



By Saisamoa Laban
(Based on a true story)

Tomorrow was Moresby's first day of school. He was nervous.

"Mummy, do you think kids will tease me?" he asked at breakfast.

"Will my teacher be nice?" he asked at lunch.

"What if no one plays with me?" he asked at dinner.

That night Dad gave Moresby a priesthood blessing. Dad said it would help him be brave. During the blessing Moresby felt warm in his heart. Mummy said that feeling was the Holy Ghost.

At school the next day, Moresby tried

his best to be brave. He met his new teacher, Mrs. Moetu. She was nice. He met lots of new friends, and nobody teased him!

But during recess, two boys made mean faces at a girl on the playground. She started to cry. Moresby wanted to be brave. He walked over to help her. The boys saw him and ran away.

"I miss my mum." The girl sniffed.

"Me too," said Moresby.

Moresby thought of how he could cheer her up. He scooped up some dirt. "Want to bake a cake with me?"





The girl wiped her tears. “How?” she asked.

“We can make pavlova,” Moresby said, shaping the dirt like a cake.

The girl smiled. “I love pavlova.”

Later that day, Mummy picked up Moresby from school.

“How was your first day?” asked Mummy.

Moresby smiled. “I was brave, *and* I made a new friend!”

“That’s great!” Mummy said. “I’m glad Heavenly Father helped you today.”

Moresby smiled. “From now on, you can call me Moresby the Brave!” ◆

The author lives in South Auckland, New Zealand.