

First Day in New Prague

By assid a



The sun rose softly over New Prague, casting a gentle gold light on the quiet streets. In this cozy, small town of friendly people, a brand new day was just beginning, and for one little girl, it was a day of big, important firsts.



Klara was getting ready for her very first day of elementary school, and her tummy felt like it was fluttering with butterflies. She carefully placed her favorite, shiny red pencil into her bright blue backpack, hoping it would bring her luck.



“We’re ready!” said her mother, Anna. Klara held her hand tightly as they walked down the street. They passed the big water tower and the bakery that always smelled like sweet rolls, but Klara could only think about the school.



Soon, they reached the New Prague Elementary school building. It was made of red brick and looked much, much bigger than Klara remembered. So many children were outside, laughing and running, and Klara suddenly felt very small.



Anna led her inside, and the hall was suddenly loud! The sound of lockers opening, sneakers squeaking, and voices echoing made Klara want to cover her ears. It was a friendly chaos, but it was too much all at once.



Anna gave Klara a hug and said she had to go. Klara clutched the colorful paper with her room number on it, but she couldn't find the right sign. Which way is it? she thought, her nervousness growing like a tickle in her throat.



Just then, a warm, gentle voice said, "Can I help you find your spot, sweetie?" It was Ms. Rose, her kindergarten teacher! Ms. Rose smiled and pointed down the hall. "Follow me," she whispered kindly.



Ms. Rose opened the door, and Klara peeked inside. The classroom was bright and welcoming, filled with sunlight and colorful construction paper. There were shelves of exciting books and tables ready for art.



Klara walked in and stood near the cubbies. She saw a boy sitting at a table with a red-striped shirt. He looked up, gave her a small, quick smile, and went back to his crayons. It wasn't much, but it helped Klara take a deep breath.



"Welcome, everyone!" Ms. Rose clapped her hands. "Let's all come sit on the story rug so we can introduce ourselves and share our favorite things." Everyone wiggled their way to the colorful rug in the front of the room.



When it was Klara's turn, her voice felt small. "My favorite thing is drawing stars," she mumbled. Ms. Rose clapped gently, and Klara sat back down, still unsure but proud that she had spoken.

Later, during coloring time, Klara was looking for a purple crayon when the boy with the red shirt, Leo, slid one over to her without saying a word. Klara smiled and nodded thanks. It felt like a small, quiet victory.



The morning kept going, and as Klara worked on drawing her star, the sounds of the classroom began to change. The noise wasn't overwhelming anymore; it was just the happy sound of children learning and playing together.





Klara looked around the room. She was sitting at her own table, she had talked to a friend, and she knew the classroom rules. She wasn't just doing okay—she was having fun!



The bell rang, and Klara walked out of the classroom to meet her mom, her steps much lighter than when she had arrived. She still loved her lucky pencil, but now she knew something even better: "I think I can do this!"