We all stared at her. Her coat was open and the clothes beneath it looked old and ragged. Her shoes were spring shoes, not meant for the snow. A strap on one of them was broken.

Weeks passed. Every day we whispered about Maya, laughing at her clothes, her shoes, her strange food she brought for lunch.

Some days, Maya held out her hand to show us what she had brought to school - a deck of cards, pick up sticks, a small tattered doll. Whenever she asked us to play we said no.

One day, Maya came to school wearing a pretty dress and fancy shoes. But the shoes and dress looked like they’d belonged to another girl before Maya. I have a new name for her, Kendra whispered. Never new. Everything she has came from a second hand store. We all laughed.