



# Where Is My Name Card?

A story for Oliver

TuckBook

The main character of this story: **Oliver**

Oliver tightened both hands around the straps of his green backpack as the school entrance door clicked shut behind him. “What if I forget where everything goes?” he asked Dad. Today was his first day back at school, and his classroom was a new one.

Dad squeezed Oliver’s shoulder. “You only need to find the first thing.” Ahead, the hallway shone with neat rows of coat hooks, each with a little picture above it. Shoes tapped softly on the floor. Somewhere nearby, paper crackled.





Oliver saw a hook with a yellow sun beside it. Under the sun was a card that said OLIVER. He took off his blue coat, hung it carefully on the hook, and stepped back to check it. The coat did not slide down. It stayed exactly where he had put it.







“First thing done,” said Dad. Oliver’s stomach still felt bumpy, but not quite as bumpy. He lifted his backpack again and followed the small blue fish painted along the hallway wall toward the open classroom door.

Inside, the room looked busy in a quiet way. There were low tables, tubs of crayons, and a round green plant with three new pale leaves. A teacher in a purple cardigan knelt beside the plant, giving it a sip from a little jug.

She looked up and smiled. “Good morning. You must be Oliver. I’m Ms Patel.” Oliver wanted to say good morning back, but the words waited behind his teeth. Then he remembered the sun hook holding his coat. He had done that part himself.

“Good morning, Ms Patel,” he said. His voice was small, yet it reached her. “Good morning, Oliver,” she said. “Would you like to help me with a very important classroom question? We are finding everyone’s place.”

Ms Patel showed him a basket of name cards. Some had moons, some had kites, and some had painted acorns. Oliver searched for his letters. O came first, round as a tiny hoop. Then L-I-V-E-R. But his card was not in the basket.







For a moment, Oliver's bumpy feeling grew big again. Maybe his place was missing too. He looked around the room. On one table, beside a blue chair, lay a card partly tucked under a picture book. Its yellow corner showed a sun.





Oliver walked over, lifted the picture book gently, and found his name card. “Here it is!” he said. The chair had a yellow sun painted on its back, just like his coat hook. He set the card in the little clear holder on the table.

“You noticed the matching suns,” said Ms Patel. “That was careful looking.” She opened the picture book, which was about a mouse carrying a red apple home.

“Would you like to sit in your chair while I read the first page?” Oliver chose to put his backpack beside his chair and climbed up.

The other children gathered on the rug, and Oliver listened to the mouse cross a garden path. When the page showed a plant stretching toward a window, Oliver glanced at the classroom plant. Its pale leaves were still. The room smelled faintly of pencils and clean paper.





After the story, Ms Patel asked everyone to draw one thing they hoped to learn this year. Oliver drew a bright yellow sun over a table, then added a green plant in a round pot. He wrote O-L-I-V-E-R slowly beneath it, checking each letter on his name card.







At home time, Dad waited by the school entrance. Oliver found his blue coat beneath the yellow sun and slipped it on. “Was the new room all right?” Dad asked. Oliver looked back through the classroom door at his chair, his card, and the picture book waiting on the table. “I know where my place is now,” he said. On the way home, his backpack bounced lightly against his back, and Oliver began to wonder what the mouse would do on the next page tomorrow.





Good night, Oliver.



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## After the story



### WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

Oliver starts his first day back feeling unsure in a new classroom, then follows familiar yellow suns to discover that he has a place of his own. A gentle school-day story of careful looking, growing confidence, and a happy journey home.

### TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

After reading, ask: “Oliver, which moment felt the warmest or bravest today?”

### AND TOMORROW...

Tomorrow, Oliver hopes to discover which new classroom job belongs beneath the yellow sun.







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6 minutes of reading

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