

Roxy says, You are here

Adventures of Roxy the dog and her friends.

By

Andrew Samuels

Illustrated by Jess Morton



Introduction

Roxy, her friends and family

Roxy the dog lived with her family in a large house with a garden which ran all the way around it. It was in the centre of a field which had other families living around it. There were trees, bushes and tall grass where families of mice, foxes, squirrels, cats and dogs also lived.

It was great having all her friends live so close. In the summer everyone was outside playing in the sunshine but when the weather wasn't so good, they would play at each other's houses. Today there was a soft breeze and at this time of the year, summer, the days were warm and long. Everyone lived **peacefully** and looked after each other. The mice kids played with the kittens who played with the puppies who played with the fox cubs who played with the squirrels. All the kids knew each other well and had lots of fun. They were always very **playful** and had fun, most of the time.

Roxy's mum was called Jan. She loved Roxy dearly and was always **concerned**, asking if Roxy was ok and if she needed anything. When she was OK, Jan liked to make Roxy dinner and help her to get ready for school but she didn't always feel up to it. You see Roxy was the youngest in the family and although she was almost 6 years old, everyone treated her like the baby of the family. There were times when Roxy would want to do something and everyone would say "no, you're too small". She didn't like that because there were so many things she wanted to do and lots she didn't even tell anyone about. She felt **frustrated** about that. Roxy did like getting all the hugs and kisses because she was the smallest but felt **jealous** and wanted to do what the bigger kids would do. Roxy's mum always wanted to smother Roxy in kisses. She would say, "I could eat you up with kisses!" and Roxy would think, "can that really happen? No, I don't think so".

Roxy's dad was called Ray and he worked for himself. Sometimes he was at home but he often went away for work. There were times when he didn't get home to see Roxy before she went to bed but Roxy would know when he was finally home, she could hear mum and dad talking in their room when she was in bed. Ray was busy with work, Roxy had to keep quiet and not disturb him, especially when he was on the phone. You knew when Ray was busy because he would talk loudly on the phone. Ray liked to wake everyone up in the morning. He was **Cheerful** and would give Roxy a kiss and a hug and say, "good morning baby girl!". He always took Roxy's mum a cup of tea and said, "time to get up sweetheart!". When Jan woke up she would say to him, "You're my Ray of sunshine". Roxy loved her daddy and mummy very much and didn't like it if they argued.

Roxy had a friend who lived next door called **Stephen** mouse and his neighbours were also Roxy's friends, Poppy squirrel, Bobby fox and Daisy cat. Stephen and Bobby liked 'space wars'. Poppy and Daisy liked dressing up, sometimes putting on makeup and pretending they were having a party. Roxy liked playing with her friends outside. Her best friend was Poppy squirrel who lived in the oak tree at the other end of the field.



1. Fish or Chicken?

Now and then Roxy would go shopping with Jan, her mum, to buy food for dinner. Jan was a great cook but didn't always feel like cooking from scratch. Usually, if there was food in the freezer mum would avoid cooking and just put it in the oven. But when mum was going to 'really cook', Roxy was grateful and loved to go with her to the shops. Jan would feel happy and **excited** to be cooking, she was never as enthusiastic when she made oven food.

First they would go to the green grocer who sold fruit and vegetables. George, the grocer, was always very **welcoming** and **pleased** to see them and always gave Roxy a banana for helping her mum. Then they would walk past the fishmonger, Fred, to see the fish. There were all different types of seafood from all over the world. Apart from the fish, Fred had crab, squid and octopus but Jan never bought them because she wasn't really sure how to cook them. Roxy and Jan never stayed very long because of fishy smell. It **revolted** Roxy and Jan said she didn't want to smell like a fish. If Jan didn't buy any fish, they would go to the butcher, Bob, to buy some meat. That was Roxy's favourite food, Roxy loved chicken. Probably because her mummy made the best chicken curry ever. You see, no-one cooks better than Roxy's mum (except my mum!).

Although it was summer, today was dull and storm was expected. Even though it was a cloudy, rainy day Roxy's mum said, "we're going to cook today". Sometimes Jan found it difficult to get out of bed and Roxy used to think it was because of the weather. It didn't seem to make any difference if it was sunny or raining. On really bad days, she would feel **depressed** or **hopeless** and not **energetic** at all. It didn't even matter if Ray, Roxy's dad, made her tea in the morning or if Roxy gave her a big kiss and plenty of hugs. It was a lucky dip but whatever the reason, today mum was good and felt **confident** and **optimistic**.



So after getting her wellies and raincoat on, Roxy and Jan walked to the George the grocer and, as he always does, George gave Roxy a banana. Then they went to Fred the fish monger and looked at the squid and then to Bob the butcher, it was very busy. It was a dark, cloudy day and was raining heavily. Everyone had umbrellas and there were puddles along the footpath. Even though it was raining, it wasn't windy. Roxy **hated** it when it was raining AND windy, it was **awful**. She only liked the wind on a hot day. Roxy always loved being outside but rain and wind together are her worst favourite weather.

As they crossed the road to get to the butchers, all of a sudden, Roxy heard the loud sound of a car horn, there was a SCREEEECH and a loud BANG! Roxy and Jan were **startled**. Behind them there was a car accident. The rain was beating down hard and it was difficult to see what was happening. Jan said, "Oh dear! I hope no-one is hurt". She held Roxy tight and pulled her along up to the Bob the butcher's shop window, where there was some cover from the rain. Roxy and Jan could see everything happening in front of them. A small car was hit from behind by a lorry. There was an old lady in the car and she looked **stunned**, she was in **shock**. There was a red builders' lorry behind which had bumped into the much smaller car and the driver and workmen inside all looked very **angry**. They were pointing at the car in front shouting and the driver was **Furious**. He had both hands up with the palms of his hands facing him and was shouting at the car driver in front. He quickly started to get out of the lorry. He jumped down from the cabin and within a few seconds was approaching the driver side of the car in front. He was a large man with barrel of a belly. He had dusty, now wet and dusty, work clothes as if he worked on a building site. He was shouting all the way to the car and moved so quickly his belly bounced up and down like it was full of rubber. The rain was still beating down hard as he got to the door. He reached when he reached the driver's door and banged on the window in anger at the driver. The driver was hesitant and didn't do anything, so he pulled the door open but didn't know it was an old lady driving the car. He put his face into the car right up to the driver and shouted, "WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING DRIVING LIKE THAT IN THIS WEATHER?". The woman was so **scared** she couldn't talk, she couldn't even mumble. The **shock** had **confused** her and her fear had **frozen** her. Suddenly the man stopped as his senses hit him. There was a pause as he stopped thinking about how he was feeling and realised what was happening to her. He could see she was **scared**, in **shock** and looked **vulnerable**, then he realised what was happening to her. He was **furious** and **aggressive** before but now felt **compassion** and a little **embarrassed**. He **calmed** down and asked her if she was ok. She looked at him sheepishly and **worried** and said, "I don't know". He knelt down, the rain was beating down on him, he was getting soaked. He spoke to her **calmly** and said, "it's OK love, don't worry. No-one is hurt but are YOU ok?". In that

moment she looked into his kind eyes and was able to talk. "I'm so sorry!", she said. "I really didn't see how close you were and I thought there was something in the road ahead".

