

Increasing Students' Awareness of Their Emotional Responses

Reaching for a Turtle

By Thomas McSheehy

School ended yesterday, and it is summer vacation. I just finished first grade. I miss my teacher, Ms. Miller, and my classmates today. I'm one of those kids that likes going to school and being with friends, and it is hard for me for a few days when school is over.

I really like summer vacation, too. I love playing and relaxing. My friend Jimmy, who lives near me, comes over to my house to play. I like playing with Jimmy because he likes to do the same things that I do. We play sports, build things with blocks, listen to music, eat apples, run through the sprinkler, and play tag with other neighborhood kids.

Today, Jimmy knocked on my front door and came into my living room. We started playing with the blocks. We made this really high building. It was so high. We both were holding our breath because we thought it might fall over. I bumped it, and it fell down. We both laughed.

We were really hungry. My mom made us peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Jimmy and I sat on my back stairs and ate our sandwiches with the sun shining on our faces. The sandwiches were delicious.

After we finished our sandwiches, I showed Jimmy our new fish and turtle pond in the backyard. My brothers built it themselves. They love nature. The pond has tiny fish and turtles swimming in it. The pond is made out of concrete. When I was reaching to pick up one of the turtles to show Jimmy, I tripped and fell and hit my head on the concrete wall. I was a bit shocked and couldn't breathe for a second. I just laid there. Then I took a deep breath. I felt something running down my face, and it went in my mouth. It was the taste of blood. Yuck! I reached up and touched my forehead and then looked at my hand. It was red. I was bleeding! I froze for a second and yelled for my mom. She came running and looked very surprised when she saw my face. She went and got some soap, towels, and a bandage. My mom took a bandage and pressed it on the cut until it stopped bleeding. Then she cleaned the cut. Ouch! She put a clean bandage on it with some tape. She gave me a hug and a kiss and said, "You are going to be just fine."

Wow! I didn't expect that to happen today. My heart was still racing, and my stomach was tight. I took some belly breaths to calm down. Jimmy and I laid in the grass and looked at the puffy white clouds against the blue sky. We tried to see the shapes of animals in the clouds. This helped to get my mind off my cut. Then we decided to go listen to some music, eat an apple, and relax. I felt a lot better.