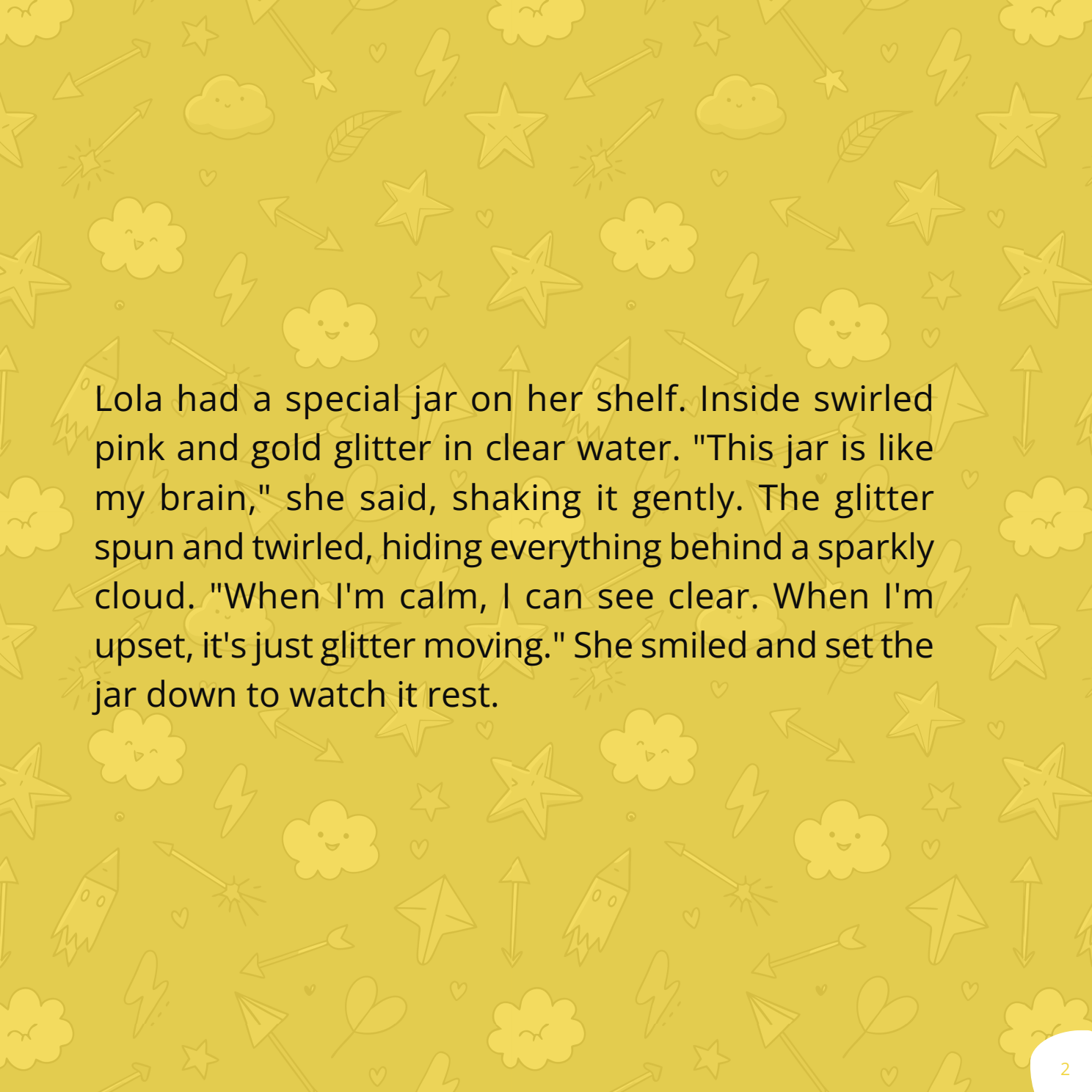


LOLA AND THE GLITTER JAR

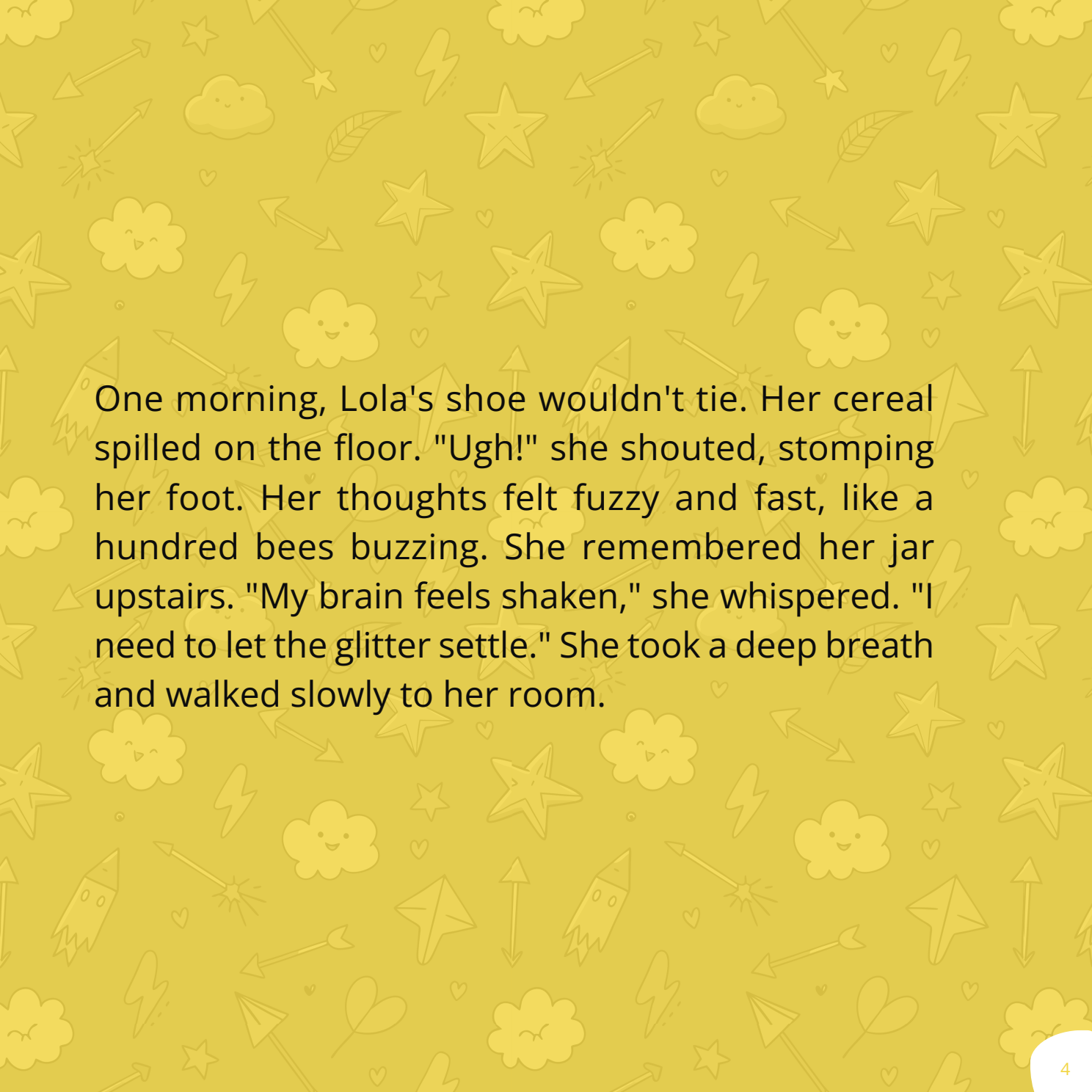


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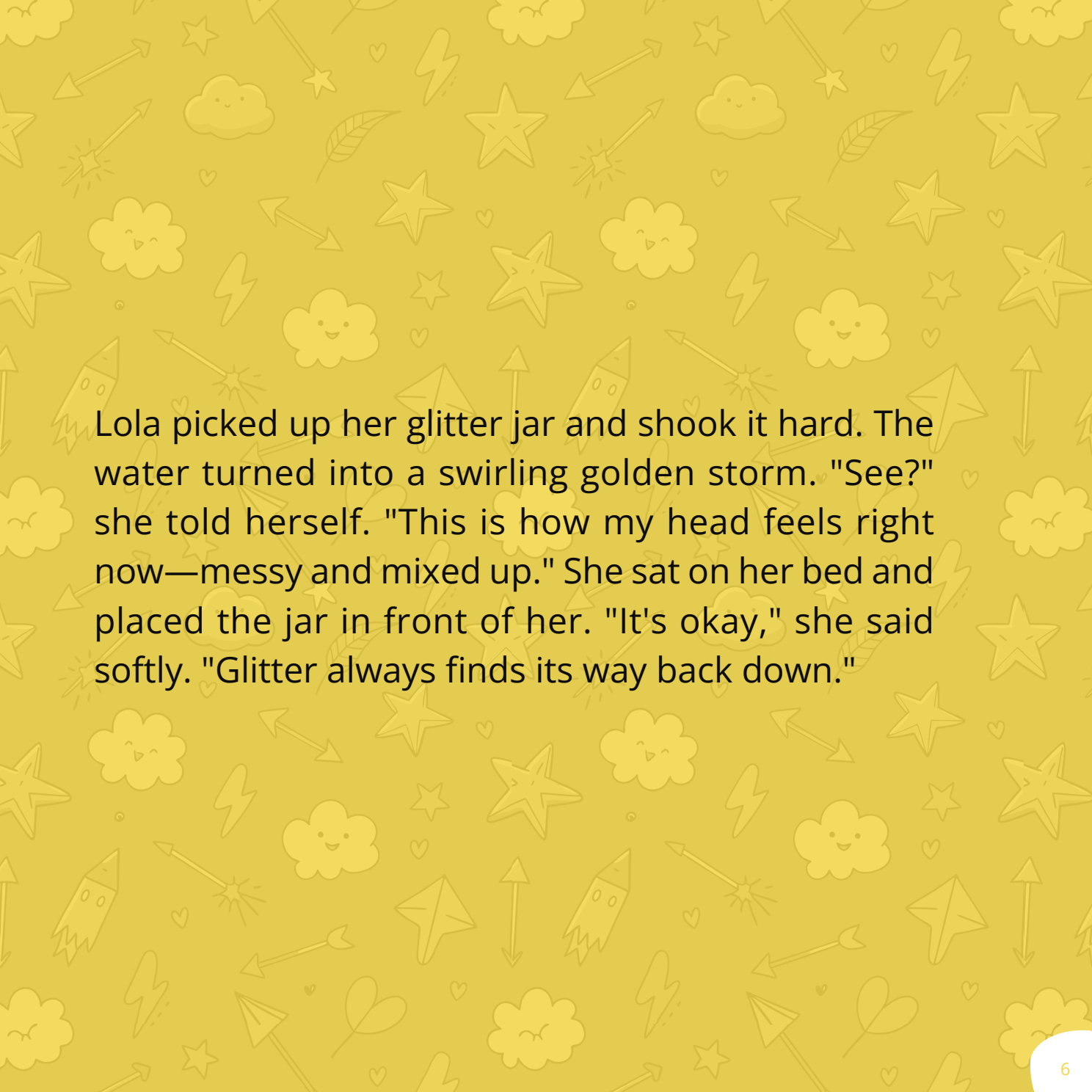
Lola had a special jar on her shelf. Inside swirled pink and gold glitter in clear water. "This jar is like my brain," she said, shaking it gently. The glitter spun and twirled, hiding everything behind a sparkly cloud. "When I'm calm, I can see clear. When I'm upset, it's just glitter moving." She smiled and set the jar down to watch it rest.





