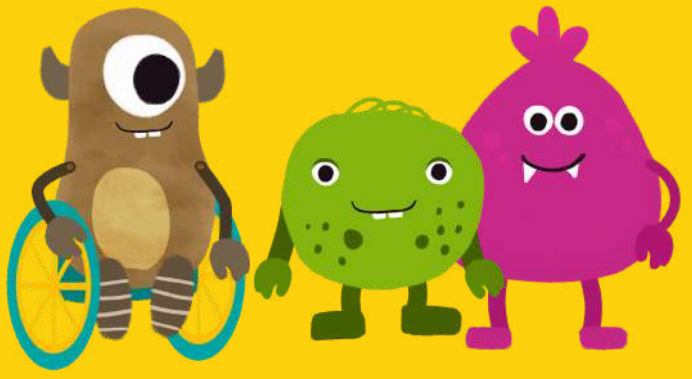
Getting Help

JK - Grade 2

Meet our friends in Beastie Valley

Ahh, Beastie Valley.
This fine lil' furry friend is OrangeBeastie.

OrangeBeastie is a pretty average beastie, tries hard at school, has a lot of friends, loves a good game of squirrelball, and pretty much considers themself to be a good friend in the beastie community.



After a week of rain, BeastieValley is finally having a lovely spring day and OrangeBeastie is jumping with outside energy so they decide to see how long it will take to run from their tree to the other end of the forest.

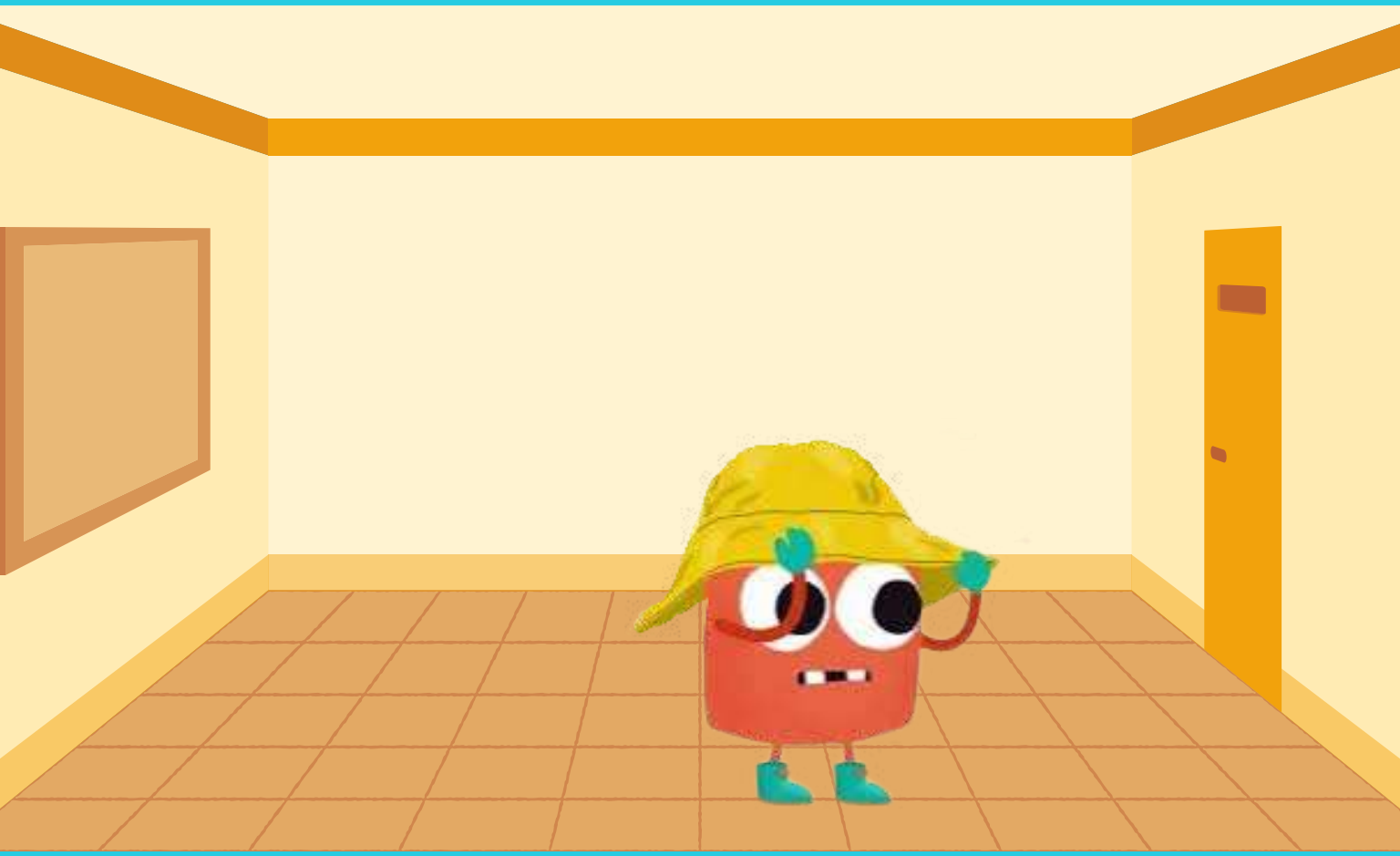
OrangeBeastie is amazed at how fast they're running this morning, so they kick it up a notch. Let's see if we can break last summer's record!
And suddenly, disaster.

