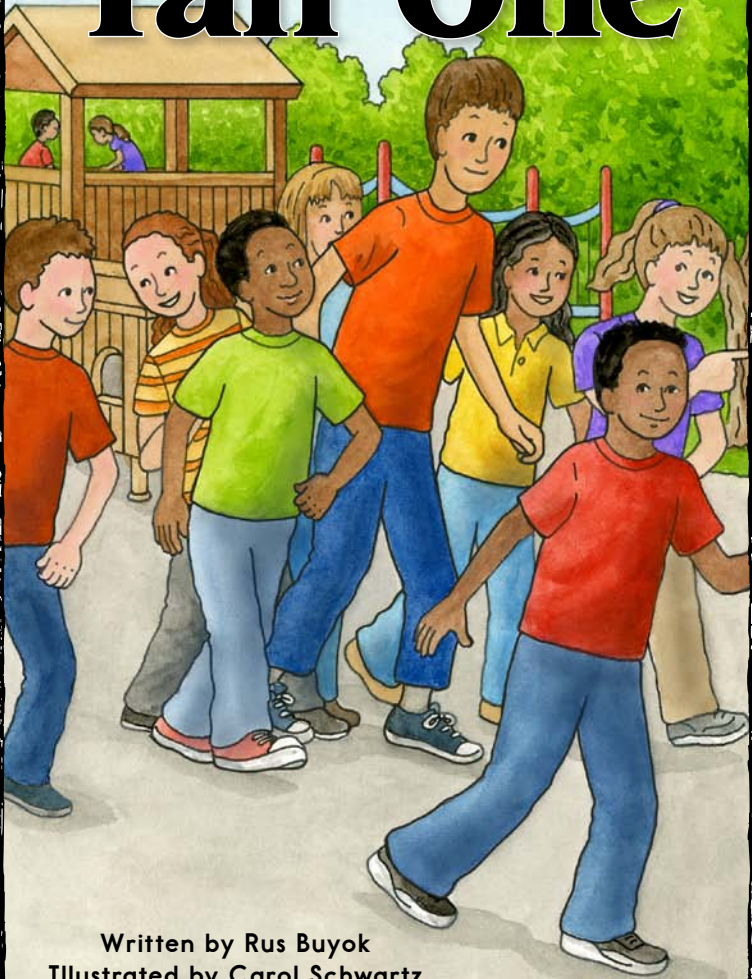


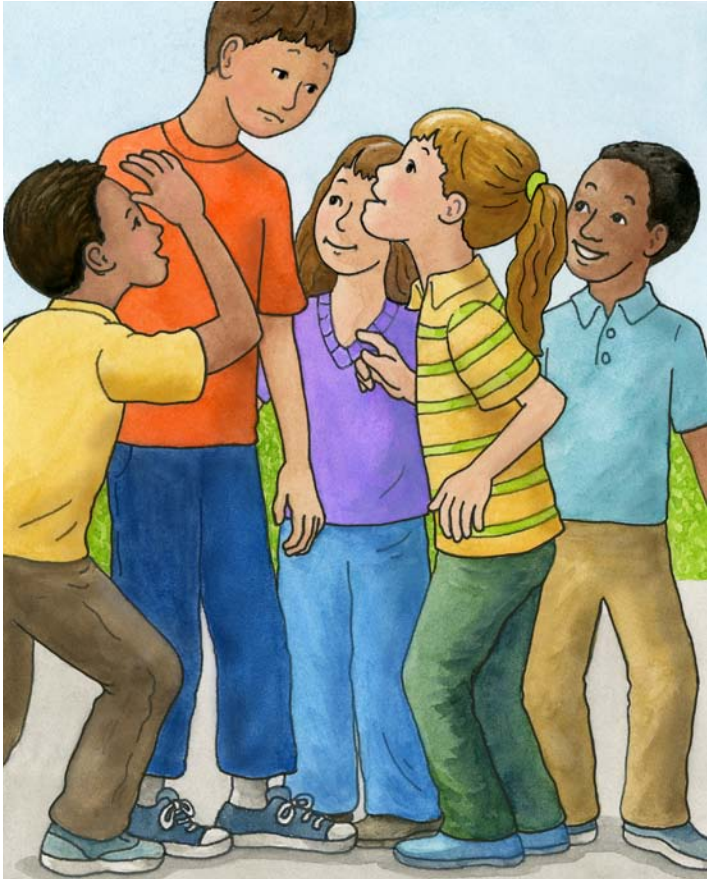
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I'm the Tall One



