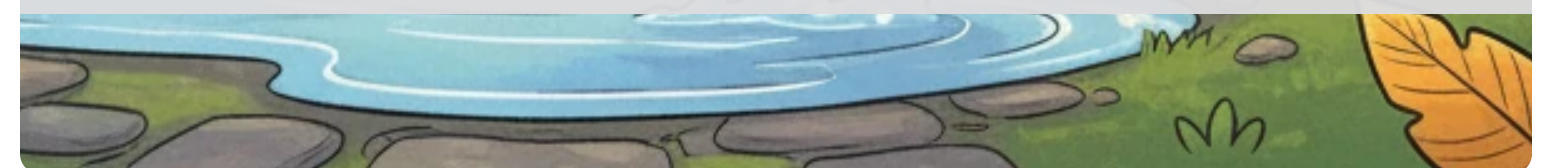




Misha's Brightwood Adventure

Key Key





Misha, a bright-eyed Russian boy, arrived at the vibrant gates of Brightwood Academy, clutching his mom's hand. He felt a flutter of nerves and excitement as the colorful school building loomed before them, its whimsical architecture promising new adventures. This was his very first day in a new country, and everything felt wonderfully fresh and different.



Inside the bustling school hall, they met the cheerful Headmistress, a woman with sparkling eyes and a welcoming smile. She explained Brightwood's unique uniform policy, which was a little unusual but designed for fun and comfort. Misha listened intently, his curiosity growing with every word.



Soon, it was time for Misha to change. He donned a vibrant purple top and a swishy pink skirt, feeling the soft fabric against his skin. He wiggled his toes, realizing he was also meant to be barefoot! He looked at his reflection in a mirror, surprised but a little playful, giving a small twirl.



Stepping into the courtyard, Misha felt a little shy in his new outfit, but then he saw other white boys just like him, laughing and playing in their matching purple tops and pink skirts, their bare feet happy on the soft ground. They looked like a cheerful bouquet of flowers.



Nearby, black boys in their smart, standard school uniforms were energetically playing football, their laughter echoing across the yard. One of them spotted Misha and gave a friendly wave, inviting him to join the game with a wide grin. Misha smiled back, feeling a little less nervous.



White girls, dressed in their neat, standard uniforms, gathered by a colorful mural, chatting and giggling amongst themselves. One girl with bright ribbons in her hair looked over and offered Misha a kind, encouraging smile, making him feel welcome.



Suddenly, Misha heard a familiar language! A boy with fiery red hair, also in the purple and pink uniform, bounded over. "Привет! I'm Boris!" he exclaimed in Russian. Misha's face lit up as he found a new friend from his homeland, sharing a happy, quick chat.



During playtime, Misha, Boris, and their new friends discovered the sheer joy of running barefoot on the soft, green grass. Their pink skirts swished and swayed like colorful flags as they chased a brightly colored ball, feeling completely free and full of laughter.



When his mom came to pick him up, Misha couldn't stop talking about his amazing day. He excitedly showed off his unique uniform and recounted all his new experiences, his face beaming with pure happiness. His mom hugged him tightly, proud of his bravery.



That night, Misha drifted off to sleep with a wide smile, dreaming of his new friends and the wonderfully quirky Brightwood Academy. He knew tomorrow would bring even more fun and adventures, and he couldn't wait to embrace his new, colorful world.