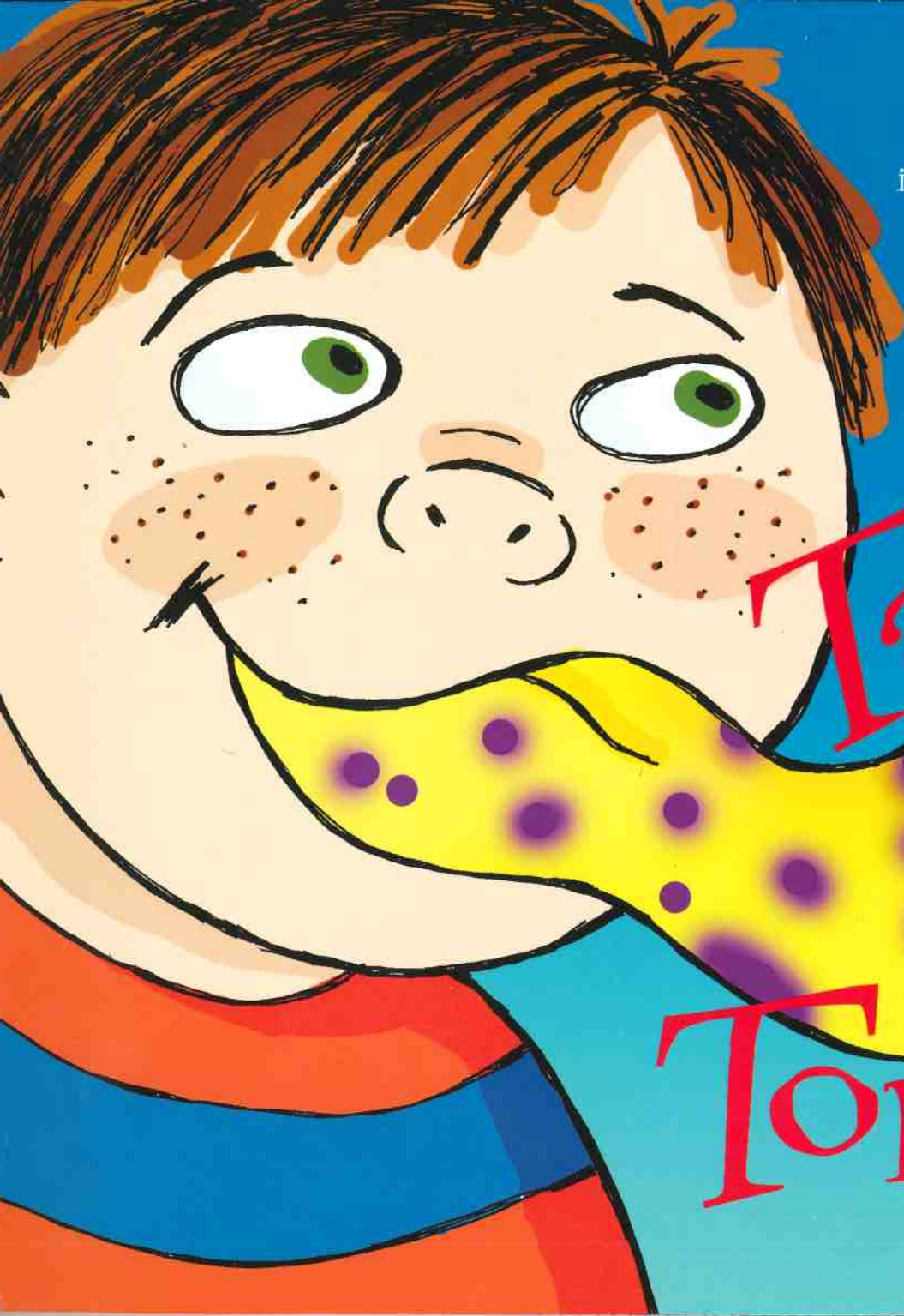


WRITTEN BY JULIA COOK  
ILLUSTRATED BY ANITA DuFALLA



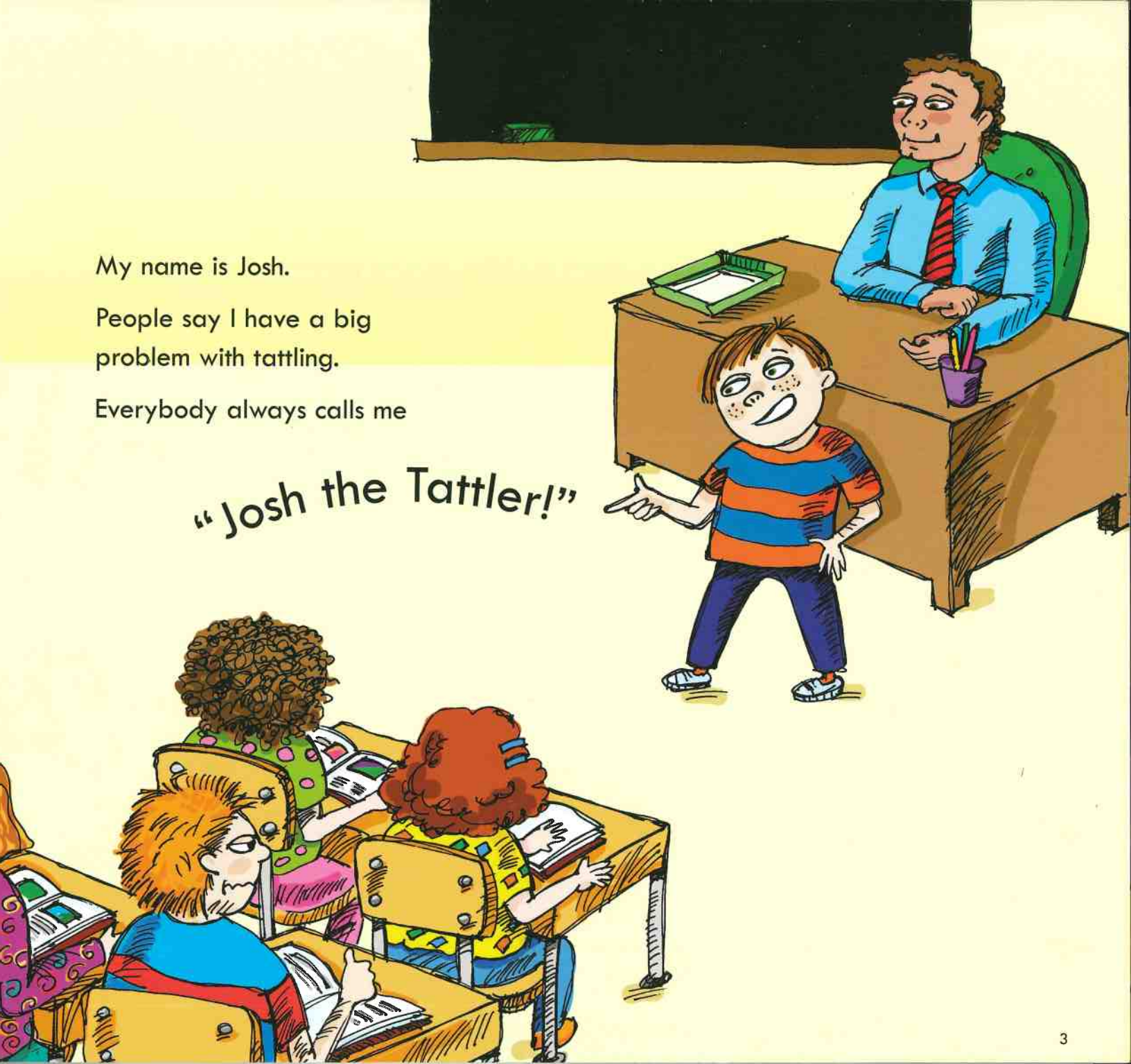
A  
Bad Case  
of  
**Tattle**  
**Tongue**

My name is Josh.

People say I have a big  
problem with tattling.

Everybody always calls me

“Josh the Tattler!”



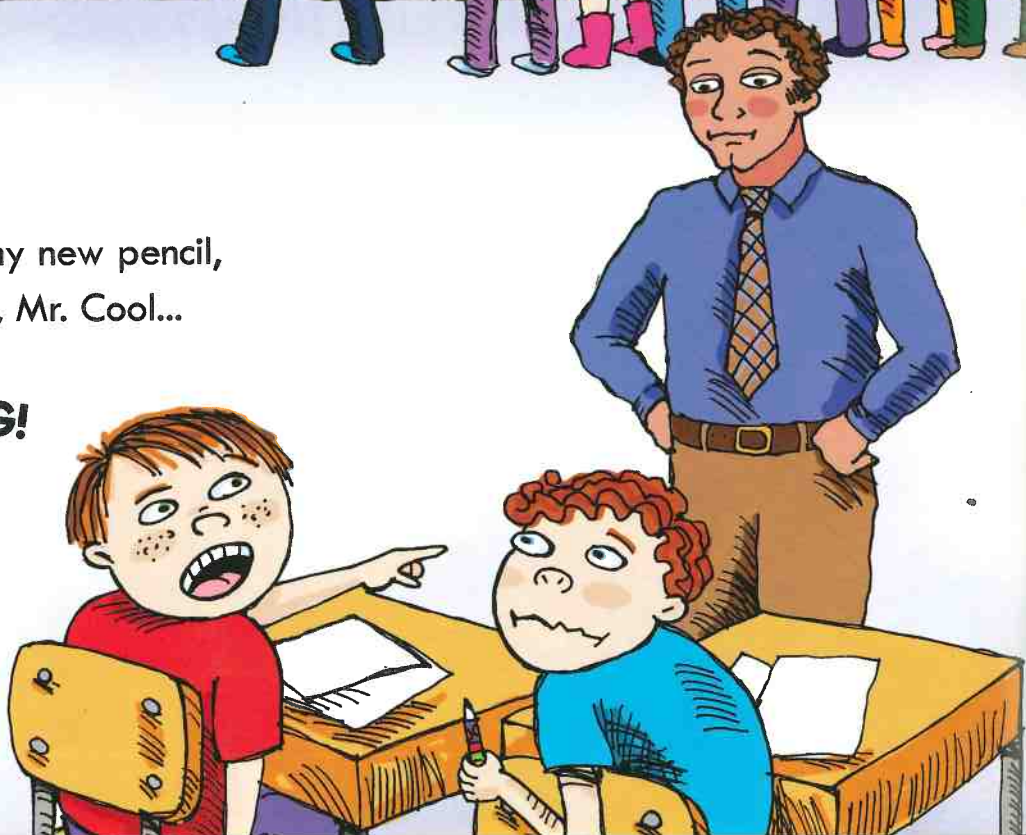
When Tommy butted in front of Felipe at lunch,  
I just had to tell the lunch lady...

