

BETSY'S UP-AND-DOWN YEAR

Also by Anne Pellowski

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Betsy's Up-and-Down Year

By Anne Pellowski



*Illustrated by Roseanne Sharpe and
Margaret Rasmussen*

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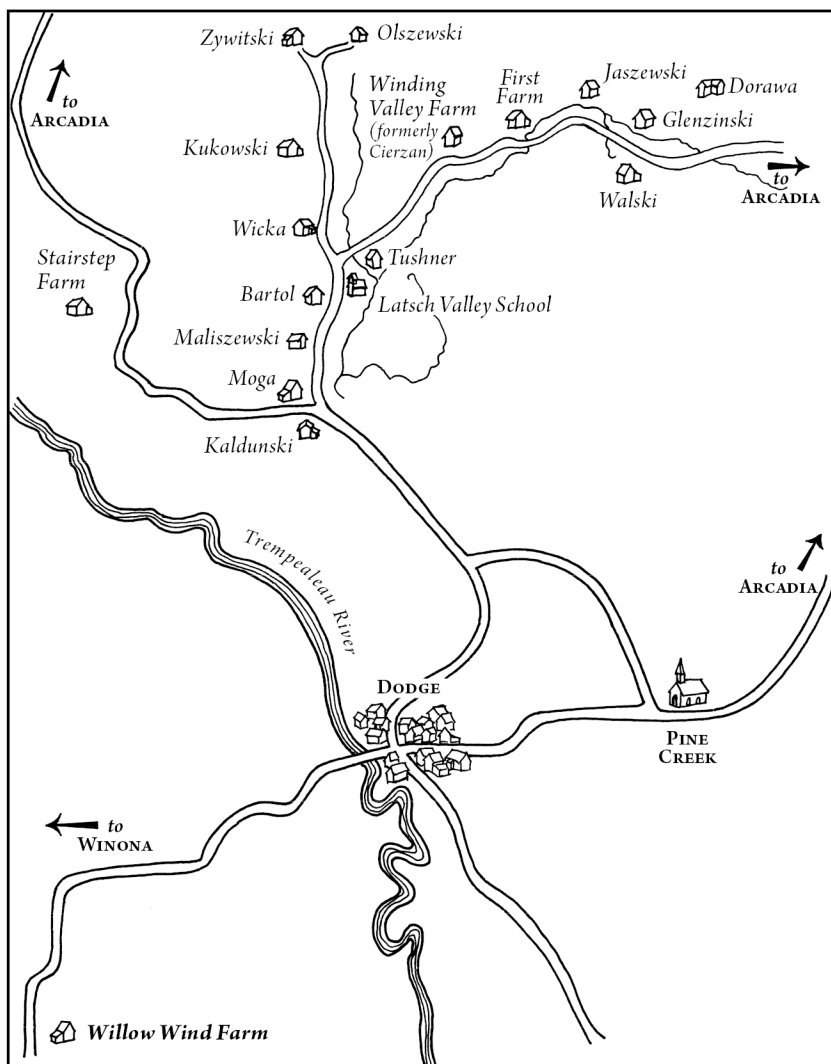
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*To the real Betsy
and to all the book Betsys and their
creators because they have brought
so much joy into my life*

