

# Bay Shore Middle School Summer Reading Assignment

MRS. CATANZARO'S  
Incoming Sixth Graders  
2024

Directions: Read the short story, "First Day Folly" b

"First Day Folly" by READWORKS

the category or  
type of literature

narrative/ voice  
that is telling  
the story

chara

people  
or animals that take  
part in the action  
of the story

the  
main character)

character that  
goes up against  
the main  
character)

\_\_\_\_\_

the problem or  
struggle between  
opposing  
characters or  
forces

the  
way the conflict  
is  
solved; the  
outcome of the  
struggle  
(The eÆ

What is the " " (central idea) of the short story, "First Day Folly" by READWORKS? Write 3-4 sentences that explain \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_

1 During the week before school started this year, I suddenly got really nervous. It took me a couple of days to figure out that the butterflies in my stomach were due to anxiety about school. I've always been very good at academics, so I just didn't think I could possibly be afraid of the start of another year, but this year I was beginning middle school—7<sup>th</sup> grade—and all I felt was

5 "Thanks, Mom. That's not very reassuring," I said. "Aren't you supposed to tell me that I'm going to be great and that it's a piece of cake?"

6 "No, I'm supposed to tell you the truth," she said. "And that includes you being great. But being a pre-teen isn't a piece of cake."

7 I sighed. She was definitely right.

8 Later that night, we talked about what I might be fretting about. It was Thursday night. I had three days until I had to walk through the middle school doors, no longer just a kid.

9 "I think the work is going to be harder," I began. "And the people are going to be mean. And I haven't met many of the teachers. The building is different. How could I have forgotten that I'm in 7<sup>th</sup> grade now?"

10 "Because you were having so much fun on our camping trip?" Mom joked.

11 "Har har. And yeah, that was fun. I guess I just had such a good time this summer that I forgot to prepare for this year," I said.

12 Mom took time to listen to me and reassure me that I wouldn't come up against anything that I couldn't handle. As for the people, she said, well... I couldn't change how anyone was going to act, but I

could act friendly to everyone else. I went to bed feeling a little bit better.

13 During my last weekend of freedom, Mom and I took some day trips: Friday the aquarium, and Saturday a berry farm for blueberry picking. Saturday afternoon, we bought pie from a local farm stand and ate half of it together before we even got home. I was feeling better about the whole school thing when Mom got a call that evening—it was her work.

14 “Anne, I won’t be able to take you to school on Monday,” she said, hanging up the phone. “What? Why not? I need you to be there for me!”



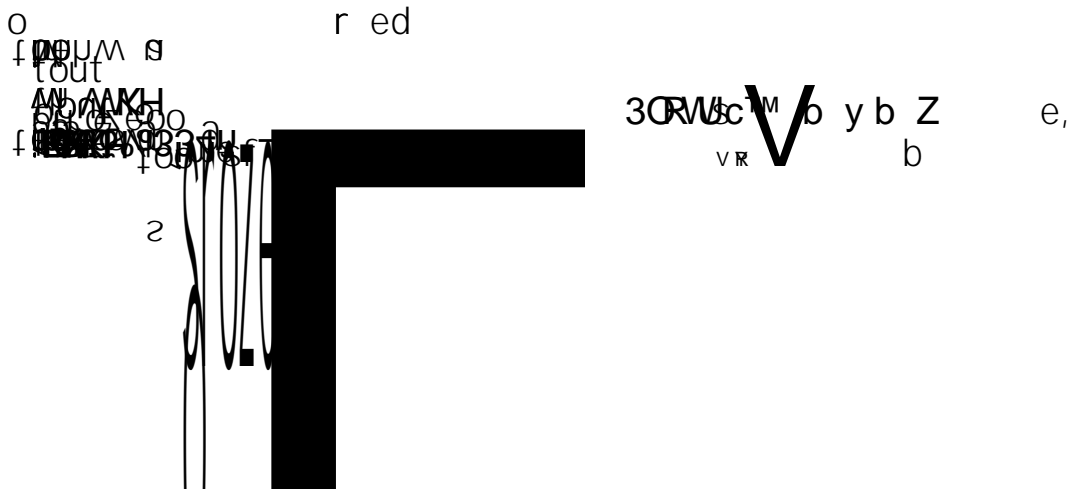
two by two.

16 Mom wasn't in the kitchen.

I thought. I knew she had to work, but she could have at least wished me luck on my first day. There was no food waiting for me on the counter, either, so I shoved a bag of frozen bagels into my bag, hoping they'd defrost by the time I got to school.

17 When I got outside, I didn't see the bus at the corner.

What a nightmare. How could this have happened? I wanted to cry, but I was too stressed out to sit down and sob. I knew where the



smiled. "It's Sunday, Anne."

20 "I am an idiot," I said. I sat down on the sidewalk, sweaty and out of breath. "I was so nervous about school starting that I woke up and thought it was Monday. I thought you had left for work without even saying goodbye."

21 "Just because I can't take you to school tomorrow doesn't mean I won't still wake you up and hug you goodbye!" Mom said, hugging me. "Let's go home... Is that an entire bag of frozen bagels in your backpack?"

22 I smiled. The next day, Mom did in fact wake me up to say good-bye and good luck, and I caught the bus just fine. Day one of school was easy, and while I knew every day wouldn't be, at least I'd never have to survive my accidental first day again.

