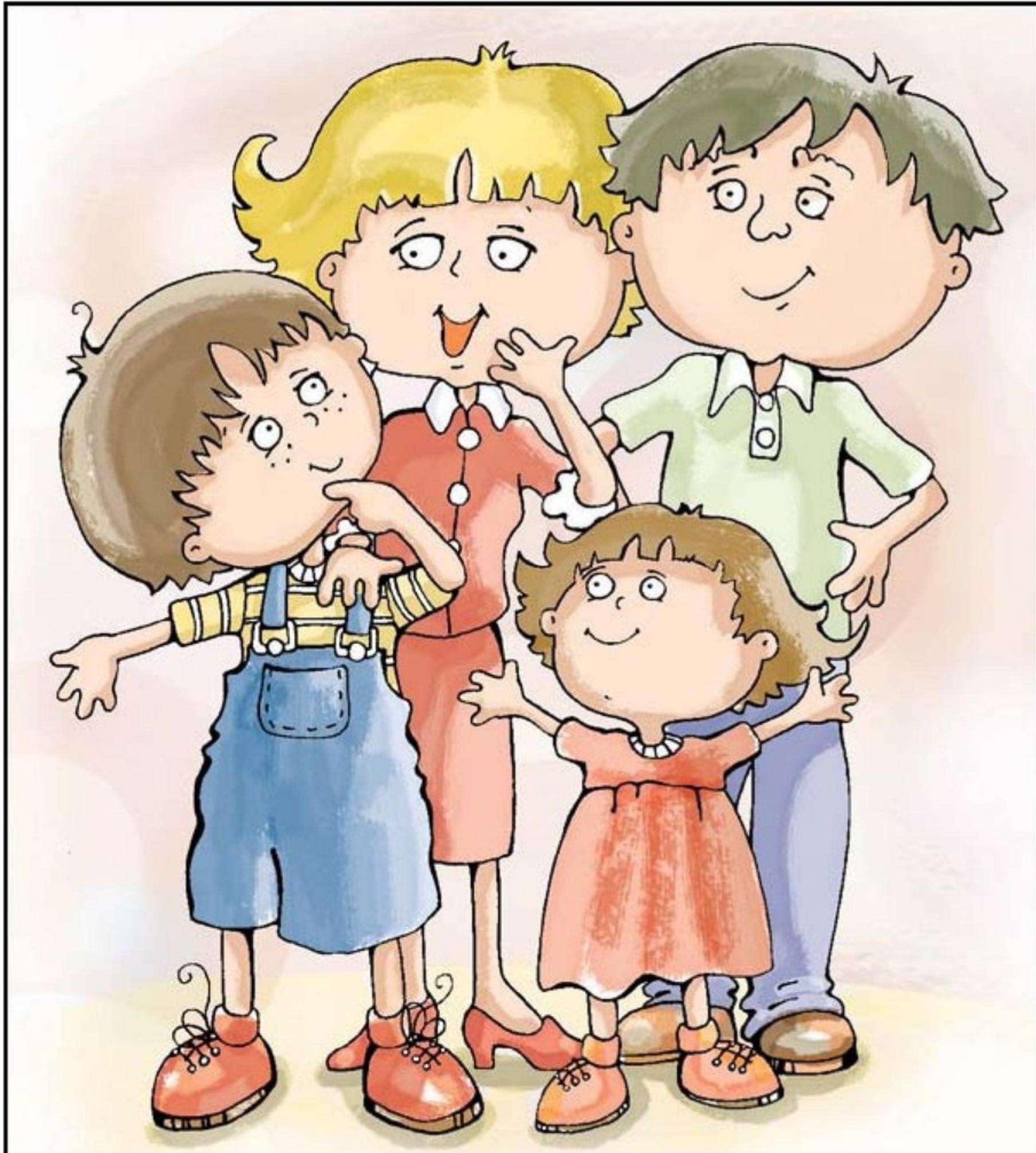
Worse than worse, people were frowning again. Their faces were turned upside down.

The little UpDown Boy tried to make the people laugh. But no matter what silly face he made, no one smiled—they could only frown.



