





Theo's Best Day Ever

FABLE DESIGNER



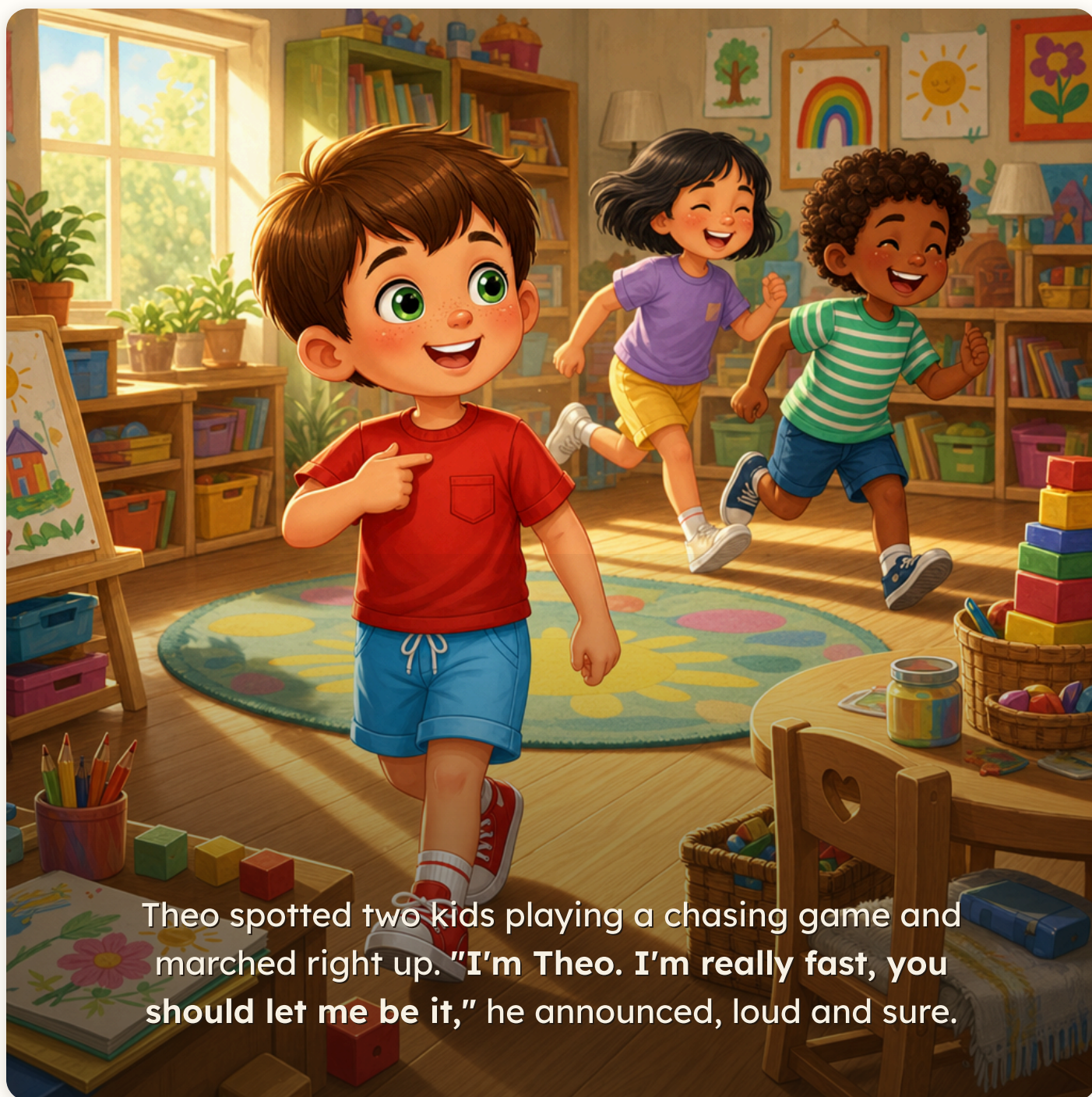
For every child who has all the answers and is learning to
ask the best questions.



Theo stood at the classroom door, holding his mom's hand tight. Inside, kids he had never met were laughing and running everywhere. His stomach felt like it was full of grasshoppers.



Inside, kids already seemed to know each other's names. Theo hung back by the cubbies, watching a cluster of children on the rug. He wasn't sure how to get in.



Theo spotted two kids playing a chasing game and marched right up. **"I'm Theo. I'm really fast, you should let me be it,"** he announced, loud and sure.



The kids blinked at him, then kept running without him, like he wasn't even there. Theo's face went hot. He backed away and sat on a bench alone.



He remembered something his mom told him that morning: "Try asking people what they like, Theo. That's how you find out if you'll be friends." He turned the idea over in his memory like a marble.



Across the rug, a boy named Desmond stacked wooden blocks into a lumpy tower with a long neck. Theo watched for a moment, then walked over slowly instead of announcing anything.



"What do you like to do for fun?" Theo asked. Desmond looked up, surprised anyone had asked. "Dinosaurs," he said. "This is a Brachiosaurus. Roar!"



Desmond's whole face lit up and he started talking fast, showing Theo every block dinosaur he had ever built. Theo, who remembered everything, started naming dinosaur facts right back, and Desmond looked thrilled.



