

THE MYSTERIOUS GLOW



Phrasal verbs, emotions and phrases to express emotions

5 Once upon a time there was a busy city. Everyone worked very hard to be **happy**.

One morning, a girl was walking with her parents, when a **mysterious glow** caught the girl's eye.

She **bent down** to see what it was.

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"Come on, let's keep moving! It's just a worthless stone!" her father said. "Look, you're getting your clothes dirty!" her mother added. They **pulled her back up** onto her feet and **moved along**.

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The girl watched the glow, when suddenly a bus with huge roaring wheels rushed by. It crushed the stone and left behind a shimmering cloud of swirling dust.

"Come on now, stop day-dreaming! We will be late for school!" her father **grumbled impatiently**.

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From that day on, the girl searched the busy city for more glowing stones.

Every single day she searched but never **got hold of** one.

Then, one day at the bus stop, a ray of golden light suddenly caught the girl's attention.

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She had a closer look.

"A glowing stone!" she **gasp**ed. **With a pounding heart** she **picked it up** and gently wiped off some dirt. Immediately, a memory **popped up** in her mind.

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Floppy was missing at bedtime.

The bunny wasn't lying next to her, as it usually did. It wasn't sitting on her favorite chair either. It was nowhere.

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She saw herself sitting on the floor, **sobbing**.

Just then, the bus arrived. The girl quickly dropped the stone into her pocket and as she did so, the memory **faded away**.

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It was a relief.

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At school, the mysterious stone was **all she could think about**: Why did that memory **come back**? She **didn't feel like playing** with her friends at recess.

45 A ray of golden light suddenly **pulled her out** of her thoughts. She picked up what was glowing. It was tiny. It felt solid and warm. Another glowing stone!

Again, a memory **popped up** in her mind.

50 “Mum, where is Daddy? I never see him”, she asked with **a lump forming in her throat**.

She hadn't seen her father for many days! He often worked long hours and came home after she was asleep. **Her heart grew heavy**. Does he even love me? she thought.

55 While she hurried back to class she dropped the stone into her pocket. As she did so, the memory **faded away** again.

It was a relief.

60 That evening, the girl fell asleep instantly.

In the middle of the night, the bright silvery moonlight woke her up. All was quiet. Images of the two stones that glowed through dust and dirt **flashed through** her mind. They were lying safely in the carved wooden box she used to **treasure little trinkets**. What are they? she asked herself.

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The girl slipped out of bed, grabbed the box, tiptoed towards the window and lifted the lid to peek inside. “They are dirty, but they glow so beautifully”, she whispered, **gazing at** them in the moonlight.

70 She carefully took one from the box and **gently rubbed off some dirt**. As she kept polishing, the memory of lost Floppy **came back** to her again. The memory intensified.

“**This is sad**”, she recalled her mother saying, **gently patting her back**. “We may have left Floppy in the park. Let's go search early tomorrow morning.”

75 The **soothing warmth** that flooded her then recurred and warmed her now.

Basking in her memories, the girl looked down at her hands.

The dirty stone had turned into a sparkly piece of pure gold!

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Entranced, the girl danced and jumped and twirled around.

“This is gold, gold! This is g-o-o-ld!” she cheered.

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85 Catching her breath, she peered out of the window.

There were more down there! They were everywhere! On the streets below, in planters, glimmering in the distance as far as she could see.

She was full of wonder.

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The girl tiptoed out of her room, along the corridor ...

... out the front door and down the steps, onto the street.

She felt *as if she was walking on a moonlit sea!*

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The girl bent down to pick up more pieces of gold.

Just then she noticed an unfamiliar grunt behind her.

“Brave little girl, these are beautiful, aren't they”, something growled.

100 Brave girl? Who has ever called me brave? The girl thought.

As she turned her head, *to her utter bewilderment*, she found herself eye to eye with a wild boar! It had a golden snout.

105 “It took bravery to pick those up. It took bravery to see them for more than worthless stones”, the wild boar said in a gruff voice.

“These dirt covered pieces of gold are sad feelings people *got rid* of. They left them in these streets because *they fear them. They think they are harmful.* But in fact, *they are treasures.* Without them, no one can be whole”, the bristled stranger continued.

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Softly grunting, the wild boar gathered a few more pieces, blew on them with his golden snout and shoved them in front of the girl.

115 “People work hard to be happy, to *cover up* what they fear”, the wild boar added.

The girl *picked one up* and instantly felt the same *shame* she felt after her last exams.

She had been so *ashamed* that she *turned away* her best friend and lied to her mother.

“It's ok to fail. It's a chance to learn and do better next time”, the wise stranger *assured* her.

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After a moment of *solemn silence* he looked down at the glowing heap: “All these are feelings that you threw away: *pain, grief, fear, sadness, shame* and *despair.*”

The girl felt the piece of gold in her pocket, took it out and began to rub.

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The memory of Daddy came back. “Your feelings tell you things about yourself. About what and who is important to you”, the bristled stranger explained as he watched her **work through** her memory.

130 “You love your father”, he grunted.

The memory grew clearer. The girl saw her father, **worn out** from a long day of work. He quietly opened the bedroom door while she slept, tiptoed to her bed, bent down and kissed her gently on her forehead.

135 “**He cares deeply for you** and he also has his own feelings that he’s **dealing with**”, the wild boar added.

Tears streamed down the girl’s cheeks as the memory faded away.

140 “He loves me”, **she repeated over and over between sniffs.**
Suddenly, **her heart felt as light as a butterfly.**

“Take these and save them as the treasures they are. Be ready to share them with people who **got rid of** their own treasures in these streets. **Don’t worry**, you will know who they are. **Trust the small voice inside yourself.** It will guide you.

145 Some people may **feel offended** when you offer them a treasure. They may **turn away** or **refuse in anger.** They are **not yet ready** to learn there is **healing, love** and **kindness**, even in sad memories.

Others will accept. They are **prepared to face** their fears.

150 Some may come back and ask for more. They understand that the treasures help them to **become whole.** Lead them to the spots so they can find more themselves. When this happens, the city will never be the same.”

Quietly the girl **gathered up** the glowing heap in front of her and **gently pressed it against her chest.** “Thank you”, she whispered with a smile.

155 She turned back, whizzed up the stairs, silently opened the front door, tiptoed along the corridor, into her bedroom and **snuggled up** in bed.

Carried away by peace and **comfort**, she **fell off into** a deep sleep feeling whole, with sadness and happiness.