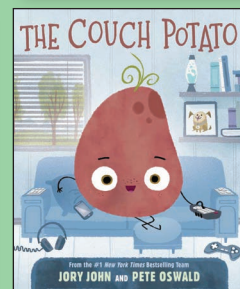
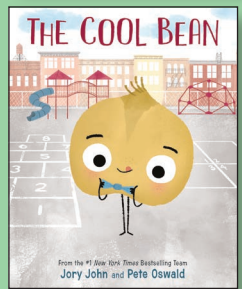
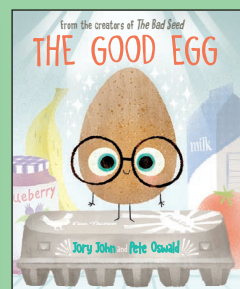
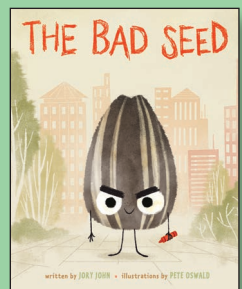


JORY JOHN AND PETE OSWALD

are the #1 *New York Times* bestselling creators of *The Bad Seed*, *The Good Egg*, *The Cool Bean*, *The Couch Potato*, and other books in their internationally acclaimed series. Jory and Pete also collaborated on the picture book *That's What Dinosaurs Do* and the *New York Times* bestselling *The Good Egg Presents: The Great Eggscape!* and *The Bad Seed Presents: The Good, the Bad, and the Spooky*. Jory writes at home in Oregon and Pete illustrates in his California studio. Visit them at www.joryjohn.com and www.peteoswald.com.

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THE SMART COOKIE

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THE SMART COOKIE



From the #1 *New York Times* Bestselling Team
JORY JOHN AND PETE OSWALD

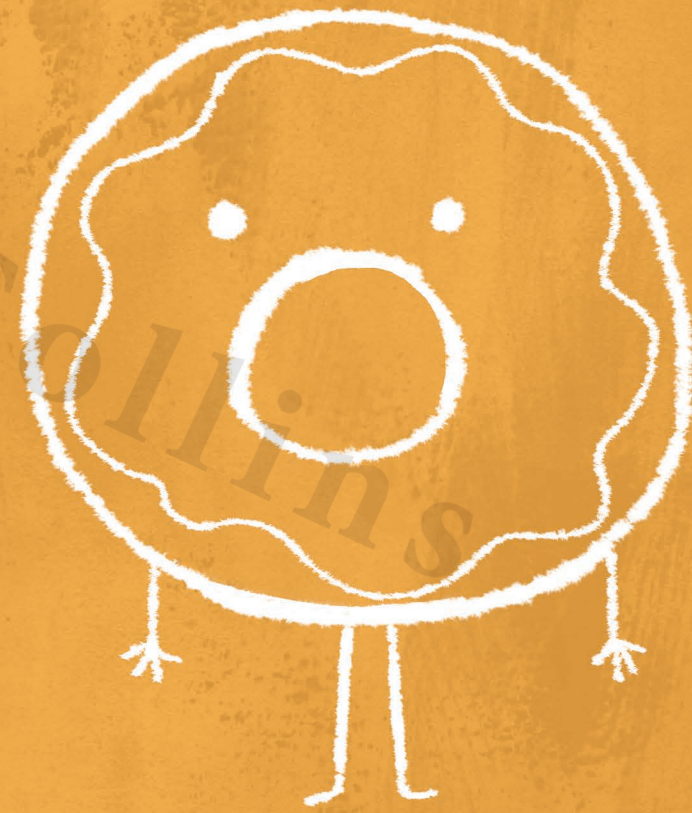
I'm a smart cookie,
just like you!
But I didn't *always* feel
that way . . .



Find out how a dash of
creativity and a sprinkle
of confidence help one
cookie learn that perfect
scores and having all the
answers aren't the only
ingredients for intelligence
in this sparkling addition
to the #1 *New York Times*
bestselling series by
Jory John and Pete Oswald.