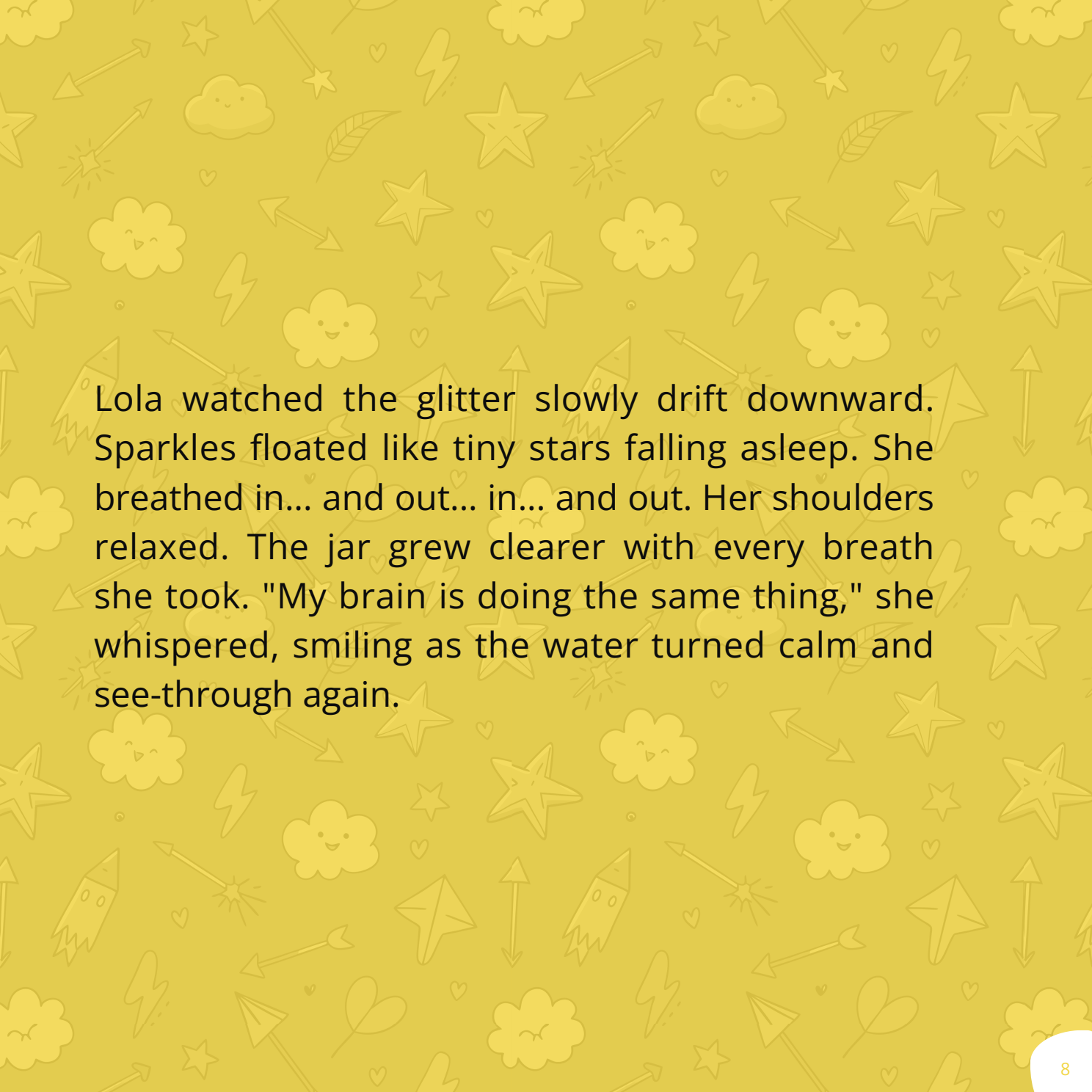
One morning, Lola's shoe wouldn't tie. Her cereal spilled on the floor. "Ugh!" she shouted, stomping her foot. Her thoughts felt fuzzy and fast, like a hundred bees buzzing. She remembered her jar upstairs. "My brain feels shaken," she whispered. "I need to let the glitter settle." She took a deep breath and walked slowly to her room.





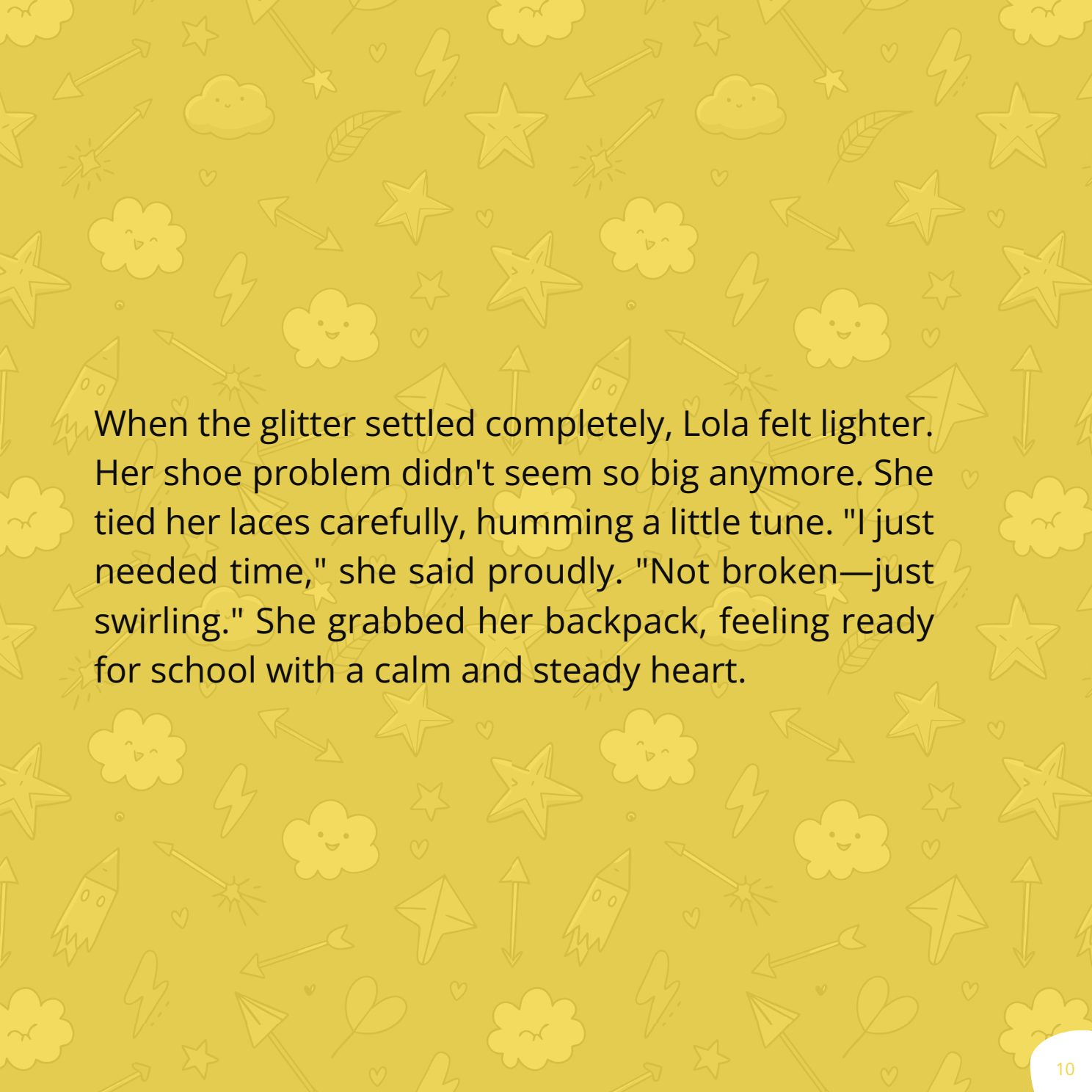
Lola picked up her glitter jar and shook it hard. The water turned into a swirling golden storm. "See?" she told herself. "This is how my head feels right now—messy and mixed up." She sat on her bed and placed the jar in front of her. "It's okay," she said softly. "Glitter always finds its way back down."





