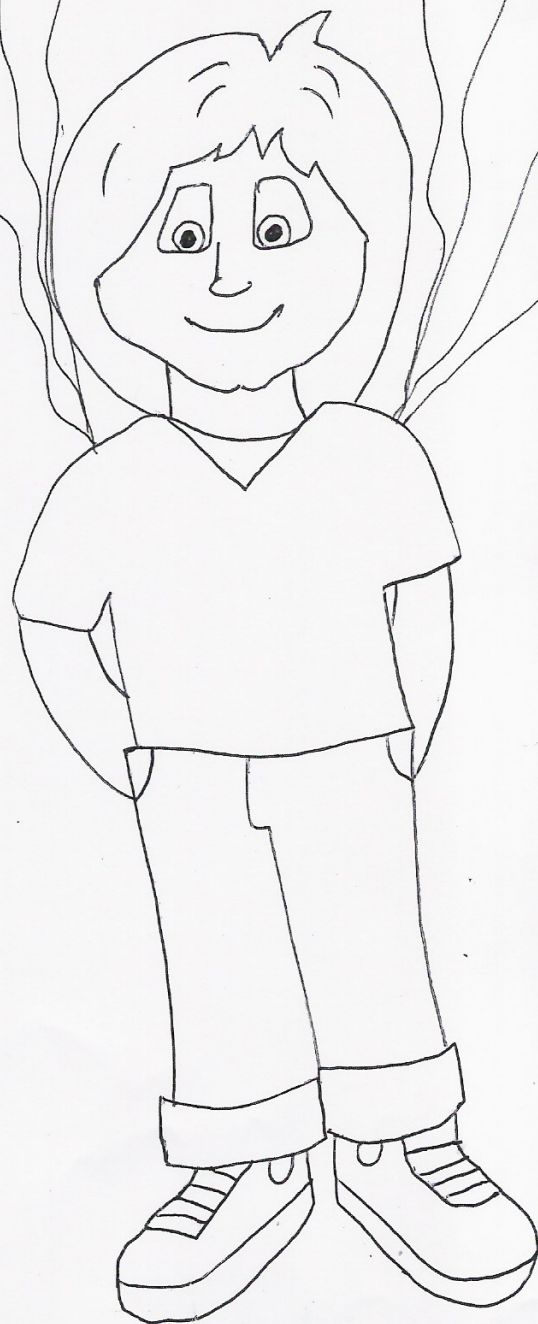


# Bobbie's Balloon's



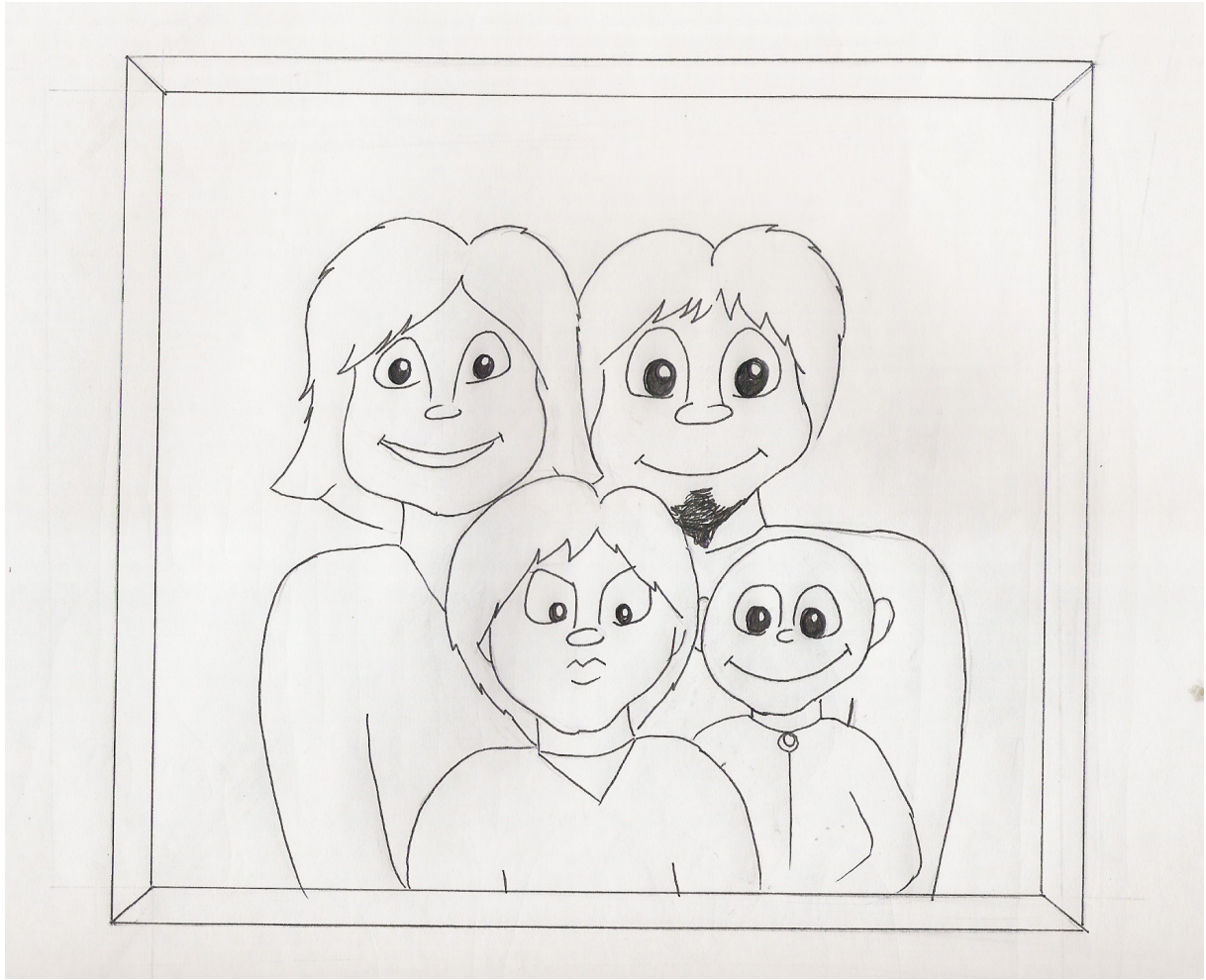
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Illustrated by: Gary Cronin.





It was a sunny Sunday  
afternoon in Bobbington  
and all was well except the  
wind was blowing a little  
harder around Bobbie's house.





Bobbie lived with his  
mom, dad and  
younger brother  
Jack.





Every Sunday Bobbie's Grandpa Jo would visit the family for dinner.

'Hello Dad' said Bobbie's mom,  
'Hello dear' said Grandpa Jo raising his voice above the almighty crashing sound that came from upstairs.





'What is that dreadful racket?' asked Grandpa Jo. 'It's Bobbie having one of his blow-outs' sighed mom. 'He seems to have them a lot' said Grandpa Jo. 'I know' said mom 'but when I ask him what's wrong he just tells me to leave him alone!!'. Something has to be done thought Grandpa Jo. Bobbie wasn't happy and his mom was very worried. 'Shall I talk to him? He said and Bobbie's mom agreed.

The following weekend was Bobbie's birthday but he wasn't looking forward to it. 'I bet they all get me the same old boring stuff' he puffed.





On the morning of his birthday Grandpa Jo and the rest of his family gave Bobbie his presents. The first present was a colourful jumper from Auntie Anne and Uncle Frank 'Thanks a lot' huffed Bobbie. Then there were some pens and pencils from his Uncle Bill and Auntie Clare 'Great' he puffed. His brother Jack had made a clay pot at playgroup. 'what's this for?' Bobbie spat. Finally he had a computer game from his mom and dad 'But it's the wrong one, I wanted football fantasy 2!' screamed Bobbie throwing all his presents on the floor and storming upstairs to his room.





