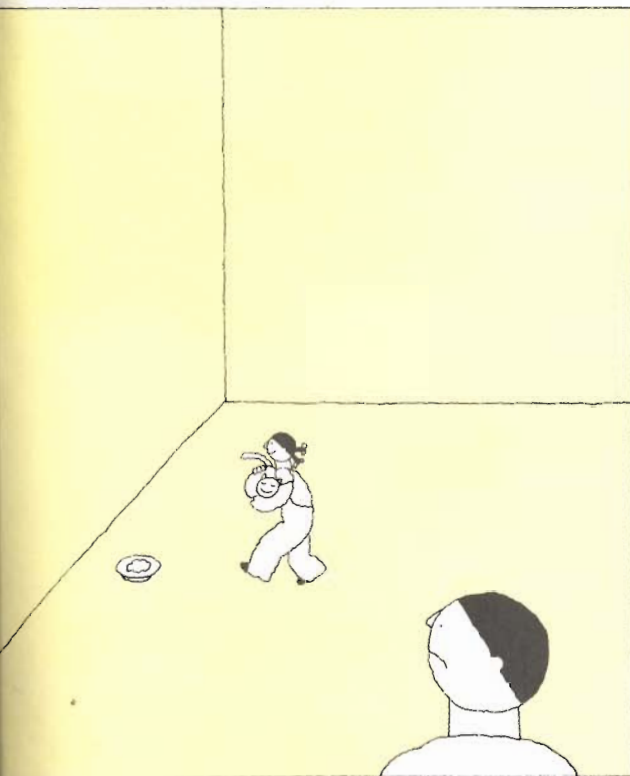


# The Great One

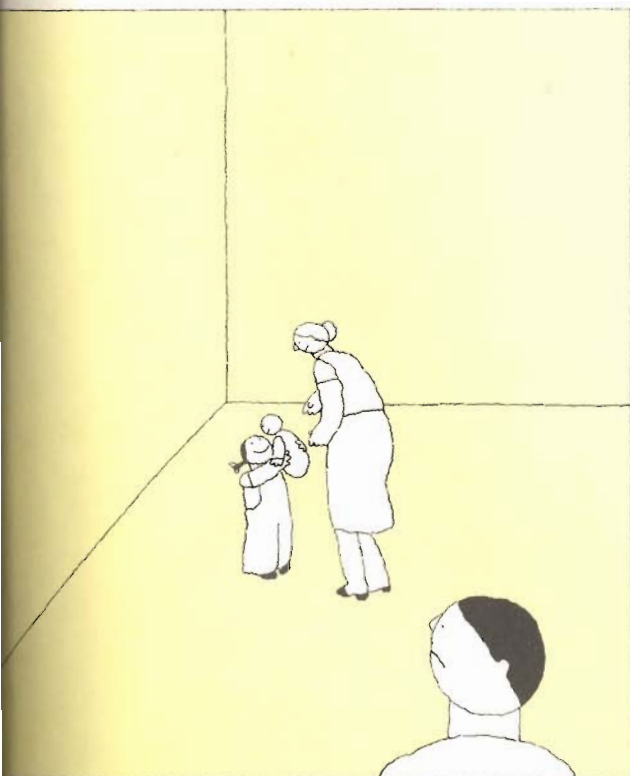
by Judy Blume



My sister thinks she's  
so great  
Just because  
she's older.  
Which makes Daddy  
and Mom think  
She's really smart.  
But I know the truth.  
My sister's a jerk.

She thinks she's great  
Just because she can  
Play the piano.  
And you can tell  
The songs  
are real ones.  
But I like  
my songs better.  
Even if nobody  
Ever heard them before.

My sister thinks she's so great  
Just because she can work  
The electric can opener.  
Which means she gets  
To feed the cat.  
Which means the cat  
Likes her better than me  
Just because she feeds her.



My sister thinks she's so great  
Just because Aunt Diana lets  
Her watch the baby.  
And tells her how much  
The baby likes *her*.

And all the time  
The baby is sleeping  
In my dresser drawer.  
Which my mother  
has fixed up  
Like a bed  
For when the baby  
Comes to visit.

