

Story: Andre's New Day

Yesterday had not been good at all. He had such high hopes and nothing turned out the way he wanted. Andre remembered how awful he had felt when he went to sleep last night and now he stared at the ceiling and felt awful again.

Suddenly, his mom came into the room, as she always did at 7 o'clock in the morning, and she opened the curtains. "Good morning! It's pancake time!" she said cheerfully.

Andre groaned and rolled over. His mom sat on the side of his bed and gently asked, "Still feel bad about yesterday?" Andre nodded into his pillow.

"Well, I can understand how you feel, but it's a new day. Every day is a new beginning, Andre." She gave his back a pat and left the room. Andre thought about what his mom said as he got dressed and ate pancakes. He liked the idea of starting new and leaving yesterday behind.

On his way to school he noticed all the daffodils coming up in the neighborhood. His dad had told him how the flowers die on top, but the bulbs hold the energy underground and bloom again in the spring. This year there were even more than last year.

As Andre walked, he tried to think about making this walk to school new and different from all the other times he had walked this same route to school. He usually looked down at his feet, but today he looked ahead. There were other kids walking to school and he counted how many he could see – there were seven on this side of the block, and four on the other side. There was also a woman with a baby in a stroller and a dog on a leash. They were all starting a new day.

Andre stopped at the corner and a squirrel dashed up a tree right next to him. He knew squirrels hibernate during the winter and come out in the spring. This one disappeared into a hole in the tree. Andre wondered if it had babies in there.

His watch beeped 8:00. Fifteen minutes to get to school. The thought came into his mind that the new hour was another new beginning. How could he be new in this hour? He decided to look up. The trees were swaying in the soft breeze and the clouds were huddled together, as if they were planning *their* new day. As he watched, the clouds changed and became a new shape.

He took the next block at a fast run and felt the cool air on his face. When he stopped at the corner, his heart was beating fast. It felt like a happy beat and Andre realized he was smiling. His breath was faster too, and he enjoyed filling up his lungs with new air. Another thought occurred to him – every breath was like a new beginning, too. He imagined the sadness he felt yesterday leaving with each breath out, and each breath in bringing in sunshine and more smiles.

The last block to the school was the busiest part of his walk. He went past a car wash and saw the men drying off the cars as they came out of the wash. They looked so clean and shiny, like new cars.

As Andre approached the school, his friends were calling and waving to him. He smiled and waved back with enthusiasm. The awful feeling from yesterday was gone and he felt fresh and happy inside. It was a new day.