KELLY MCKAIN

THE FEELING GOOD CLUB

SMASH YOUR WORRIES, BELLA!

ILLUSTRATED BY
JENNY LATHAM

Dear brilliant, creative, courageous and feeling-full readers, we're sending you loads of love and mindfulness magic, and we really hope you enjoy The Feeling Good Club!
Love, Kelly and Jenny xx

For Elsie, with love – KM

To my parents, thank you for raising me, believing in me and for supporting me in every art craze I've ever done! I really wouldn't be where I am today without you two – JL

STRIPES PUBLISHING LIMITED
An imprint of the Little Tiger Group
1 Coda Studios, 189 Munster Road,
London SW6 6AW

Imported into the EEA by Penguin Random House Ireland,
Morrison Chambers, 32 Nassau Street, Dublin D02 YH68

A paperback original
First published in Great Britain in 2022

Text copyright © Kelly McKain, 2022
Illustrations copyright © Jenny Latham, 2022
With special thanks to Tosh Brittan for helping with the mindfulness activities
ISBN: 978-1-78895-307-8

The right of Kelly McKain and Jenny Latham to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work respectively has been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

All rights reserved.

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed upon the subsequent purchaser.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Printed and bound in the UK.

MIX
Paper from responsible sources
FSC® C171272

The Forest Stewardship Council® (FSC®) is a global, not-for-profit organization dedicated to the promotion of responsible forest management worldwide. FSC defines standards based on agreed principles for responsible forest stewardship that are supported by environmental, social, and economic stakeholders. To learn more, visit www.fsc.org

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

KELLY MCKAIN

THE FEELING GOOD CLUB

SMASH YOUR WORRIES, BELLA!

ILLUSTRATED BY JENNY LATHAM

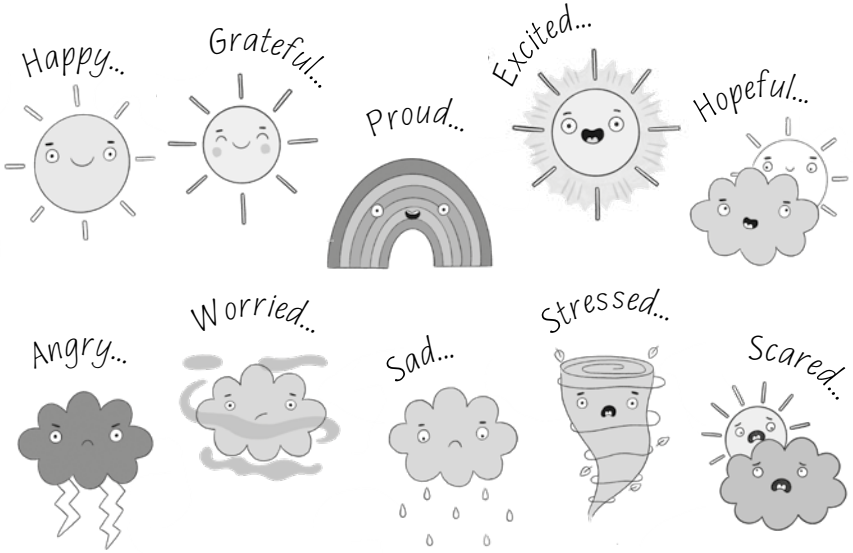
LITTLE TIGER
LONDON

This journal belongs to:

BELLA!

Welcome to your journal!

There are spaces all the way through to share the feelings you have experienced each day. You can use this page to create some of your own emojis to add in to your journal! This will help you to see how your feelings change day by day (and moment by moment!). Have fun, and enjoy finding out more about yourself and your feelings!



All about you!

My name is: Bella

My eyes are: Blue, like Dad's

My hair is: Brown, and wavy and usually trying to do its own thing LOL!

Hobbies I love:

I love playing tennis with my family, swimming, dancing (I go to tap and modern with strict-but-nice Miss Ruby every week), baking - YUM!, and eating ice cream at Dylan's! Does that count as a hobby?

