

It was a sunny fall day and school had just begun for the year. Camille and her younger sister, Natalie, had just finished for the day. Natalie met her sister by her locker so they could walk home together.

“Did you have a good first day?” Natalie asked Camille, who was two years older than her.

Camille smiled and handed Natalie her backpack so her younger sister could help her attach the bag to the back of her wheelchair.

“I did. I really like my teachers, and it was easy to get around in between classes,” Camille said.







Camille had just started seventh grade. This was her first year of multiple classes throughout the day. She had been worried about changing classes and getting to them on time. Camille had been using a wheelchair since she was a little girl.

Natalie smiled at her older sister. She didn't say it aloud, but she had been worried about that, too. She knew Camille was really able in everything that she did. Still, Natalie was always concerned for her safety. She got behind the wheelchair and started to push. The pair exited the school doors together and stepped out into the sunshine.

Suddenly, a loud voice boomed in the girls' direction. "Hey, look at that kid! Nice wheelchair, weirdo!"





Camille and Natalie turned in the direction of the voice. It was a girl named Rebecca. Both girls knew that Rebecca wasn't a very nice person.

Natalie whispered, "Let's go faster, Camille." But Camille shook her head in response.

"Are you talking to me?" Camille said calmly to Rebecca, who was walking closer.

"I sure am, weirdo," said Rebecca. "Do you see anyone else who can't use their legs around here? Does your sister have to push you everywhere? Natalie, I can't believe you have such a dud of a sister." Rebecca started laughing.

Sighing, Camille said, "No, I'm quite able to get around. Surely, I can't be the first person you have ever seen in a wheelchair. Come on, Natalie." Camille turned her chair away from Rebecca, pointing herself in the direction of home.







“Natalie, do you actually take orders from your weirdo sister?”  
Rebecca responded.

Camille looked in Natalie’s direction. Her sister was staring at the ground. She looked ready to cry.

“Natalie, it’s okay. Don’t listen to her. She isn’t important,” Camille said.

“Ha!” Rebecca said, laughing as she spoke. “More like you’re not important!” Rebecca now started to walk behind the two girls.

Camille stopped her wheelchair and spun around to face Rebecca. “I think you are acting very silly,” said Camille. “In fact, you’re embarrassing yourself.”