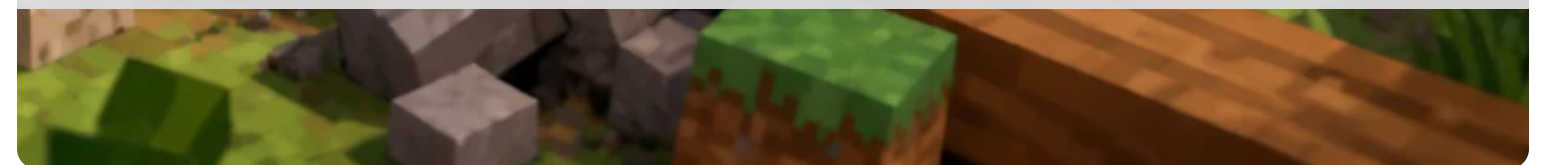




The Master Builder's Deep Breath

kim S





In the vibrant, pixelated world of Bricksvale, Alex was famous for his incredible creativity. Under a bright square sun, he stood proudly next to his latest masterpiece, a towering stone castle with spinning redstone gears and glowing lanterns.



Deep underground in a dark cavern, Alex swung his iron pickaxe at a cluster of rare, glowing blue diamonds. Just as the precious gems began to break free, a loud snap echoed through the cave, leaving him holding nothing but a broken wooden handle.



Disappointed but determined, Alex returned to the surface only to hear a terrifying, rhythmic sizzling sound right behind him. Before he could turn around, a green, explosive creeper detonated, leaving a massive, smoking crater where the front wall of his beautiful house used to be.



As Alex began the frustrating task of gathering materials to rebuild, his best friend Sam jumped over a nearby hill to help. In his enthusiasm, Sam accidentally swung his wooden axe too wide, knocking down a large section of the remaining stone wall with a loud crash.



Alex felt his face flush hot, and his digital hands clenched into tight fists. Inside his chest, a wave of hot anger started to rise rapidly, feeling exactly like bubbling lava bursting from the depths of the Nether.



Remembering a valuable lesson from his teacher about managing big emotions, Alex took his hands off the keyboard and stepped away from his desk. He closed his eyes tightly, taking a moment to distance himself from the frustrating screen.



In his mind, Alex imagined a peaceful, quiet Minecraft meadow where the blocky sun was gently setting over soft green hills. He took three deep, slow breaths, counting each one carefully as if he were placing fragile glass blocks in a perfect, steady pattern.



When Alex opened his eyes, the hot anger had completely cooled down like water turning lava into smooth obsidian. He calmly typed a friendly message into the game chat, telling Sam it was okay and inviting him to rebuild the wall together.



Sam sent back a cheerful smiling emoji, and the two friends set to work side-by-side under the afternoon sky. They gathered fresh oak wood, smooth stone, and bright glass panes, laughing as they placed each block together.



By the time the square moon rose over Bricksvale, they hadn't just fixed the broken wall—they had created a magnificent balcony with hanging lanterns and colorful flowers. Alex smiled at their teamwork, realizing that while you can't stop every accident, you can always choose how to respond, turning big mistakes into the grandest creations.