"It's OK love. Take a breath and then tell me if you are OK. That's all that matters right now". The woman felt **timid** but she was ok.

Mummy and Roxy watched everything as it unfolded and were **relieved** that everyone was ok. Roxy saw how someone can seem so **crazy** with **anger** it would **scare** other people. However, she also learnt that person can also be so **kind** and **caring** also. She was **pleased** to see how people can change their behaviour once they change what they focus on. Roxy knew, there were times when her family or friends seemed **angry**. Roxy was smart and felt **inspired**. She decided to try an experiment when someone seemed angry!

Then Jan turned around holding Roxy, walked into the butcher's shop and bought some chicken for dinner. Roxy felt **pleased** and thought to herself, "whoopee...chicken curry for dinner...yeah!"

Chapter 2: Where's the Tuna?

When Roxy and Jan got home they were soaked through their coats and shoes by the rain. Roxy's toes were wet and her socks were sticking her toes together as if she had webbed feet like a duck.

"I'm so hungry mummy", said Roxy.

"Let's get out of these wet clothes first and get warm again", said Jan. They quickly got changed into dry clothes and as it was coming up to lunchtime, Jan was ready to start making something to eat. She was also going to start preparing the chicken for dinner. Roxy was looking forward to dinner but was feeling hungry now! Her belly was growling and gurgling as if there was something in her stomach trying to communicate. It was trying to say, "Feeeee meeee!".

"What will we have for lunch mummy?", asked Roxy.

"Can we have tuna sandwiches?", she said excitedly. Jan thought about it for a second and in her mind thought, "tuna? Errr check, bread? Errr check, mayonnaise? Hmmm check, lemon? Check. Yes! Yes! I think we have all the ingredients".

Jan put away the shopping and Roxy looked for the bread, she was going to help her mummy make tuna sandwiches. Roxy was so hungry she felt like whatever was gurgling in her belly was in control of her arms. Everything was going well, Jan was even singing softly as she was getting **prepared**. Roxy loved being at home with mum when she was **happy** and when Jan was singing, she knew it was going to be a **nice, joyful** day. Jan was very **happy**, she was up early and although the weather was bad, she was in a good mood. Roxy and her had been out shopping and even though there was an accident, no-one was hurt and everyone was home safe. Now they're going to make lunch but there's a problem.

Jan can't find the tins of tuna! "Where's the tuna?", she said confused. "It's got to be here somewhere", she said, Jan continued looking, "Where's this barmy tuna?", her voice was getting a bit louder. Roxy could sense her mum's energy changing by the slight changes in her mum's voice, as she got more **annoyed**. Sometimes she could sense changes even before anyone said anything. It may be the way someone looks at her, a facial expression. It could be the way someone walks or even just the way they are sitting. There are so many ways to sense changes without even talking. Grown-ups call it, 'non-verbal communication'. Sometimes you won't notice unless you are looking but even without looking, we can sense it, like a dark cloud moving over. We don't know if it's going to rain or even how much but we know things have changed. *Have you ever felt that?*

Well Roxy did notice and just as she pricked up her ears her mum shouted, "Where's is this blooming tuna?". Now she was raising her voice and Roxy could definitely hear the difference in her mum's voice. "Don't tell me we haven't got any!!". Jan was **angry** and shouted out, "WHEN DID WE RUN OUT OF TUNA?". Roxy was not sure what happened but she knew her mum was upset and wanted to **calm** her down again. She approached her to say it's ok and spoke softly, "don't worry mummy, we can have something else". "I thought we had some tuna, it was right here in the cupboard, just above the kettle, in the kitchen". Then all of a sudden Jan broke down **distressed** and started crying. Roxy didn't understand why. "I don't even know where things are anymore", Jan said. Roxy still didn't understand but went up to mum and tried to give her a hug but even when she hugged her mummy she was still crying. It's only tuna, Roxy thought, still not really understanding.

Mummy had these moments sometimes where she would be upset and **sensitive**. Roxy didn't understand why. Those moments were not always as bad as "lost tuna" but were often such small things. I suppose that's why Roxy never really understood.

Then Jan said, "I wanted to have a perfect day today, it was going so well." She continued sobbing, "why can't things just go on without any problems, for once?". You see, Jan was trying her best to make the day perfect but was now feeling **overwhelmed**. She woke up this morning and was OK for a change, so she wanted to keep feeling the same all day. It sounds like she's tried to hold on to that perfect day and couldn't hold on anymore. She was upset because she had to let it go. She felt **terrified** of the thought she wouldn't be able to do things. She felt **inadequate**.

In life nothing is perfect apart from love. It is 'nature' for things to change but with every down there is an up and for every up there is a down, few things stay the same 'forever' no matter how much we try. If only Roxy's mum knew, she didn't need to hold on but only to enjoy the moments she had, then she wouldn't feel like she was letting anything go!

Kind of like holding onto a balloon that takes you up into the air and you're worried about falling so you hold on and it goes up and up and up. So letting go and falling would be harder and harder. But we don't have to worry about holding on or falling. All we have to do is enjoy when we're holding the balloon and know we don't fall when we let go, we float and can fly to the next balloon.

Roxy gave her mum a kiss and said, "It's ok mummy. As long as we are together that's pretty close to perfect whatever happens. Tuna doesn't make me happy mummy, you do!".

Today Roxy's mum wanted to have a 'good' day and she tried so very hard but 'tuna' made her cry! Finally Roxy understood, mummy didn't get upset because of tuna. She was upset because sometimes she needed to try so hard to do such small things and when they didn't work out she got upset with herself. Jan felt she was the problem, and that wasn't right at all. Roxy remembered the man with the belly and the old lady in the car. She thought, 'maybe I can help by changing what mummy is focusing on'.

Roxy didn't want her mum **upset** so she gave her another kiss, looked in the fridge and said, "mummy we have got some cheese, can we have cheese sandwiches instead? They're better than tuna anyway. Shall I butter the bread?". Roxy waited for Jan's response. Then Jan looked up, her makeup running round her eyes a little and said, "yes please baby!". Roxy said, "I love you mummy" and gave her a kiss. Jan said, "I love you too baby!". The tuna was old news and cheese saved Roxy and Jan's lunchtime...and more.

3. Wet paper and broken phone!

Roxy's dad, Ray, was at home today, he was working from home. Ray was on the phone upstairs but heard noise downstairs and quickly glided down the stairs and into the kitchen. "We're making sandwiches Daddy", Roxy said, but he didn't hear her because he was so deep into his conversation. Uncomfortably using his shoulder to hold his phone, as you do, he opened the fridge door, reached in and took out a small bottle of fizzy water then rocketed back upstairs to his office where he was working. As quickly as he arrived, he was gone and busy again. Roxy didn't always understand the difference between when her Dad was 'working at home' or just 'at home'. As far as she knew, when he was at home it was great because he didn't have to go to work and they could spend more time together.