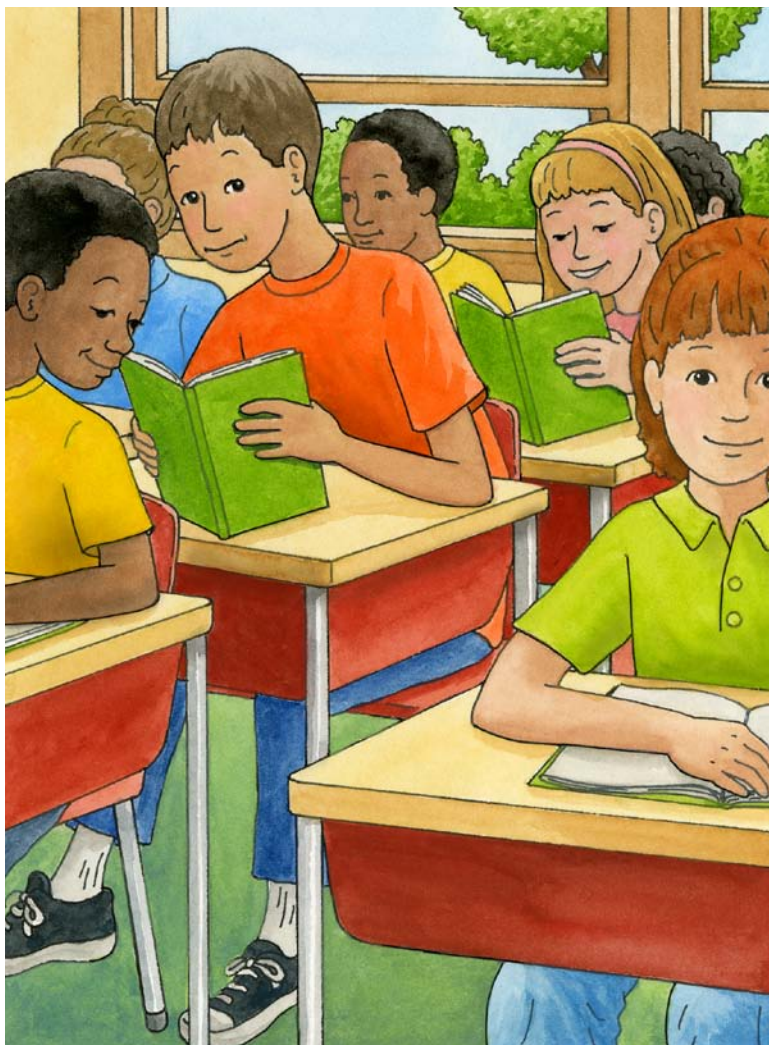
Written by Rus Buyok
Illustrated by Carol Schwartz

