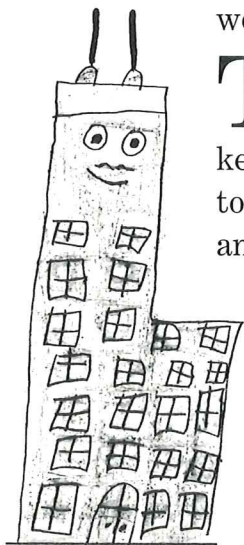
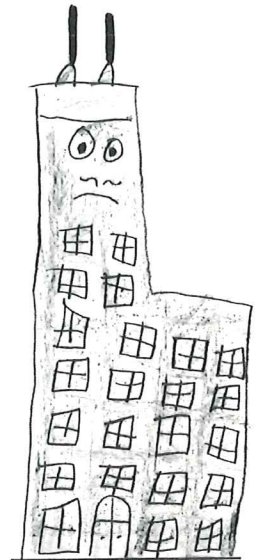


Once there was a tall building named Tommy. Tommy was the tallest building in the world. Each morning Tommy would wake up early and enjoy the beautiful view of the sunrise and everything getting light. Tommy always looked forward to 9:00 each morning when all the business men came to work in him. At 9:00 all the little children would come and ride his elevators to the observation area on the very last story of him. Then there was late in the evening when Tommy talked to all the smaller buildings and told them about his day and listened to theirs. Tommy had a wonderful life being the tallest in the world. Nothing ever went wrong and Tommy was never bored listening to the everlasting chatter of the children and the clicking of the keys on the typewriters.

Until one day. One horrible day when word reached Tommy that another building in some far off place had been judged to be the tallest in the world. In fact, Tommy

was not even the second tallest in the world. He was the third because those far off towers were built exactly the same and were considered the first and second tallest. Tommy was heartbroken. He never woke up early anymore to watch the sunrise in the morning. And he never noticed the children that used to make him so happy. He never took part in the discussions with the other buildings anymore. And so day after day passed and Tommy felt worse and worse and worse. Some of the buildings that used to be Tommy's friends thought they would never see him smile again. So finally Tommy's friends talked to a new building that had just been built about it. The new building promised that he would speak to Tommy.



That night while all the buildings were talking, the new building started talking to Tommy, but Tommy just sighed. The new building kept on talking to Tommy and telling him that the children still rode up his elevator to the observation floor and they still giggled and the typewriters still clicked away and that after all he was still the tallest building in the city. And that made Tommy feel a lot better and he started to realize that everyone still respected him just as much. The next day Tommy woke up early to watch the sunrise and all day he listened to the children giggling and the typewriters typing and later on in the evening he took part in the buildings' discussions again. And so, Tommy learned that it did not matter how tall you are, as long as you are a great and proud building. So Tommy went back to his happy and peaceful life once again.

The End.