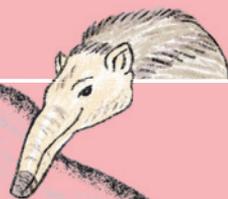




My library



Shorty



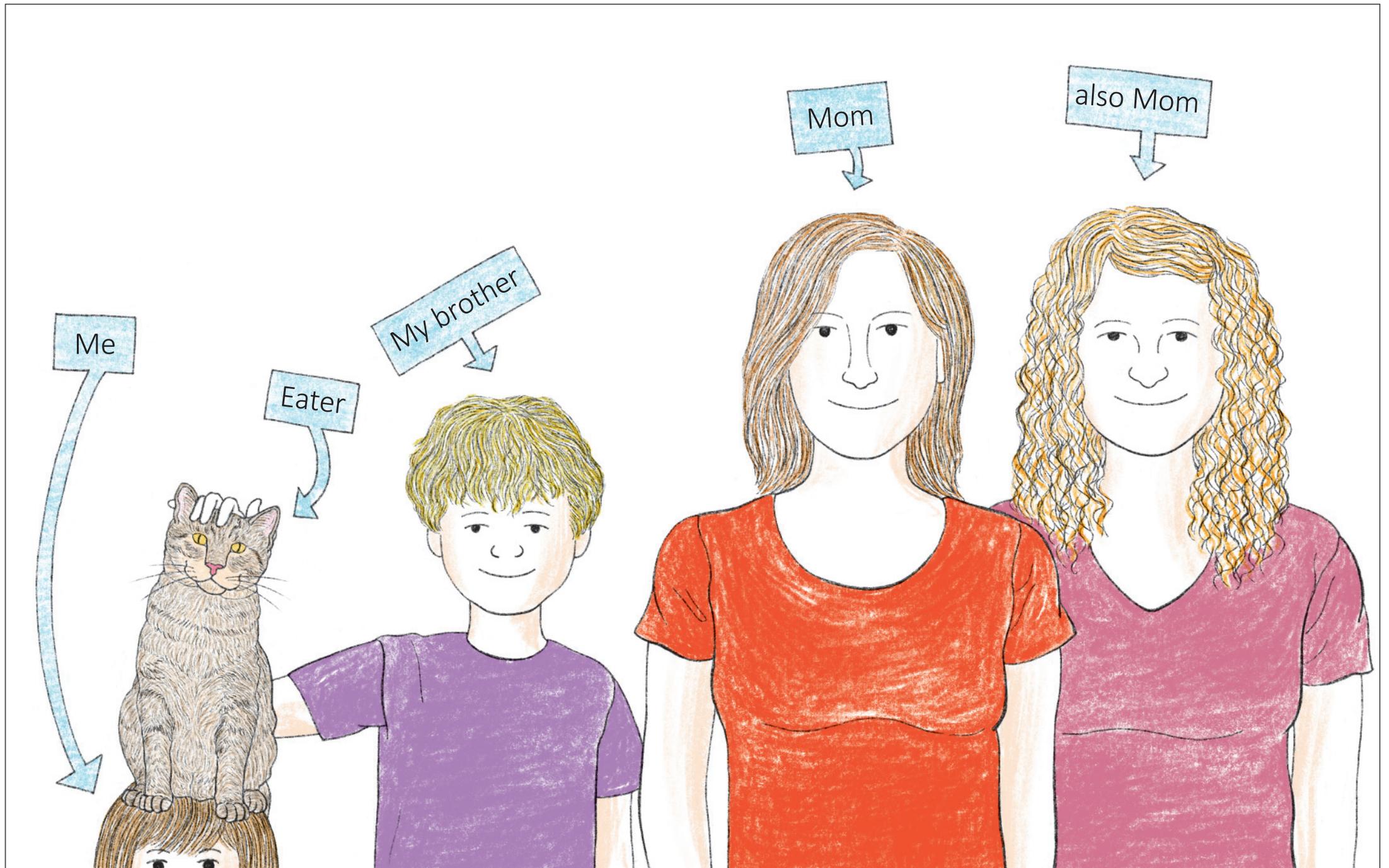
Written and illustrated by Ilana Zeffren



Ilana Zeffren
Shorty



This is my family. You can't see me because I'm . . . well, you know . . . it's that terrible word . . . short.



