

BUGGIN' OUT!

Newsletter

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

Me and Maggie Sue

Well, here it goes again. Oh, how I hate gym class. Like always, Ms. Williams assigned Joey and Bobby as the team captains.

Great. All the boys and three girls have already been chosen and now it's just me and 14 girls. Why doesn't anyone want me on their team? Just once, I want to be **selected** and not **assigned** by process of elimination. My intentions are very good and I really **want** to do better than I do, but no one ever taught me about sports, so I get confused and make everybody angry with me when I drop the ball or run in the wrong direction. I'm sorry. If someone would only help me and teach me what I need to know, I wouldn't be so dumb and people would want me on their team.

Joey. Bobby. Please. Spare me more humiliation in front of my classmates. C'mon, pick me soon. I'll try not to screw up. I will really try very hard.

Joey, I remember last year when my daddy died. You and your family came up to me at the funeral and told me how sorry you were. Your mom then told my mom that you would call me up and invite me over to play one day. That made me feel really good. However, I guess you forgot because I waited and waited, but you never called.

And Bobby, I know you're mad at me because my mom called the Principal about you picking on me. I didn't mean for you to get detention.

Joey. Why did you just look me in the eye, smile, but select Lisa and not me?

Don't you understand? You all have daddies and older brothers. You guys just learned sports and guy things naturally. You guys are so much more masculine than I am.

Well, it's down to just me and little 54 pound Maggie Sue left as he unchosen. Again. Ms. Williams will send one of us to the Red Team and the other to the Blue Team, like she always does.

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I feel so ashamed of who I am. I'll keep my head down as I walk over to the Blue Team that never really wanted me in the first place. But at least this is better than when the boys separate from the girls to play basketball. I get so scared when I get put on the team that is *Skins*. My body is different from the other boys, so I prefer to play on the *Shirts* team. I feel inadequate as a boy. I hate stupid sports. The girls are so much kinder and nicer to me than the boys are.

I like girls...they don't seem to care that I don't know what a touchdown is or that I wear funny looking sneakers the other boys criticize. It's easier to hang out with girls. Boys are mean and make fun of people and hurt them. Girls are just kinder.

I wonder what I have to do to get boys to like me and want to spend time with me? Oh well, Mommy says the boys are simply jealous of me. So I guess it will all just work out in the end, right?

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