because that was **WRONG!**



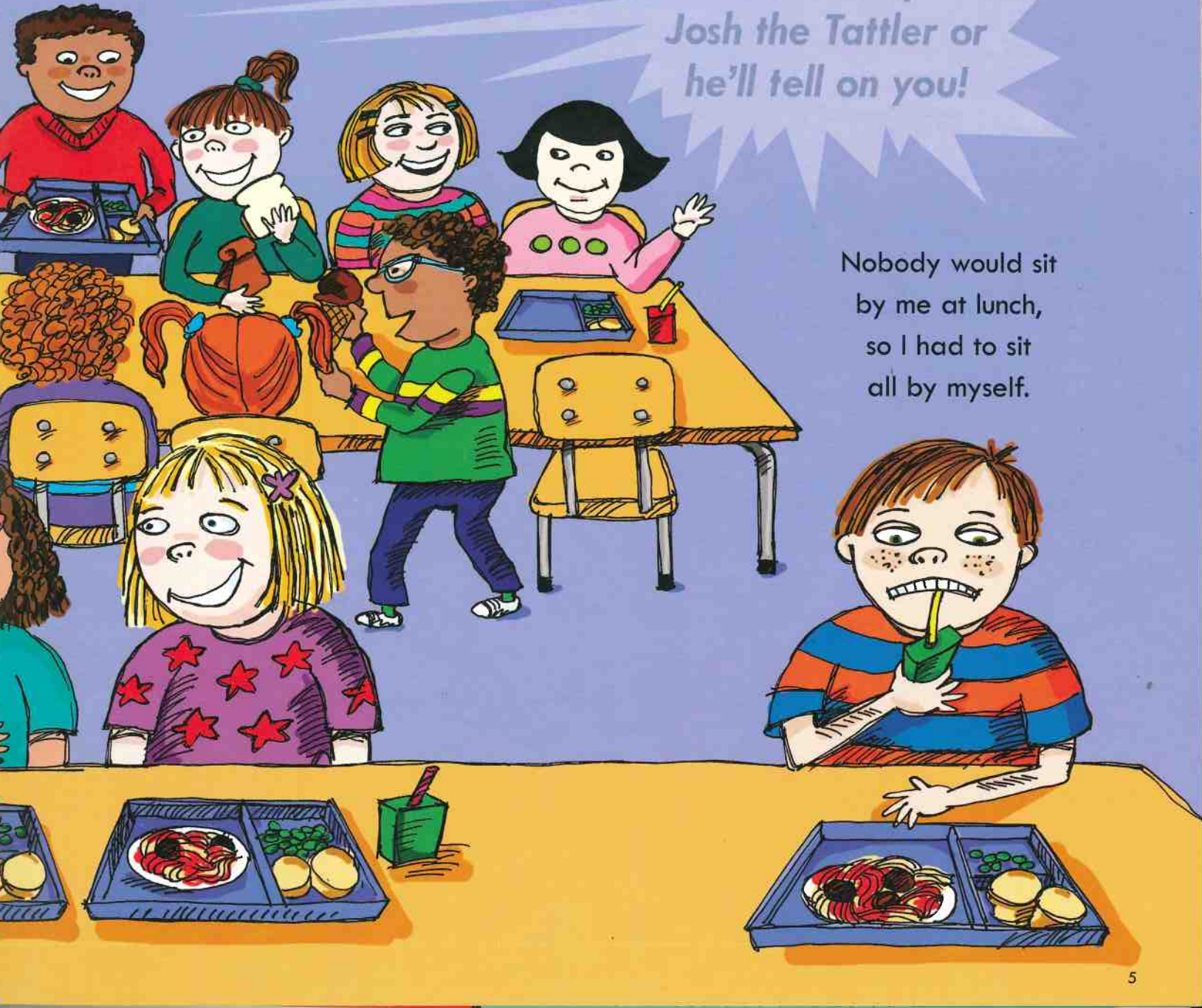
In class when Carson took my new pencil,  
I just had to tell my teacher, Mr. Cool...

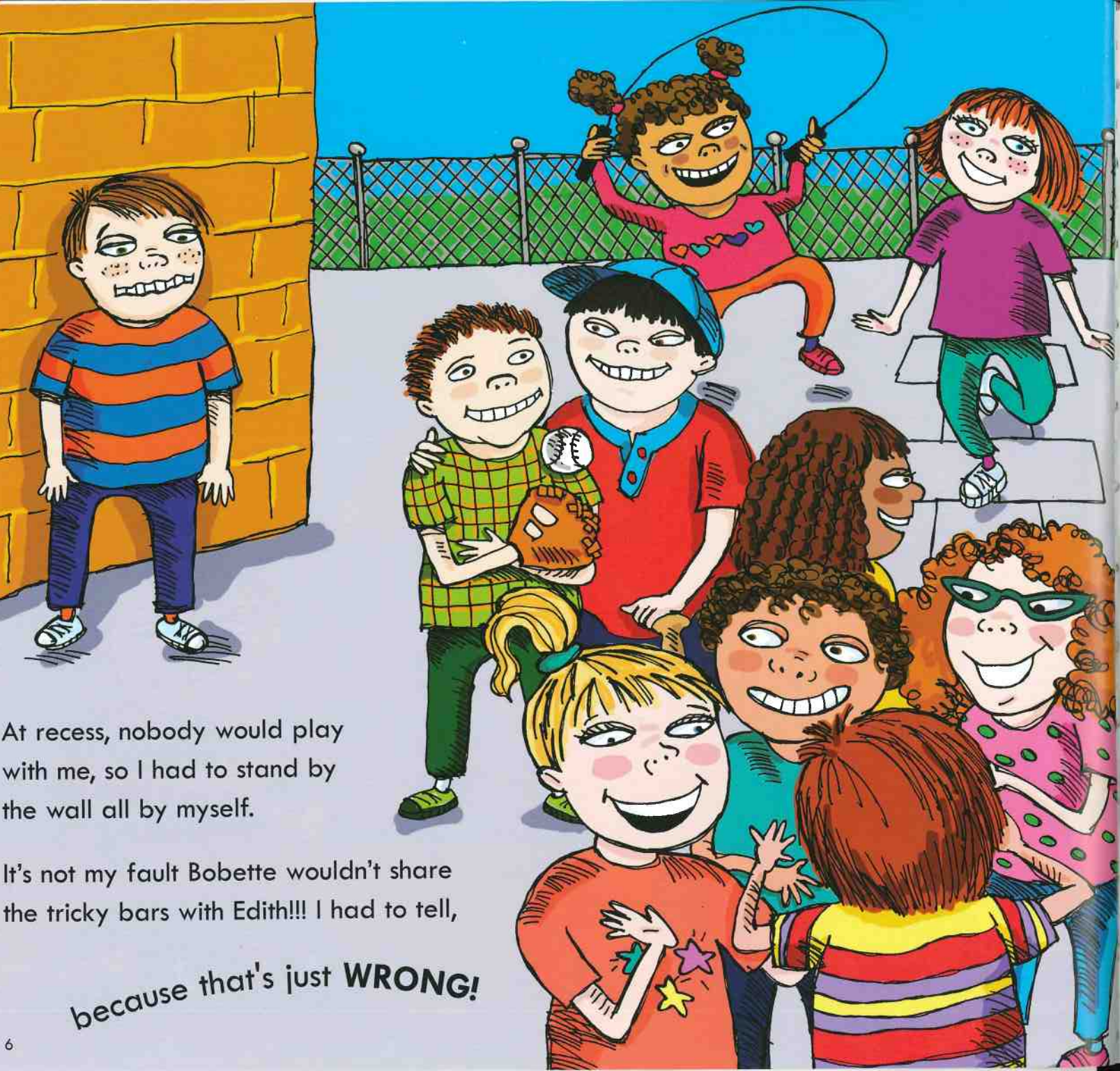
because that was **WRONG!**



Don't sit by  
Josh the Tattler or  
he'll tell on you!

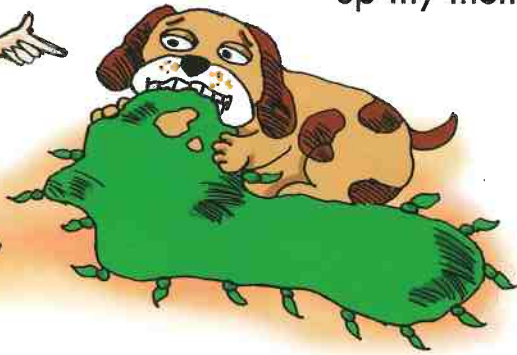
Nobody would sit  
by me at lunch,  
so I had to sit  
all by myself.





At recess, nobody would play with me, so I had to stand by the wall all by myself.

It's not my fault Bobette wouldn't share the tricky bars with Edith!!! I had to tell, because that's just **WRONG!**



At home, I told on my dog, Max. He chewed up my mom's new rug and I saw him do it!

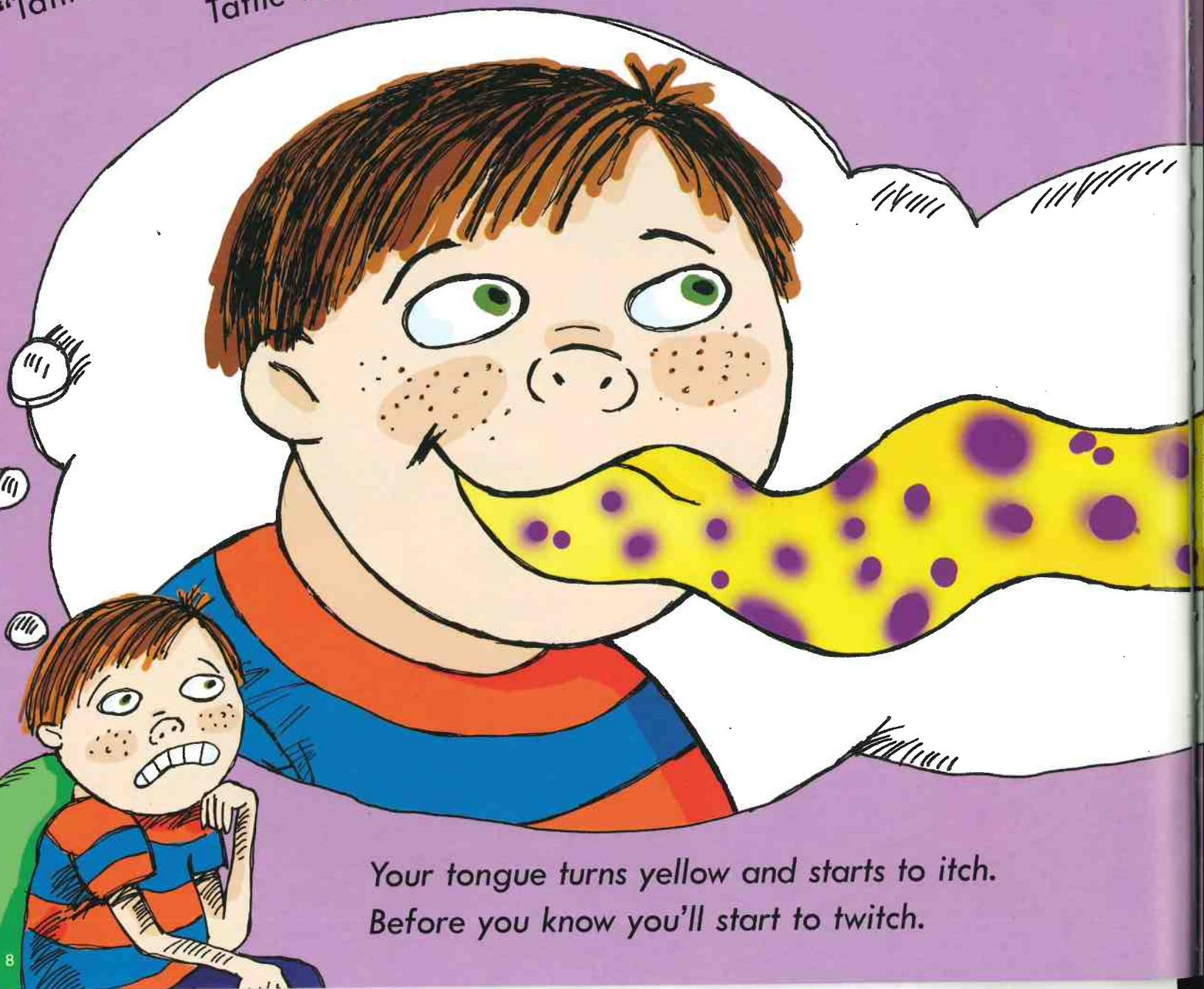
And I just had to tell my mom about my little brother, Teddy, too. He grabbed the TV remote right out of my hand! So wrong!

