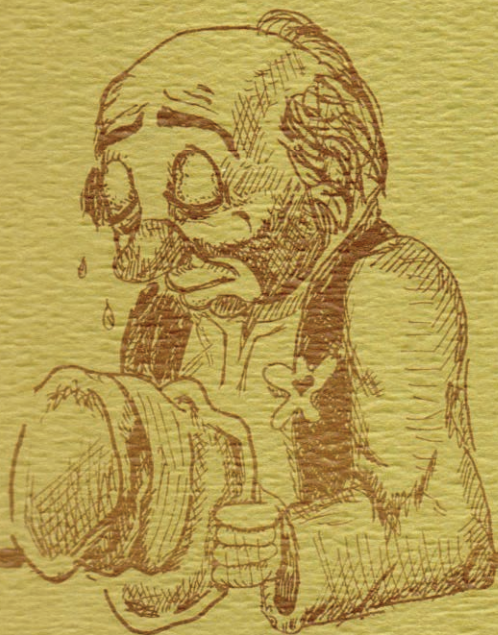


# GROWING

# PAINS



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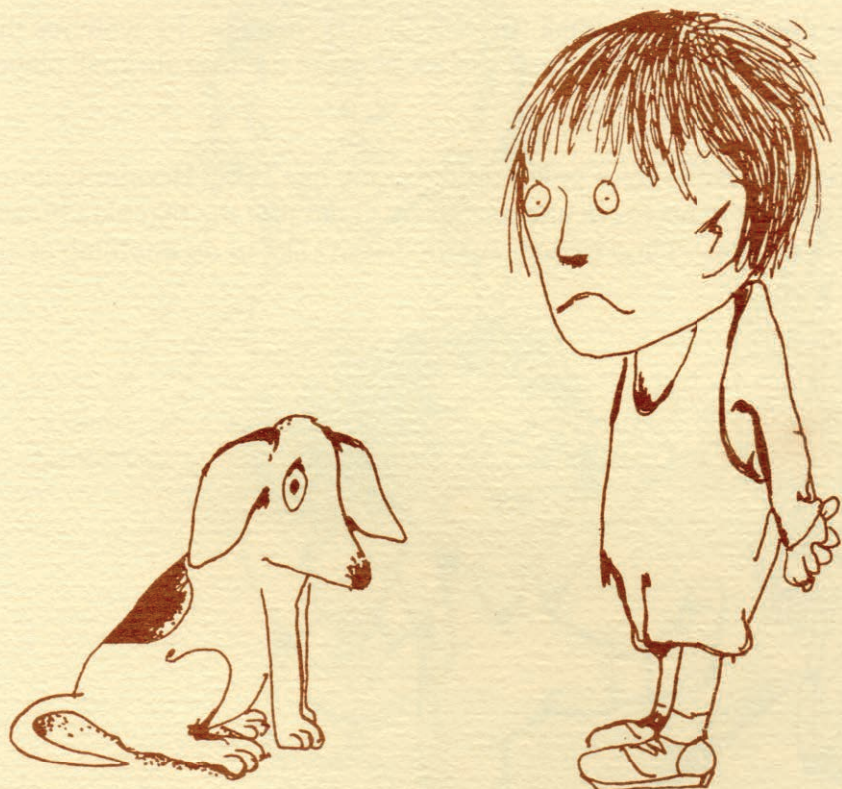
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## **ADAM McFADDOM**

*Author - John Ewing*

This is Adam—Adam McFaddom. On the outside, he is like every other boy in Adamsopolis, Kentucky. He lives in a house, like other boys. He has a dog, like other boys, and he got a super turbo XJ7 jet car for his birthday, like every other boy. But on the inside, Adam is not like other boys. Adam likes to wish.

He doesn't play stickball with his friends. Instead, he watches the game from inside his house and wishes he were the best stickball player in the world.

Adam doesn't ride a polka-dotted pony like Betty Boopenheimer. Instead, he sits in his room and wishes he could ride the big, blue horses in his circus book—blind folded! Adam doesn't like to do anything at all, except wish.





One day, while Adam was adding three's in math class, he began to wish. Adam wished that he had big ears like Mrs. Gabblegoose, his teacher.

