

Is today the day! Today is the day.

I wish I didn't have to go.

I just want to play.

My daddy says I have to.



I don't understand, I feel fine!

Let's see:

My throat doesn't hurt.

I don't have a fever.



My ears are perfect too.

I didn't roll my ankle.

I peed and pooped.

Exactly what are they going to do?



My daddy just told me it's time to go.

Well, my tummy sure hurts now!

He keeps telling me it will be okay.

I'm still trying to figure out how.



The entire ride there, my heart was racing fast.

My palms got all sweaty too.



So, I took a deep breath, and I walked on in.

I said, Daddy, "I'll be a big boy for you."



The PA came in, and the questions came fast.

She checked my head, to my toes, and even asked about gas.



Just when my worries were going away.

The MA came in with some needles and a tray.

My daddy sat next to me, and I squeezed his hand tight.

My tummy started to hurt again; something doesn't feel right.



Then she looked me in the eyes and said, "it's okay, just breathe."

So, I took a deep breath since I can't leave.



She tied the band around my arm, and I didn't even flinch.

She stuck me with the needle, and I didn't move an inch.



She said I was the bravest boy she'd met all day.

I said my daddy promised me everything would be okay.



So, I made it, I survived, hip-hip -hooray.

Next time I won't be so scared to see my PA.