

Story Time

4

With the Master

—Colourful Shiny Pebbles—

Story Time with the Master

—To help you feel happier and heal faster.

Curl up and enjoy these special stories!

—Imaginary Stories—

Written by: Chariane Quille

Illustrated by: Ioana

www.nurture-inspire-teach.com



A girl was looking through some colourful and varied types of pebbles on a rocky shore. She was selecting the ones she most liked.

They were shiny and very attractive at first, but when she placed them in her pocket they eventually became dry, and looked different and rather dull.

A look of dismay came to her face when she later pulled the pebbles out of her pocket to gaze at them. She wanted to admire these special treasures.



“They used to be wet, and that made their appearance all the more lovely,” someone told her.

So, wanting them to look as lovely again as they did when she first held them, she placed them in a little bowl and covered them with water.

When she would pull them out to look at them, they indeed still had that special, lovely shine. She made sure keep them wet if she wanted them to look their best.



Later on that day the girl was found crying, for someone had said something unkind, and had hurt her tender heart.

Holding her in her motherly arms, the mother assured the girl that all was not lost, and that good could come even from the harshest situation.

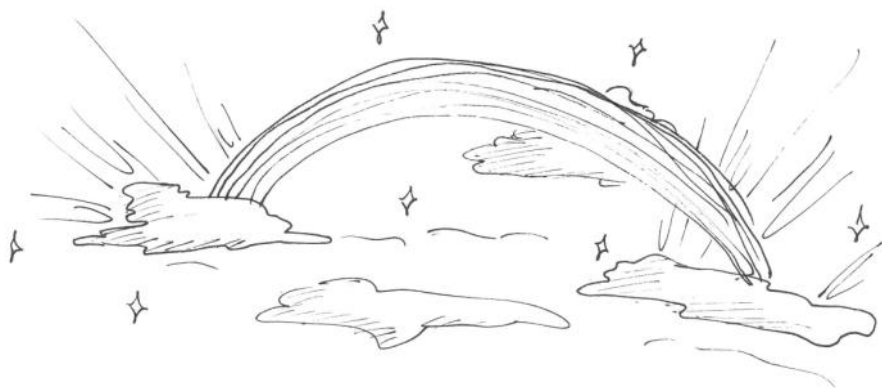
She explained that just like the rocks were smoothed into round soft pebbles, and were shiniest when wet, so can hard times and tears bring out the best in our lives too.

Perhaps she once used to be unkind in speech to others, but through the tears of hurt feelings, she



too—like the stones—had become rounder and smoother, and shine with kindness on others; for she now understood the feelings.

If she smiled, though wet with tears, she would shine like a rainbow—or a colourful pebble in the sunlight in a stream.





The girl felt much encouraged and went to look again at her special stones. She then went out to the garden where some other little rocks were found in the dirt.

These ones were all brown, and rough in shape. She compared these ones to her clean, colourful and shiny stones. One type had been in much water, rubbed on and rubbed on, and were changed; the other had been left just as they were.



“I think I like the shiny, pretty stones best. And I want to be like them too—even if it takes times of tears and rubbing types of experiences to make me smooth and kind, and more pleasant.”

She gave her mother a hug, and went off to play—with the one who had caused her tears.

She wouldn't act roughly back, but encouraged them to also let the water of love wash away their own dirt of hurt, and smooth them out. And it worked, for the rest of the day gentle speech was heard.