

# The Chameleon Who Learned to Feel

Inspired by Dr. Marc Brackett

Written by Sundeep Parmar



LITTLE KEYS  
*to the Universe*



LITTLE KEYS TO THE UNIVERSE

# **The Chameleon Who Learned to Feel**



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DEDICATED TO

**Ria & Mia**



Big Lessons. Little Stories.





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Cammie lived in a bright leafy forest, where the flowers glowed and the trees reached for the clouds. She was very good at hiding. Cammie could turn bark brown, leaf green, flower pink, whatever she needed to blend in. And that's just what she did, every time she felt a feeling. When she felt sad, she turned bark brown and sat still on a log. When she felt angry, she turned spiky green and hid behind a bush.





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When she felt scared, she turned sky blue and looked at the clouds. No one ever saw her cry. No one ever heard her say ouch or stop or I don't like that. She just disappeared. If I don't show my feelings, she told herself, maybe they'll go away. But they didn't. Something was building inside. Like thunder in her chest and clouds behind her eyes.





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A storm she couldn't explain. One day, while sitting as still as a stick, Cammie heard a flutter. A small, soft voice said, why are you hiding your sunshine? Cammie blinked. Floating nearby was a bright blue butterfly. I'm not hiding, Cammie said quickly. I'm just matching the tree. The butterfly tilted her head. I'm leery, she said. And I saw you change colours when you got sad, then angry, then scared.





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That's not tree matching. That's feeling hiding. Cammie didn't know what to say. It's just easier, she mumbled. If I show how I feel, I might cry or shout or look silly. Leary landed gently beside her. That's OK, she whispered, and feelings are like the weather. They come, they go. But when you hold them inside, she flapped her wings. They build up into a storm.





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Cammie looked down at her feet. I think I have a storm inside. Leary smiled. Then maybe it's time to let it rain. Cammie took a deep breath. She let her tail uncurl. She let her shoulders drop. She let her colour shift to a soft, stormy purple. And then a single tear rolled down her cheek. I feel sad, she whispered, and a little mad and also tired.





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Leary nodded. That's brave, Cammie. The wind rustled gently through the trees. Cammie felt her body loosen, like a puddle after the rain. Her colours shimmered. Blues, pinks, even a little golden yellow. For the first time in a long time, she didn't feel like hiding. She felt like her. After that, Cammie didn't try to match the tree all the time. Sometimes she was rain cloud grey.





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Sometimes she was sunflower yellow. Sometimes she was a hundred colours all at once. And when someone asked how she was feeling, she'd pause, look inside and say, let me check the weather. Dr Mark Brackett teaches that feelings are not bad or wrong. They're messages like a friend tapping your shoulder to say, hey, something's going on. When we name our feelings, we can understand them.

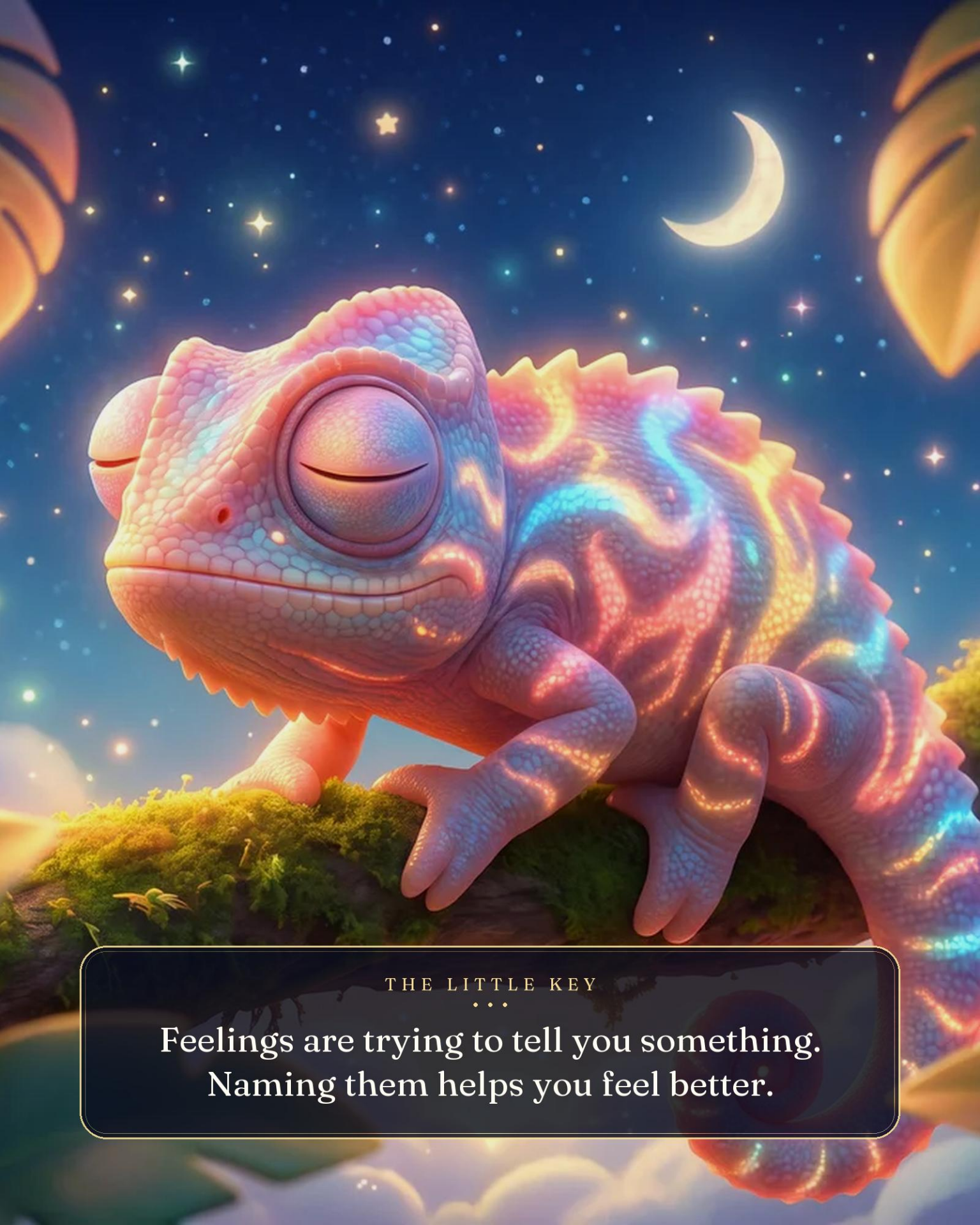




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And when we let them move through us, they pass like a storm and leave space for sunshine. So next time you feel something big, instead of hiding it, let it rain. Let it shine. Let it be felt because you are safe to feel it all.





THE LITTLE KEY  
...

Feelings are trying to tell you something.  
Naming them helps you feel better.





## FEEL YOUR FEELINGS

A chameleon who hides her colors learns that letting her feelings show is how she truly shines. A gentle bedtime story about feeling your feelings.

For kids overwhelmed by big feelings — a reminder that naming a feeling makes it easier.

Big Lessons. Little Stories.

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