

“To get the extra recess, you all have to try it,” my teacher said.

“Looks like you’re the last one, **Norbert**.”

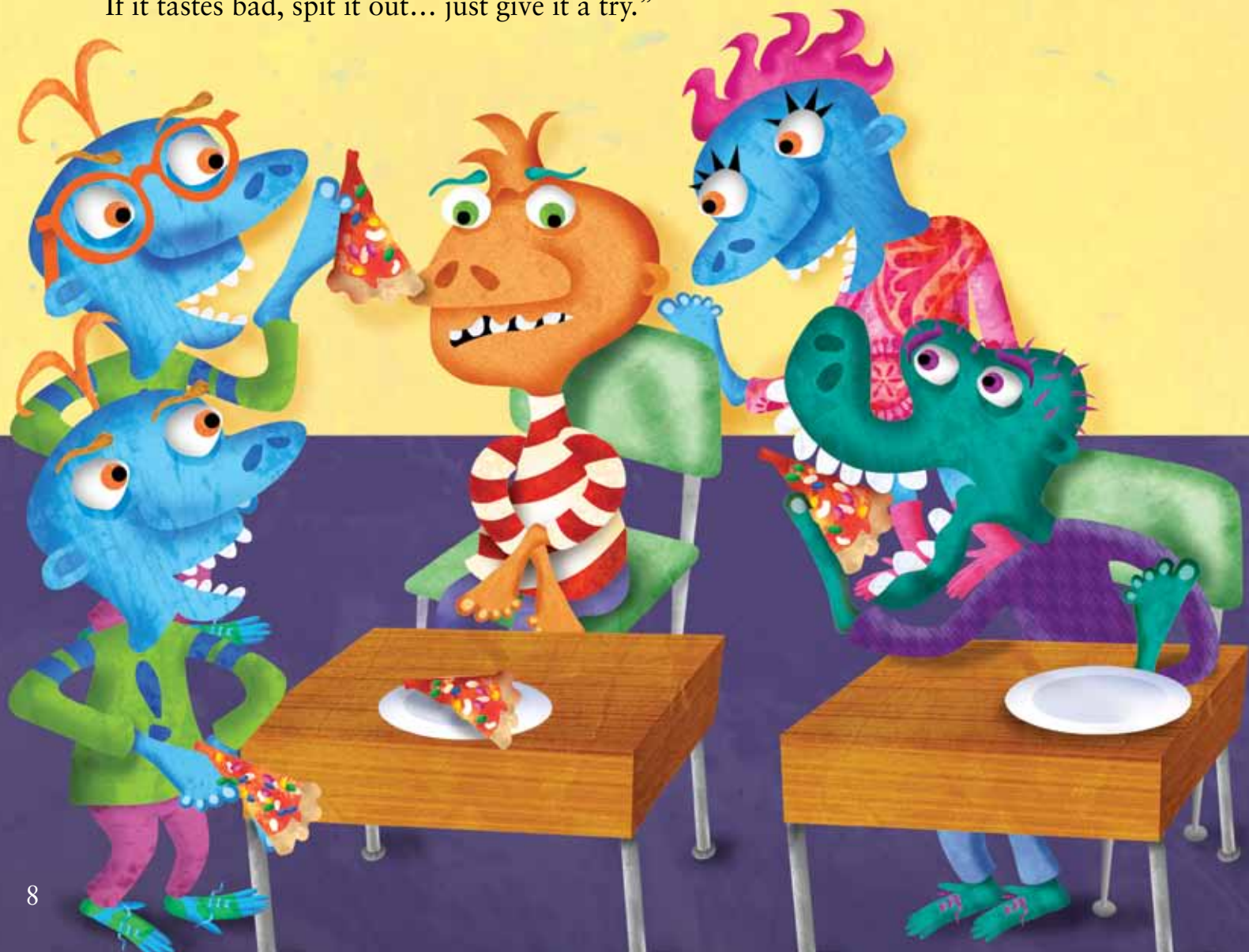
**I wouldn’t touch my pizza... I just sat there with my feet in my lap!**

“Come on, **Norbert**, try it! It’s not that bad.

Think about the extra recess and all the fun we’ll have!”

“Yeah, **Norbert**, come on, just take a little bite.

If it tastes bad, spit it out... just give it a try.”



