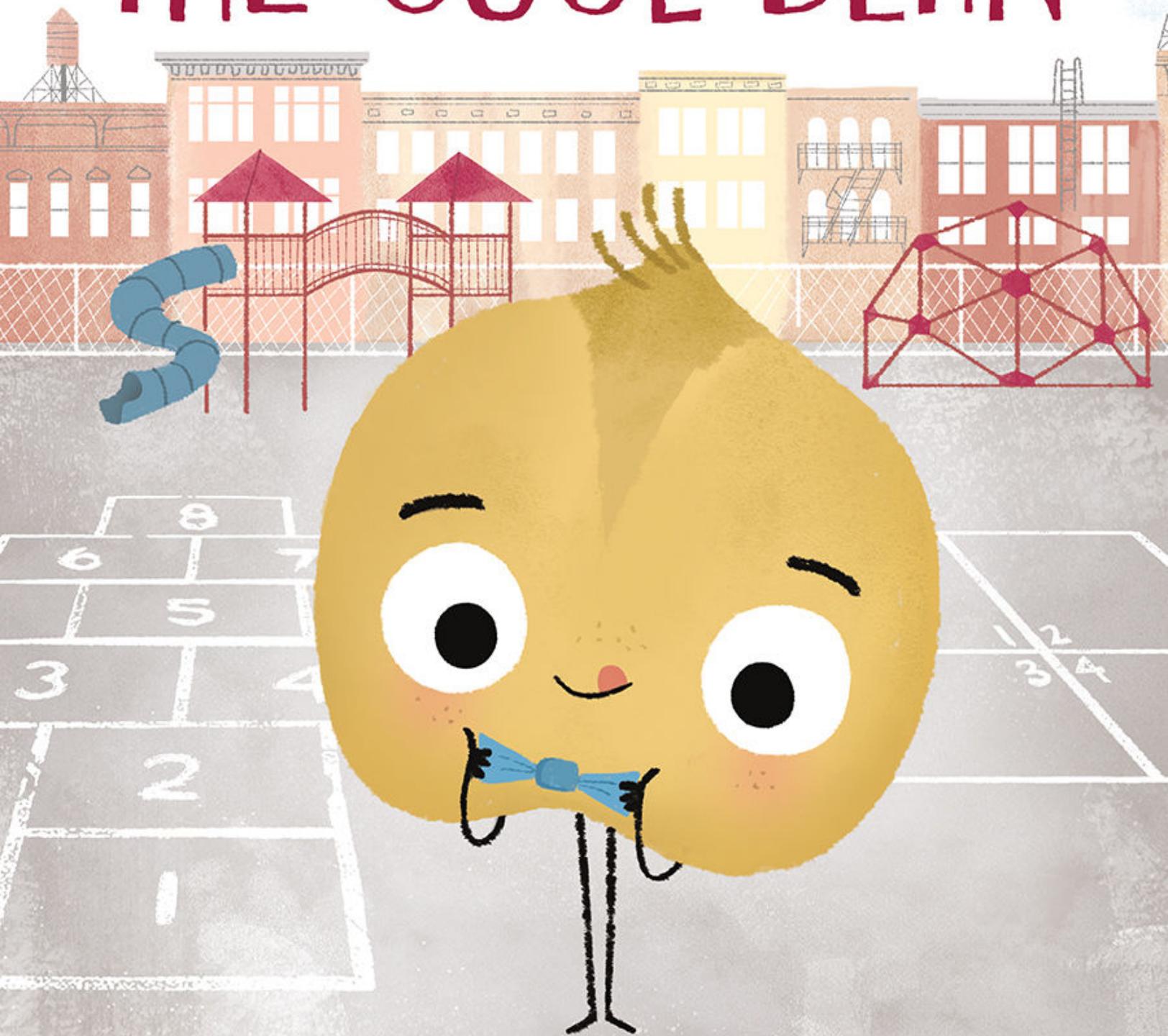