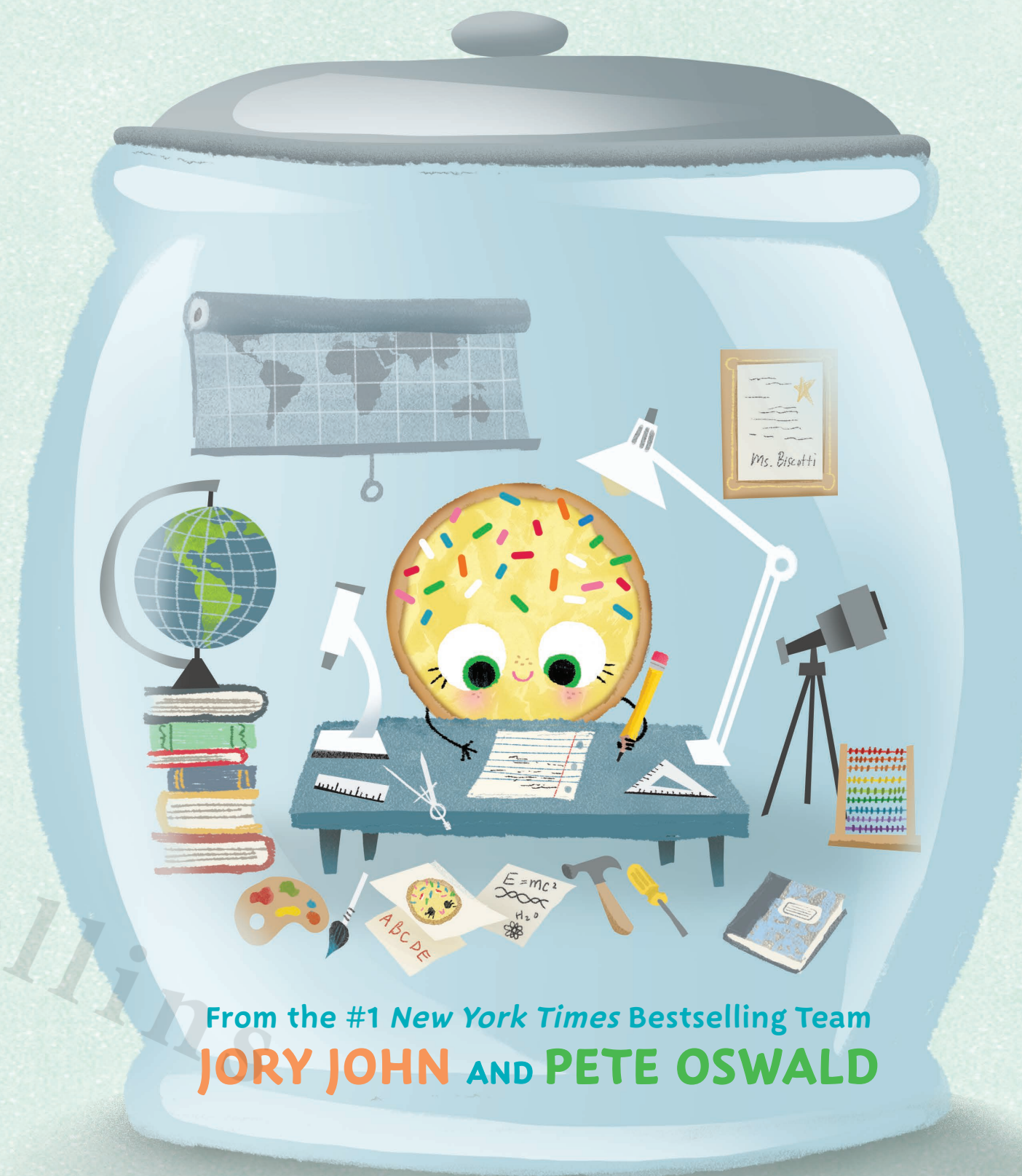
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THE SMART COOKIE

To Mom
-J.J.

For Carm
-P.O.



Special thanks to Ellen Sands

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The artist used scanned watercolor textures
and digital paint to create the illustrations for this book.

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◆
First Edition

From the #1 New York Times Bestselling Team
JORY JOHN AND PETE OSWALD

HARPER
An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers

Greetings, I'm a cookie.

I live in a bakery on a street corner
near a river.



SWEET STREET

BAKERY.

BAKERY

Come on in!



Welcome to our little community.
It's a warm and supportive place to spend some time.

Pretty fantastic, eh?