But today, Ray was really Very busy and felt easily irritated by distractions. You see he worked for himself which meant he had to find work to get money. Sometimes when he was at home and not working, he was at home trying to look for his next job. When Ray didn't work he got worried and felt anxious thinking about the future. The bills needed to be paid and he loved his family so didn't want to let them down. Sometimes he'd be at home for days or weeks and would feel 'down' worrying about things that happened in the past, that's when he felt depressed. There were always bills to pay and Roxy's dad was the only one working for money, then he felt the pressure of having to provide for his family. It was like carrying a weight everywhere he went, it never left him, he couldn't get away from it. Ray would wake up with this weight, dream of carrying the weight, eat at the dinner table and feel the weight on his head and even took the weight to the toilet with him (he did feel lighter after the toilet though). The weight was heavy because he loved his family sooo very much but he needed to rest sometimes, doesn't he?

There were some big bills that had arrived recently so Ray was desperately trying to get a job. He'd carefully prepared a large pile of paperwork and stacked it neatly on the kitchen table. It was all to do with a new job he was trying his best to get. He was buzzing from room to room while on the phone. Downstairs and upstairs then downstairs again, from the living room to the kitchen, then hallway and back to the kitchen. Ray moved from the kitchen into the next room, Roxy followed him to tell him about the sandwiches. Then as she ran past the kitchen table, she accidentally jogged the table and a full glass of water tipped over. It seemed to happen in slow motion. The wooden table legs made a short dragging sound, Roxy turned her head sharply and saw the bottom of the glass shift sideways. The level of the water stayed straight as the glass went diagonal and fell onto its side. The water poured out like a breaking dam, headed for the papers and in the blink of an eye some of the papers ended up drowned on the table.

Ray swiftly turned, saw the papers soaked in water and like a volcano about to blow, his face immediately went beetroot red with anger. He shouted, "NOOOO, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?". Ray was so angry, he'd snapped and didn't have any control. Whatever he had, 'he lost it'. He held out his arms, put both his hands across one end of the table and swept all the papers from the table onto the floor. He didn't care, he was under so much pressure but right now, he didn't care. Maybe in the back of his mind...the very back...like the last thing in the back of his mind...he enjoyed letting it all go, but now was not the best time to ask him.

To make things worse, he was holding his phone in his hand and as he swept the papers away, it slipped out. It bounced, more than once, as it hit the floor and on the second bounce made a dull cracking sound before landing near the door. It sounded like two musical notes being played badly followed by a thud as it hit the door and now the papers were everywhere. All the time and effort Ray spent preparing and organizing them was totally wasted. Now the papers were littered over the floor, some of them damp, his phone was 'injured' and everyone fell completely silent. The sound of silence was deafening and seemed to hold everything perfectly still, waiting to be broken. Like throwing a plate up in the air and holding onto the moment it's weightless before it comes crashing down. In this moment it felt like time had stood still for everyone but Ray was still moving in slow motion. The papers were still floating down when he shouted, "WHY CAN'T YOU JUST LISTEN AND LEAVE MY THINGS ALONE?", he was staring straight at Roxy. "And when I'm on the phone, LEAVE ME ALONE!", he finished. The plate had landed!

Wow! Roxy was scared and trembling slightly but then she remembered the man in the lorry and the old lady in the car. And just like the old lady, Roxy was frozen with fear.

She remembered, 'What you focus on determines how you feel'.

Ray was angry and **hostile** because of the papers, it was the straw that broke the camel's back! He wasn't thinking about his phone call anymore, he was only thinking of the papers, the mess of his hard work and maybe starting to get **concerned** about his phone.

Roxy slowly moved closer to her dad, looking him in the eyes. She spoke calmly and slowly, "I'm Sorry daddy! I didn't mean to make a mess of your papers". With a slight tremble in her voice she said, "I love you Daddy!". He stopped for a moment and looked at her, his eyes still intent with anger. Roxy wasn't feeling **courageous** but quite **nervous**. She slowly walked closer to him looking him in the eyes, then placed her head on his leg, hugged him and said, "It's ok daddy".

Ray couldn't stay furious with her anymore. His face relaxed, his arms moved slowly towards her and hugged her back. Now this moment seemed to last for ages but as far as Roxy was concerned, it couldn't last long enough. Roxy wasn't **frightened**. She had changed Ray's focus in the moment when his weight was heaviest and she let him rest in her **calmness** and **love**. She helped him stop thinking about the past or worry about the future by bringing him into this moment, right now. Being in the moment is not easy when you have a lot going on in your head but with practice, it can be easier.

The papers were wet but could be dried up again. Ray's phone was separated from its battery, which slid over the floor and was resting under the table. When it was put back together, luckily, the phone worked fine. Roxy thought about what happened and was happy she understood how she could help someone when they are highly emotional. Thankfully, it worked out and there was no harm done.

Once the mess was cleared up and everyone was calmed down, they had some lunch (tuna sandwiches). They chatted and laughed together about the whole story and were a family again.

Roxy found **love** and **peace** are good friends to share. She also understood how these things can help other people, to make their heavy weights lighter. She knew they would still have the emotional weight but sometimes 'we make it heavier than it needs to be'. It's not bad to feel emotional, it's necessary, it makes us human but sometimes being a little lighter helps.

4. Who's hands are these?

Later that afternoon, Jan took a nap and Roxy played in her room while Ray got on with some work again. There are very few times when it is ok to interrupt Roxy's Dad when he's at home working or especially when he's on the phone. Why do people do that anyway, talk to you when you're on the phone? If we had two brains or maybe 3 or more ears, it might be possible. But for the rest of us it's impossible to listen to a phone conversation and someone else at the same time. Have you tried it? Could you do it?

Anyway, Ray was always very **serious** when he was on the phone talking about work and most times he was very deep in conversation.

This afternoon he was on the phone a lot and was buzzing around from room to room. He reminded Roxy of one of those flies that get in when you leave a door open. They just keep moving from room to room as if they are looking for something, trapped because they can't find the way out. Maybe that's what they are looking for, a way out!

Today was a busy day and Ray was in a very deep phone conversation. Jan had come downstairs and was listening but could hear only one part of the conversation, she could hear what Ray was saying. Although she couldn't hear the other person, she who it was and as Ray was talking she walked towards him and said, "why don't you just tell them to finish their work and....", but before she could finish Ray raised his hand and without thinking brushed her away, turned around and continued his conversation.

It seemed like such a small insignificant thing to Ray but Jan was **hurt** by how she was **ignored** and 'pushed away'. She felt **offended** and **stunned** by being treated like that and Ray didn't even realise what he'd done. Jan felt **rejected** but Ray was so absorbed in conversation he wasn't aware of what he did.