"Joshua Jacob Jones, I am sick and tired of your constant tattling! If you don't stop tattling, you're going to get Tattle Tongue."



"Tattle Tongue?...  
what is  
Tattle Tongue?"

"Tattle Tongue is really bad.  
Tattle Tongue will make you sad.



Your tongue turns yellow and starts to itch.  
Before you know you'll start to twitch.

Your teeth will then  
begin to scratch...

*Itchy, Itchy,  
Scratchy, Scratchy,  
Twitchy, Twitchy,  
Catchy, Catchy.*

Purple spots will  
start to grow,  
upon your tongue  
and then you'll know,  
that Tattle Tongue  
is what you have.  
And Tattle Tongue  
is really bad!"

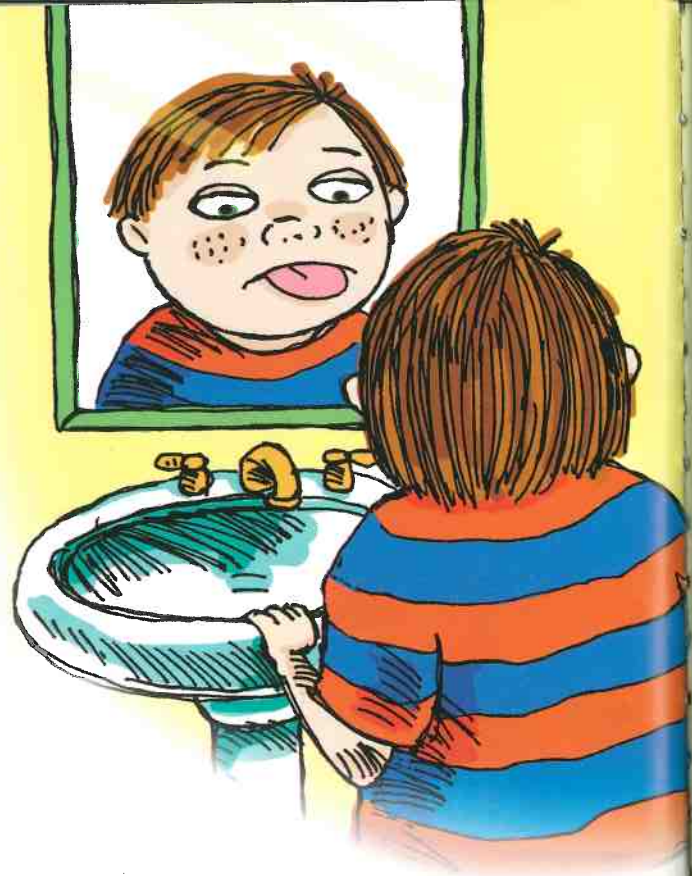
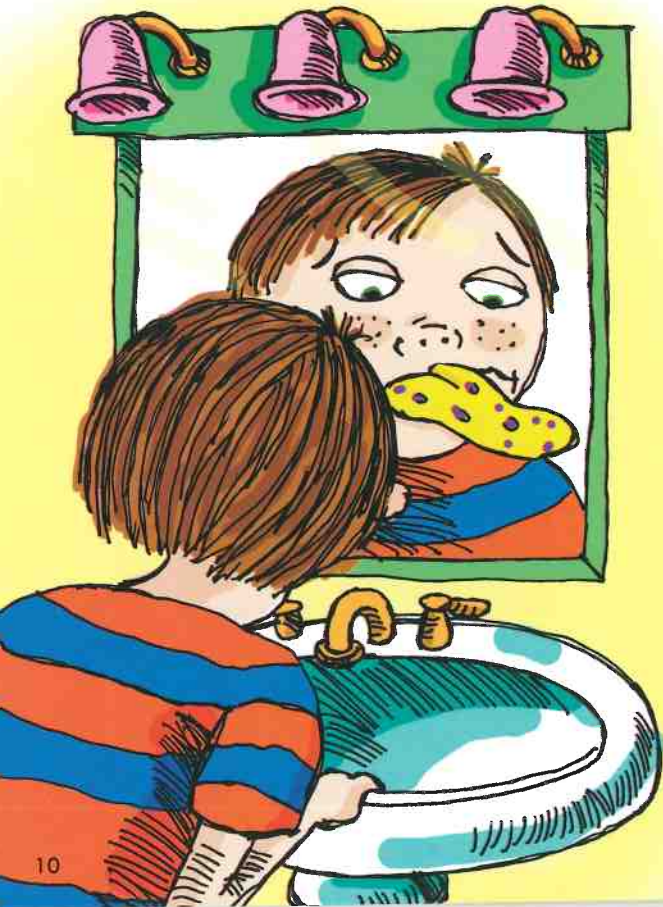
"Oh, and by the way, each time you tattle, your yellow and purple tongue will get longer and longer. It may get so long that it won't even fit inside your mouth!"



I ran to the bathroom, looked in the mirror,  
and stuck out my tongue.

My tongue wasn't yellow, and it didn't have  
purple spots...

**or did it?**



I leaned in closer to the mirror for  
a really good look.

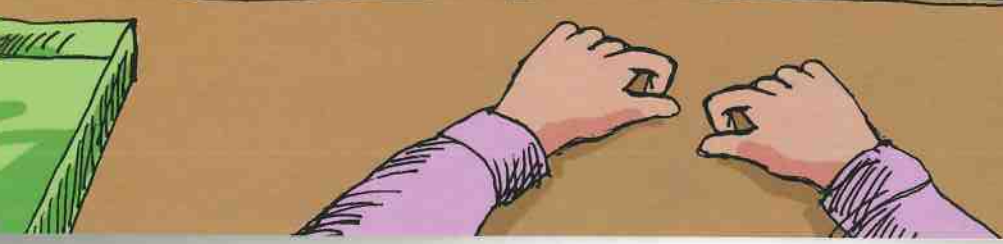
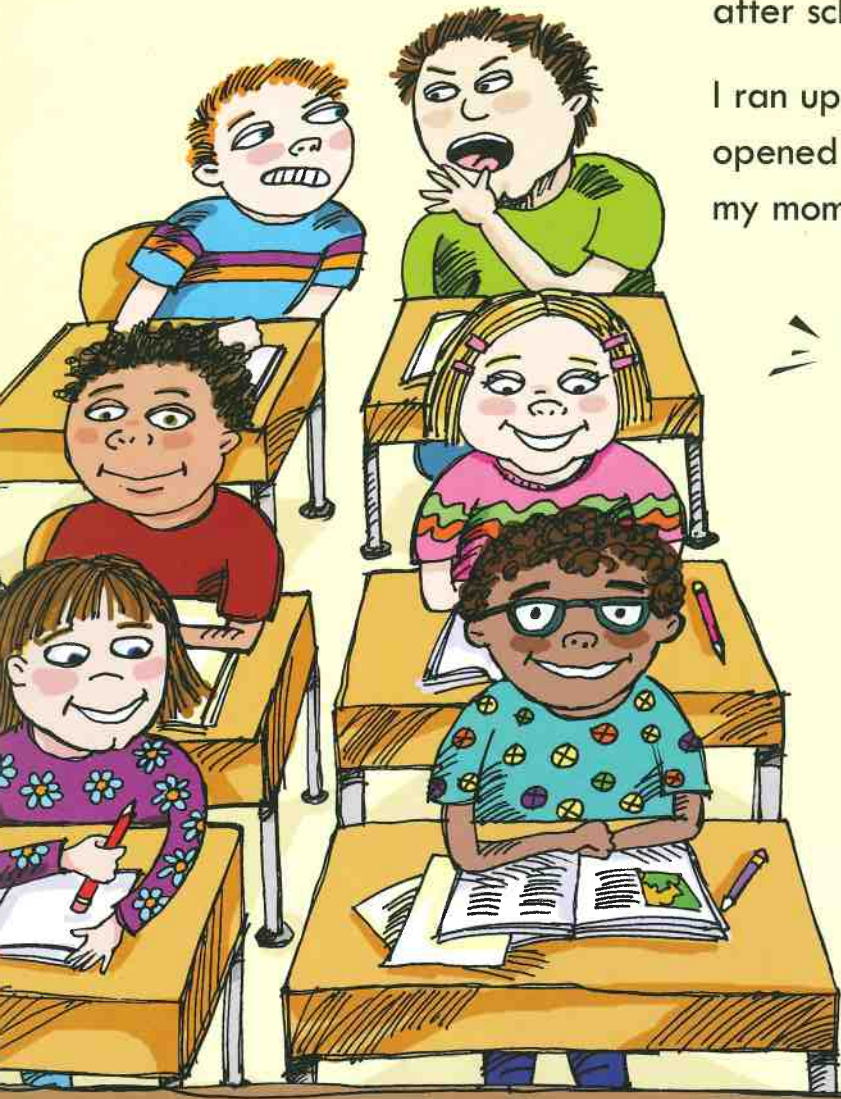
My tongue didn't look any longer,  
and it seemed to fit inside my  
mouth just fine.

Still, I couldn't be sure.

The next day at school, I heard "Billy the Bully" tell Tommy that he was going to pick on Edith after school.

I ran up to Mr. Cool to tell on Billy, but when I opened my mouth, all I could think of was what my mom had said...

