

It was the first
day of school,
the scariest day
of my life...



...and one
weird person
became a friend

that made me feel
alive.

Her name was
Margo.
She was quiet.

(and shy.)

No one
talked
to her much,

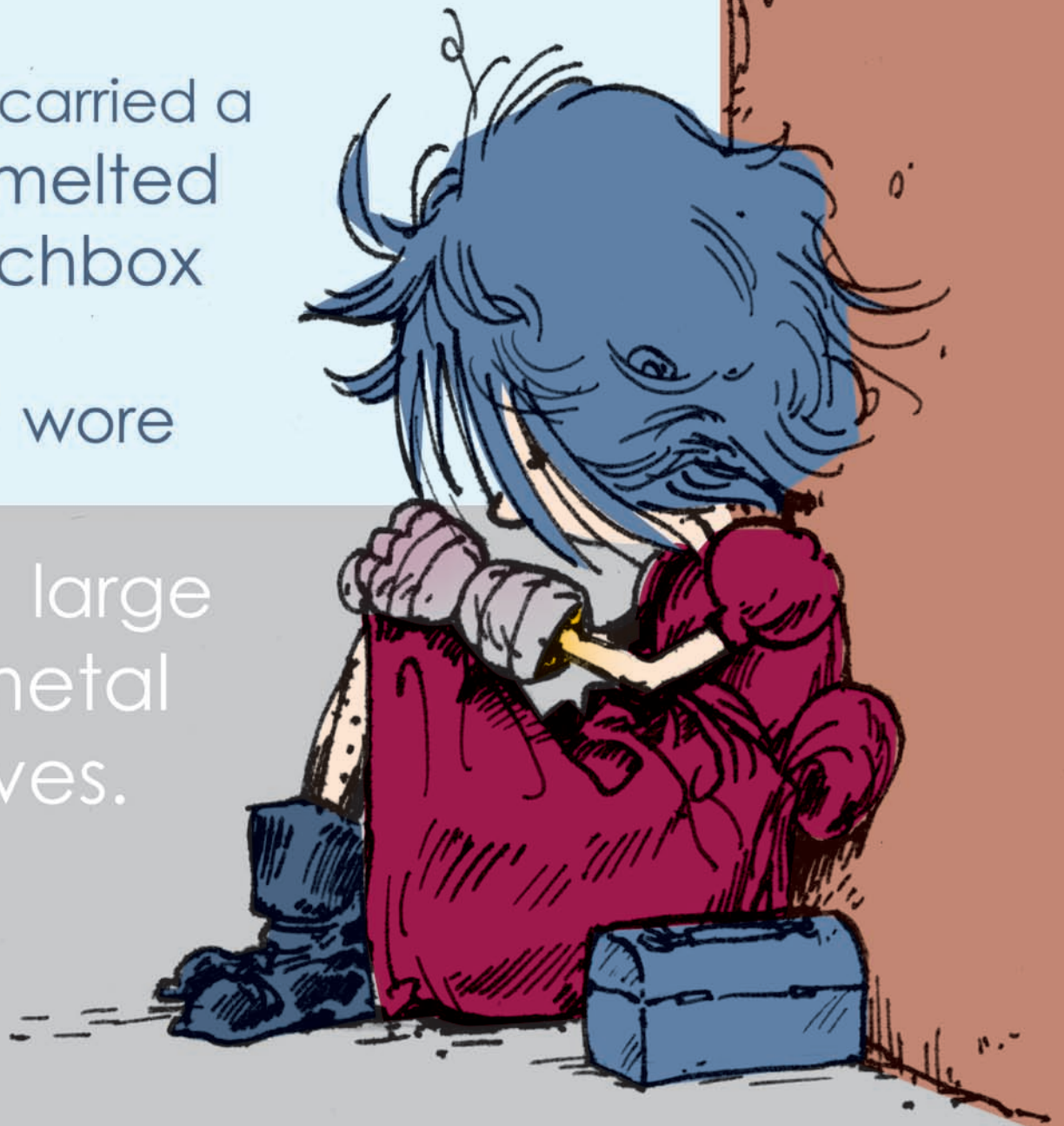
so she
stared
at
the
sky.



Her hair was frizzled
and frazzled
with fuzz.

She carried a
half-melted
lunchbox
and wore

large
metal
gloves.



I offered her
my baloney.*

She politely
turned it
away.



She said, "The kids think I'm homely.
They'll tease you if you stay."

*(Adults like to spell baloney, bologna. Adults are weird.)

Margo said,
“So go now, please,
before it’s too late!



I do like
baloney,
but...

I’m watching my weight.”