

## The Big Switch

Have you ever switched to a new school? Well, I think switching to new school is pretty scary!

It was my the first day of school at Roosevelt Elementary. I was new to the school, and I didn't know one person in my class. I walked slowly onto the playground with my mom. I saw a big crowd of kids playing on the playground, and all of them were laughing. I saw my teacher standing by a line. I knew it was my class. I held my mom's hand tight, and walked to my third grade class.

"Hello," said my teacher Mrs. Jones. "Okay, my mom said, I have to go say goodbye to your brother."

"Okay but do you promise to come back before the bell rings?" I asked

"Yes, I promise." My mom said.

"Okay," I responded. I saw my mom walk out of the playground. She soon was out of sight. I waited, and waited, staring by the entrance of the playground. Just then, the bell rang. "RRRRRIIINNNGGG!" *Oh no*, I thought. I was going to go inside, and my mom still wasn't here. I started to cry. I tried to hold it in, but I couldn't help it. Just then, I saw my mom walking towards my playground. I ran to her and hugged her tight. Then, it was time to go inside.

I felt really scared, I didn't know what to do, or where to go. Mrs. Jones gathered everyone in line, guided the children inside. I saw so many kids talking in line as my class walked upstairs. My mom was walking with me, holding my hand the whole way.

Finally, my class got to the third grade classroom. We go into a single file line outside our classroom. My mom gave me a hug and a kiss, and let go of my hand. I saw her slowly go away, and soon disappear.

The day went by in a snap. My day was just okay, though.

After a few weeks, one day changed everyday of going to school. That very day I got out of the car, gave my mom a kiss, and walked onto the playground in line. There was just

one little problem though..... My stomach hurt. It didn't feel like I was going to throw up, it just didn't feel good.

The bell rang as I was waiting in line. My mom waved to me as she was walking to her car. I just needed her.. I felt sadness enter my body. I didn't know what to do.

Late morning I went down to the office with a stomach ache. I kept crying quietly so no one could hear me. Mr. Mansfield, our school guidance counselor walked me to his office right across the hall. He seemed really nice; though I've never met him. Mr. Mansfield was wearing a plaid shirt and nice jeans. "What's going on?" he asked. "My stomach hurts," I answered followed by a tear.

"Why does it hurt?" he asked "I don't know" I said.

Mr. Mansfield took out a white piece of paper and wrote numbers one through five. "If five is the best and one is the worst, how do you feel?"

"I feel like a two", I responded.

"Why" he asked?

"I don't know, I guess I just miss my mom" I said.

"What your feeling, Mr Mansfield said, is anxiety. Instead of a two, I want to get you up to a three and a half."

"Okay" I said.

"Lets take a deep breath together," he said. We both took deep breaths. Then, he gave me a stress ball. "Use this when you feel this way again. How are you feeling now?" Mr. Mansfield asked.

"A three and a half" I answered. I walked back to class, feeling thankful for Mr. Mansfield.

So I learned that while switching schools was really scary, it is okay to feel that way and ask for help.

THE END