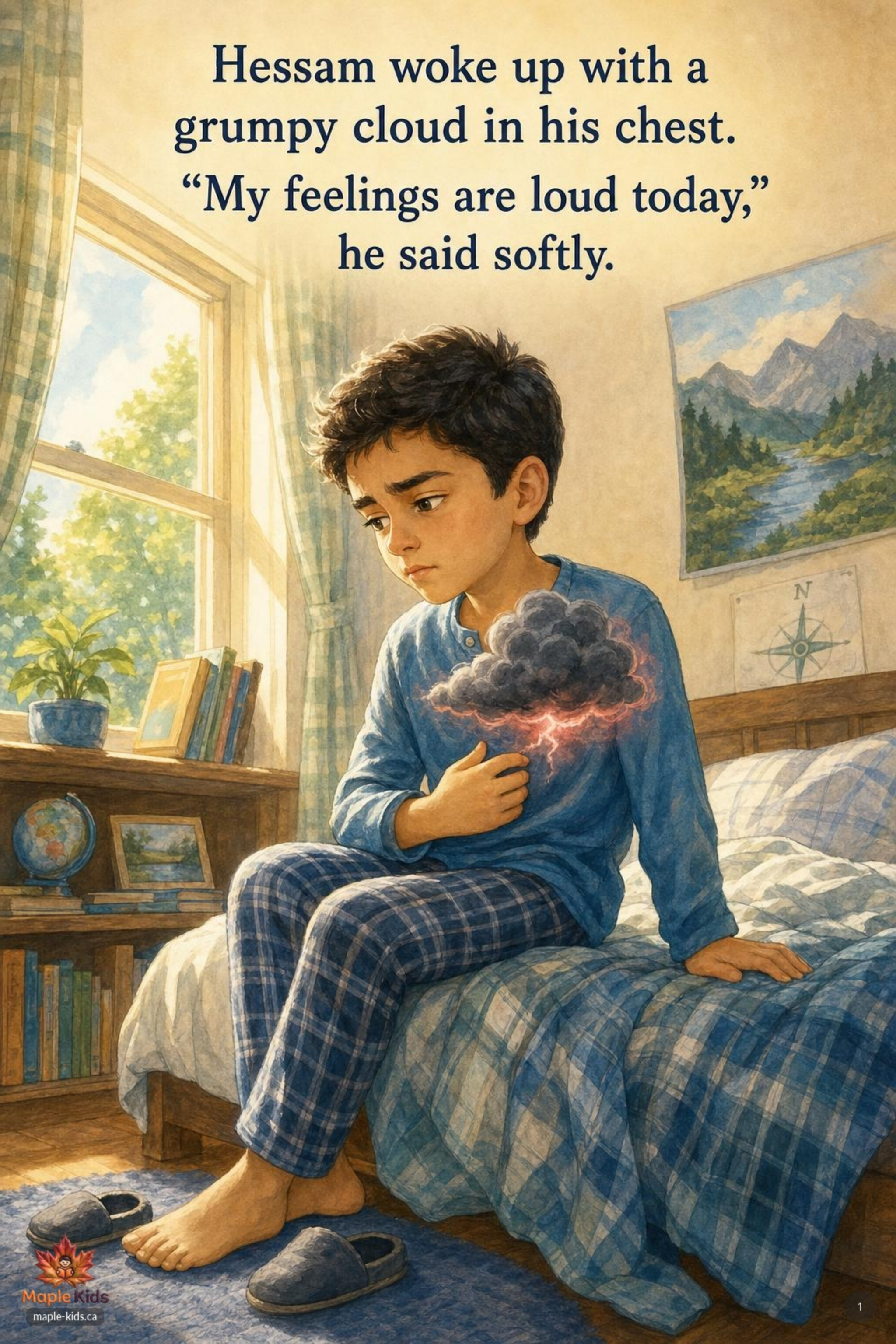


Hessam woke up with a
grumpy cloud in his chest.
“My feelings are loud today,”
he said softly.