I'm not always short.



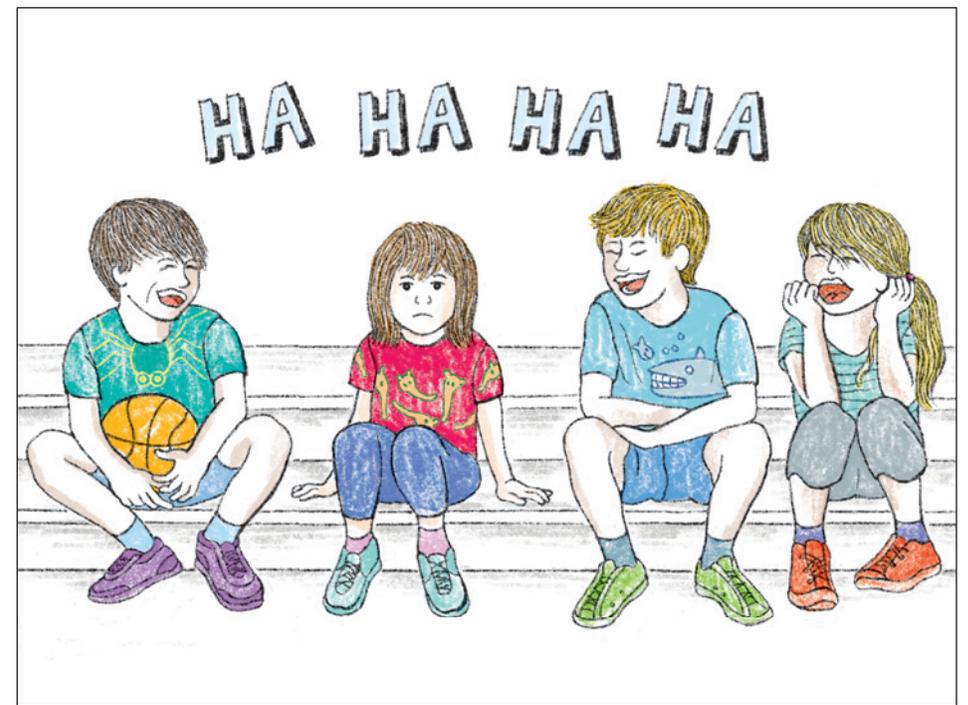
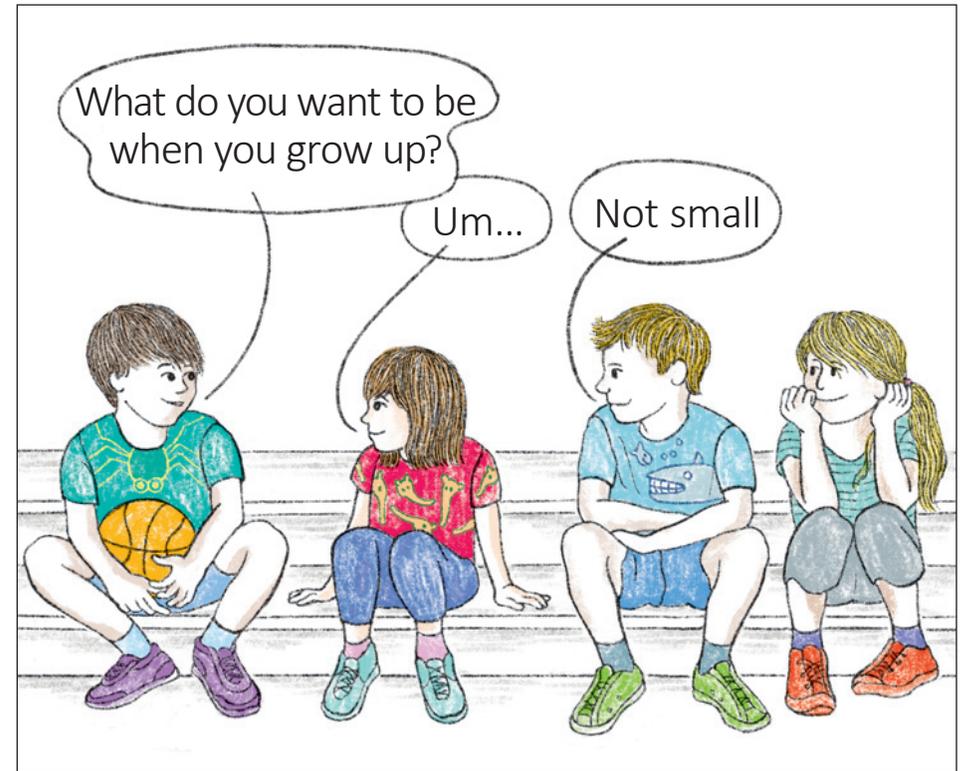
