

A watercolor illustration of a giraffe and a swan in a room. The giraffe is yellow with brown spots and is standing on a brown floor, casting a shadow. The swan is white with a long neck and is flying in the upper left corner. The background is a teal color with faint outlines of a room, including a window, a door, and a trash can. The title 'GERALDINE' is written in large, white, outlined letters across the middle of the image.

GERALDINE

ELIZABETH LILLY



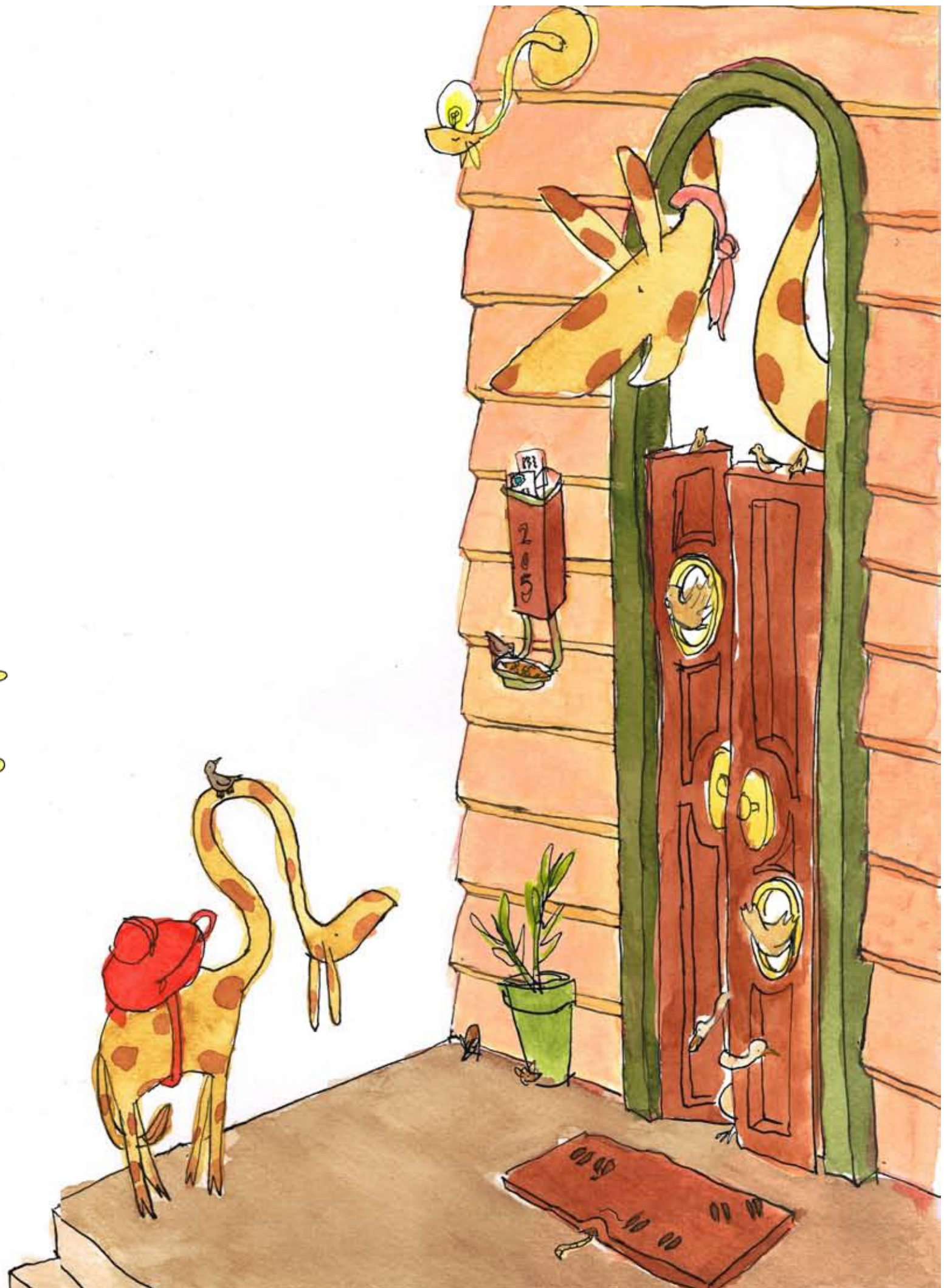


GERALDINE

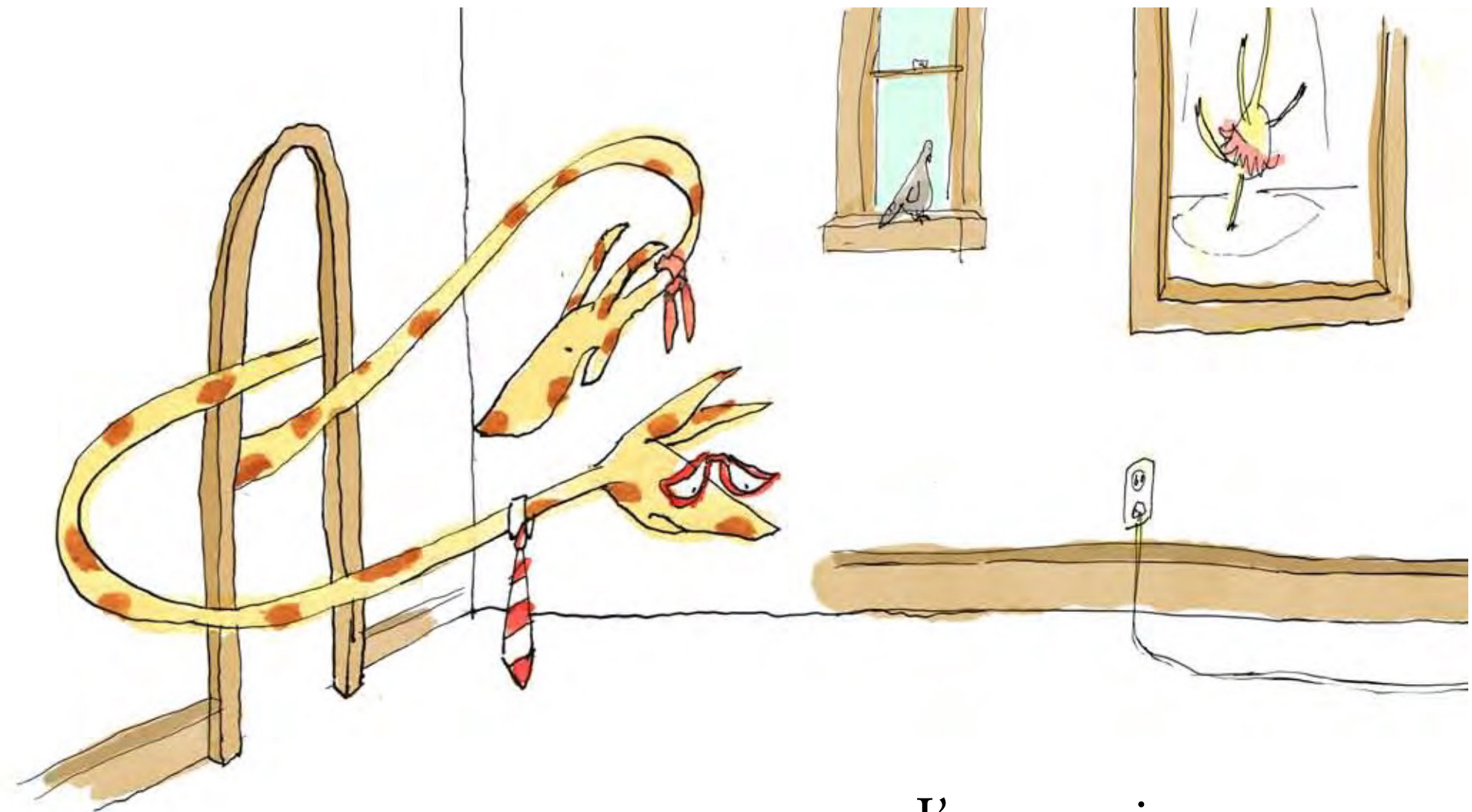
Elizabeth Lilly



A NEAL PORTER BOOK
ROARING BROOK PRESS
NEW YORK



dedication



I'm moving.

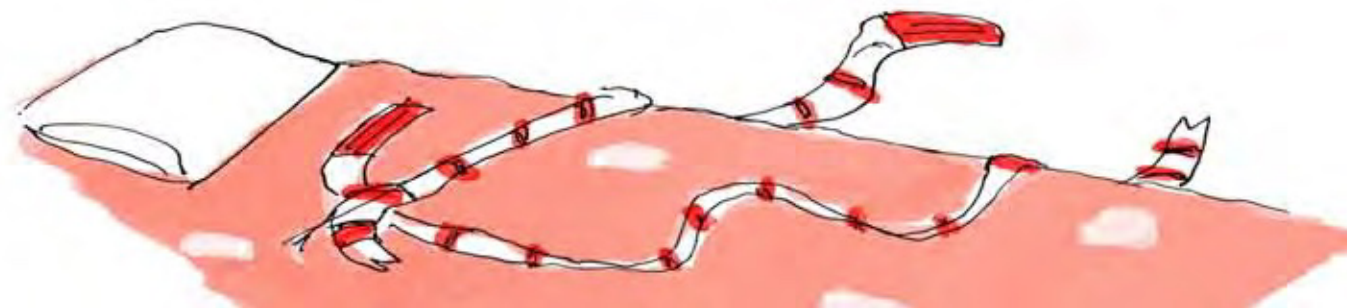
