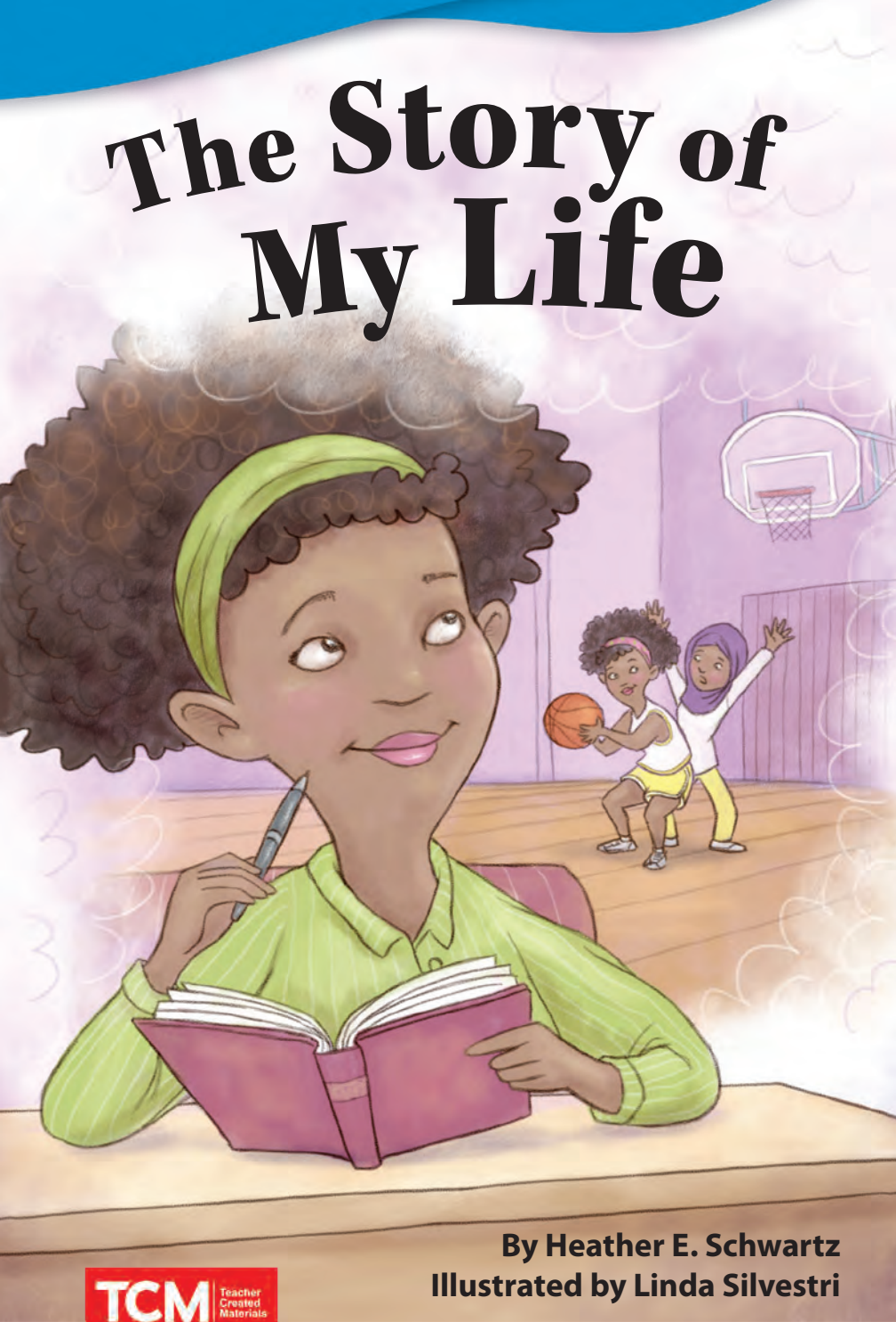
The Story of My Life



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TCM Teacher Created Materials

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CHAPTER ONE



Just Another Day in (Remedial) Gym Class

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Did you know there's a thing called remedial gym class? Probably not. I never heard of it either until I found out I was in it when I got to middle school last year.

