

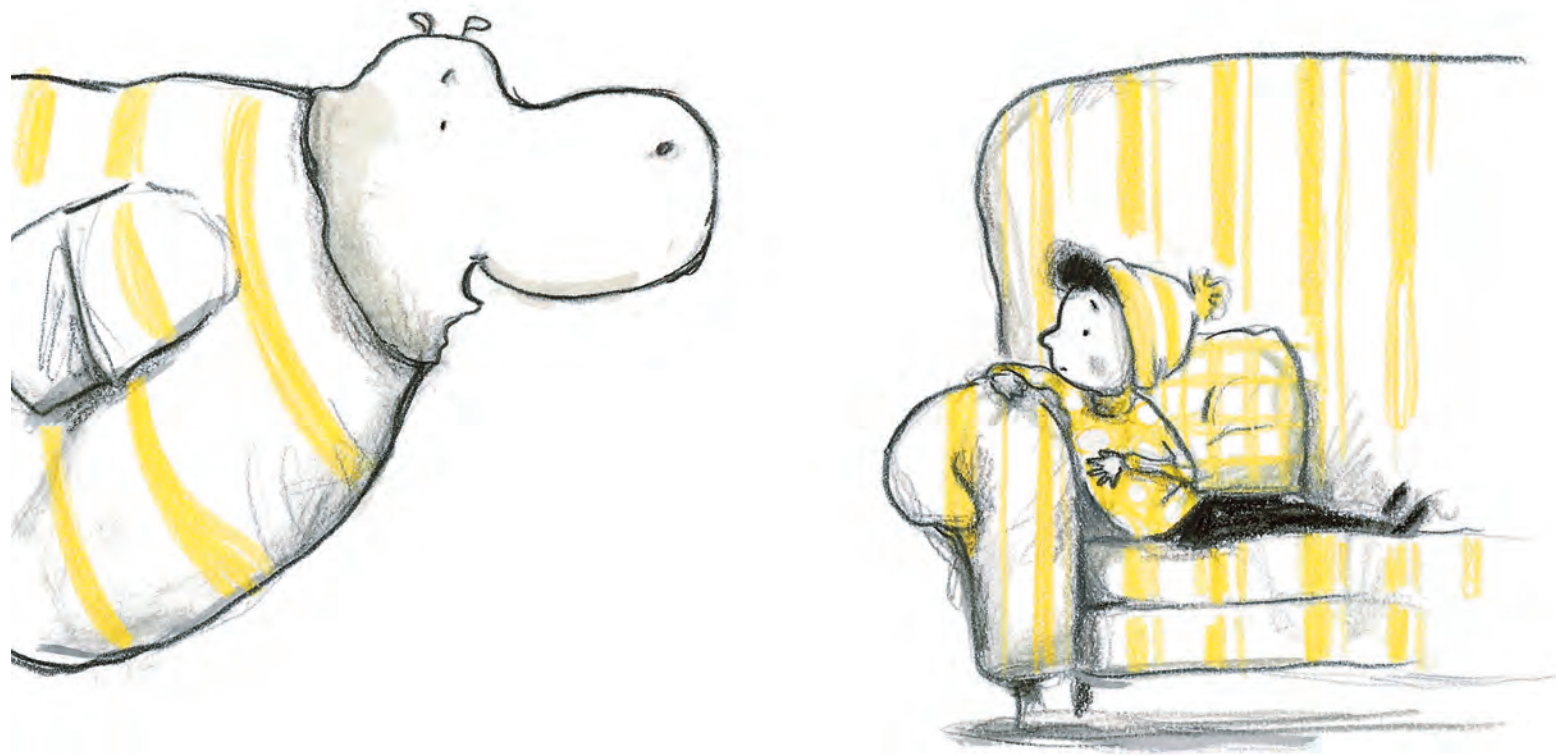


It was a day where his mind
jumped from one bad thought
to another.