*Itchy, Itchy,  
Scratchy, Scratchy,  
Twitchy, Twitchy,  
Catchy, Catchy.*

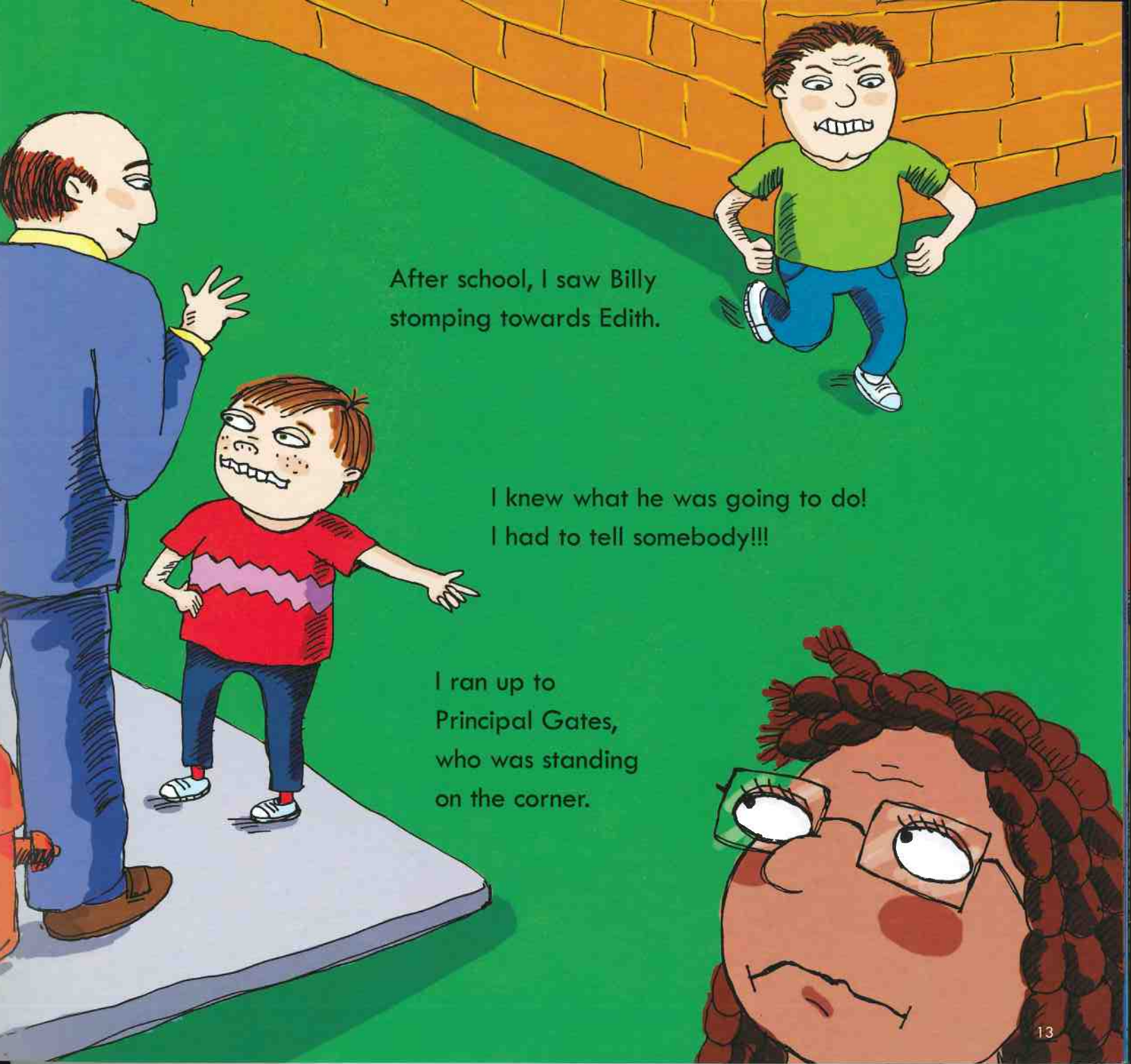


"Yes, Josh. What can I do for you?"

"Uhhh, I forgot," I said.

Then I slowly returned to my seat.





After school, I saw Billy  
stomping towards Edith.

I knew what he was going to do!  
I had to tell somebody!!!

I ran up to  
Principal Gates,  
who was standing  
on the corner.

"Hi, Joshua. What can I do for you?"

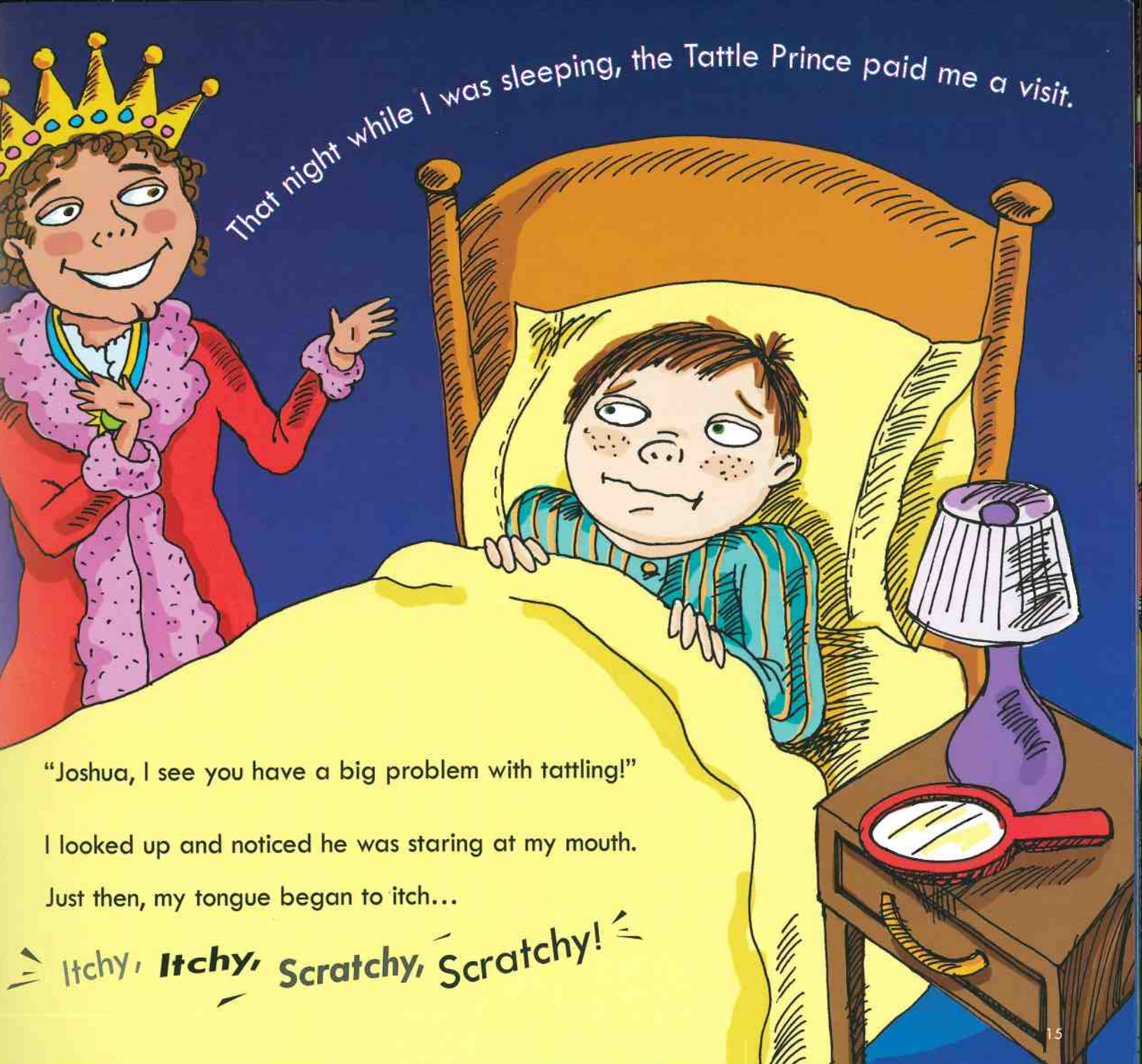
I opened my mouth to tell on Billy,  
but then I remembered what my  
mom had said...



*Itchy, Itchy,  
Scratchy, Scratchy,  
Twitchy, Twitchy,  
Catchy, Catchy.*

"Uhhh...I forgot."

Then, I turned around  
and walked home.



That night while I was sleeping, the Tattle Prince paid me a visit.

“Joshua, I see you have a big problem with tattling!”

I looked up and noticed he was staring at my mouth.

Just then, my tongue began to itch...

**Itchy, Itchy, Scratchy, Scratchy!**

I sat up, looked in the mirror, and stuck out my tongue.

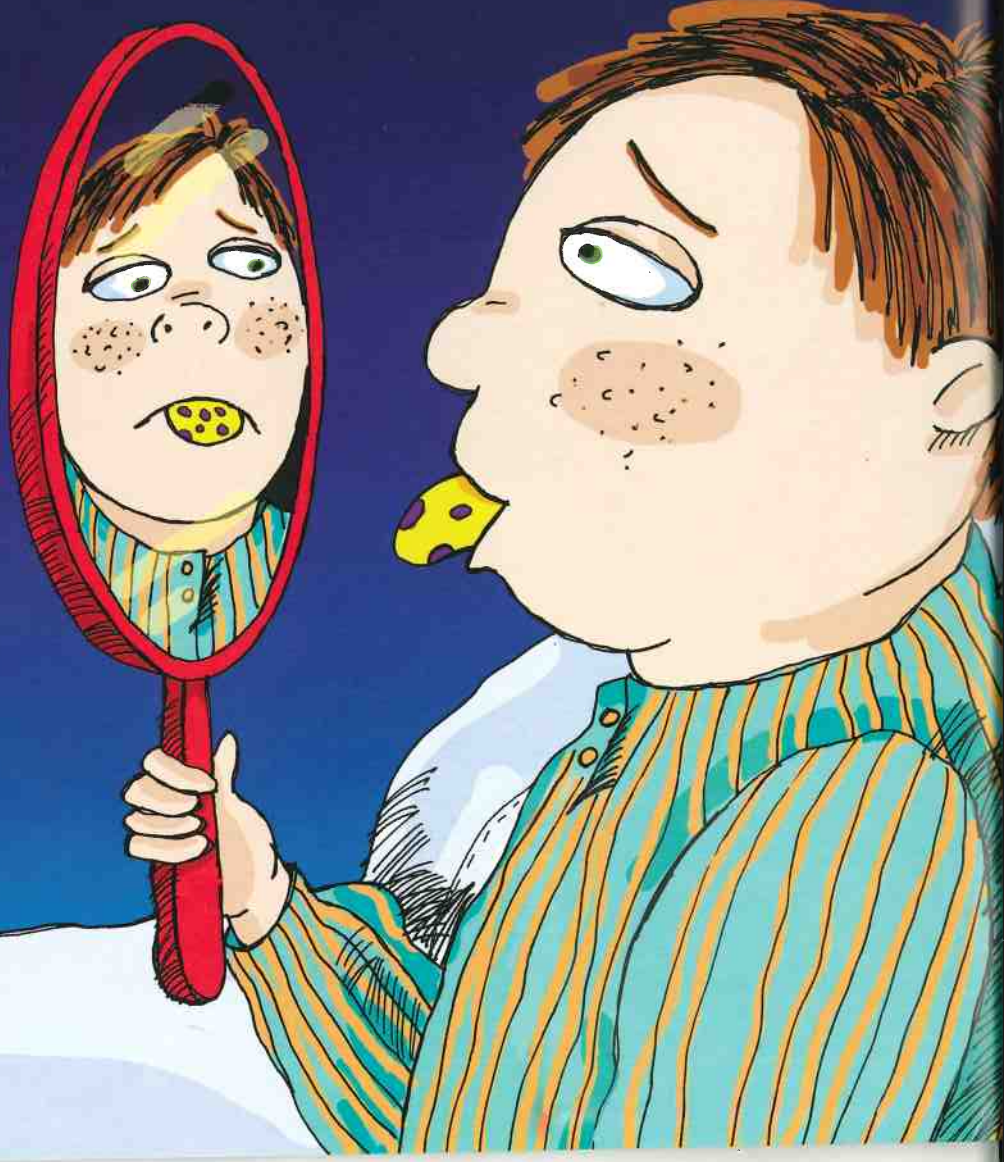
My tongue was yellow and it had big purple spots on it!!

And it was definitely longer.  
It was SO long that it even  
poked out of my mouth  
when I closed it!!

I had  
**Tattle Tongue!!!!**

But this time, I didn't tattle.

I wanted to tell on Billy the Bully,  
but I held it all in!



That would not have been tattling, Josh. That would have been a warning. Billy could have hurt Edith."

"Warning...Tattling... what's the difference?"

The difference is **DANGER**. Was Edith in danger?"

"I guess so."

"Then you should have warned someone."