These days, life is sweet. But my journey wasn't always a cakewalk.

When I was younger, I couldn't have imagined fitting in here.



For a long time, I didn't feel comfortable speaking up or sharing my ideas. I didn't feel like a *smart* cookie.

I wanted to be a cookie who knew all the answers, a cookie who felt confident in a group, a cookie who said, "AHA!" when solving a puzzle.

Like this:

AHA!



Looking back, I had some trouble in my early days.
I went to school in a gingerbread house.



Our teacher, Ms. Biscotti, was kind and patient.
When I arrived each morning, she'd wave at me
and smile.

But I didn't get the
best grades.



And I never raised my
hand, because I couldn't
think of the answers as
fast as the others.

And I was the last to
finish most tests.



It wasn't because I didn't care.
And it wasn't because I didn't try.
Sometimes, I'd get distracted
and mess up, even though
I knew the material.
Those were the most
frustrating moments
of all.

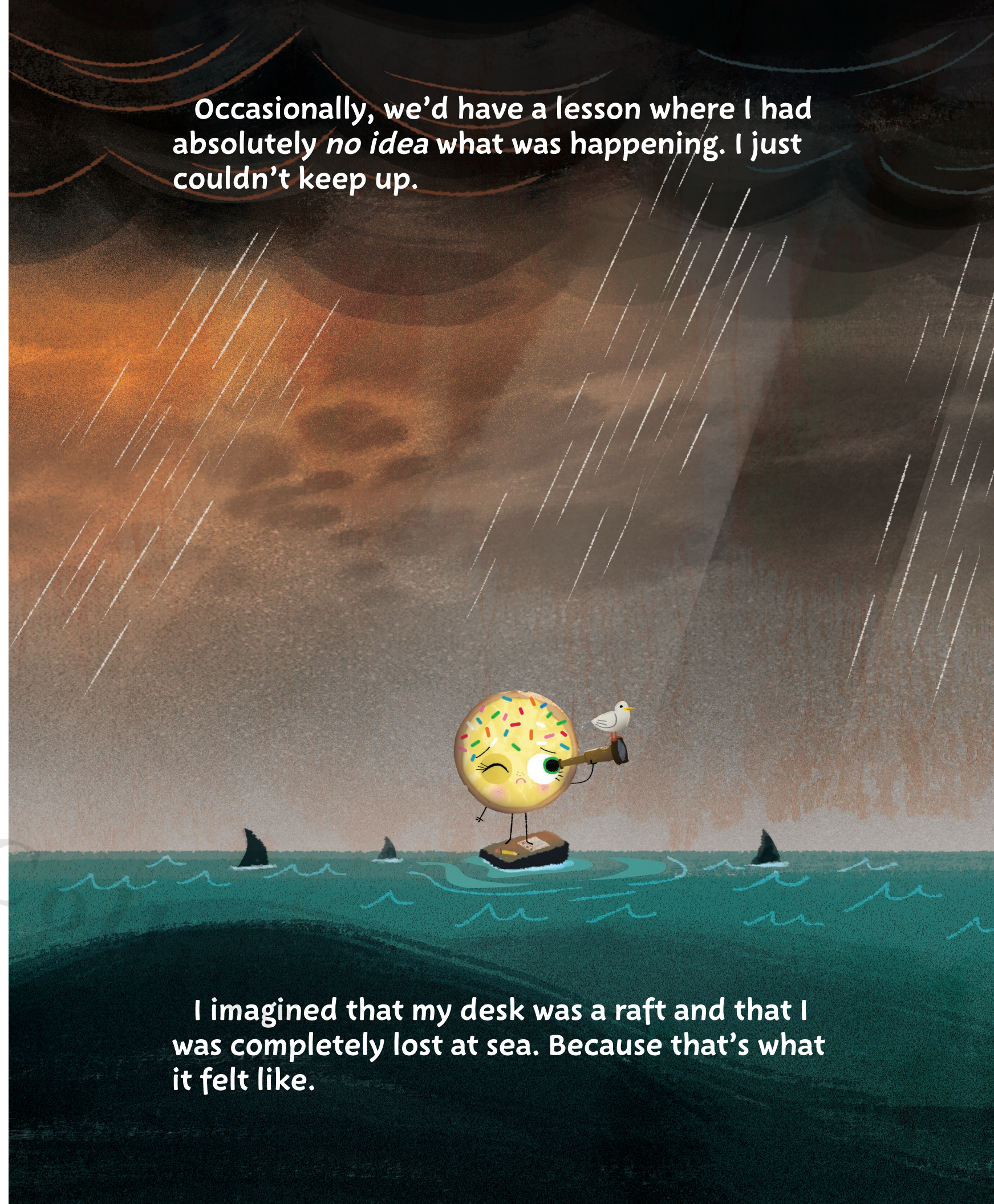


Once, I misspelled
the word "dough."
That was rough!