I'm the Tall One

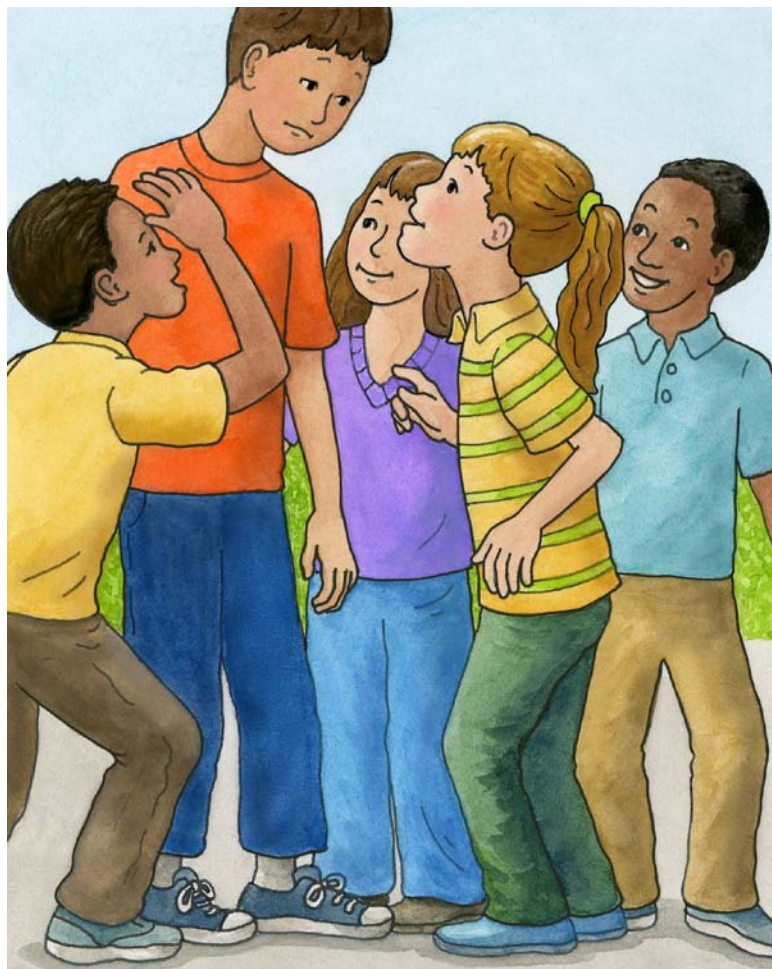


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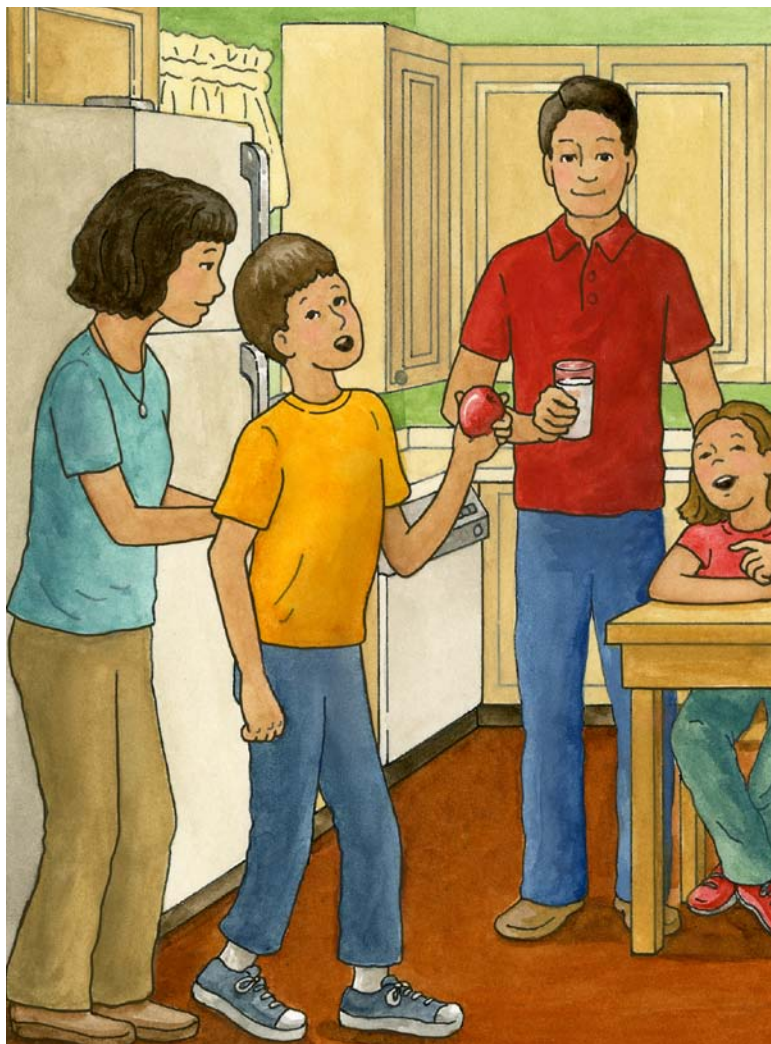
I've always been taller than everyone else my age. My legs didn't fit under the desks at school, and my clothes never fit.