"Lexi's in remedial gym because

she's overweight," I heard Veronica whisper to Suzette, which is not true. Yes, I'm overweight and that's a fact, but hasn't she ever seen a YouTube video? Plenty of bigger people are good at yoga and gymnastics and all kinds of sports. I just don't happen to be one of them.

When math was over, the bell rang, and it was time for the class I dreaded most. I trailed behind Veronica and Suzette on their way to the gym. They're in regular PE, but the teachers put up a divider that cuts the gym in half. Ms. Kaminski teaches on one side and Ms. Becker on the other. The divider makes it so our classes can't see each other. I'm not sure if they do it to be nice so the other kids don't watch and make fun of us. It could also be because they don't want the athletic kids picking up any bad habits.

In the locker room, I took my gym clothes into a bathroom stall and changed really fast because it's the only way to get any privacy. Then, I hurried

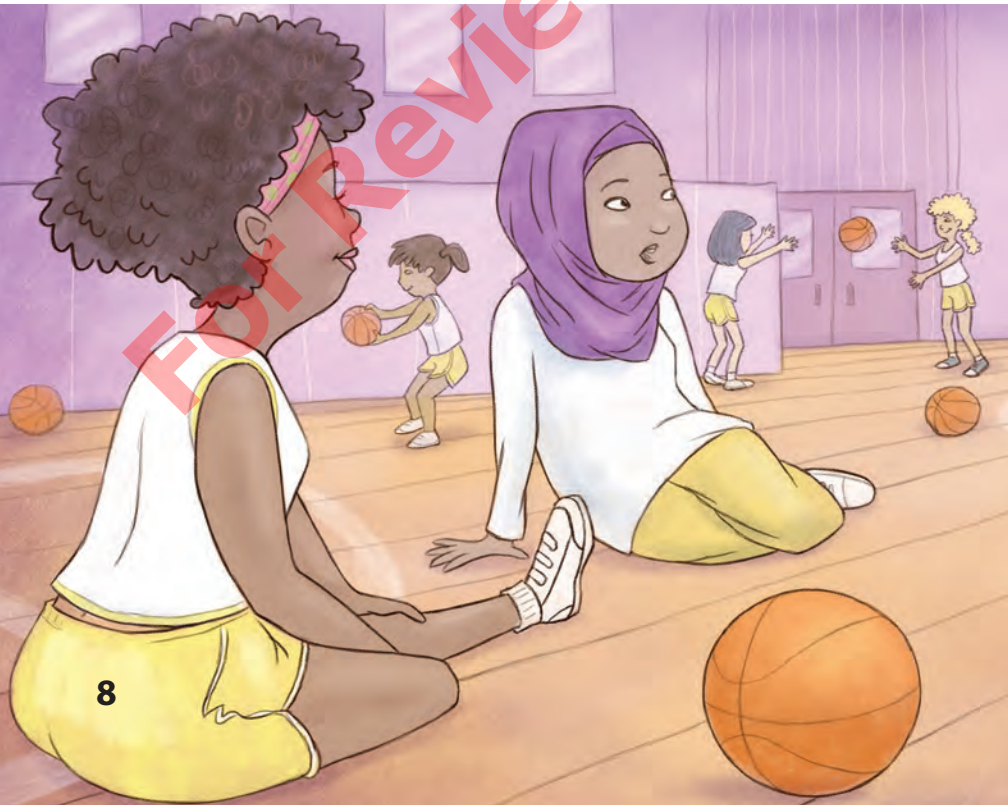
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out to the gym. I may belong here, but I'll be honest: I'm not happy about it. One problem is I don't have any friends in this class. Last year, PE was actually fun with my best friend, Lucy, since she'd pick me for teams and help me cheat on my sit-ups. Another problem is it's completely embarrassing—and I'm starting to think I'm actually the worst one in here.