I guess OrangeBeastie grew a little over the winter - or at least their horns must have - because that low-ish tree branch never used to be a problem.

It didn't hurt - in fact, OrangeBeastie barely felt it. But now, oh boy.

OrangeBeastie tries not to panic. They're suddenly worried about what their parents are going to say. What everyone will say, actually. A broke horn beastie is embarrassing. OrangeBeastie's good mood is now replaced by fear, guilt and shame.

Okay, let's not panic, they think. Maybe we can just hide it and hope the horn grows back.

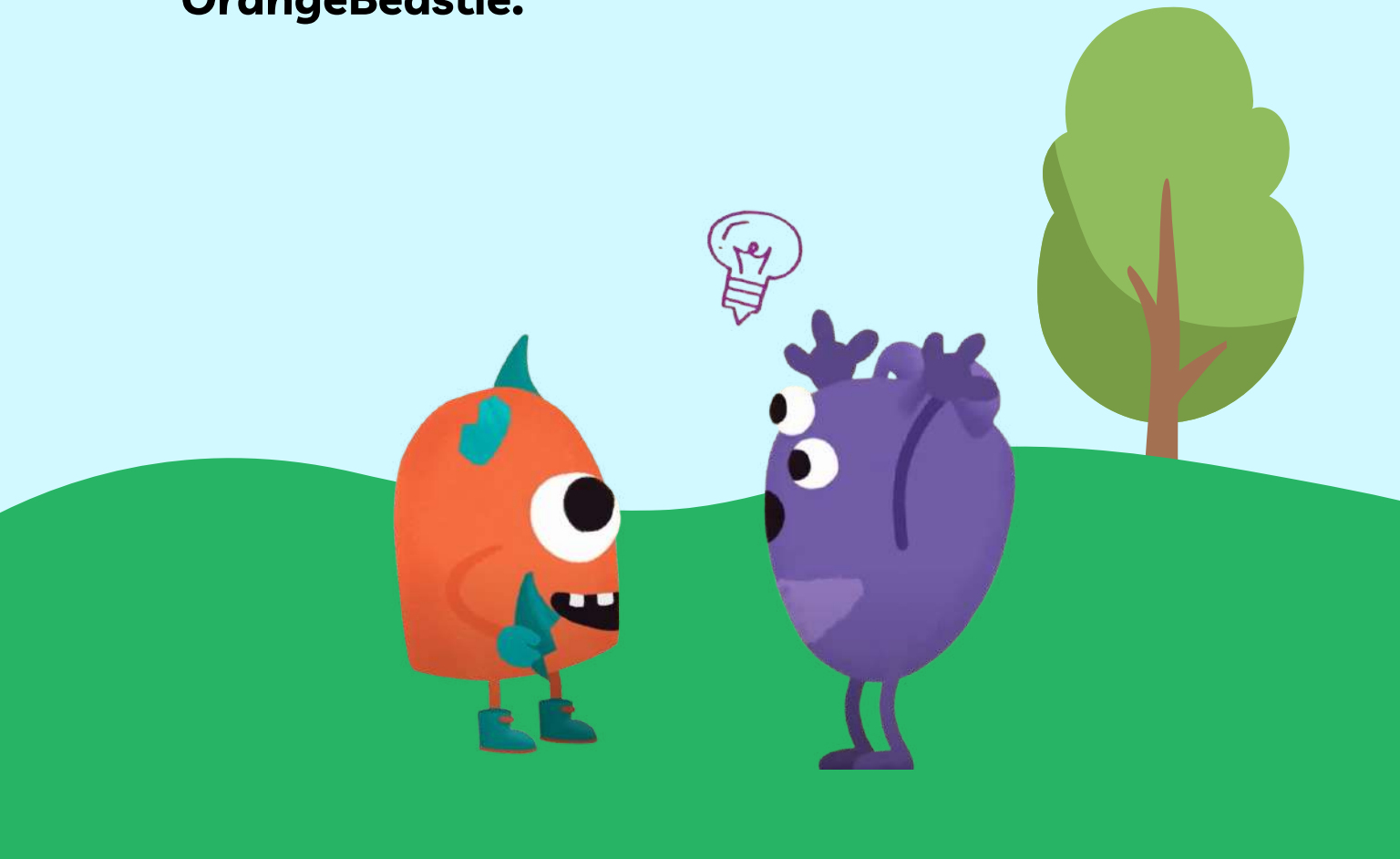


But the other beasties just keep asking OrangeBeastie, what's the deal with the hat? Is it gonna rain or something?
To be honest, it kinda does look ridiculous. Almost as bad as a broken off horn. Gotta think of something else.

It quickly becomes clear to OrangeBeastie that they're going to need some help. Someone they can trust. Someone they can trust to be supportive and understanding - and NOT blab about this to the whole valley. OrangeBeastie goes through the possibilities.
BlueBeastie doesn't have horns, so they won't understand. Same goes for GreenBeastie.
LavenderBeastie can NOT keep a secret, and MaroonBeastie is away on vacation. Then there's PurpleBeastie. Hmm, not a terrible idea. They don't have horns, but they're pretty sweet and a really nice friend. And PurpleBeastie never laughs at me or calls me names.

OrangeBeastie decides to trust PurpleBeastie so, after the usual conversation about the possibility of rain, they reveal their dark secret. Thankfully, PurpleBeastie's first reaction was one of concern and didn't make OrangeBeastie feel silly at all. In fact, PurpleBeastie reassured OrangeBeastie that it was an accident - not their fault. And they were really nice about it.

PurpleBeastie has an idea and asked OrangeBeastie for the broken horn. “We’ll just stick it back on and no one will notice.” They say, “Stick it on with what?” asks OrangeBeastie.



“Maple sap!” says PurpleBeastie.
But, since no one was there to present a better idea, OrangeBeastie decides to go for it and they give it a shot.

For the rest of the day, other beasties don't seem to notice anything wrong with OrangeBeastie's horn. But everyone keeps sniffing the air and asking if OrangeBeastie had just eaten a stack of pancakes.