Suddenly, I felt like I had a **peer pressure** gauge stuck to the top of my head, and it went up to like a **HUNDRED!**

**Peer pressure, peer pressure,**

*You know how it goes.*

*It pushes on my knees, and*

*It pulls on my toes.*

*It drags me into doing things*

*That might not be my choice.*

*This **peer pressure** inside of me*

*Wants to take away my voice!”*





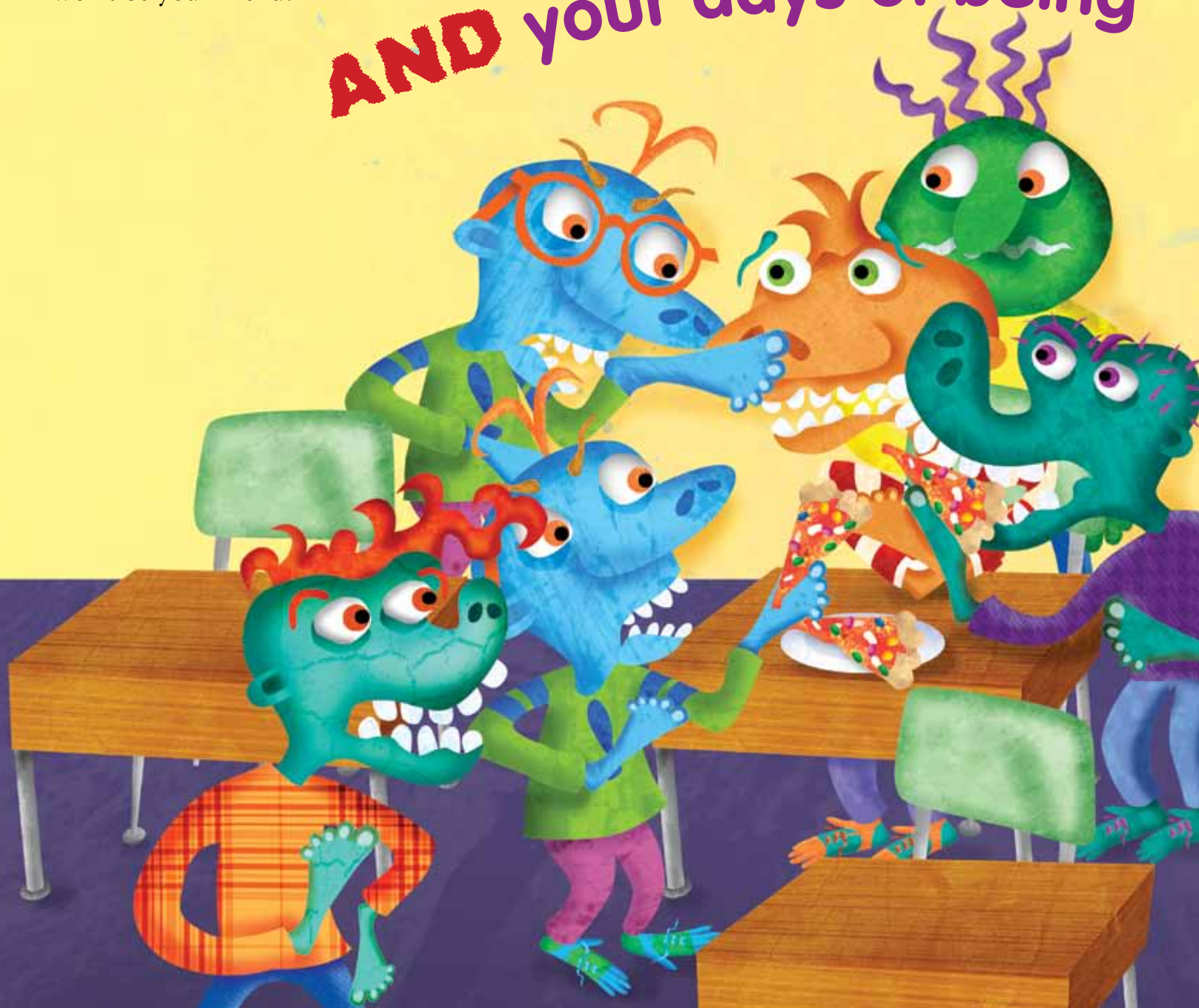
Then,  
I looked up at all of them with my serious eyes and said, **“NOPE!”**

I’m **NOT** going  
to try it.”



“That’s it,” said Buster,  
“I’ve had it with you!  
Can’t you see  
what you’re putting us through?  
If you won’t do this,  
I won’t be your friend!”

