MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

Mira and the Feelings Weather



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A Sunny Morning

The sun peeped over the mango tree on Jasmine Lane. Inside the little yellow house, Mira jumped out of bed. Pip wagged his tail so hard that his whole back end wiggled. Mira felt bright all over, just like the sun.





Dadu's Weather Board

Dadu was hanging something new beside the green door: a little wooden board with four pictures. "This is our feelings weather board," he said. "Sun, rain, thunder and fog. Feelings are like weather." Mira hung the red heart on the sun. "I feel happy," she said. "Sunny!"

Rain

After breakfast, Mira painted a big yellow sunflower. But whoosh! Pip's waggy tail swept it right into his water bowl. The petals ran and blurred. Mira's eyes filled up. Her chest felt heavy, and her chin wobbled. Pip's ears drooped. This was a sad feeling. A rainy one.





Rain Is Allowed

Dadu sat down beside her on the rug. "I think it is raining inside you," he said softly. Mira nodded and moved the red heart to the raincloud. She cried a little, and Dadu held her close. Together they hung the wet painting by the window to dry. Slowly, the rain grew lighter.

Thunder

Then Ravi toddled over and grabbed Mira's brand-new yellow crayon. Snap! It broke in two. Mira's face went hot. Her hands squeezed into tight fists. Pip's tail went stiff. "RAVI!" This angry felt like thunder, big and loud.





Stomp and Breathe

"Thunder is very loud," said Dadu. "Let's let it out without hurting anyone." Mira stomped three big stomps on the porch. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! Then she breathed in slowly, and out like a long, soft wind. "Ravi," she said, "that was my crayon. I'm cross." Ravi blinked. "Sorry, Mimi."

Fog

After lunch, the house was quiet. Mira did not want to play. She did not want to draw. She did not know what she wanted. Pip flopped down beside her with a sigh. Mira hung the red heart on the fog. "I can't see my feeling," she said.





The Fog Lifts

"Fog is like that," said Dadu. "Let's sit and wait for it to lift." They sat under the mango tree and watched one fluffy cloud drift by. Then Mira leaned on Dadu's arm, and suddenly she could see it. She was sleepy, and she wanted a cuddle. The fog melted away.

Every Weather Passes

That evening, Mira looked at the board. "Sun, rain, thunder and fog, all in one day!" "And did any of them stay?" asked Dadu. Mira thought hard. "No. They came, and they went." By the window, her rainy painting had dried into soft, swirly petals. She liked it even more.





Two Halves

Mira gave Ravi one half of the yellow crayon and kept the other half for herself. Side by side, they drew a sun as big as the paper, and Pip lay across their feet. Mira smiled at Dadu. Then she looked up at you. "What's your weather right now?"

THE END

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