Another time, I
added when I meant
to *subtract*!



Occasionally, we'd have a lesson where I had
absolutely *no idea* what was happening. I just
couldn't keep up.



I imagined that my desk was a raft and that I
was completely lost at sea. Because that's what
it felt like.

At night, I slept in a cookie jar.
I had about six-dozen roommates.

"Move."

"You move."

"No, you move."

"No, you move."

"No, YOU move."

I'd stay awake and
stare out the window
and worry.

"sigh."

And it went this way,
day after day after DAY.

But then *something* happened that changed *everything*.

It all started with a homework assignment. Ms. Biscotti requested our attention one afternoon. "Tonight, I would like you to create something completely original," she announced. "It can be anything you want. Please bring it to class tomorrow."



That was it. There were no further instructions. Ms. Biscotti winked at me as I gathered my belongings.

I felt like I had a million butterflies in my stomach.



Create anything?



Something original? Due tomorrow?!



Collins

When I got home, I immediately went to work.



At first I tried a cooking project. The results were . . . half-baked.

I stared out the window and watched the rain hit the river. There was something mesmerizing about the water—how it moved in such a chaotic way, swirling around and around, yet ultimately figuring out *exactly* where it needed to go.



Next I tried to hammer and nail something. It splintered immediately.



Then I tried making a sculpture. It was a complete *bust*! I wondered if I was about to fail yet another assignment. I was stuck.



AHA!



Suddenly I had an idea. I decided to *write* something original.

A poem!

I came up with a title, based on how I'd been feeling:
"My Crummy Days."
After that, the rest of it seemed to fall into place.

I wrote. And I wrote.

I lost track
of time.



An hour went by in a flash.



AHA!

I said when I was finished.



I couldn't sleep that night.
But it *wasn't* because I was worried.
It was because I was *excited*. I
felt like I had really accomplished
something. I felt . . . *smart*.