My favourite food is: See above, LOL! And takeaway pizza – with extra pineapple!

My best friend is: Rohisha – we've been friends for EVER and she's AMAZING!

My motto for the year is: Be brave! Be bold! Be Bella! Hee hee! But seriously, I could do with a bit more confidence, so maybe writing in this journal will help!

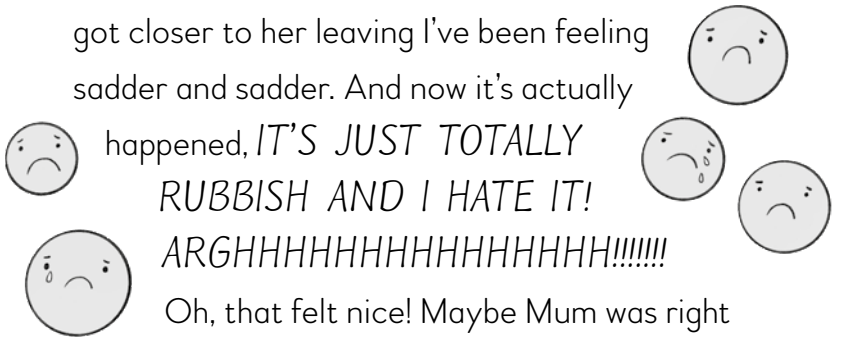
Day of the Week: Friday

Feelings I experienced today:

Friday after tea, in my bedroom.

This is the very first page of my gorgeous new journal, which my best friend Rohisha gave me yesterday (and I gave her a set of light-up pens, which she thought were really cool, BTW!). I wish I had some fun and exciting news to start my journal with, but actually I'm feeling pretty SAD. You see, the reason Rosh gave me the journal is because today was her last day at our school, which is Cavendish Juniors, because she is moving house. We've both lived in this town all our lives, but now she and her mum and dad have moved a few hours' drive north, like, ages away – it might as well be another country!

I'm trying to be my usual sparkly and a bit daydreamy self, but I feel *BLEUGHHHHHH*. When Rohisha first told me they were moving, just after Christmas, I was really shocked and I cried buckets, but then I didn't think about it too much for ages – it was so far in the future, it didn't seem real. But as it's got closer to her leaving I've been feeling sadder and sadder. And now it's actually happened, *IT'S JUST TOTALLY RUBBISH AND I HATE IT! ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!*



Oh, that felt nice! Maybe Mum was right – she suggested using the journal to write down my feelings, as well as keeping a diary. She knows how *TOTALLY MISERABLE* I've been during this last couple of weeks, in the run-up to Rosh leaving. She keeps making me have sit-down chats with her too, which is nice (especially when they involve hot chocolate!), but they only make me feel better for a little while and then the sadness comes back.

Last night, when I was baking Rosh her favourite chocolate fudge cake, I felt like crying right into the mixing bowl. And today was awful – we had a class "bon voyage" party for her with balloons and games and everything and I kept smiling somehow, but inside I felt *TERRIBLE*. I didn't say anything to Rosh, though, because I didn't want to spoil things, or make her feel worse about moving away. She's the one having to start a whole new life, after all.

The afternoon went so slowly, and then, all of a sudden, it was time to say goodbye, *SOB SOB!* Me and Rosh went out into the playground at home time as usual (after everyone did a very loud three cheers and big clap for her) but it wasn't as usual because her mum and dad were both there to meet her,

instead of one or the other.

Me and Mum went over to the car with them in the end, because us girls wouldn't stop hugging each other, and Mr Peters the caretaker was waiting to lock the gate. Mum joked that I was going to hop in the car and go with them. Well, I wanted to! But of course, she didn't mean it, and anyway, there was barely room for Rohisha to squeeze into the back seat, because it was packed so tight with all the bits and pieces that hadn't gone in the removal van.