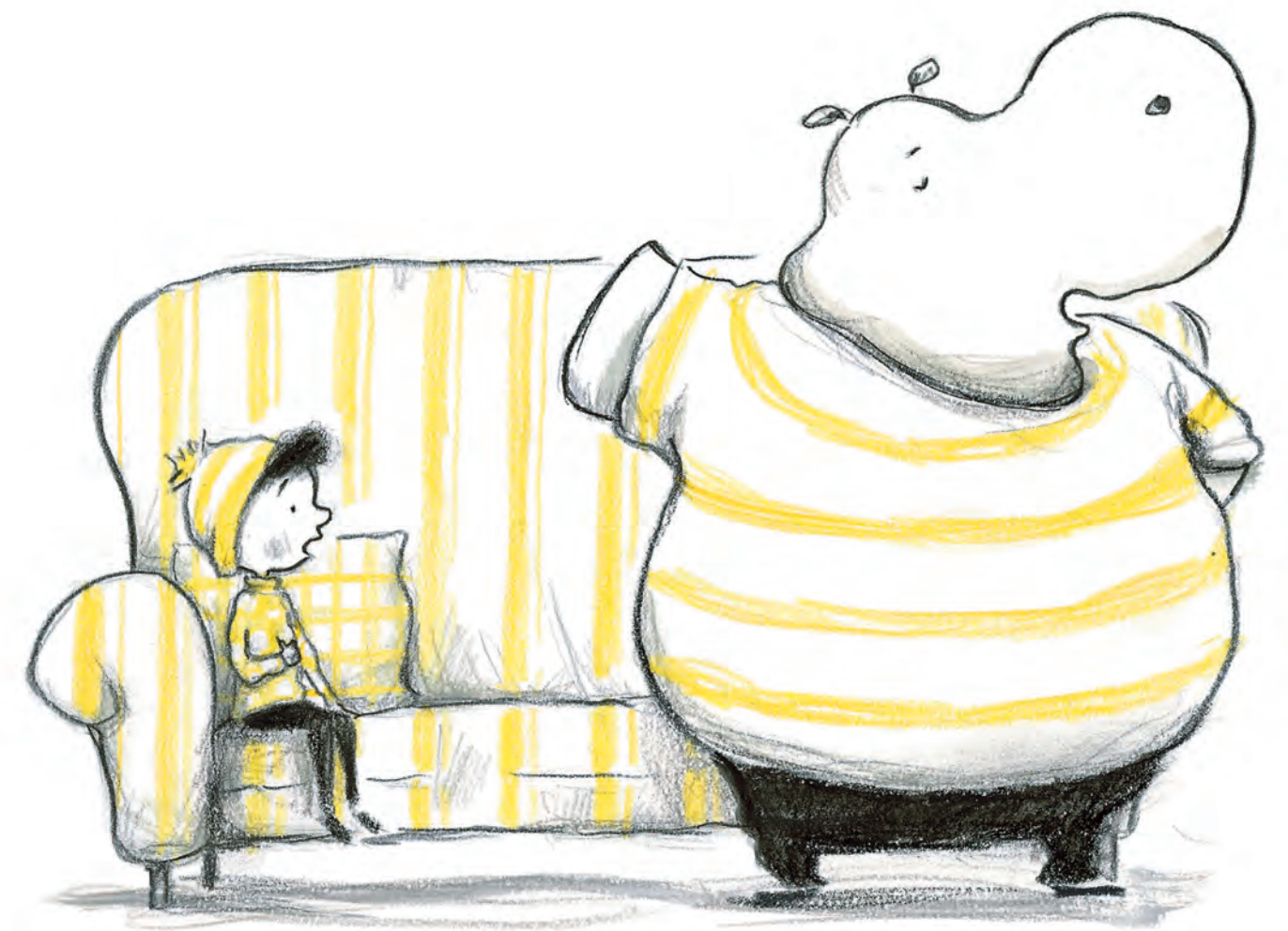
A day where his tummy felt like
scrambled eggs with extra chilli.

Billy wished there was someone
he could talk to.

‘Hello, Billy,’ said Hippo. ‘How are you today?’



‘I’m feeling sad,’ said Billy. ‘My thoughts are whirling and twirling
like a pinwheel. I think what I need is –’



‘Aha! As your *best friend* I know exactly what you need,’ said Hippo.

'I have the perfect activity to make you feel better.'



Hmm, but *you* don't look happy,' said Hippo.

Billy shook his head. 'Listen, Hippo . . .'