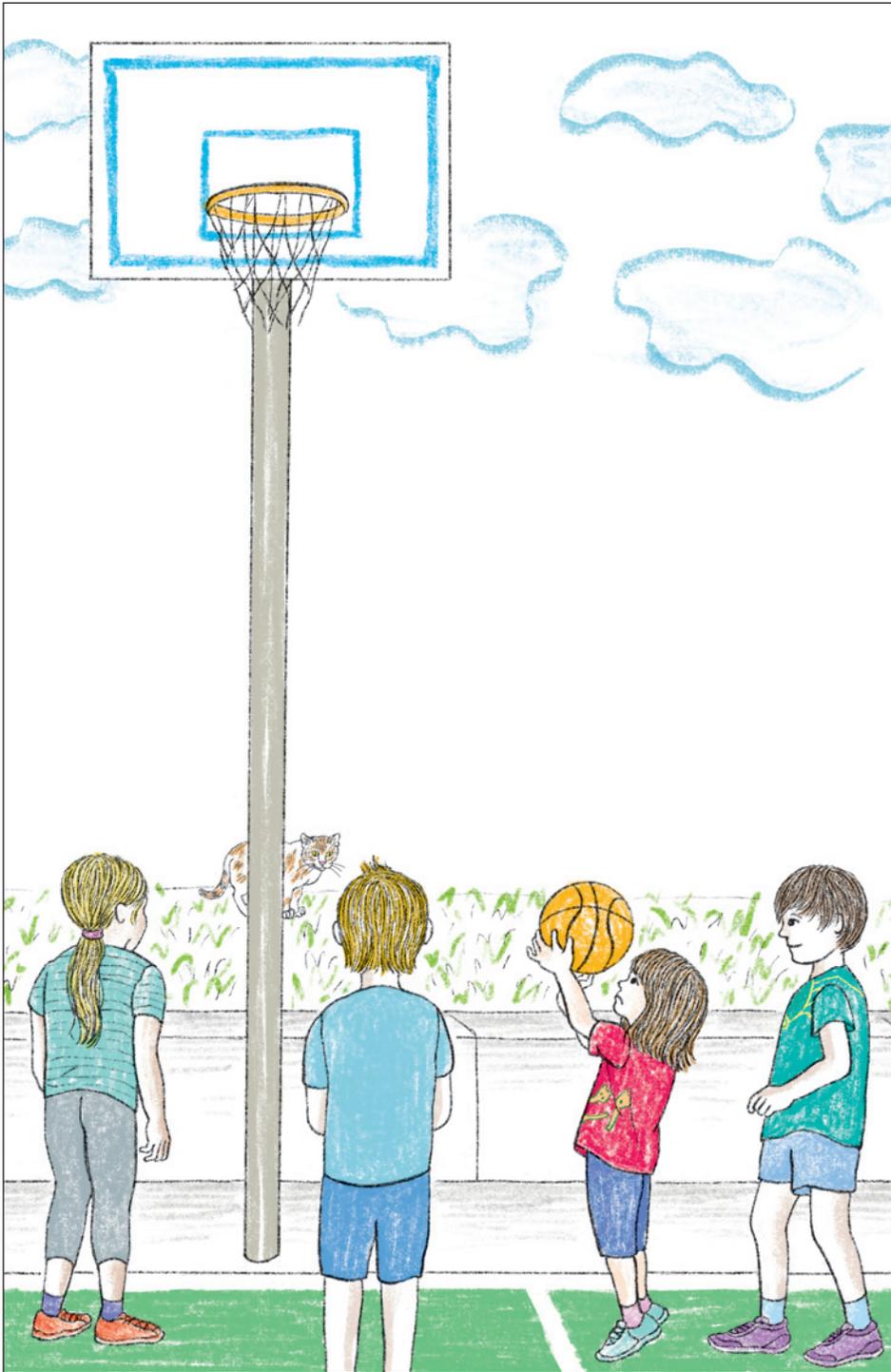
Sometimes it doesn't make a difference.



