



Shiloh's Big Rip and Beautiful Mix

By zenith



Shiloh had a very big feeling inside. It felt like a rumbley storm in her tummy and a prickly heat in her fingers. She remembered how stomping her feet helped yesterday, and how squeezing clay helped the day before. But today, the feeling was even bigger, and it needed a new way to come out.





Her teacher, Soren, saw the storm in Shiloh's eyes. He knelt down so he was small, just like her. "It is okay to have big feelings, Shiloh," Soren said softly. "Your feelings are allowed to be here. Would you like to try something new to help them travel from your heart to your hands?"





Soren reached for a bin filled with bright paper. There was red, orange, blue, and purple. "This is our plan," Soren explained. "You can take any piece you like. You don't have to be neat, and you don't have to be careful. You can just let the paper be whatever it needs to be."



Shiloh took a deep breath and grabbed a sheet of sky-blue paper. She gripped the top with both hands and pulled. RRRIP! The paper split right down the middle. The sound was sharp and loud, just like the rumble storm inside her.





She did it again. Crunch, rip, snap! She tore long skinny strips and tiny little squares. She tore jagged triangles and wobbly circles. The more she tore, the more the prickly heat in her fingers began to fade away into the colorful scraps on the floor.





After a while, the bin was empty and the floor was full. Soren sat quietly nearby. "Let's check in," he said. Shiloh looked at her hands. They felt tingly but relaxed. "How did the paper feel, Shiloh?" Soren asked. "It was strong," Shiloh whispered. "It pushed back until I pulled harder. Then it let go."





Shiloh listened to the silence of the room. She noticed that her tummy didn't feel like a storm anymore. The tension had moved from her body into the mountain of paper.

"The sound was the best part," Shiloh told Soren. "It sounded like the feeling was leaving."





"Now that the feeling has changed, what shall we do with the pieces?" Soren asked. He brought over a large, blank white board and a purple glue stick. "We can keep tearing more if you need to, or we can use these pieces to make something new. It's your choice."





When she was finished,
Shiloh looked at her work.
It was a beautiful, messy,
wonderful mix of
everything she had felt. She
felt proud and calm. She
knew that the next time a
big feeling arrived, she had
a safe way to let it out and
turn it into something
special.

