

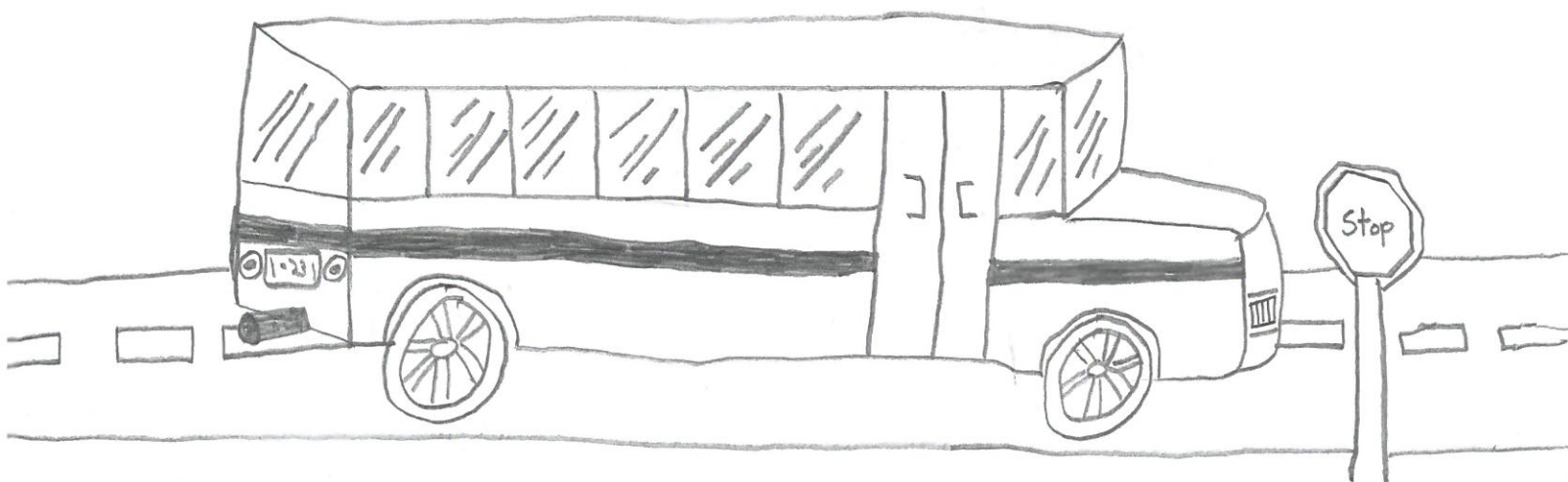
# Excerpt From: Barry Sneers New Kid

By, Anthony Mazzatti

Hello, I'm Barry Sneers I'm 10 years old and in fourth grade. Today is my first day at my new school in New York. I used to live in Maine but my house flooded. My dad died in the flood. He was driving when he got swept away by a giant wave. Now I live with my mom and baby brother Andrew in upstate New York.



I really hated life after our house and all are things were destroyed. It was hard enough with my dad gone but when my mom said we were moving I couldn't take it anymore and cried and cried. She picked New York because she always dreamed of being a nursing jobs pay more in New York. So I'm stuck in New York.



Honk, honk! I heard the bus. As I got on the bus the bus driver said with a big smile “good morning, take the next seat that’s open,” I did as he said. I slumped down in my seat. I wondered about my old friends in my old school like Billy Mayhew and David Anderson and my third grade teacher Miss. Neely. I felt more depressed then ever before. I now thought *I can't do this* I tried to get it out of my head, but it stuck like glue.

I studied some kids for a while and noticed a kid with a backwards baseball cap, a green t-shirt, faded jeans, and a zillion freckles. He was tossing a red bouncy ball up and down. Finally he turned his head, “what up? You must be that new kid from Maryland.”

“Maine,” I corrected.

He mumbled, “Whatever, it’s no different”. Then he turned around. After a few minutes, he whizzed back around, and said “Hey kid! Think fast!” As I turned, he threw the red bouncy ball right at my nose.



“Ohhh, ouch!” I held my nose it stung really bad.

“Ha, ha, ha,” the kid doubled over laughing, “Oh, ha, ha, ha!”

“Hey, that wasn’t funny!” I said.

“He’s right! That wasn’t funny, Jimmy!” said a new voice. I turned around and saw a kid with dirty blond hair and a red shirt. He had a angry look on his face.

“Oh, shut up!” sneered Jimmy.

“I will not! That was rude!”  
retorted the kid behind me.

Jimmy scowled and started  
talking to another kid. “Sorry  
about Jimmy, by the way my  
name is Max said the kid behind me.

“You must be Barry. Hello.” He slid into the seat next to me.

“Thank you for standing up for me, Max,” I said.

“No problem,” said Max. “He used to bully me too. I’ll  
take you to your room if you want.”

“Okay,” I agreed. In the back of my mind I thought: *maybe  
this school year won’t be so bad after all...*