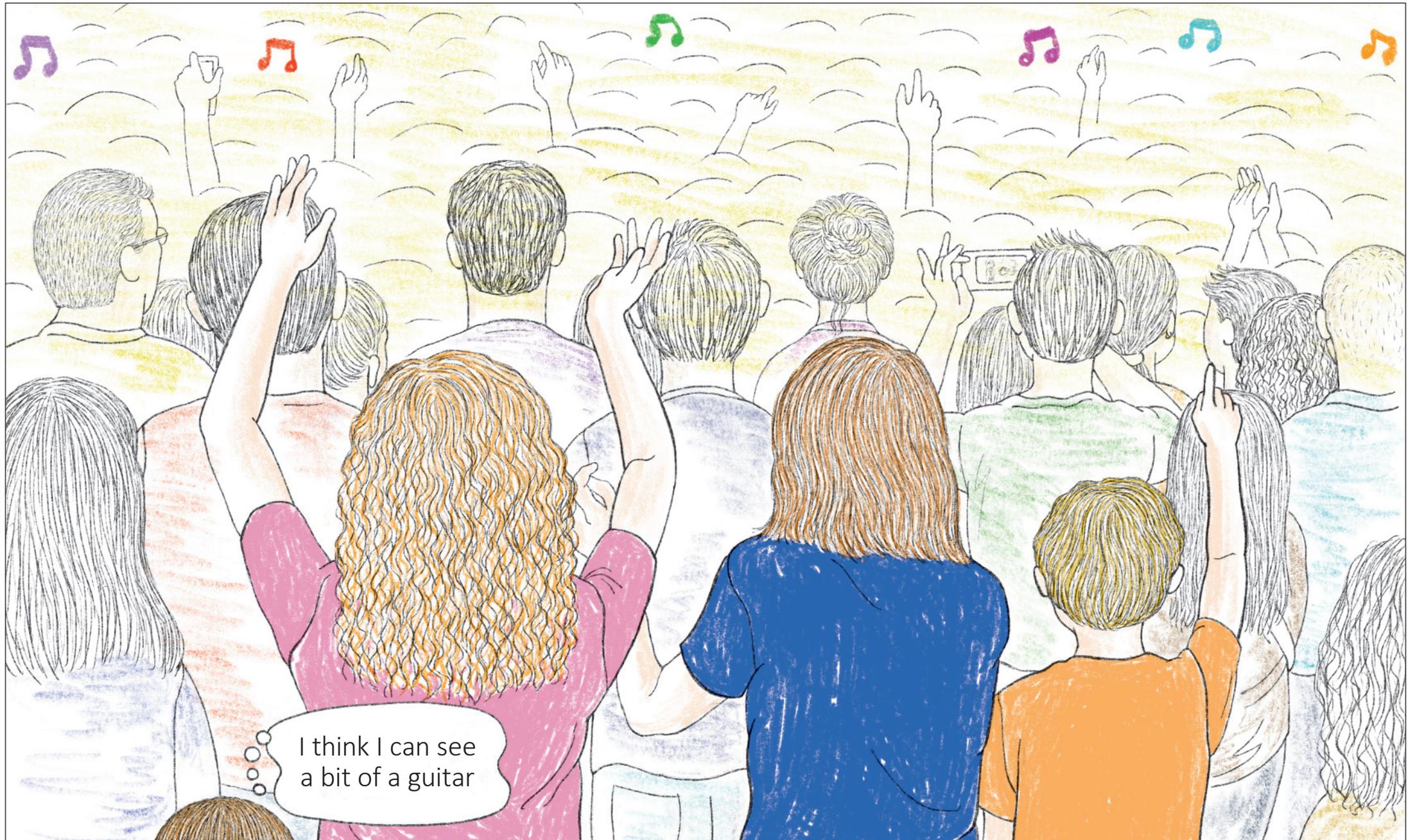
Sometimes it's even a plus.



