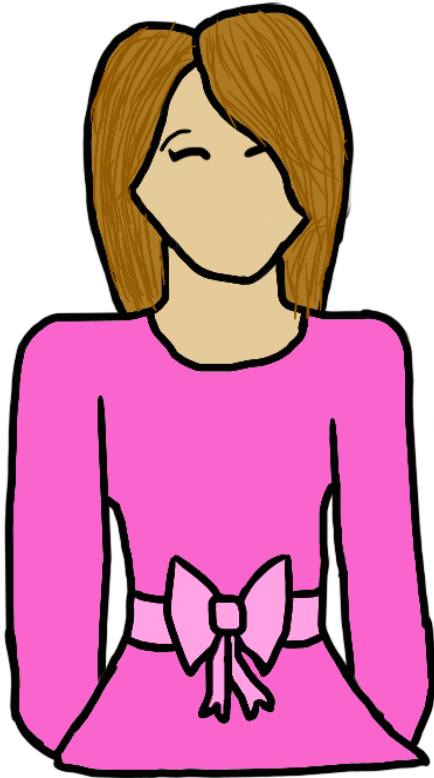


A series of worries



Written and illustrated by:

Darcy

Written for all those who worry.

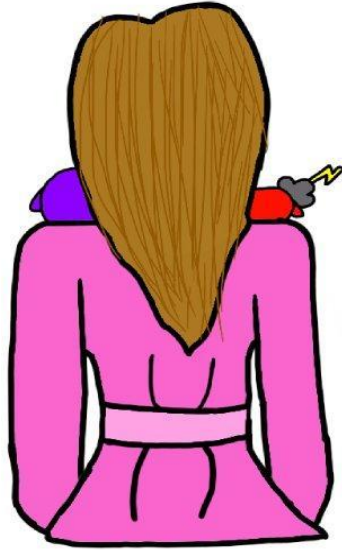
Where to begin?

At the start maybe?

That's usually the best place to
start!

There are two little monsters on each of your shoulders. They can look however you want. You can name them. It's your choice.

But these aren't scary monsters.



They are worry monsters.

There are ways to deal with them
and this is how I deal with mine.

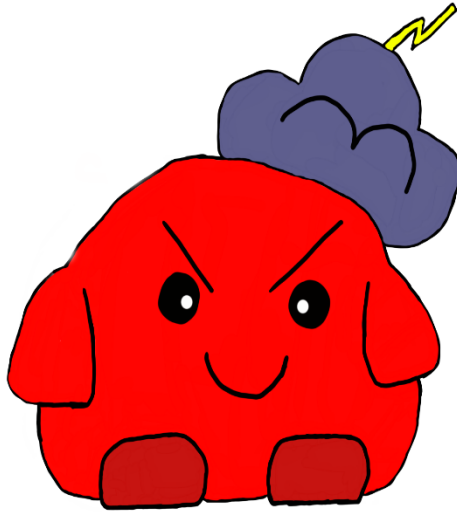
Their names are:



Bob

Bob is kind and thoughtful but
worries way too much.

And



Evil Bob

Evil Bob is careless, and mean,
and wants you to worry all day,
every day.

Evil

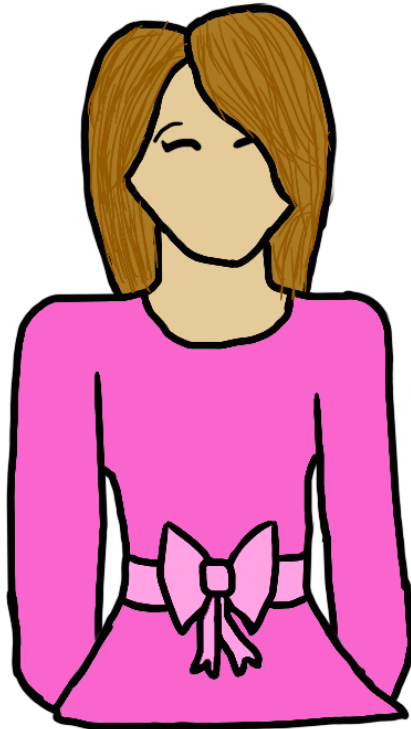
Bob

is...

E=evil

This is me.

I'm Darcy x



I worried as much as Bob does,
but not as much anymore.

“Darcy! Darcy!” Bob yelled.

“Yes, Bob.”

“I DON’T WANT A NIGHTMARE!”
he started crying.

“Where have you heard about
nightmares?”

“Evil Bob told me I would have
one when I go to bed tonight. And
I don’t want to go to bed
anymore!!!”

He had tears running down his
face.

“Ok, calm down. Wipe the tears
away.

You can’t let him bother you, He’s
just so mean.

The more you are upset the more
he’ll do it.”

“I know. I try to ignore him. But it’s really hard.”