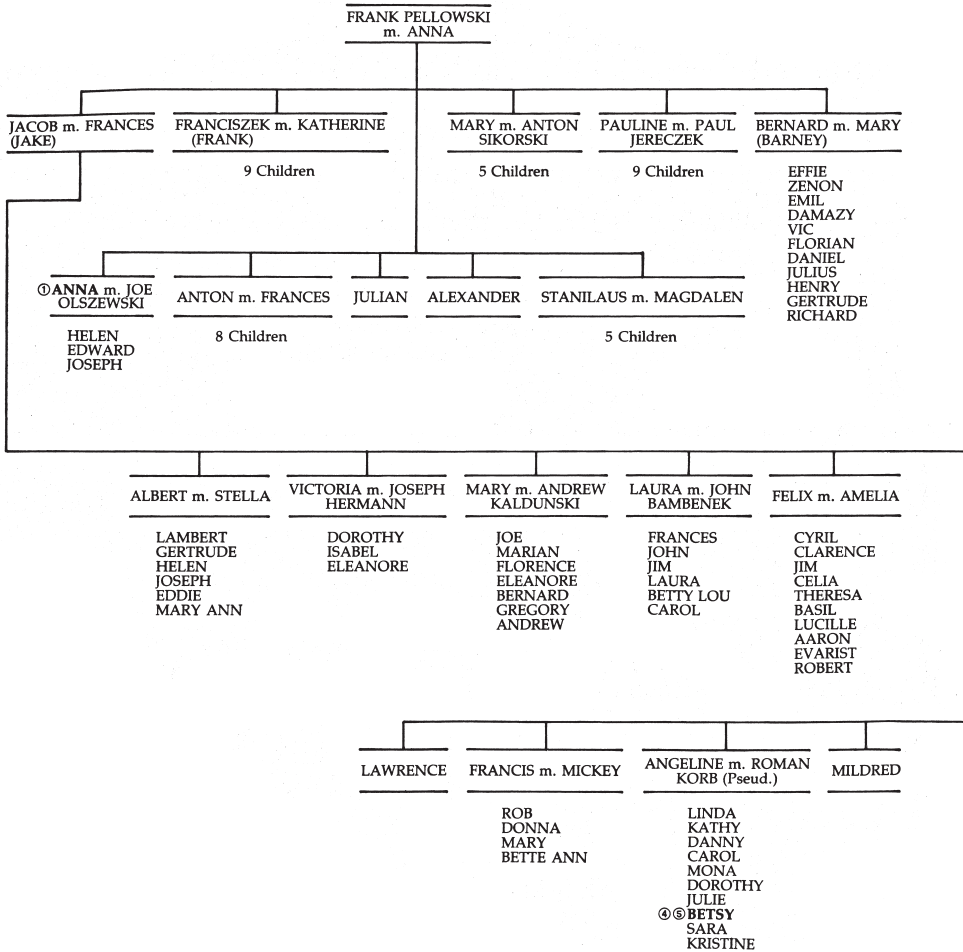
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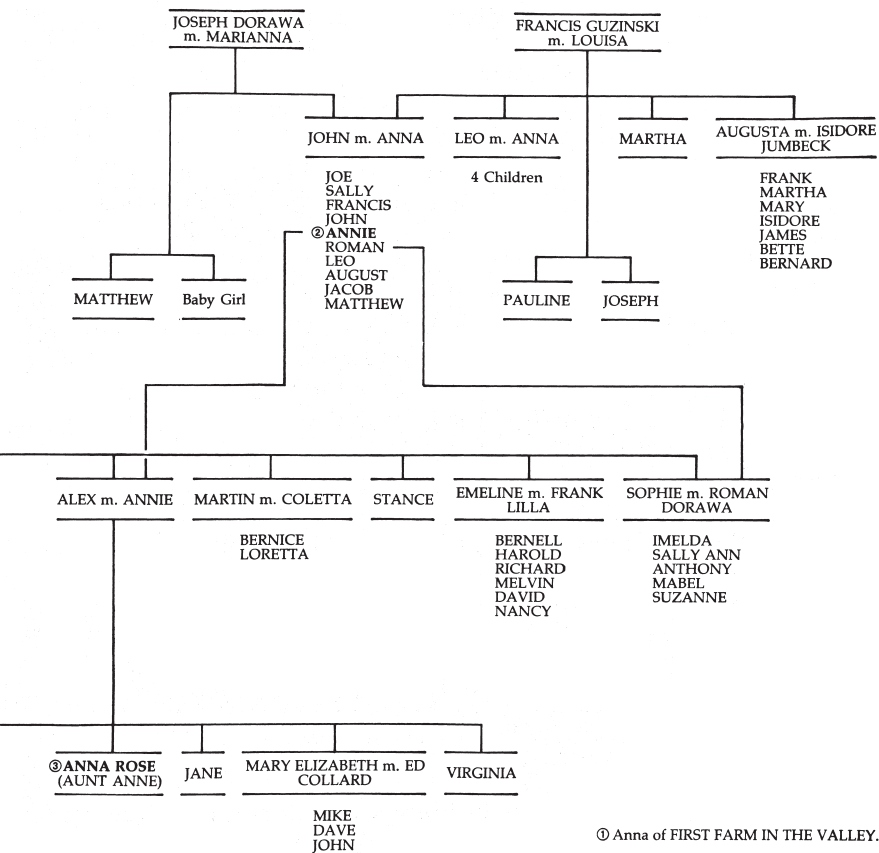


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Family Tree





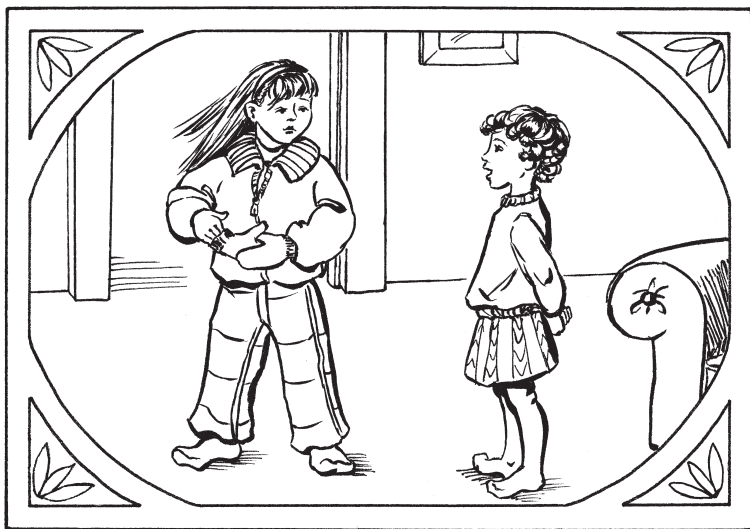
① Anna of FIRST FARM IN THE VALLEY.

