

Lana wonders the same as she watches the huge school building through her round glasses. Although she's afraid and excited at the same time, she smiles at her dad to encourage him. At the entrance, she is kindly welcomed by her future teacher. The teacher greets her first. 'Welcome, dear Lana! I am your teacher Iskra', she says calmly while squatting to face Lana. She looks into her eyes. The teacher's gaze is lively and her handshake completely natural. There is not an ounce of the timidity people usually show when approaching children like Lana, children with disabilities. Lana likes it so much, she immediately wants to become a teacher when she grows up. Just like Iskra. One of those teachers that wear long dresses and smell like flowers and find it really easy to bend down and hug their pupils. She also hopes her teacher never finds out she can't read, because it makes her feel ashamed.

'My name is Lana Lulić, nice to meet you', she replies earnestly to her teacher, trying to extend her right arm as far as she can. The right arm is OK. She can use it just like other children use their arms, but the left arm is weird. It just hangs down and won't move. This morning, during breakfast, Nina put a bracelet with a shiny butterfly on her left wrist to make it pretty. The teacher compliments the bracelet, the dress and Lana. She greets her dad and takes control of the wheelchair. She has never pushed a wheelchair, but she does it purposefully and neatly. Dad fades in the background and the squeaky, grey door closes behind Lana and the teacher.

Lana is afraid of the new children and imagines their surprised looks. She thinks there isn't a chance that any of them will notice the dress she's wearing rather than the wheelchair; her bracelet and not her curled-up arm; her eyes, and not the Edna Mode glasses. She's so afraid that she doesn't see the plants decorating the school lobby. Nor does she see the polished benches in front of every classroom, the colourful little coats on the hangers above the benches, or the boards with the pupils' drawings of the autumn.

Between the main entrance and the classroom, the teacher has taken forty steps exactly. Lana knows this, since she's counted them. Because of Lana's disability, the school will install a new lift, but not until several years later. She uses every moment before she enters the classroom to think of a way to cover up the fact that she's ill prepared. Dad has taught her to count to one hundred and mum is trying to teach her to read. Mum wants her to be able to count and read. The teacher understands how Lana feels all right away. Before she opens the classroom door, she puts her hand on the shoulder of her preoccupied pupil and says, 'Everything is going to be fine. Everyone's excited to meet