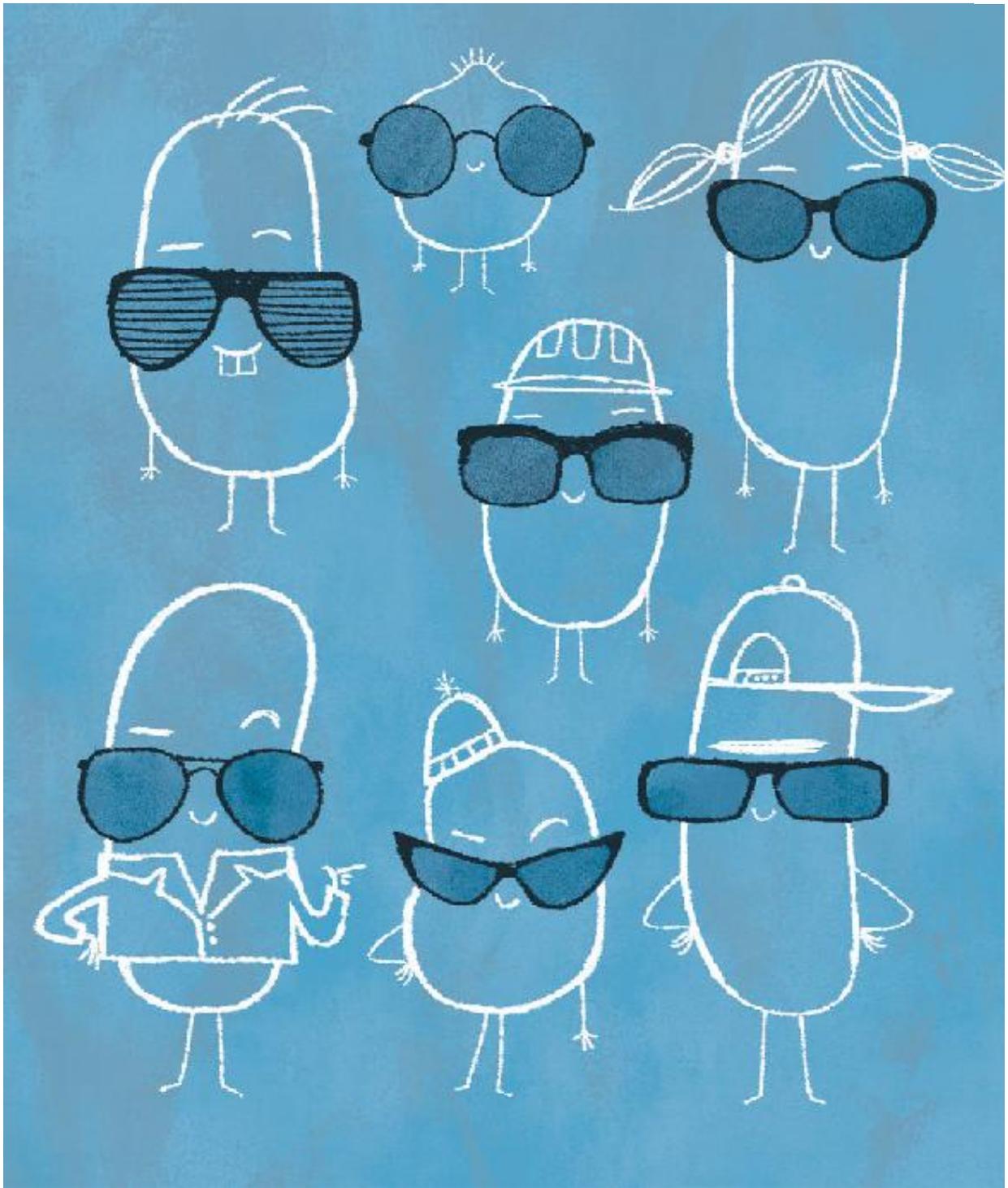