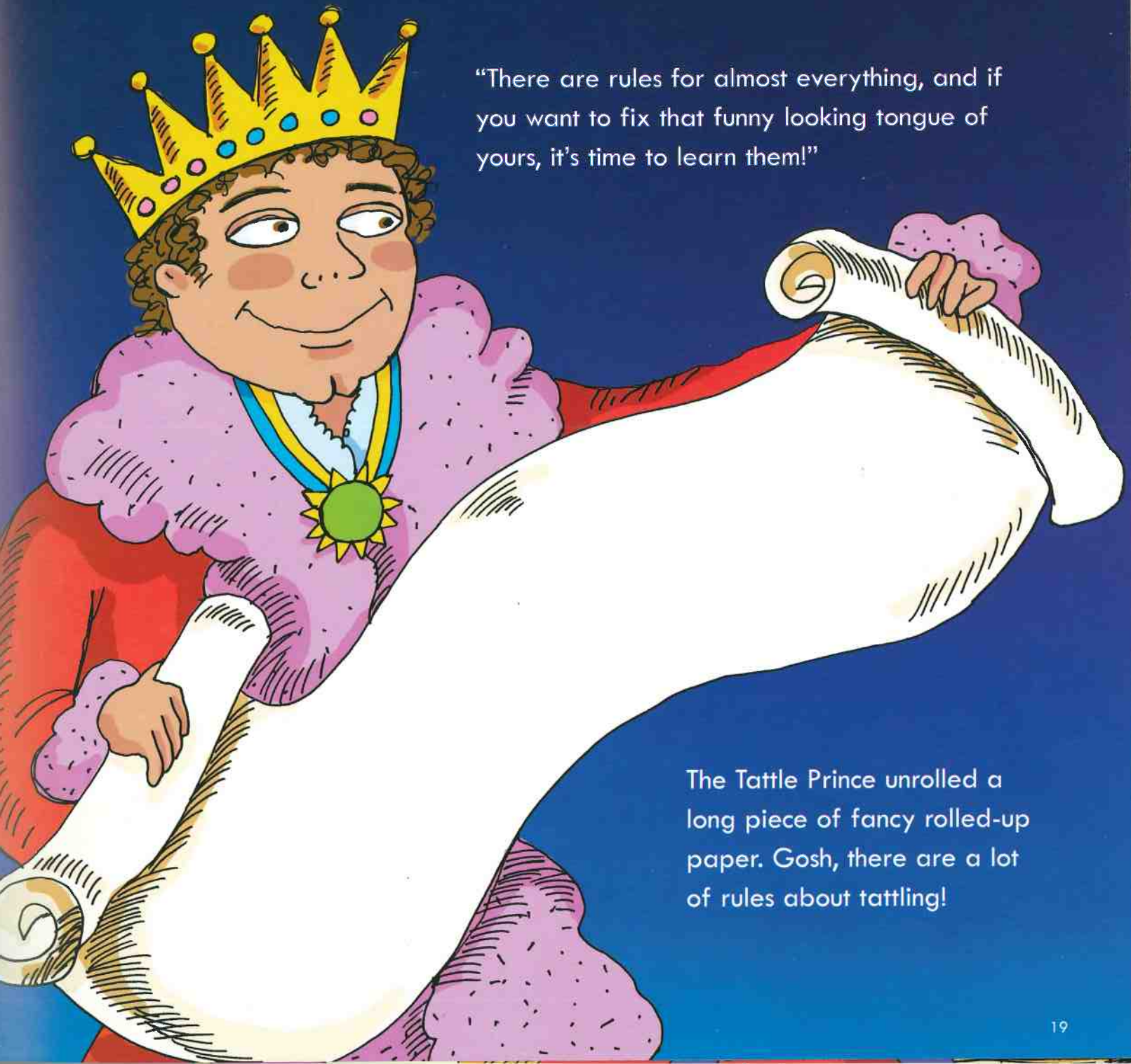
"The other day when Tommy butted in front of Felipe, was Tommy or Felipe in danger?"

"No."

"Then *that*, my friend, was tattling – and that's why your tongue is sprouting those lovely purple spots. You need to learn the Tattle Rules."

"There are rules for tattling?"





“There are rules for almost everything, and if you want to fix that funny looking tongue of yours, it’s time to learn them!”

The Tattle Prince unrolled a long piece of fancy rolled-up paper. Gosh, there are a lot of rules about tattling!

A scroll with a yellowish-tan background and a brown border, set against a blue background. The scroll is unrolled, showing four rules written in blue and black text. The scroll has a small roll at the top left and bottom left corners.

**RULE #1**

**Be a Danger Ranger**

**RULE #2**

**Be a Problem Solver**

**RULE #3**

**Now or Later?**

**RULE #4**

**M.Y.O.B.  
(Mind Your Own Beeswax)**

## RULE #1

# Be a Danger Ranger

If a person or animal is ever in danger, you must warn someone!

"When Edith was in danger, did you warn Principal Gates?"

"No, because I was trying so hard not to tattle."

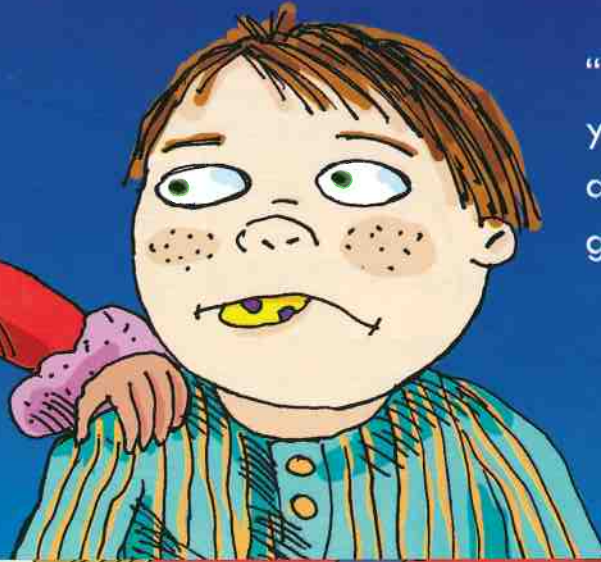
"When danger is a possibility it is **NEVER** tattling."



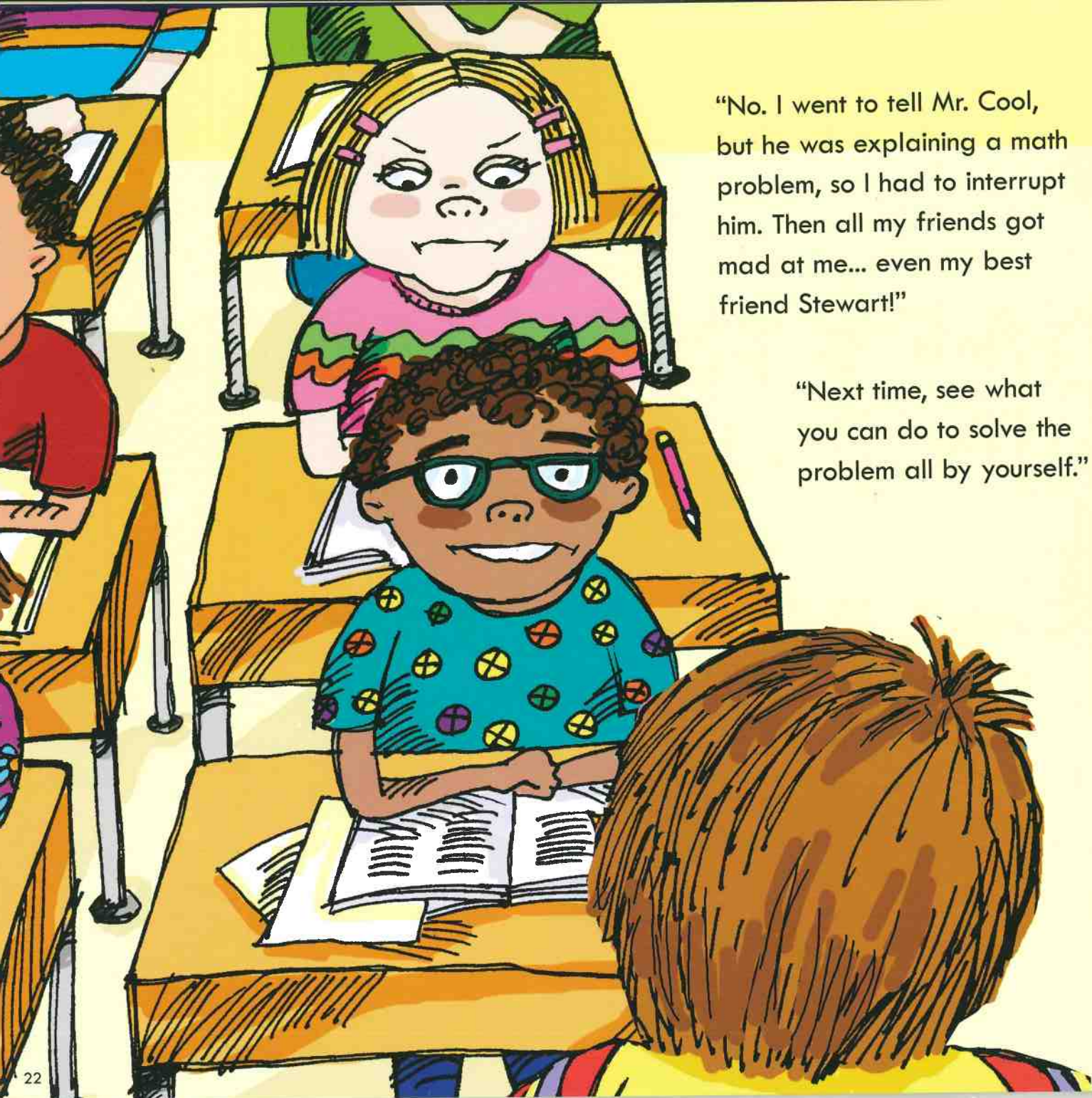
## RULE #2

# Be a Problem Solver

If the problem involves you, take charge and try hard to solve it yourself first.



"When Carson took your pencil, did you ask him politely to give it back?"



"No. I went to tell Mr. Cool, but he was explaining a math problem, so I had to interrupt him. Then all my friends got mad at me... even my best friend Stewart!"

"Next time, see what you can do to solve the problem all by yourself."

## RULE #3

# Now or Later

Is the problem a **NOW** problem or a **NOT NOW** problem?  
Can your problem be solved at a later time?

