Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Wonder by R.J. Palacio

*First-Day Jitters*

Think F.A.S.T.!

 As Mrs. Reiber reads the chapter aloud, highlight any clue words about how the main character (August) feels, thinks, acts, or what he says. You can make notes in the right side column about what you think those clues mean. Use your character folder to help you if you need it!

Text from the chapter: My notes and thinking:

 Okay, so I admit that the first day of school I was so nervous that the butterflies in my stomach were more like pigeons flying around my insides. Mom and Dad were probably a little nervous, too, but they acted all excited for me, taking pictures of me and Via before we left the house since it was Via’s first day of school, too.

 Up until a few days before, we still weren’t sure I would be going to school at all. After my tour of the schools, Mom and Dad had reversed sides on whether I should go or not. Mom was now the one saying I shouldn’t go and Dad was saying I should. Dad had told me he was really proud of how I’d handled myself with Julian and that I was turning into quite the strong man. And I heard him tell Mom that he now though she had been right all along. But Mom, I could tell, wasn’t so sure anymore. When Dad told her that he and Via wanted to walk me to school today, too, since it was on the way to the subway station, Mom seemed relieved that we would all be going together. And I guess I was, too.

Even though Beecher Prep is just a few blocks from our house, I’ve only been on that block a couple of times before. In general, I try to avoid blocks where there are lots of kids roaming around. On our block, everybody knows me and I know everybody. I know every brick and every tree trunk and every crack in the sidewalk. I know Mrs. Grimaldi, the lady who’s always sitting by her window, and the old guy who walks up and down the street whistling like a bird. I know the deli on the corner where Mom gets our bagels, and the waitresses at the coffee shop who all call me “honey” and give me lollipops whenever they see me. I love my neighborhood of North River Heights, which is why it was so strange to be walking down these blocks feeling like it was all new to me suddenly. Amesfort Avenue, a street I’ve been down a million times, looked totally different for some reason. Full of people I never saw before, waiting for buses, pushing strollers.

 We crossed Amesfort and turned up Heights Place: Via walked next to me like she usually does, and Mom and Dad were behind us. As soon as we turned the corner, we saw all the kids in front of the school – hundreds of them talking to each other in little groups, laughing, or standing with their parents, who were talking with other parents. I kept my head way down.

 “Everyone’s just as nervous as you are,” said Via in my ear. “Just remember that this is everyone’s first day of school. Okay?”

 Mr. Tushman was greeting students and parents in front of the school entrance.

 I have to admit: so far, nothing bad had happened. I didn’t catch anyone staring

or even noticing me. Only once did I look up to see some girls looking my way and whispering with their hands cupped over their mouths, but they looked away when they saw me notice them.

 We reached the front entrance.

 “Okay, so this is it, big boy,” said Dad, putting his hands on top of my shoulders.

 “Have a great first day. I love you,” said Via, giving me a big kiss and a hug.

 “You too,” I said.

 “I love you Auggie,” said Dad, hugging me.

 “Bye.”

 Then Mom hugged me, but I could tell she was about to cry, which would have totally embarrassed me, so I just gave her a fast hard hug, turned, and disappeared into the school.

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August feels nervous because there are butterflies in his stomach.

August may feel confident because his dad said he was strong and he was proud of him.

August was relieved that his family was walking him to school today. Maybe that means he was nervous at first, but now he is not as nervous because he is not alone on his first day.

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Everything feels new to August, so he might be feeling confused, dazed, out of place.

Sometimes I feel nervous seeing new people I don’t know. Maybe August felt this way, too.

August is putting his head down and trying to hide.

Maybe August will have a good first day after all?

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If his mom cried, August would have felt embarrassed.

He gave his mom a quick hug so he could leave sooner. Maybe he is excited about entering the building on his first day?