Jan immediately felt **ignored** and went silent but she was far from forgetting, she was **livid**. Roxy saw everything as it unfolded in front of her. Although only seconds had passed, it seemed as if it was all in slow motion as it happened. Roxy was aware but by the time Ray got off the phone call, the silence had filled the room like thick smoke. There was **tension** in the air, it was deafening as it screamed for attention and couldn't be ignored.

Jan didn't look at Ray, on purpose, no eye contact was given. She'd dare not make eye contact in case she'd get more upset or worse reacted without thinking. Ray could see her expression was **distant** and as cold as ice. She was like a lit fuse burning and an explosion was imminent. Jan finally spoke, "I'm going out", she said. She decided not to stay and explain how **insulted** she felt by his actions towards her.

Ray knew she was upset but he was **unsure** what to say. He felt **guilty** and knew he didn't want her to go. He was **worried** and definitely didn't want her to be upset AND go! At the same time, he didn't want to admit he did something wrong because it could mean he meant to do it and that was not right. Ray was feeling **powerless** and **uneasy** but managed to blurt out something.

"You don't need to go", he said, "stay and we can talk about it". Ray's guilt needed to speak, it was the best way to be free of it. Jan was **disappointed** how Ray treated her but thought, at least if he understood what he'd done that would be better. She stayed and they started to cautiously talk doing their best not to make things worse. Ray was feeling **hopeful** and immediately started to apologies for what he'd done. It worked! Jan felt respected again, that was very important. Slowly but surely and eventually they were friends again. Phew!! Everything was **peaceful** again.

5: The Spider Person

The afternoon turned out very sunny. The clouds and rain disappeared replaced by a clear light blue sky with patches of clouds which reminded Roxy of pillows. It was warm so later that day Roxy's mum said she could go to see her friend, Stephen. When Roxy arrived, Stephen was playing on his games console, that was his favourite thing to do when he was at home. Roxy sometimes watched Stephen playing and thought it unusual it was called 'a game'. That's because his objective was to jump out of a helicopter down into a gang of other players, fight them, kill them all, take their money, steal a car then escape to the next stage where he had to shoot and kill someone else! Stephen **enjoyed** playing and would get lost in it for hours and hours. His mum always had difficulty getting him off the game to do his homework or clean his room or to do anything else really. The game never got boring for Stephen, it was his escape into another world.

While Stephen was playing, often, his player would get injured. There was always lots of blood, bad language and hurting other players. If that was real life, you wouldn't want to be there but I guess that's why it's called a game, you don't have to be there in real life.

Stephen had been playing for a while when Roxy arrived he was finding it difficult getting past one of the levels. He'd been stuck there for a while but kept trying over and over again. In the game he couldn't go anywhere because he was pinned down and every time he re-spawned and moved, he got shot and kept losing his life. He couldn't figure out where the enemy was hiding in the game. He couldn't see them and was stuck in the same place each time he started again. No matter how many times he tried, which was over 20 times, he kept losing his life. This went on for ages and Stephen was getting more and more **frustrated** because still he couldn't figure a way out.

Roxy watched him for a while but eventually got **bored** and asked if he wanted to take a break. "No!", he **snapped** at her. He was getting **irritated**, "I'm not going anywhere until I get past this level", he had to get past this and find where his enemy was. Roxy watched him play for a little longer, about another 10 lives, it wasn't long. Same thing over and over, no change and Stephen was getting more **frustrated**. Then she realised how he could get further, she knew where the enemy was. "I think he is behind you", she explained further, "they must've sneaked up on you while you were moving through that corridor". Stephen didn't think of that and realised Roxy 'must' be right, it was the last place he was expecting them to be and never checked because there was no-one there each time he re-started. So he changed his strategy. Stephen played as normal but this time, he imagined the enemy sneaking up behind him and just before he would normally lose, he jumped up, spun around and sure enough, there they were. He opened fire pressing the fire button hard as if his life depended on it and shot them dead. "Take that. Finally, I've got you", he said. In less than a minute, Stephen had changed from **irritated** and **frustrated** to **happy** and **excited**. He felt **proud** he'd finally won and his enemy was dead. He just kept shooting them, even as they lay on the floor! Roxy knew 'why' but she wondered 'how' he felt so good.

*The reason how? What they didn't know was, while Stephen was playing, his brain triggered his body to produce a drug called 'adrenaline', that was what he was feeling. Adrenaline makes you feel **excited**, as well as other things. It's quite normal, especially if you are jumping around fighting and killing people.*

Finally, Stephen was happy to save the game where he was and play with Roxy.

"What shall we play then?", Roxy said.

"How about wrestling? OR Cops and robbers? Or Cowboys and Indians?"

"I know, let's go and see if Poppy, Daisy and Bobby, want to play, we can all play together", Roxy suggested.

"Good idea Roxy!", said Stephen still excited. "Let's go".

Poppy, Daisy and Bobby were only next door so they put their shoes on, left the house and within seconds were next door at Poppy, Bobby and Daisy's house. The door knocker was a heavy metal horse's head and when they knocked it made a huge bellowing thud which echoed around the houses. They knocked twice and all three of their friends came to the door.

"Do you want to play cops and robbers", Stephen said still **excited** from playing his game.

"Yeah!!! ", they said excitedly all at once. They were **bored**.

So they decided they would all be cops and one of them, Steven, would be the one and only robber they were going to catch. Stephen would go ahead and find a place to hide while the rest of them gave him a little time, then search for him, chase him down and capture him.

"We'll count to twenty and you can escape", said Roxy to Steven. They all turned around and started counting "one, two, three, four...".

"OK! Don't look", said Stephen. He ran out of the house, down to the bottom of the garden. He ran out of the room, down the hallway, through the lounge, out the patio doors, across the grass down to the end of the garden and hid in the shade of a tree at the very end. He crouched down and waited but could still hear them faintly in the distance.

"...eighteen, nineteen, twenty", then they all shouted, "COMING READY OR NOT!",

Stephen heard they were coming and crouched down even more. Hunching his shoulders and dipping his head down to hide his head. Then still as a statue, he waited....

The rest of them in the house, the cops, stayed together. They **cautiously** stepped out of the room into the hallway wondering if Stephen was around the next corner. Back to back they moved **closely** together. Packed tight like a giant three-headed, six-legged spider....err....person. Yes, a spider-person-thing! They crept into the lounge as if they were stuck together with glue. One single unit tracking down the criminal. The air was silent in the lounge, the TV was off but you could hear the creak of a loose floorboard under the carpet. As they approached the patio doors, a table with an empty vase on it had a leg sticking out, it was in their way and Daisy clipped the leg of the table and accidentally tipped it over with her foot. Luckily, Poppy jumped forward and reached out with both arms. Dropping her imaginary guns, she grabbed the table stopping it from falling but the vase on top just kept going. Oh oh! It was going to fall and smash on the floor. Then like a lion pouncing on its food Bobby, with amazing speed and reflexes, dived forward and caught it the instant before it hit the floor. Daisy looked down at him, her eyebrows raised in surprise and said, "You're good!".