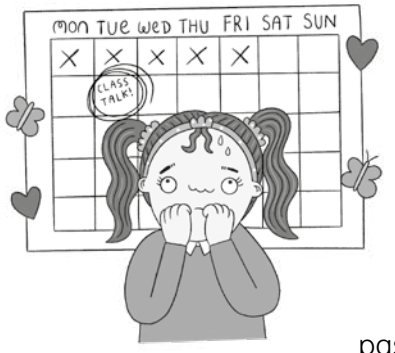
I managed not to cry until I got home and locked myself in the bathroom. For some strange reason, I didn't want Mum and Dad to hear me. When I was younger I would have just stood there howling in the street, but now I'm in Year 5, everything seems different. I knew they'd make me sit down and talk about it and

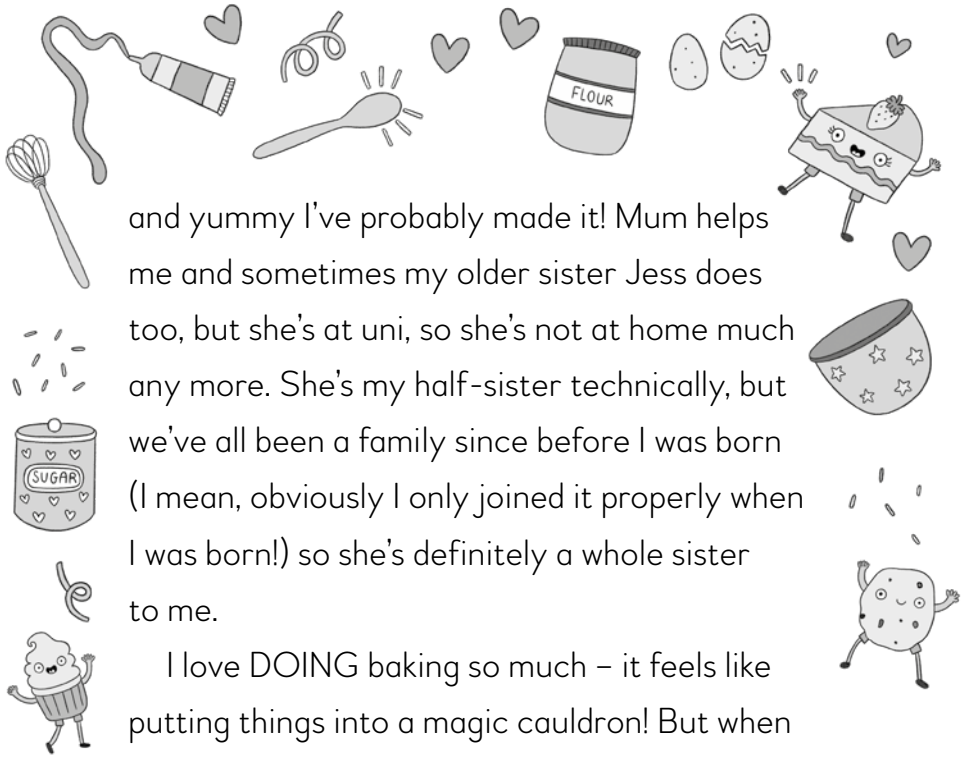
I didn't see any point in that. Rohisha's gone,

and there's nothing they can do about it. I'll just have to get used to sitting on my own at lunchtime for the last few weeks of school until the summer holidays. And to choosing library books by myself. And I'll have to try and act like I don't mind about sitting by myself on the coach to the Wetland Centre, when we go on our class trip at the end of June. *UGH*, thinking about these things is really horrible, but my mind won't seem to stop! Mum's been acting all upbeat about me making new friends, but she doesn't understand what it's like – everyone's already got their friendship groups in my year. It's always been me and Rosh, just us, and we always liked it that way.

Ugh, I've just read that back and I sound *SO* sorry for myself! I'll try and a be a bit more "me" but it's hard, because losing Rosh is rubbish, and to make things worse, I have a BIG WORRY...

