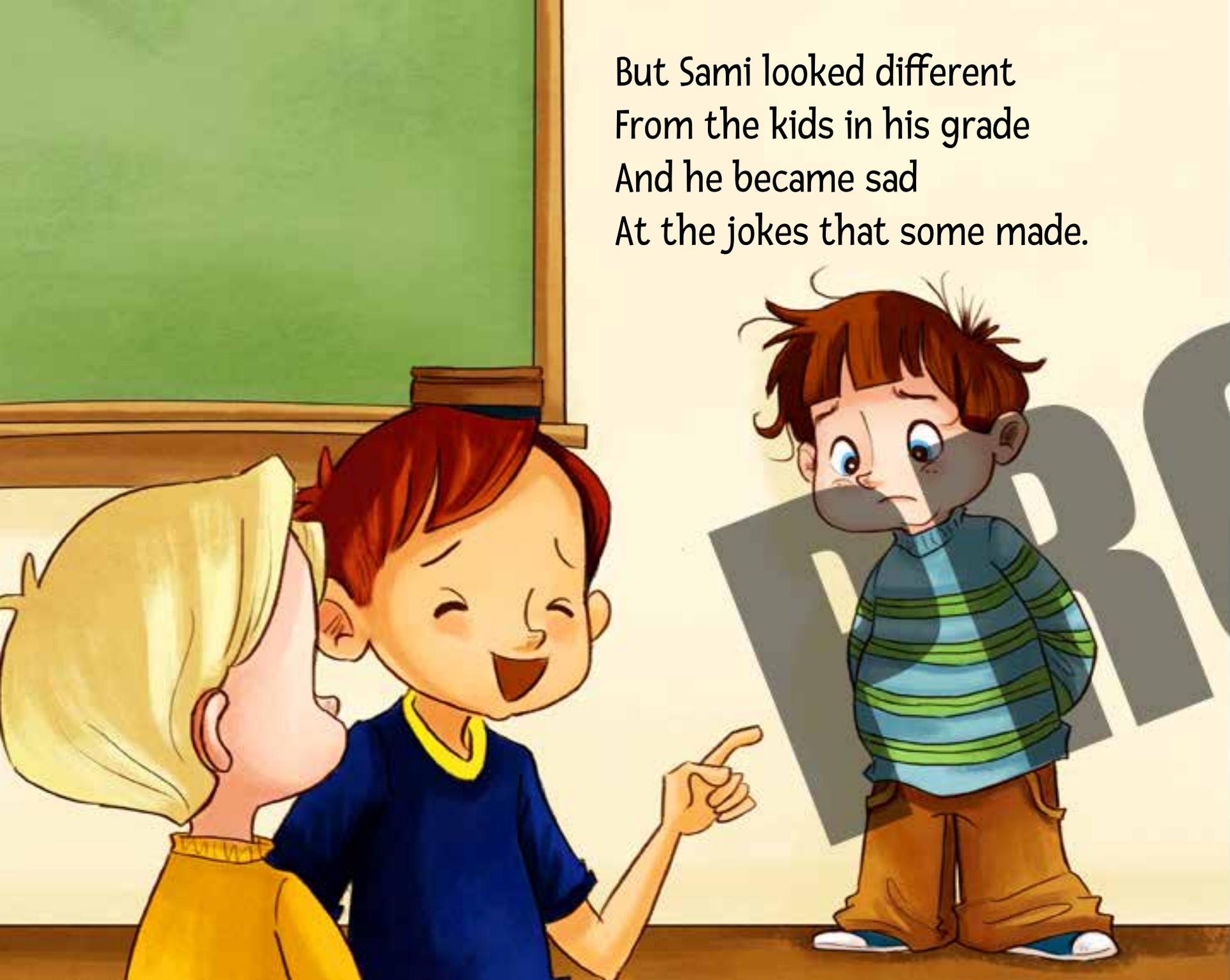


Sami was eight
He was starting grade 2
The other kids had friends
And he wanted some, too.



But Sami looked different
From the kids in his grade
And he became sad
At the jokes that some made.





Sami's teacher decided
One day in the Fall
That today they would play
A game of kickball.





Young Sami was determined
To show everyone he knew
That he could play sports
And be good at them, too!