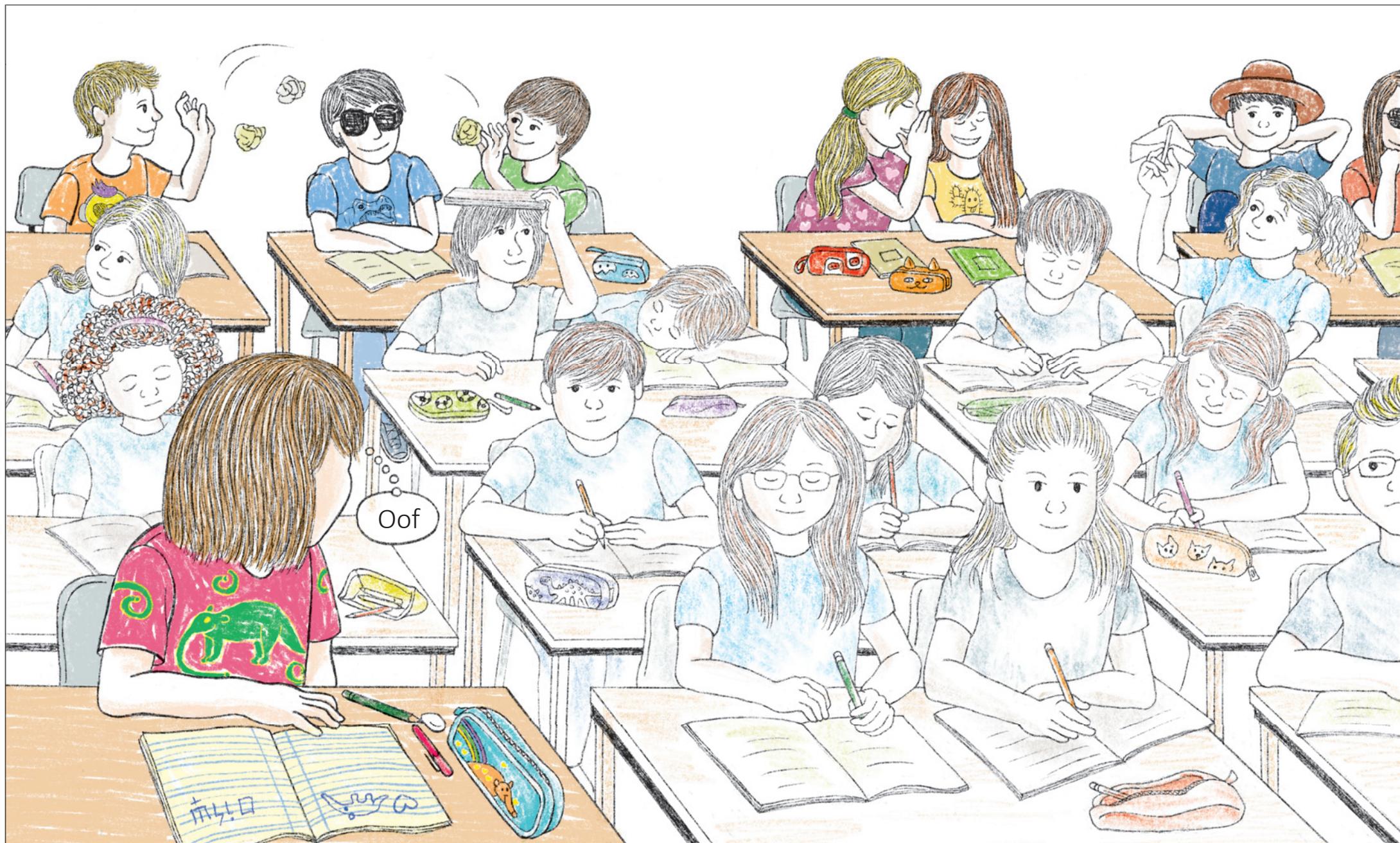
And sometimes it really really bothers me.



On my birthday, I went to a grown ups concert for the first time. I was so excited, but when we got there I discovered there was a problem.



I remembered the first day of school. I sat in the back, but when the lesson began I couldn't see the board, so the teacher, Hagit, told me to move up front.



I also remembered the demonstration we went to –
with all the shouts and the signs.



When I was little, my moms used to put me up on their shoulders. Now they say they can't.

