

Peaceful Platypus- playtime Problem



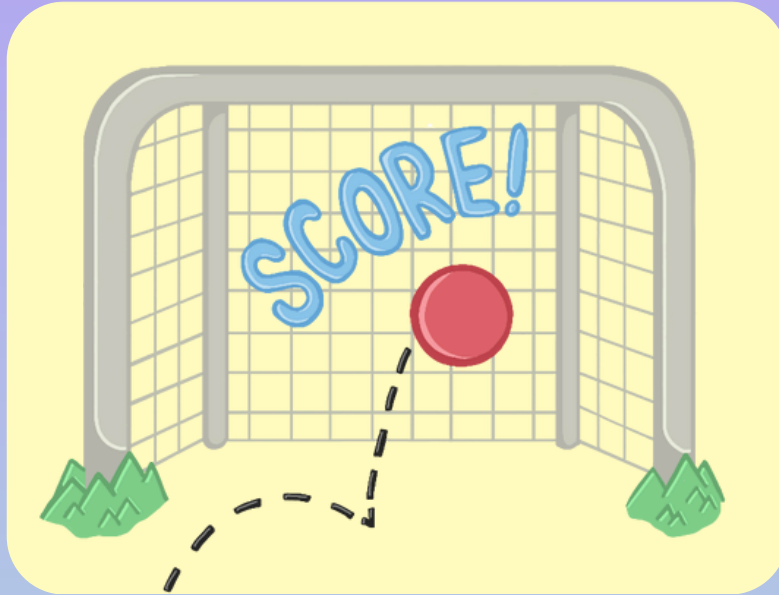
Written and illustrated by Olivia Smith.

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“I shoot, and I score!”

exclaimed Peaceful Platypus,
beaming with **delight**.



It was a **beautiful** afternoon in the
Peace Street Reserve where
Peaceful Platypus was **practicing** their
kicking **skills**.

Peaceful Platypus ran,
kicking and chasing their **favourite** ball.

Peaceful Platypus lined up the ball in front of the **goal** posts, and **prepared** for the goal of a lifetime.

This wasn't going to be any **ordinary** goal.

Peaceful Platypus wanted to go big and have a long run up to the ball.

Peaceful Platypus took a few steps back, dropped their beak down to **focus** on the ball, wiggled their tail, and charged towards the ball.

With one huge kick, the ball went **flying** through the air.

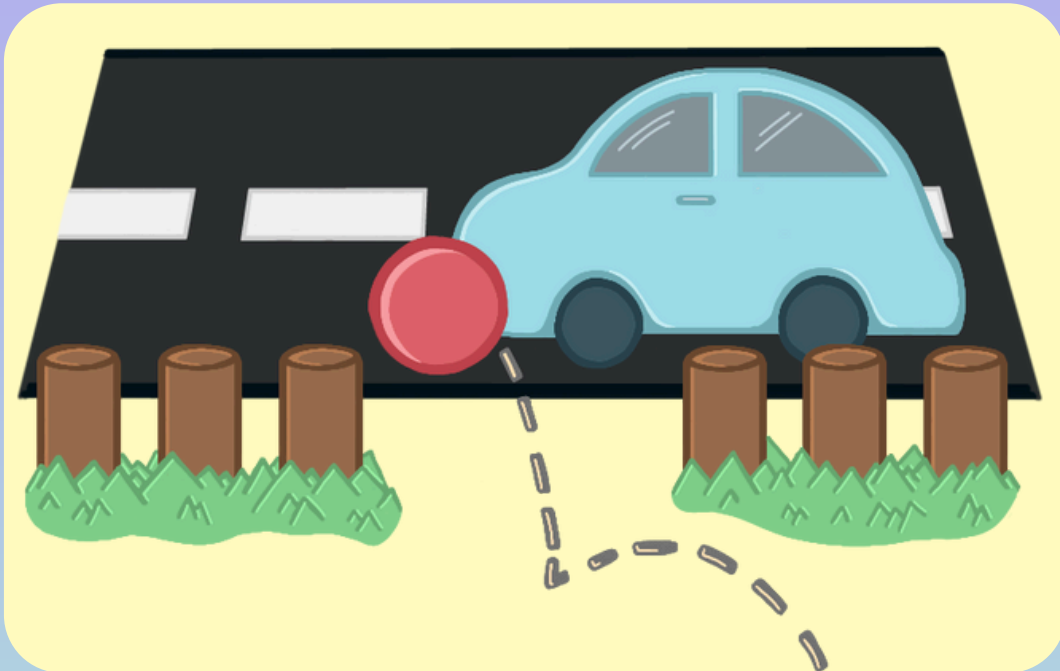
This time however, the ball **missed** the goal and instead hit the outside of the goal post and bounced right out of the park.



“Oh no!”

Shrieked Peaceful Platypus.

They zoomed after the ball as it travelled out of the park, and eventually onto the **busy** road.



Peaceful Platypus grinded to a halt, in horror of the sight of their favourite ball laying in the middle of the road.

“My ball! Oh, what do I do?”

Peaceful Platypus **panicked**.

Peaceful Platypus knew that it wasn't a **safe option** to run onto the road, but...

they also didn't want their favourite ball to get squashed.

Peaceful Platypus found themselves in a tricky **playtime problem**.

The cars swooshed past as Peaceful Platypus helplessly watched on in **dread**.



All they wanted to do was run onto the road and quickly nudge the ball back, but they knew this might lead to an **unsafe situation**.

Peaceful Platypus became increasingly **worried** as they watched the ball slowly drift along the road.

Their **heart** began to **race** and it became harder for them to **breathe normally**.



Peaceful Platypus' **mind** was becoming too **confused** with which **choice** to make.

“Maybe I should practice **mindfulness** to **help** me make the **right decision**.”

Peaceful Platypus said to themselves.



“I’ll use my **senses** to **focus** on my **breathing**.”

Peaceful Platypus scanned the environment around them for sights and sounds to focus on.

The tall and lively trees, standing strong in the garden of the Peace Street Reserve were a calming sight to focus on.



They observed the way the branches and leaves swayed together, almost like a wave hello. They listened to the songs of the birds as they fluttered around the trees.

Peaceful Platypus focused on their
breathing until their
heartbeat slowed down.

Their breathing started to return to
normal, and a wave of **calm** washed
over Peaceful Platypus.



“Okay,”

said Peaceful Platypus
with a big **exhale.**

“My mind and body are **ready** to
make a choice.”

Peaceful Platypus calmly looked around
the park and spotted a Park Ranger;

They **discovered** a new option to **rescue**
their ball!

“Excuse me,”



Peaceful Platypus called,
waddling over to the
Park Ranger.

“My ball has gone onto the road, and
I don’t think that it is safe for me to
get it. Can you please **help** me?”

The Park Ranger looked at Peaceful
Platypus, then at the ball rolling around
on the busy road.

“You made the right choice asking an
adult for help,”

replied the Park
Ranger with a nod.

“I can help
you out.”

Peaceful Platypus watched as the Park Ranger approached the road. The Ranger **waited** until they saw a break in the traffic, looked left and right, and carefully retrieved the ball.

said the Park Ranger,

“Here you go!”

rolling the ball towards Peaceful Platypus and carrying on with their patrol of the Peace Street Park. Peaceful Platypus **thanked** the Park Ranger and sighed with **relief**.

They felt **proud** that they took a moment to breathe and make a safe choice.



With a **cautious** kick, Peaceful Platypus kicked the ball through the goals!

“Mindful Me for the win!”