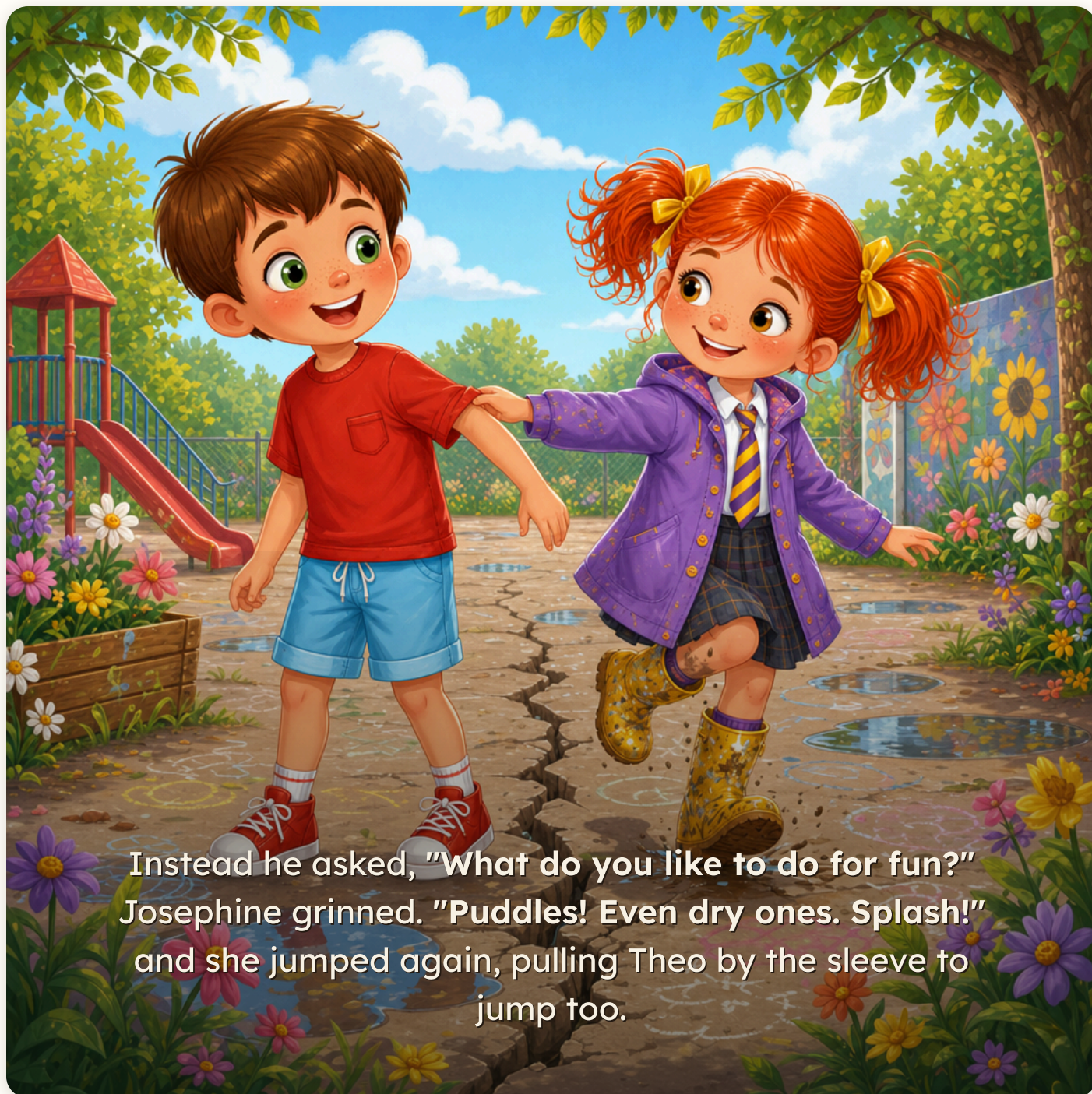
They built a whole herd of block dinosaurs together, stomping around the rug and roaring until the teacher laughed and said it was time for morning circle.



At circle time, Theo sat next to Desmond, proud of his first almost-friend. He noticed a girl in rain boots bouncing in place even though everyone else sat still.



At recess, Theo saw the girl, Josephine, leaping over a crack in the pavement yelling "**Splash!**" like it was a puddle. He almost told her that was silly, then stopped himself.



Instead he asked, "What do you like to do for fun?" Josephine grinned. "Puddles! Even dry ones. Splash!" and she jumped again, pulling Theo by the sleeve to jump too.



Theo jumped the crack with her, shouting "Splash!" even though there was no water, and it was somehow the funniest thing he had done all day.



Desmond joined them, stomping and roaring between splashes, and the three of them turned the empty playground into a swamp full of dinosaurs and puddles.



Back inside for snack time, Theo noticed a quiet boy at the end of the table drawing something small and careful in a notebook, not talking to anyone.



Theo almost peeked over without asking, then caught himself and said, **"What do you like to do for fun?"**
The boy, Andrew, looked up slowly.



"I draw spaceships," Andrew said quietly, turning his notebook around. Page after page of rockets and planets. Theo's eyes went wide, because he genuinely loved this.



Andrew's voice grew steadier as he explained each drawing, and Theo asked question after question, remembering every rocket name Andrew told him.



By story circle, Theo had three new friends squeezed in around him, Desmond, Josephine, and Andrew, all talking over each other about dinosaurs and puddles and rockets.



At the end of the day, waiting by the cubbies for pickup, Theo spotted a small new boy standing alone by the door, the exact way Theo had stood that morning.



Nobody told Theo to do anything. He just walked over on his own and said, "Hi, I'm Theo. What do you like to do for fun?"



The boy's face changed, surprised and relieved, and he started to answer. Theo waved Desmond, Josephine, and Andrew over to meet him.



Parents arrived one by one, and Theo walked out the door in a tangle of new friends, tired, grass-stained, and grinning bigger than he had all day.



In the car, Theo told his mom every single thing that happened, already planning which question he'd ask tomorrow. He fell asleep before they even reached the driveway.

The End

Sweet dreams.

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