

Are You Ready, Sam?

The clouds hung low in the gray sky. The chirping of the bluebirds woke me from my restful sleep. As I slowly woke, I got a funny feeling in my stomach. Today was the day. Today, I had to do something I have been afraid to do for a long time. Breakfast was normal and I began to relax.

Mom came into the kitchen asking, "Are you ready, Sam?"

"Yes," I answered quietly. I wasn't really!

The school bus came on time, and I sat with my friend, Billy. We chatted about baseball and trading cards. It was a great way to get my mind off of what I had to do today. As we approached the school, I could feel my heart beating. My hands were starting to sweat. I hated this!

I entered Mrs. Owens' class. She was smiling, and saying hello to all her students as she did every morning.

"Hi Sam," she said as I walked in.

"Hi," I said and quickly sat in my seat. We said the pledge, and then took our spelling test. I looked at the clock. The time was near. I hope I am not first! Mrs. Owens said it was time to begin our special day. Special day? That's a joke.

Mrs. Owens announced, "Sam, you'll be first."

I got up slowly, looking at the ground as I walked to the front of the room. I looked up, and everyone was staring at me. Mrs. Owens must have known I was nervous because she came by me, and put her hand on my back.

She said to the class, "Sam has worked very hard on his report, and I know it is very interesting." Then she turned to me and asked, "Sam, what did you like best about your report on Hawaii?"

I thought about the fun things I had read about surfing, and I started to talk. Before I knew it, I was telling the class about everything I had learned. I talked in front of the whole class, and it was fun. It wasn't scary after all. The class clapped as I finished and Mrs. Owens was smiling. I was proud of myself.

Describe Sam's feelings at the beginning of this story.