Copyright © 2018 by Elizabeth Lilly
A Neal Porter Book
Published by Roaring Brook Press
Roaring Brook Press is a division of Holtzbrinck Publishing Holdings Limited Partnership
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010
The art for this book was created using [tk]
mackids.com
All rights reserved

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data[tk]

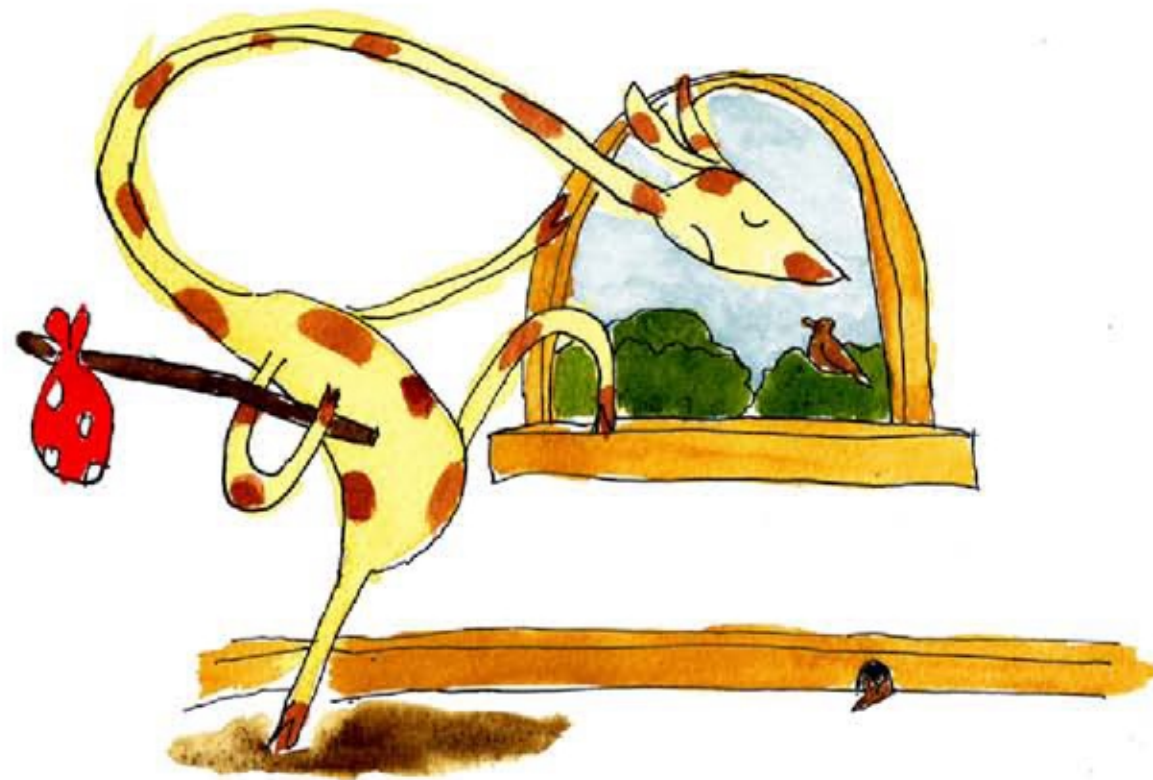


Our books may be purchased in bulk for promotional, educational, or business use. Please contact your local bookseller or the Macmillan Corporate and Premium Sales Department at (800) 221-7945 ext. 5442 or by e-mail at MacmillanSpecialMarkets@macmillan.com.