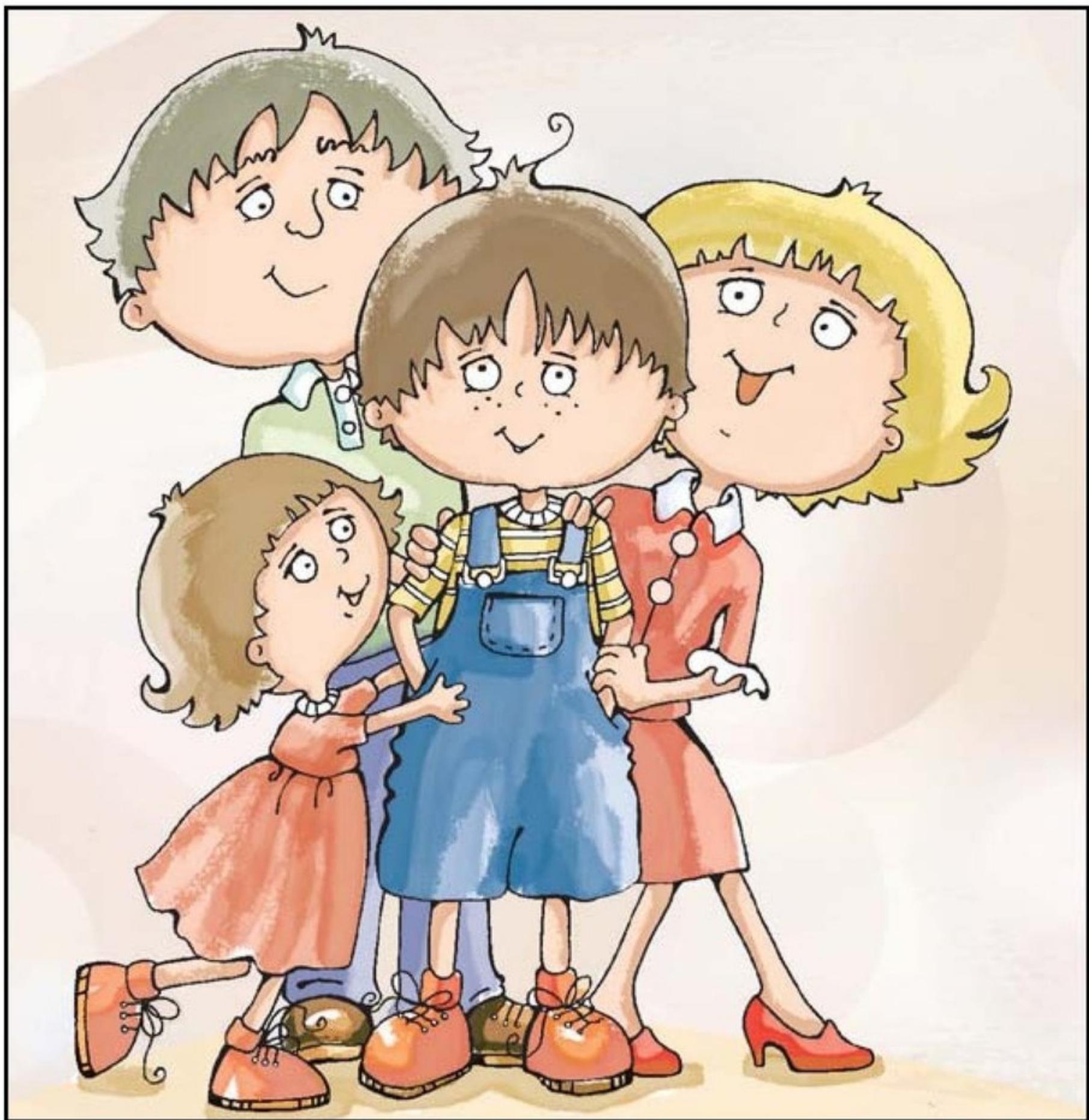
And so the UpDown Boy went right side up. Now what was *down* was *down*, and what was *up* was *up*.

Although he was now right side up again, this story doesn't end going *down*.



There was a surprise waiting for the UpDown boy after he went right side *up*.

What had seemed to be frowns were really smiles in this right-side-up world.



The people had smiled when the UpDown boy had muddled through puddles. They laughed when he slurped his soup.

The people had forgotten for a time what had made them sad in our UpDown world.

The UpDown Boy
Level N Leveled Book
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Learning A-Z
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Illustrated by Carolyn LaPorte

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