

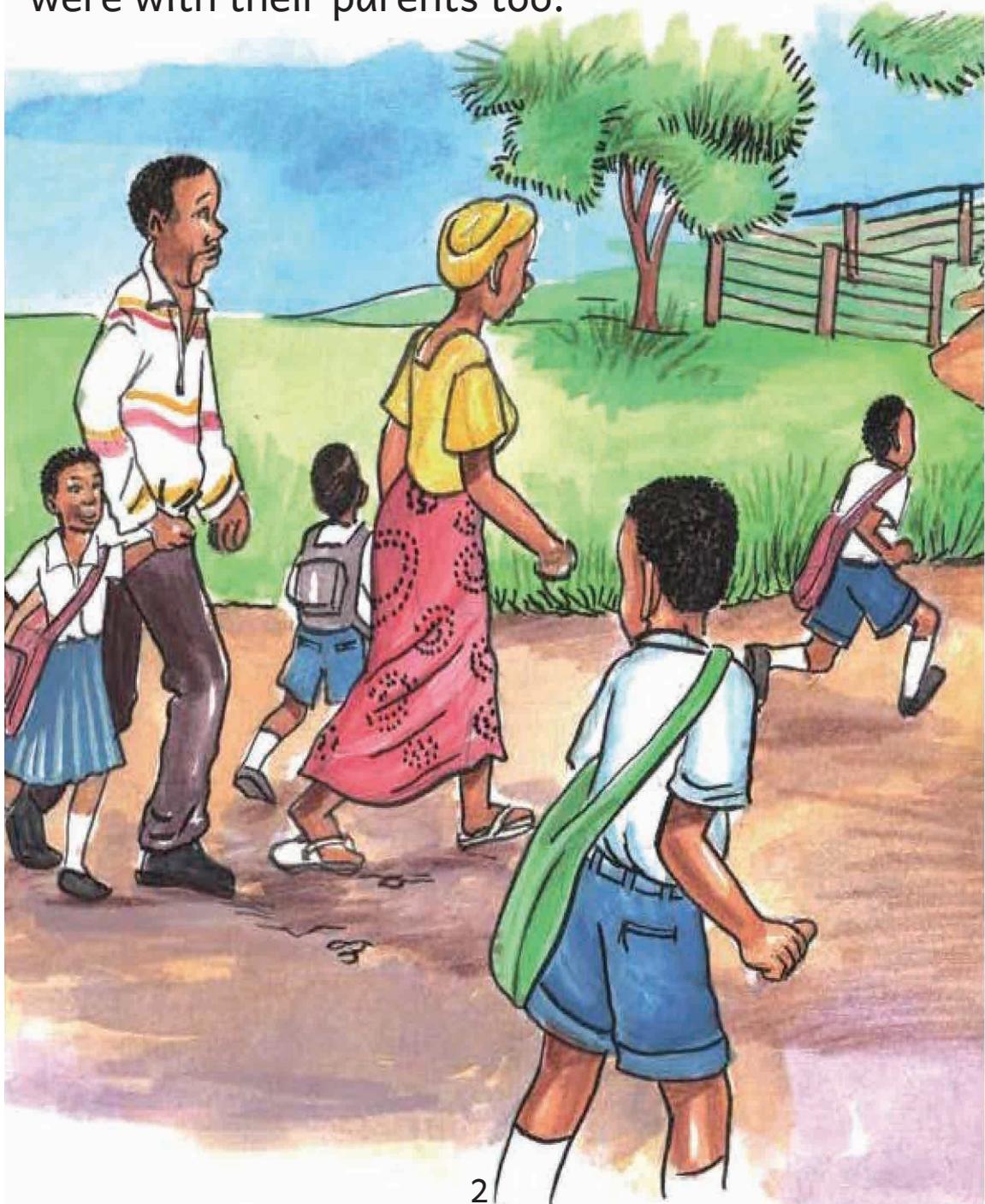


My name is Sesi. I am six years old. I am a new student at Manyinga Primary School.