First edition 2018
Printed in [tk]
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1



It is the Worst Thing Ever.



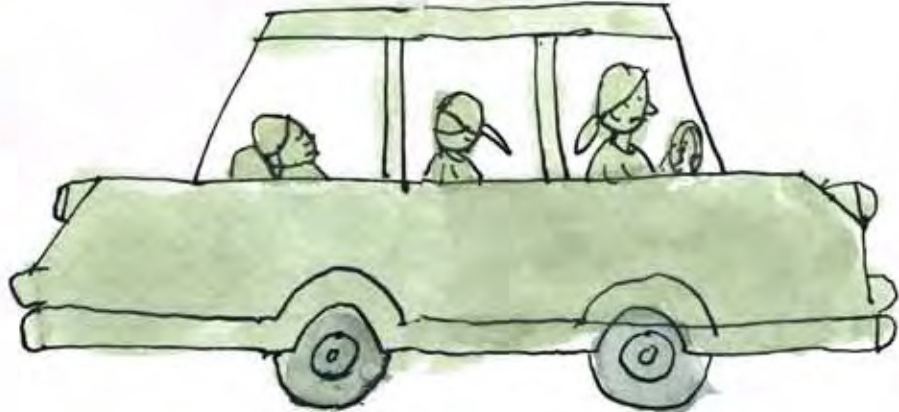
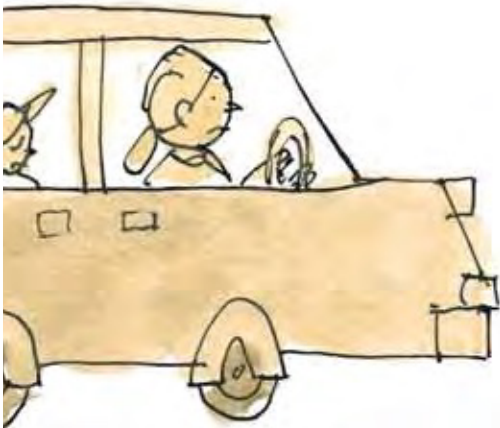


“Just think of it as a Grand Adventure!” says Dad.

“Geraldine, what did I tell you about being a drama queen,” says Mom.

“NO!” I say.
“No, no, no, no, no, NO NO . . .”

no.”



On Monday morning,
Mom goes to her new job.

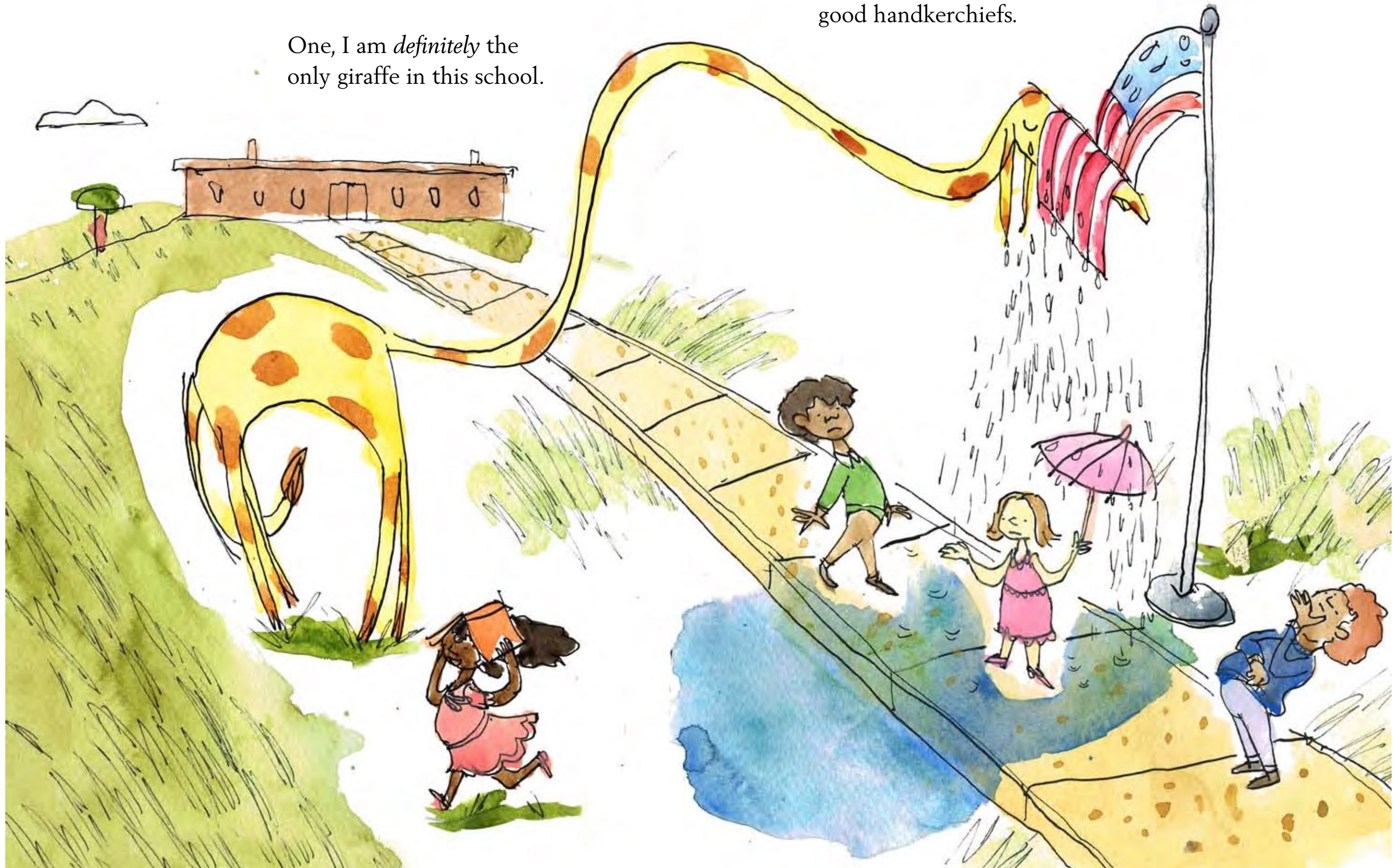
Dad walks me to school.

