



Leo's Waiting Superpower

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Leo, a small, energetic boy with a bright yellow shirt, sits at his desk, a slightly crumpled drawing in front of him. He bites his lip, looking puzzled, really wanting to ask his teacher for help. Across the room, his kind teacher, Miss Lily, with a cheerful floral apron, is leaning down, gently helping another student tie a very elaborate shoelace, completely focused on their task.



Leo's hand, a tiny cartoon limb, hovers just inches from Miss Lily's shoulder, his fingers wiggling with impatience. His eyes are wide with an urgent question, but he pauses, remembering something important. Miss Lily is still engrossed in the shoelace saga, her back slightly turned, unaware of Leo's near-tap.



With a tiny sigh, Leo pulls his hand back to his lap, his expressive face showing a mix of longing and self-control. He clenches his fists playfully, reminding himself to keep them still. A little thought bubble above his head shows a picture of his own hands staying put.



Leo sits up straight, his chest puffed out slightly, a proud little smile playing on his lips. His hands are folded neatly in his lap, a clear sign he's practicing patience. A sparkly thought bubble shows a tiny clock ticking, emphasizing the idea of "waiting my turn."



When Miss Lily finally finishes with the shoelace, Leo raises his hand high, his arm a bold, clean arc in the air. His face is bright and eager, but his posture is calm. He waits for her to notice him, ready to politely ask for help.



Miss Lily turns from the shoelace student, who is now happily skipping away. Leo watches her, his hand still raised, understanding that she needed to finish her previous task completely. He feels a little burst of satisfaction that he helped her concentrate by waiting.



Miss Lily sees Leo's raised hand and her face lights up with a warm, friendly smile. She walks over to his desk with a graceful stride. Leo's eyes sparkle, knowing his patience is about to pay off.



Miss Lily is now leaning over Leo's desk, her finger pointing gently at his drawing, offering kind advice. Leo beams, completely engaged and understanding her instructions. A tiny light bulb appears above his head, signifying a moment of learning and connection.



Later, Leo sits at his desk, his drawing now looking much better, a big, happy sun shining in the corner. He gives himself a pat on the back, feeling proud of his new skill. He knows that waiting his turn is a super power.



The next day, Leo is in the playground, wanting to use the slide. Another child is taking a long time. Leo, instead of pushing, patiently stands in line, a confident grin on his face, knowing exactly how to wait his turn.