Roxy, at the front, didn't see any of this. She turned around, saw Daisy with her foot sticking out, Poppy holding the table top and Bobby laying on the floor with his arms outstretched holding a vase and said, "Shhhh". Then as the scene settled on her, a peculiar look came over her face as she wondered what was going on and she said, "I don't know what you guys are doing but I'm catching a criminal....you coming?". The 'cops squad' regrouped and made their way out onto the patio.

Meanwhile, Stephen was waiting and waiting and waiting and was getting **impatient**, under the tree at the bottom of the garden. Should he go out or stay where he was? He wasn't sure what to do. Have you ever been hiding and felt like moving? Maybe just have a quick look where they are? It was just like he's back in the game again but as a criminal this time. He started to feel **anxious** as he imagined he was like a sniper in his game waiting in the bushes for the enemy. As he imagined the game he became more **anxious** and more serious. He didn't want to get caught and knew they must be close. "Right", he said to himself, "They're not going to catch me", he said decisively. So he stayed put and waited for them. He was feeling **anxious**.

The 'cops' were at the end of the patio now, moving across the grass down towards Stephen. He could see them now but he was in the shade and knew they wouldn't be able to see him. He didn't know was his eyes were sticking out like tiny flashlights in the shade. They were more like giant saucers, giving away his position! As the cops approached the shaded tree they could see Stephen's eyes sticking out like a frightened monkey in the bush. "There he is!", Bobby said.

"CHAAAARRRRGGGEE!!!!", shouted Roxy as they all ran towards Stephen as fast as they could to arrest him. Stephen was stunned, he didn't expect a charge so soon, he was still hiding but had to think quick. He jumped up and **panicked**, out he charged straight towards them screaming, "AAAAARRRRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!". Everything was going ok up to 'this' point.

Stephen had reacted as if he was playing his game. He jumped up, **abandoned** his hiding place, ran at full speed towards them and rammed them hard with his shoulder. Bobby bounced back so hard his head was shook, he felt **confused** and both his feet left the floor and landed on his back. Stephen was much bigger than Bobby. Daisy and Poppy witnessed everything in front of them and were **shocked**. They took one quick glance at each other and at the same time turned and just ran away, back towards the house. Roxy didn't know what to do. She just stopped, put her head on the floor, closed her eyes and put her paws over them. Stephen was still running up the garden when he

stopped and realised Bobby may be hurt. He turned to check and saw Bobby curled up on the grass holding his stomach in pain. Then Bobby cried. "Waaaha waaaahahaha", followed by some short stuttered sniffs each time he took a breath in.

Everyone stopped and looked at him. Roxy lifted a paw and peaked, Daisy and Poppy stopped running and turned around. Stephen worried ran towards Bobby to ask if he was ok.

"Sorry!", he said. "I didn't mean to hurt you, are you ok?"

"I'll...sniff...I'll be...sniff, sniff... I'll be alright", he said, "but next time...sniff....be more careful"

"I will", Stephen said. He grabbed Bobby's hand and helped him up.

"I'm sorry", said Stephen, "It felt just like the game I was playing at home", Stephen said.

Stephen's console game at home had stopped but he brought it to reality it was still fresh in his mind. He acted as if he was still playing and because the game was fresh in his mind, he had feelings left. Anger, aggression, irritability, frustration. The 'adrenaline' was re-created by his brain when his mind recreated the moment.

Then there was a call from the house. It was Poppy's mum.

"Roxy, your mum just called. She said to come home for dinner.", Poppy's mum shouted.

"OK Roxy said. She sprung up and started to skip back up the garden but after a few steps she stopped and turned around. Roxy looked at her friends all together under the tree and smiled.

"See ya!", she said and ran home.

6. The Dream

Roxy's day was a long and eventful so after dinner she started to get ready for bed. She had her night clothes on and was brushing her teeth. The bathroom was dark at night, the light from the ceiling was dim and although sometimes relaxing when having a bath, it was much brighter in the mornings. The sun would rise from that side of the house, when the sunlight shines through the bathroom window, the room would feel very different. It was a good morning bathroom, filled with light and peaceful because of the birds chirping on the tree outside the window. But now, at night, it was darker and almost cave like.

She finished brushing her teeth, went to her bedroom and played with her toys for a while before her mum and dad came upstairs to tuck her in. There were times when she was sent to her room as a punishment, then she felt **isolated** from the family but every other time, she liked playing in her room. As she played, keeping herself **amused** she thought about all the things that happened during the day. 'That was a very busy day', she thought, 'so much went on'. She started to worry about her **loving** mum and felt a little **scared** about what might happen in the future. Also, when things were difficult at home, it made her **sad** and felt **despair**. She remembered when her dad was angry wondered how she could help him but there's a lot she needed to figure out, but it could help. She **considered** researching on the computer but Roxy wasn't allowed to go on the computer or internet by herself because her mum said it wasn't safe for her. She also didn't want to talk to anyone else about it in case someone got into trouble from her talking about it. Her mum always said not to talk to anyone about the family! All these things played on Roxy's mind, what could she do? Maybe she could just forget everything, don't worry about it and **detach** herself from her feelings? But that didn't feel right either!

After her parents came up and settled her down, Roxy was ready for sleep. She was comfortable and well wrapped up. Snug as a bug in a rug! Her eyes were feeling heavy and as she started to drift off she heard the wind blowing outside. The branches of the tree outside her window were tapping and scratching on the glass but she wasn't **scared**. She felt safe inside in her home, in her bedroom, in her bed. Within a few minutes she was drifting off to sleep while hearing the wind whirring outside. She was very tired after her long day. As she started to dream she imagined being on a swing in the park and could feel the swinging movement. She could feel the wind washing her face as she swung forwards and then, as she swung backwards, feel her head sinking deeper into her pillow. Feeling the breeze going forward and leaning forward as she swung back again. Her legs stretched in front led her direction forwards as she leaned back and then, at the top, she kicked the back and they disappeared, as she leaned forward resting onto the chains and swung backwards again. Back and forwards, back and forwards until one last time she leaned back and felt a long sweeping swing forwards. It seemed to be in slow motion and to last forever. Then, at the top of the swing, when she felt weightless, she tried to lean forwards to swing back but the chains had disappeared and she felt herself falling backwards, headfirst, with no chains - they had vanished.

