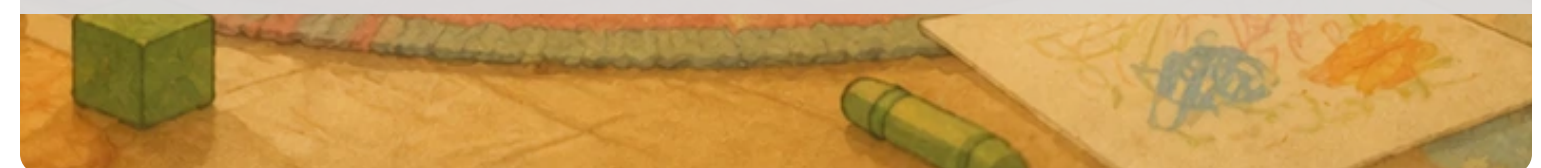




Leo's Magic Words

Crazy Jacob pettit (jgamer2023)





Five-year-old Leo sat on the soft blue rug in his cozy kindergarten classroom, staring up at the walls lined with colourful charts. Bright posters decorated with squiggly shapes and symbols hung everywhere, looking like a secret code he could not wait to solve. Outside, the morning sunlight poured through the large windows, bathing the room in a warm, welcoming glow.



Ms. Maple, Leo's friendly teacher, sat in a small wooden chair holding open a large, illustrated storybook. She pointed her gentle finger to three bold black letters beside a painting of a sleeping orange kitten. Leo leaned forward with wide, curious eyes, eager to know what those three mysterious marks meant.



To help the children feel the shapes of the alphabet, Ms. Maple gave everyone a shallow wooden tray filled with bright yellow sand. Leo carefully dragged his index finger through the soft grains, forming a smooth curve that made the letter C. He giggled as the smooth sand tickled his fingertips, making the shapes feel like fun playground slides.



During afternoon circle time, the class played a lively sound game together. Ms. Maple clapped her hands and made the sound of the letter B, while the children bounced up and down like rubber balls. Leo laughed aloud as he popped his lips to make the sound, realizing that letters had their very own voices.



Later that day, Leo sat alone at his small wooden table with a simple beginner book open in front of him. He stared down at three little letters, S-U-N, but they seemed to dance gently on the white page. Leo squeezed his eyebrows together in concentration, trying hard to remember how the sounds stitched together.



Ms. Maple knelt softly by Leo's chair and placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. She whispered encouraging words, guiding him to break the word into tiny, friendly whispers. Together, they sounded out each letter slowly, breathing life into the silent marks on the page.



Suddenly, like a small lightbulb flashing in his mind, the sounds blended perfectly together in Leo's head to spell SUN. A giant, proud beam spread across Leo's face as he looked at the bright yellow star painted on the page. For the very first time, he had read a real word all by himself.



Filled with new confidence, Leo tiptoed around the classroom exploring every object with fresh eyes. He proudly pointed to the wooden door, the plastic tub of blocks, and the blue basket of crayons, sounding out their labeled names. The classroom was no longer just filled with pictures; it was alive with wonderful, readable magic.



Before home time, Leo stood proudly at the front of the reading corner with his friends sitting all around him. Holding the book high with steady hands, he read a full sentence out loud in a clear, happy voice. His classmates clapped enthusiastically, cheering for his amazing new achievement.



As the afternoon bell rang, Leo tucked his favorite beginner book under his arm and ran toward the school gates. He saw his mother waiting with a warm smile and held the book up high into the air. He could not wait to go home and show everyone that he was now a real reader.