

# brian on the playground

## /2/ **no callie no cry**

*previous development:* Brian lets us know that Timo did something horrible to him on Christmas but before he tells us what it was, he has a story about what happened in school the other day. apparently, the kids were getting ready to play a game and two boys, one smart one dumb, were acting as captains and choosing members of their teams

James and Thomas **took turns choosing** team members. A few girls **were going to** play, but **mostly** boys. Both teams **had been chosen**, and this new girl, Callie Clemson, was just standing there. She didn't look like **much of an** athlete. She looked like a pea on top of two toothpicks -- long legs and a round little body. The teams were even, and this kid **was left over**.

"**What about** the new kid?" I said. "She wants to play too."

"You can **have** her," said James. "I don't want her."

"I don't want her, **either**," said Thomas. "I already have enough girls on my team."

I didn't want to **back down**. "**If she doesn't** play, I don't play **either**," I said.

"**Big deal**," said Thomas. "**Just because** you're the smartest kid in the class doesn't mean you can **boss everybody else around**." **What** he said surprised me. **First of all**, I don't **consider** myself the smartest kid in the class. I always thought that everybody **except** maybe Zubov and Timo **got straight A's**. I mean, **up until then** I thought it was just normal to get straight A's.