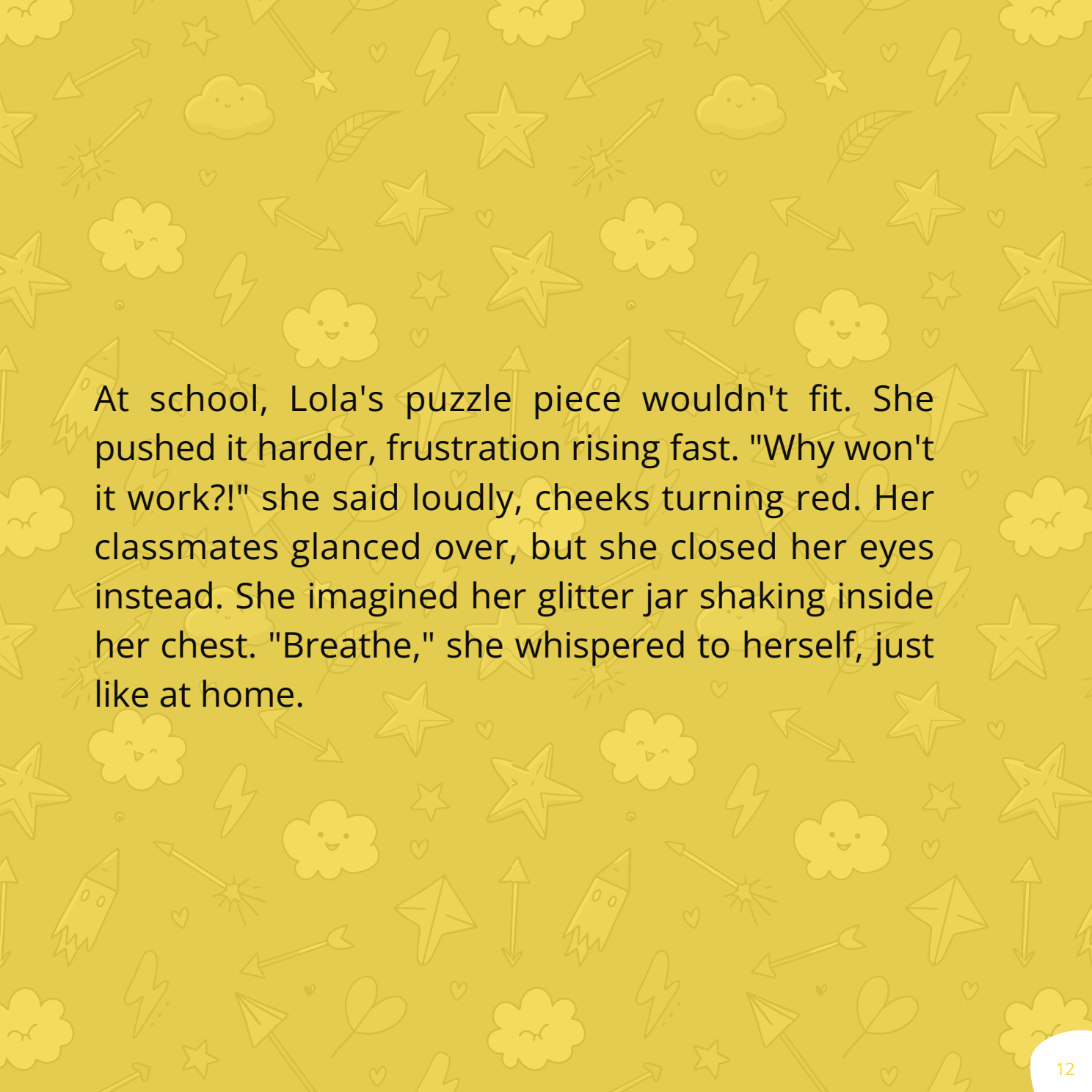
Lola watched the glitter slowly drift downward. Sparkles floated like tiny stars falling asleep. She breathed in... and out... in... and out. Her shoulders relaxed. The jar grew clearer with every breath she took. "My brain is doing the same thing," she whispered, smiling as the water turned calm and see-through again.