I have to do my class talk on Tuesday – like, this coming Tuesday ... in four days' time! We have to stand up and talk for twenty minutes about something we're passionate about in front of the entire class, and Mr Lacey our teacher, and Ms Adeyemi our TA. It's supposed to be a fun thing, but I'm absolutely dreading it. Most of the class have done theirs – Rosh actually volunteered to be one of the first! And she totally loved doing it. I'm doing it on baking, which I love – I make cakes, cookies, pastries and ... well, if it's sweet





and yummy I've probably made it! Mum helps me and sometimes my older sister Jess does too, but she's at uni, so she's not at home much any more. She's my half-sister technically, but we've all been a family since before I was born (I mean, obviously I only joined it properly when I was born!) so she's definitely a whole sister to me.

I love DOING baking so much – it feels like putting things into a magic cauldron! But when it comes to TALKING about it, I know I'll go all red and flustered and my tongue will feel massive, like when I practise with Mum. She helped me make prompt cards to break my talk up into chunks, but they aren't helping that much. Eeeeek! Just thinking about it is making my heart go *boom-boom-boom* in my chest!

Oh, gotta go. Mum's calling me down to watch a movie... Which is part of her Cheer Up Bella plan! Fingers crossed it works...

Day of the Week: Saturday

Feelings I experienced today:

Saturday afternoon. Back at home, after swimming.

Hello, it's me again! Well, who else would it be? Ha ha! Wanting to write in my journal was a good excuse to come upstairs and have some time to myself – and of course Mum's happy that I'm writing down my feelings. She took me to Dylan's ice-cream parlour after swimming, as usual, which was lovely of her. And she tried really hard to make up for Rosh not being there, which was even more lovely of her! She got a big raspberry sorbet instead of a coffee and sat at the table with me. She usually sits on one of the stools at the counter and chats to Ben, the manager. Me and Rosh have our own table,

which feels really cool. Well, it felt really cool, when she was here. I guess it's another thing we won't be doing any more – *UGGGGGGHHHHHH!*

"So, what shall we get for tea tonight, Bella?" Mum asked, probably to stop me staring sadly at the table. "Dad thinks pizza – a proper takeaway, not from the supermarket – for a treat. But you can choose, and it can be anything you like. Curry, Chinese..."

I did try to smile as I licked my vanilla and fudge ice-cream cone, but the smile went wobbly. "Thanks, Mum," I said. "But what we normally have is fine. Something from the freezer."

Mum looked around at the other customers, pretending to be horrified. "Can you not sound like I only ever feed you ready meals!"

"And you don't have to keep trying to cheer me up all the time," I added.

She grimaced. "Is it that obvious?"

"Totally," I said, smiling. I held up my ice cream. "You never let me have two scoops, or sprinkles and a flake. This is the biggest sympathy ice cream ever!"

Mum smiled at that. "I know it's not the same without Rohisha, love," she said. "But she's coming to stay in the summer holidays. That's only six weeks away."

Well, that actually made it sound like ages to me – six whole weeks! That's ... hang on ... thirty lunchtimes by myself and twelve PEs with no partner, and Sports Day without Rosh, and ... super-mega-*UGH!!!* It felt like my stomach dropped into my shoes then, and Mum noticed, because she said, "Love, you can Zoom with her all the time until then. Starting tonight, remember."

Well, that made me feel a bit better. I miss her so much already, plus I really need her help and advice about my BIG WORRY – the class talk. She knows how much I'm dreading it, but it always seemed like such a long way off, so I kind of forgot about it! But now it's here (well, almost!) and I'll have to face it on my own. I hate being the centre of attention – even thinking about it now has made me start chewing my fingernails, which is tricky when you're trying to write at the same time!

If Rosh were here I just know she'd make me feel better about it somehow. She can always tell when I'm having a wobbly moment – it's like she's got magic BFF powers! She doesn't make a big thing of it, but just gets me to focus on something else, or makes me laugh. Plus, she's super-chilled generally and things don't seem to bother her in the same way they bother me.

