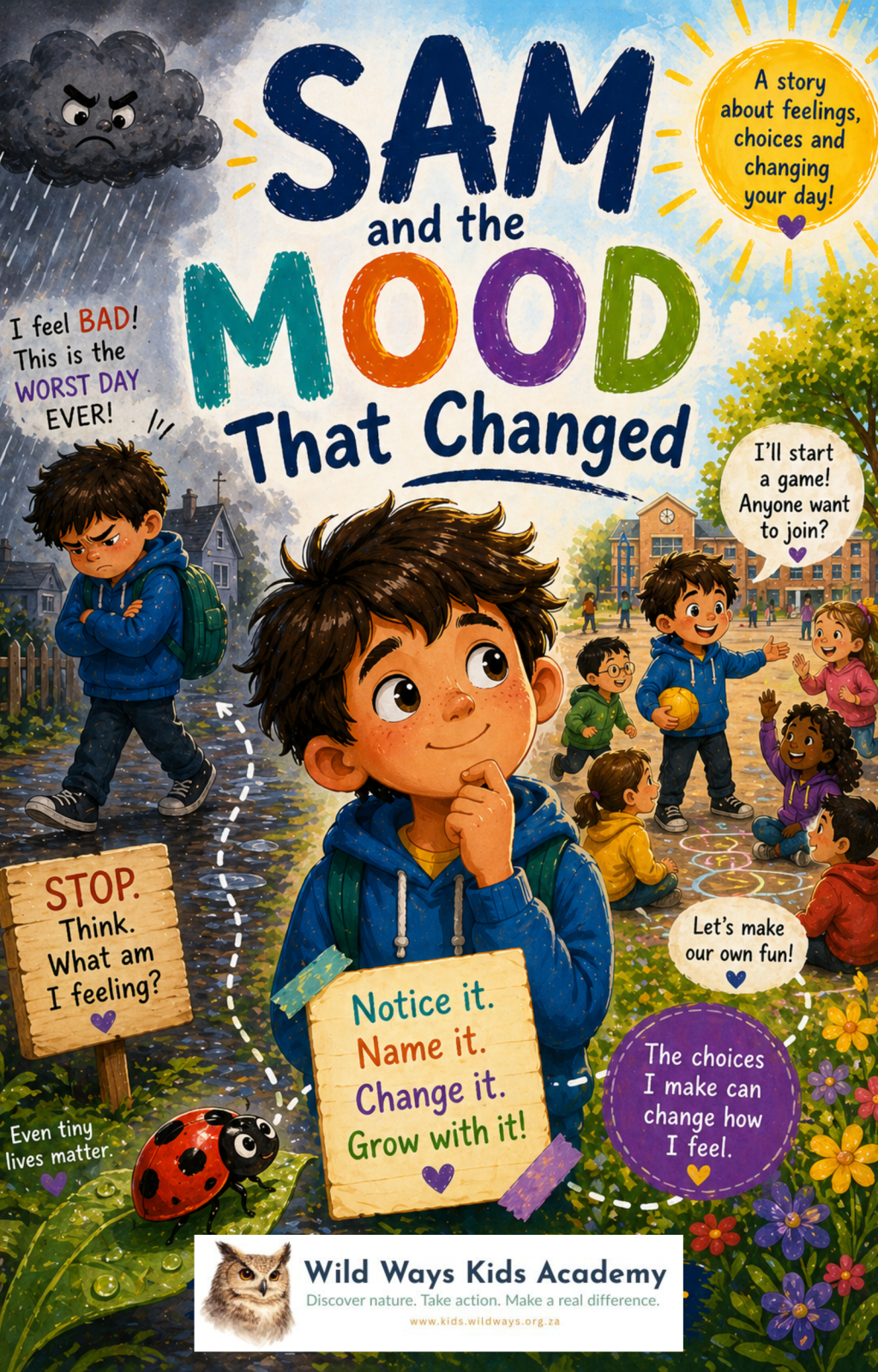




SAM

and the

MOOD

That Changed

A story
about feelings,
choices and
changing
your day!

I'll start
a game!
Anyone want
to join?

Let's make
our own fun!

The choices
I make can
change how
I feel.

Notice it.
Name it.
Change it.
Grow with it!

STOP.
Think.
What am
I feeling?

I feel **BAD**!
This is the
WORST DAY
EVER!

Wild Ways Kids Academy

Discover nature. Take action. Make a real difference.

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Sam woke up with a grumble and groan,
“I don’t like today. I’d rather stay home.”

The sky looked gloomy, the floor felt cold,
Even the toast was a little bit old.

“My mood is BAD,” Sam loudly said,
And pulled the blanket over their head.



But Mum just smiled and poured some tea,
“Hmm... let’s wait and see,” said she.

