

New School

Kyle sat quietly on the front porch of his house. He absent-mindedly stroked Dexter's thick, golden coat. Tomorrow they would start fourth grade, Kyle's first time in a public school. As reality sank in, anxiousness outweighed his excitement.

"I'm counting on you, Dexter."

At the sound of his name, Dexter picked his head up off the cool concrete and looked up at Kyle. Sensing his master did not need anything except some comfort, Dexter rested his chin on Kyle's leg.

Kyle spoke to his canine companion. "I'm really excited to go to a new school, but everything is going to be so unfamiliar. I knew my old school like the back of my hand, not to mention all of my classmates were blind, too. This will be a completely different experience."



Kyle's father opened up the front screen door. "Hey, Kyle, are you prepared for tomorrow?"

"I think so, Dad. Mom took Dexter and I for a trial run this afternoon. We were able to find our classroom, and we met my teacher, Mrs. Waters. It went really well, but the school was practically empty. I don't know what it's going to be like tomorrow when everybody else is there."

"Don't worry, son. Dexter can navigate the crowd. It's what he's trained to do. Even though you two have only worked together for a couple of months, I already sense a strong bond between you. You work in unison. Dexter won't disappoint you."

Kyle asked his dog, "Are you ready for tomorrow, Dexter?"

Dexter sat up and licked Kyle's cheek.

"Dexter's ready. You're ready. This is going to be a great school year for you, son."

Kyle wrapped his arms around Dexter. "You're right, Dad! We're both ready!"