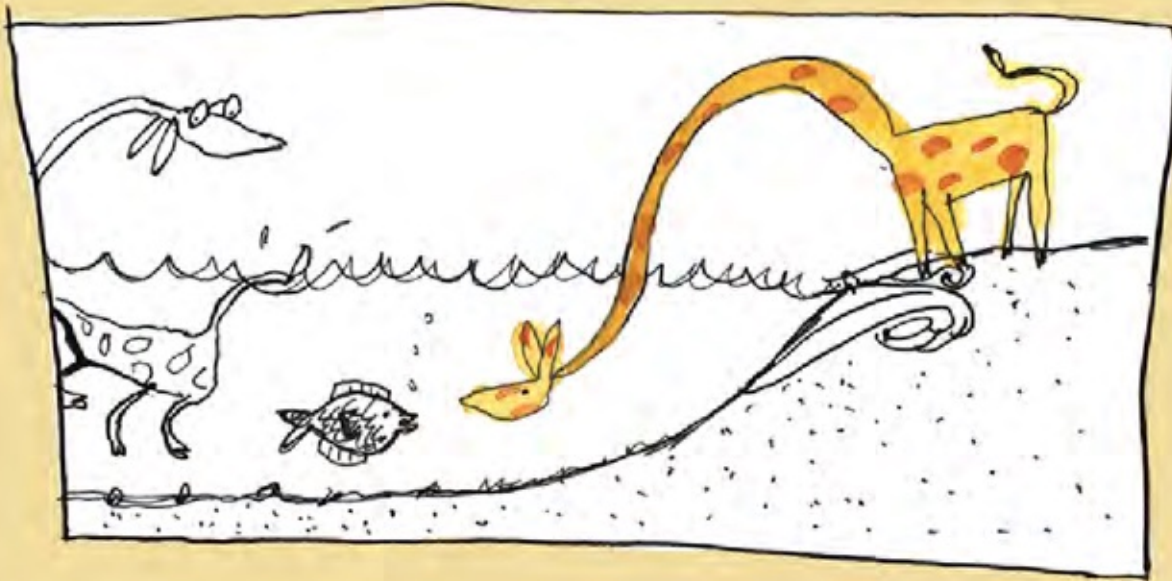


I learn two things before school even starts:

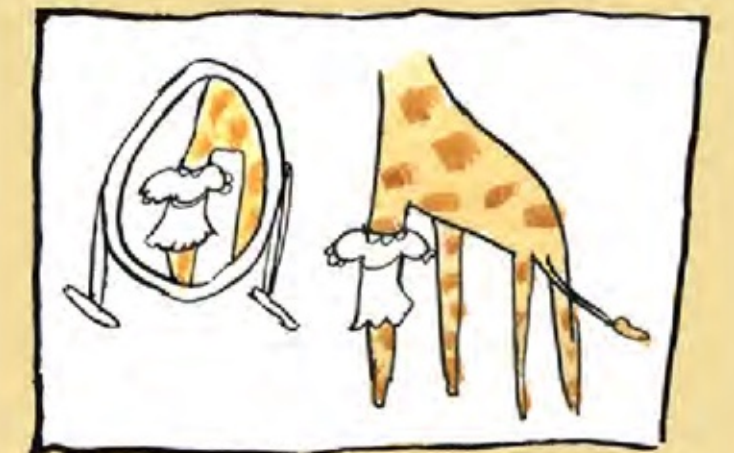
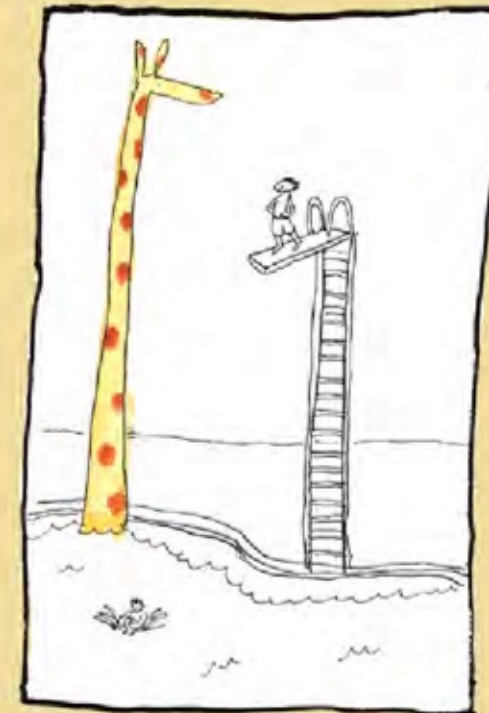
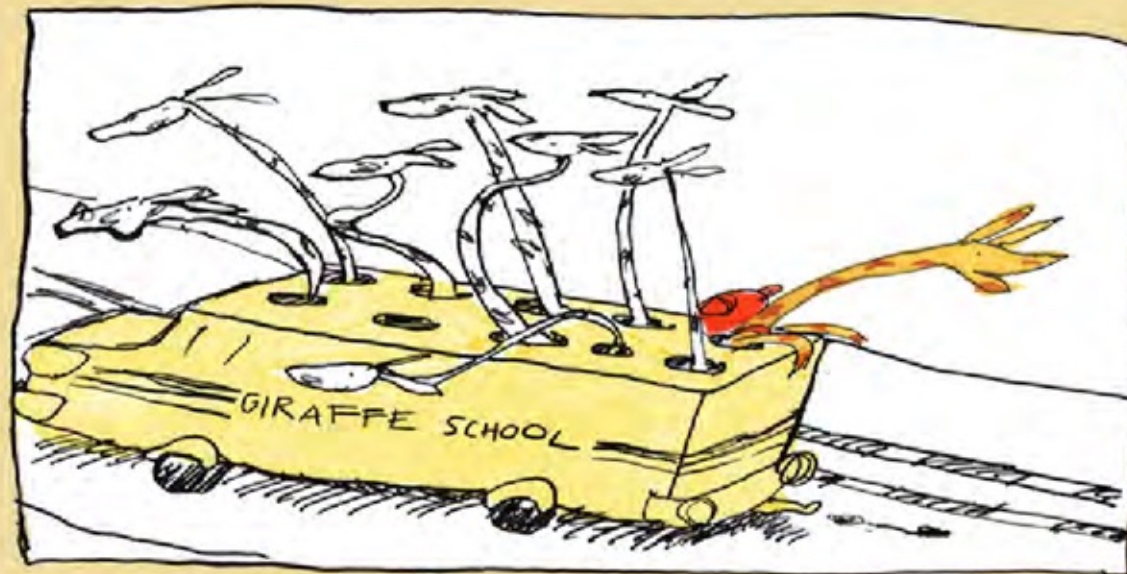
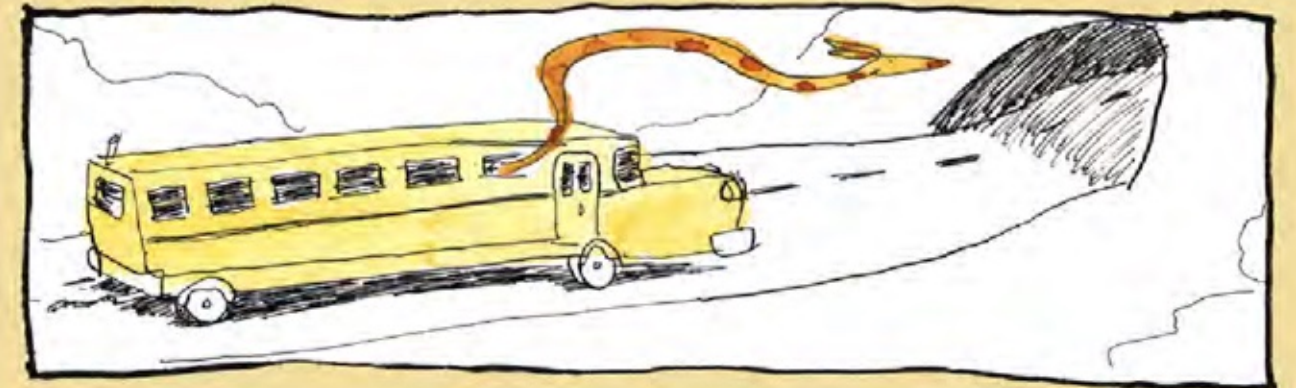
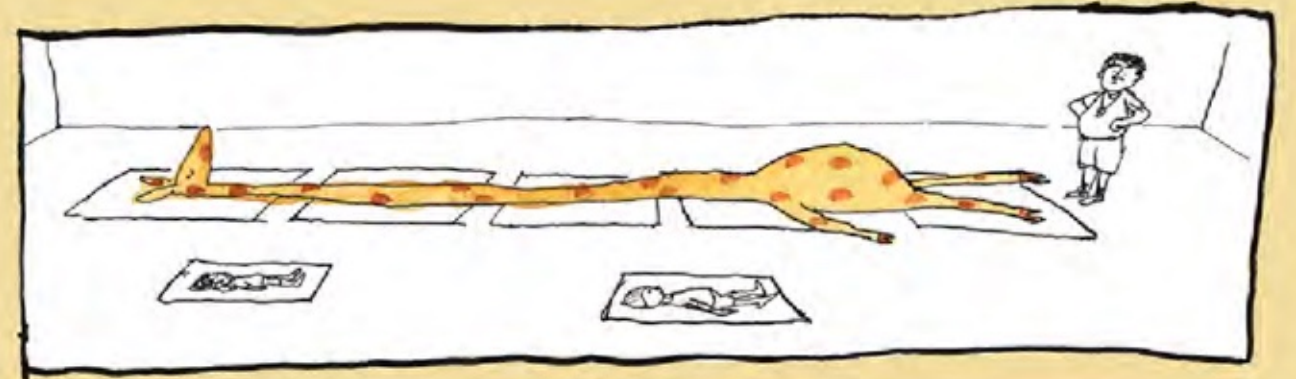
One, I am *definitely* the only giraffe in this school.

And two, flags make very good handkerchiefs.