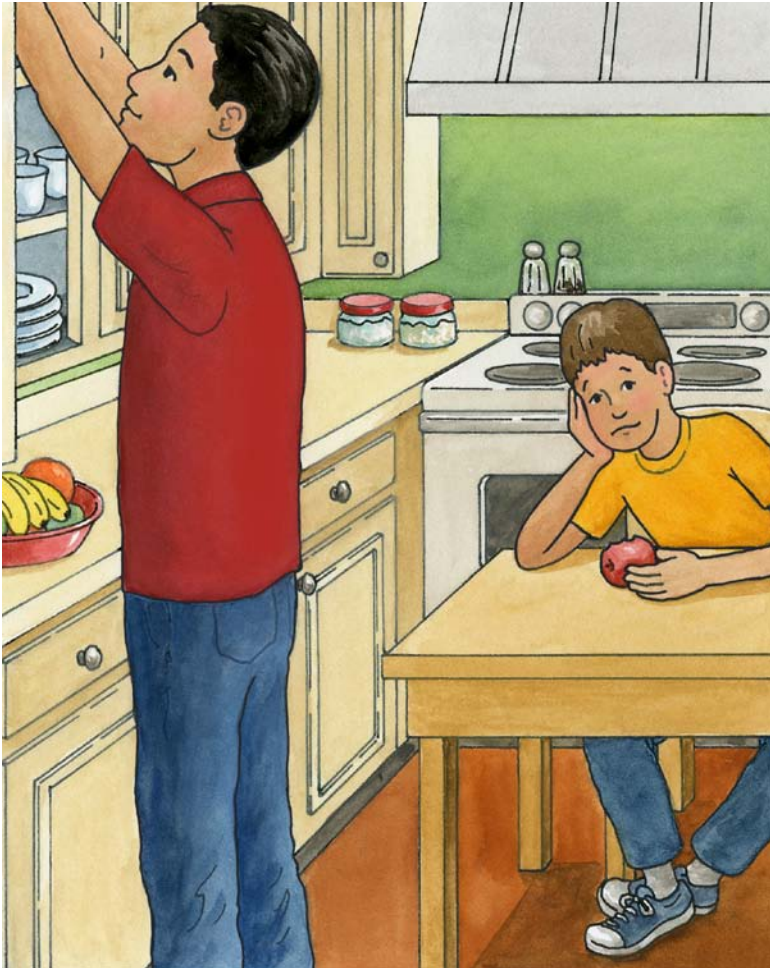
I was also extremely skinny. Others **teased** me—even my friends! They called me *string bean* and *slim*, and asked, “How’s the weather up there?”



I hated being so tall because I felt different and **odd**.



I tried to **slouch** to look shorter,
but Mom wouldn't let me. She
always **nudged** my back and said,
"Stand up straight!"