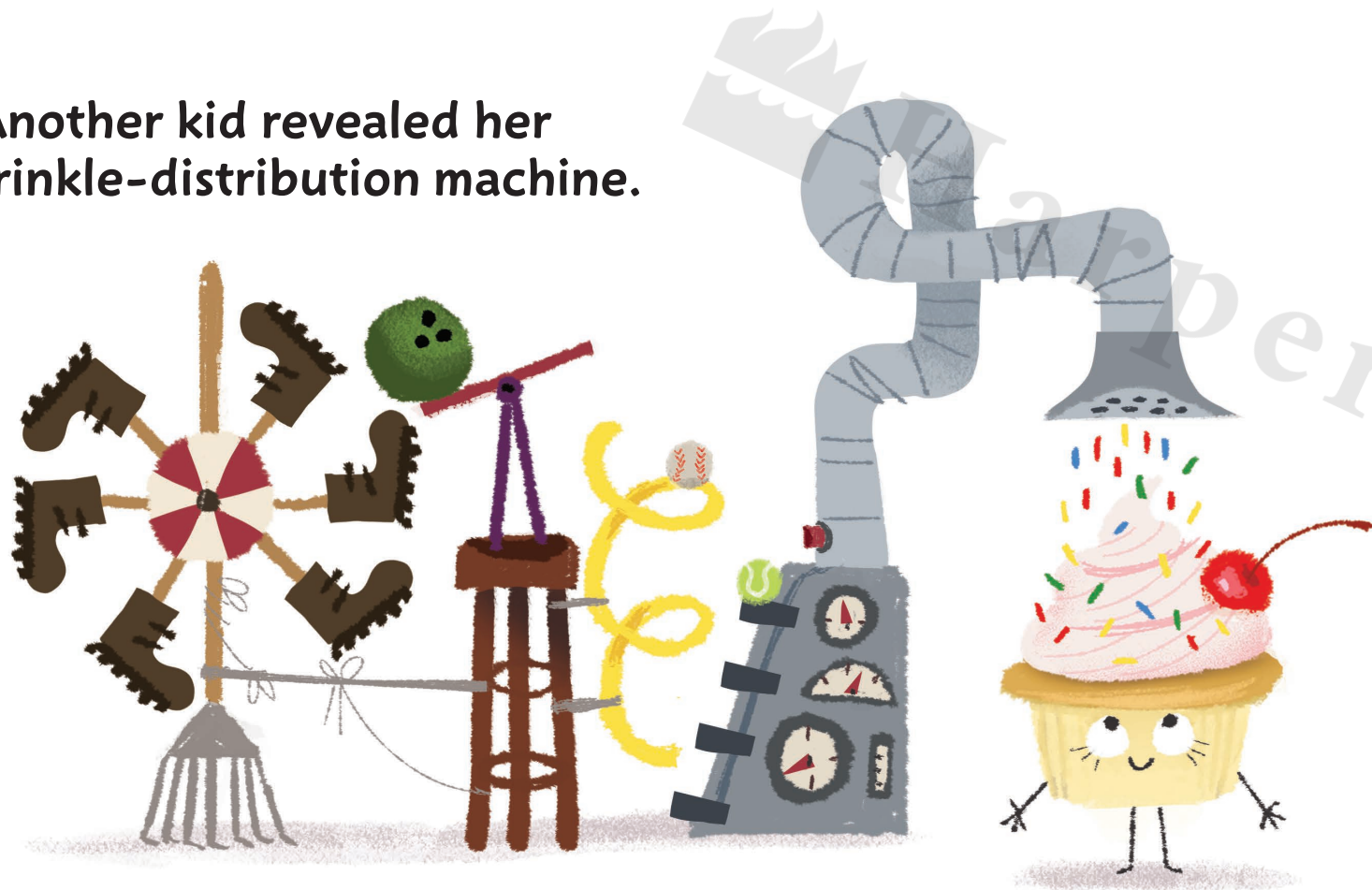


The following day, Ms. Biscotti asked for volunteers to share what we'd created.

