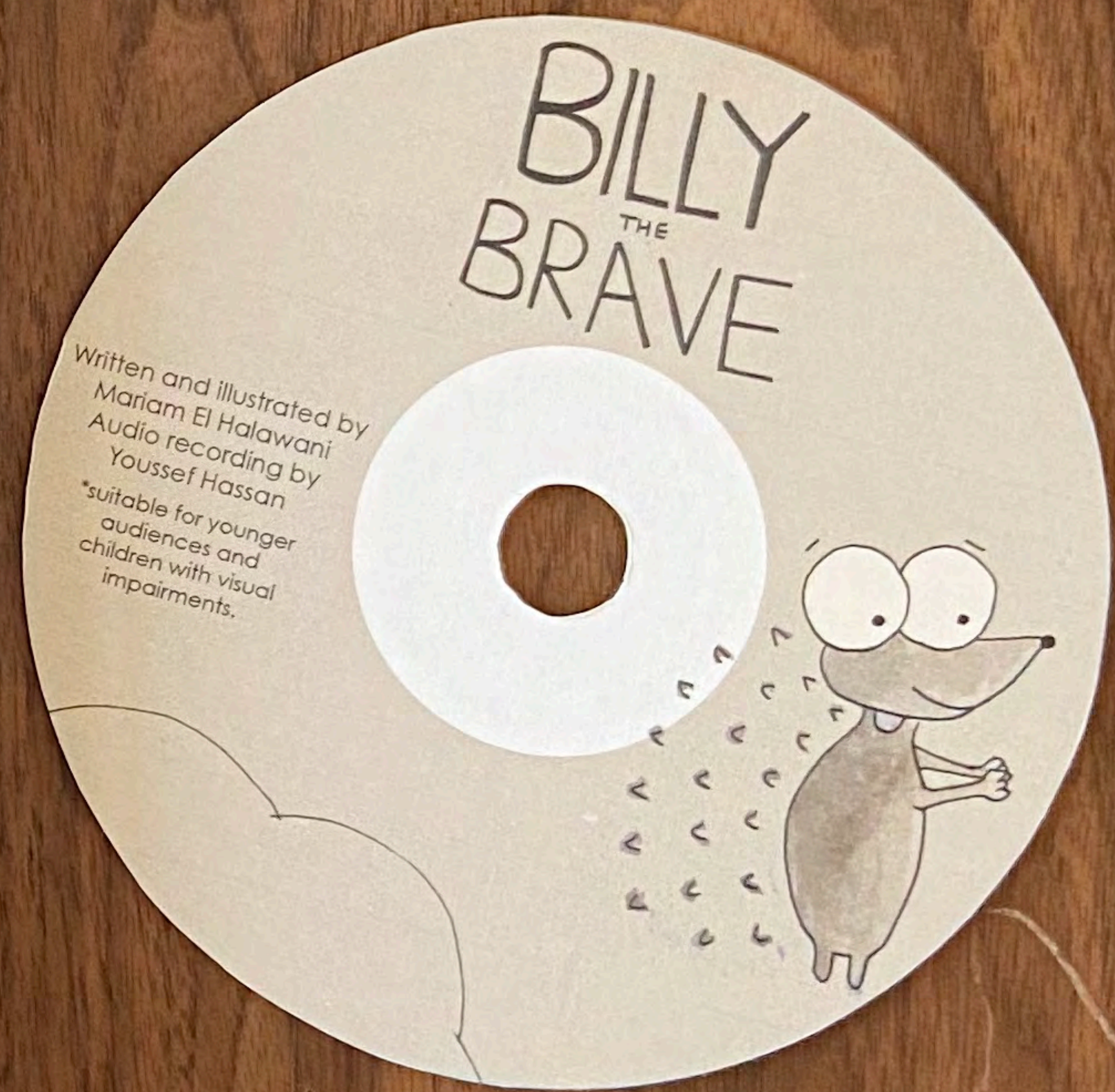


# BILLY THE BRAVE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAM ELHALAWANI

AGES 6-8

AUDIO CD INCLUDED





HI, I'M BILLY



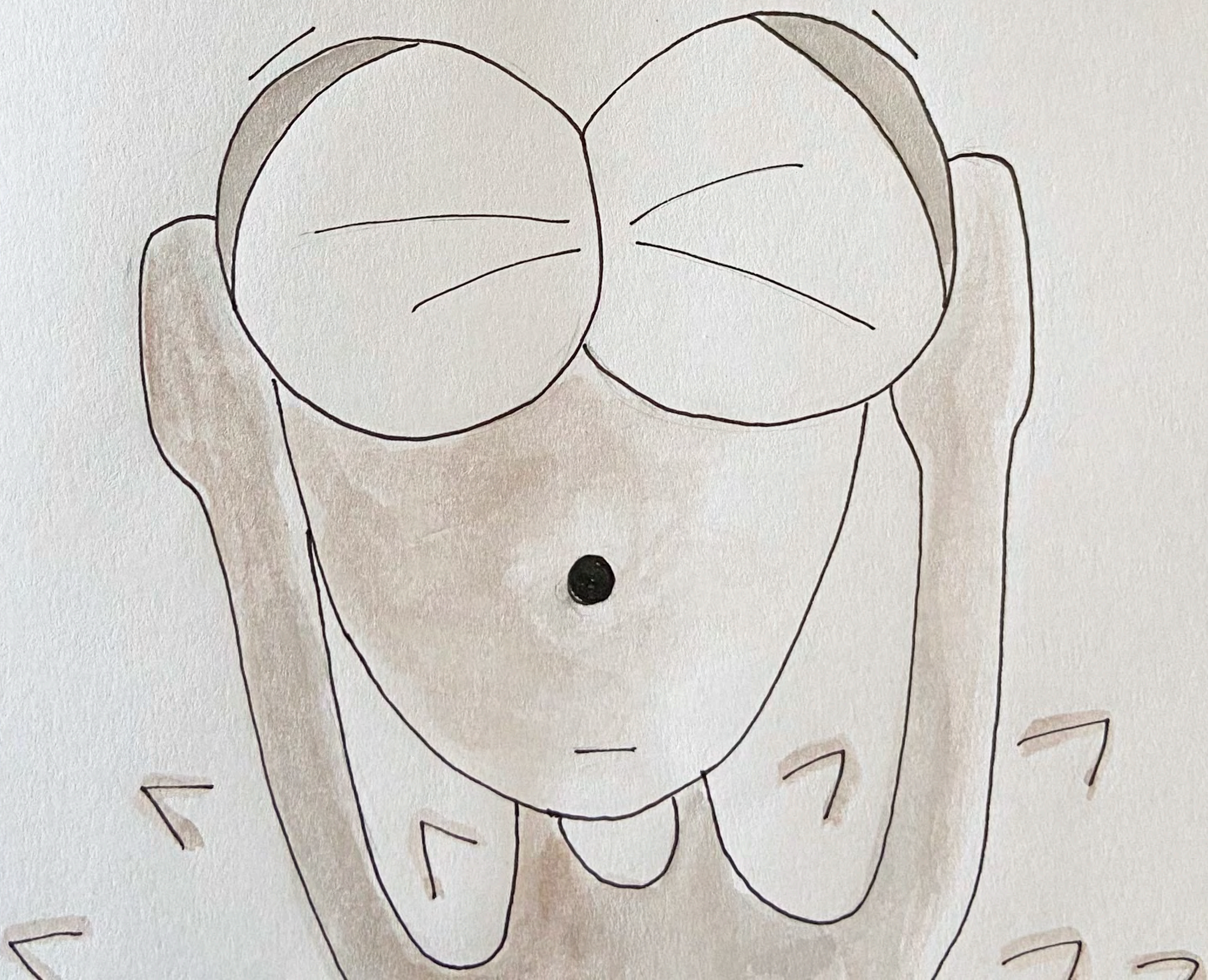
AND THIS IS MY STORY...



ONE DAY, I SAW THE MOST **TERRIBLE** THING. IT WAS SO VERY  
**TERRIBLE**, I FELT AFRAID EVERY TIME I THOUGHT ABOUT IT.



SO I DECIDED NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT ANYMORE.





AT FIRST, MY PLAN SEEMED TO WORK!

I WENT TO SCHOOL AND PLAYED WITH MY FRIENDS. AT HOME,  
I WATCHED T.V. AND PLAYED SOME MORE.

I DID NOT THINK OF THE **TERRIBLE** THING I SAW.




BUT AS D  
A  
Y  
S WENT BY...



I STARTED FEELING FUNNY.



The top of the page features three large, irregular watercolor washes in shades of grey and brown, resembling ink splatters or stains. They are positioned at the top edge, with one on the left, one in the center, and one on the right.

SOME DAYS, THE WORLD SEEMED SO LARGE AND SCARY...

AND I FELT SO SMALL.





ON OTHER DAYS, I WAS SO ANGRY. I FELT BIG AND

POWERFUL



I DIDN'T LIKE MYSELF VERY MUCH WHEN I WAS ANGRY.



