



I

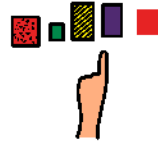


like

it when the



teacher



picks



me.

When



I

am



not

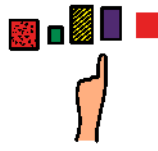
the



one



she



picks,



I



feel



mad!



But

there are lots of



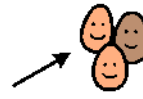
kids

at



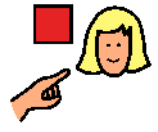
school

and

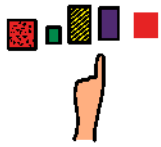


they

ALL want

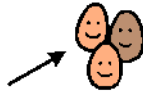


her



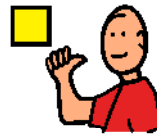
to

pick



them

too.



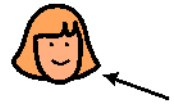
My



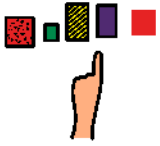
teacher

has to be fair.

Sometimes



she

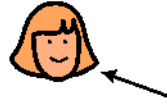


picks

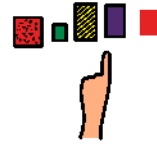


me

and sometimes



she



picks

Another

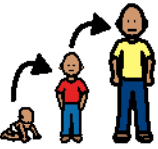


kid.



I

am



growing

up.



I

am



learning

to handle it.



When

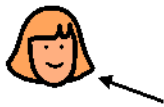


I

am

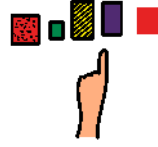


not



the one

she

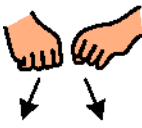


picks,



I

will



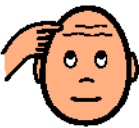
try

and take a deep



breath

and



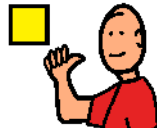
think,

Maybe



next

time!



My



teacher

will be



proud

of



me



when



I

stay



calm



when



I'm



not

the one.