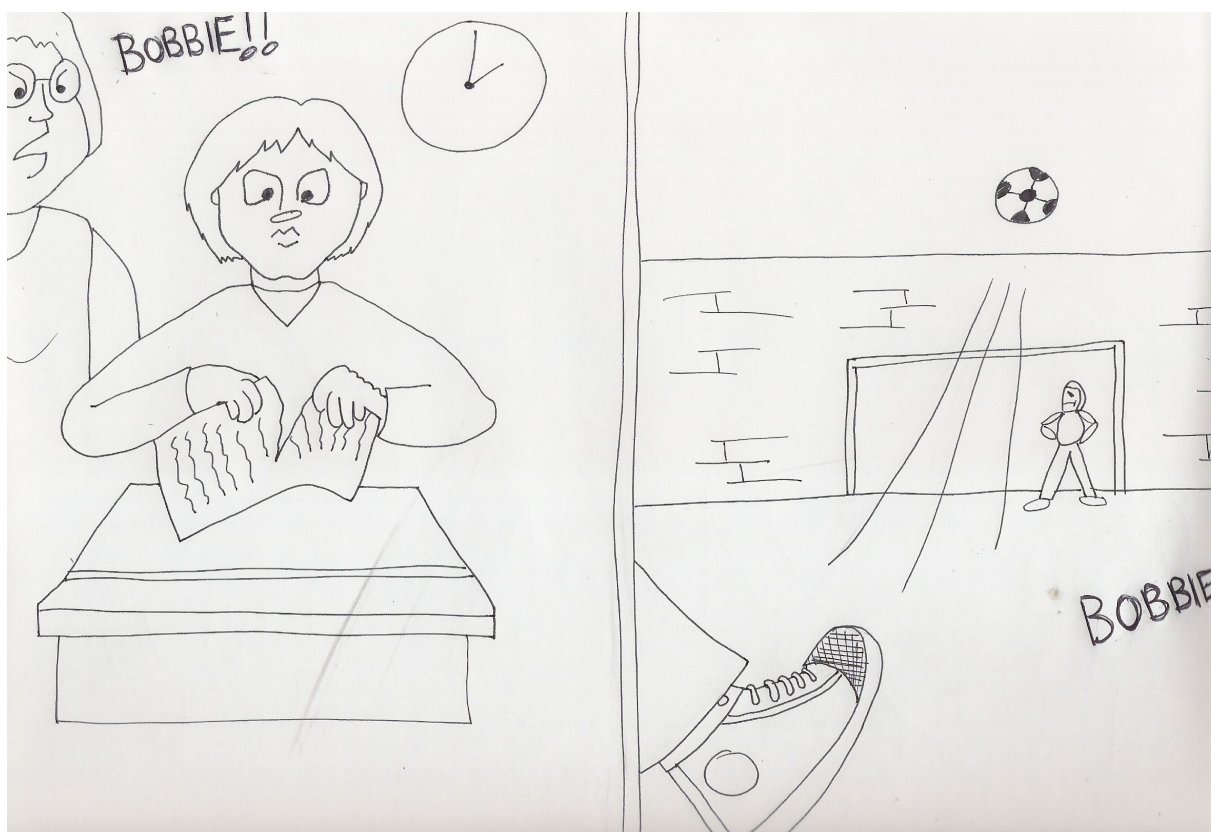
Bobbie spent the next ten minutes  
having one of his 'blow-outs'  
throwing things  
around his room until  
he ran out of steam.





When everything went quiet  
Grandpa Jo went upstairs. He  
found Bobbie sitting in the middle  
of his bedroom surrounded by an  
almighty mess and feeling very  
sorry for himself.