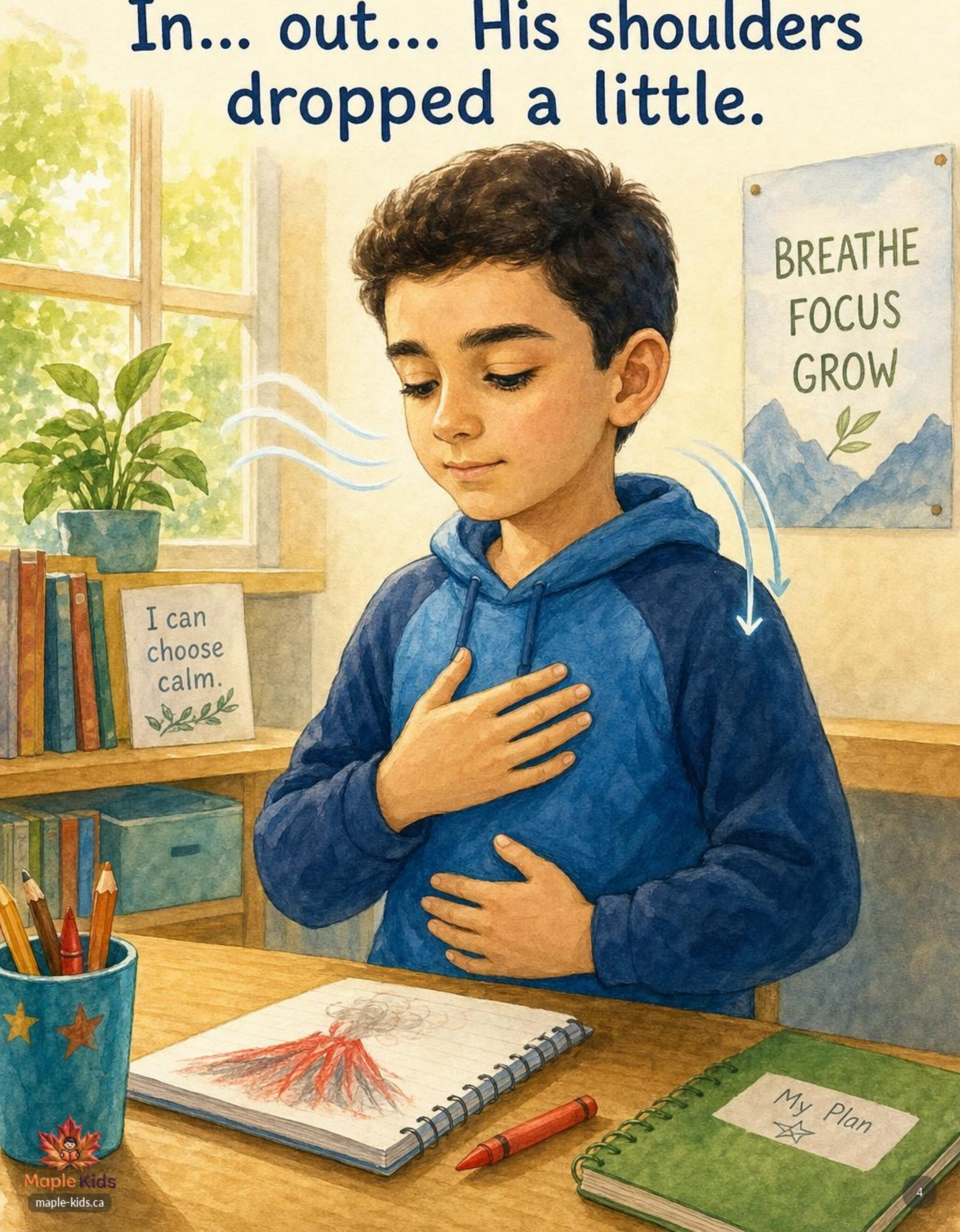
At school, a small mistake
made his face hot.
Hessam felt like a red volcano
was shaking inside him.



He remembered, "A feeling
is a visitor, not my boss."
Hessam put one hand on his
heart and one on his belly.