THE COOL BEAN



From the #1 *New York Times* Bestselling Team
Jory John and **Pete Oswald**



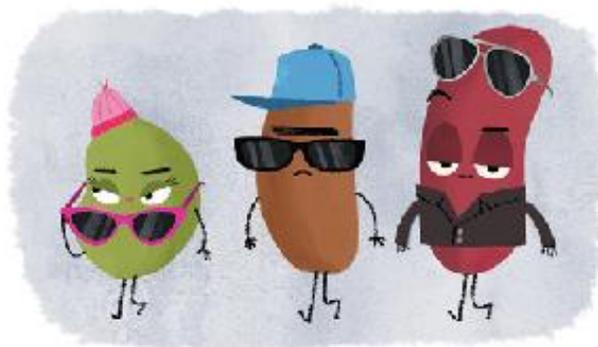




Oh yeah ... check out how they move.



Look at the way they swagger.



Notice their sunglasses. Yow!



In the olden days, last year,
we were all one big pod of beans.
We were a mixed bag, but
somehow it worked.



Yep. Those were the good old days . . .

I watched as the beans I knew so well—the beans from my own pod—became the cool beans.



Oh, they were soooooo coooooool.

ME?

Well, I mostly stayed the same.
Sure, I made some *small* changes.
I wore sunglasses.

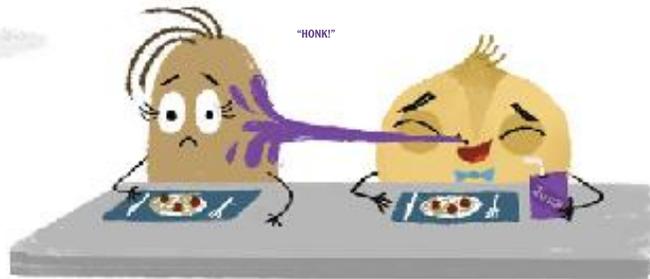


I was still picked last for everything.



My clothes never seemed to fit.

I snorted when I laughed.



"WHUMPI"



I walked into stuff.

I was an *uncool* bean, for sure.

It seemed like there were two types of beans in the world.



There were the cool beans . . .

The days all blended together.
I lived my life and things were just . . . *okay*.
I took tests and ate lunches and mostly kept
to myself.



The cool beans continued being cool.
I mean, sure, I missed them. A bit.

I was in the cafeteria. I dropped my lunch on my loafers.



But then something sort of miraculous happened.



Out of nowhere, one of the cool beans helped me clean it up. He didn't even say anything. He just gave me a nod. That was it.



That afternoon, I was sitting in class. I wasn't really paying attention. I didn't notice, but our teacher had called on me. Everybody stared. I sat there in silence. Nobody said anything.

But then one of the cool beans stood up and came over to me. Everybody watched.



She leaned in close and whispered, "Hey. The teacher asked you to read from page 32." Then she gave me a quick wink and went back to her seat.

I walked home with a goofy smile on my face.



I smiled all the way through dinner.

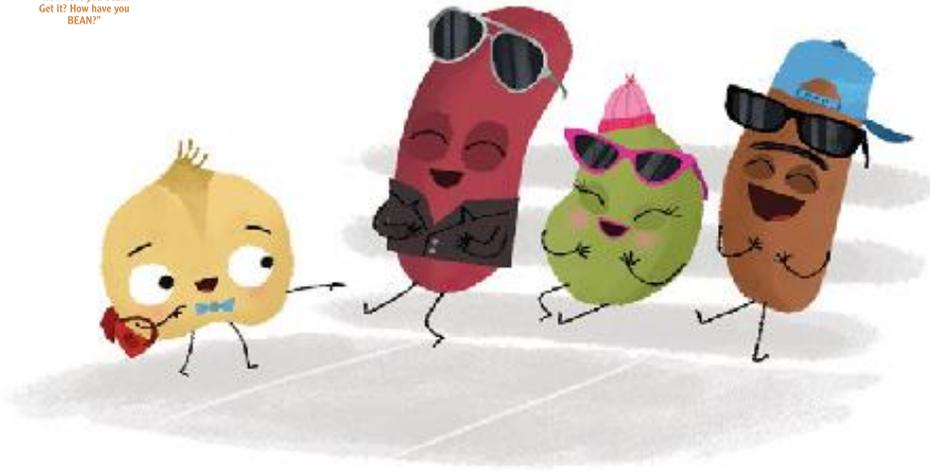




Somebody had my back.

After that, I started hanging out with the cool beans again.

"How have you bean?
Get it? How have you
BEAN?"