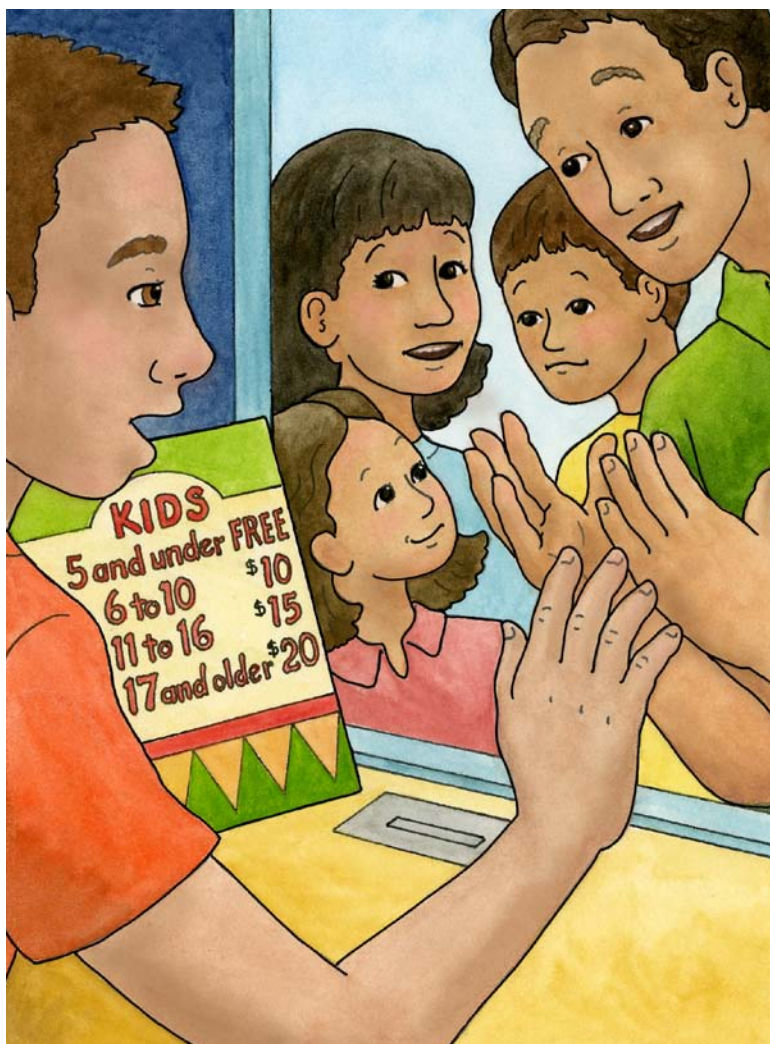
“Being tall is great!” Dad would say.

He was tall, too.

“You’re crazy,” I would reply.

“Being this tall is the worst thing
in the world.”