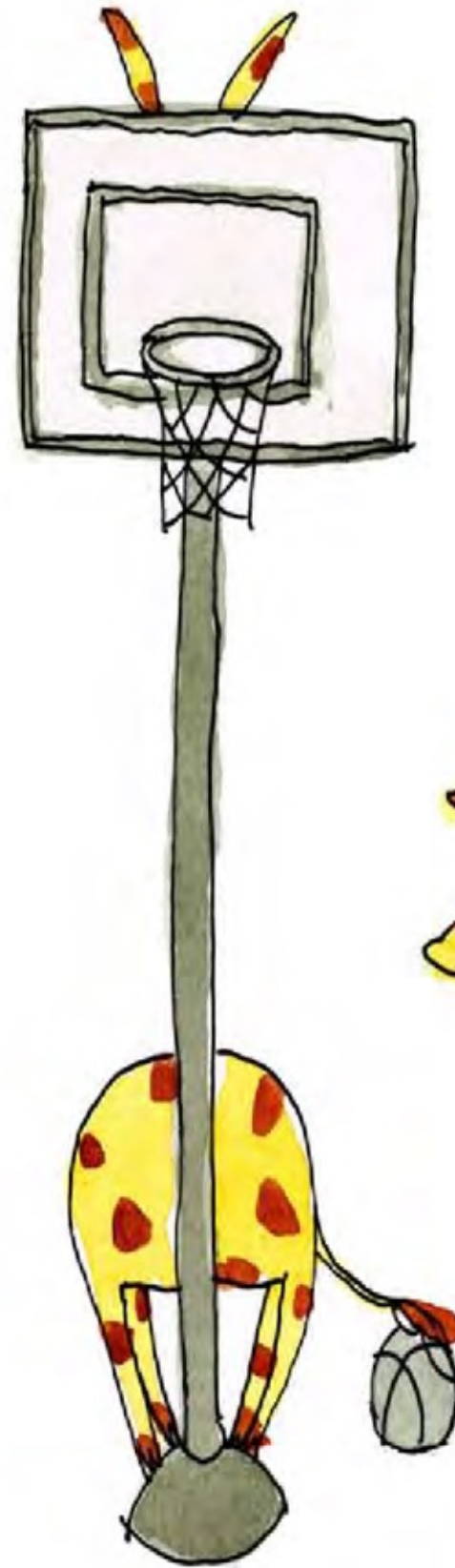
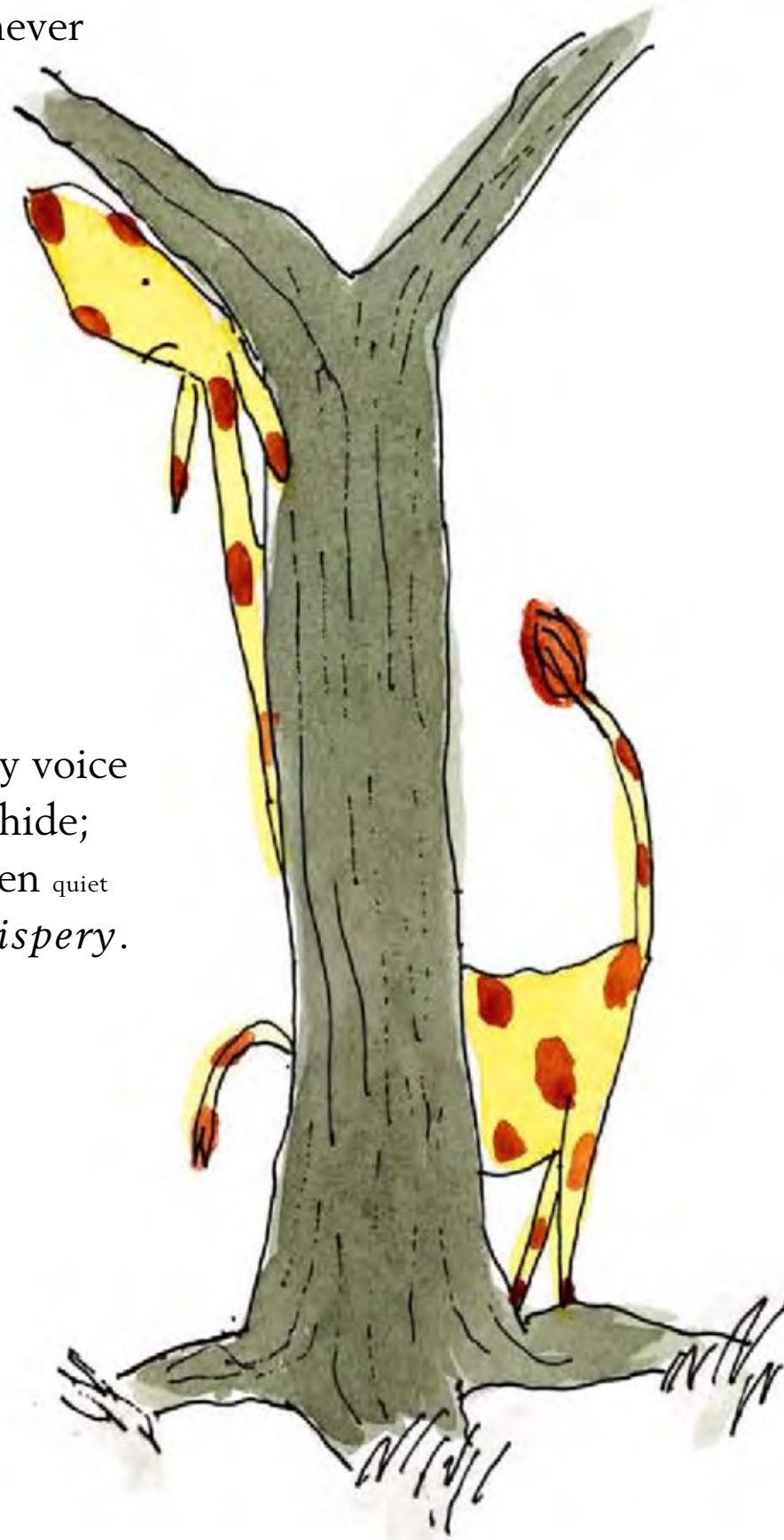
In Giraffe City, I felt like Geraldine.



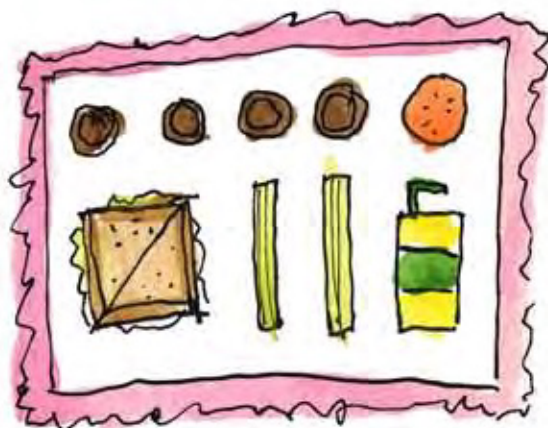
But here,
I just feel like That Giraffe Girl.

I'm shy, which I never
was before.
It turns out
when you are
my height
hiding is
not easy.

Even my voice
tries to hide;
it's gotten quiet
and *whispery*.



One day, someone is in my lunch hiding spot.
I notice her food is organized like this:



“Who are you?” I ask.

“I bet you’ve heard of me,” she says,
and she sounds kind of mad.
“I’m that girl who wears glasses
and likes MATH and
always organizes
her food!”



“No—no, I meant
your name,” I say.