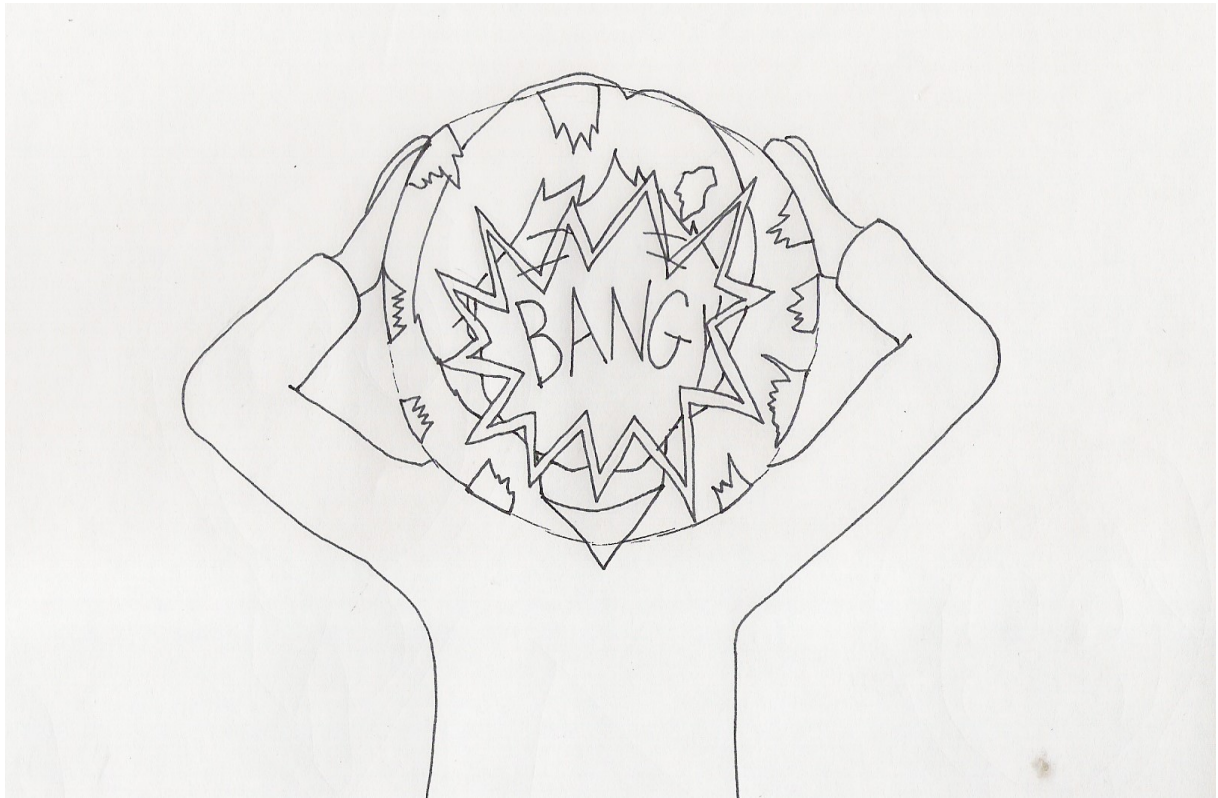
'How are you feeling Bobbie?' asked Grandpa Jo. 'Sad' said Bobbie. 'I have these blow-outs with my friends at school too. When we played football in the playground and no-one passed the ball to me, I picked it up and kicked it over the wall. No one talked to me for days. I couldn't get my drawing right, so I ripped it up and the teacher was upset. I always feel sad after my 'blow-outs'.





'I used to have these blow-outs too, when I was young' said Grandpa Jo. 'But I have an idea that might help, here's your birthday present from me' and he gave Bobbie a packet of balloons. Bobbie was just about to huff with disappointment when Grandpa explained that they were special balloons.