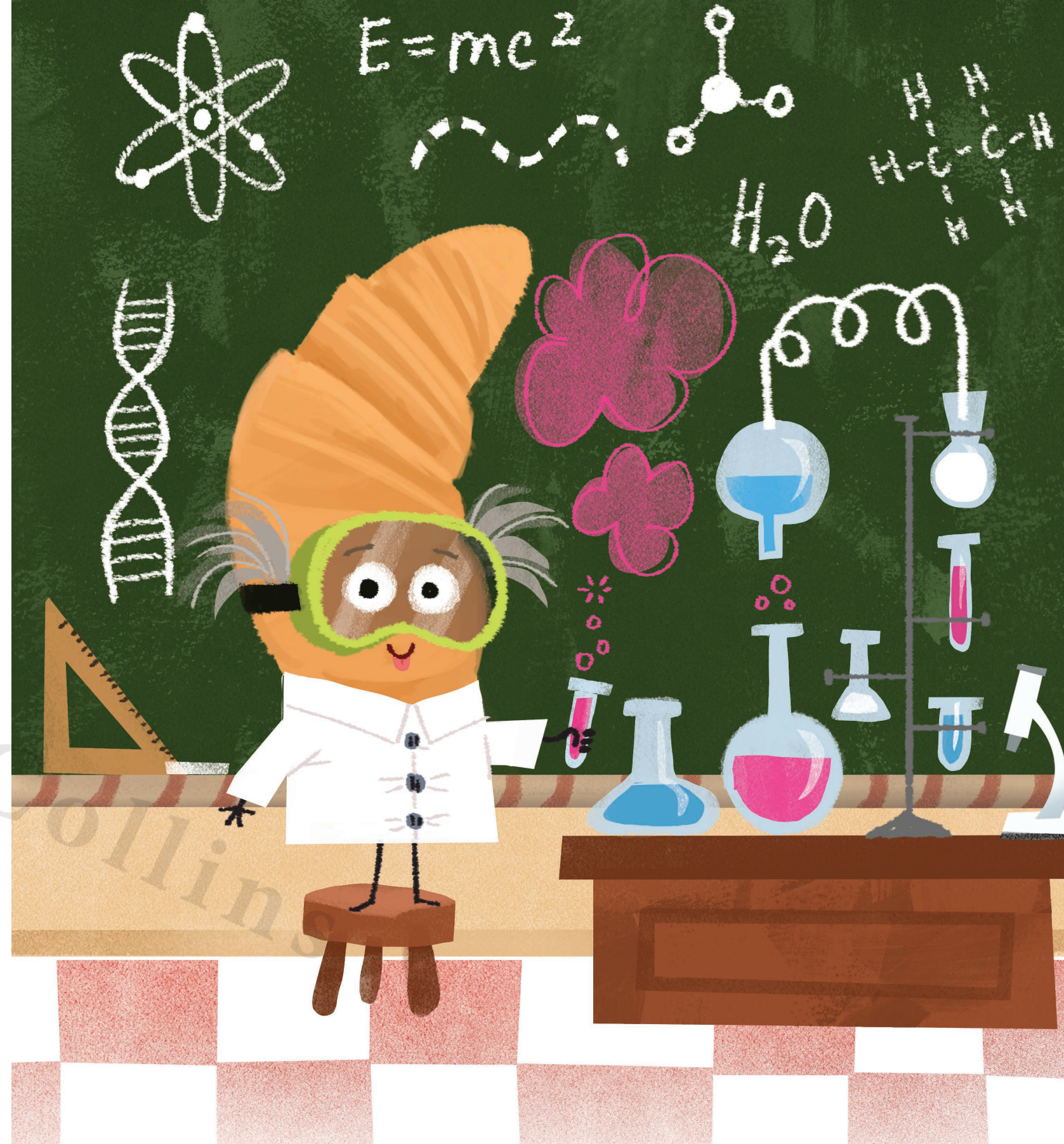
One kid showed off his original frosting art.



Another kid revealed her sprinkle-distribution machine.