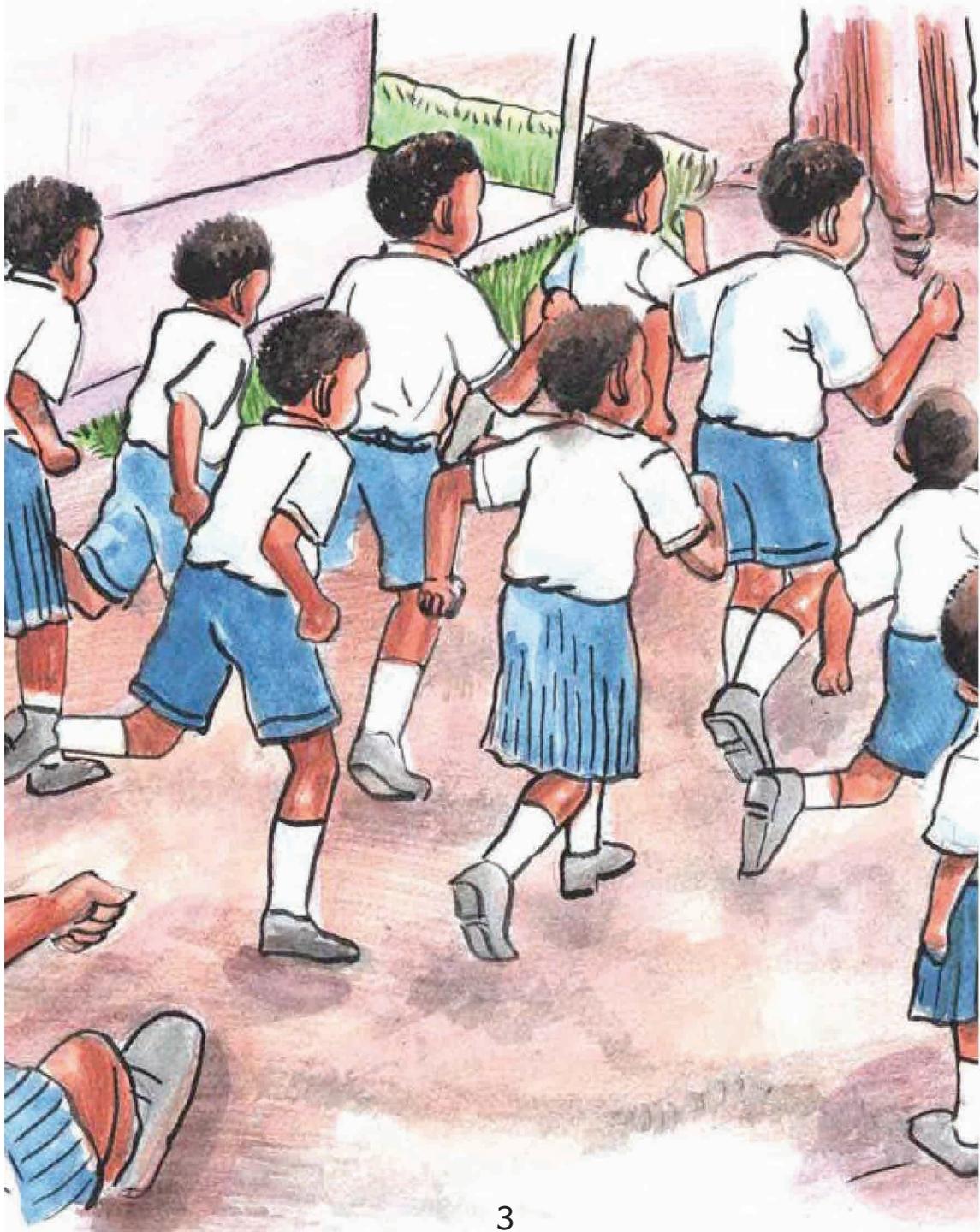


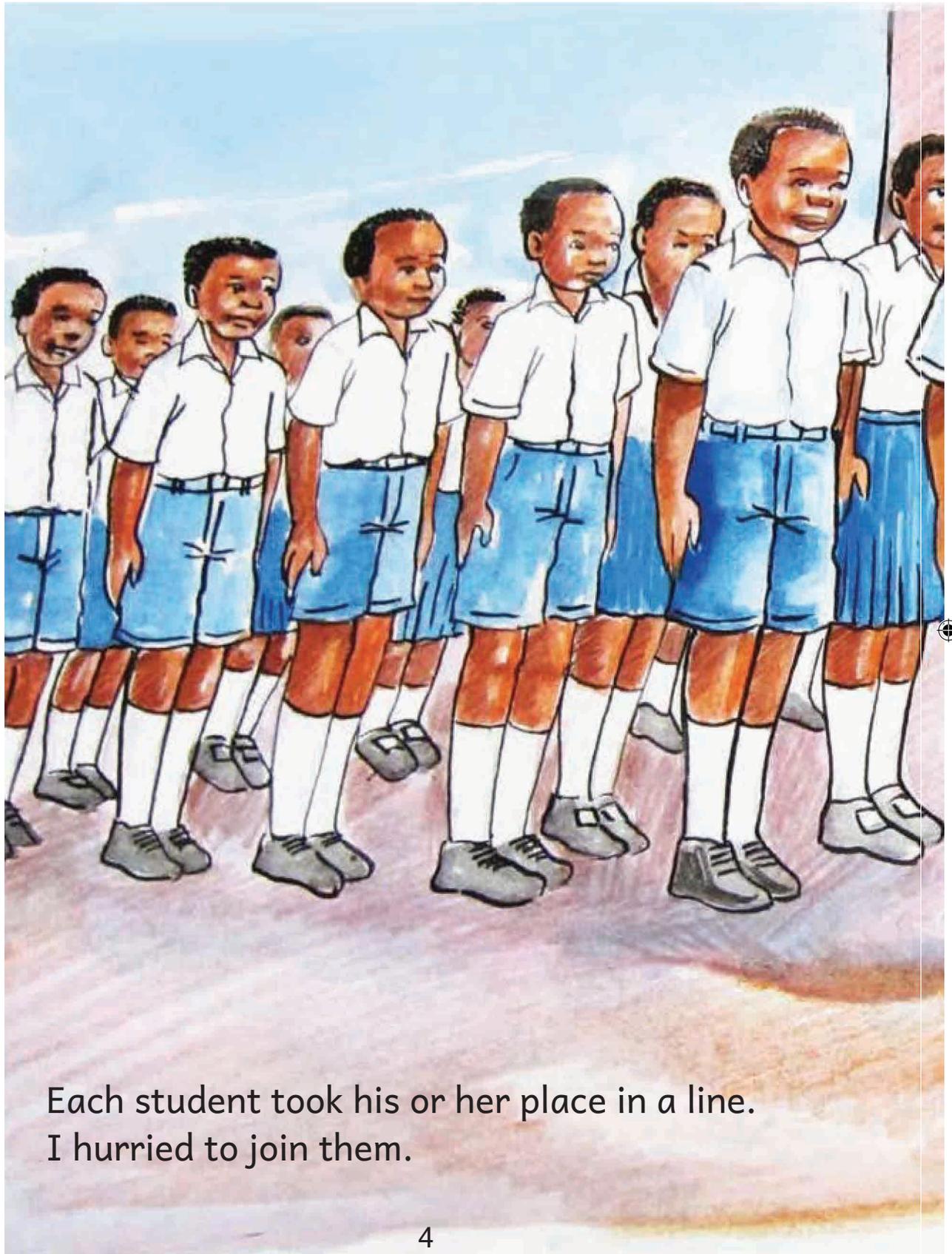
My first day at school was exciting. I got up early in the morning. My father took me to school. On the way, I saw many other students. Some were with their parents too.





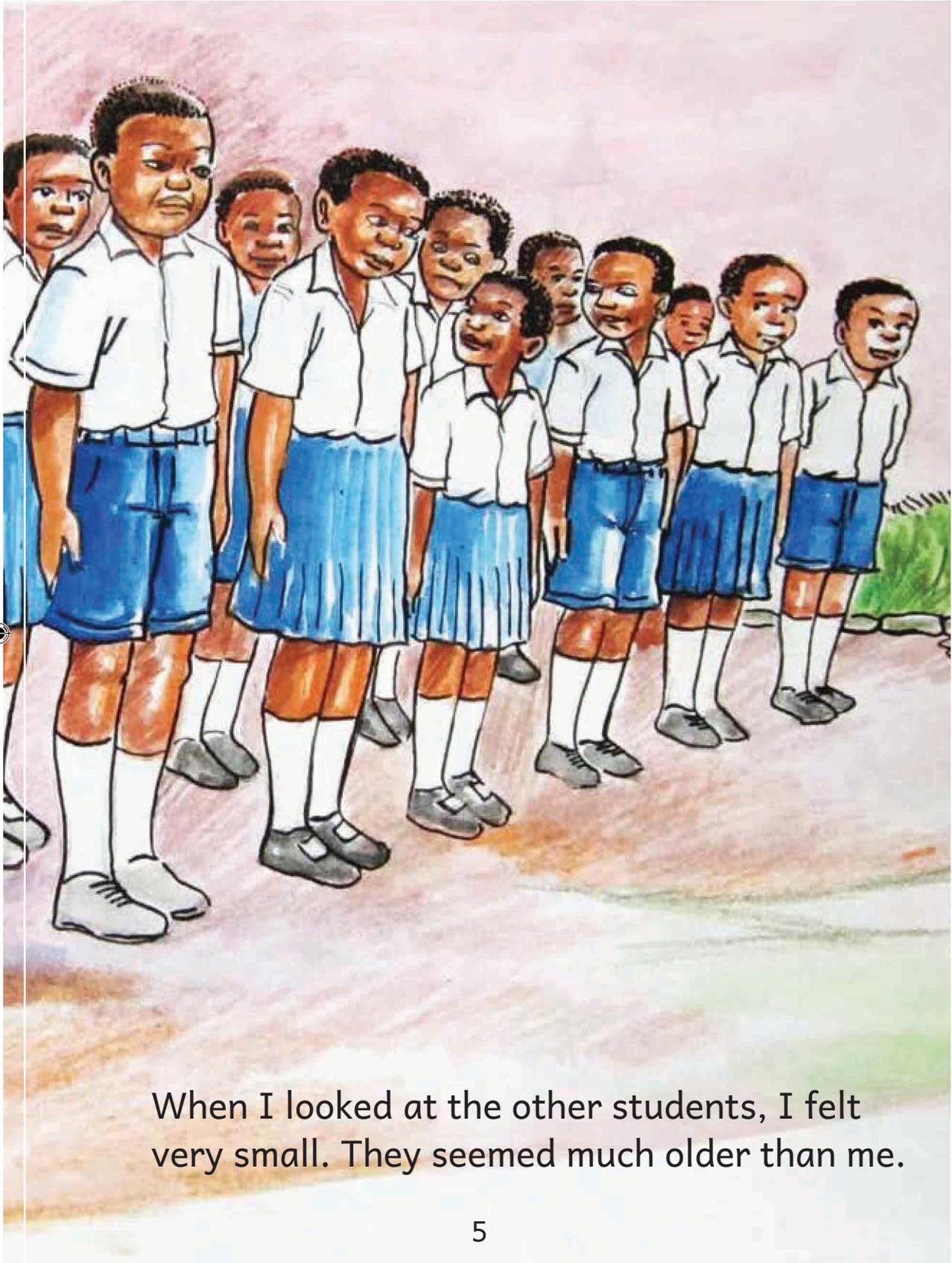
Gong! Gong! Gong! The bell was ringing.
The other students started running.