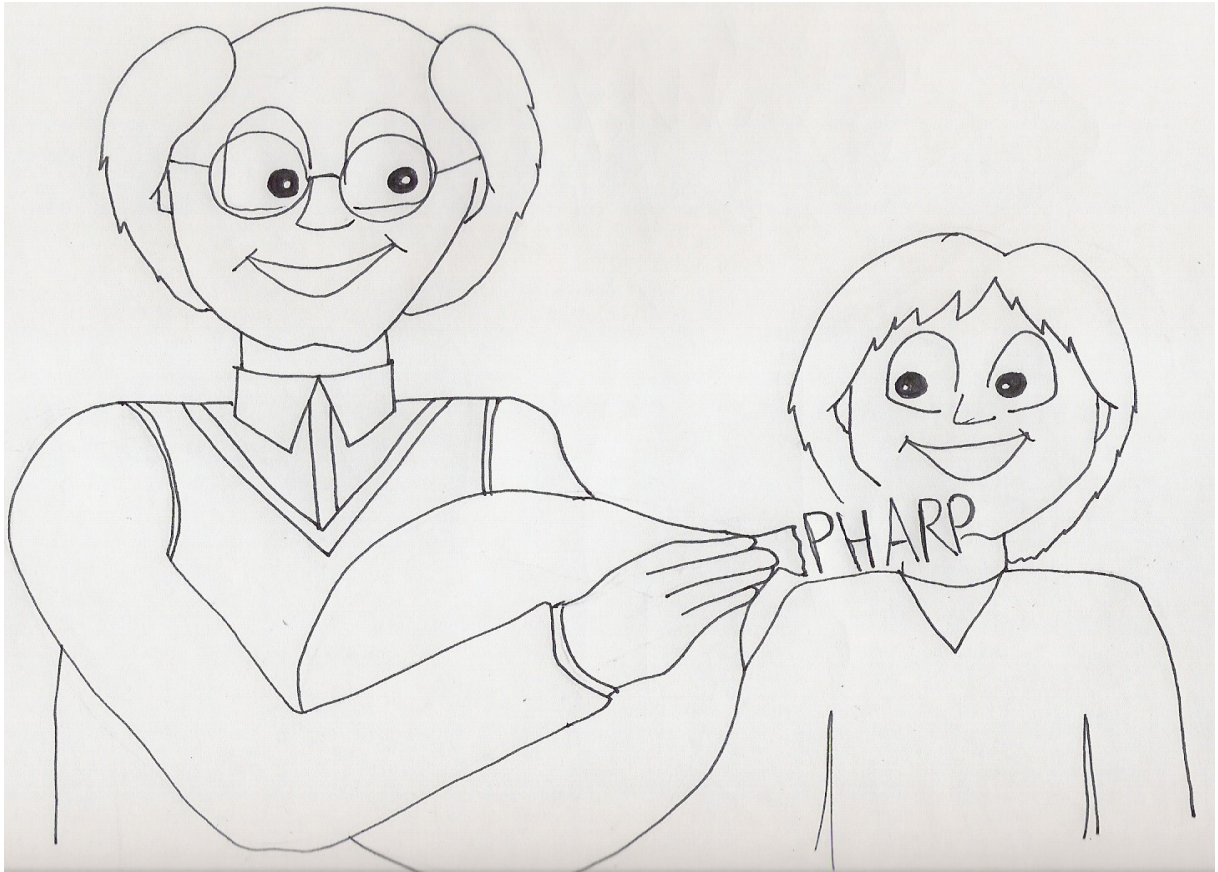




'Grandpa Jo explained that whenever Bobbie felt upset or frustrated he should blow into one of the balloons. 'Why?' asked Bobbie. 'Just try it' smiled Grandpa Jo 'and I'll come and see you tomorrow'.

The following day Grandpa Jo came to visit Bobbie to see how he got on. Bobbie told him that he first blew into the balloon when there were none of his favourite cereals left for breakfast. Then he blew into the balloon when his younger brother Jack was making them late for school. Then he blew into it when he stepped into a puddle and got his socks and shoes wet. Then he blew into it when he got to school and realised he had forgotten his sports kit, at that point the balloon burst.





'What did you learn from using the balloon?' asked Grandpa Jo. Bobbie thought for a moment.