And I'm not supposed  
To touch him  
Even if he's  
In *my* drawer  
And gets changed  
On *my* bed.

Continued on page 65

My brother's a pain.  
He won't get out of bed  
In the morning.  
My mother has to carry him  
Into the kitchen.  
He opens his eyes  
When he smells  
His Sugar Pops.

He should get dressed  
    himself.  
He's six.  
He's in first grade.  
But he's so pokey  
Daddy has to help him  
Or he'd never be ready  
    in time  
And he'd miss the bus.

He cries if I  
Leave without him.  
Then Mom gets mad  
And yells at me.  
Which is another  
    reason why  
My brother's a pain.



He's got to be first  
To show Mom  
His school work.  
She says *oob* and *aab*  
Over all his pictures.  
Which aren't great at all  
But just ordinary  
First grade stuff.

At dinner he picks  
At his food.  
He's not supposed  
To get dessert  
If he doesn't  
Eat his meat.  
But he always  
Gets it anyway.

When he takes a bath  
My brother the pain  
Powers the whole bathroom  
And he never gets his face clean.  
Daddy says  
He's learning to  
Take care of himself.  
I say,  
He's a slob!

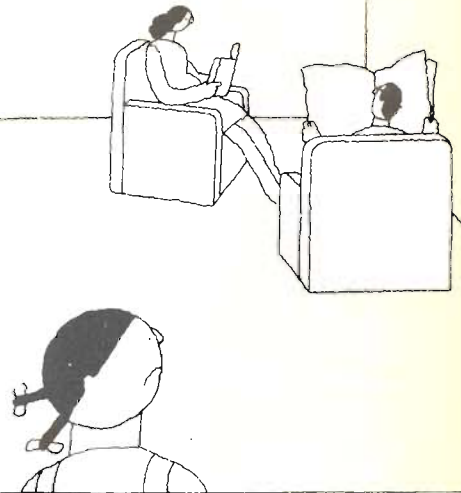


Continued on page 64

# The Pain

My brother the pain  
Is two years younger than me.  
So how come  
He gets to stay up  
As late as I do?  
Which isn't really late enough  
For somebody in third grade  
Anyway.

I asked Mom and Daddy about that.  
They said,  
"You're right.  
You *are* older.  
You *should* stay up later."  
So they tucked the Pain  
Into bed.  
I couldn't wait  
For the fun to begin.  
I waited  
And waited  
And waited.  
But Daddy and Mom  
Just sat there  
Reading books.



Finally I shouted,  
"I'm going to bed!"  
"We thought you wanted  
To stay up later,"  
They said.  
"I did.  
But without the Pain  
There's nothing to do!"

"Remember that tomorrow,"  
My mother said.  
And she smiled.

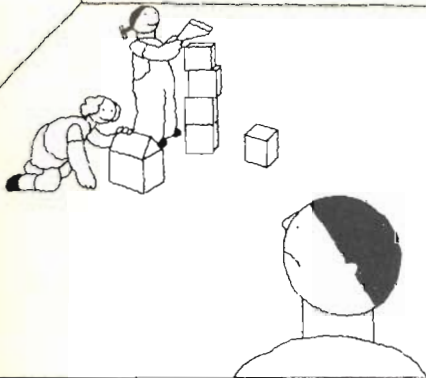


Continued on page 66

My sister thinks she's so great  
Just because she can  
Remember phone numbers.  
And when she dials  
She never gets  
The wrong person.

And when she has friends over  
They build whole cities  
Out of blocks.  
I like to be garbage man.  
I zoom my trucks  
all around.  
So what if I  
knock down  
Some of the buildings?

"It's not fair  
That she always gets  
To use  
the blocks!"  
I told my mother  
and father.



They said,  
"You're right.  
Today you can  
use the blocks  
All by yourself."  
"I'm going to build  
a whole city  
Without you!"  
I told the Great One.  
"Go ahead," she said.  
"Go build a whole  
state without me.  
See if I care!"

So I did.  
I built a whole  
country  
All by myself.  
Only it's not the  
funnest thing  
To play blocks alone.  
Because when I  
zoomed my trucks  
And knocked down  
buildings  
Nobody cared but me!