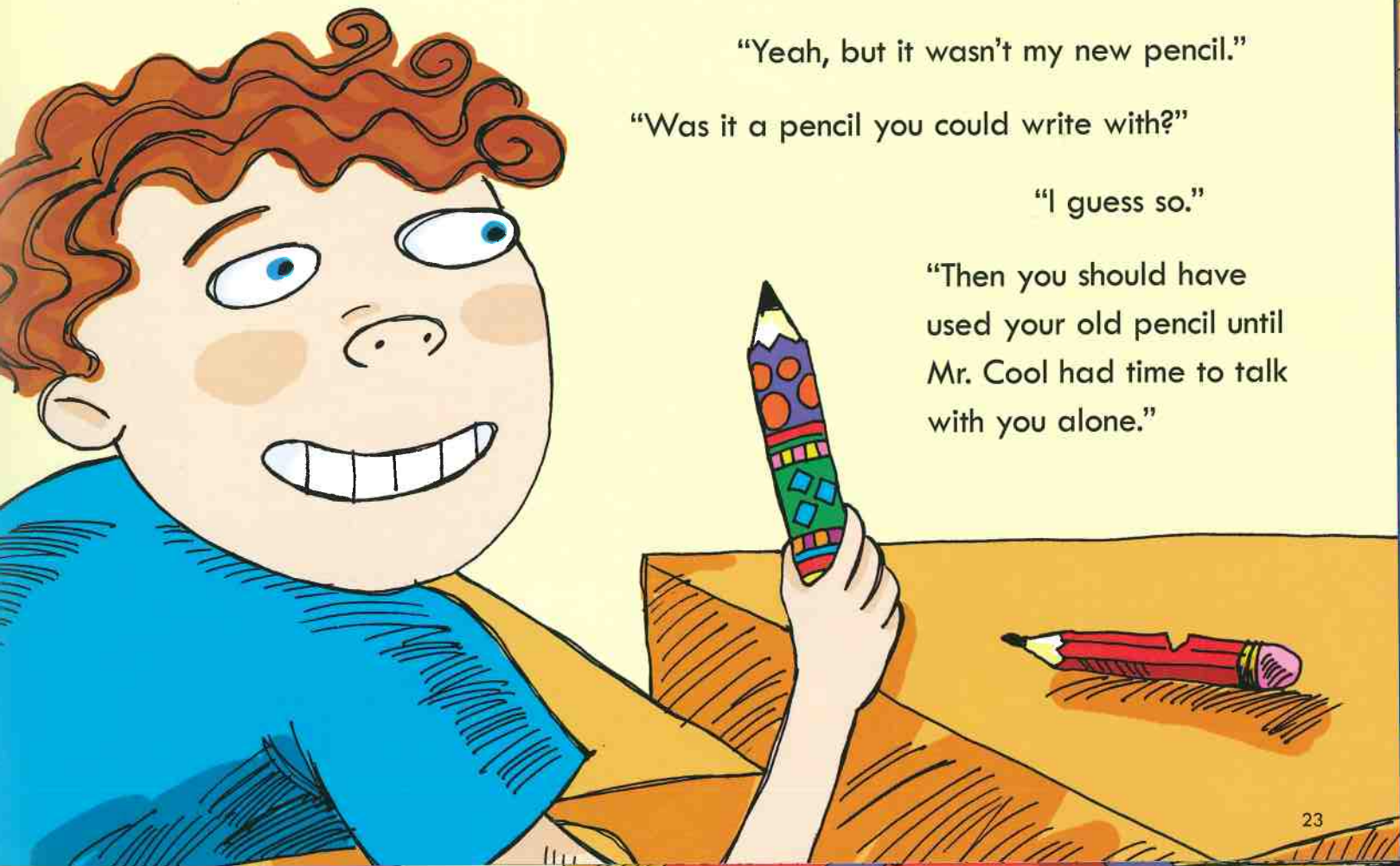
"When Carson took your pencil, did you have another one you could have used?"

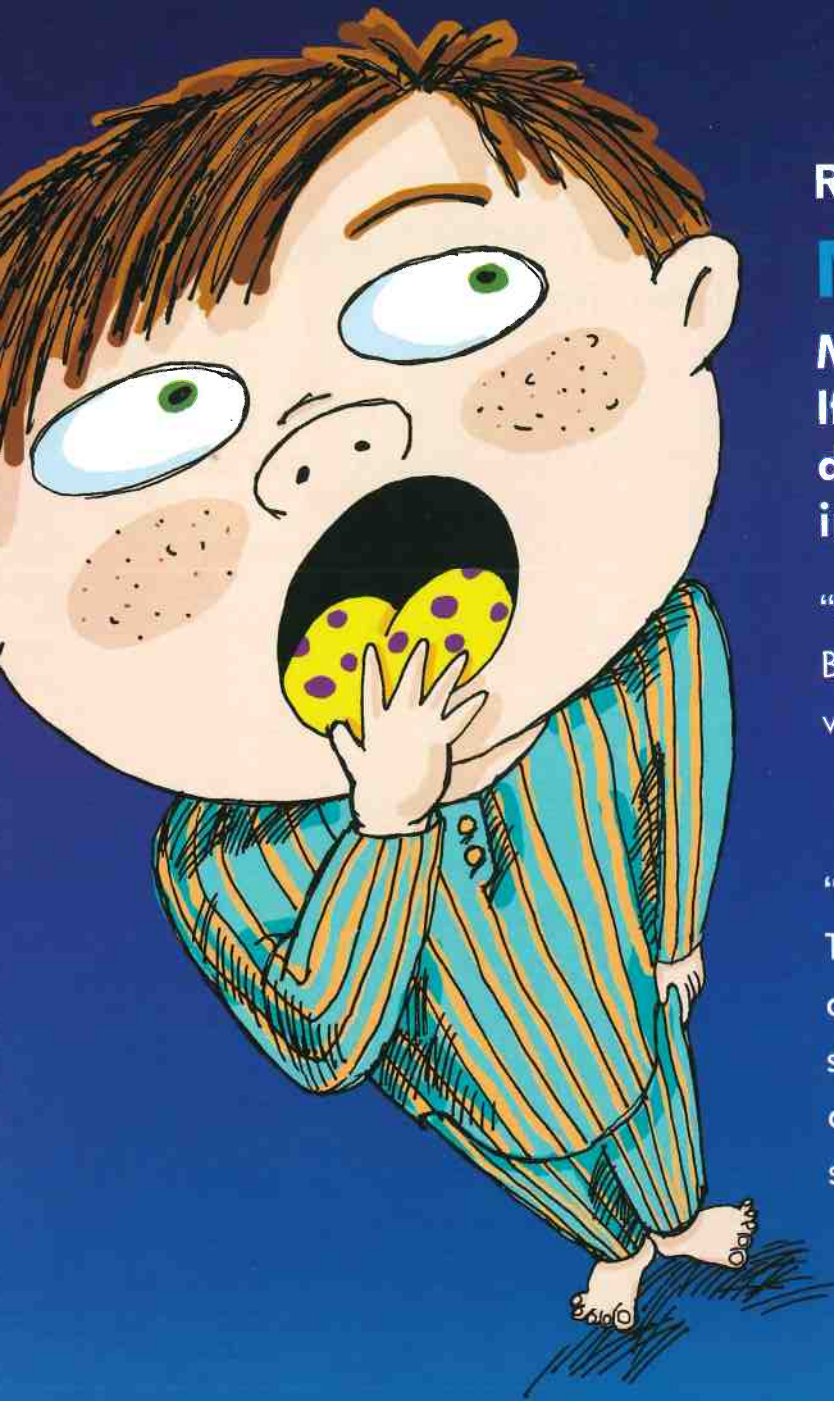
"Yeah, but it wasn't my new pencil."

"Was it a pencil you could write with?"

"I guess so."

"Then you should have used your old pencil until Mr. Cool had time to talk with you alone."





### RULE #3

## M.Y.O.B.

**Mind Your Own Beeswax! –  
If the problem is not  
dangerous and it doesn't  
involve you, DO NOT TATTLE!**

“Like the other day when you tattled on Bobette for not sharing the tricky bars with Edith...”

“You know about that, too?”

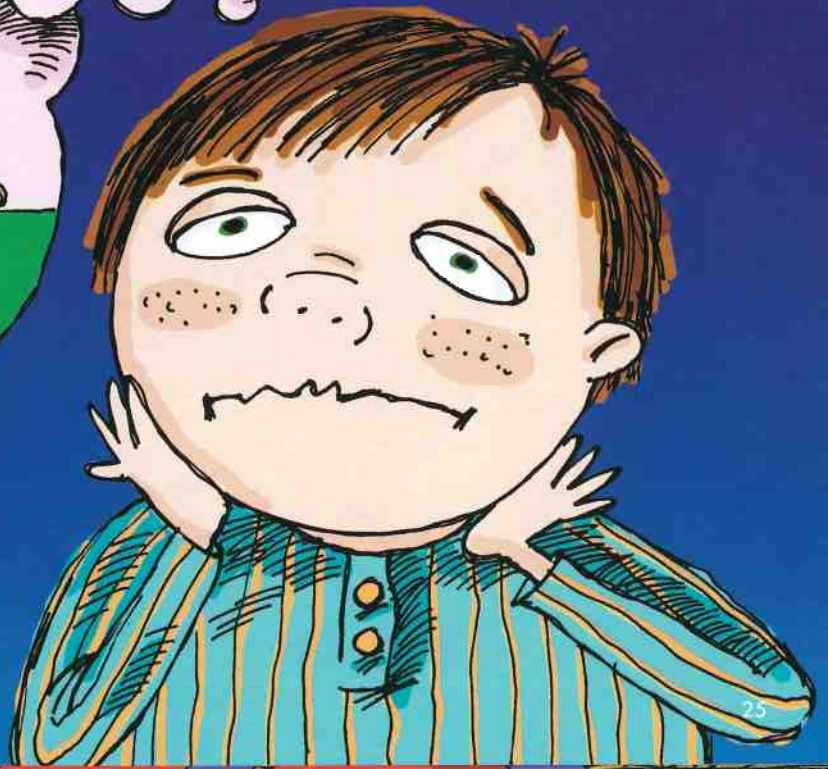
“Who do you think gave you your Tattle Tongue? When it comes to you and tattling, I know EVERYTHING! The situation with Bobette was not dangerous and it had nothing to do with you, so you shouldn't have said anything to anyone.”

“Joshua, if you don’t figure this out, your Tattle Tongue is going to keep

growing and  
growing!



Do you think you will enjoy having a weird-looking tongue that keeps getting longer for the rest of your life?”



“No.”