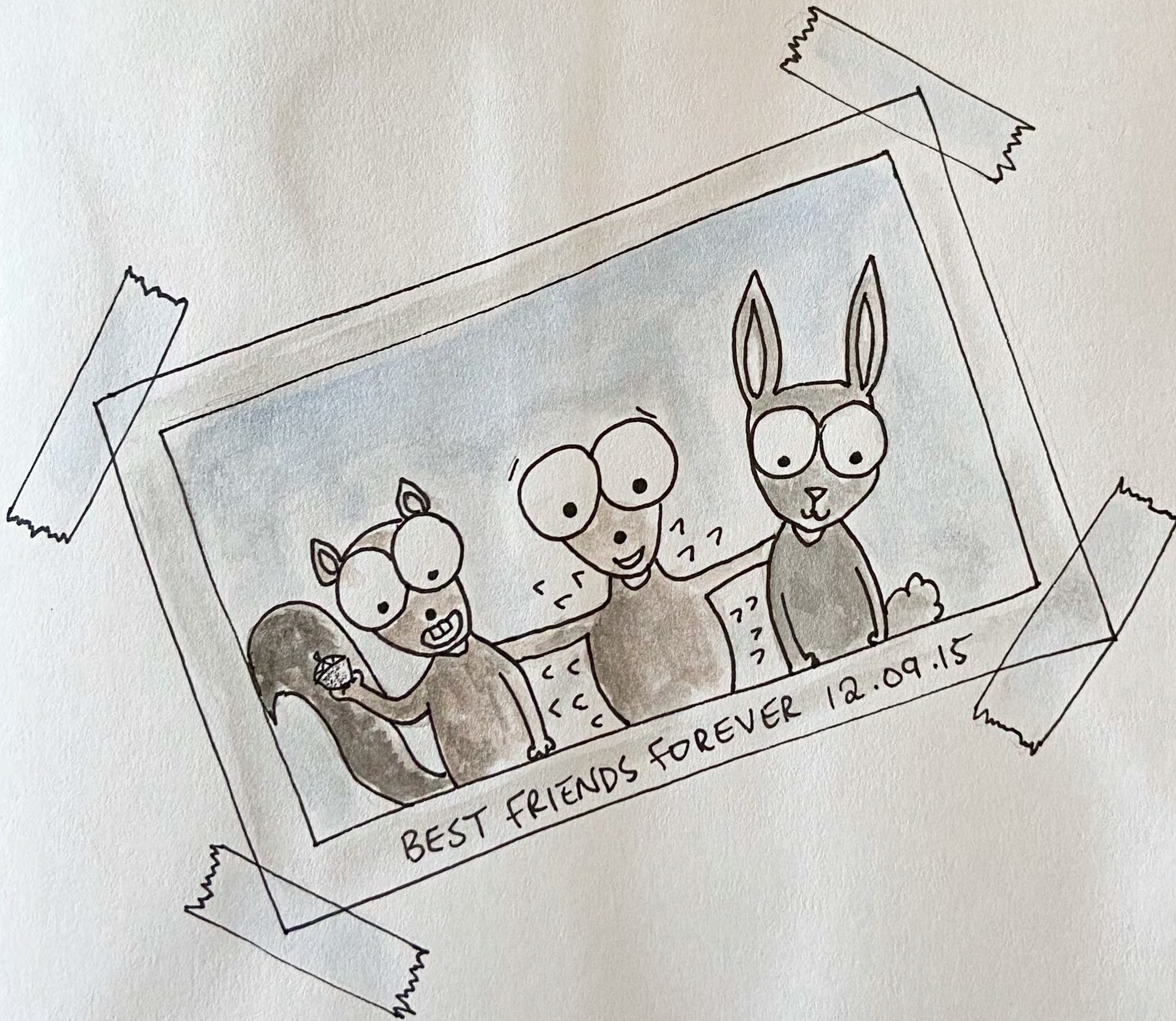
I COULDN'T CONTROL HOW **BIG** OR SMALL I FELT.

I WISH I COULD...



