

Francisco woke up with an uneasy feeling in his stomach. His family had just moved because of his father's job and Francisco was about to begin sixth grade at a new middle school. He would have to make new friends and find his way around an unfamiliar school. He was very nervous. When it was time to leave, he sighed, put on his baseball hat with his favorite team's logo, and said goodbye to his mom. He hopped on his bike, and got more and more nervous as he got closer to the school.

The day whizzed by in a blur. Francisco had four classes, which were at opposite ends of the building. He barely made it to each class without being tardy and he got lost a few times. When the bell rang at the end of his last class, Francisco was overcome with relief. It had been an exhausting day. As Francisco walked toward the door, he tripped on his shoelace and stumbled. He accidentally bumped into the boy in front of him, who whirled around with a furious expression on his face. "Hey, watch it!" the boy said. Francisco mumbled an apology and started to walk quickly out of the room.

Just then, the other boy looked at Francisco's hat and Francisco looked at the boy's hat. They were identical! They slowly smiled at each other, and the other boy said, "That's my favorite team!" He extended his hand for a handshake and introduced himself. They talked for a few minutes about the different sports that they watched and their favorite teams. Then, the boy invited Francisco to eat lunch with him and his friends the following day. Francisco couldn't wait for tomorrow. He knew that he would feel much more comfortable at school now that he had a friend.