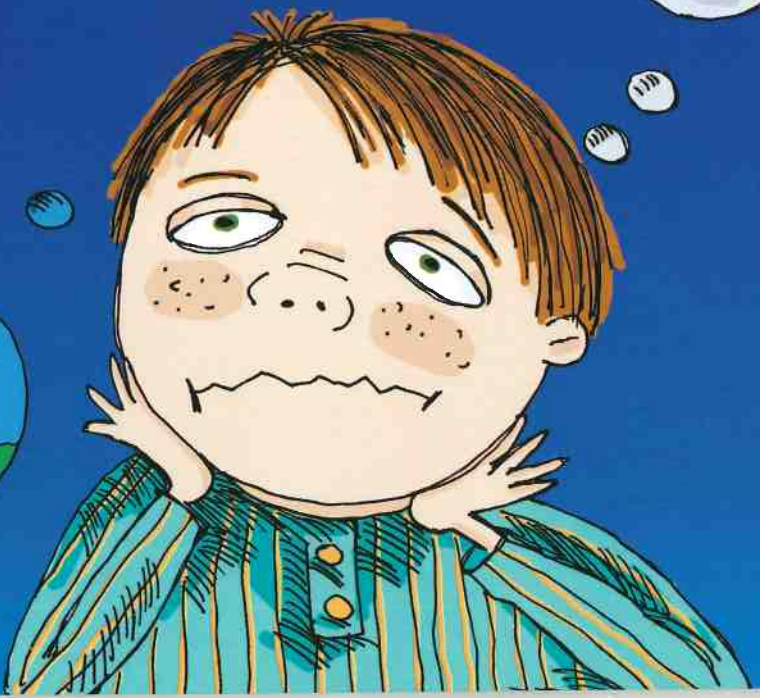
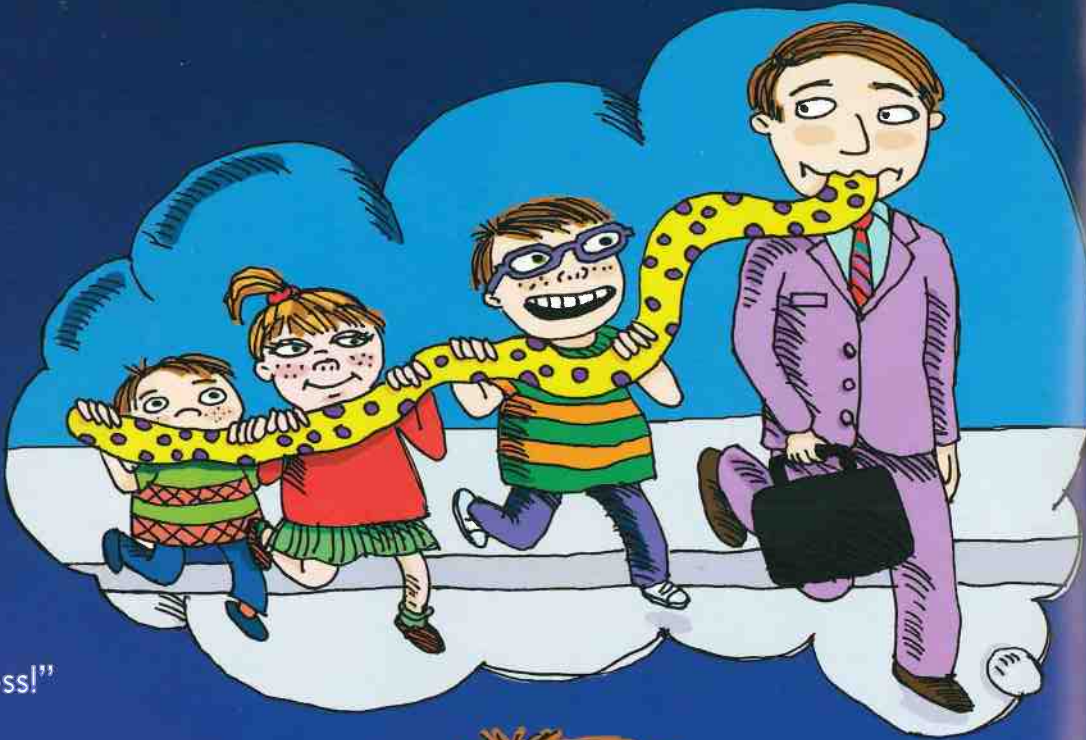
"Then learn the rules, kid! If the problem is not dangerous and it has nothing to do with you..."

# DO NOT TATTLE!"

"Yes, sir."

"That's Yes, Your Highness!"

"Yes, Your Highness!"

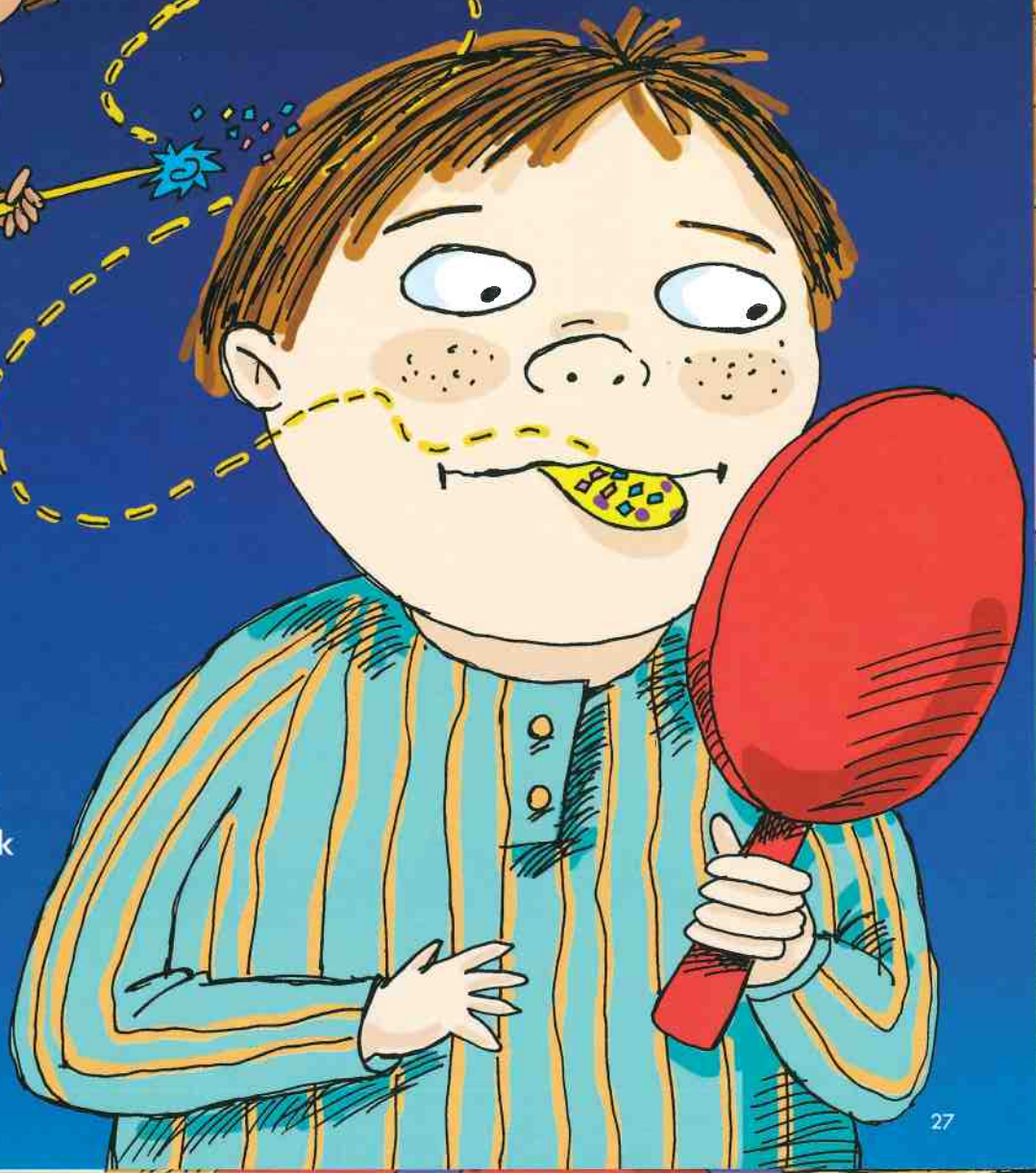


The Tattle Prince grinned at me and took a shiny scepter from his belt and waved it in the air.

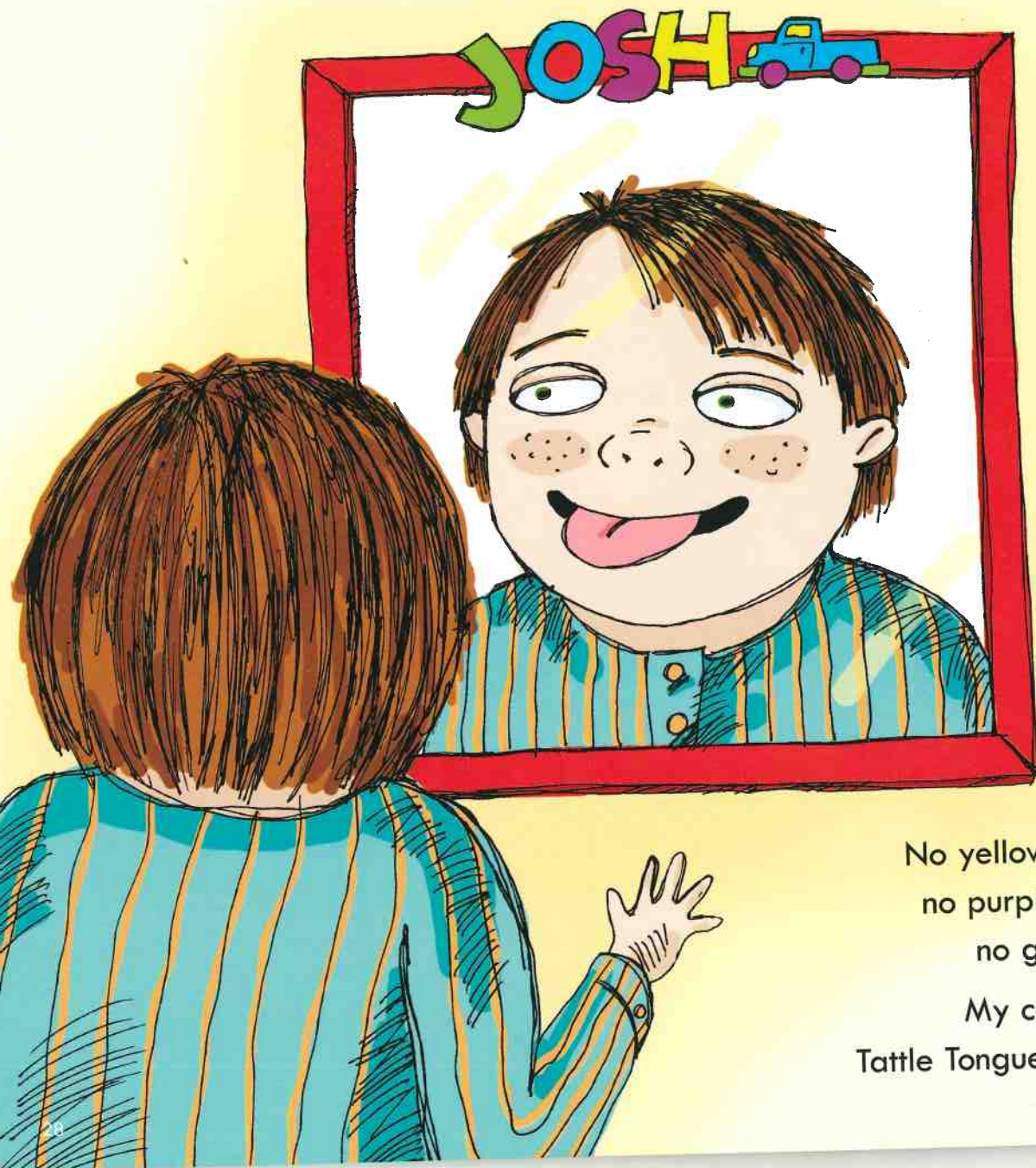


He pointed the end of the scepter at my mouth, and with a puff of yellow and purple smoke, he disappeared!

I felt something strange in my mouth. I grabbed a mirror and stuck out my tongue. There stuck on the end of my tongue were tiny pieces of yellow and purple glitter!!!



