

Rory and the Big Loud Feeling

An Oodleloo story

3-5

Made with Oodleloo



Rory built a tower of stones. It took all morning and it was taller than Rory's ears.



One last stone went on the very top. Wobble. Wobble. Crash!



The tower fell down, and something big and loud came roaring up inside Rory.



Rory stomped. Rory shouted at the stones. Then Rory's eyes went hot and blurry.



A good friend sat down nearby, not too close, and just stayed there quietly.



"I am so cross," said Rory in a wobbly voice. "I know," said a good friend. "That is allowed."



They sat while the big loud feeling got smaller, the way big feelings do.



After a while, Rory picked up one stone. Then another. The tower began again.



"Feelings are not naughty," said Rory. "They are just big." And this tower was even taller.