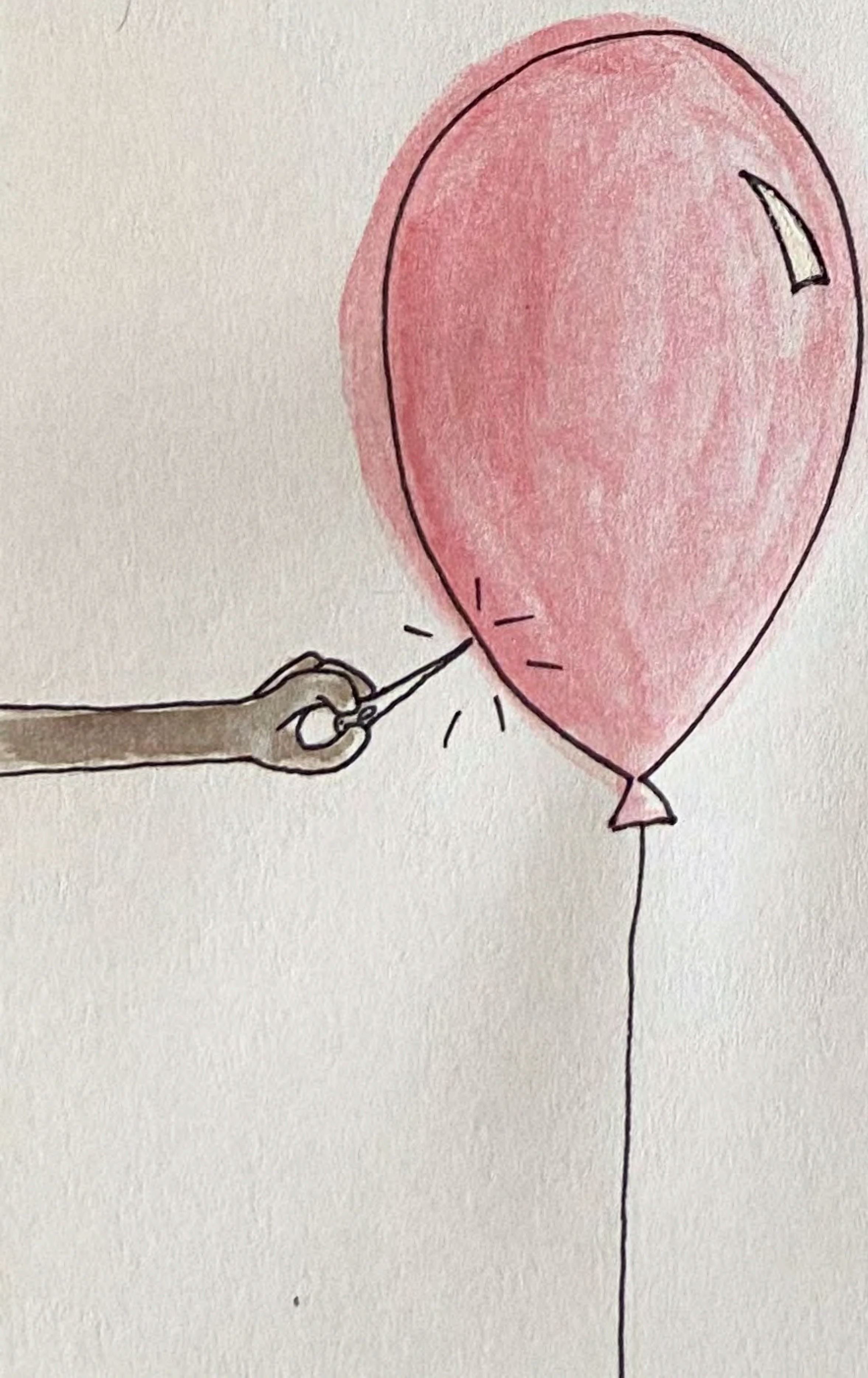
I NO LONGER WANTED TO PLAY WITH MY FRIENDS.

NOT EVEN MY VERY BEST FRIENDS!





ONE TIME, THEY PLAYED A TRICK ON ME...




PP



DP!

I GOT SO NERVOUS, MY TUMMY HURT.





WHEN IT WAS SUNNY AND BRIGHT OUTSIDE...



I STILL FELT GLOOMY ON THE INSIDE





LIKE A BIG DARK CLOUD FOLLOWED ME  
EVERYWHERE I WENT.





