



Knock, knock, knock. “Domo, it’s time to wake up,” Mom said gently through the door. The door creaked open with a loud CREEEEK. “I can hear you, Mom,” Domo mumbled, half asleep.

“Are you ready for your first day at your new school?” she asked with a hopeful smile. “I’m a little nervous, to be honest,” Domo admitted.

“That’s totally okay,” Mom said, moving closer to him. “Being nervous is natural. I know switching schools isn’t easy. But I also know that you’re an amazing person, and your new friends will see that too.”

Domo smiled a little.

Mom leaned in and gave him a big hug.

“Alright,” she said, standing up. “Let’s get moving. Finish your morning routine, then meet me in the living room for our daily affirmations.”

“Okay!” Domo replied, suddenly energized as he sprang out of bed.

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Domo walked into the bathroom, looked in the mirror, and took a deep breath.

“I love you, Domo,” he said. “Let’s have a great day.”

He brushed his teeth, washed his face, and changed into his school uniform.

“Looking sharp,” he told himself with a grin.

In the living room, Mom had turned on some music—Domo’s favorite song!

He couldn’t help himself. He started smiling, dancing, and spinning around the room.

Domo loved to dance, even if he sometimes got a little... silly.

Mom walked past the door and caught him dancing.

“Domo!” she laughed. “Son, it’s not dance time. It’s get-ready-for-school time!”

“Yes, Mom!” he replied, still giggling.

Once she walked away, Domo hurried to finish getting dressed, but he still wanted to dance just a little more.

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After getting ready, Domo met Mom in the living room for their affirmations. They lit a small candle together and closed their eyes.

“Today,” Mom said, “we will think about all the good things we want to happen.”

They took a deep breath and said their daily affirmations:

“I am kind. I am strong. I am brave. I am me.”

When they finished, Mom smiled.

“Want to blow out the candle?” she asked.

Domo nodded. He always loved doing that.

But just as he leaned forward, Mom remembered something she needed to grab from the back room. “Be right back,” she said. “Don’t touch the candle.”

As soon as she left, Domo turned up the radio. He wanted to dance just a little more before they left. He spun and twirled across the floor... until he accidentally bumped into the table.

Uh-oh. The candle tipped over. Domo froze. He quickly picked it up. The flame flickered but stayed lit. His heart pounded as he stared at it. He opened his mouth to call for Mom—but stopped:

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“If I tell her, I might get in trouble. She always tells me not to be so silly...” he thought.

Domo stared at the candle wax on the floor, feeling nervous.

But then he remembered something:
“Mom always tells me to be honest.”

What should Domo do?

- If you think Domo should try to fix the spill himself and hide what happened.

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- If you think Domo should tell Mom the truth, even if it means getting into trouble.

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