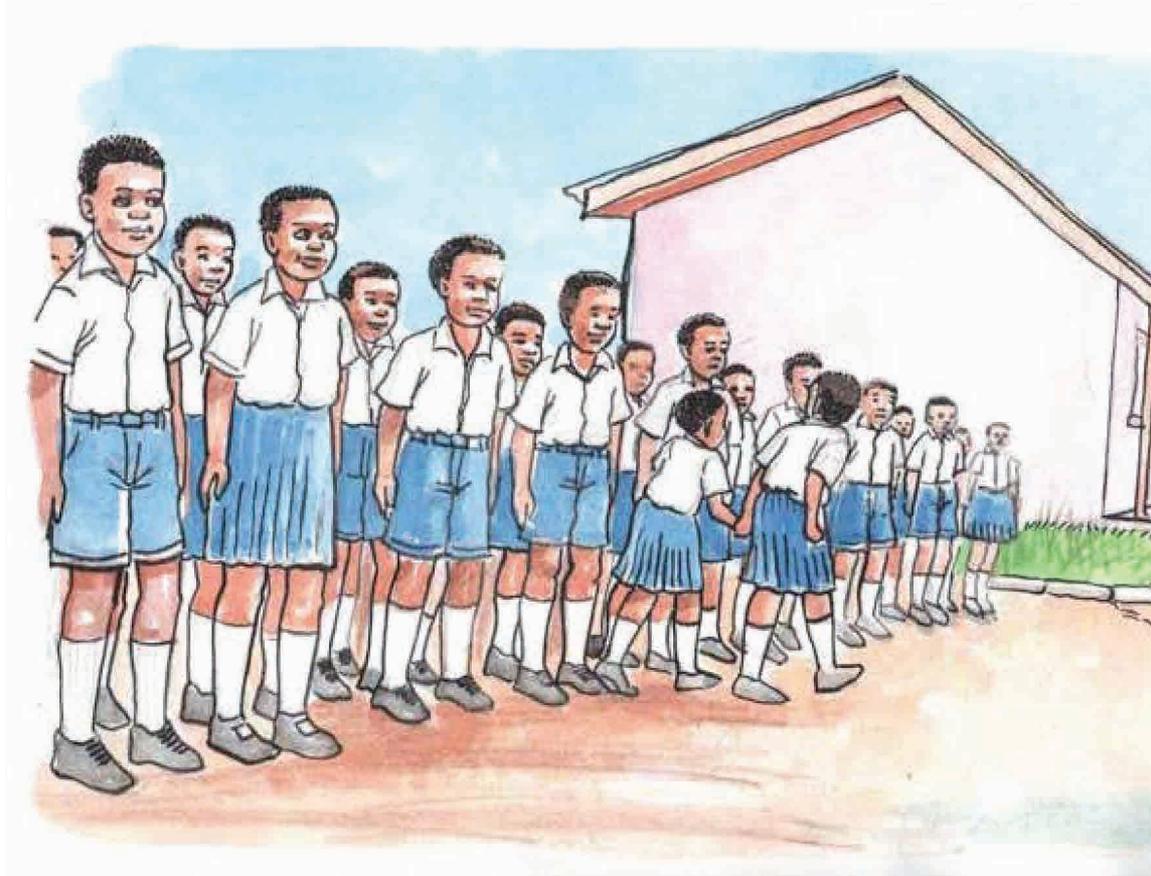
Each student took his or her place in a line.
I hurried to join them.





When I looked at the other students, I felt very small. They seemed much older than me.





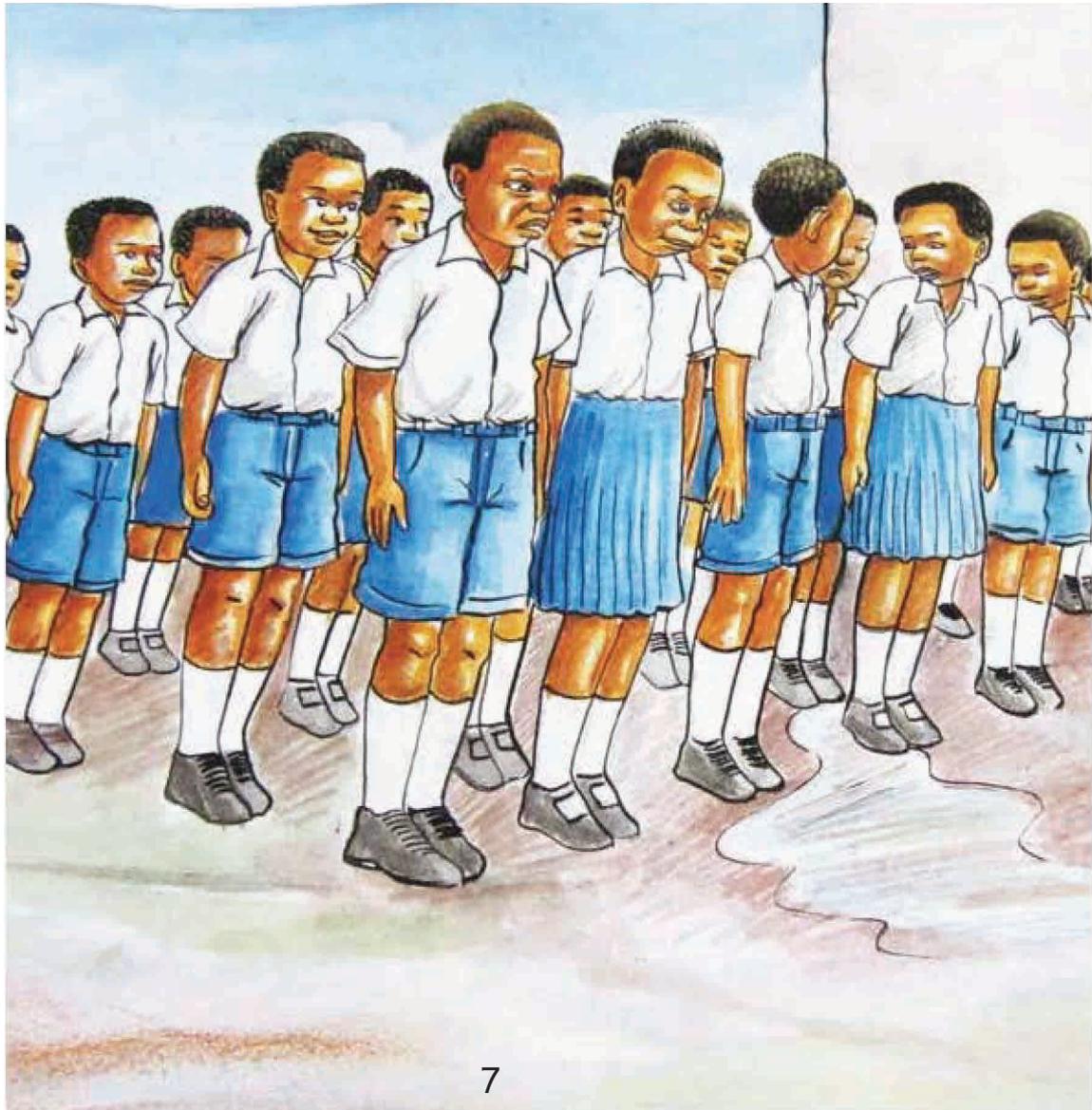
An older girl took my hand. She led me to a group of students who looked my age. I had been with the wrong class!