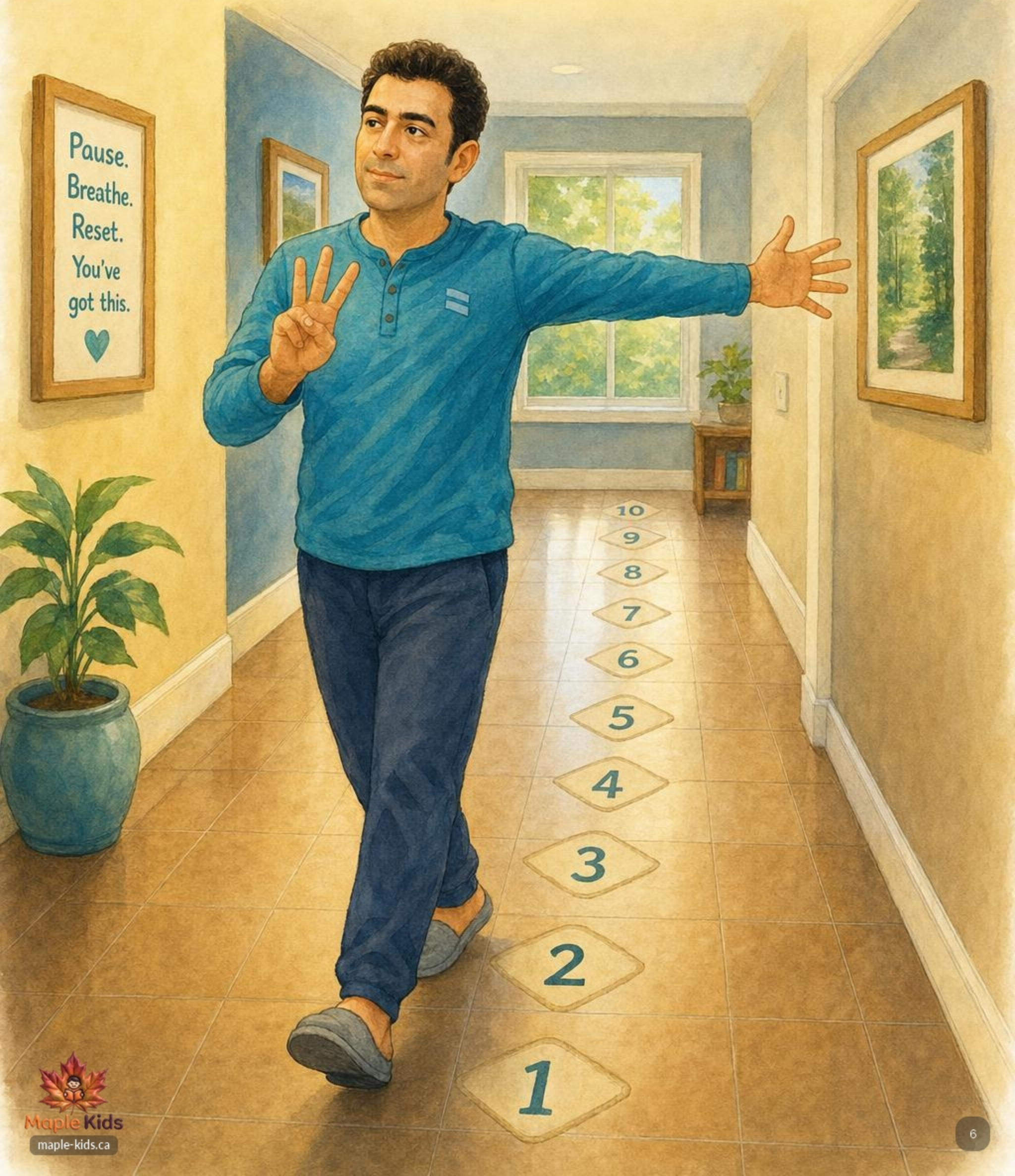
He breathed in for four,
and out for four.
In... out... His shoulders
dropped a little.



Then he named the feeling.
“I am angry, and I am disappointed,”
he whispered.
Naming it made it smaller.



Hessam asked for a quick break.
He walked to the hall,
counted ten steps,
and stretched his hands.



When he came back, he looked at the mess. He fixed what he could, and asked for help with the rest.



His friend smiled and said,
“Thanks for calming down, Hessam.”
Hessam felt proud of his choice.



After school, Hessam told his family,
"My big feelings were strong, but
I was stronger." They listened
and nodded.



That night, Hessam breathed slowly again. He knew feelings could rise and fall, and he could ride the wave.