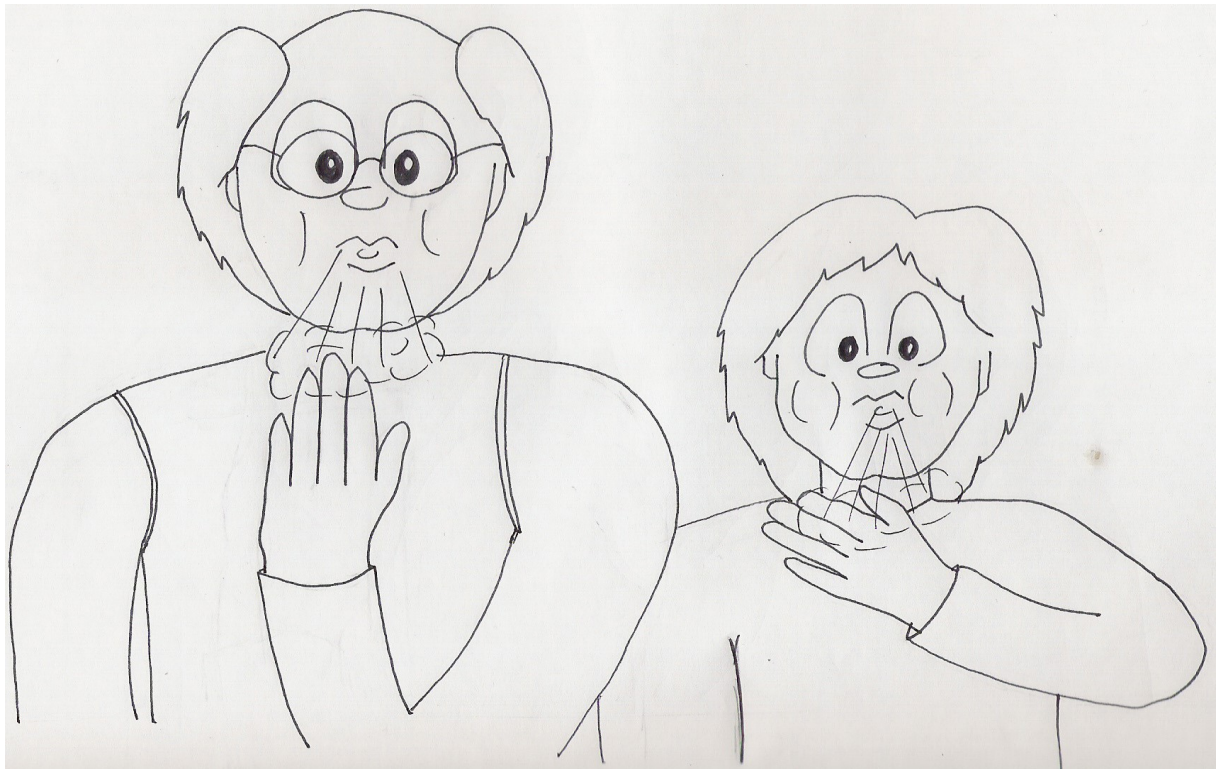
'If you keep filling the balloon with air it will burst and you are left with a mess' said Bobbie.

'Just like when you have one of your blow-outs Bobbie' said Grandpa Jo. 'What do we need to do to stop the balloon bursting?' asked Grandpa Jo.

Bobbie thought for a moment and said 'let some of the air out before it gets too big and bursts?'

Grandpa Jo agreed and showed Bobbie how he could do this by putting the air to good use and how he could use the air to make him laugh.