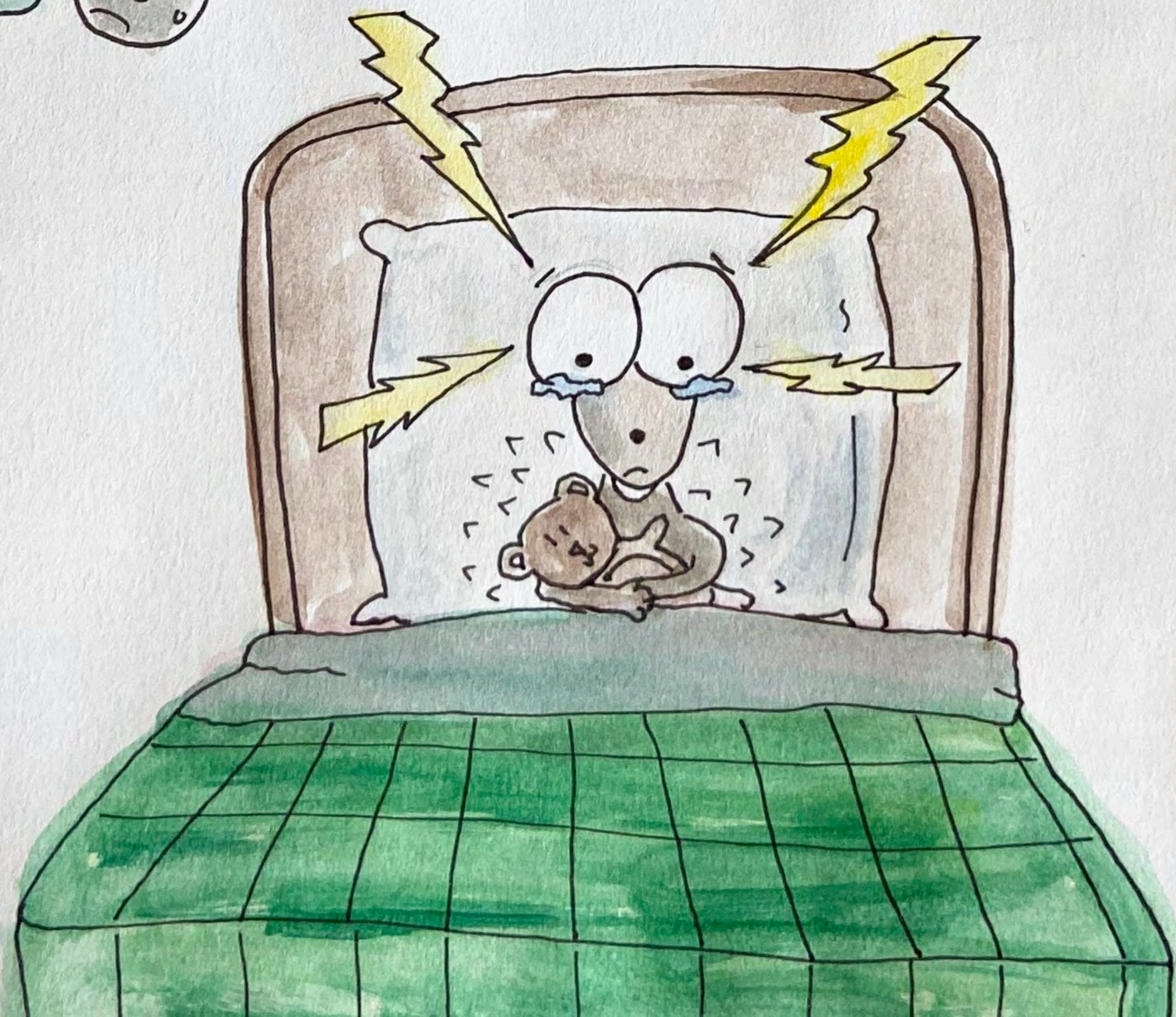
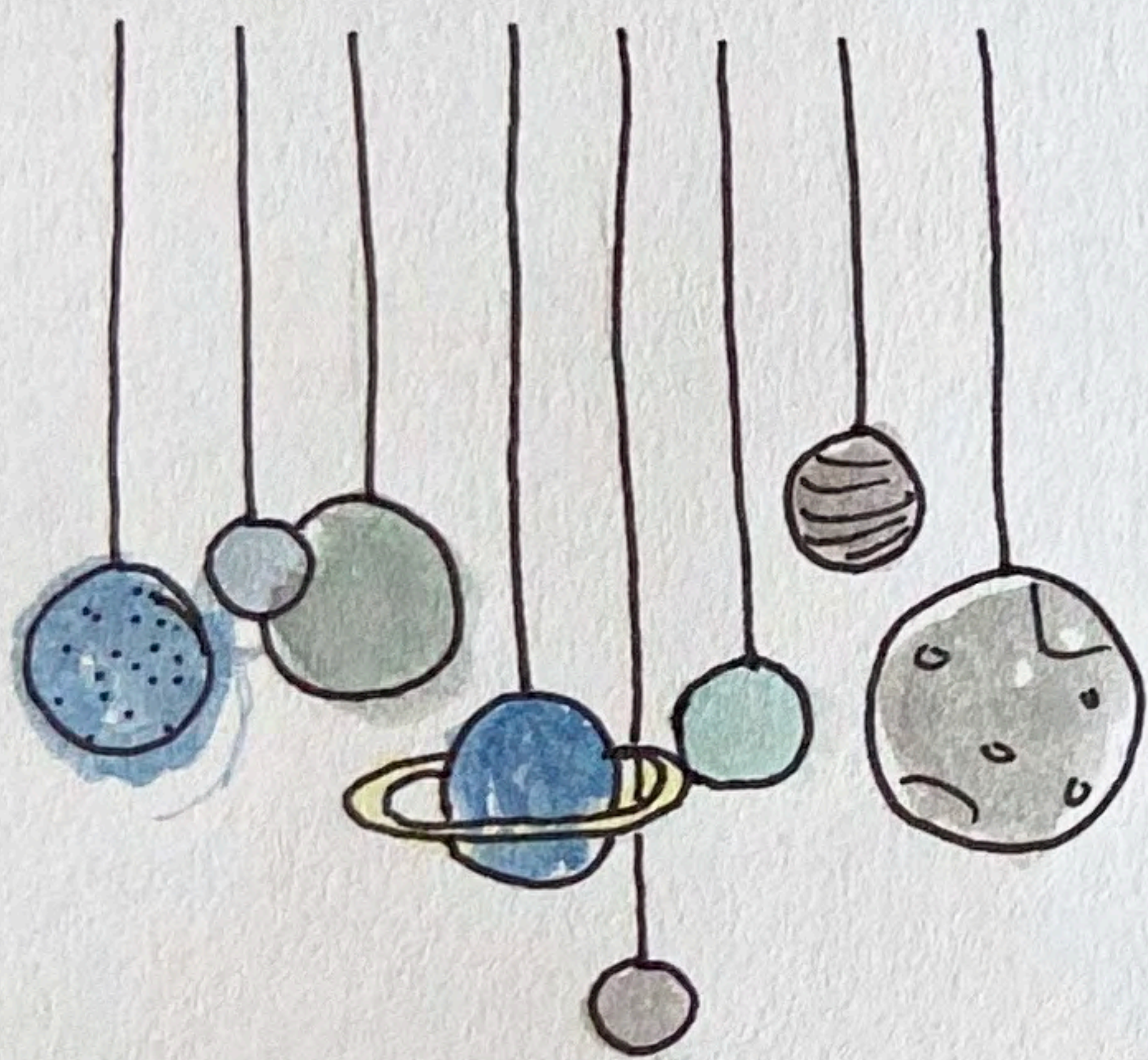
NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED TO GET RID OF IT, THE CLOUD WAS STILL THERE.



