



Shiloh and the Magic Clay

By zenith



Shiloh was building a very tall tower. It was made of bright blue and yellow blocks. But suddenly, CRASH! The tower tumbled down into a messy pile. Shiloh felt a hot, prickly feeling growing inside. It felt like a tiny storm was waking up in her tummy.





The storm grew bigger. Shiloh's face felt warm, and her hands wanted to throw something. She felt so frustrated that her whole body felt tight, like a rubber band stretched too far. "I have a big feeling," she whispered to herself.





Kora walked over and sat on the floor. She didn't look upset. She looked calm and kind. "That is a very big storm, Shiloh," Kora said softly. "Your feelings are strong, but you are the boss of your body. We can find a safe way to let the storm out."





"Let's make a Plan," Kora suggested. "When the storm is big, we can go to the art table. We can use the clay to show the feeling. Does that sound like a good plan?" Shiloh nodded slowly. She was ready to try.





Now it was time to Do the plan. Shiloh reached out and grabbed the clay. She squeezed it as hard as she could! The clay felt cool and squishy. It didn't mind being squeezed at all. Shiloh felt some of the tightness leave her fingers and go into the clay.





Shiloh lifted her hand high and—THWACK!—she pounded the clay flat. Then she did it again. THWACK! She was using her muscles to let the frustration out. The clay changed shape every time she hit it, but the room stayed safe and quiet.





After a few minutes, Kora asked, "Let's Review. How does your tummy feel now? How do your hands feel?" Shiloh stopped. she took a deep breath. The hot, prickly feeling was gone. "The storm went into the clay," Shiloh said. "I feel quiet now."





"If the feeling comes back, we can Repeat," Kora reminded her. "We Plan, we Do, we Review, and we Repeat until we feel safe." Shiloh poked a little hole in the clay with her finger and smiled. She knew what to do if the storm returned.





Shiloh went back to her blocks. She started to build a new tower, even taller than the first one. She knew that even if it fell again, she had a plan. She was safe, she was strong, and she was the boss of her big feelings.