Suddenly, Mrs. Gabblegoose, who was watching Adam from her desk, opened her mouth. She rubbed her big ears and rolled her eyes.

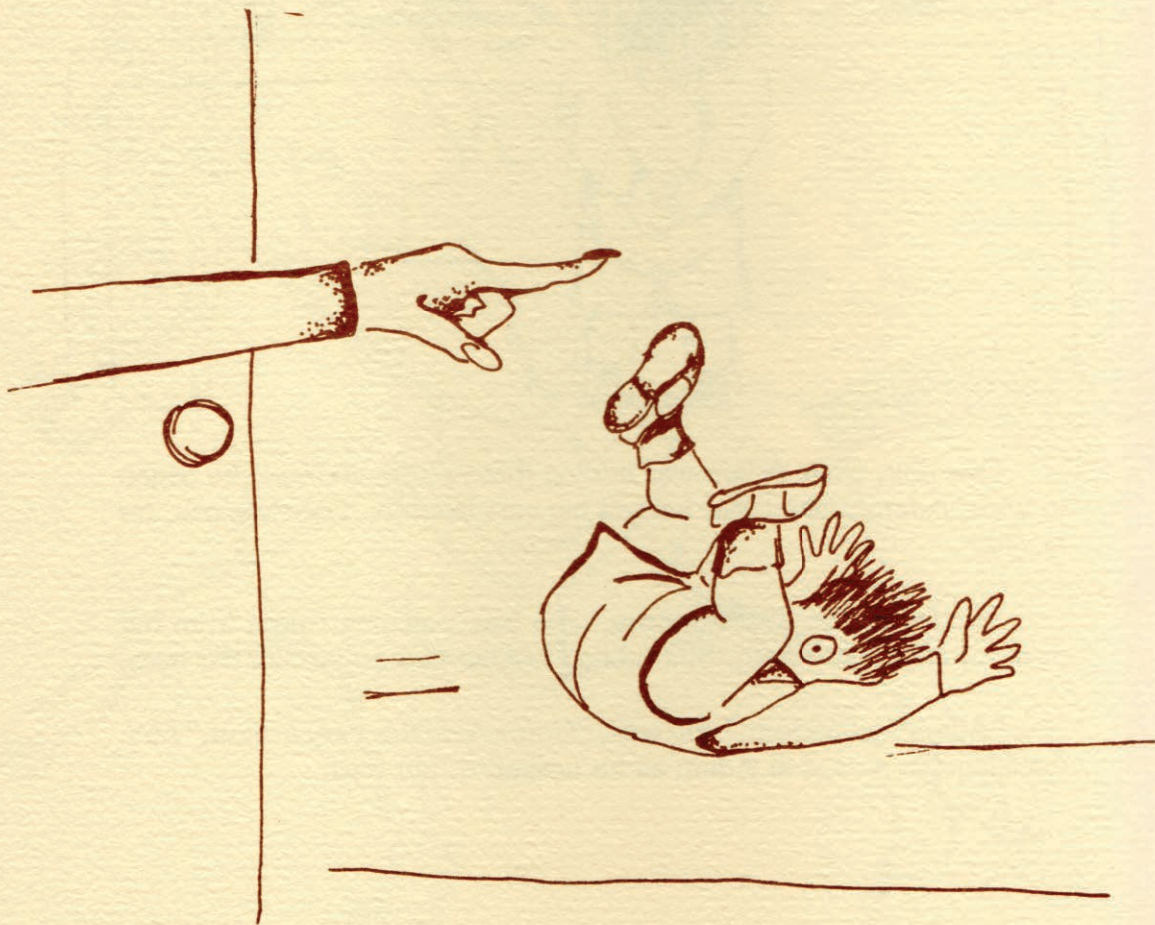
"Adam McFaddom," she said, "Come here this very instant." Mrs. Gabblegoose stared at Adam as he walked to her desk.