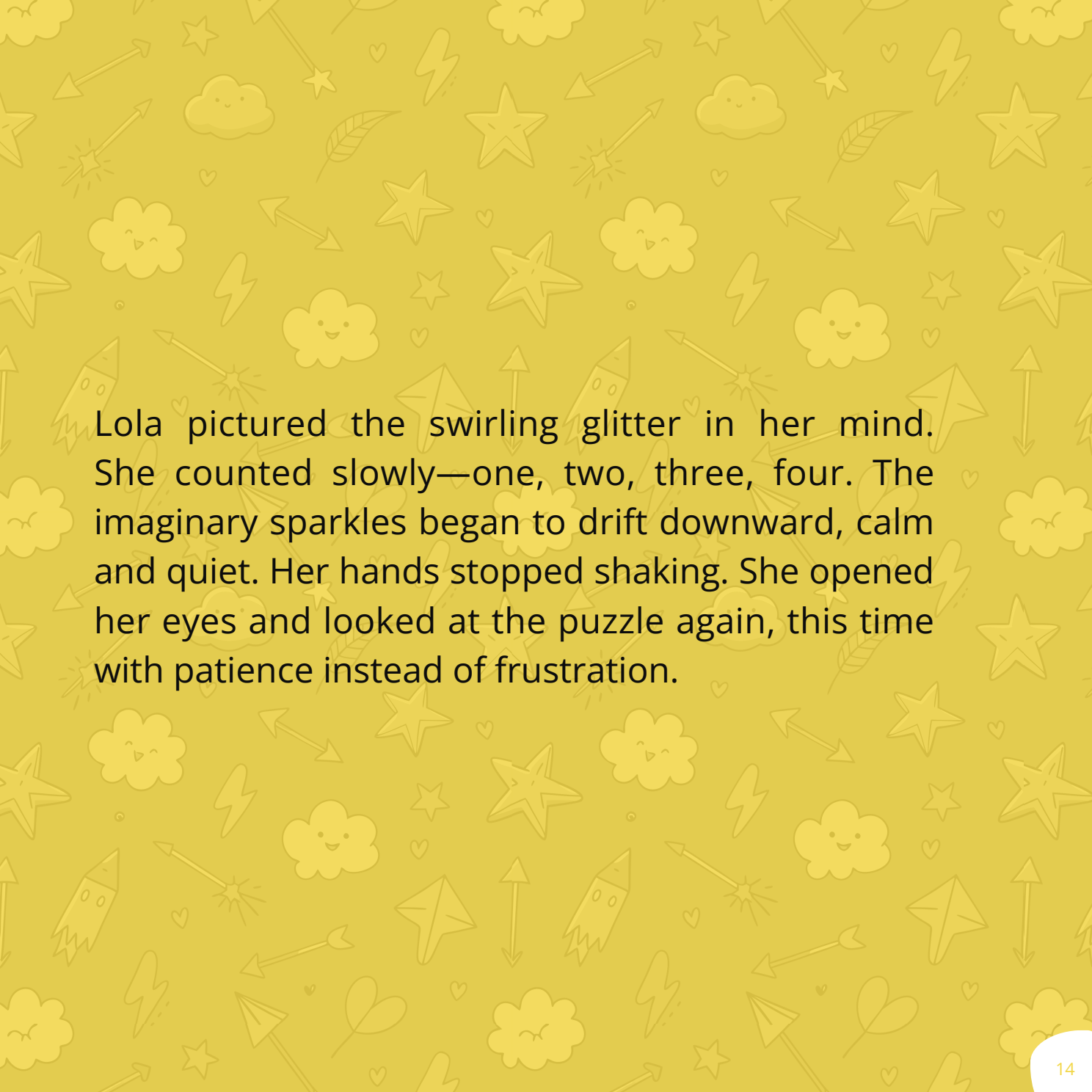
When the glitter settled completely, Lola felt lighter. Her shoe problem didn't seem so big anymore. She tied her laces carefully, humming a little tune. "I just needed time," she said proudly. "Not broken—just swirling." She grabbed her backpack, feeling ready for school with a calm and steady heart.





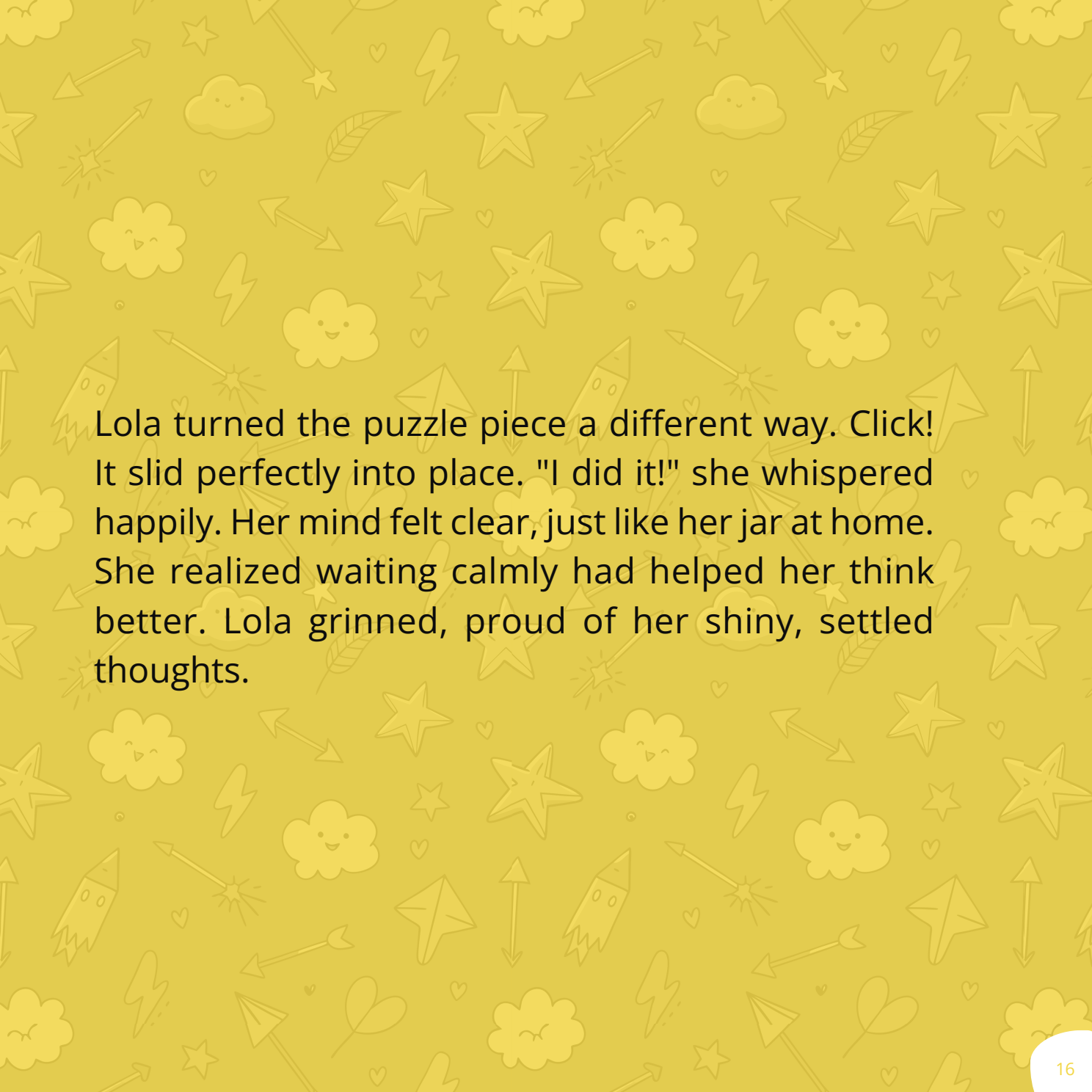
At school, Lola's puzzle piece wouldn't fit. She pushed it harder, frustration rising fast. "Why won't it work?!" she said loudly, cheeks turning red. Her classmates glanced over, but she closed her eyes instead. She imagined her glitter jar shaking inside her chest. "Breathe," she whispered to herself, just like at home.