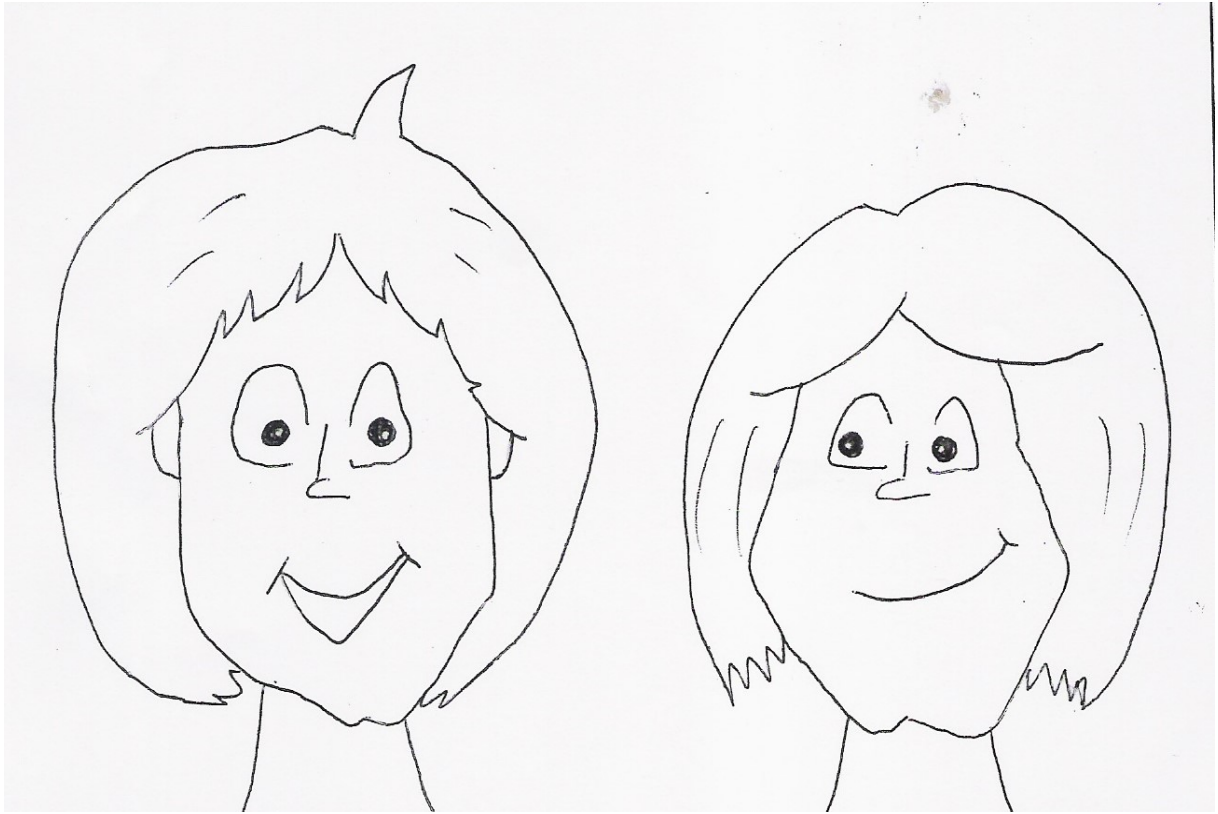
The next day Bobbie tripped over in the playground, as his friends began to laugh at him he blew into the balloon.

Then he remembered what Grandpa Jo had said and pretended to fall over again. All his friends laughed some more and so did Bobbie. Afterwards he felt a bit better, so he let some air out of the balloon. When he didn't get the ball whilst playing football he blew into the balloon but then ran faster to get the ball. Again he felt better and let some air out of the balloon. This went on for a few days but the balloon eventually burst and so Bobbie called his Grandpa.

'Can you think of another way to stop the balloon from filling up?' asked Grandpa Jo. Bobbie was stuck! 'You could put your blown out air somewhere else!' said Grandpa Jo. 'Put your hand in front of your mouth when you talk.'

What can you feel?' Bobbie explained that he felt air coming out of his mouth.





Grandpa Jo then suggested that he could try talking to someone about his frustrations and so the blown out air wouldn't fill up the balloon.

The following day Bobbie tried this but found that he only wanted to talk to certain people about his frustrations, his mom and his best friend Jim. The rest of the time he used the air for doing things and he didn't have any blow-outs.





There were still times when Bobbie felt upset but he tried to let out the air before it got to a blow-out. On Sunday Grandpa Jo came for his lunch. 'Where's Bobbie?' he asked. 'He's in the garden having one of his blow-outs' said Bobbie's mom.