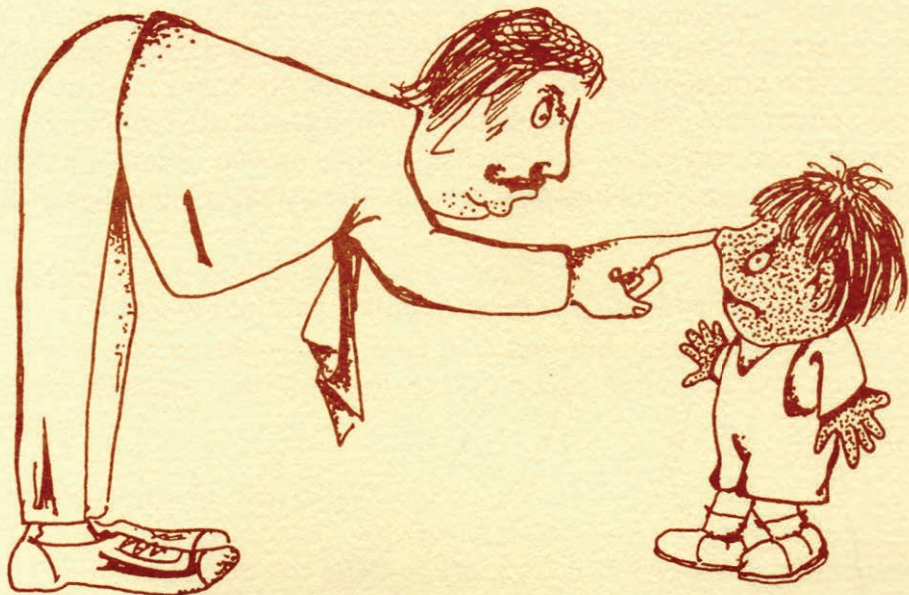
“Do you know that your face is—**green**?”

Adam looked at his reflection in the schoolroom windowpane. His teacher was right. Adam’s face was horribly green, and he became very frightened.

“You must go to the Principal’s office at once.”

Mrs. Gobblegoose rolled her eyes again as she pushed Adam out into the hall. “Go to the Principal’s office and do not stop at the library.” She shut her mouth tightly and went back into the classroom.





Adam was very scared, but he stood straight up and started down the hall. As he passed the library, a tall man walked out in front of him. Adam forgot all about his green face and the principal's office, and he thought, "I wish I was taller than that man."

Suddenly, the man turned around and stared at Adam. He opened his mouth and rolled his eyes and said, "Adam McFaddom, come here at once."

Adam stood still, wishing he were braver than Tarzan. "Who are you," he asked, "and what do you want?"

"I am your principal, Adam, and—your face and hands are green. Follow me."

Adam was very, very scared. Now his face **and** his hands were green and he did not know why.

Adam followed the principal to his office. It was a room filled with books. The principal walked over to a tall, tall shelf and took down a dusty, green book. Adam watched the man as he looked at the pages. They were old and yellow and crackled as they moved. Adam started to wish that he was hunting peacocks in the Amazon Jungle as the principal began to talk.

“Adam McFaddom, you have a terrible case of envyitis.”





Adam began to get very scared and asked the principal, "Is there a pill I can take for this horrible disease?"

"No," said the principal.

"Is there a lotion I can rub on my hands," asked Adam?

Once again, the principal said, "No."

He stared at Adam for a long time and then said, "The only way you can become your old self again, Adam McFaddom, is to stop wishing."