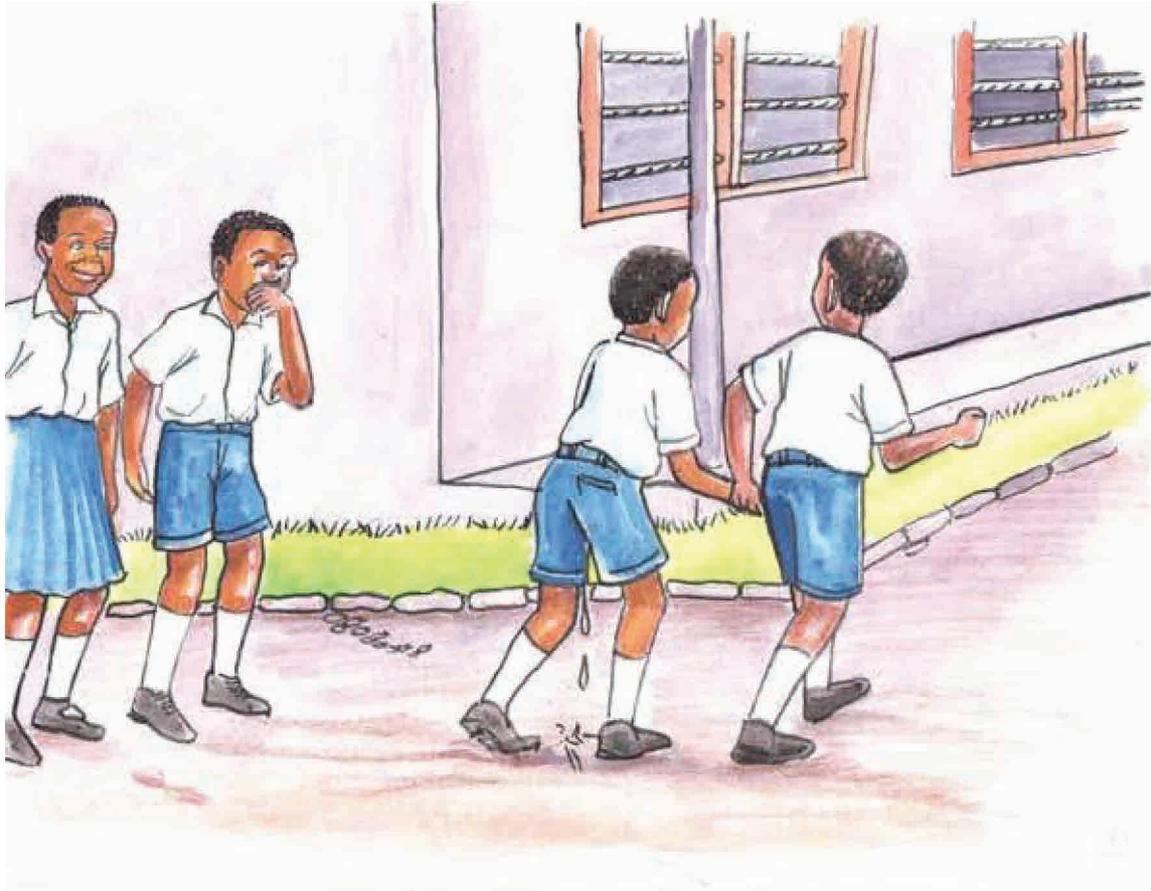




As I stood in line, I heard someone yell, “Mad-
am, this boy has wet his shorts!”

We all turned to look. I saw a little boy holding
his shorts, looking sad.