Bob was terribly upset.



“It’s ok.

I understand.

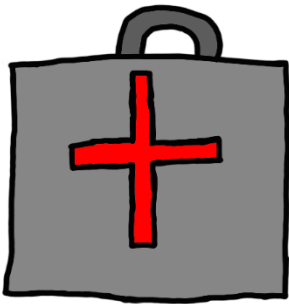
We all get stressed sometimes,
and there is always a way to deal
with it.”

“Really?”

Bob’s mood went from sad to
happy.

“Yep! I have found ways to deal
with my worries. I’m sure you will
too.”

I worry about

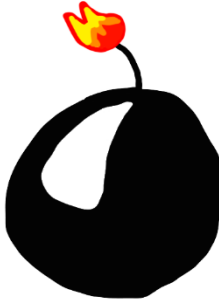


Geography
and

My friends

family being

hurt



Wars

I worry about



Getting bullied

Getting lost



Geography

I worry about



Nightmares, and...



You guessed it

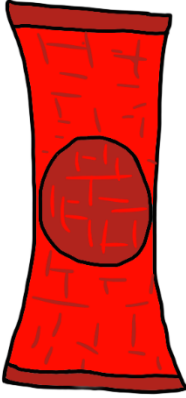
GEOGRAPHY!!!

Bob

giggles



**I deal with these
worries by**



Using fidget
toys

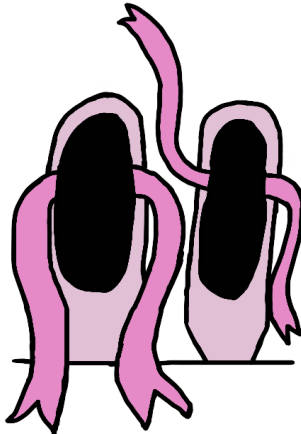


Talking to
someone



Pet my dog
crafts

Arts and



Dance

“I hope this helps, Bob.”

“It really did. Thank you, Darcy.”

Bob was happy.

“No problem, see you soon.”

“Bye, Darcy!” Bob yells, whilst skipping away, happily.



Now, this was Evil Bob’s fault.

He was the one that put these terrible thoughts into Bob’s head.

He told Bob to worry.

He enjoys Bob worrying.

Fortunately, Bob tells me his worries, to get it off his chest.

But then I get worried.

But I know how to deal with my worries so I'm ok.



This is how people get worried.

First you think of something that you don't really like.

Then you feel really upset and stressed.

Then you behave in ways that you can't control.

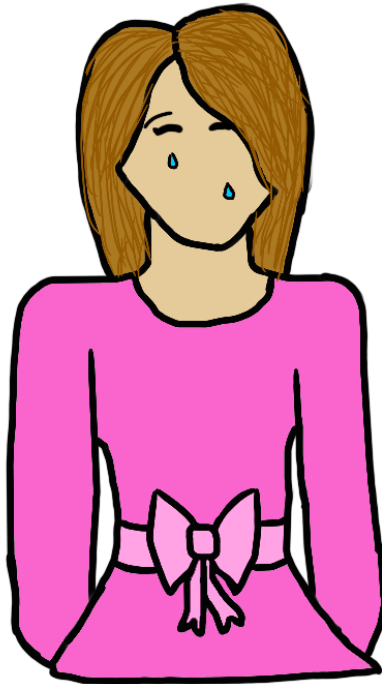


I shake my hands

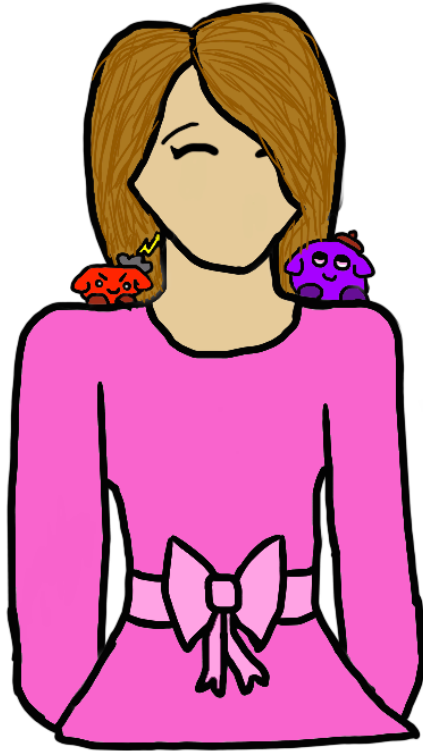
I crack my knuckles

I start crying

And struggle to breathe



It's all because these monsters on
your shoulders give you bad
thoughts and it's hard to ignore.



There are ways to deal with this stress and worrying.

Just like I listed to Bob earlier in this story.

You just have to find a special way
for you.

**What do
you like
doing?**



The end



**Now draw
your own
worry
monsters**