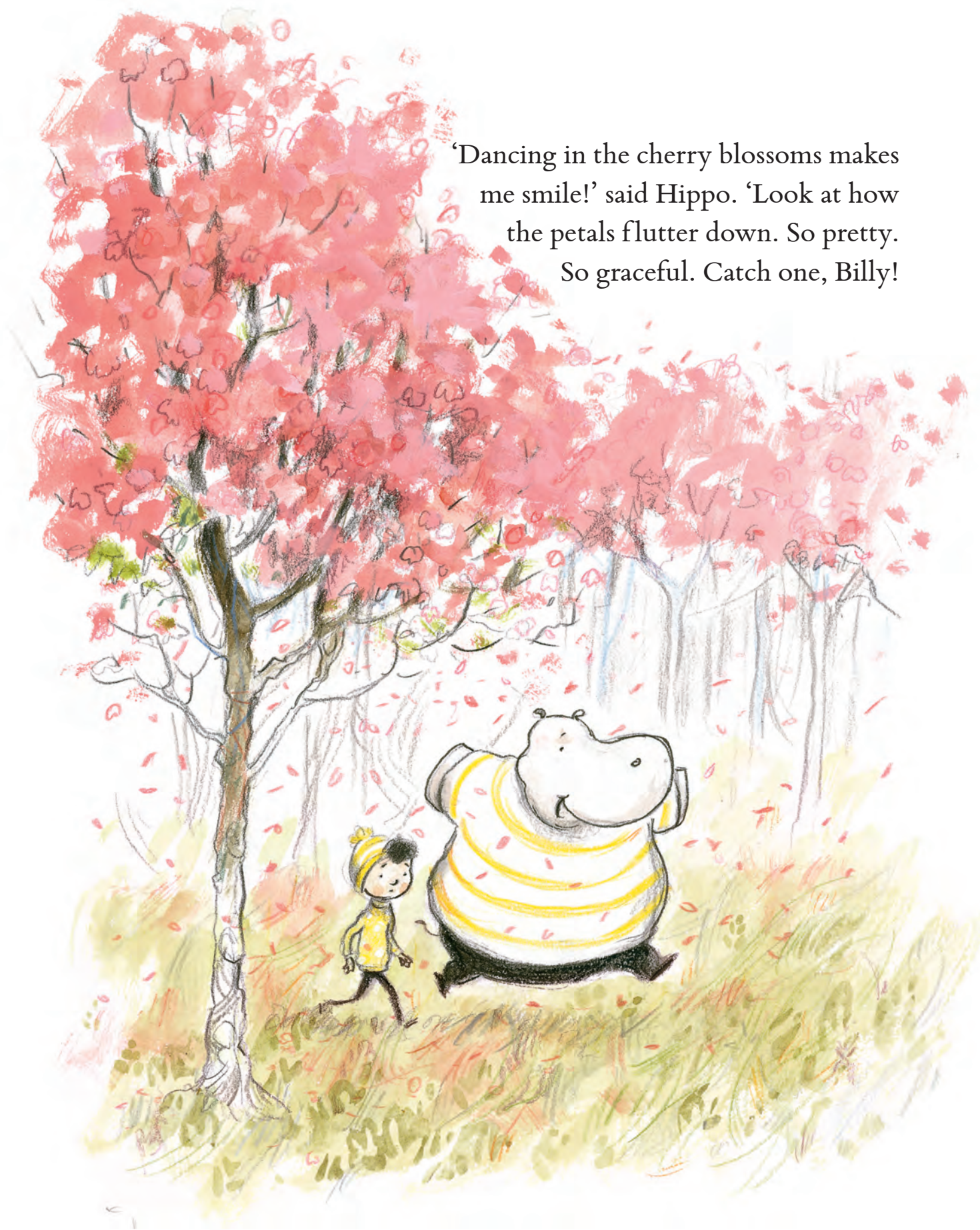


Dressing up! I already feel happier in my dragon costume.