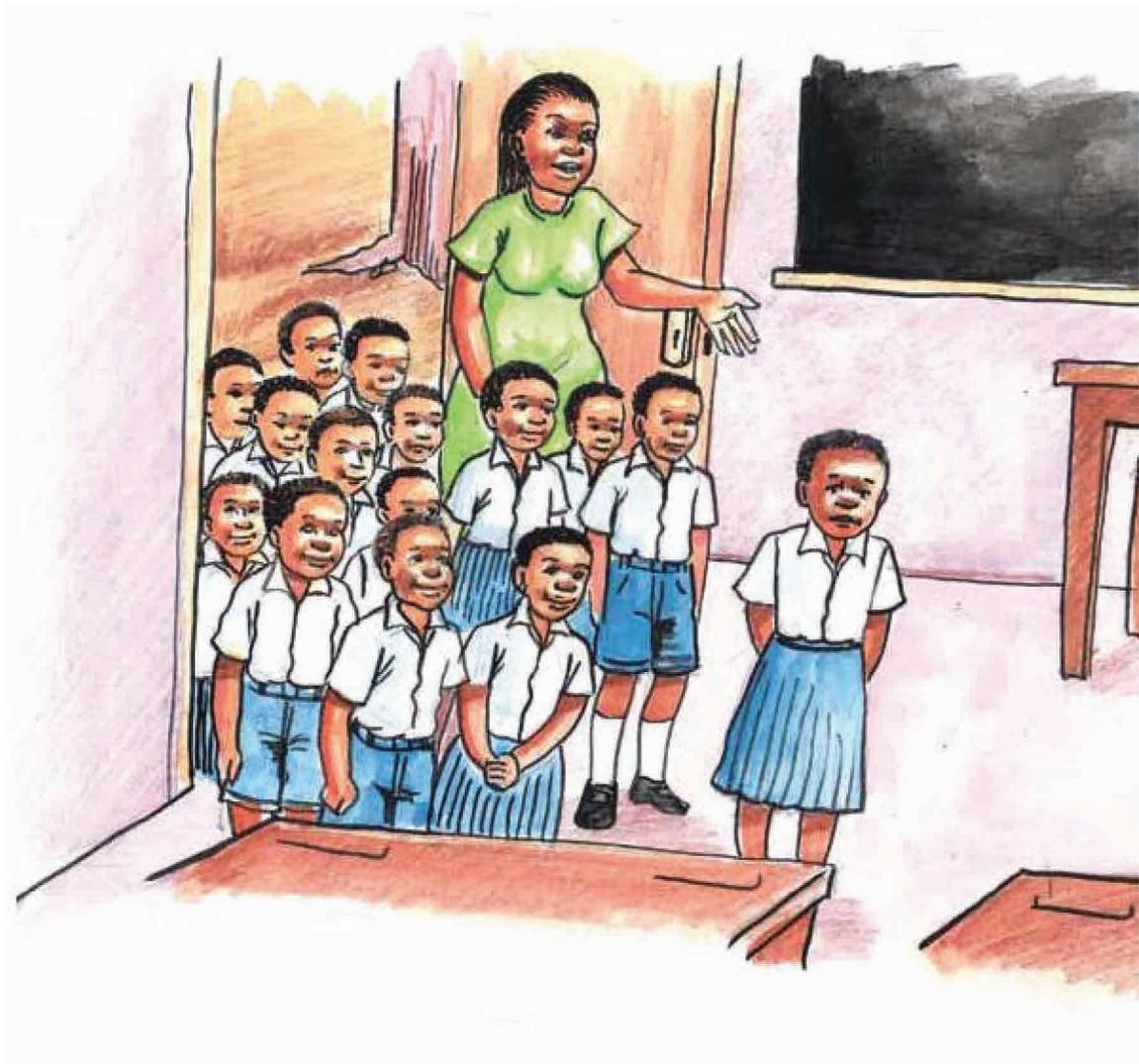


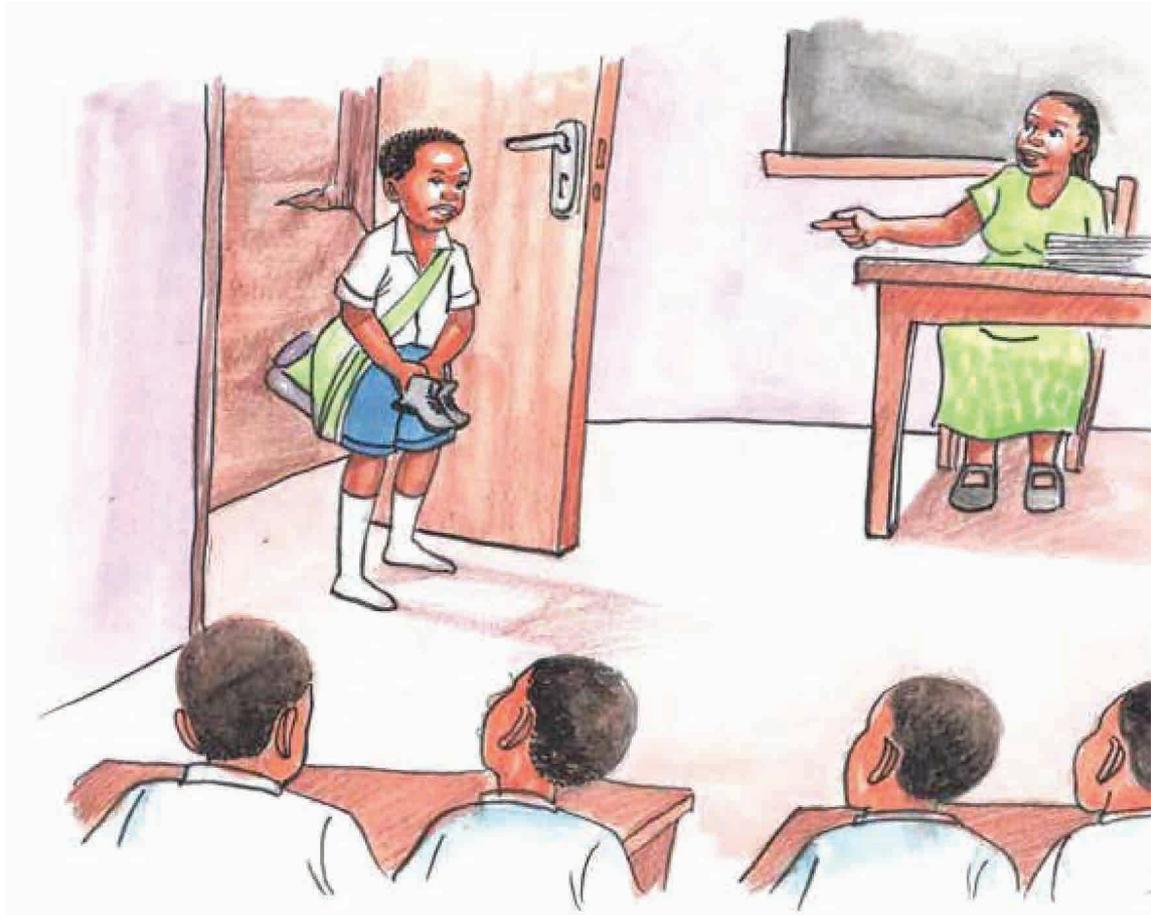
The boy's legs were wet. He had tears in his eyes. An older boy came and took him by the hand to get help.





Then a teacher showed us our classroom.
It was large and clean.



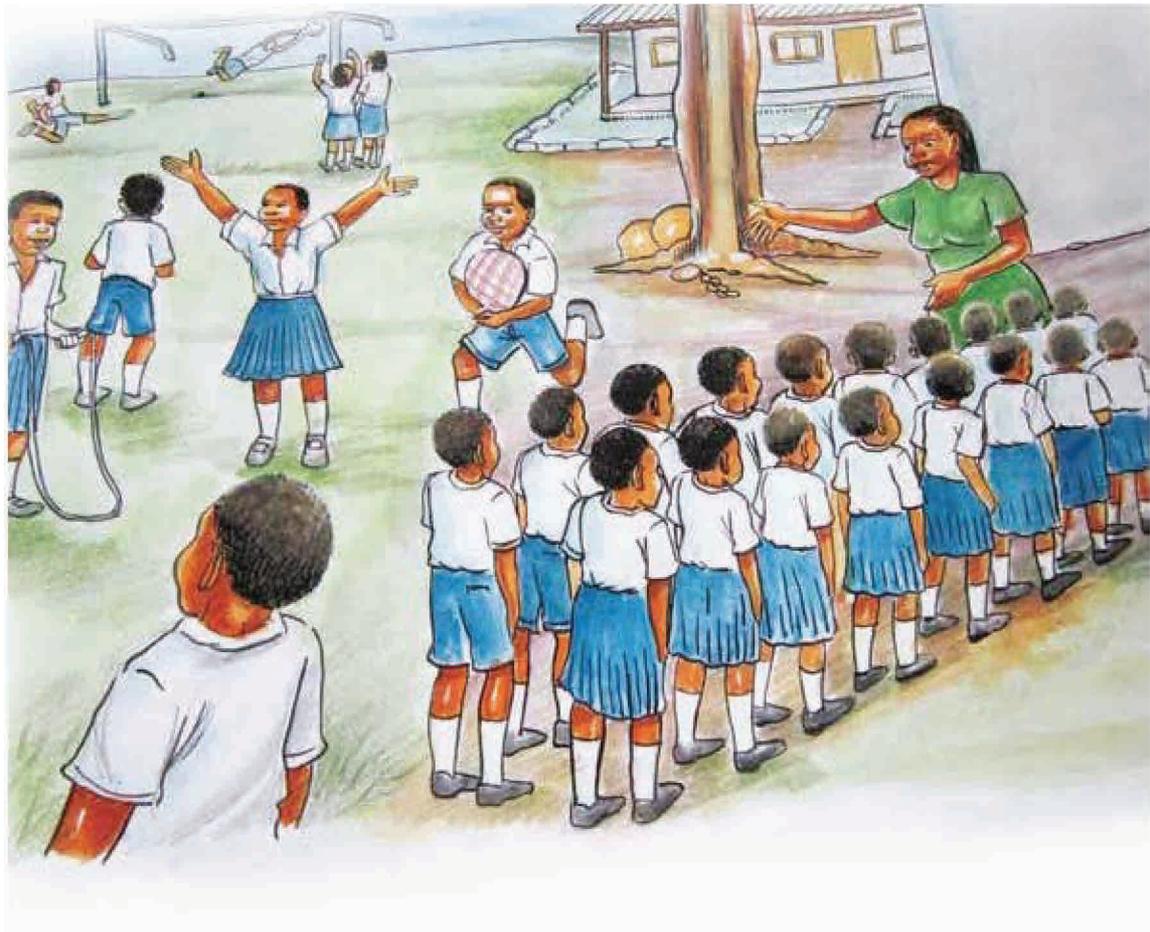


One student came in late. He was holding his shoes. The teacher asked why. He said that his mother had taught him to always take off his shoes before stepping into a room. We all laughed.





