

Don't Press My Buttons

By Steve Heron

Branson was born with one button.

His belly button.

(An outie)

It wasn't long before another button appeared.

His scream button.

(On his chin)

Branson knew how to press this button whenever he was hungry, thirsty, lonely, tired or smelly.

He pressed it a lot.

Whenever Branson screamed his dad said, 'Who pressed Branson's button?'

A third button appeared.

The smile button.

(On his cheek)

'Gidgee gidgee goo goo,' Mum said as she tickled him on the cheek.

Branson giggled and smiled.

He liked this button and learnt how to press it himself.

He didn't mind other big people pressing his smile button, but when he had had enough Branson just pressed his scream button.

Most babies have these three buttons.

Branson tried pressing his belly button, but nothing happened.

When Branson got older, he noticed new buttons.

His sister Keesha snatched the toy truck from Branson.

He clenched his fists and pressed his **mad** buttons.

(The middle of each hand)

Branson tried to snatch it back. 'Mine!' He yelled.

'Mine!' Keesha yelled even louder.

Branson's **sad** buttons were pressed, and he began to cry.

(Just under each eye)

When Branson was old enough to go to school, he discovered even more buttons.

Picture of Branson with arrows pointing to all his buttons.

Smile (happy) - cheek

Mad (angry) - middle of hands

Scream - chin

Sad - under eyes

Belly button - mystery

Annoyed - hips

Confused - side of forehead

Frustrated - tip of thumbs

Worried - teeth

Scared - sides of the nose - shoulders

Lonely – thighs

Guilty - bottom lip

Disappointed - kneecaps

Excited - top of his head

Tantrum – bottom of feet

Shy - earlobe

Branson had a button for each feeling.

Problems started when Branson thought others were pressing his buttons.

(Series of pictures at school to accompany the following text.)

His confused button was pressed when he didn't understand his teacher's instructions.

When Riley called Branson a cheat, his **frustrated** button was pressed.

His **lonely** button was pressed when a group of boys wouldn't let him play.

When Alissa jumped out and said, 'BOO,' his **scared** button was pressed.

(Series of pictures at home to accompany the following text.)

His **guilty** button was pressed when his mum said, 'You forgot to clean Bojo's dog bowl.'

When Bojo bit Branson's ball, and it popped his **annoyed** buttons were pressed.

Branson wanted to play with Dad when he came home, but Dad was in a **grumpy** mood.

'Not now Branson. I've had a bad day.'

Branson's **disappointed** buttons were pressed, and he slunk off to his room to play Lego.

(Kneecaps)

Keesha had been in his room and smashed his Lego castle.

It felt like all of Branson's buttons were pressed at once as he exploded like a volcano.

'DON'T PRESS MY BUTTONS!'

He flopped on his bed and pressed his **sad** buttons. A tear rolled out.

Branson wanted to be the only person to press his buttons, but how was he going to protect them?

His mum peeked in his doorway. 'Are you okay?' she asked.

'How can I be the boss of my own feelings?' Branson sighed.

'You have a special button for that,' Mum said.

'Where?'

'Just under your heart. It's your **BREATHE** button.'

Branson put his hand on the button.

Mum added, 'Take a deep breath in and a big breath out.'

'Now say how you feel - don't scream and shout.

Take time to think, *what's this feeling about?*

Then do something clever - to let out.'

As Branson breathed out, he said, 'No one's allowed to press **any** of my buttons.'

His mum reached over and kissed him, right on his **happy** button.

(On his cheek.)

Branson smiled, 'Except maybe that one.'

THE END