

CHAPTER 1

Fun and excitement filled the school on a bright, shiny June day. Field Day was finally here! All year long, everyone looked forward to this day. It meant games, yummy food, and prizes — a huge party to celebrate the end of school and the beginning of summer.

It meant none of those things to Seymour. He sat alone while everyone gathered for fresh fruit and muffins to begin the day. Then he wandered across the field to the obstacle course. He stood at the starting line, trying to imagine himself winning the race.

“It’ll never happen,” he sighed.

Billy Fyst, the school bully, noticed Seymour a few yards away. Billy crept up behind him and startled him with that loud, shrieking voice everyone knew. “Don’t even try, fatso!” he yelled. “You’ll trip right over the starting line!” Seymour was too afraid and shy to respond, so Billy kept going.

“On second thought,” Billy said, “maybe you *should* try. We could use a good laugh.”

Lucky for Seymour, the other kids didn’t care whether he was good or bad at something; they were there just to have fun. One of the Whiz Kidz helped him grab the rope and swing over a small water pool on the obstacle course. The Whiz Kidz were Seymour’s best friends. They did things together and helped each other, like all friends do.

At the end of the day, everyone got a certificate, but it didn’t mean much to Seymour. He liked some of the games, but he didn’t finish anything. Not the obstacle course, the sack race, or the softball game. He only tried the ring toss once. He hit his teacher, Miss Fleener, in the leg!

On his way home, he tried to forget most of the day’s events. “Tomorrow the Whiz Kidz are playing in the park with a bunch of other kids,” he thought to himself. “Maybe I’ll go.”

Deep down, he knew he would decide to stay home. Billy Fyst might be there, and he would pick on him again. Besides, he knew he couldn’t play the games they like. When he came home, his dog, Flash, met him at the door. “Well, at least I have you,” Seymour mumbled sadly, throwing the ball for Flash.

He didn’t realize it at the time, but he was one of the luckiest kids in the world — because what happened that day started him on his way to becoming a weight control expert.

