

# What in the World Is Wrong with GISBERT?



Jochen Weeber  
Illustrated by  
Fariba Gholizadeh



Gisbert was a tall, young giraffe.  
He was tall enough to do everything  
a giraffe might want to do.

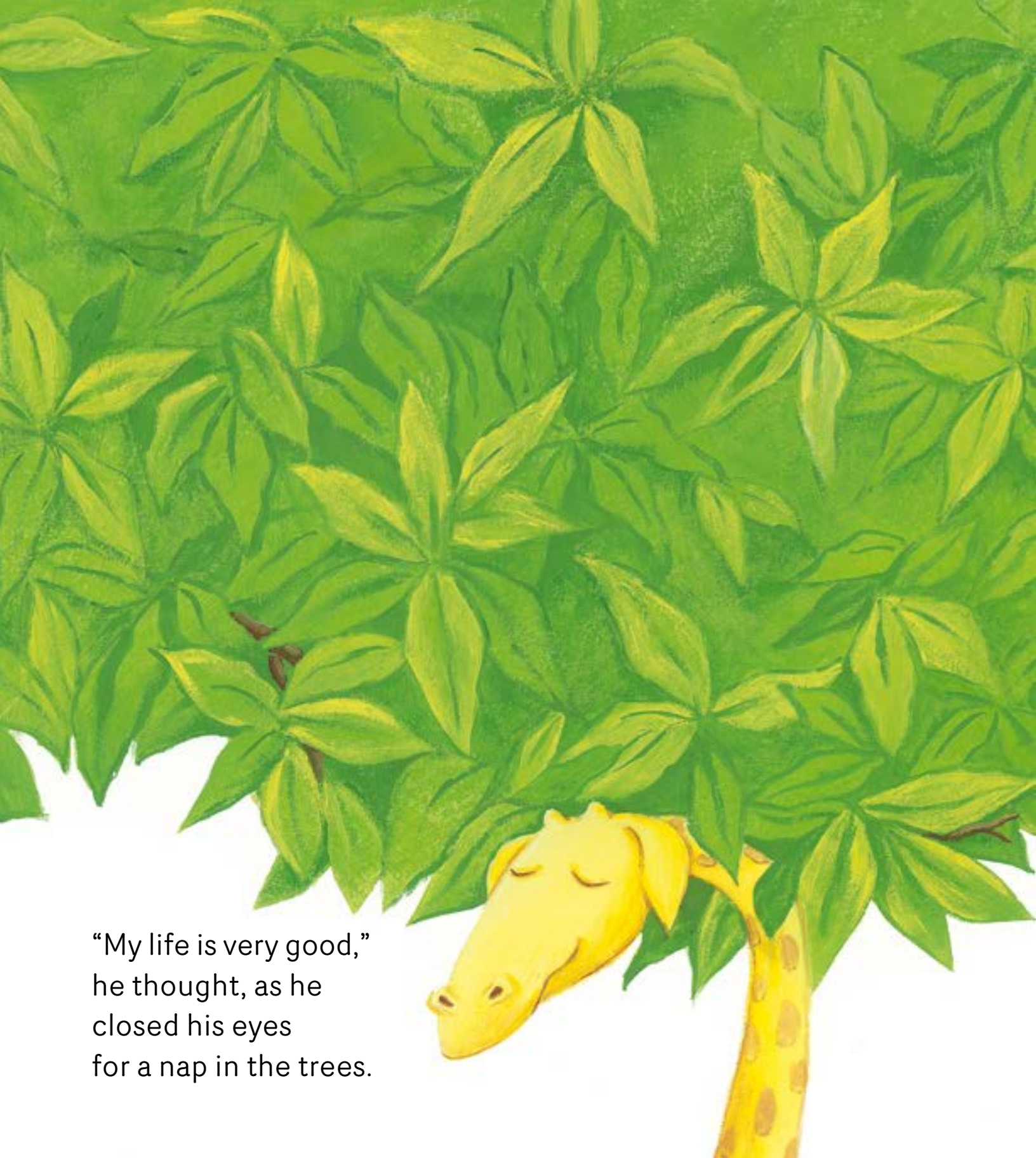


He watched TV.



He played with  
his friends.

“My life is very good,”  
he thought, as he  
closed his eyes  
for a nap in the trees.



But then one day something changed.  
On his way to kindergarten on Monday,  
he heard two hyenas whispering,  
“Look at his brown spots!”



They laughed and exclaimed,  
“They are all over him. That looks funny!”

Suddenly, Gisbert felt something strange happen:  
He was shrinking! A whole two inches!  
No one else could see it, but he could!

In music class on Tuesday, he was learning a new marching song on the trumpet. He had some trouble with the song and messed up a few of the notes. All the others dropped their instruments and covered their ears.