Backwards she fell and back she continued to roll. There was no forwards anymore only one way.... Back! It was like she was doing backwards somersaults, over and over without stopping. Then in what felt like an instant, she suddenly landed in a sitting position at a perfect sharp stop. She found herself sitting in a chair at her kitchen table. On the table were papers stacked high in tall piles like skyscrapers, there seemed to be no end. She saw herself looking up and as the pages got higher and higher, she looked smaller and smaller. 'Woah! Who's papers are these?', she thought, 'and why are they on the dinner table?'. A slow creaking sound came from the table which started to creak, like the branches of the tree outside Roxy's bedroom window. First a light creak then it grew longer and louder. CRRREEEAAK! She looked down at the table leg, something moving near the bottom, it was a tiny creature, at the end of the leg, near the ground. About two hands high from the bottom, the thinnest part of the leg. Looking down Roxy could see where the creature was - on the dusty table leg near the ground. The dust camouflaged the creature but as it moved you could see dirt because the table was not on the stable flat kitchen floor but now outside on grass the leg had sunken down into the ground, due to the weight of all the papers I suppose.

The creature was covered in grey fur, looked shy and moved like a sloth in a slow **gentle way**. When Roxy had noticed, it hid behind the leg so Roxy squinted her eyes and looked harder.

"What's your name?", said Roxy. The creature straightened its back, looked up and said, "I'm the **Believer** monster". Roxy was confused and a little **suspicious**. She thought, 'monster? What kind of monster can have such a tiny voice and be so small?'

"And you don't seem like a monster to me", she said. "In fact you look very friendly". Roxy didn't feel **threatened** at all. The **Believer** monster was **surprised** Roxy wasn't scared but he was not scared of her either. The monster was **lonely** and **miserable** because he didn't have any friends and he was **eager** to think they could be friends!

"I am the **believer** monster but you can call me 'Bel'.

"Why are you called the believer monster?"

"Because whatever I **believe** I will be, but the secret is you must **believe**". Roxy was even more confused now and thought this was rather strange.

"Can you give me an example?", she said. Bel got **excited**, she looked up at the height of the table and said, "if I wanted to I could jump onto the top of this table".

"Go on then!", said Roxy. So Bel then took a deep breath, his chest filled like a balloon with air, bent his knees and like a spring exploded up into the air over the table and landed softly and safely on the top. Roxy was shocked and said, "You are **amazing**".

"Thank you!", said Bel as he smiled from ear to ear.

"So can I do that too?", said Roxy.

"Yes, of course! Just remember when you want to do anything, **you have to believe that you can, that's the secret. In fact that's critical**".

Roxy said, "Thanks! I'm really happy we are friends. Maybe I'll see you later."

"I hope so", said Bel.

Roxy was feeling great that she found an **amazing** new friend and started to think about how to get down from the table. At that moment she could hear a whistling sound coming from up above. She looked up and saw the sky getting darker and could feel the wind pressing harder against her. The atmosphere had changed and felt thick. The wind became stronger and unexpectedly a sudden a big gust blew, WHOOOSH! The towers of papers flew up into the air like birds scattering, scared off by a loud noise. Roxy was blown off her seat and started to fall down from the height of the table. Again it seemed like in slow motion. The space around her turned darker then she found herself falling deeper into the darkness. She reached up and out, hoping for anything to appear to grab onto, but she seemed to be falling too fast and everything in view she was falling away from was getting smaller quickly and disappearing fast.

As she fell deeper into the darkness she saw dark clouds in the distance making the shape of a funnel. She couldn't see clearly but could make out the shape and the end moving towards her. Within a couple of seconds, in the shape of an ice cream cone it appeared to be getting closer like a UFO coming down to land. Roxy in desperation decided to reach for it but started to spin and within seconds the bottom of the cone was touching her fingertips. It wasn't a giant ice cream cone or a space ship, it was a tornado! The tornado grabbed Roxy by her foot and sucked her up like a doll. Her arms were flapping around as she was dragged up higher and higher into the tornado and towards the centre. Roxy afraid squeezed her eyes closed tight then all of a sudden it went silent, the air was still, the whooshing which turned to screaming and a gentle breeze was calm. What's going on?

She opened her eyes and was surprised to see the fat driver from the red lorry flying around inside the tornado, upside down with his belly hanging out. "Whooooaaa!!!", he shouted. "Are you ok?", he said. Roxy smiled, lifted her arm and gave him a thumbs up. Then, in a blink, he was gone with the wind, followed by a giant green apple. 'Good heavens!' she thought, 'where did that come from?'. Roxy's curiosity had **focused** her attention in the moment and she was thinking again. Just then, a wooden ladder lowered down the centre of the tornado. It was just like the ladder her mum's old window cleaner used to have. Roxy stretched out for it with one hand, grabbed it and managed to get her other hand and then a foot onto it.

She was in the centre of the tornado with a tight grip on the ladder. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the giant green apple still spinning round. She felt a drop of cold rain on her nose (which was already wet because she is a dog) and was being thrown around by the force of the wind. The rain drops got bigger and Roxy was getting wetter. Roxy was getting drenched, the wind was picking up again and she started to feel colder. The tornado spun the apple round and swooped closer towards her. Squinting she could see a spider crawling on the surface trying to hang on tight. It had three heads and each of the heads was one of Roxy's friends from earlier that day - Bobby, Daisy and Poppy. Then the apple spun out of view and Roxy decided the best thing to do was to climb the ladder.

She had to think and move fast but as she tried to climb up, the ladder was getting more slippery the higher she went and she slipped. Luckily she managed to hold on tight, recovered her footing and continued to climb up. Right then, she saw the fat lorry driver again rolling round in the wind so she reached out for him to grab her hand. It was a long shot but as he was flying past, their hands connected and she grabbed him. Roxy felt **safer** with someone else, even if they were just as stuck as her. He climbed onto the ladder and shouted above the noise of the tornado, "ARE YOU OK?". Roxy smiled and said, "Yes, thank you!" and carried on climbing. He decided to stay where he was, clinging onto the ladder. 'I know I can get to the top', she thought but **scared** as she was, she remembered what Bel had told her. She said to herself, "I **believe** I can get out of here and I'm going to keep going". She continued to climb and as she tried harder, it got easier. It eventually felt effortless, as if she was on a lift. She almost reached the top and the noise of the wind started to die down and quieten. Roxy could see the clouds clearing and finally at the very top of the ladder she saw an almost blinding bright light. It was the sunlight shining through AND there was a rainbow.

There was something else quite strange.. The clouds were still and fluffy just like cotton wool. She put her right leg out and could step onto them. They were bouncy like a bouncy castle but soft too. Her footsteps left dimples like a mattress when you stand on it but then slowly flattened again back to normal. I say normal but there's nothing normal about this place. As Roxy walked on, her footsteps were hidden and the clouds were more like a thick mist. There was only a thick mist. It wasn't cold but as she stepped she couldn't see her feet in the mist.

Roxy didn't even notice what was approaching ahead as she was just trying to find her feet! But when she looked up, she was **astonished** by the beautiful sight of a still lake with a rainbow arching over it. The sky was a light blue and the water was calm. The sky and rainbow reflected so you could see a double rainbow, Roxy was in **awe** of the view. Around the edge of the lake she recognised her friends' houses and in the middle of the lake was her Mum and Dad, Jan and Ray, standing together on the top of a rock. They were smiling at Roxy and holding hands and the rock was sitting on a ring of golden sand. Roxy walked up to the edge of the water and looked into the water to see her reflection. Her face was **happy** and **calm**, she looked **content**. Looking deeper into the reflection she could see the fat man with the belly in the distance again flying over her shoulder and holding onto a balloon. With a tiny voice she could hear him say, "Are you ok?". Roxy smiled and whispered, "Yes! I **believe** that in this place, everything is ok".