Outside, the world was dull and grey,
A perfect match for a grumpy day.

Sam stomped along with a huff and a groan...
When *WHAM!* a little beetle crossed the road.



“Out of my way!” Sam almost said,
Then paused... and tilted a thoughtful head.

“That’s their *home*,” Sam said, stepping wide,
“I wouldn’t like being squished,” he replied

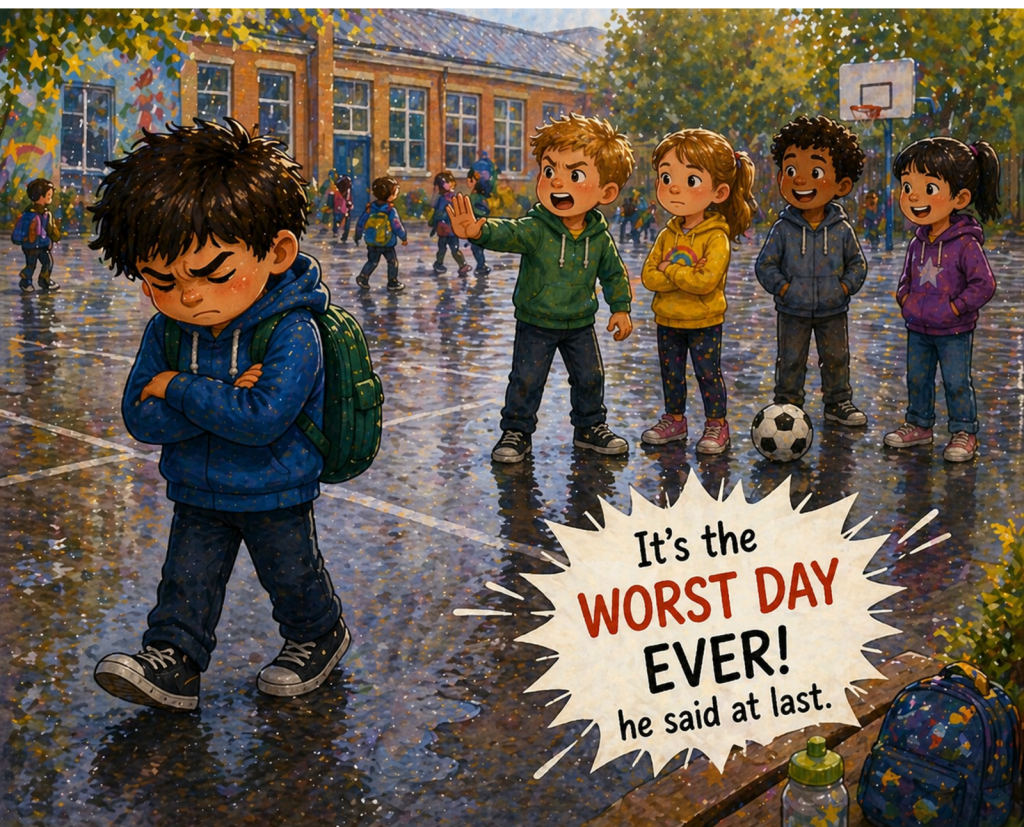


The beetle marched on, safe and sound...
And something in Sam turned slightly around.

“That felt... nice?” Sam blinked in surprise,
“My grumpy cloud just shrank in size.”

At school, things didn't go quite to plan,
Someone said, "No! You can't play, Sam!"

A storm bubbled up, hot and fast..



But Sam stopped short and gave a blink...

“Wait... I should maybe... stop and think.”

“What am I feeling?” Sam asked inside,

“This angry wave... this fiery tide...”



“Is it just this? Or something more?”

And Sam remembered the walk before

“I feel left out,” Sam said inside,
“That’s why this feeling feels so wide.”



Sam took a breath, not one, but two,
Then tried something brave
and something new:

Instead of waiting, hoping, or sighing,
Instead of standing alone and crying...



Sam picked up a ball and gave a call:

“Hey! I’m starting a game...
anyone want to join at all?”

At first just one... then two... then three,
Came running over excitedly.



They laughed, they played, they made up rules,
They turned the space into something cool.

Later, sitting under a tree,
Sam thought about the mystery:



“My feelings came... I didn’t choose...
But I didn't have to stay in that mood.”

“I noticed first... then named it true...
Then changed my actions... and what I do.”



“I can’t make others change or play...
But I can choose another way.”

That night in bed, with a quiet grin,
Sam listened to the world within:

“My feelings wiggle, shift, and bend...
They’re not just something I must defend.”

“I can notice them, name them,
give them a guide...
And gently help turn them around inside.”



And with that thought, calm and bright,
Sam drifted into sleep that night.