② Annie of WINDING VALLEY FARM.

③ Anna Rose of STAIRSTEP FARM.

④ Betsy of WILLOW WIND FARM.

⑤ Betsy of BETSY'S UP AND DOWN YEAR.



1. Sibling Rivalry

“**W**HAT’S THAT you’re doing?” Betsy asked her oldest sister.

Linda was sitting in front of the window that separated the dining room from the back porch, every now and then writing frantically in a thick notebook.

“Sssh! I’m observing,” she whispered.

“Observing what? And why do we have to whisper?” Betsy wanted to know.

“I’m observing Kristine and Sara and making notes for my Early Childhood Development class. Now get out of here and don’t bother me,” hissed Linda.

Scattered on the dining-room table were a half-dozen

fat textbooks. One of them lay open, and Betsy could see the yellow underlining Linda had made to call attention to certain sentences.

SIBLING RIVALRY is usually accepted by parents as a natural and almost inevitable condition when there is more than one child in a family. However, even in warm and loving family environments, parents are sometimes shocked at the violent attacks that seem to come out of nowhere.

"It sounds like a disease," Betsy commented. Linda payed no attention to her.

"Is that what you're observing? Sibling rivalry?" Betsy poked her head in front of Linda's so she could see what Kristine and Sara were doing. They were dressing and undressing their dolls, talking softly to them all the while. There didn't seem to be much to observe.

True, Sara looked very different from Kristine, even though they were exactly one year apart. Sara was tall and thin for her seven years, and her light-brown hair hung straight and wispy on either side of her face. Kristine was short and chubby, and her round, perfectly shaped head with its tight white-gold curls made her look as though she belonged in one of the old-fashioned pictures of saints that hung on the walls of Betsy's school. But they certainly didn't look as though they had a disease attacking them.

"What's sibling rivalry?" she asked.

"It's what I'm trying to observe, but you make a better door than a window." Linda's voice was full of exasperation. "I told you to get out of here."

"You didn't say 'Please,'" said Betsy.

"Please, will you leave me alone?" begged Linda.

"I will, but first tell me what sibling rivalry is."

"Siblings are your brothers and sisters, and rivalry is when you're jealous of them, especially the one born after you. That one is your rival because you both try to get your parents' attention at the same time," Linda explained hurriedly and then went back to her observing.

"You mean Sara is my rival?" asked Betsy in astonishment.

Linda nodded her head and kept on writing.

Betsy stared through the window at Sara, trying to see her younger sister in this new light. She did argue with Sara a lot, but not any more than with her other sisters. It was Danny that she quarreled with the most, and he was nine years older than she. Could it be that sibling rivalry skipped around in a family? If so, they must have a lot of it, with ten children.

"How does—" Betsy started to ask for more information, when Linda interrupted her.

"Please! get! away! from! this! window!" The words came out in short, muted barks, accompanied by firm shoves, until Betsy was moved to the middle of the room. She was about to protest when suddenly the front door opened and slammed shut and Julie came tearing through the kitchen into the dining room, her straight brown hair flying.

"Hey, Julie! Did you know I'm your rival?" asked Betsy brightly.

"My what?" Julie stopped in her tracks.

"Your rival. I was born a year after you, so you are probably jealous of me. Are you?"

Before Julie could get over her surprise and answer, the front door opened again and this time Dorothy came in, flushed and sweating from having rushed through her chores.

"Dort, did you know Julie was your rival?" Betsy wanted to share her new knowledge with every member of the family.

"What are you talking about?" asked Dorothy.

"Well, I'm Julie's rival, she's your rival, you're Mona's rival, Mona is Carol's, Carol is Danny's, Danny is Kathy's and Kathy is Linda's. You know—sibling rivalry. It's when brothers and sisters feel jealous of the next one to come along in the family." Betsy felt pretty smart about catching on so fast to something Linda was studying in college. "After all," she thought, "I'm only in third grade. There are probably a lot of kids who wouldn't know how to read those words, and I even know the meaning."

"Come on, tell me, Julie. Are you jealous of me?" Betsy repeated.

Julie eyed her sister warily, as though she suspected some trick behind the question.

"Not any more than you're jealous of Sara," she finally answered.

With a whish and a wham the kitchen door was opened and slammed shut yet again, and Mona came