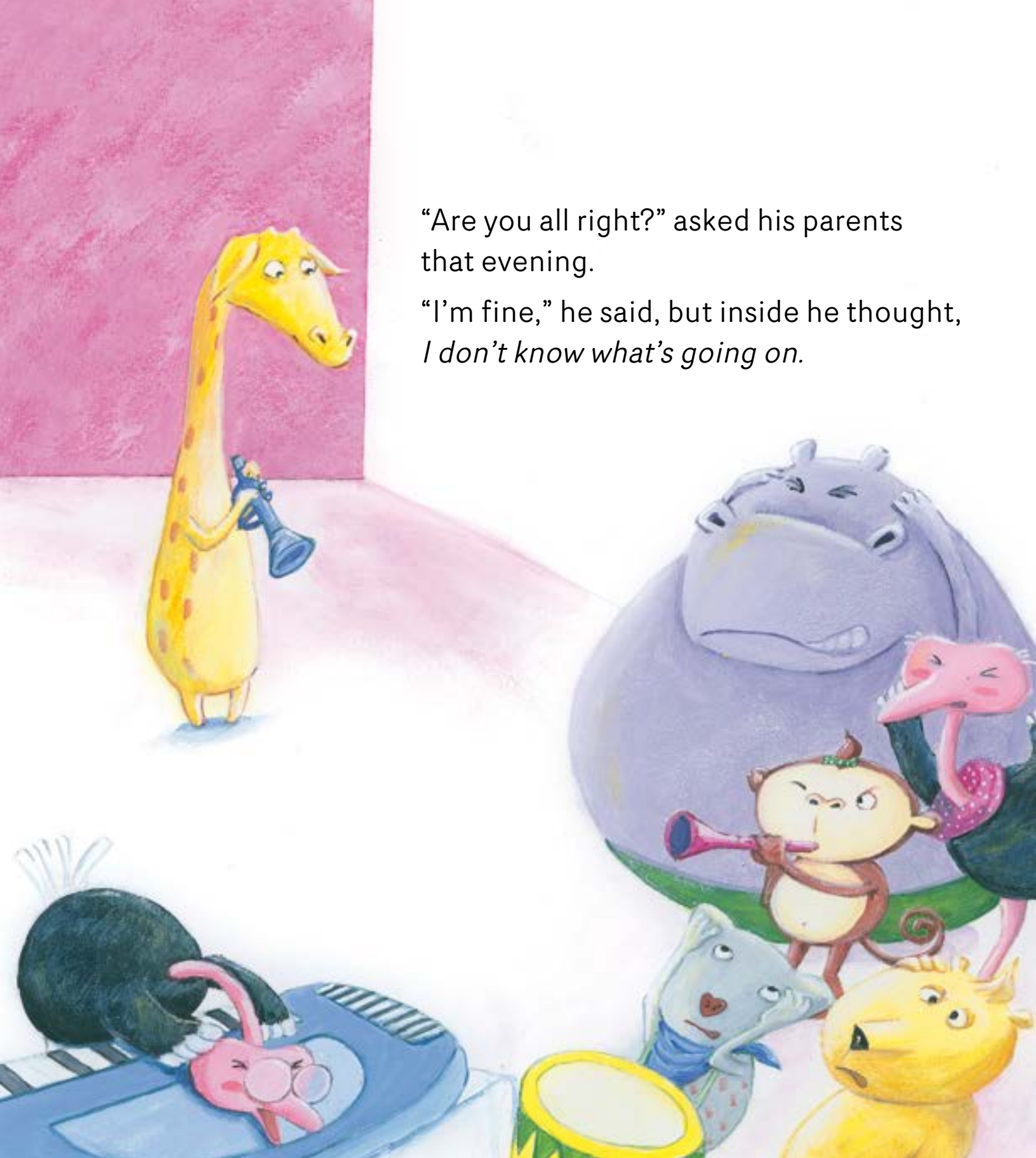
“Oh boy, that sounds awful!” the hippo said.

Gisbert felt it clearly: He was shrinking again. A whole six inches! No one else could see it, but he could.



“Are you all right?” asked his parents that evening.

“I’m fine,” he said, but inside he thought, *I don’t know what’s going on.*





At the playground on Wednesday, it happened again.  
Two giggling ostriches raced past him and shouted,  
“Move along, beanpole!”

Gisbert felt it clearly: He was shrinking again.  
A whole ten inches! No one else could see it, but he could.

That night he stood in front of the mirror.  
The shrinking seemed to be unstoppable!  
His parents noticed that he wasn't feeling well.  
“What has upset you?” they asked, worried.  
“I’m fine,” he said, but inside he thought,  
*I don't know what's going on.*