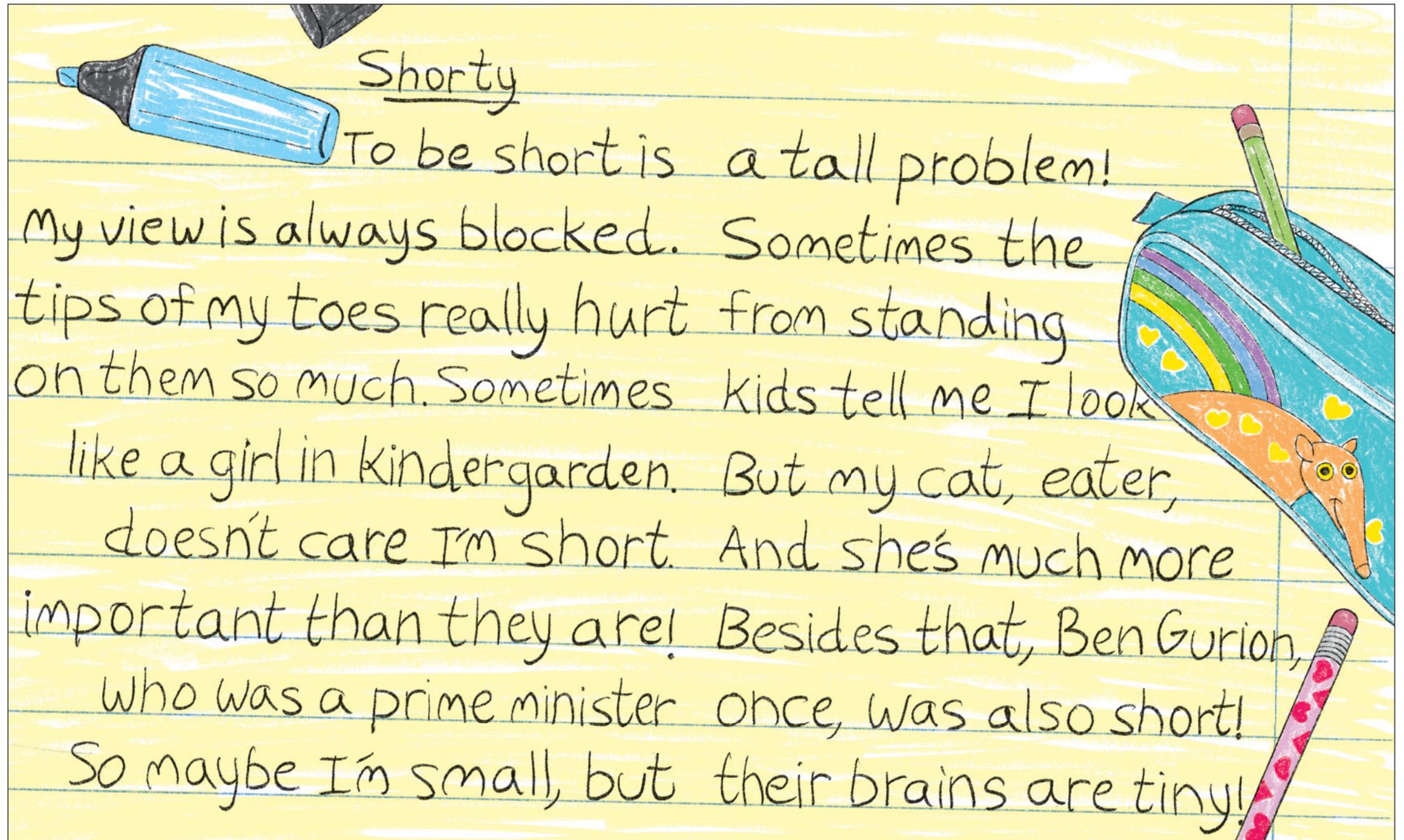


At night I thought: To block my view in class or at a demonstration is one thing, but at a concert? That's too much! So in the morning I organized a demonstration.



It didn't help, but at least no one blocked my view.

After the demonstration, Hagit asked us to write a composition about ourselves. I knew what to write right away.



Hagit read my composition and said that I'm talented at writing.



I was so happy, that even gym class wasn't so bad.



In the afternoon I had a thought:



And another thought:



At that moment I got an idea. I waited for a chance to try it out.

