

I Think About It

- Saanvi Rallapalli

I am six years old. I have a little brother and he is four years old.

He likes to play with me.

I love to also play with him.

A lot of times when we

play together my brother

sometimes gets mad.

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He cries for nothing. Then I get mad at him too. Then he cries more loudly. My mom comes and tells us not to fight and takes me with her and lets me sit down and think about it. Then I say "I got it. Maybe he is tired. That's why he is mad at me." I should just forget about his bad behavior.

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And erase it from my brain.

Maybe we can play something

that he likes or eat some

snack and watch t.v.

When any one is mad I

always erase it in my brain.

My teacher said if some

one else gets mad at you,

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your happiness bucket will get empty. So I always forget about it.

One day after school my friend got mad at me in school bus.

She yelled at me very loudly. I felt empty in my

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bucket. I told my brain to erase it from my day.

"Maybe she is tired like me after a long day". It's ok.

I will tell on her to my teacher tomorrow. I did not yell back at her. I also did not cry. I sat and

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did nothing at all. I told
my mom about it. She said
"I am proud of you."

If I get sad then I
will wipe my tears away.

I like to be happy and excited.

The End

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