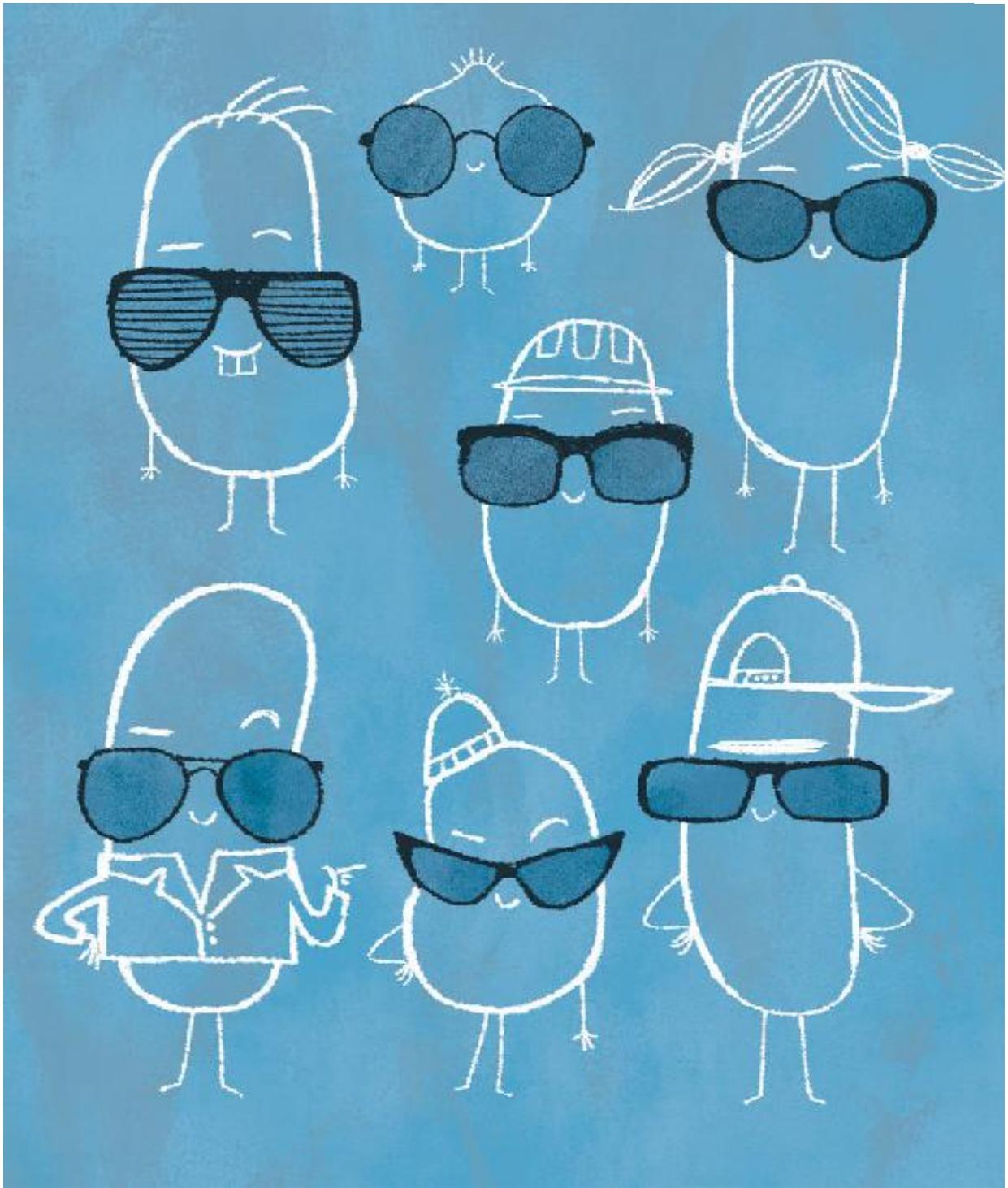
Not all the time.
But sometimes.



Throughout all of this, I realized that it's not about how you look or any of that other silly stuff.







To Margaret Anastas & Kirsten Hall.
You two are the coolest of the cool.
—J.J. & P.O.

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

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