Laughter burst out
“That was **AWFUL!**” they said.





Sami came home upset
With his heart bruised and torn
And that was the day
The Negative Voice was born.

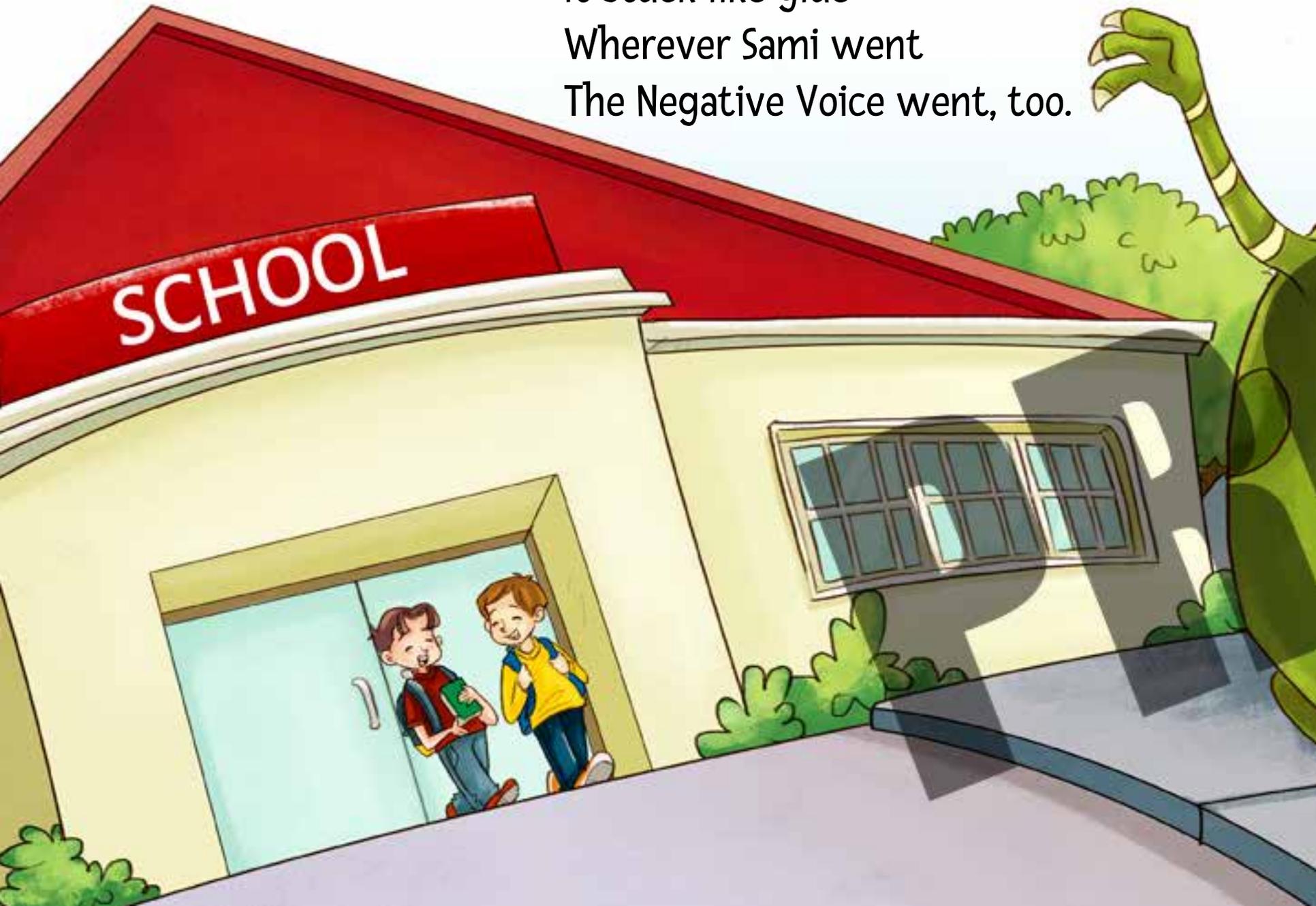
The kids had all laughed
They had been so unkind
But worse than that now
Were the thoughts in his mind.

