

I REALLY  
WANT TO

SHOUT!



Simon Philip

Lucia Gaggiotti



This book belongs to:

.....

.....





I REALLY  
want to  
SHOUT!



*Simon Philip*

*Lucia Gaggiotti*





Sometimes I find it really tough  
to make sure I'm not in a huff  
because there's simply so much stuff . . .



. . . that makes me want to **shout**.



Why is it every single day  
that just as I've gone out to play  
my dinner's ready straight away?



**That** makes me want to shout!



If I want pud, why must I wait  
until I've cleared my dinner plate  
of green and yucky things I hate?



It's so **hard** not to  
**shout.**



And when I ask to stay up late  
my parents won't cooperate,  
which makes me get a bit irate.



I struggle not to **shout.**





"It's so unfair!" I shout.

But when I slam my bedroom door,  
it doesn't help. We argue more.  
I feel no better than before.





When morning comes, my mum and dad  
need cheering up – they still look sad!

I try but fail. The mood is bad.



I think **they** want to shout.

So from now on I'm really keen  
to be laid-back, relaxed, serene,  
the calmest kid you've ever seen.



I'll never, **ever** shout.



Then in the playground at our school,  
a selfish child does something cruel  
and though I try to play it cool . . .



. . . I really want to shout!

And worst of all, he has no shame!  
For when we're asked, "So, who's to blame?"  
"It's her!" he meanly tries to claim.



I'm far too **shocked** to shout.

But then I suddenly unload  
the silent rage I haven't showed.  
I not-so-silently **explode.**

I REALLY  
REALLY  
SHOUT!!





I try my best to stop and keep  
my tears inside, but bawl and weep  
a puddle . . . lake . . . a sea – it’s deep!



But luckily my best friend hears  
and thankfully she soon appears,  
by paddling through my flood of tears.



I shout – and cry – and shout.

“Watch this!” I hear her shout . . .

And then she does a bellyflop,  
which makes me laugh, my crying stop.  
She's quite the expert with a mop.



“Incredible!” I shout.

And once she's checked that I'm okay,  
she asks, “What makes you feel this way?”  
“Just... everything!” I have to say.



“I always want to shout.”





My friend then says, “My rage can make  
my heartbeat race and body shake  
so much I think that it might break.  
I often need to shout.



But if I do, I have a rule  
that helps me to regain my cool.  
I draw my feelings. That’s the tool  
which helps when I could shout.”

But when I next feel mad and stressed  
and put her tactic to the test  
my teacher's **not at all** impressed!



It makes **her** rant and shout!



I want to cry but try to hide  
the way I feel and just decide  
to bottle it all up inside . . .



. . . and hope that I won't shout.



But trapped inside me,  
Anger glows.



He teases me, he  
seethes and grows . . .



. . . until he's HUGE.  
This monster knows . . .

**I REALLY  
need to  
SHOUT !!**



I fight the urge with **all** my might,  
but later on at home that night  
Dad sees that something isn't right . . .

He comforts me and holds me tight,  
says, "Feeling angry's quite all right.  
It's normal, so accept there might  
be times you want to shout."

. . . and lets me **scream** and **shout**.



"I know just what you're going through,  
as sometimes I feel angry too,  
but let's work out what works for you,  
so you won't need to shout.



Do share your feelings, make them known  
before your anger's fully-blown . . .



. . . or write them down if you're alone . . .

Try thinking of your favourite place,  
or find a calm, relaxing space.



Just leave when someone's in your face  
and bound to make you shout.



. . . and feel like you might shout."

It's thanks to Dad I've found a blend  
(a blend on which I now depend)  
of clever ways to help me mend  
my mood, when I could shout.

Sometimes I even fall asleep!



When I feel hurt and want to weep  
I make my breathing slow and deep.


**That** helps me not to shout.



And when I want to scream and kick,  
I've found that talking does the trick.  
It really helps – results are quick!



I hardly **ever** shout!



Sometimes the only thing to do  
is bounce just like a kangaroo  
whilst playing songs on a kazoo.

It's too much **fun** to shout.

I find it stops me going mad  
– could be the best idea I've had!  
The only problem's Mum and Dad ...



They REALLY  
want to  
Shout!





For Julie, Julian, Joe and Ben, with all my love x  
SP

This book is dedicated to my inner child and that of my best friends,  
Anja Roberta and Patrizia. Thank you for all your support!  
LG

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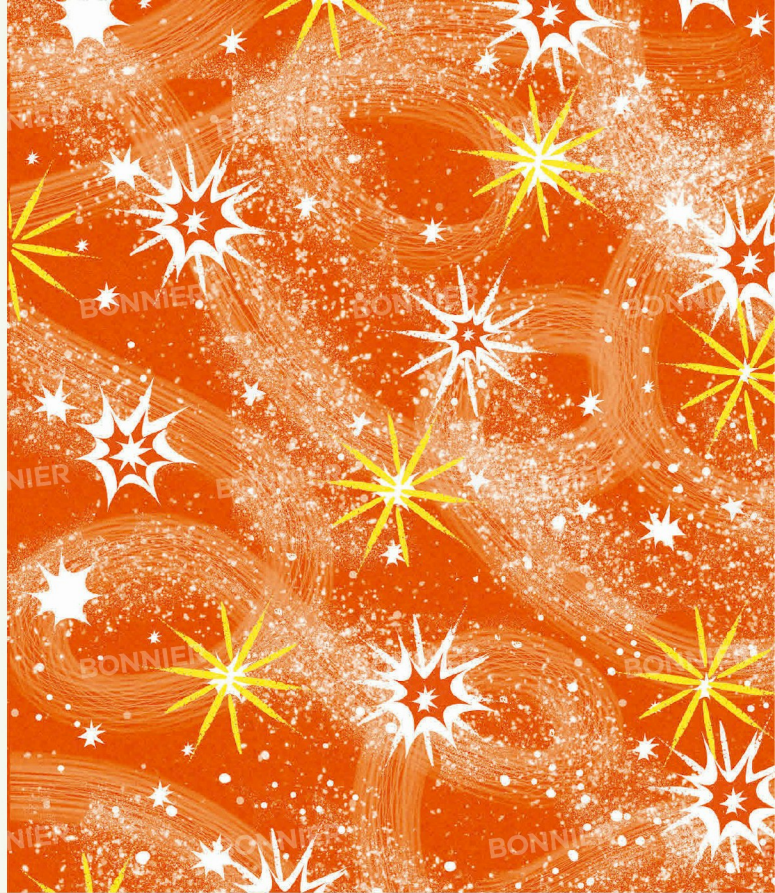
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Colour in the monster if you  
REALLY want to shout!

Become  
friends with  
your  
MONSTER!

