

SUPER LEXI

Is Not a Fan of Christmas
Sample Chapter



by Emma Lesko

Illustrated by
Adam Winsor

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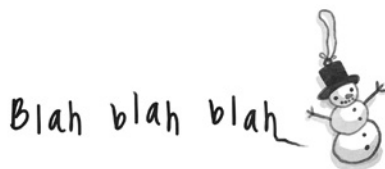
Is Not a Fan of Christmas



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Red Leather Books, LLC



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Learn more about Super Lexi at
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Hoopla

I knew I was doomed at indoor recess today when Ruhan sang, “Walkin’ ’round in purple underwear.” That’s actually part of a song about Christmas lights and snow. Only, Ruhan likes to mess up the words. When people sing Christmas music, hoopla is breathing down my neck.

Hoopla is a big, fat party. It’s practically a college word. I know all about it even

though I'm only in second grade. It's loud like an explosion. Also, it's full of surprises. I have a phobia of those things. They make my insides hard like an ice cube. Also, they make my mouth slam shut and trap words in there. Plus, they give me a feeling of barf.

Most of the kids in my class like parties. That's okay, though. Everybody's different from everybody, and I'm different about hoopla.

I tried to shut my ears from Ruhan. I needed my brains to think about other stuff. My best friend, Kaylee, and I were making a paper fortune-teller at desk fifteen. All kids have superpowers. One of mine is folding paper like an expert. One of Kaylee's is tiny writing. That's how come we're the perfect fortune-teller team.

“Can you write a fortune that says, ‘You

will not have Christmas hoopla?” I asked.

“Sure!” she said.

Some parts of Kaylee are like me. For example, she only wears boys’ clothes and does not like pink. Some parts of her are not like me, though. For example, Christmas hoopla is her favorite.

“Maybe you better add, ‘If your name is not Kaylee,’” I said. I didn’t want to screw up her future.

The bell rang, and I jumped. I am a very jumpy person. The bell means bottoms-in-seats because recess is done.

So bad news.

Kaylee didn’t have time to write that fortune.

We put our gel pens back in the box. Christopher crawled around looking for board game pieces. Isa and Phoebe squealed

because he farted on purpose.

Bottoms-in-seats is never quiet.

My ears are not fans of that. They are very strong ears. Practically supersonic.

That's how come I had to pretend it was time for the only part of school I love love love. Silent reading. When I read, it's the only time I'm an expert at tuning out.

I got my new book from the library out of my desk. It's about a bunny family. They eat yummy food and read books. They live in a cave under the ground for the whole winter. Even though I'm human, I'm like a bunny. I would like Christmas to be quiet in a cozy cave.

My book was so good that I missed my teacher's important announcement. Her name is Joan, but only if you're a grown-up. If you're a kid, it's Ms. Kleinert.

“Lexi, did you hear me?” she asked. She was standing by the big calendar on the bulletin board.

“Yes,” I said.

“Can you answer the question?”

“I heard your voice. Not your words,” I said.

“Please put your book away, Lexi. Who can tell me what a Present Partner is?”

I felt confused about that.

Lots of kids raised their hands. Phoebe’s was the highest. She’s a princess girl who wears sparkly stuff on her face. “It’s when we pick a name from a hat. Then we give a present to that person,” she said.

“That’s correct, Phoebe,” said Ms. Kleinert. “Next Friday, we’ll have a Present Partner Party!” She pointed at that day on the calendar. Lots of the days were already filled up with paper dreidels and ornaments. I did not

have the courage to count how many empty squares were left.

That party sounded like hoopla. I had a feeling it was going to have cookies and catchy tunes and blabby kids with too much sugar in them. Then my eardrums would explode. Plus, I would get the feeling of barf.

All the kids squealed and wiggled. Except for me. I felt hot. Christopher wiggled most of all. He sits in desk thirteen and I'm in desk fourteen even though I never actually agreed to that. Christopher gets very inside my personal space. Also, he chases me with snots.

I put my arms around my stomach and groaned. The heater blew hot air on me. The snowflakes we made in art floated around on their ceiling strings. I got dizzy staring at those.

I raised my hand. “Yes, Lexi?” asked Ms. Kleinert.

“It’s just that I don’t know when you were planning on doing this,” I said. “On account of on Fridays we have journals. Then math facts. Then language—”

“Next Friday will be a little different,” said Ms. Kleinert. “So, we’ll have to remember to go with the flow.”

“Lexi never goes with the flow!” yelled Christopher, the blurface.

I slumped in my chair.

Ms. Kleinert moved his clip to the big, fat trouble clipboard. “Now,” she said. “You’re going to write your names on these little pieces of paper. Then, put them in this ski hat. Take one and pass it down.”

I followed that rule. Only, then I got confused about how this was going to work.

I raised my hand again.

“Yes, Lexi?” said Ms. Kleinert.

“It’s just that I won’t know who to give my Christmas list to,” I said.

“No lists, Lexi. Each Present Partner will choose their gifts.”

“Yes, but I am not a fan of surprises,” I said. The only present on my whole list is a plastic snowman. He spits out candy when you press his belly. It’s my favorite toy on Planet Earth.

“We get what we get, and we don’t throw a fit,” said Ms. Kleinert.

She always says that when she means business.

I was doomed.

Everybody got chatty except for me. I got terrified. My eardrums were already blaring. My insides turned into cement.

Christopher leaned over and said, “I

already know what I'm going to get my Present Partner." I didn't know if he was trying to scare me or what. He was probably going to buy an ant farm or something. I could already feel ants crawling on my legs.

I needed a plan. I thought very hard for a while. My brains were frozen solid. Then an idea popped in. Everything melted back to normal. I was going to pick my own name. I'd buy my own present. Then I'd have one less thing to worry about at that hoopla party.

After I wrote my name, I folded the paper into the shape of a teensy bird. That's how I'd know it was mine. When Ms. Kleinert came by, I dropped it in the ski hat.

A few minutes later, she shook up the hat. She walked around the room. When Christopher's turn came, I got a flutter in my belly. My turn was next. I was excited about

buying myself that snowman.

My turn came. I felt around for the tiny bird. I didn't feel it.

"Take one quickly, Lexi, we have a lot to pass out," said Ms. Kleinert.

I dug around. There were only papers with normal folds. Then Christopher said, "Oh, great. I got Lexi." That's Christmas for you. Nothing ends up the way you expect.

I picked a paper and didn't even look at it.

My body slid down my chair until my head was on the seat. I was certain my bottom landed on a pokey staple and that it was bleeding to death. Ms. Kleinert did not notice. She was busy making kids pick names. That made them very blabby and loud.

My bottom sat on the pokey staple for a long time. I saw a chewed-up piece of gum under my desk. It gave me the feeling of barf.

Gum on furniture is very against the rules. I gave that lump a terrible, angry face. The party wasn't even here yet and I was already a big grump.

I looked out the window and wished for



the day to end. Giant snowflakes fell all over the place out there. They looked peaceful. I wanted to feel peaceful. I stared at those beautiful flakes until they blurred.

The only good thing was that Kaylee leaned over to me. She whispered, "Don't worry, Lexi. It'll be OK."

For a second I felt better. Then I remembered she always says that, and it never is.

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