IYANA'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL



BY CHILDBOOK.AI

The sun peeked through Iyana's curtains at six o'clock sharp. "Wake up, sleepyhead!" Mom called softly, flipping on the hallway light. Iyana stretched and yawned, her medium black hair tousled from sleep. "Is it really school day?" she asked, eyes wide with excitement. Mom nodded and smiled, "Yes, baby, your very first day of grade one!" Iyana jumped out of bed, ready for her big adventure.



Mom ran a warm bubble bath for Iyana. “Let’s get you squeaky clean!” she said, adding extra bubbles. Iyana giggled and splashed, sending bubbles floating into the air. “Look, Mom, a bubble crown!” she laughed, placing it on her head. Mom laughed too and gently washed her hair. After the bath, Iyana wrapped up in a fluffy towel, feeling fresh and ready for school.



Next, it was time to brush teeth. Iyana squeezed toothpaste onto her brush and scrubbed up and down. Mom smiled and said, “Don’t forget the back teeth!” Iyana scrubbed extra hard, making funny faces in the mirror. “All clean!” she announced proudly, flashing her bright smile. Mom high-fived her and said, “Perfect! Now let’s get dressed for school.”



Iyana’s new uniform lay on her bed, crisp and neatly folded. She pulled on her blue dress and white socks, then slipped on her shiny black shoes. “Look, Mom, I’m a real school girl!” she exclaimed, twirling around her room. Mom tied a small red ribbon in her medium black hair. “You look wonderful, Iyana,” Mom said, giving her a warm hug. Iyana beamed with pride, ready for grade one.



In the kitchen, Mom and Iyana packed a colorful snack box together. They added juicy apple slices, crunchy crackers, and a small chocolate cookie. “Can I pick the box with stars?” Iyana asked, pointing to her favorite one. Mom smiled, “Of course, sweetheart.” Iyana carefully placed the box into her backpack, feeling proud of her job. “Now I’m ready for school,” she said happily, zipping up her bag.



Mom buckled Iyana into the car and started the engine. “Are you excited?” Mom asked, glancing at her daughter in the mirror. “A little nervous too,” Iyana admitted, clutching her backpack. Mom reached back and patted her hand. “You’ll make wonderful friends, I promise.” As they pulled up to the school, Iyana saw children laughing and playing near the gate. Her nervous tummy began to feel a little braver.



Inside the classroom, a smiling teacher greeted Iyana warmly. “Welcome, Iyana! I’m Mrs. Carter, your teacher.” Iyana smiled shyly and held Mom’s hand a little tighter. Mrs. Carter knelt down gently. “We’re so happy you’re here today.” Mom gave Iyana a quick hug and whispered, “Have a great day, baby.” Iyana waved goodbye, feeling a mix of nerves and excitement as Mom left the room.



Mrs. Carter led Iyana to a table full of smiling children. “This is Iyana, everyone! Let’s make her feel welcome.” A girl with curly hair waved brightly. “Hi, I’m Zara! Want to sit with us?” Iyana smiled and nodded, sliding into the empty seat. The children chatted and laughed, sharing colorful crayons and stickers. By morning’s end, Iyana already felt like she belonged in her new class.



Mrs. Carter handed out colorful workbooks to the class. “Today we’ll practice writing letters,” she announced cheerfully. Iyana gripped her pencil carefully and traced each letter with focus. Zara leaned over and whispered, “You’re really good at this!” Iyana smiled proudly, finishing her page neatly. Mrs. Carter walked by and praised her work. “Wonderful job, Iyana! Keep it up.”


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At noon, Iyana carried her snack box into the busy cafeteria. She sat beside Zara, opening her box full of treats. “Want to trade a cracker for a cookie?” Zara asked with a grin. Iyana laughed and agreed, happily swapping snacks. Around them, children chattered and laughed over their lunches. Iyana felt warm and happy, enjoying her very first school lunch.



After lunch, the class hurried outside to the sunny playground. Iyana and Zara raced to the swings, giggling the whole way. “Higher, higher!” Iyana cheered, pumping her legs with joy. They played tag, climbed the slide, and twirled on the merry-go-round. The playground buzzed with laughter and the thud of running feet. When the bell rang, Iyana didn’t want playtime to end.



When the final bell rang, Iyana grabbed her backpack excitedly. She spotted Mom waiting by the car with a big smile. “How was your first day?” Mom asked, hugging her tightly. “It was amazing! I made a friend named Zara!” Iyana exclaimed happily. Mom laughed and buckled her in. “I can’t wait to hear everything,” she said, driving them home together.



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