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My First Day of School

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PERSPECTIVES IN LEARNING

MY FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

By M. Hall

The doors seem so large to this
5 year old.
Everyone knows where to go – but me
Elbows, books, "stepped on" toes
I can hardly wait – will I
Have a desk?

The sawdust on the floors smells
Like nothing I'd ever smelled before.
My new shoes slide without my help.
My new feed sack dress
Scratches every time I move.

Tall people stand in every door.
Some smile, others frown.
Someone tall and big takes my hand.
She says, "sit over there".

The cane-bottom chair
Creaks as I sit down.
When will we read? My, but
This room has a funny smell.

Some people are walking around the
Room just looking.
I want some chalk to write
On the giant board.
The big lady might look mean
At me, I could get in trouble.

A bell rings, the big-lady sits
At the big desk.
She calls names.
She said answer "here". I did.
My name was almost first.
Maybe tomorrow it'll be first

I need to ask the big lady a
Question – I need to go.
She said "ok" – But where is it?
I walked through the big door,
Down that long-ng-ng
Sawdust smelling room.
I saw people come from
A room
That must be it!

I opened the door – wow!
I've never seen so many
White bathrooms in one place.

Whew, I almost didn't make it.
A boy walks in.
He laughs – he says I'm in
The wrong place.
He won't stop laughing.
He said the room for girls
Was somewhere else.
Everybody must know – I WENT IN
THE WRONG ROOM
I feel better anyway.

These new shoes have a
Hard time staying under me.
They want to slide in the
Sawdust.

That big lady is standing in
The door
She calls my name
How does she know my name
without looking at that paper.

Maybe we'll read now?
She wants to tell us a story.
Oh no?
My grandmother has already told me that.
It's not my favorite anyway.
I like the one about the
Three billy goats.
I wonder if she's ever heard
About them
She probably doesn't have billy
Goats at her house.

I'm sleepy. The big lady
Says we're going to play-
Oh Boy!

My! What a back yard!
Judy and Bill my friends
From church want to
See what's under the
House.

That house has lo-o-ots of
Doddle-bugs under it.

The big lady says it's time
To go back in the house.
Maybe we'll read now!
I hope so.

When I get home I want
To read something for
My grandmother.
I want to read from her big green book.
Or, maybe we'll get a
Big book to take home.

The big lady makes us
Stand up straight-in a line.
Whew? These shoes hurt
My feet.
I believe I'll take them off.
No Martha! The big lady
Just doesn't know how
Much they hurt.
Well, someone would have stolen them anyway.

My, I've never seen this many tables.
We have to carry a plate
Full of food without
Dropping any.
Wonder what my grandmother will
Have for dinner.
Bet it is better than this.

Now we all stop--ñ to "go".
The girls "go" in one door.
The boys "go" in another --
That one with the laughing
Boy in it.

These new shoes are killing my feet.
I have a big red thing that
Hurts when my feet move
I've had enough of this!
Grandmother can teach me to read
That big lady doesn't
Know how to read either.

I may not come back tomorrow!

Dr. Martha Hall is an Assistant Professor in the Counseling & Educational Leadership Program at Columbus State University. She chairs the EdS Educational Leadership Program. Martha's hobbies include caring for a variety of farm animals on the estate she shares with her husband.