

Inside the toilet five boys are peeing in the air to see how high they can get. They are having a competition before the athletics start. My big brother Sam is winning as usual. No one can pee as high as he can. I go red in the face when I see them. 'Come on, Weesle,' he says to me. 'Have a go.'

I don't want to have a go really. It is embarrassing and I am not very good at it. He is asking me on purpose. He wants me to make a fool of myself again. 'Yeah,' say all the others. 'Come on, Weesle. Don't be a wimp.'

RISKS AND CHALLENGES

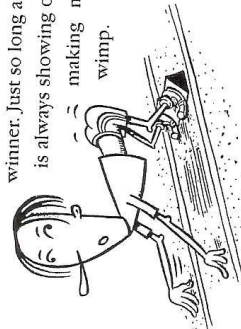
Oh, it is awful. They are all jeering at me. I will have to be in it. I undo my fly and have a try. I am so nervous that only a little dribble comes out. They all laugh and mock. 'Weak,' they yell. My brother Sam is the worst of the lot. 'Poor Weesle is a little squirt,' he says. They all pack up and laugh like mad.

We go out to athletics practice. I am in the hundred metres and so is Sam. Next week it will be the big run-off to see who is the fastest boy in the school. Today is just a try-out. How I wish I could win. I would do anything to beat my brother Sam.

But my heart is heavy inside me. He is better than me at everything. He is smarter than me. He is better-looking than me. He is taller than me. He is tougher than me. He can beat me at anything you care to name.

We crouch down at the starting line. 'I'll wait for you at the end, wimp,' jeers Sam. 'That is if you get there at all.'

The other boys are looking on. Oh, how I would love to beat Sam. I don't even care if I am not the winner. Just so long as I beat Sam. He is always showing off. He is always making me feel like a wimp.



LITTLE SQUIRT

Mr Hendrix has the starter's gun in his hand. My knees are starting to wobble I am so nervous. And this is not even the real race when the whole school will be watching. This is just a practice.

'Bang.' We are off. I get away to a good start. I am ahead by a couple of metres. Suddenly everything seems to go right. My legs whirl. I romp along easily. My breathing is steady. I look behind and Sam seems to be in trouble.

I am in front and he is second. I am nearly up to the finishing line. For the first time in my life I am going to beat him at something.

I grin as I approach the string. But I grin too soon. Sam flashes by me so quickly that I can't believe it. He has beaten me again. I feel terrible. I try not to let tears show in my eyes.

Sam is jumping around and showing off. He holds his hands over his head like a boxer. 'I hung back on purpose,' he jeers. 'Thought you had me, didn't you, wimp?' he says. He gloats and shows off all the way home.

The other boys join in and tease me too.

I walk sadly along behind them. I try not to listen. Next Tuesday is the real race. I will never be able to beat Sam in that. I will be too nervous. I am just not good enough.

Sam goes off with the others to explore the big forest. They won't let me go with them. 'You'd only get lost,' says Sam.

Tears are in my eyes as I reach home. I try to dry them before Mum notices but once again I fail. 'What's the matter, Weesle?' says Mum.

'It's Sam,' I yell. 'He always wins at everything. Every time he beats me. He can even tie his shoelaces faster than me. I would love to beat him at something—just once. Today it was running. He won the hundred metres again. He always wins. Next Tuesday is the grand final!'

Mum bends down and puts her arm around me. 'Listen, Weesle,' she says. 'There is one way you can win at anything. I used to be a champion runner and I know.'

This is the first time that I hear about Mum being a champion runner. I look at her, waiting to learn the secret.

'You train,' she says. 'You practice. Every minute. Every day. Sam never trains. He is lazy. If you train every day you can beat him. He just wins because he is bigger than you.'

Mum could be right. I decide to give it a go.

I get up early in the morning and I train. I train at recess. I train at lunch-time. I train after school. I train in the hot weather and I train when it is cold. I get better and better, especially on the cold days. It is hard work. It is not easy. But I am determined to beat Sam. No one has ever trained as hard as I do.

Mum would be proud of me if she could see how

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hard I train. But I do it in secret. I am going to surprise Sam. No one is going to expect me to win. I can't wait to see the look on his face.

Tuesday comes at last. This is it. This is my big chance.

All my training is going to pay off. It is cold so I wear my thick jumper to school.

It walk into the toilet where Sam and the boys are having the grand final. They are seeing which boy in the school will be the Grand Champion at peeing in the air. 'Give me a go,' I say. They laugh and jeer and call me squirt. But I don't care. I have been training for this all week.

Boy, do I squirt. I pee higher than anyone in the world has ever done. Higher than my head. The kids' eyes bug out with admiration. 'Wow,' they yell.

Sam, however, does not admire me. He is as mad as a hatter. He blows his top. He hits the roof.

But not in the same way that I do.