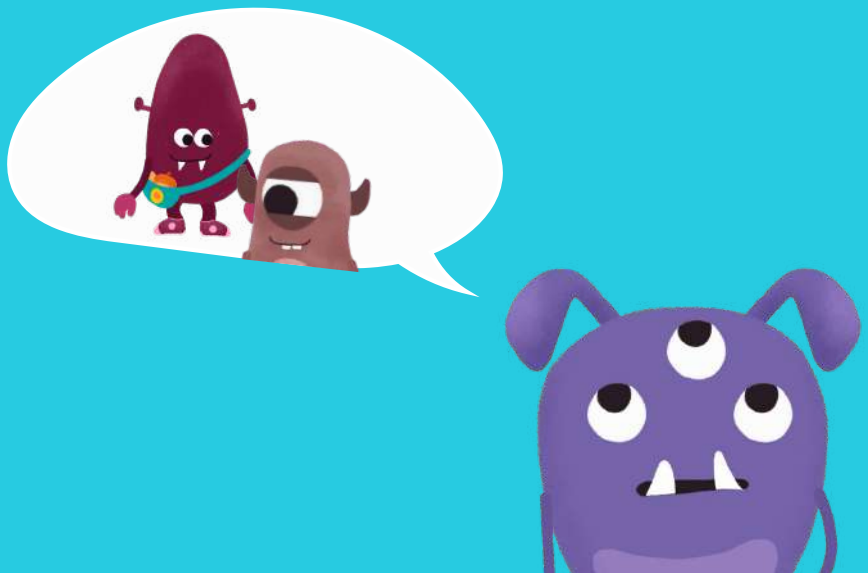
After about an hour the maple sap starts losing its sticky and the horn starts to wobble loose.

On their way back to PurpleBeastie's tree, OrangeBeastie passes a pack of younger beasties who start to point and make fun of the wobbly horn.

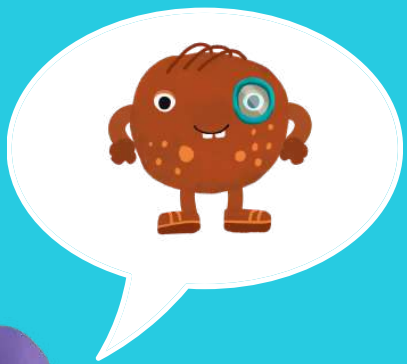
PurpleBeastie tries sticking it back on, but it was a mess now. Looks like they're going to need another plan.

PurpleBeastie suggests that they find one of the adult Beasties to tell. OrangeBeastie isn't sure, and worries. "What if I get in trouble? Will everyone still laugh at me?"

PurpleBeastie agrees that, if they go to someone that might laugh, like CrimsonBeastie or ChestnutBeastie, they'll certainly be made to feel worse. But what would happen if they picked someone they know will want to help? "Like whom?" asks OrangeBeastie.



PurpleBeastie starts listing off a few of the (more senior) *older beasties in the valley, only to be stopped by OrangeBeastie:
“IndigoBeastie?” - “They’ll just blame me.” says OrangeBeastie. “Hmm”, says PurpleBeastie,” They’ve never done that to me before”, but if you feel that way, we don’t need to go to them.”
“BurntSiennaBeastie?” – ”They will just go tell on me and won’t be my friend anymore.”



... and on and on they went until PurpleBeastie finally suggests, “What about SilverBeastie?”
Hmmm.... OrangeBeastie thinks about SilverBeastie for a minute. They’re super smart - and caring. They always seem to make things calm and fun to be around.
PurpleBeastie agrees. They tell OrangeBeastie about the time PurpleBeastie lost their family Thingamajiggy a few months back and SilverBeastie helped them figure out how to find a new one without making a big deal out of it.

After a bit of convincing, OrangeBeastie decides to go to SilverBeastie, but only if PurpleBeastie tags along for support, which PurpleBeastie is more than happy to do.

As the two of them wander through the valley, OrangeBeastie is nervous and won't look at anyone else, while PurpleBeastie is just their bouncy, supportive self. Then they arrive at SilverBeastie's tree trunk office.

With a little prompting (and a little stuttering), OrangeBeastie explains to SilverBeastie what the problem is. SilverBeastie is super calm, listens respectfully and, without laughing at OrangeBeastie's "little" problem, invites the younger beasties in - they have just the solution.

As they check out OrangeBeastie's horn stump, SilverBeastie explains that they did the right thing reaching out to an adult beastie. Because no matter how big your problem is, there will always be someone who can help you.

SilverBeastie presents OrangeBeastie with a horn-sized cone. They point out that it's actually pretty common to lose a horn and have to wait for it to grow back.

Fast forward a few weeks and here we are. OrangeBeastie is living their life as normal.

Still coping a bit with their “problem”, but able to let go of the shame and anxiety because they took control and are dealing with it - with some support from others.

CREATED BY

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