Oh, hang on, I'm getting off the point – I was writing about Dylan's! That class talk keeps creeping into my mind and taking over – *GO AWAY, BIG WORRY!* So … I was just sitting there, eating my ice cream, feeling totally tragic and like my life was *RUINED FOREVER* when Ben came over.

"Thanks, Ben, that was delicious," Mum said, handing him her empty glass.

"Everyone loves our raspberry," he said, with a grin. "How's Jess – is she enjoying uni?"

"Yes, she's really loving it," Mum replied. "She's back for the summer now. She's staying with her dad at the moment – they're going on an off-road mountain biking and camping trip for a few days."

Jess's dad, Terry, is really nice. I've been over to his house with her a lot since I was quite little.

"Sounds like fun!" Ben smiled. "Do get her to

give me a call if she'd like some holiday work."

"Oh, brilliant, I'll tell her," said Mum. "I'm sure she'll be in touch."

Then Ben turned to me and said, "No Rohisha today?"

And that was it – *BAM!* Suddenly my ice cream was about as appealing as a cone full of slugs and I just felt really sick. Mum looked at me but I couldn't speak, so she said, "She's moved away, up to Northumberland. They left yesterday."

"Oh no!" he cried. "You two were inseparable! And you were in the same class at school, weren't you?" Ben's known me and Rosh since we were about two, when our ice creams were almost as big as we were. He gave me such a sympathetic look then that I wanted to curl up and hide under the table.

"Yes, since Reception," I mumbled, trying to hide behind my long dark hair. It was hanging in

damp clumps as I'd felt too miserable to brush and plait it as I usually did after swimming. Well, usually, I did Rosh's hair and then she did mine. It had just felt too sad, though, standing there in our usual spot by the mirrors, with only me looking back from it.

Luckily some more customers came in at that moment and Ben had to go, because I was really holding back the tears by then. Things keep hitting me about Rohisha going, and one of them is that Saturdays are never going to be the same again. So after Ben went I was just blinking back tears, watching little lines of ice

cream drip down on to my fingers. Mum wiped my hand with a paper napkin, just as she used to when I was little, and I was so sad that I let her. "It will get easier," she said gently. "And you'll make other friends."

"I don't want any other friends," I mumbled. "Ever. I only want Rosh."

"I know you're sad, love," Mum said. "I understand. And I'm not suggesting replacing Rosh, but surely you talk to other people in your class?"

"Of course, when we're put in groups together," I said, blinking back tears. "And, before you say it, I know I chat to the girls at dancing when we've finished modern and we're putting on our tap shoes, but really it has always been just me and Rosh. At break times and lunchtimes and weekends. You know that."

That's when Mum sensibly dropped the subject of other friends. "I'm sure she'll be missing you

just as much as you're missing her," she said gently, leaning over to squeeze my shoulder.

Strangely, that did make me feel a tiny bit better, and I rescued my ice cream before the whole lot melted and slid down my arm. Of course I don't want Rosh to feel as sad as I do, but Mum saying she must be missing me too did help, somehow. It made me feel like it's still the two of us, in it together – even if "it" is feeling totally miserable! Rosh will probably be feeling as sad as I am tonight when we chat and I tell her what a rubbish day I've had without her – plus, I can get her advice on how to beat my nerves and remember my lines for the class talk.

OK, I'm fed up with feeling miserable! I'm going to go and get my art stuff out and finish off this wolf I'm drawing instead, to take my mind off everything. For my birthday Jess got me this amazing animal encyclopedia and I love drawing things out of it.

Saturday evening, before my delish pizza dinner!

I'm lying on my bed writing this, and the good news is I'm feeling way, way better than I did earlier – the drawing definitely helped! It's also because I'm getting so super-excited about talking to Rosh! Also, Mum is ordering PIZZA and I had a great idea about how me and Rosh can still spend time together. We can watch a movie tonight – together-but-not-together – over Zoom! I'm sure she'll think it's a great idea. I'm feeling almost back to my usual sparkly self! I know this because I teased Dad about how