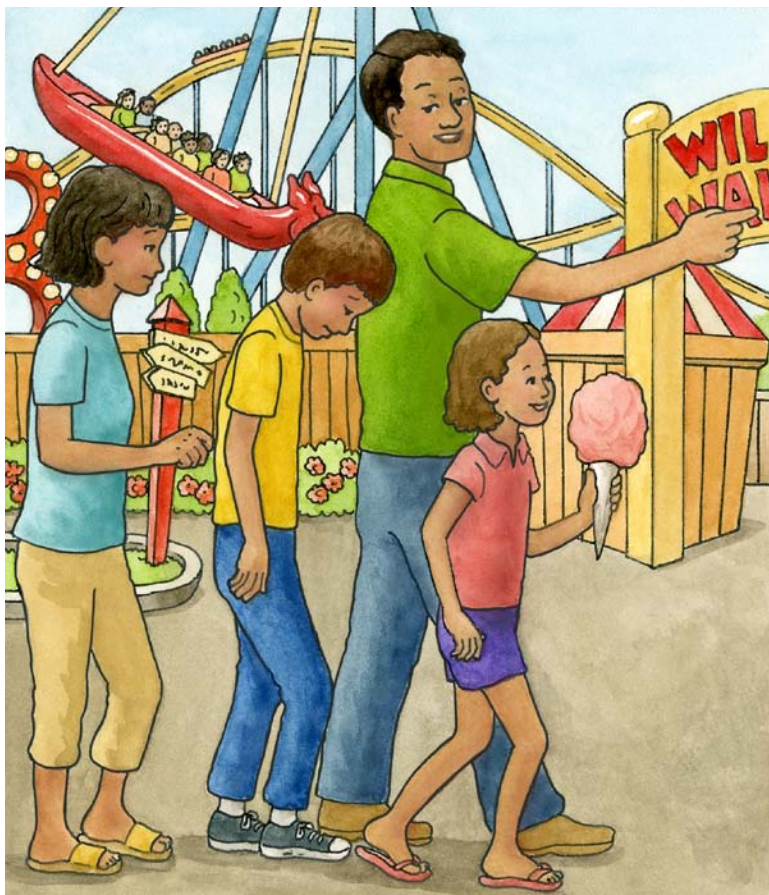




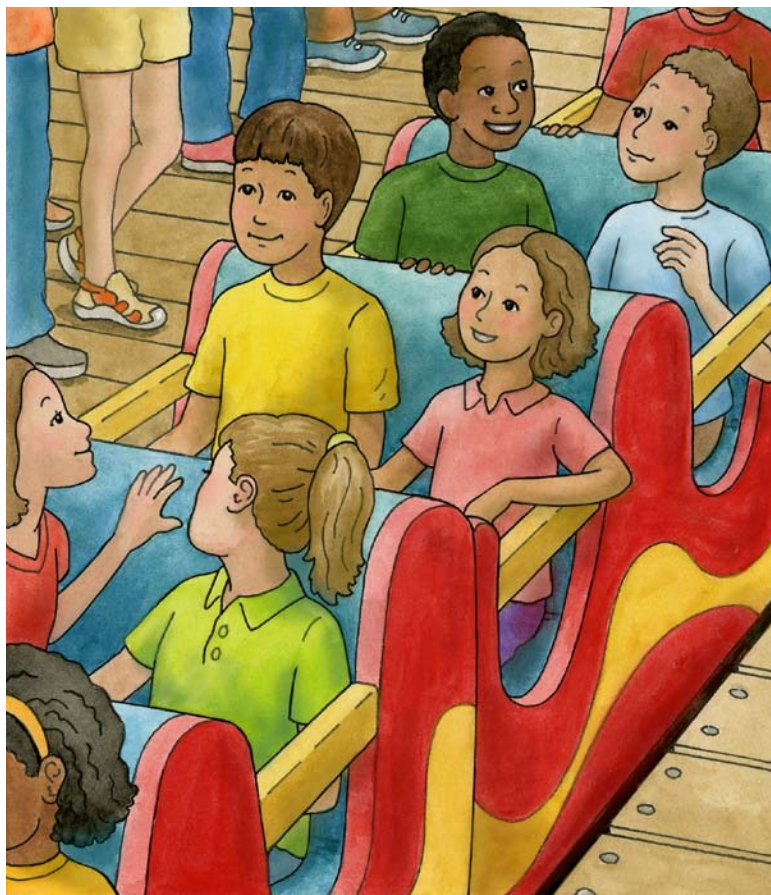
One year, my family went to a big amusement park. Because I was so tall, the man selling tickets thought I was older than ten.