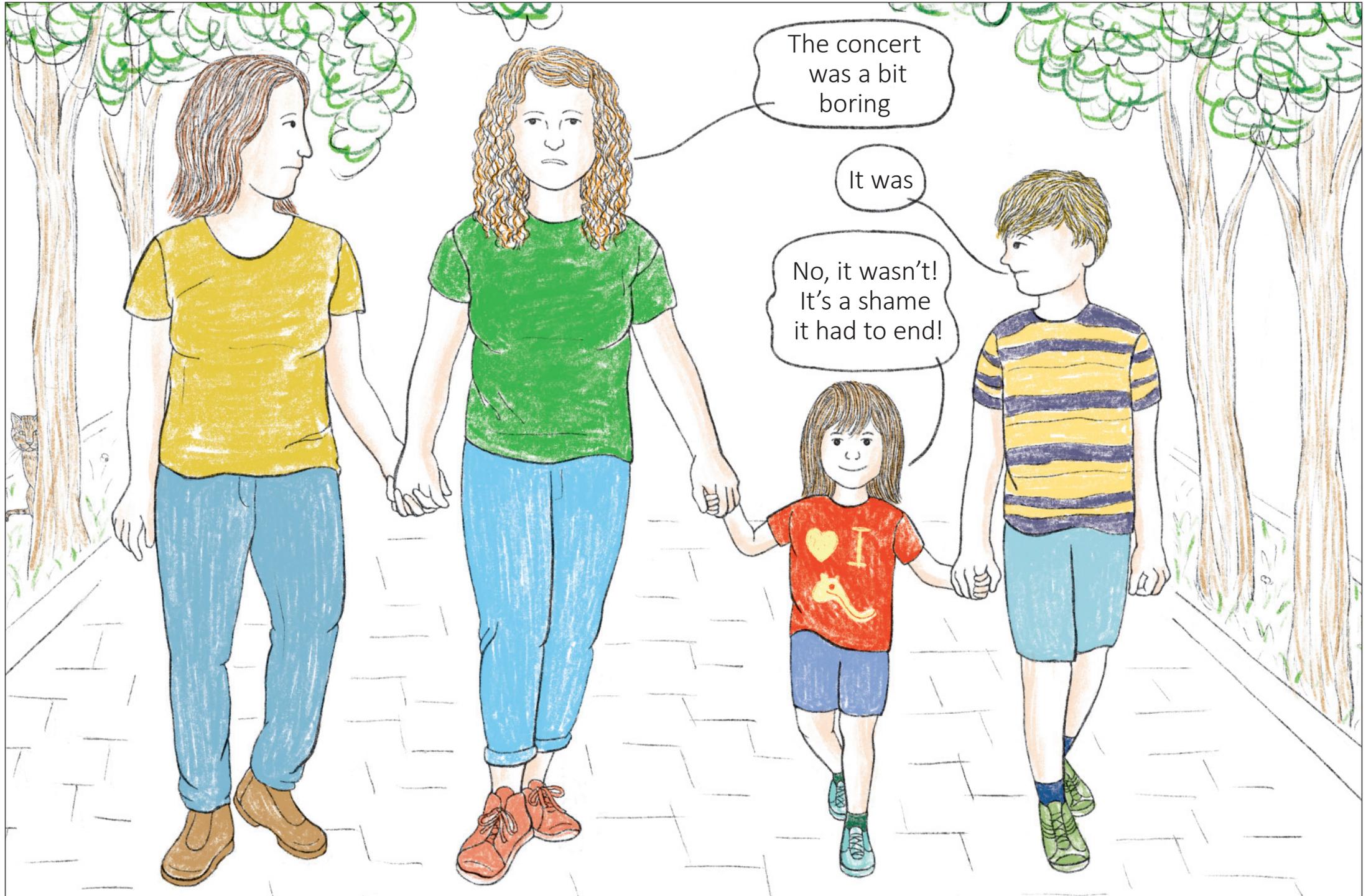
The next time we went to a concert, instead of standing on tiptoes, I imagined what was happening on stage.