**AND** your days of being

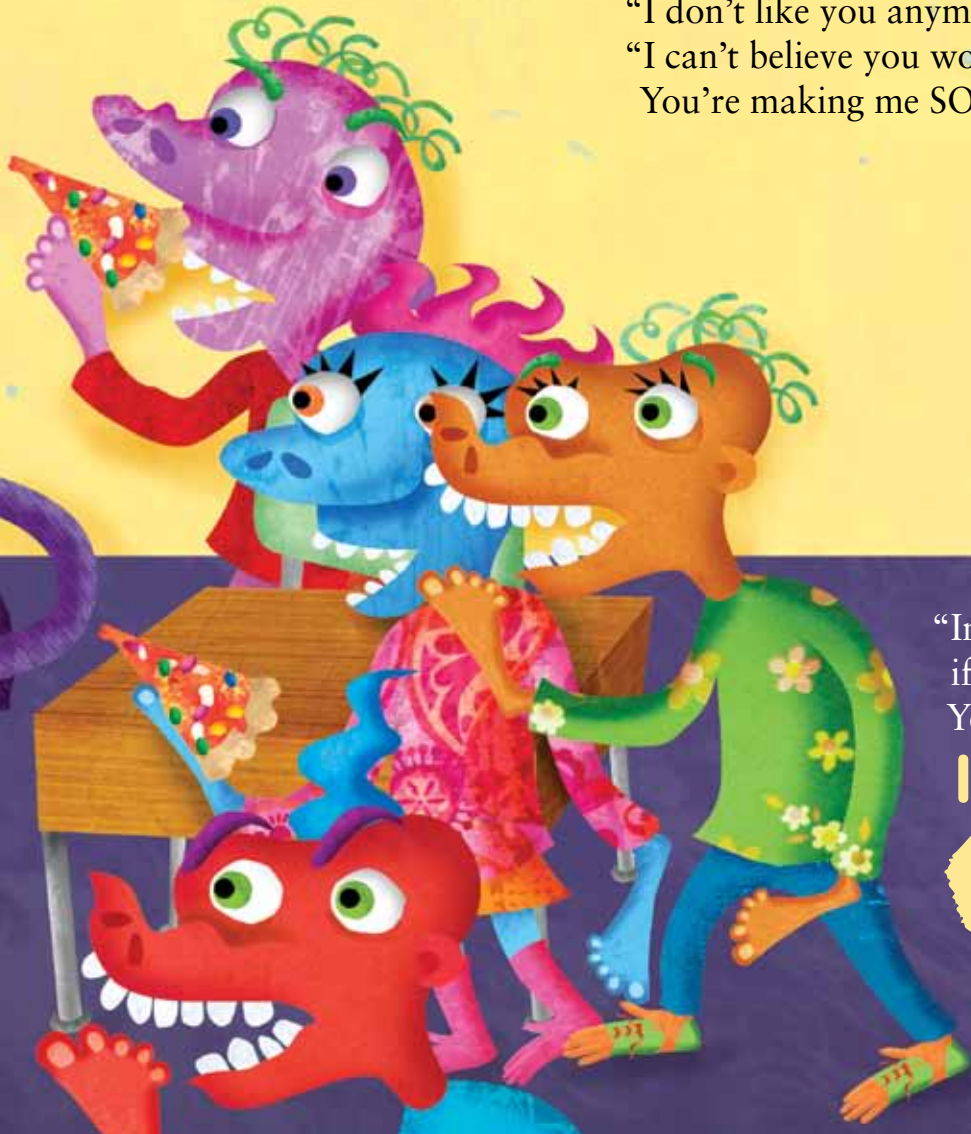




‘cool’ will come to an **END!**”

“Yeah,” said Stewey, “I feel the same way!  
If you won’t try the pizza, don’t ask me to play!”

“I don’t like you anymore,” my best friend Freddy said.  
“I can’t believe you won’t say yes.  
You’re making me SO mad!”



“In fact, **NONE** of us will like you,  
if you don’t take that bite!  
You’ll have no friends. You’ll be so sad

**I bet you’ll even  
CRY!”**



“**Norbert**, will you please tell the rest of the class why you have chosen not to try a teeny, tiny, little, itty-bitty bite of anchovy jelly bean pizza?”

“**Because yesterday, you told me not to,**” I said.

“That’s right. I wanted all of you **namuhs** to learn what **peer pressure** feels like. So yesterday during spelling, I pulled Norbert into the hall and told him that no matter what happened in class today, he needed to say

**'NO' to the pizza.**”

