

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.

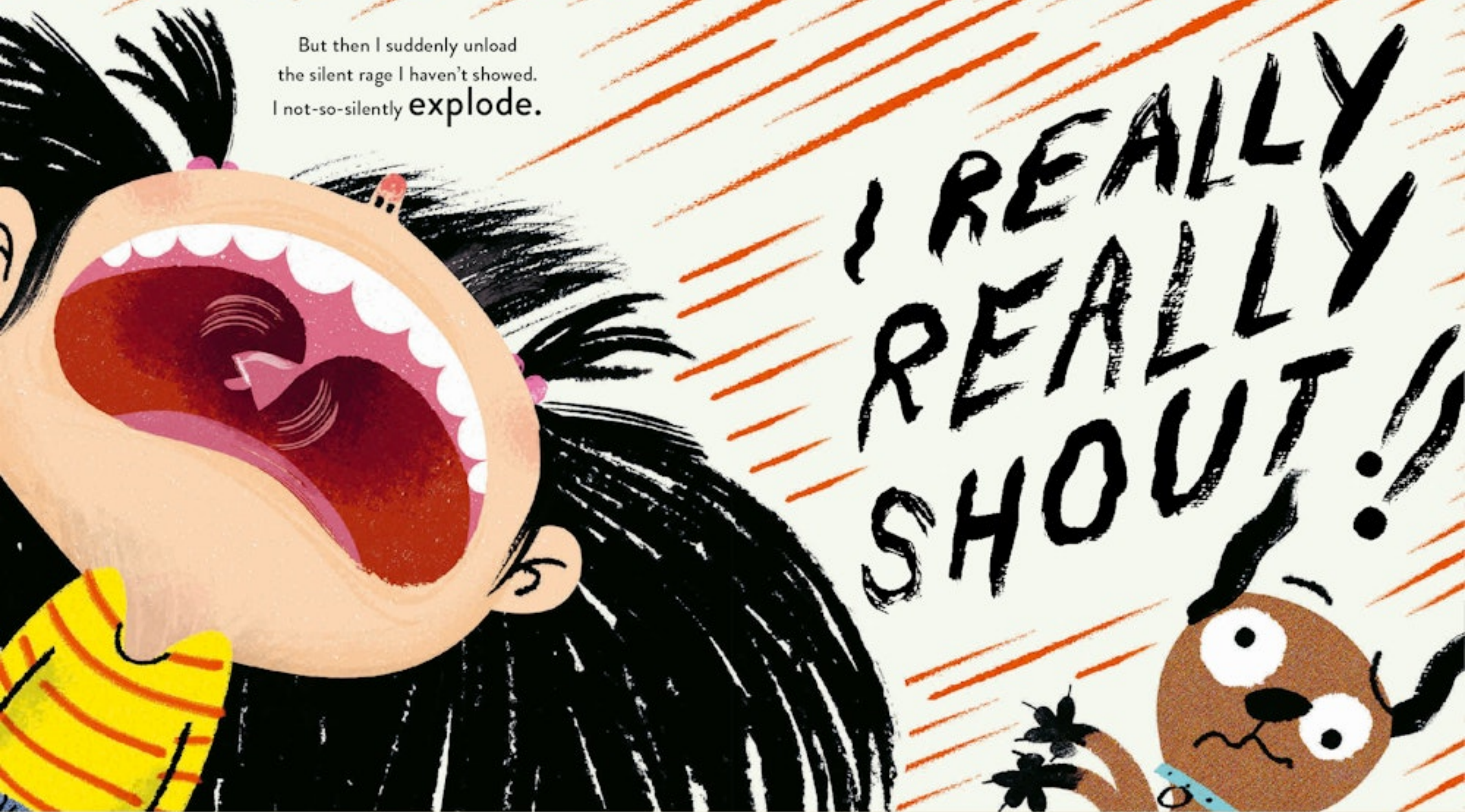


I'm far too shocked to shout.



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.



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.

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



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



. . . 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

A TEMPLAR BOOK

First published in the UK in 2020 by Templar Books,  
an imprint of Bonnier Books UK,  
4th Floor, Victoria House  
Bloomsbury Square, London WC1B 4DA  
Owned by Bonnier Books  
Sveavägen 56, Stockholm, Sweden  
[www.bonnierbooks.co.uk](http://www.bonnierbooks.co.uk)

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3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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ISBN 978-1-78741-680-2 (Paperback)  
ISBN 978-1-78741-697-0 (eBook)

This book was typeset in Brandon Grotesque  
The illustrations were created with collage and digital medium

Edited by Katie Haworth  
Designed by Genevieve Webster  
Production by Emma Kidd

Printed in China





Colour in the monster if you  
REALLY want to shout!

Become  
friends with  
YOUR  
MONSTER!