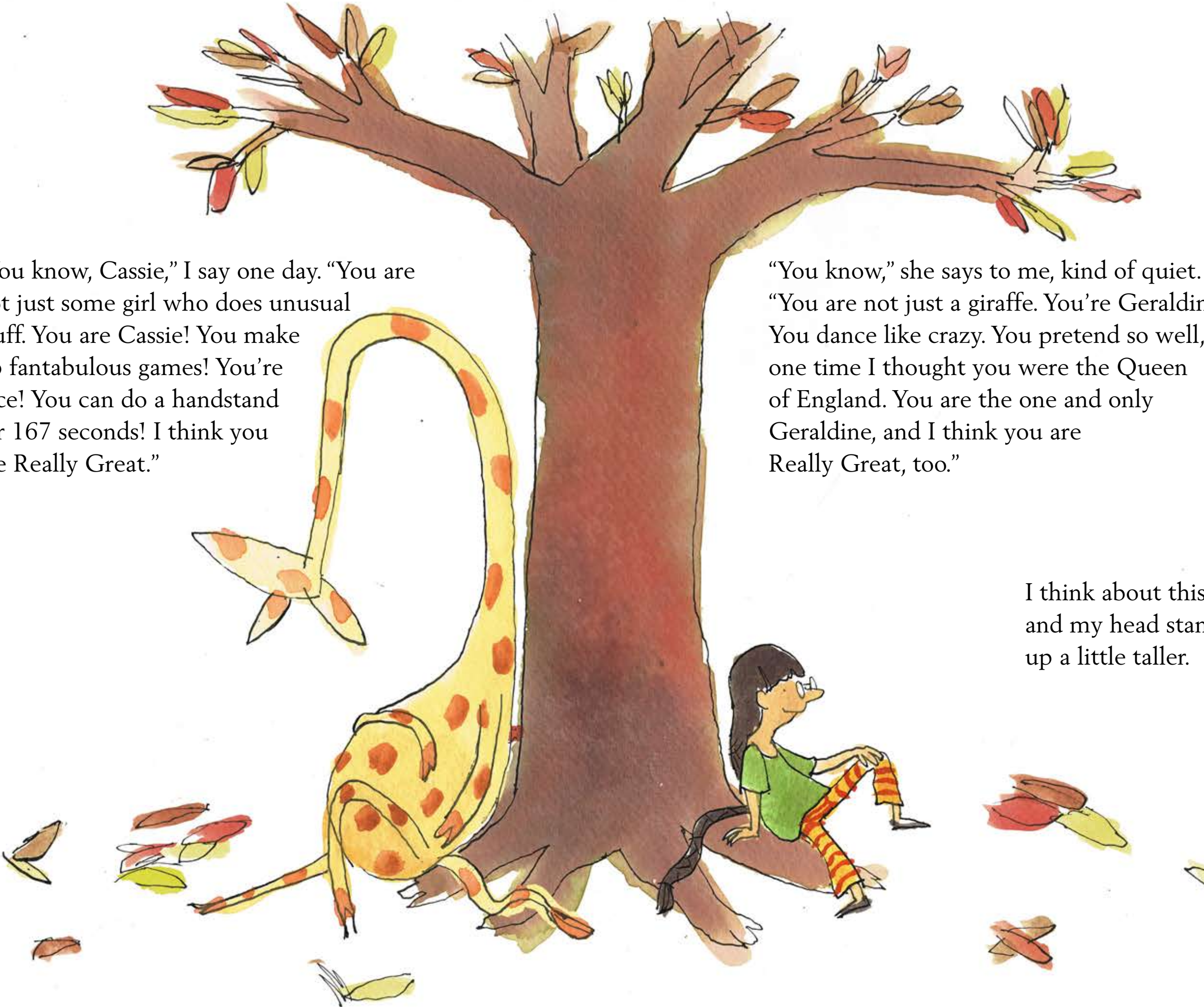
“Oh,” she says.

“It’s Cassie.”



We decide to hide together. It's fun.



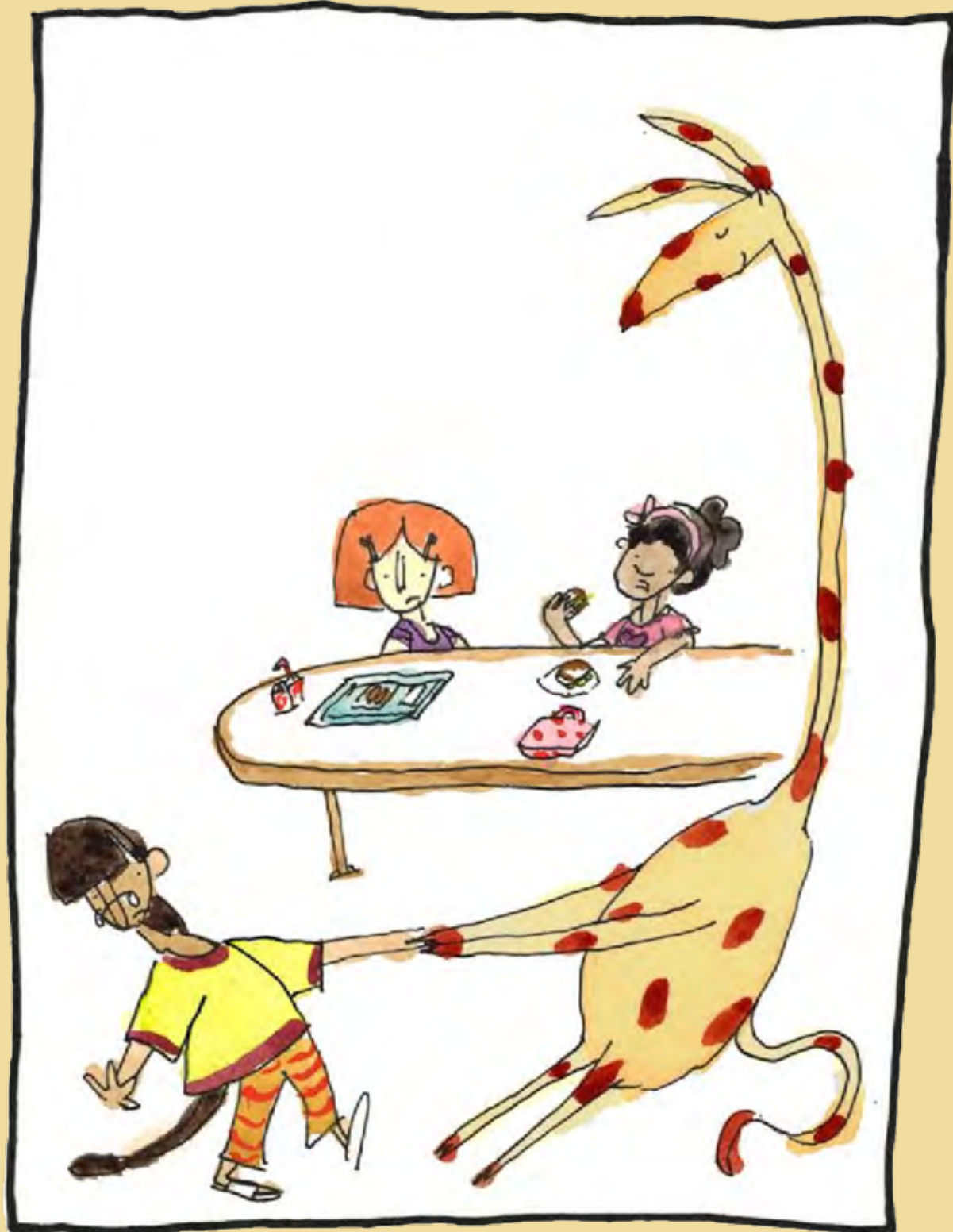


“You know, Cassie,” I say one day. “You are not just some girl who does unusual stuff. You are Cassie! You make up fantabulous games! You’re nice! You can do a handstand for 167 seconds! I think you are Really Great.”