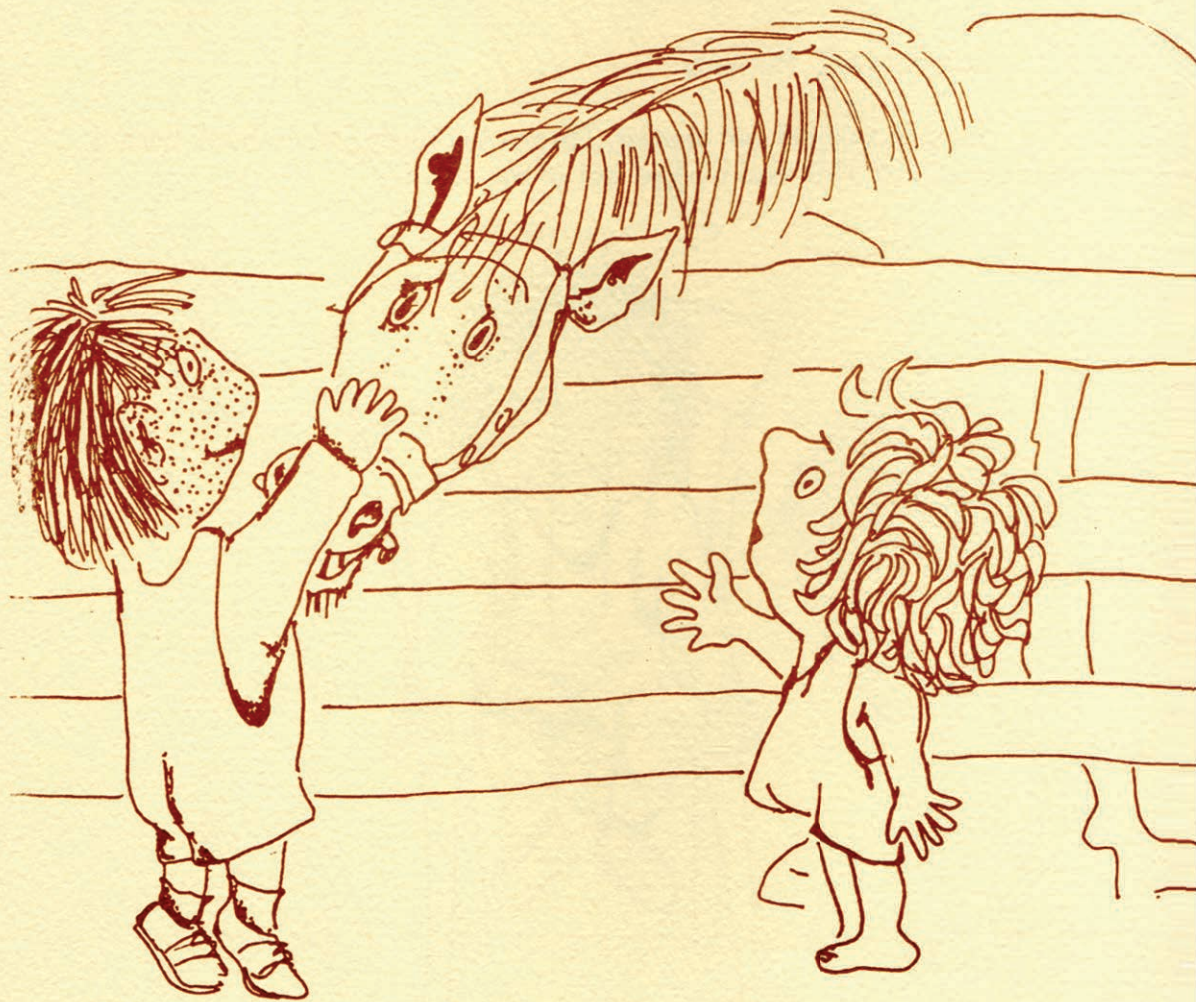
"Stop wishing. But why?"

The principal did not answer. He put the dusty, green book back on the tall, tall shelf and walked out of the office.



Adam was very sad as he rode his bike home from school. His hands and face were still very, very green. Betty Boopenheimer waved to Adam as he rode past her house, and she called out, "You want to pet my pony's nose, Adam?"

Because Adam was so sad, he said, "Okay," and suddenly—his hands weren't green. They were the regular color of hands again. Adam happily petted the pony's nose until it sneezed. He thanked Betty and climbed on his bike.



A group of boys were playing stickball in front of Adam's house as he rode into his driveway. He was so happy to have his regular hands again that he asked the boys if he could play, too.

"Sure," they said.

As Adam bent over to pick up a bat, he saw his reflection in a puddle of water. Suddenly, his face wasn't green. Adam's face was once again just like all the other faces in Adamsopolis, Kentucky.

The boys played stickball all afternoon. Adam had more fun than he had ever had before and forgot all about wishing.

Artist - *Michal Sparks*



**Robert E. Lee High School  
Tyler ISD  
Tyler, TX**