“I’m awful, I’m terrible,”
“I should never have tried!”
“I can’t do anything!”
He said as he cried.

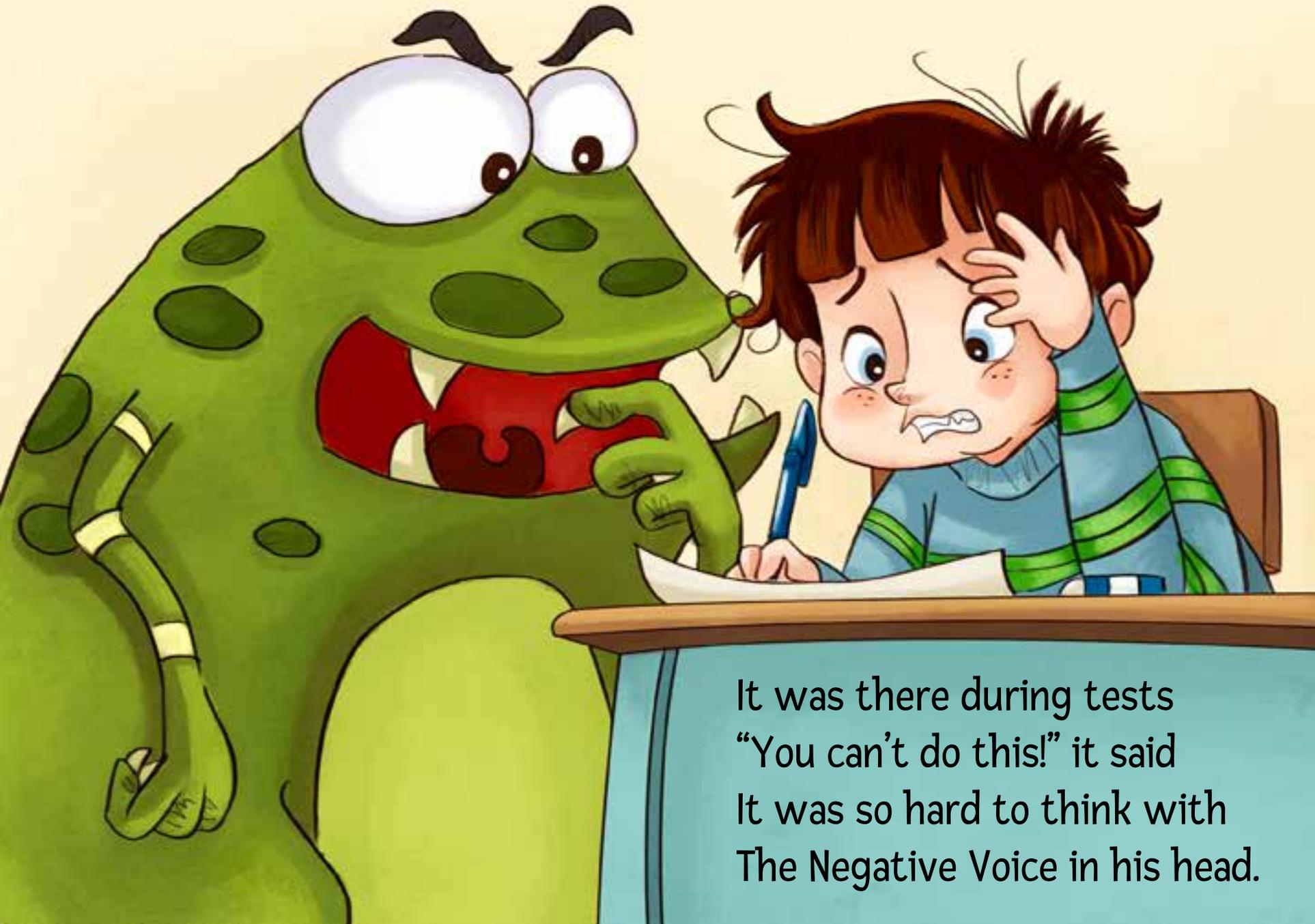




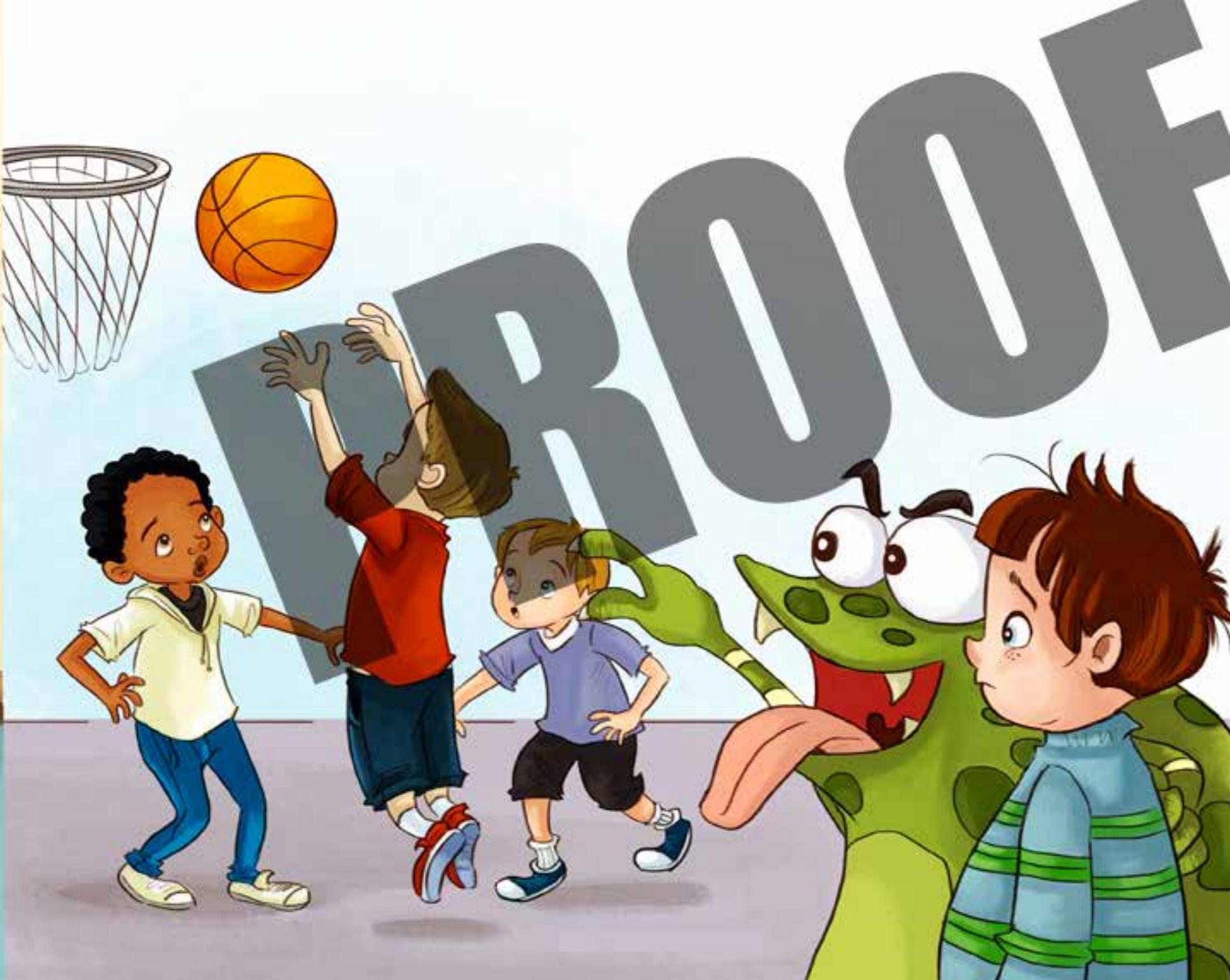
From that day on
It stuck like glue
Wherever Sami went
The Negative Voice went, too.







It was there during tests
“You can’t do this!” it said
It was so hard to think with
The Negative Voice in his head.



So Sami went home
And just sat on his couch
The Negative Voice made him lonely
And kind of a grouch.





When Ronny showed up
Young Sami complained
He just wanted to hide
And not deal with the pain.





Want to read more?
Sami's book is available for purchase at
www.samikader.com