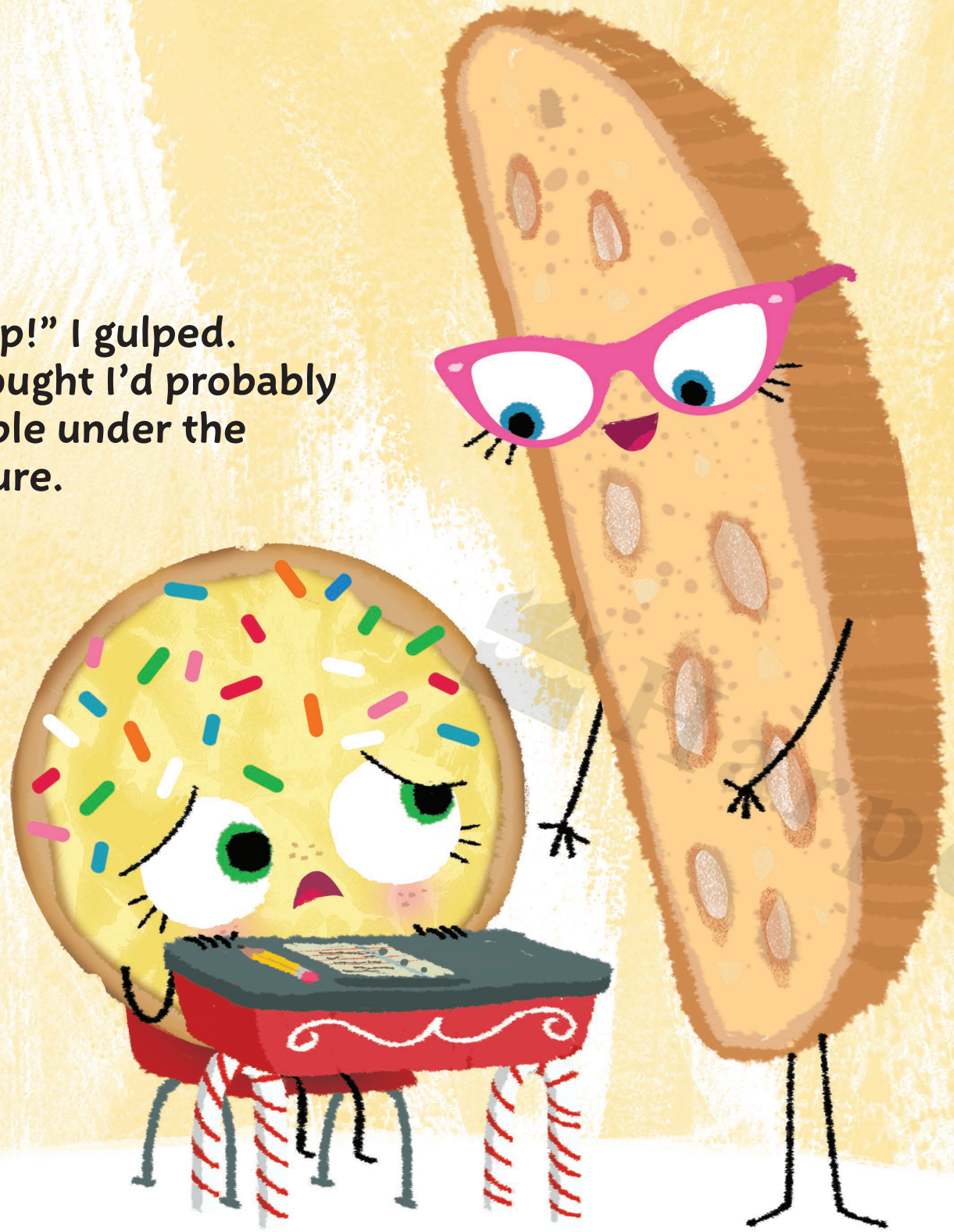


It was neat seeing how everyone was good at such different things.



Finally, Ms. Biscotti turned to me.
“Would you like to share anything?” she asked.

“Gulp!” I gulped.
I thought I’d probably
crumble under the
pressure.



But I made my way to the front of the classroom.
I noticed my hands were shaking. My mouth went dry.



“This poem is called ‘My Crumby Days,’” I said, my voice cracking. And then I read it aloud.



As I spoke, I noticed some kids nodding at certain lines.



Other kids laughed at parts that were supposed to be funny.

As I built toward the finale, I felt myself becoming more confident and animated.

And, in the end, everybody clapped and cheered! I promise you this: I’ll never, ever forget it.



Ms. Biscotti was beaming. “No one but *you* could’ve written that poem,” she said. “It was completely original.”



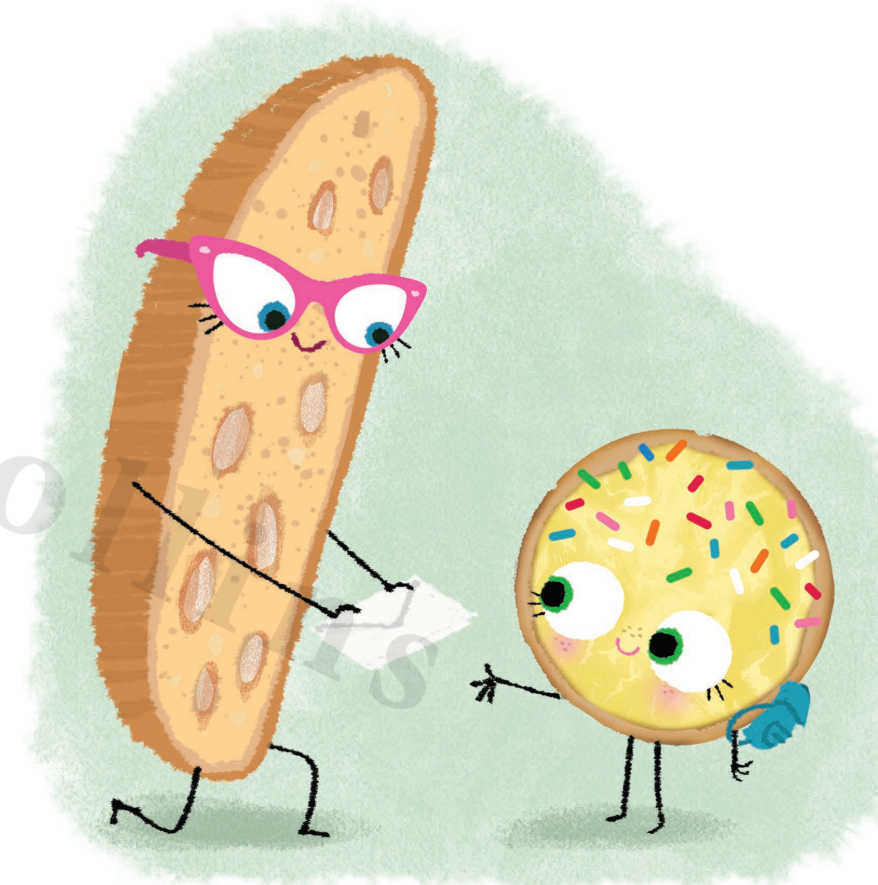
AHA!