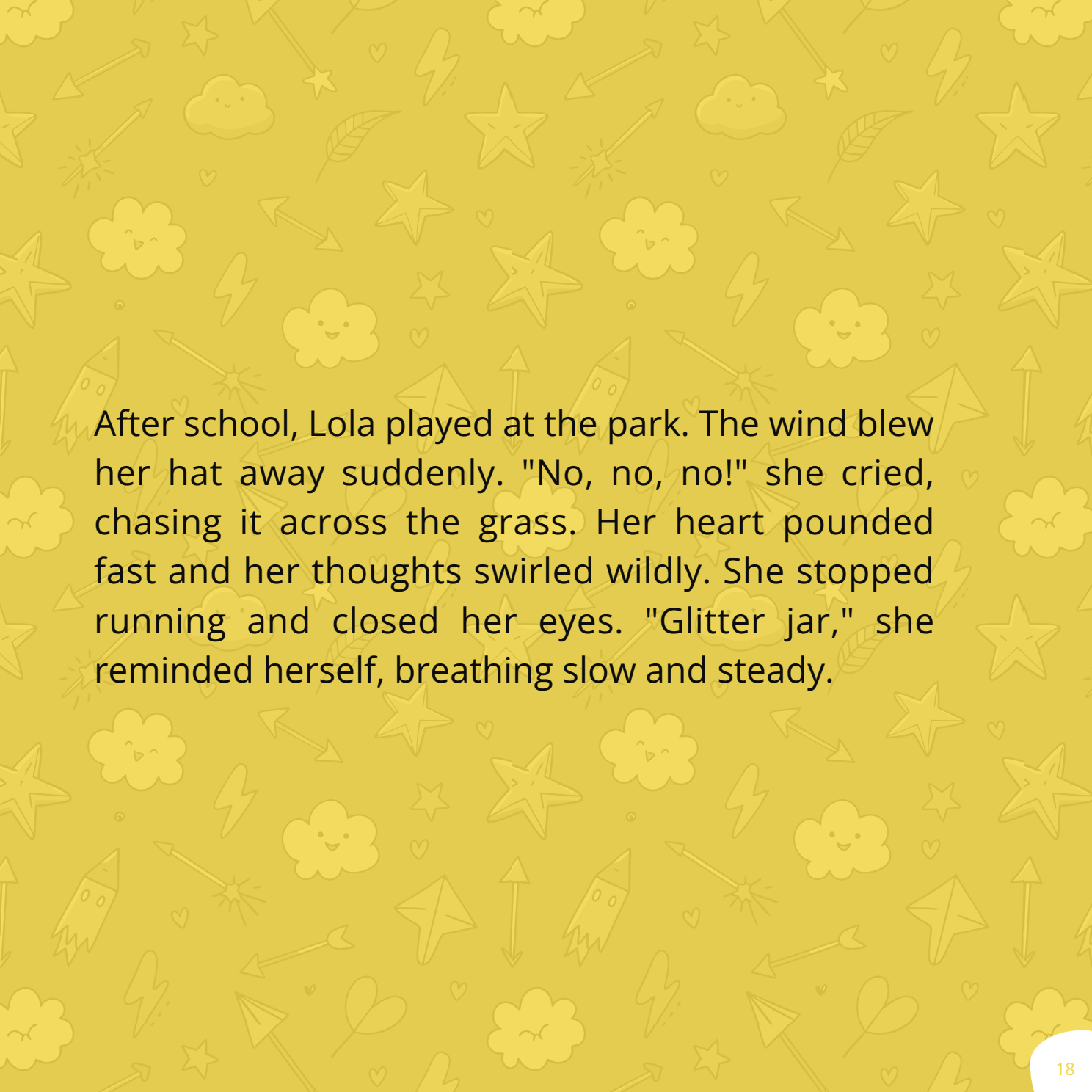
Lola pictured the swirling glitter in her mind. She counted slowly—one, two, three, four. The imaginary sparkles began to drift downward, calm and quiet. Her hands stopped shaking. She opened her eyes and looked at the puzzle again, this time with patience instead of frustration.