Roxy thought, 'What a beautiful place to be'. She thought if things get difficult in her life, whatever happens, she wanted to be able to come here. Roxy dipped her hands into the clear water, it was cool but not cold, scooped up some water and washed her face. Even after everything that's happened, this was very strange because Roxy never liked washing her face! She opened her eyes and watched the ripples float away into the lake towards Jan and Ray. She had an **intimate loving** feeling in her heart, it felt warm and close. It made her smile inside and she paused for a minute to **enjoy** and **appreciate** it.

Roxy then looked to her left and saw a wooden signpost sticking out of the misty ground. The post had three directions with the words "Chicken Curry", "Chocolate" and "Safe Place". The "Safe Place" pointed to the lake, "Chocolate" pointed straight down but there was no-where to go. And "Chicken Curry" pointed to a bright orange arm chair which seemed to just appear from nowhere.

The chair was **tempting**. It had a red seat belt and just underneath on one side, was a lever. 'Maybe that's to go up and down', she thought. "Well I am feeling a bit hungry now. I feel like chicken Curry", she said to herself. So she sat in the chair and fastened her seat-belt. Roxy's parents were always very clear when they said, "**if there's a seat belt, use it**" (Very good advice). The chair was clean and comfortable but nothing happened. Then she remembered the lever, reached for it, gripped the lever tight and pulled it but still nothing happened. She said to herself, "I guess the chair is bro.....", and before she could finish the sentence the chair dropped downwards fast with her in it and kept falling. Again, she was falling but through the clouds, straight down. Then the chair shifted left for a second, then right for another second and fell into an orange tube with more twists and turns, like a water slide. 'Sliding' through the tube, Roxy wondered where she would end up.

Still falling fast Roxy could see the end of the tube finally in sight. The the chair shot up and out into the air. For a brief second Roxy was weightless, but just before falling again, the chair dismantled itself and fell apart. Roxy saw the parts drifting away! She could see the nuts and bolts which held the chair together slowly exploding outwards and she

was now falling by herself. Roxy was **panicking**, she thought, “I need to fly!”, it was the only thought she had. She put her arms out and waved her hands up and down as fast as she could. Now, flying? Hmmm....Are you sure? Well you guessed it all that flapping seemed to work, she started to fall slower. Roxy could feel the difference and slowed her flapping down making longer sweeping movements and started to glide like an eagle. She is flying! The wind was gentle and the air was **peaceful** and quiet. “What a beautiful feeling flying is!”, she thought.

Still going down but gliding effortlessly she looked down and could see a deep green forest underneath her. The green canopy reminded Roxy of her Grans old carpet, looked messy but really it was just busy. It would make an impossible jigsaw puzzle! She glanced up and saw the sky and clouds. She turned and looked at her arms, they were covered in feathers...she had wings instead of arms! Long dark brown wings with white tips on the feathers. She was flying and it felt **amazing**. Roxy is a dog but she was as free as a bird and could feel the soft cool breeze against her face as she glided forwards. She knew this is what it feels like to be **free**.

She looked around and managed to pick out a place that looked familiar. Roxy saw a house with a garden around it and instantly recognised it, it's where she lived and decided to head for it. As she got closer to the ground Roxy slowed herself down, flapping slower and as she approached the ground she lifted her wings up and back. Finally, she had glided to the ground and just as she touched down her eyes opened and found herself waking up in her bed. She had gently woken from her sleep and what a great dream!

All the next day Roxy remembered the dream and sometimes if she got upset, Roxy would imagine it was like being in the tornado like when there was any noise or commotion at home or problems anywhere else. Roxy would close her eyes and take herself away somewhere quiet. She'd remember the tornado, from her dream, with everything spinning around. Then would think about when she felt herself falling and remember the ladder coming to get her. She'd grab it and somehow it would grab her hand back. Then she would start to climb to get to her safe place. She would get to the top of the ladder and walk on the clouds for a bit until she couldn't see her feet anymore. Then her safe place was right in front of her. She could just be there and enjoy the view, the silence and the peace. Maybe occasionally the fat man with the belly would turn up and ask her, “are you ok?” and she would say “Yes!” because she could always find ***‘Roxy's safe place’***.

‘Roxy's safe place’ was always in her heart and sometimes, when she met her friends or family, and they got upset, she would point to her heart and say to them, “You are here! Are you ok?.....”

The End

Glossary of Emotional Words and Meanings

FEAR	Be afraid of (someone or something) as likely to be dangerous, painful or harmful	HAPPY	Feeling or showing pleasure or content	ANGER	Anger is the strong emotion that you feel when you think that someone has behaved in an unfair, cruel, or unacceptable way.
Alienated	Make someone feel isolated or estranged	Accepted	Generally believed or recognised to be valid or correct	Aggressive	Ready or likely to attack or confront, characterised by or resulting from aggression
Anxious	Worried by fear or danger	Amused	To find something funny	Annoyed	Slightly angry, irritated
Apprehensive	anxious or fearful that something bad or unpleasant will happen	Appreciative	Feeling or showing gratitude or pleasure	Bitter	Feeling or showing anger, hurt or resentment because of bad experiences or a sense of unjust treatment.
Distracted	unable to concentrate because one is preoccupied by something worrying or unpleasant	Arrogant	Showing an exaggerated sense of importance or abilities	Concerned	make someone anxious or worried
Distressed	Physical or mental suffering	Attentive	Paying close attention to something	Contentious	Causing or likely to cause an argument or disagreement
Frightened	Made to feel very afraid	Bossy	Likes to give people orders	Critical	Expressing adverse or disapproving comments or judgements
Inadequate	Not good enough	Cheerful	Happy and optimistic	Crushed	Violently subdued
Inert	Lacking the ability or strength to move	Cocky	Conceited or confident in a bold or cheeky way	Distant	Not intimate, cool or reserved
Inferior	Lower in position, status or quality	Confident	Feeling or showing certainty about something	Embarrassed	Feeling or showing embarrassment
Insecure	Uncertain or anxious about oneself, not confident	Courageous	Not put off by danger or pain, to be brave	Enraged	Very angry, furious
Insignificant	Too small or unimportant to be worth consideration	Cozy	Giving or feeling of comfort, warmth and relaxation	Exposed	Reveal the true, objectionable nature in someone or something
Jilted	Suddenly reject or abandon	Delighted	Feeling or showing great pleasure	Frustrated	Distress or annoyance as a result of the inability to change or achieve something
Nervous	Very uneasy	Dynamic	positive in attitude and full of energy and new ideas.	Furious	Extremely angry
Overwhelmed	Too much to handle	Ecstatic	feeling or expressing overwhelming happiness or joyful excitement.	Hateful	arousing, deserving of, or filled with hatred.
Panicky	feeling or characterized by uncontrollable fear or anxiety.	Elated	make (someone) ecstatically happy.	Hostile	Showing or feeling opposition or dislike, unfriendly
Passive	accepting or allowing what happens or what others do, without active response or resistance.	Fulfilled	satisfied or happy because of fully developing one's abilities or character.	Hurt	Cause injury or pain to
Rejected	Refused to have	Gentle	Mild, kind or tender in	Incensed	very angry; enraged.