SOME DAYS , EVERYTHING WAS SO LOUD . EVEN MY MOMMY'S FOOTSTEPS .

ON THOSE DAYS , MY HEAD HURT SO MUCH .

I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE MY BED .





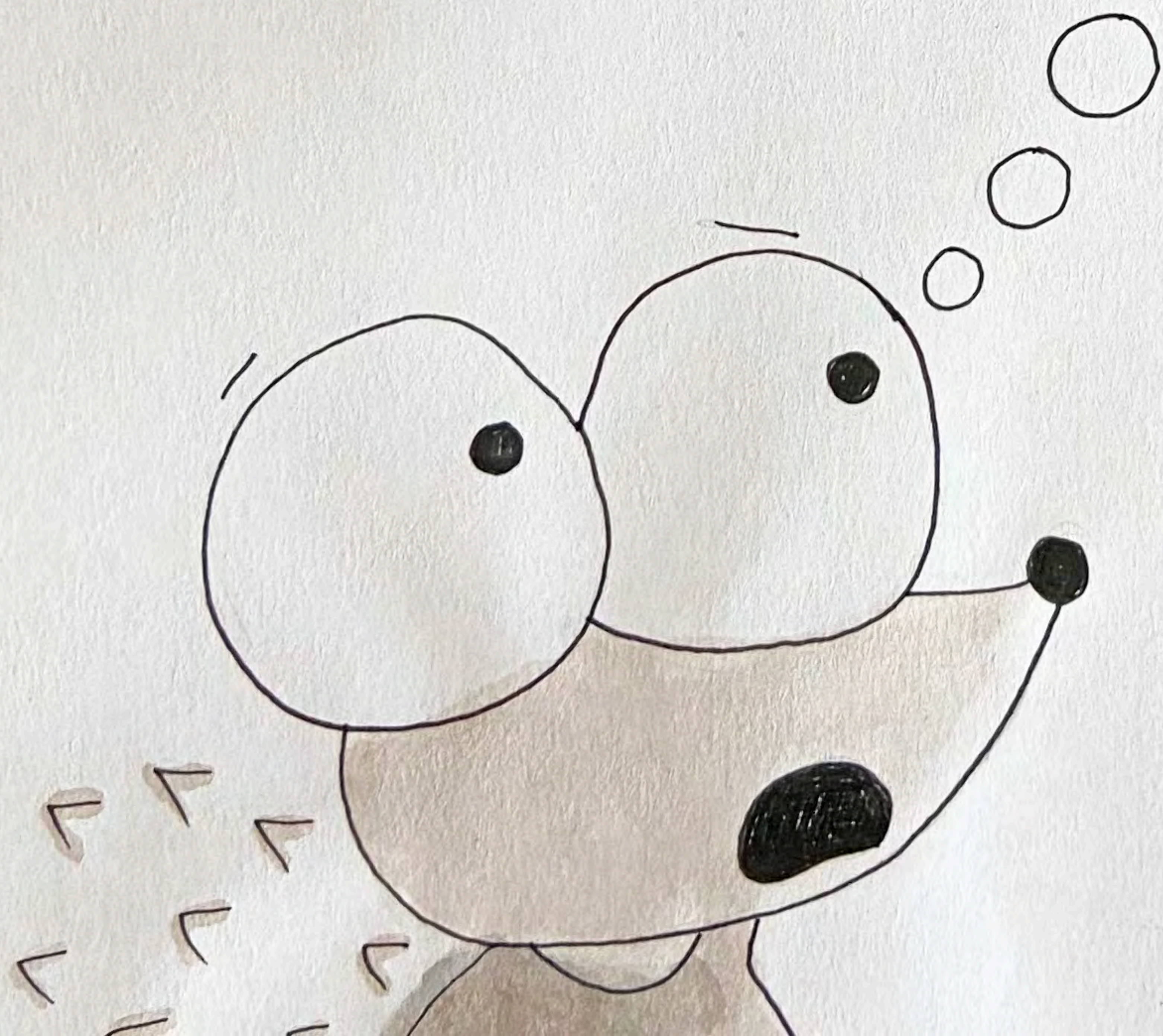
ON OTHER MORNINGS, I COULDN'T WAIT TO GET OUT OF BED.

MY DREAMS WERE SO BAD. THAT WAS THE WORST.



THEN ONE DAY, OUR ART TEACHER MISS ROBBIN, ASKED US TO DRAW A DREAM  
THAT WE REMEMBERED. BUT I TOLD HER I DIDN'T WANT TO SHARE MY DREAMS.

THEY WERE SO UGLY AND CREEPY!





MISS ROBBIN TOLD ME THAT IF I DRAW MY  
CREEPY DREAMS, I WOULD FEEL MUCH BETTER.  
SHE SAID EVEN GROWN-UPS DO THAT SOMETIMES.  
SHE ALSO SAID THAT IF I DIDN'T WANT TO  
SHARE THEM OUT LOUD, I COULD SHOW HER  
MY DRAWINGS WHEN CLASS TIME WAS OVER.



I LIKED THAT IDEA!



AFTER CLASS, MISS ROBBIN AND I LOOKED AT MY DRAWINGS, AND I TOLD  
HER HOW MY DREAMS MADE ME THINK OF THE **TERRIBLE** THING I SAW.





THEN, SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED...