The bell rang again. *Gong! Gong! Gong!* We rushed outside and stood in lines. A teacher told us that it was break time. We did not need to stand in lines. It was time to play!



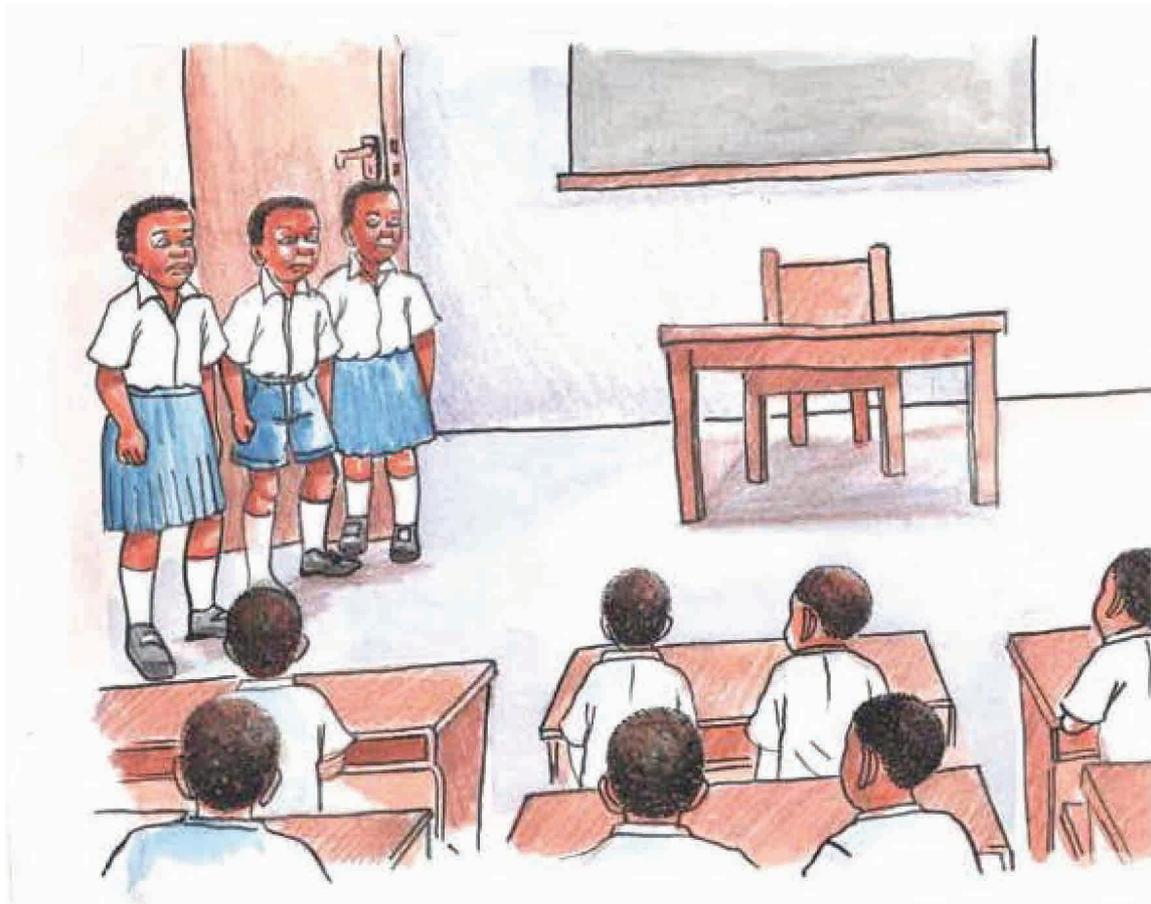


After a short while, the bell rang again. Most of the other students rushed into their classrooms. I was confused. I did not know where to go. I had forgotten where my classroom was.



