The New Kid

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

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"Hey!" Calvin froze. He had been walking around the playground aimlessly, hoping to find someone to introduce himself to. He had moved so many times, but being the new kid was never easy. His parents had told him this school having uniforms would make it easier since everyone wore the same thing, but he still felt like everyone thought he was a dork in his identical navy blue polo and khakis and gave him a wide berth. "Hey, new kid!"

"Hi." He turned and looked at the trio approaching him. He knew bullies when he saw them.

"Come here." The obvious leader said. He walked over. Bullies were nothing new to him and doing what they said usually kept them from going too far. "What are you? Some kind of genius baby?"

"No." Calvin was shorter than them, but not by that much. If 'genius baby' was the best they could come up with, maybe these bullies would not be that bad.

"You look like one." The lead bully said.

"Yeah!" His friends added.

"Bet the genius baby's wearing a diaper." Great, Calvin thought. They were gonna pants him.

"Ms.Sampson's watching, Zack."

"So? Let's take him under the jungle gym so we can see if the baby needs a change." This was a bit out of the ordinary, but Calvin knew enough to just go along with them and wait for a chance to make his escape. He was outnumbered, but he knew a few tricks.

"You're awfully calm." One of Zack's buddies said. "You're not like secretly a... a... karate guy are you?"

"Naw." Calvin replied. "My dad's in the navy though."

"Well, la-di-da!" Zack sneered. "Genius baby loves his daddy!"

"I'm in sixth grade." Calvin said. "So, not a baby at all." Zack and his friends laughed.

"We'll be the judge of that."

Calvin put up a fight, but they managed to take his shoes, polo, and even his khakis off. Damn, he thought.

"Ninja Turtle undies? God, man You know you can switch to boxers, right?" Calvin groaned and pushed Zack away, but they all cackled.

"Hey! I've got an idea! Let's take him to kindergarten, where he belongs!" Ok. This? This was bad. They grabbed his arms and began to drag him.

"What? Guys, no! Please! At least let me get dressed!" He pleaded, but they pulled him out of the jungle gym and took him across the whole playground with everyone seeing him in his Ninja Turtle briefs. This was the sort of thing that

ruined your reputation. Why the hell did he wear Ninja Turtles?

"Ms Sampson? We found this kindergartener hiding under the jungle gym. Not sure where his clothes went."

"There's always one." She said with a sigh, seemingly more annoyed he had been trying to avoid class than that he was in his underwear. "I'll take him from here. Thank you, boys." She took Calvin's hand and led him inside. "Come along, sweetie. We'll take you to the office and find you something to wear, hmm?"

"Ms Sampson, you gotta listen. I'm in sixth grade. I'm not"

"Shh, no yelling in the halls. Look, here's the office." Calvin had to stand there as Ms Sampson asked for a uniform for him. It was not the navy blue polo and khakis he had had stripped off him. No, it was the white polo and navy blue shorts that the younger kids wore up until third grade. "Any shoes?" Calvin squirmed as Ms Sampson and the secretary in the office both looked at his feet.

"Not for his little tootsies!"

"Well, I'll let the kindergarten teacher know." She kneeled down. "Arms up, sweetheart." Calvin, eager to wear something, allowed her to dress him, but he still knew he needed to find any way to escape.

The opportunity did not present itself as they walked through the halls, his bare feet slapping on the floor as he struggled to keep up with the hurrying playground monitor. His every

attempt to speak was cut off with a shushing sound.

"Oh, you're missing nap time." Ms Sampson said, peering in the kindergarten window. The door opened and Mrs. Thompson stepped out. "Found this little guy hiding out on the playground."

"I'll take him from here." She said, taking Calvin's hand.

"No, I'm not in kindergarten. I'm in sixth grade!"

"Oh, is your big brother or sister in sixth grade? Well, I'm sure they know where to find out at the end of the day." She said with a smile. "I knew I was missing a student. There's an extra nap mat." Calvin, unsure of what to do, lay down and she covered him with a blanket. He stared up at the ceiling. Surely Mr. Fuchs would notice his absence, right? But how would he know to come find him in kindergarten? The bullies would never tell, right? And there was no way they'd ever expect him to a

ctually be mistaken for a kindergartener. He was stuck.