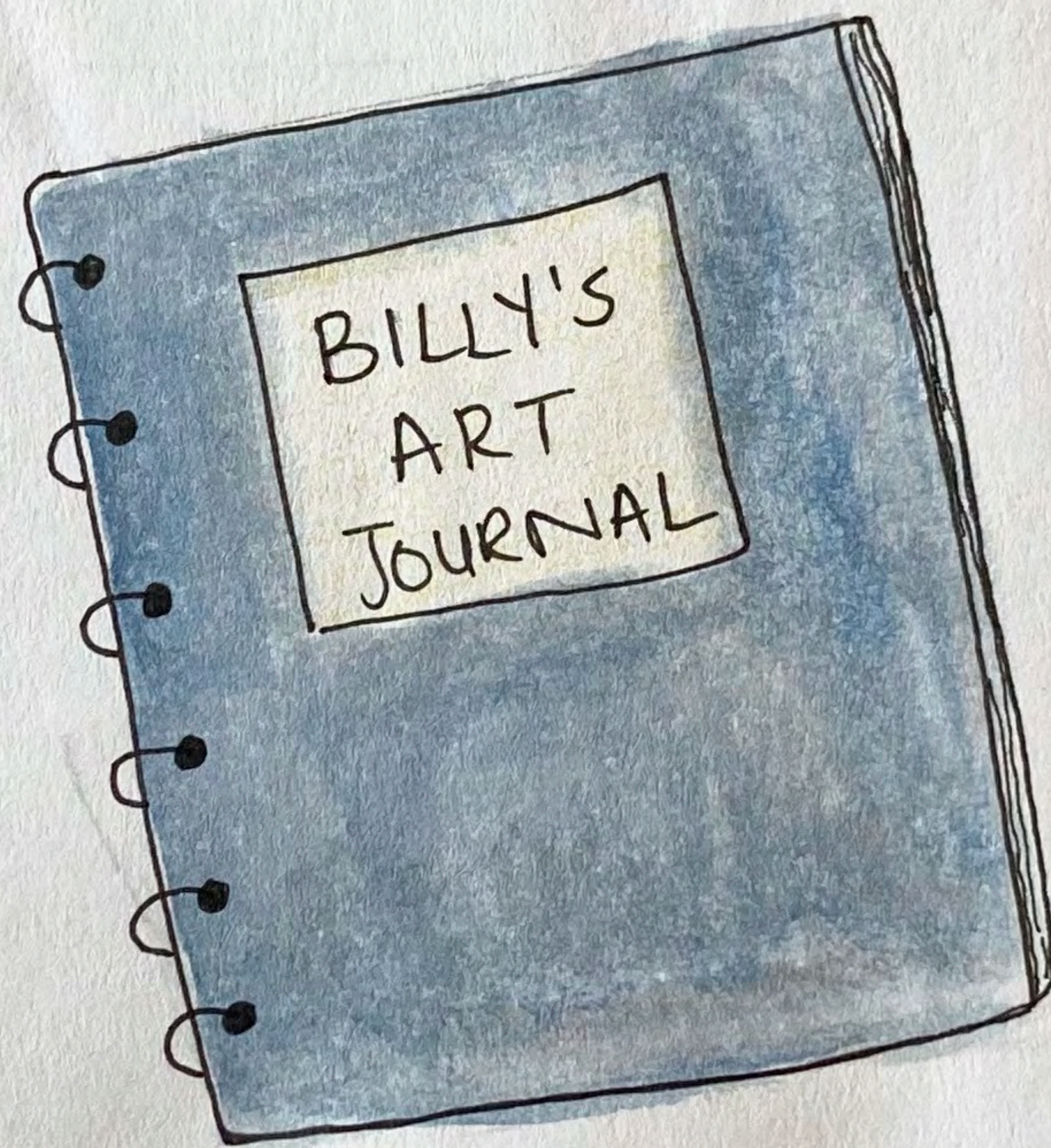
I FELT REALLY BRAVE AND STRONG!



MAYBE I WAS EVEN STRONG ENOUGH  
TO FIGHT ALL THE BAD THINGS I WAS FEELING.



THE NEXT TIME I SAW MISS ROBBIN, SHE GAVE ME A LITTLE BOOK THAT SHE CALLED A "JOURNAL". SHE SAID THAT I COULD TAKE IT WITH ME EVERYWHERE, AND THAT I COULD USE IT TO DRAW MY DREAMS AND MY FEELINGS.



SHE ALSO SAID I COULD TALK TO HER ABOUT IT ANYTIME I WANTED TO.



IT FELT REALLY GOOD TO TALK TO MISS ROBBIN  
ABOUT THE DRAWINGS IN MY JOURNAL. EVEN  
THOUGH NOTHING CAN CHANGE THE TERRIBLE  
THING I SAW, I DON'T FEEL SO SAD AND LONELY  
AND SCARED ALL THE TIME.

AND THE BIG DARK CLOUD HARDLY EVER COMES ANYMORE.



THE END.



IF JUST LIKE BILLY, YOU SOMETIMES FEEL DOWN OR HAVE DREAMS THAT ARE SCARY,  
USE THIS SHEET OF PAPER TO DRAW HOW YOU FEEL. ONCE YOU ARE DONE, SHARE IT  
WITH A GROWN UP THAT YOU TRUST. YOU CAN ALSO TELL THEM HOW YOU ARE FEELING.