			character		
Scared	fearful; frightened.	Grateful	Feeling or showing an appreciation for something done or received	Indignant	feeling or showing anger or annoyance at what is perceived as unfair treatment.
Submissive	ready to conform to the authority or will of others; meekly obedient or passive.	Hopeful	Feeling or inspiring optimism about a future event	Infuriated	make (someone) extremely angry and impatient.
Tense	Stretched tight	Important	Of great significance or value	Insulted	Speak to or treat with disrespect or scornful abuse
Terrified	Very afraid	Indebted	owing gratitude for a service or favour.	Irritated	Showing or feeling slight anger, annoyed
Uneasy	Not easy in body or mind	Inquisitive	having or showing an interest in learning things; curious.	Jealous	Feeling or showing an envious resentment of someone or their achievements, possessions, or perceived advantage
Unsure	Not certain or confident	Inspired	Of extraordinary quality, as if arising from some external creative impulse	Livid	Furiously angry
Worried	Anxious or troubled about actual or potential problems	Interested	showing curiosity or concern about something or someone; having a feeling of interest.	Mad	Mentally ill, insane
		Intimate	Closely acquainted, familiar, private, personal	Offended	Resentful or annoyed, typically as a result of a perceived insult
DISGUST	a feeling of revulsion or strong disapproval aroused by something unpleasant or offensive.	Joyful	Feeling, expressing or causing great pleasure and happiness	Provoked	Stimulate or give rise to (a reaction or emotion, typically a strong unwelcome one) in someone
Abhorrent	inspiring disgust and loathing; repugnant.	Liberated	(of a place or people) freed from enemy occupation.	Resentful	feeling or expressing bitterness or indignation at having been treated unfairly.
Aversion	someone or something that arouses a strong dislike or disinclination.	Loving	Feeling or showing love or great care	Riled	make (someone) annoyed or irritated.
Avoidance	The action of keeping away from or not doing something	Open-minded	willing to consider new ideas; unprejudiced.	Sarcastic	marked by or given to using irony in order to mock or convey contempt .
Awful	Extremely bad unpleasant ugly	Optimistic	to expect the most favourite outcome and result.	Scolding	an angry rebuke or reprimand.
Contempt	the feeling that a person or a thing is not worth thinking about.	Peaceful	free from war, free from trouble	Sceptical	not easily convinced; having doubts or reservations.
Detestable	deserving intense dislike.	Playful	full of play or fun	Slighted	insult (someone) by treating or speaking of them without proper respect or attention.
Disappointed	feeling down by the failure of your hopes or expectations	Pleased	to feel pleasure or satisfaction	Snapped	to say a quick sharp sentence or speech e, like a command

Disapproval	possession or expression of an unfavourable opinion.	Powerful	having great power or strength.	Standoffish	distant and cold in manner; unfriendly.
Disillusioned	disappointed in someone or something that one discovers to be less good than one had believed	Pretentious	attempting to impress by affecting greater importance or merit than is actually possessed.	Suspicious	suspect evil or distrust
Hesitant	Undecided, doubtful or unsure to continue	Proud	feeling pleased over something important to yourself	Threatened	to be a menace or source of danger
Judgemental	having or showing a strong critical point of view	Provocative	causing anger or another strong reaction, especially deliberately.	Violated	treat (something sacred) with irreverence or disrespect.
Loathing	a feeling of intense dislike or disgust; hatred.	Respected	to admire deeply because of ability quality or achievement	Vulnerable	capable of or susceptible to being wounded or hurt
Repugnant	extremely distasteful; unacceptable.	Sensitive	quick to detect or respon to small changes signals or people	Withdrawn	not wanting to communicate with other people.
Revolted	cause to feel disgust.	Welcomed	greet in a polite or friendly way.		
Revulsion	a sense of disgust and loathing.				
Timid	showing a lack of courage or confidence; easily frightened				

<u>SURPRISED</u>	If you are surprised at something, you have a feeling of surprise, because it is unexpected or unusual.	<u>SAD</u>	If you are sad, you feel unhappy, usually because something has happened that you do not like.	CAN YOU ADD ANY MORE BELOW HERE?	
Amazed	surprise greatly, filled with astonishment	Abandoned	having been distant or left	Considered	think carefully about (something), typically before making a decision.
Astonished	greatly surprised or impressed; amazed.	Apathetic	showing or feeling no interest, enthusiasm or concern	Content	in a state of peaceful happiness
Awe	feeling of reverential respect mixed with fear or wonder	Ashamed	feeling embarrassed or guilty	Instant	happening or coming immediately
Confused	unable to think clearly	Bored	an activity you not interested in or game		
Disconcerted	worried by something and uncertain	Depressed	(of a person) in a state of unhappiness or despondency.		
Dismayed	cause (someone) to feel concern and distress.	Despair	loss or absence of hope		
Dumbfounded	greatly astonish or amaze.	Detached	separate or disconnected in particular		
Eager	strongly wanting to do or have something	Disinterested	having or feeling no interest in something; uninterested.		
Energetic		Dragged	pull (someone or something) along		

			forcefully, roughly, or with difficulty.		
Enthusiastic	having or showing intense and eager enjoyment, interest or approval	Empty	containing nothing, not filled or occupied		
Excited	very enthusiastic and eager	Forgotten	fail to remember. inadvertently neglect to do, bring, or mention something.		
Horrified	filled with horror, shocked greatly	Guilty	culpable or responsible for a specified wrongdoing		
Perplexed	completely baffled, very puzzled	Hopeless	feeling or causing despair		
Shocked	cause someone to feel surprised or upset	Ignored	refuse to take notice of or acknowledge, disregard intentionally		
Startled	cause to feel sudden shock or alarm	Indifferent	having no interest or sympathy		
Stunned	astonish or shock so they are temporarily unable to react	Isolated	far away from other places, buildings or people, remote		
		Lonely	sad because one has no friends or company		
		Miserable	wretchedly unhappy or uncomfortable		
		Outcast	a person who has been rejected or excluded from a group		
		Powerless	without ability, influence or power		
		Remorseful	filled with remorse; sorry.		
		Responsible	being the main reason of something and so able to be blamed or credited for it.		
		Somber	having or conveying a feeling of deep seriousness and sadness.		
		Victimized	single (someone) out for cruel or unjust treatment.		