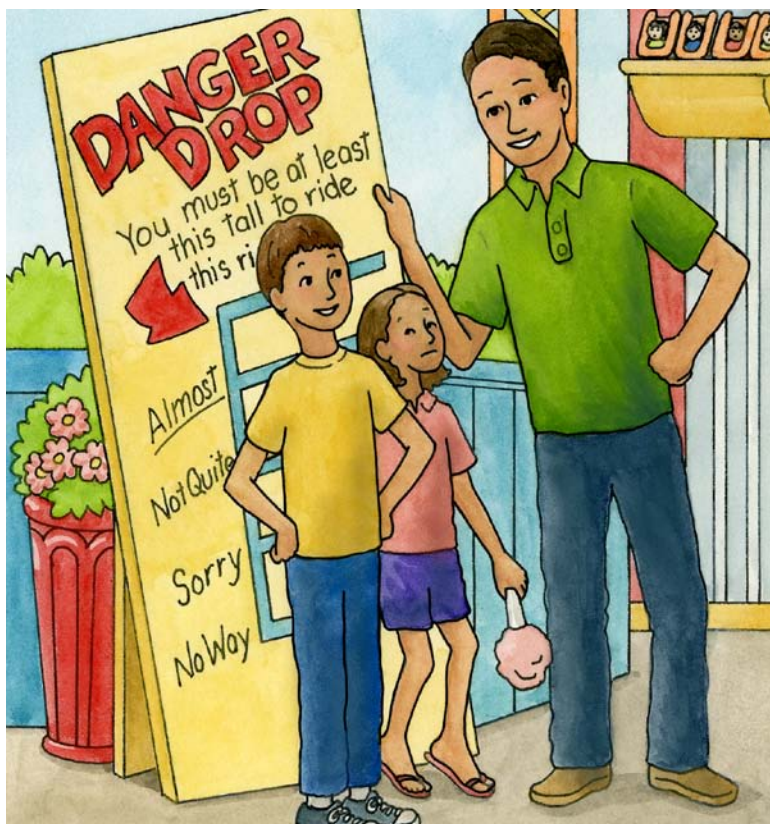
He said my parents had to pay more money for my ticket. I thought he wouldn't let me inside. My older sister laughed at me when I almost started to cry.



Mom and Dad paid the extra money, and I felt really bad. I tried to have fun, but I just didn't feel like it anymore. Mom had to keep nudging my back to get me to stand up straight.



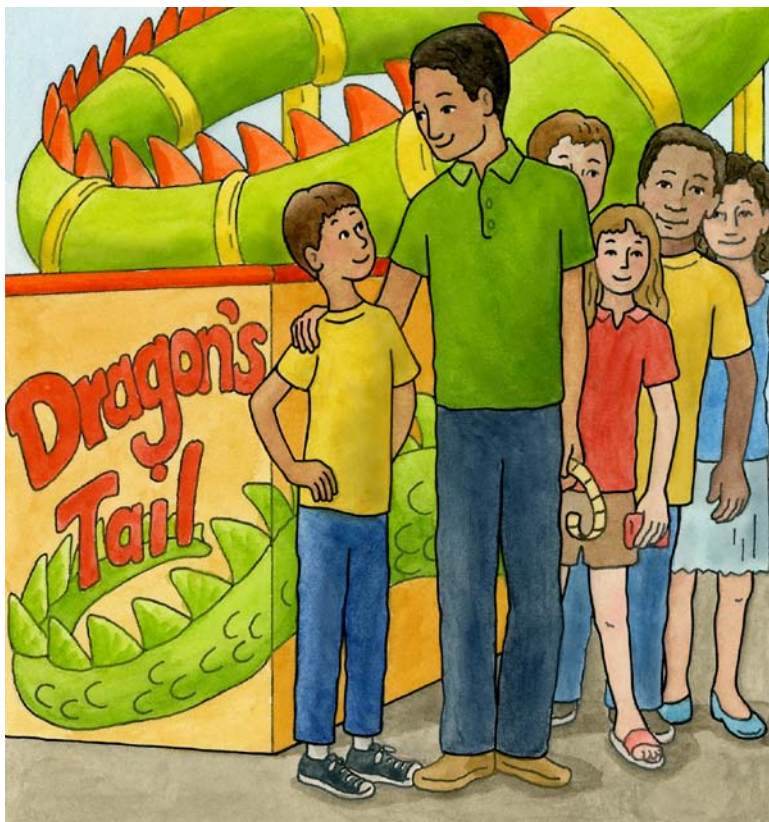
Then I started to notice something. When we went on rides for kids my own age, people gave me weird looks. I figured out that everyone thought I was older, which was pretty cool.