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The class formed a clump on the floor while we waited for Ms. Becker. You can tell just by looking why some of us are here. Emma's knee is wrapped in a bandage. She has a sports-related injury and is just working her way back into the regular class. Other girls have hidden "athletic deficiencies," like me. It's definitely not all about size. Maha is also overweight, but Phoebe, for example, looks really fit but has no

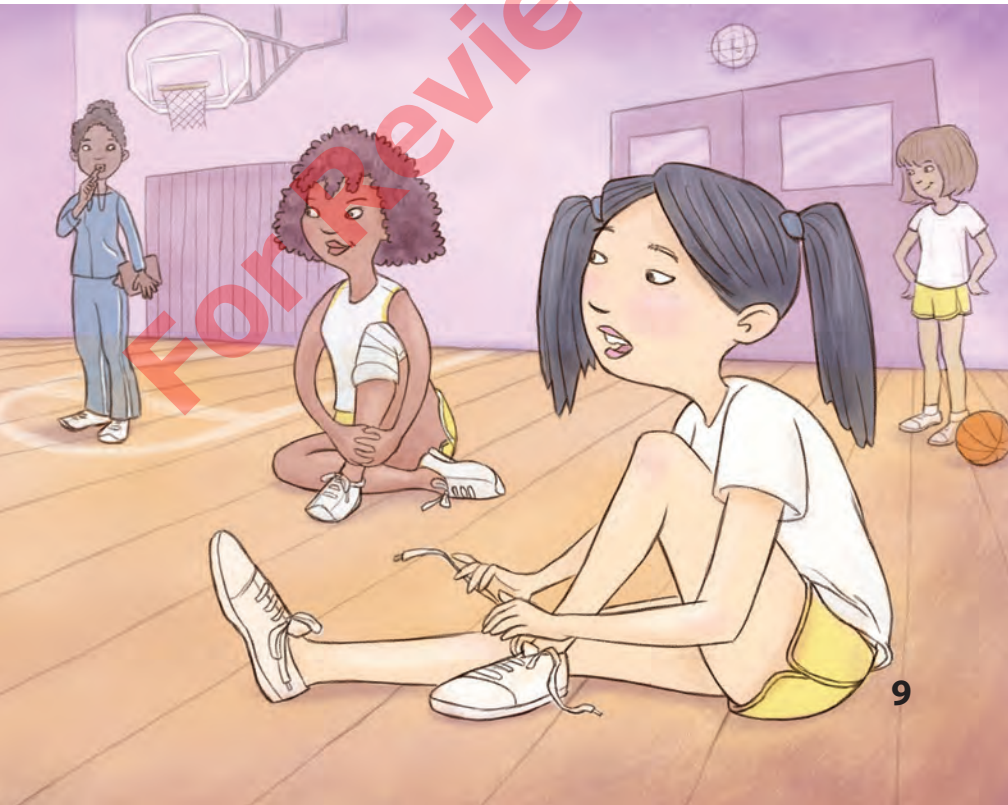


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coordination.

"All right! On your feet, ladies!" Ms. Becker yelled, stepping through the door in the divider.

We all got up from the floor awkwardly, and in a few minutes, we were practicing passing a basketball. Sounds easy, right? Just throw and catch. Well, a couple of minutes after that, I was headed down to the nurse with a bloody nose, so you can see who



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hasn't mastered catching.

In the nurse's office, I had to wait my turn behind a whole line of kids. I held my nose in a wad of tissues and stared at a poster on the wall. "Could you be the author of our next school play?" the poster asked in crooked magic-marker letters. "Enter today!"

I couldn't think of a single topic to write about with my nose pounding to the beat of my heart. But the idea of entering the contest was still exciting. I love writing for school, and I've kept a diary since third grade. Unfortunately, this year it's mostly about remedial gym. It seems like I can't go a single day without something really weird or embarrassing or awful happening in that class.

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