I had *done* it. I'd created something and shared it with the world. Well . . . *my* world, at least.



The rest of the day was a blur. By recess, I was already planning my *next* poem. I would call it "My Sweet Morning." "AHA!" I thought when I came up with the title.



Later that afternoon, Ms. Biscotti handed me a note. It said that I should keep on writing, no matter what. That meant *so much* to me.

School was a bit different after that.

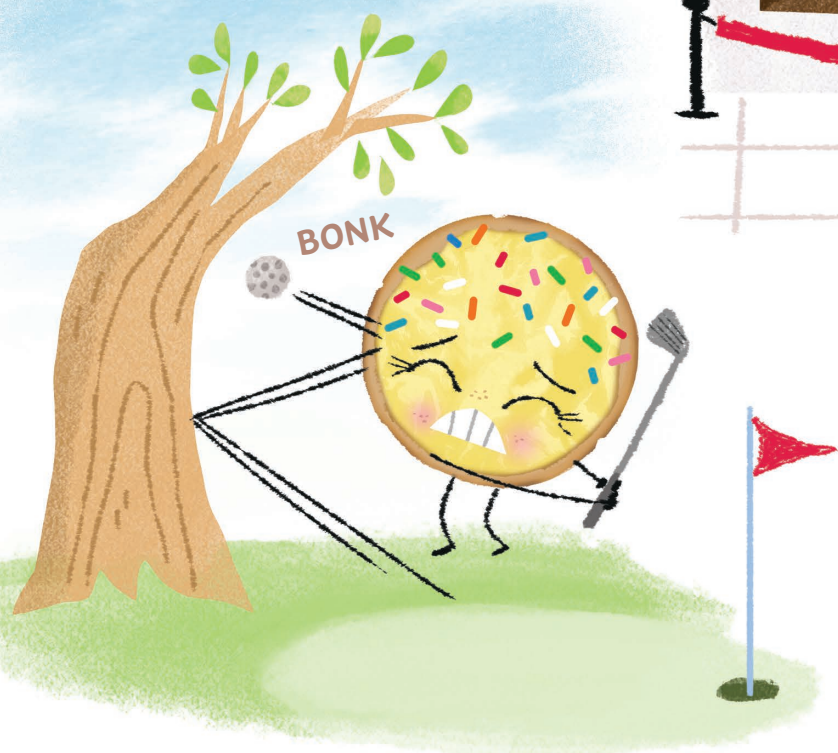


I wasn't so scared to raise my hand or ask a question . . .

or share my work.



Sure, some things *still* don't come as easily for me as they do for others.



But *now* I know that you can be smart in many *different* ways.



You *don't* have to have the answers to every question or suddenly be great at everything, all at once. You just need a chance to try all kinds of things, to find out who you are and what you like to do.

POETRY NIGHT

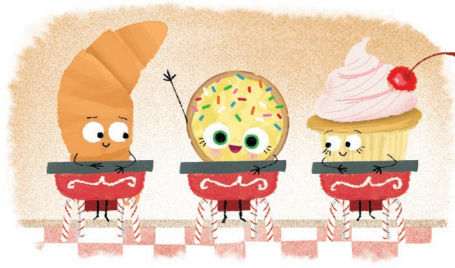
As for me, I learned that I can write and I can think up great ideas. And I've found plenty of other things I'm good at, too.

I no longer feel lost at sea. It's more like floating down a river. And the best part is: There's always more to learn!

Because we're all smart cookies.







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