It is my third week of school in my new second grade class. I am new to the area and still find myself shy and confused by the behavior of my classmates. The first week we spent some time in the library where we were shown how to find different books. There is a large box where some of the books are kept. Some of my classmates like these best. They are smaller than the others and have pictures. A girl showed me the one she had picked out. It was a comic book called "Family Circle." I do not understand its meaning. A picture tell the story of three children and their mother. A lamp has been broken and along with the three children there is a ghost named Not Me. The mother wants to know who is responsible for the lamp. They all say it is Not Me. Why does the ghost appear confused and why does the mother seem not to understand?

My favorite time of the day is when we are allowed to run around outside in the fresh air. Here, I am able to be with old friends of earth and sky. We can spend this time in games with each other. The whole class agrees to play a game called kickball. I ran out and began kicking the ball. I looked for the others that would mutually participate. A whistle blew and I saw the teacher's aide pointing for me to return to the group that had started at me to stop. That is when two girls stepped forward and began to choose single people for their teams. I watched as the girls and boys stepped forward when called. I thought that they must have proven their bravery and skill before I moved here. I was eventually chosen as well. I ran to a place to the field, but was called back by the girl
understand why I must wait for my parents to tell me I am capable of taking care of others. They already know this, I think.

There are many things I am learning in my new school. A piece of paper with my teacher's name on it allows me to go to the restroom, to an office on the other side of my school, and to drink water. I observe my teacher and try to learn what will please her. One afternoon, I left my desk where I was doing a math assignment and began picking the dead leaves off of a plant. It was so unhealthy. My teacher scolded me for trying to kill her plant. I would never kill anything. The plant needed sunlight and water. I cared for the plant. I did not know it was hers. I thought it belonged to everyone.

Everyday, I look forward to returning home to my mother and father. You see, we are descendants of the Dakota Sioux. My parents are speakers of the Siouan dialect and I grew up speaking it in my home. I can also speak English, like my parents. I learned it while living among other descendants of Dakota Indians. I wish we could go back there. I really liked my teacher and my class was very small. We were all friends and our parents were friends. I do not understand why my family has come here where everyone acts so different and they do not understand me.

In another month my parents are supposed to come to school and meet my teacher after the school day is done. I am supposed to let them see all the things I am learning. How do I explain to them I must be told how to run with the other children when playing games? Will my teacher tell them of how I tried to kill her plant? I will be shamed. The children will be crossing the dangerous street and I am not helping. This will cause my parents to frown. The piece of paper that serves as permission to attend to the smallest tasks will make me look unworthy of my parents' respect. They have trusted me to take care of others and to be knowledgeable of my responsibility to others. The incident in the cafeteria was so strange. Was there something else I should have done? Maybe I will not speak of the event a month away.