



A few days later, my parents told me some bad and sad news.

As if being made fun of at school wasn't awful enough, they told me Bubbles, my pet fish, died. Bubbles **ALWAYS** listened to me when I talked about my problems. Seeing Bubbles was one of the best parts of my day.

Why does everything **BAD**  
always happen to me?



I didn't know how I was  
going to get over this.



Do you ever talk to a pet (or a stuffed animal, a doll, or an action figure) about your feelings and what's happening in your life? If you do, how does it make you feel?

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If you don't have a pet or a stuffed toy, who can you talk to at home when you are having a bad day? Who can you talk to at school when you are having a bad day?

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Later, Mrs. Bell asked why I would want to play with kids who were always mean to me. I didn't have a good answer. Maybe I just wanted to feel popular.

"Having good friends is better than being popular," she told me. "Never change yourself to fit in. Just be the best person you can be, and the right people will want to be your friends."

### **I thought about that for a long time.**

Then I figured out there really wasn't an easy way for me to just get over everything unless I figured out a way to make those small changes Mrs. Bell recommended and see if they really do help.

Maybe it's time to  
Start Acting Differently!

Mom and Dad  
really look  
out for me.

That was nice  
of Dylan, maybe  
Mrs. Bell was right.

Hope.

I **CAN** be  
happy.

I'm feeling  
better!

I can make  
friends  
and be kind.

I enjoy  
being outdoors,  
exploring.