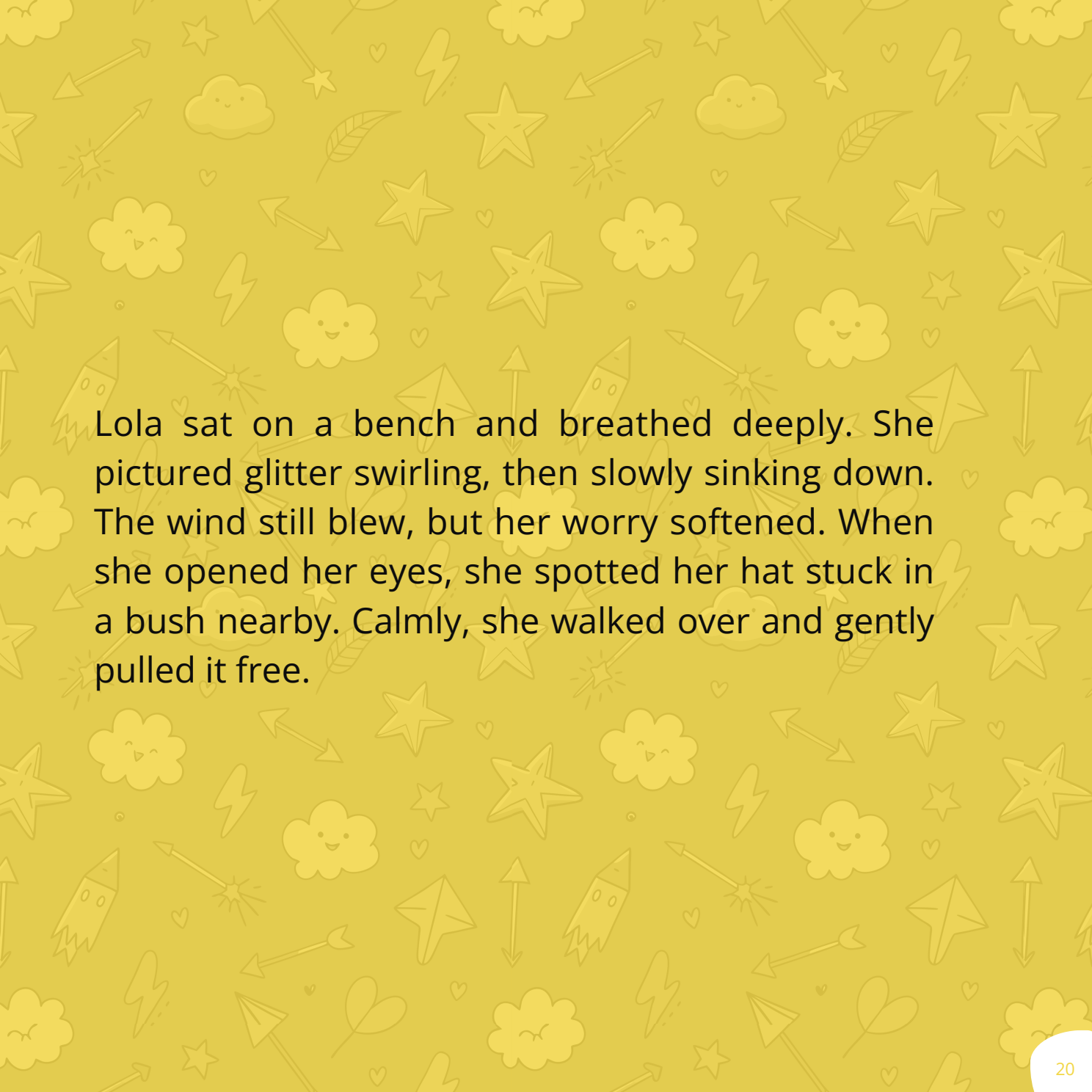
Lola turned the puzzle piece a different way. Click! It slid perfectly into place. "I did it!" she whispered happily. Her mind felt clear, just like her jar at home. She realized waiting calmly had helped her think better. Lola grinned, proud of her shiny, settled thoughts.





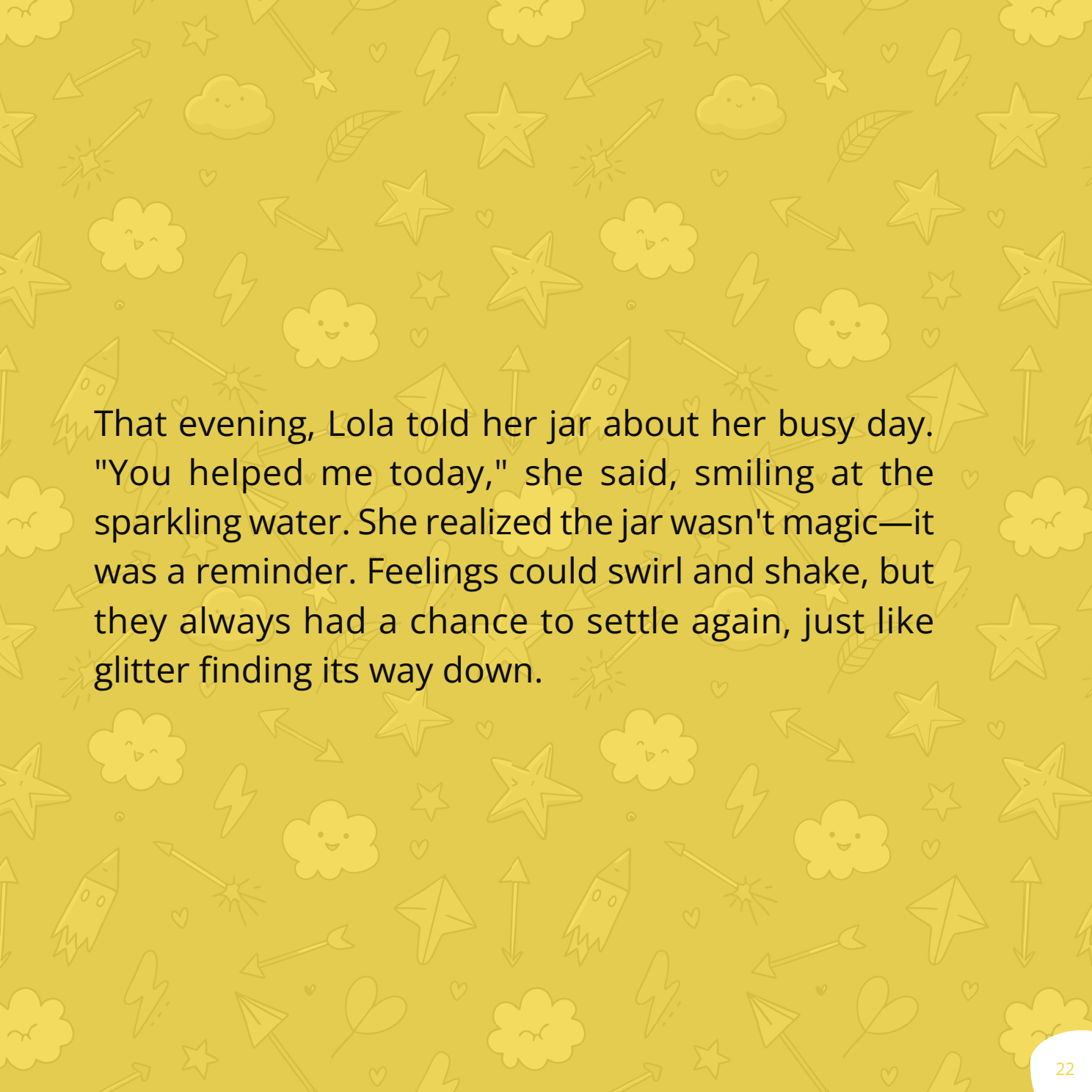
After school, Lola played at the park. The wind blew her hat away suddenly. "No, no, no!" she cried, chasing it across the grass. Her heart pounded fast and her thoughts swirled wildly. She stopped running and closed her eyes. "Glitter jar," she reminded herself, breathing slow and steady.