“You know,” she says to me, kind of quiet. “You are not just a giraffe. You’re Geraldine. You dance like crazy. You pretend so well, one time I thought you were the Queen of England. You are the one and only Geraldine, and I think you are Really Great, too.”

I think about this,
and my head stands
up a little taller.

The next day, I drag Cassie to the lunch table.
“We are Really Great, remember?” I tell her.



(She does not seem to remember.)

“This is Cassie!!” I say, really loud,
so my voice will stop hiding.
“Cassie can stay in a handstand for 167 seconds.”



“Reeeally??” says Melinda Bucket,
and I can tell she is very impressed.

“And this is GERALDINE”! says Cassie, nice and loud.
(She’s not letting her voice hide, either.)
Then Cassie says, “Geraldine is the Queen of England.”

Everyone looks at me.



Oh no, oh no no no—

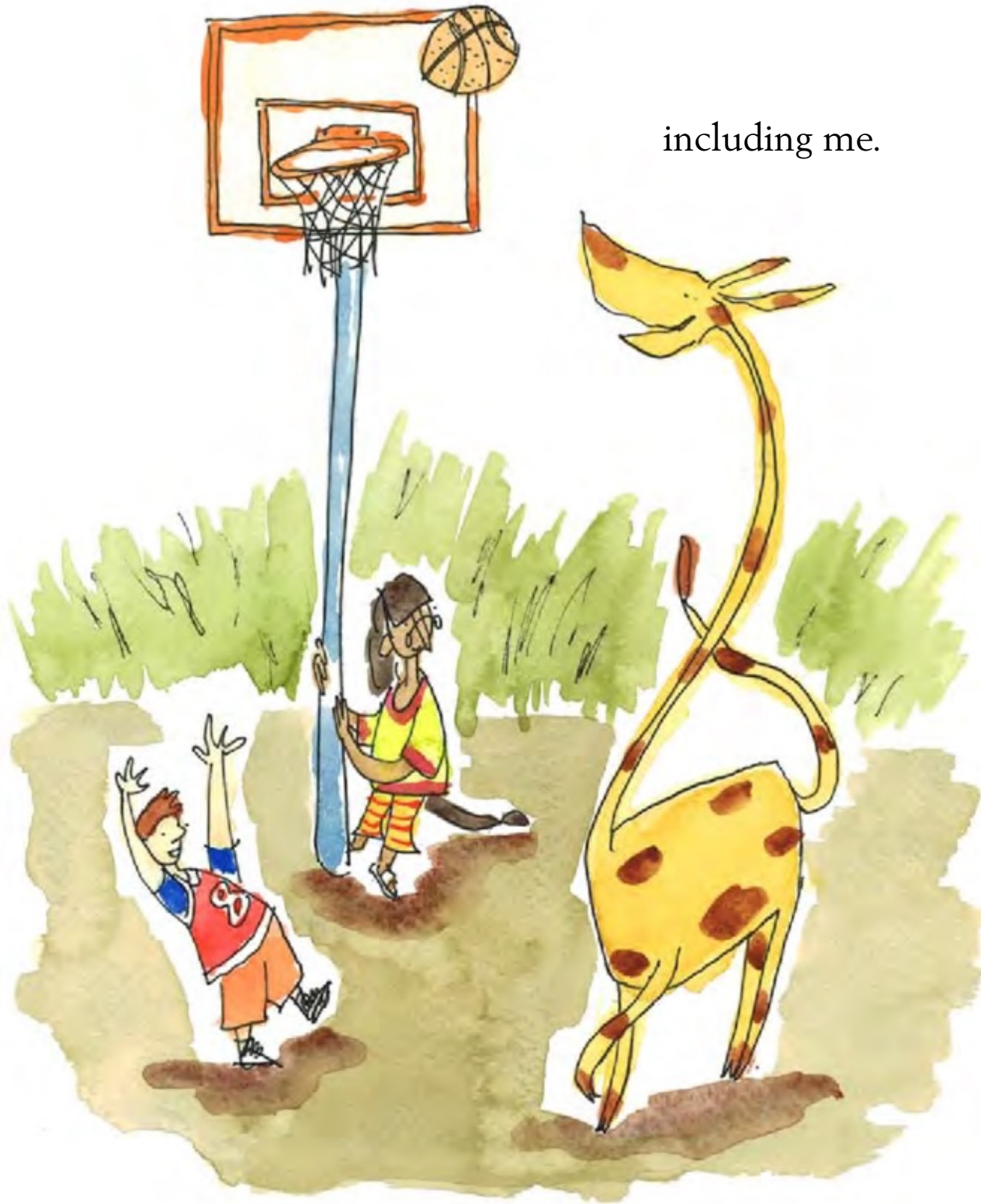
“Why, of course I am, daaahhling,” I finally say,
with my most Queenly royal wave.



And everyone laughs. In a good way.
Me and Cassie and Melinda Bucket and everyone
all laugh together for the rest of lunch that day
and the next day! and the next!

Little by little, I think everyone forgets
I was That Giraffe Girl,

including me.



Now Cassie and I
still hide



but only when we're
playing Hide-and-Seek.



It's still hard to fit into things—



In the school play,
I am Tree Number Two.



And when we go camping, I get a LOT of fresh air.
People still look at me funny sometimes
and sometimes I want to hide,
or go home, or cry.

But almost all of the time I know
that I am more than a Giraffe,
I am the one and only Geraldine—



and I am Really Great.





GERALDINE

