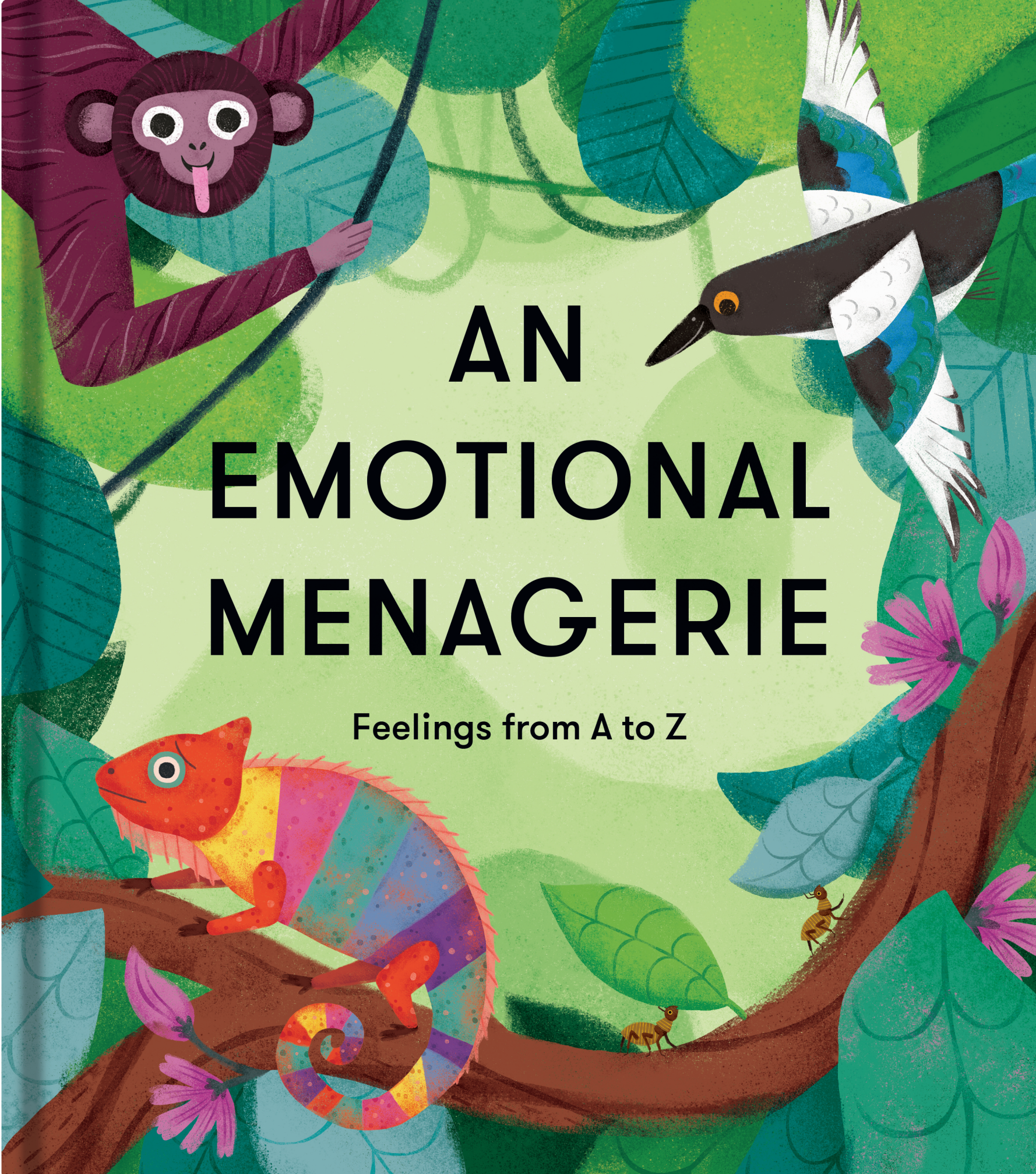
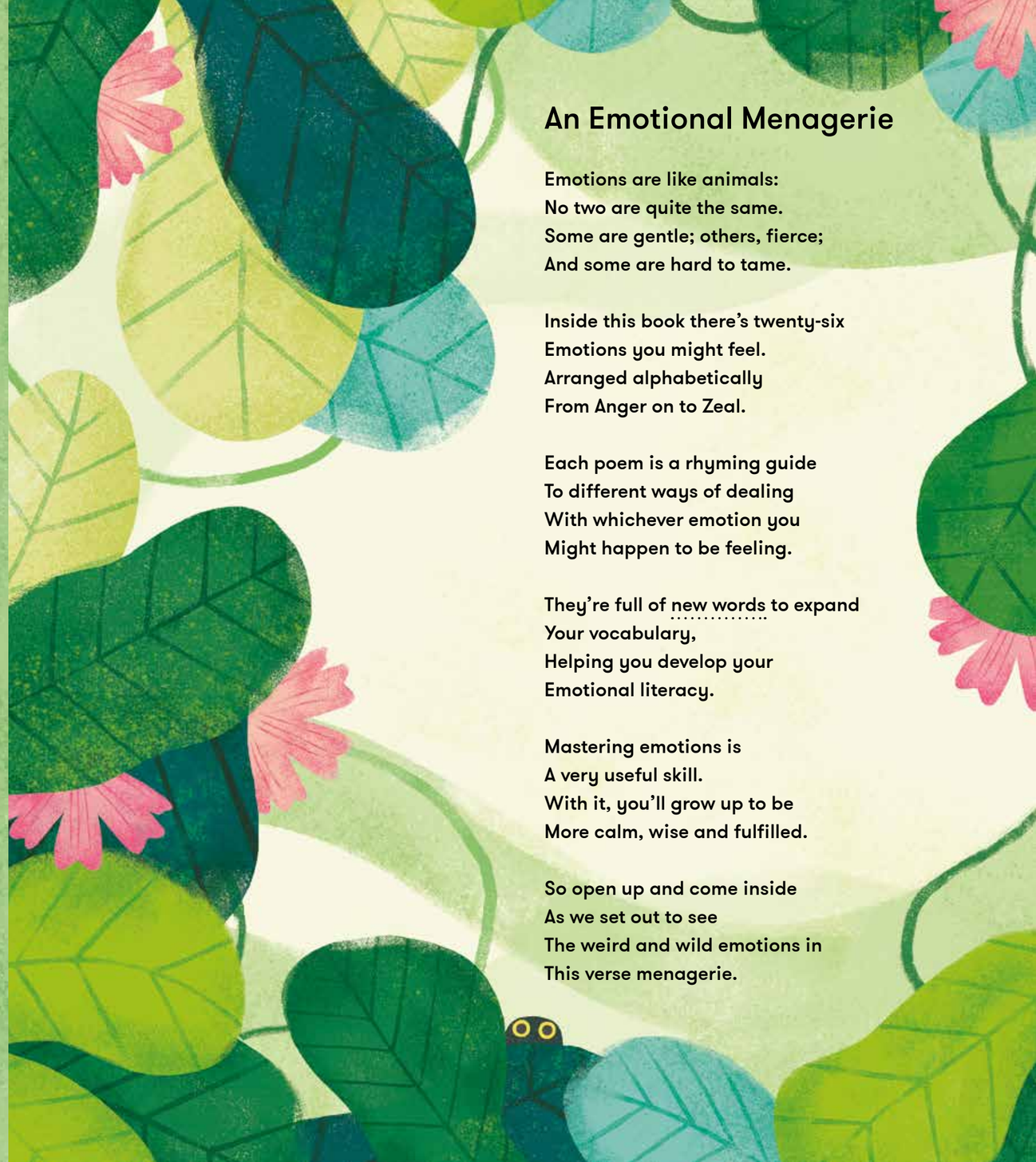