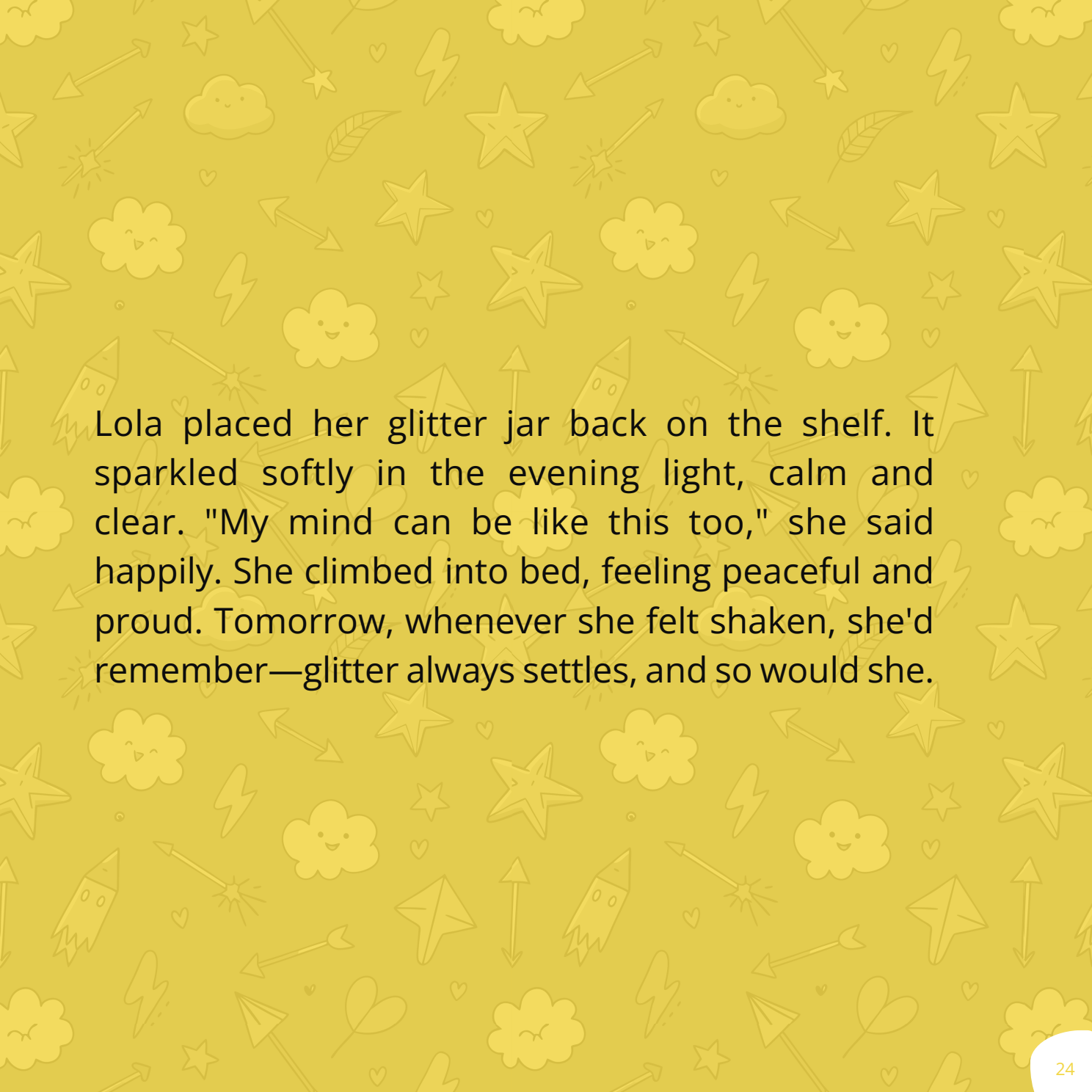
Lola sat on a bench and breathed deeply. She pictured glitter swirling, then slowly sinking down. The wind still blew, but her worry softened. When she opened her eyes, she spotted her hat stuck in a bush nearby. Calmly, she walked over and gently pulled it free.





That evening, Lola told her jar about her busy day. "You helped me today," she said, smiling at the sparkling water. She realized the jar wasn't magic—it was a reminder. Feelings could swirl and shake, but they always had a chance to settle again, just like glitter finding its way down.





Lola placed her glitter jar back on the shelf. It sparkled softly in the evening light, calm and clear. "My mind can be like this too," she said happily. She climbed into bed, feeling peaceful and proud. Tomorrow, whenever she felt shaken, she'd remember—glitter always settles, and so would she.



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