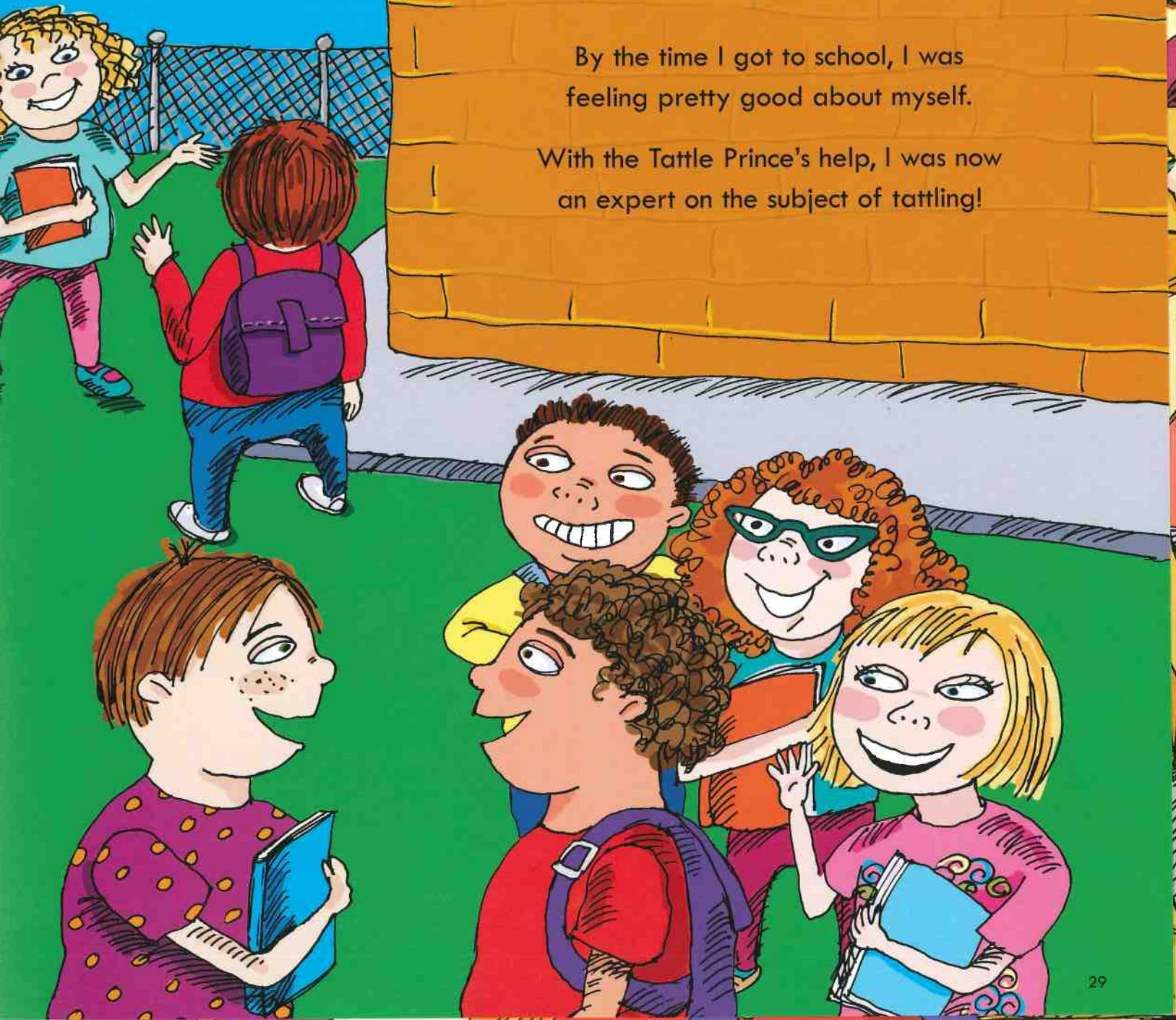
When I woke up the next morning, I flipped on the light  
and ran to the mirror to look at my tongue again.



No yellow tongue...  
no purple spots...  
no glitter!  
My case of  
Tattle Tongue was **GONE!!!**

By the time I got to school, I was  
feeling pretty good about myself.

With the Tattle Prince's help, I was now  
an expert on the subject of tattling!



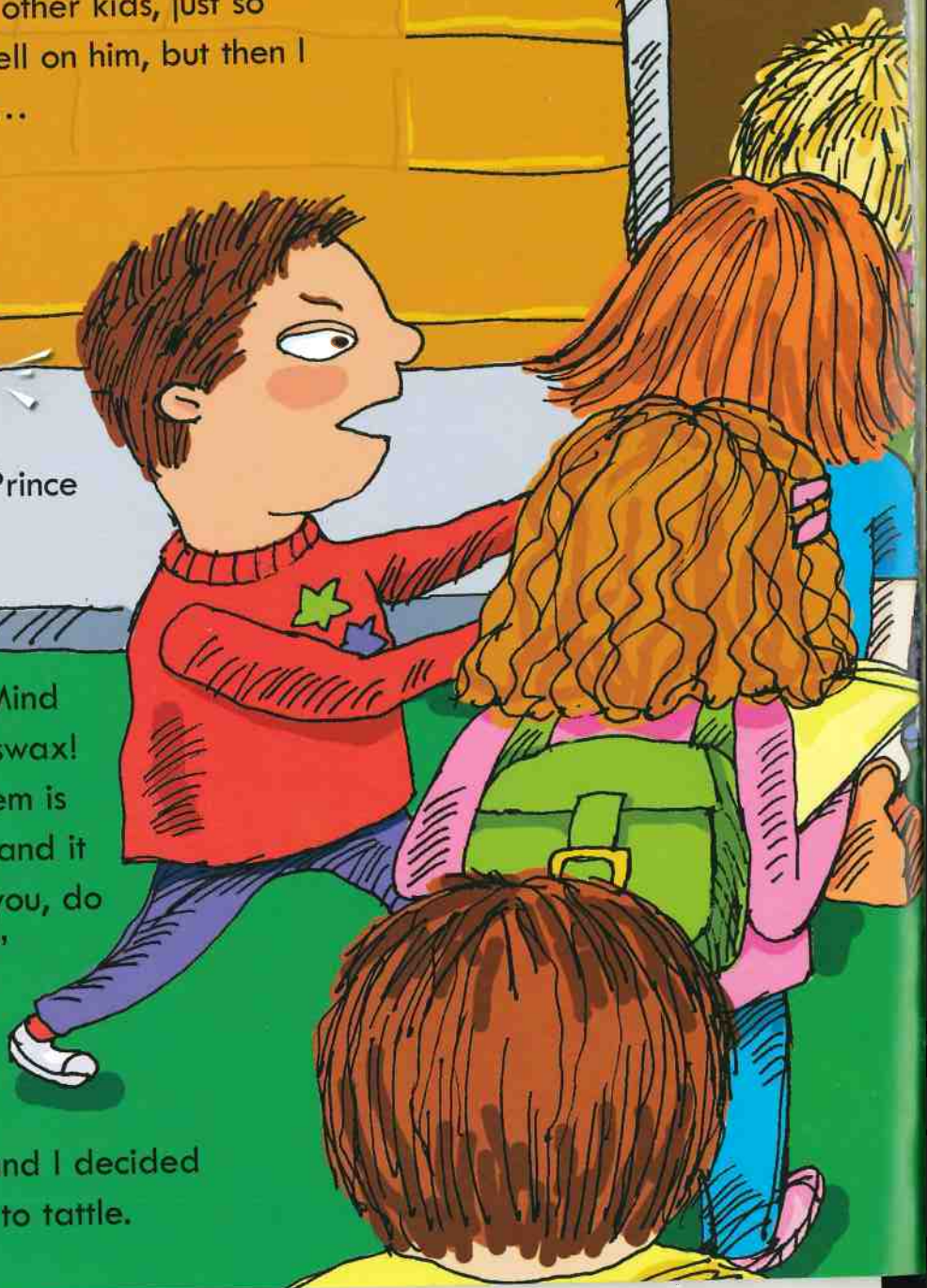
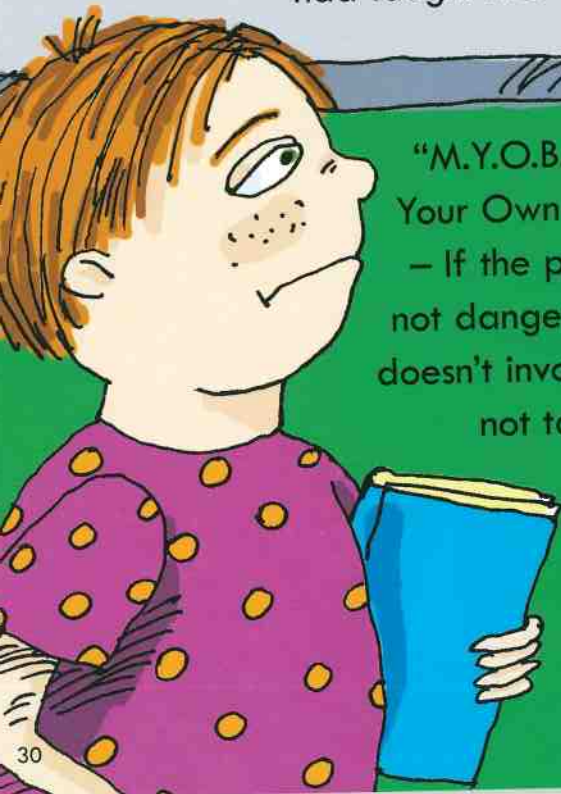
When we lined up to go inside, Eddy pushed James and then cut right in front of two other kids, just so he could go in first. I wanted to tell on him, but then I remembered what my mom said...

Itchy, Itchy,  
Scratchy, Scratchy,  
Twitchy, Twitchy,  
Catchy, Catchy.

And what the Tattle Prince had taught me.

"M.Y.O.B. – Mind Your Own Beeswax!  
– If the problem is not dangerous and it doesn't involve you, do not tattle!"

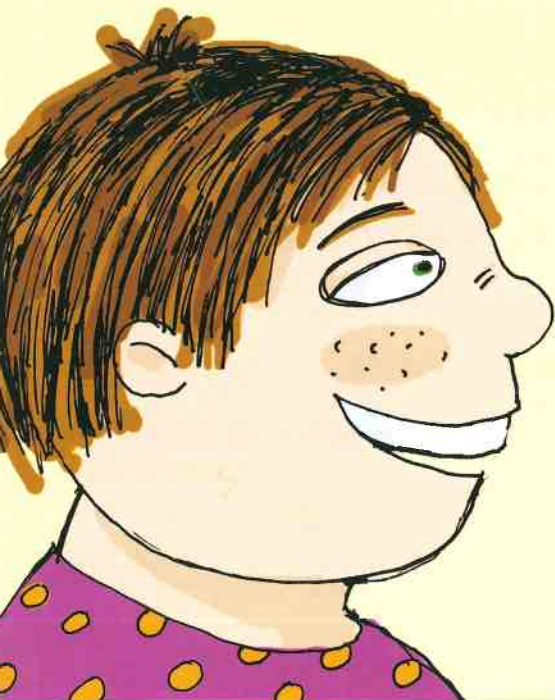
...and I decided not to tattle.



Stewart noticed right away.

He asked if I would sit by him  
at lunch today.

Maybe he'll ask  
me to play with  
him at recess, too!



When I walked into the classroom, I couldn't believe my eyes. Mr. Cool had gotten so sick and tired of everyone tattling on each other that he had written his own **TATTLE RULES** on the board. And they looked a bit familiar...



RULE #1  
**Be a Danger Ranger**

RULE #2  
**Be a Problem Solver**

RULE #3  
**Now or Later?**

RULE #4  
**M.Y.O.B.  
(Mind Your Own Beeswax)**

He reached into his briefcase and pulled out a brand new shiny pointer. Just as he pointed to the first **TATTLE RULE**, something sparkly fell to the ground.

Was it...could it possibly be???

It was!!! It was yellow and purple glitter!!!

Itchy, Itchy,  
Scratchy, Scratchy,  
Twitchy, Twitchy,  
Catchy, Catchy.