After lunch, my older sister wanted to see the scary rides. She ran up to each sign that said, “You must be this tall to ride.” She was always an inch or two too short. Dad said I should measure myself—and I was tall enough!



Mom didn't like scary rides. My sister waited with my mom and pouted while Dad and I went on the rides. I threw up, but they were the most fun I'd had in my life! After washing my face, Dad and I went on ride after ride.



“Still think being tall is horrible?” Dad asked while we waited in line for another ride.

“No way!” I said. It was the first time I felt **proud** of my **height**. Mom didn’t have to nudge me for weeks after that trip.

Glossary

- height** (*n.*) the measure of how tall something is from bottom to top (p. 15)
- nudged** (*v.*) gently tapped or pushed (p. 6)
- odd** (*adj.*) strange; different from what is expected (p. 5)
- proud** (*adj.*) having a healthy feeling of self-respect (p. 15)
- slouch** (*v.*) to walk, stand, or sit with shoulders and neck bent forward (p. 6)
- teased** (*v.*) made fun of; provoked in a playful way (p. 4)

I'm The tall One
Level J Leveled Book
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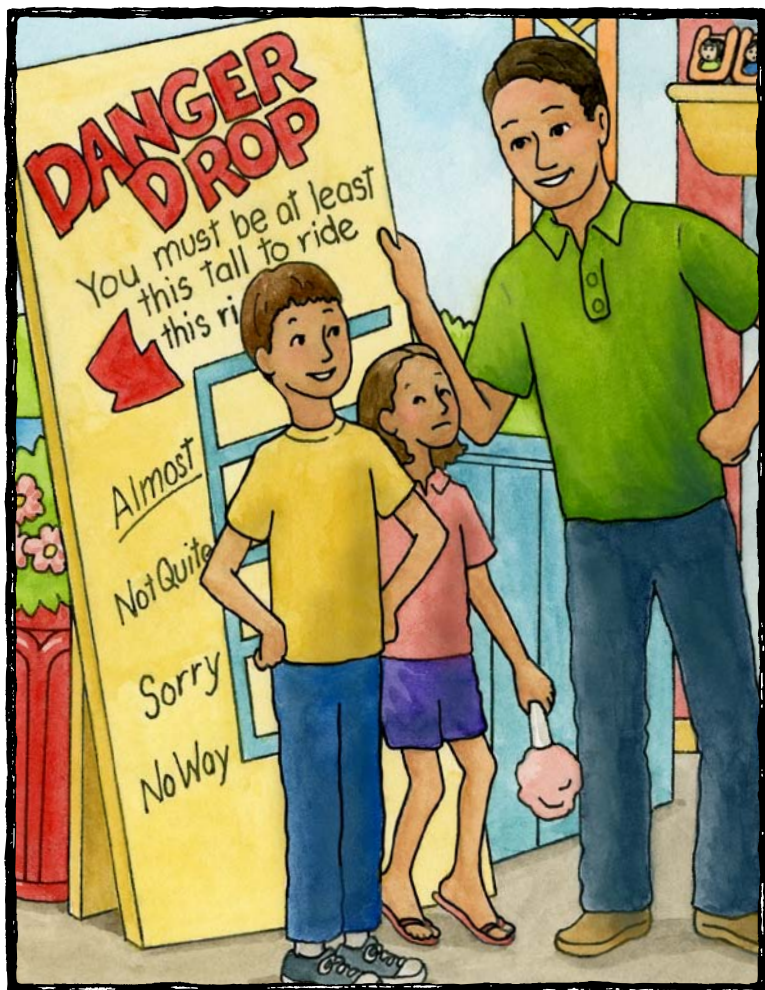
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