



WHEN I FELT LIKE GIVING UP

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Rose bounced on her toes, admiring her brand-new, sparkly red shoes. They were perfect for playing outside, but first, she needed to put them on all by herself. A big smile spread across her face, excited for the day.



She sat on the floor, pulling the laces tight. Rose remembered watching her mom make neat bows, but when she tried, the laces just tangled into a messy, lopsided knot. Her fingers fumbled with the slippery strings.



Her brow furrowed, and a little sigh escaped her lips. The loops wouldn't stay, and the ends kept slipping from her tiny fingers. It felt much, much harder than it looked, and a wave of frustration washed over her.



Rose slumped back, her hands falling to her lap. 'I can't do it!' she mumbled, a tear welling in her eye. She felt like just leaving the shoes untied forever and giving up completely.



Just then, her mom knelt beside her, a gentle smile on her face. 'Learning new things takes time, sweetie,' she said softly. 'It's okay to feel frustrated, but let's try again, one tiny step at a time.'



Mom showed Rose how to make one loop, then gently guided Rose's fingers to make the other. Her voice was calm and reassuring, explaining each movement slowly and clearly. Rose watched with renewed focus.



Rose took a deep breath, her eyes fixed on the red laces once more. She tried to remember her mom's movements, her tiny fingers working carefully to cross one lace over the other, then pull it through.



It wasn't perfect, but she managed to make a little bow, a bit wobbly but definitely a bow! A small smile tugged at the corner of her mouth, a spark of hope returning. She had made a loop and a knot!



With a final, careful tug, the bow held! Rose beamed, her face lighting up with a mixture of surprise and immense pride. She had done it, even if it took a few tries and lots of patience.



Rose stood up, her red shoes now neatly tied. She knew she might not get it right every time, but she also knew that trying again was always worth it. With a happy skip, she ran off to play, feeling brave and accomplished.