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# 1

## Targets!

Cecil stared straight ahead. The school door loomed in front of him. He tried to ignore them. But their voices behind him rang in his ears.

‘Who’s the loser?’

‘Look at those glasses, will ya? They must be three centimetres thick!’

‘Pull yer pants up higher, mate!’

‘It’s a geek! A real live geek! Who let him out of the zoo?’

## THE GOTCHA PLOT

Who were these guys anyway? Why couldn't they leave him alone? He couldn't help it if he wore thick glasses. He couldn't help it if he looked like the 'before' in the weight-training ads. Cecil sighed. Being in a new school was hard.

Cecil entered the school just as the bell rang. As he turned to his left, he took a chance and glanced behind him. He saw two boys swagger away to the right. One was huge. One was smaller.

What a joke, Cecil thought. The small one was trying to copy the big one's actions. It looked stupid.

If only he could have said what he was thinking. Ignoring them was tough. Cecil looked at his spindly arms and sighed. He had no choice but to pretend he didn't care. Then finally, they'd probably leave him alone.

That's what had happened in his other schools. He'd just have to be patient. Be patient. Pretty soon they'd get tired of teasing him and leave him alone.

His Uncle Wallace kept telling him he'd grow. 'Hang in there', Uncle Wallace would say. 'Until then, just ignore 'em'. But it was hard to take the hassling in the meantime. It made him feel like even more of a loser.

Cecil pulled out his crumpled class timetable. He studied it for the hundredth time. Then he looked up. Yes. Room 212. He was in the right place.

But no one else was heading into room 212. He checked his schedule again. It said 212.