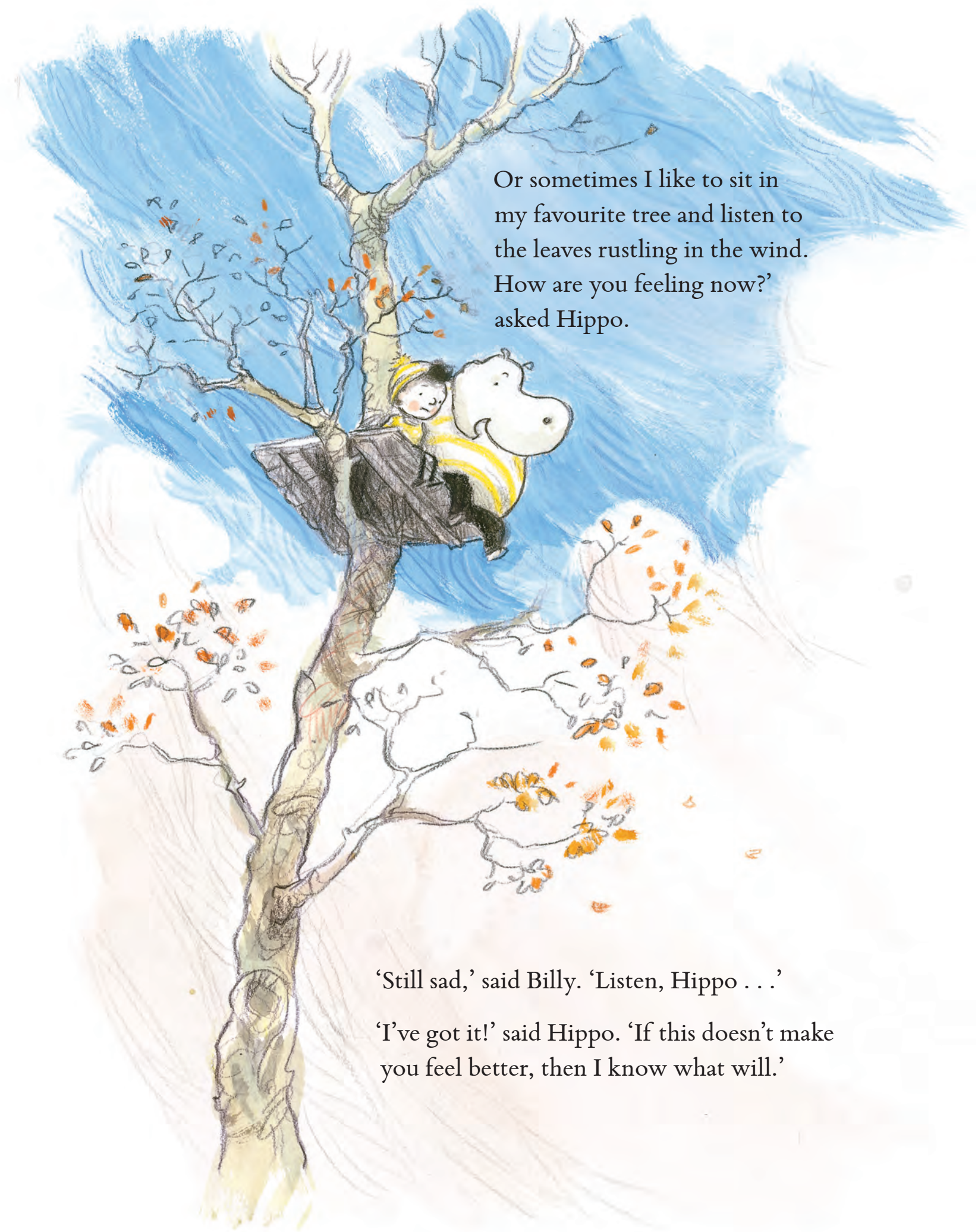


'No, no! Don't tell me,' said Hippo. 'I know the very thing that will make you happy. Follow me!'





‘Dancing in the cherry blossoms makes me smile!’ said Hippo. ‘Look at how the petals flutter down. So pretty. So graceful. Catch one, Billy!’



Or sometimes I like to sit in my favourite tree and listen to the leaves rustling in the wind. How are you feeling now?’ asked Hippo.

‘Still sad,’ said Billy. ‘Listen, Hippo . . .’

‘I’ve got it!’ said Hippo. ‘If this doesn’t make you feel better, then I know what will.’

‘There’s nothing like an adventure in a pirate ship to help distract me,’ said Hippo. ‘Listen to the whooshing of the waves and the shrieking of the seagulls. Is that an island I spy ahead?’

‘I feel seasick,’ said Billy.