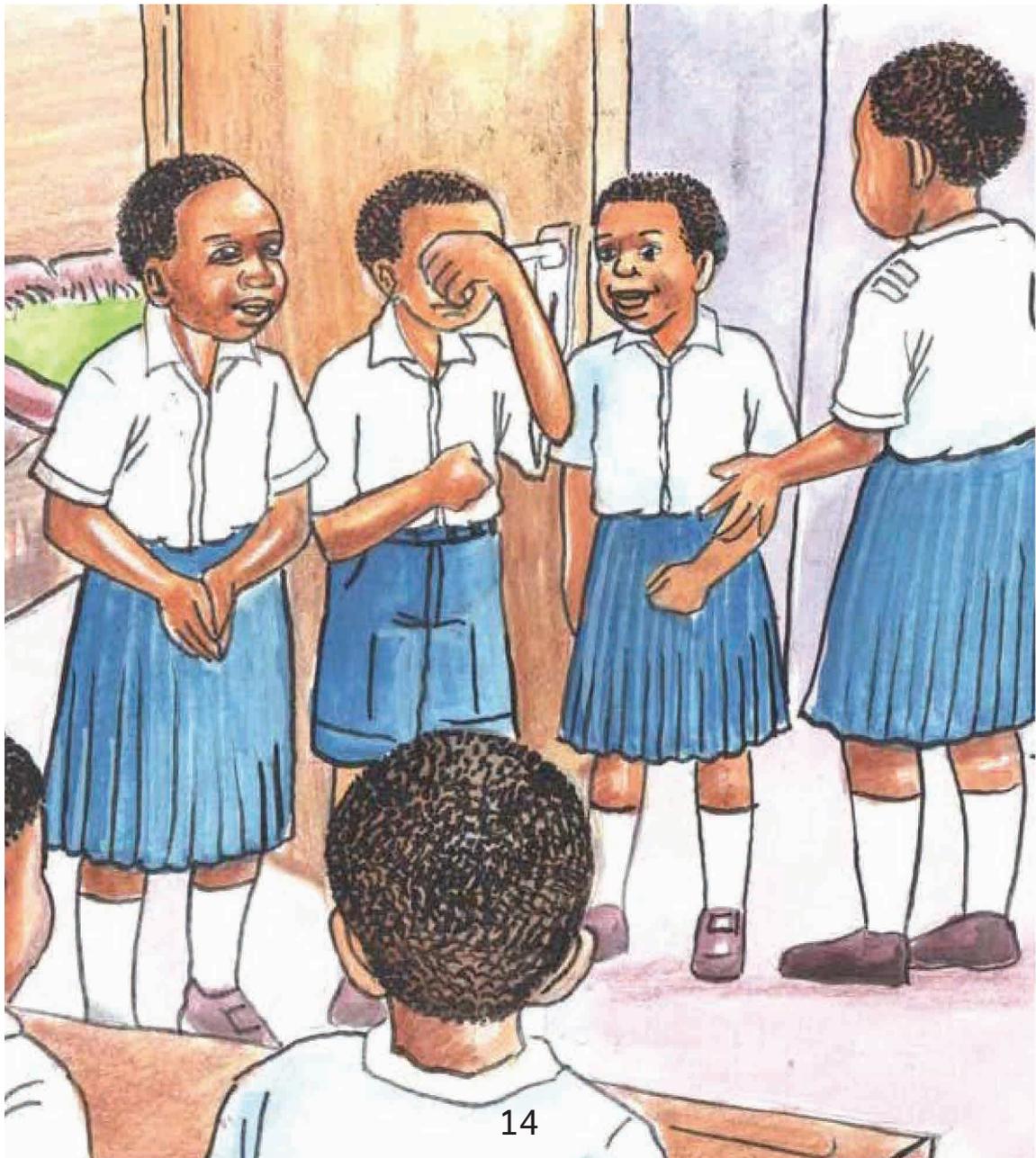


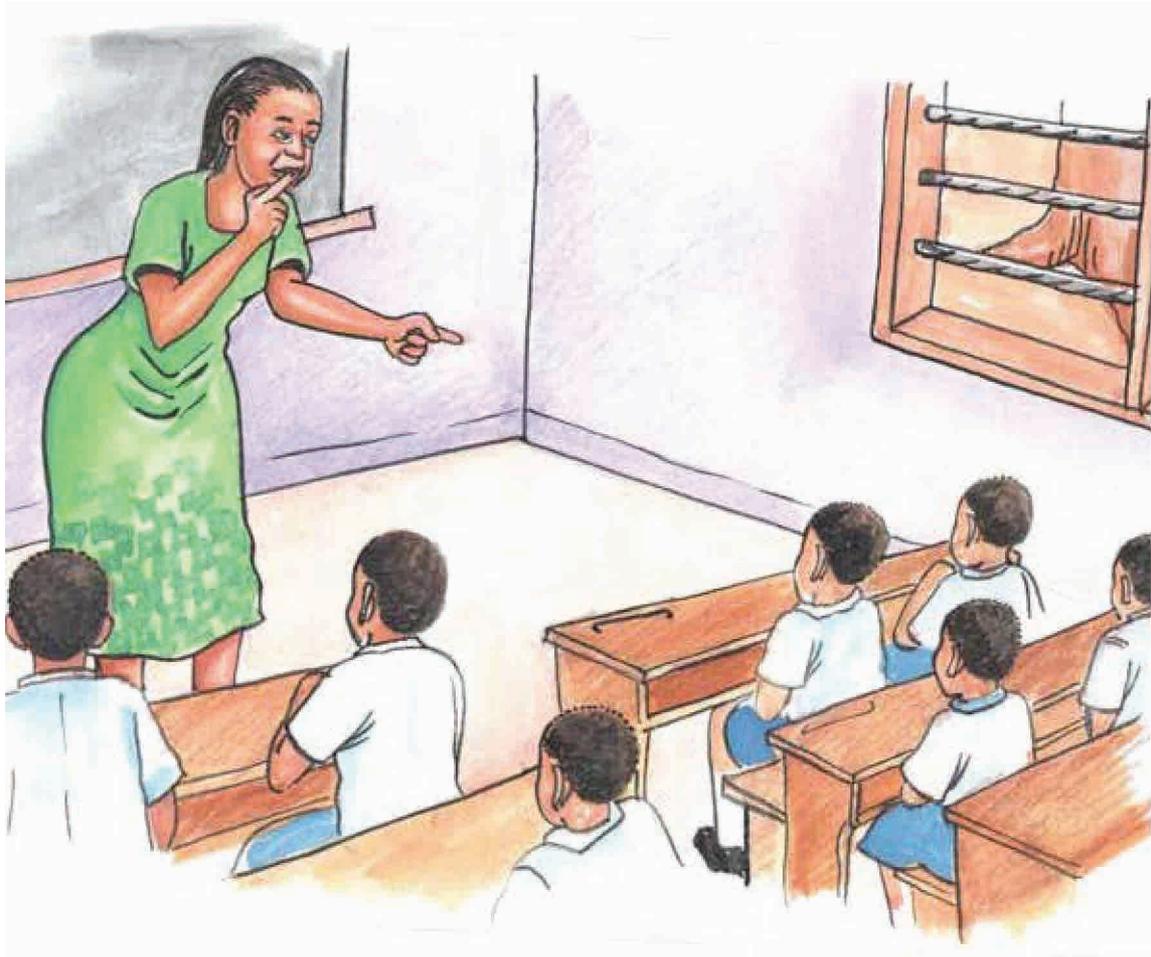
I stepped inside the closest classroom. Two other students followed me. None of us knew where to go.





One of the students who followed me started crying. An older girl asked him what was wrong. He said that he wanted to see his mother. Some of the older students laughed, but some wanted to help.