AN
EMOTIONAL
MENAGERIE
Feelings from A to Z

AN EMOTIONAL MENAGERIE

Feelings from A to Z



An Emotional Menagerie

Emotions are like animals:
No two are quite the same.
Some are gentle; others, fierce;
And some are hard to tame.

Inside this book there's twenty-six
Emotions you might feel.
Arranged alphabetically
From Anger on to Zeal.

Each poem is a rhyming guide
To different ways of dealing
With whichever emotion you
Might happen to be feeling.

They're full of new words to expand
Your vocabulary,
Helping you develop your
Emotional literacy.

Mastering emotions is
A very useful skill.
With it, you'll grow up to be
More calm, wise and fulfilled.

So open up and come inside
As we set out to see
The weird and wild emotions in
This verse menagerie.



A is for Anger

If Anger was an animal,
It would have teeth and claws,
A mangy mane, a bristly tail,
And growling, gaping jaws.

It comes along when things go wrong,
When our plans go awry.
When toys are broken, trainers lost,
Or favourite treats denied.

It bares its teeth and starts to roar:
'Unkind!' *'Unjust!' 'UNFAIR!'*
It wants the world to be just so,
Without problems or cares.

To let it go, remember this:
Life won't always go right.
Some things we'd like to happen won't;
Some things we wouldn't, might.

It's sad, we know, and that's the point:
In fact, that's why we rage.
Anger is sadness in disguise:
Our hurt let loose, uncaged.

Life lets us down now and again:
You, me, and everyone.
So next time Anger rears its head,
Accept this, and move on.

B is for Boredom

If Boredom was an animal,
It would have jellied skin,
Limp tentacles, a boneless head,
And a deadening sting.

It washes up when tasks or days
Feel like they'll never end:
Car journeys, homework, shop queues, chores,
And wet autumn weekends.

It lies there like a burst balloon,
Flat, hissing out complaints:
'Are we there yet?' 'Am I done?'
'I'm so bored I might faint.'

It stings us all occasionally.
(Yes, grown-ups get bored too!)
Sometimes we must just wait until
The tedious part is through.

But don't forget to listen, too:
For Boredom's just a clue
That shows us what we don't like doing
And what we'd rather do.

To wash it back into the sea,
Listen to all it says,
And try next time to spend your time
In more exciting ways...



C is for Curiosity

If Curiosity was an animal,
It would have a jet-black beak,
Beady eyes, coal-coloured wings,
And scrawny, scratching feet.

It loves to peck at mysteries:
Those things it doesn't know.
It wants to find the answers so
Its own knowledge might grow.

It makes us feel inquisitive
To understand things more:
'How do planes fly?' 'Why is grass green?'
Or 'what are earlobes for?'

We're fascinated by new things,
The secrets of the Earth.
We get engrossed in facts and dates,
And prize them for their worth.

The best people are curious:
The smartest and most fun.
They know that learning's valuable,
And learning's never done.

You should feed your Curiosity
By finding out more stuff.
For all the world is interesting
If you look close enough.

