Rory's Rumble

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In a cozy little house painted in sunny yellows and oranges, near a shimmering turquoise sea, lived a young boy named Rory. He was usually full of boundless energy and laughter, always ready for an adventure.

One afternoon, while building a magnificent tower of blocks, Rory's creation tumbled down just as he placed the final piece. A wave of frustration washed over him, turning his smile upside down.

A heavy feeling began to swell inside him. His face flushed red, and his small hands clenched into fists. He stamped his foot and cried out, "That's not fair!"

With a huff, Rory stormed off to his room, the weight of his anger and sadness dragging him down. The bright colors of his toys seemed dull and lifeless in his gloomy mood.

In a fit of frustration, Rory kicked a small wooden stool. It clattered to the floor, landing with a thud near his feet. The air in the room felt thick with his unhappiness.

Rory has as thick wory unhappiness.

He crossed his arms tightly, his mouth forming a stubborn pout. Tears welled up in his eyes, blurring the familiar shapes of his room. He felt utterly alone and misunderstood.

Suddenly, Rory noticed a small, colorful book lying open on his bed. It was a story about a friendly dragon who learned to manage his fiery breath through deep breathing.

Curiosity piqued, Rory picked up the book and began to read. The dragon's story resonated with him, and he decided to try the deep breathing exercise himself.

Rory closed his eyes and took a long, slow breath in, imagining he was filling his belly with sunshine. As he exhaled, he pictured all his anger and sadness floating away like clouds.

With each breath, Rory felt a little lighter, a little calmer. The heavy feeling in his chest began to fade, replaced by a gentle sense of peace. He realized that even when things go wrong, he has the power to choose how he reacts.