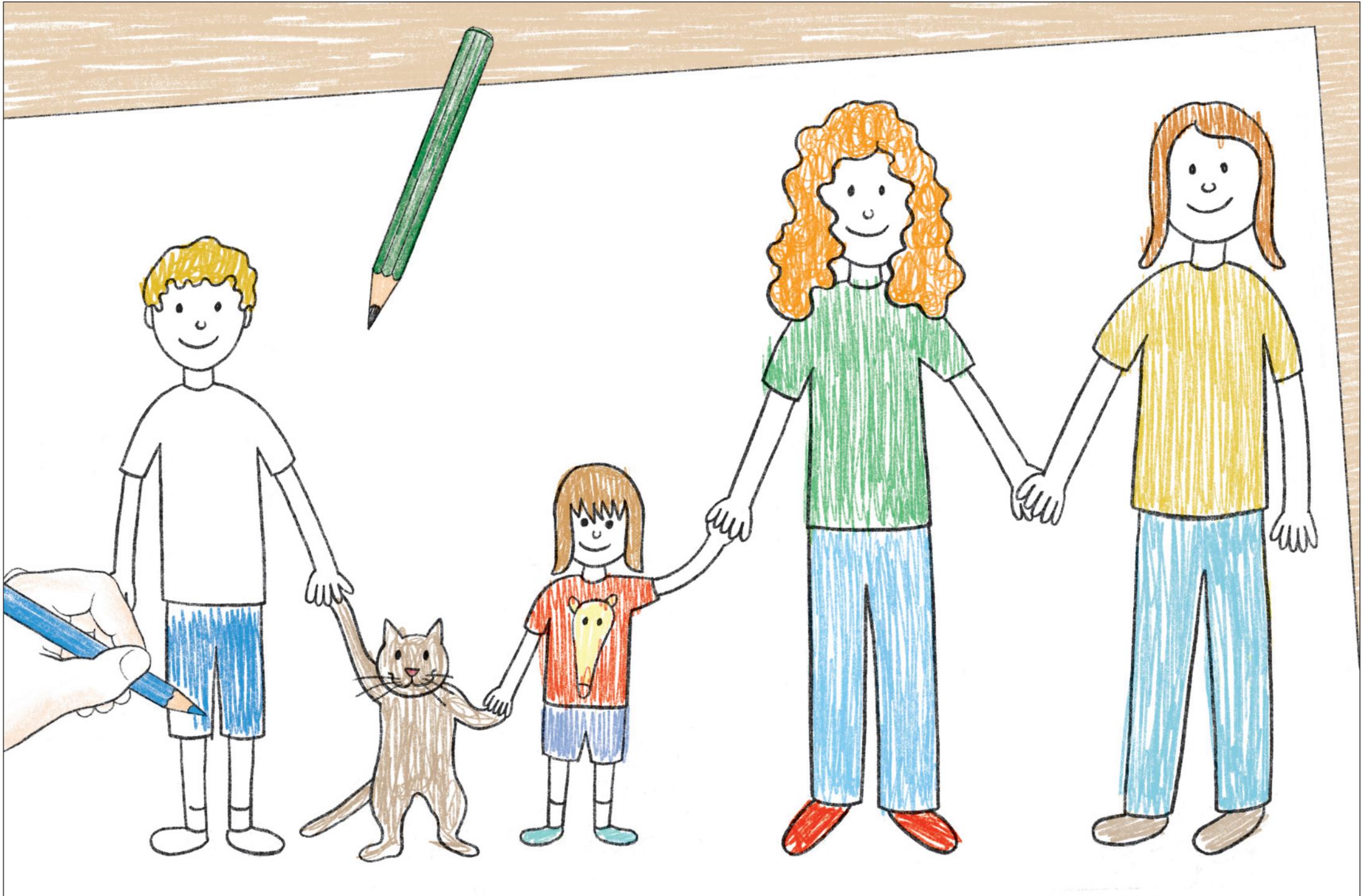
My idea worked!

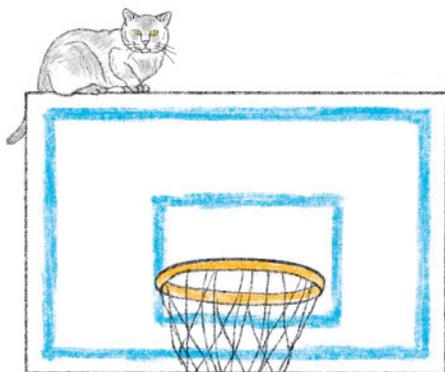


My brother and moms didn't have as much fun as I did.



I can't wait for the next one!





Everyone expects me to be a basketball player. You can be whatever you want!