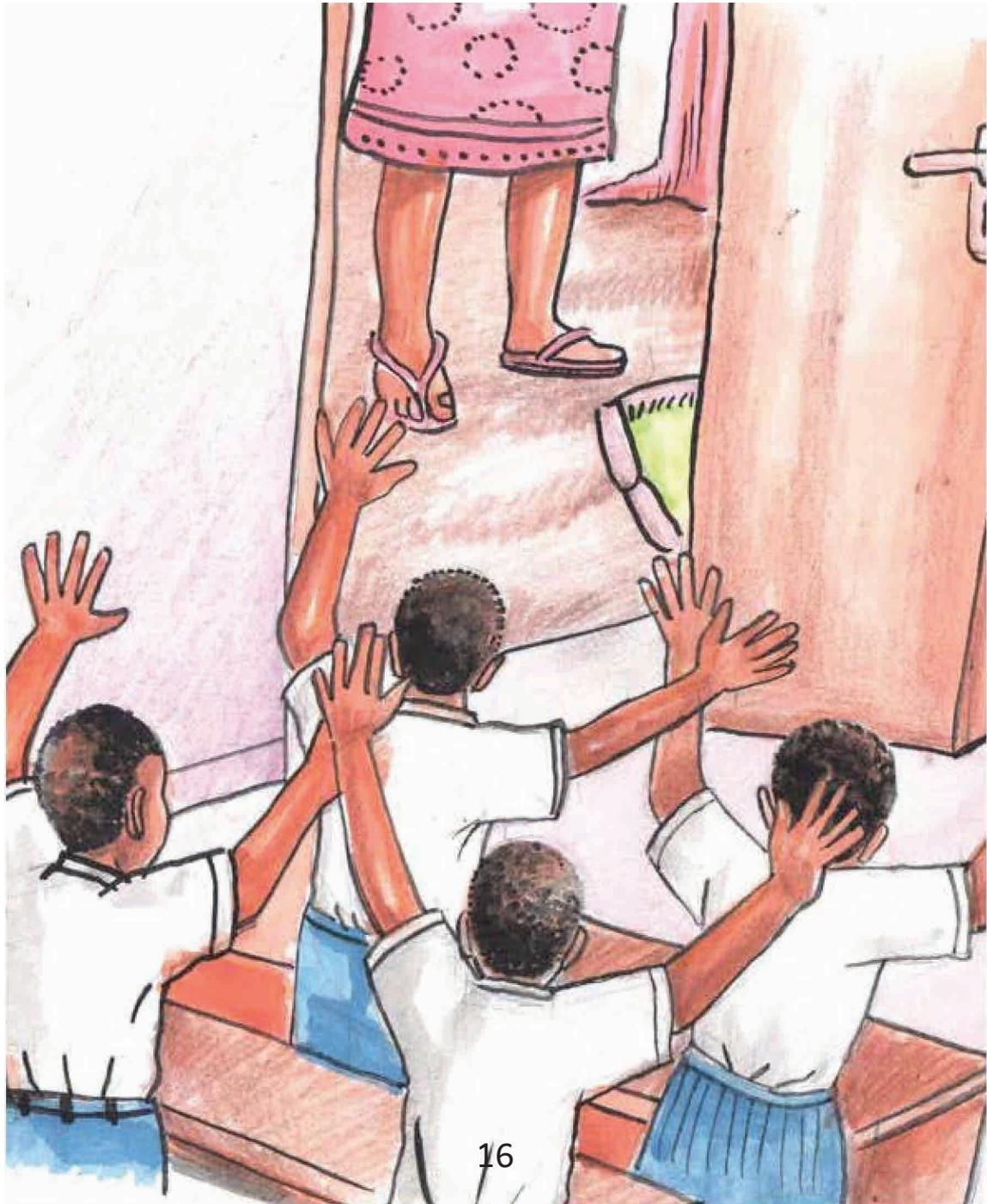


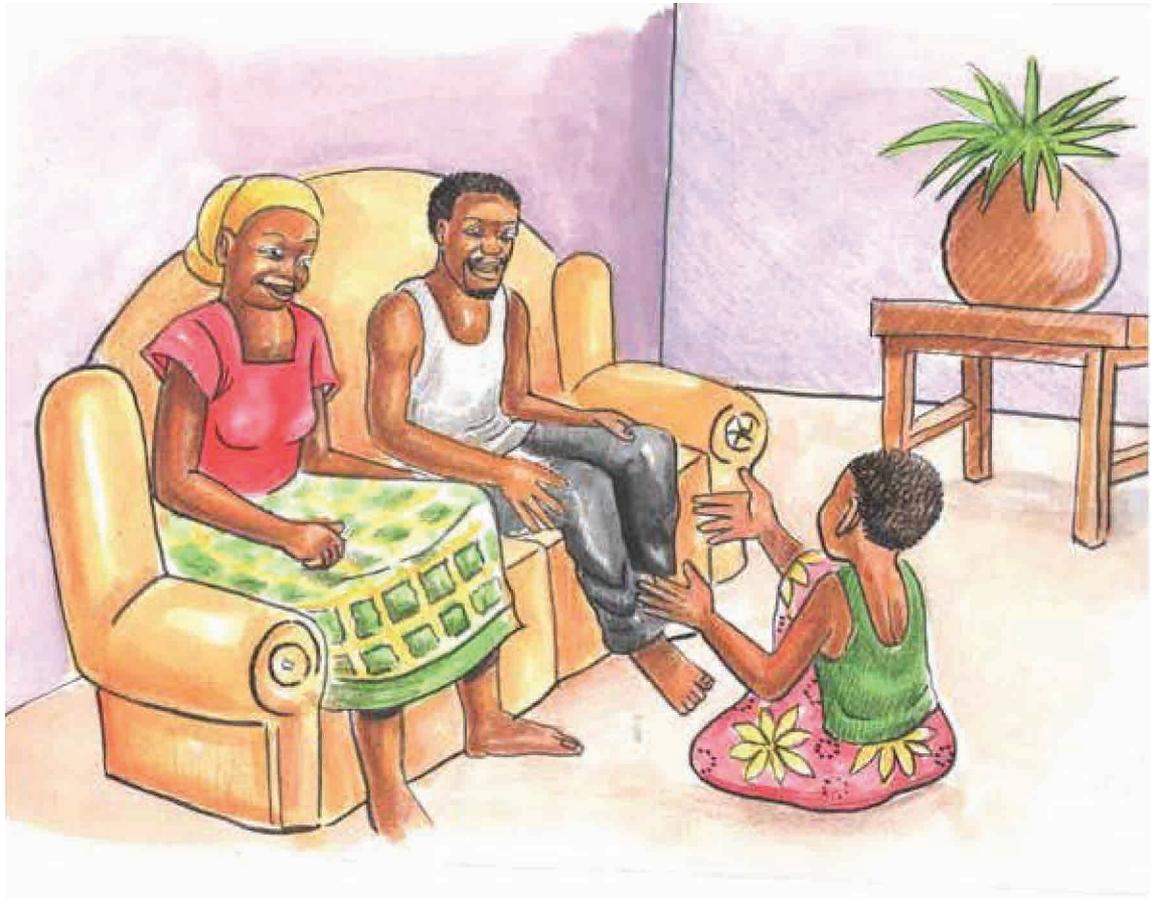
One of the older girls took us to our classroom. Our teacher told us that soon it would be time to go home, and we should wait for our parents to pick us up from the classroom.





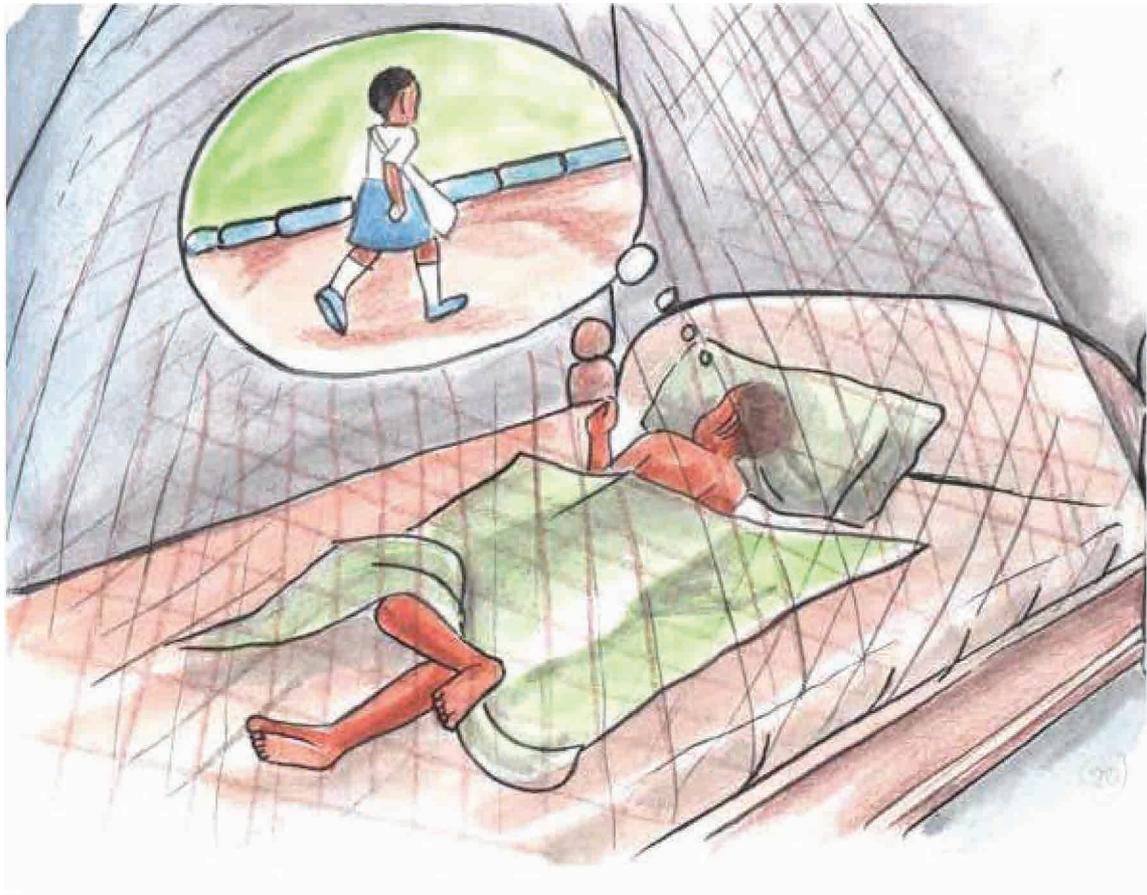
The bell rang again, *Gong! Gong! Gong!* We were happy to see our parents waiting for us outside.





After dinner, my father and mother asked me what my day at school had been like. I told them about how we lost our classroom. They laughed and said I should listen carefully to the teachers.





That night, I couldn't sleep. I was too excited for my second day of school!