"Remember that tomorrow,"  
Mom said, when I told her  
I was through playing blocks.

*Continued on page 67*

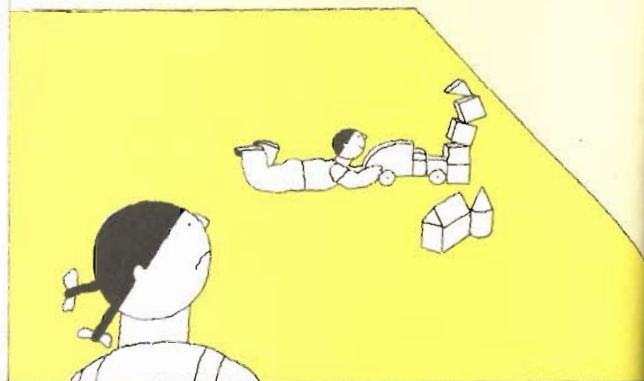
# The Pain

But the next day  
My brother was  
a pain again.

When I got a phone call  
He danced all around me  
Singing stupid songs  
At the top of his lungs.  
Why does he have to  
act that way?

And why does he  
always  
Want to be  
a garbage man  
When I build a city  
Out of blocks?  
Who needs him  
Knocking down  
buildings  
With his dumb  
old trucks!

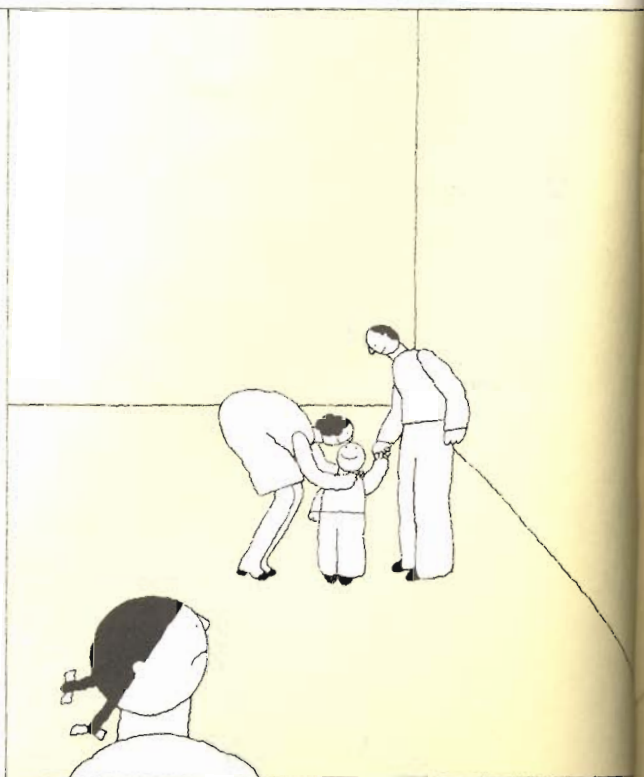
And I would really like to know  
Why the cat sleeps on the Pain's bed  
Instead of mine.  
Especially since I am the one  
Who feeds her.  
That is the meanest thing of all!



I don't understand  
How my mother can say  
The Pain is lovable.  
She's always kissing him  
And hugging him  
And doing disgusting things  
Like that.  
And my father says  
The Pain is just what  
They always wanted.

YUCK!

I think they love him better than me.



But the next day  
We went swimming.  
I can't stand my sister  
When we go swimming.  
She thinks she's so great  
Just because she can  
swim and dive

And isn't afraid  
To put her face  
In the water.  
I'm scared to  
put mine in  
So she calls me *baby*.



Which is why  
I have to  
Spit water at her  
And pull her hair  
And even pinch her  
Sometimes.

And I don't think it's fair  
For Daddy and Mom to yell at me  
Because none of it's my fault.  
But they yell anyway.

Then my mother hugs my sister  
And messes with her hair  
And does other disgusting things  
Like that.

And my father says  
The Great One is just what  
They always wanted.

YUCK!

I think they love her better than me.



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AND ME**

