

"Why are you so against skiing, Aldo?" said Mom. She poured me a glass of milk, so that I would be getting some nutrition with my sugar.

"Because I always fall down! Last time we went, I spent most of the day lying ON the mountain instead of skiing DOWN the mountain."



"I don't understand why you're such such a wimp!" said Timothy.

"No name calling," warned Dad.

"I'm not a wimp! It's just..." I sat up straight and put on my grown-up face. "I honor my unique specialness, which does not include skiing...and that's OK."



This was so hilarious to Timothy that milk leaked from his nose. Mom made him go take a shower. After he'd left the table, she said, "It's true that no one's good at everything, including your brother. But the last time we went skiing, you were only 8. Now you're almost 11! I think 8 is too young to decide that you can't do something."