

CINDY AND CRISTABELLE'S

BIG

SCARE

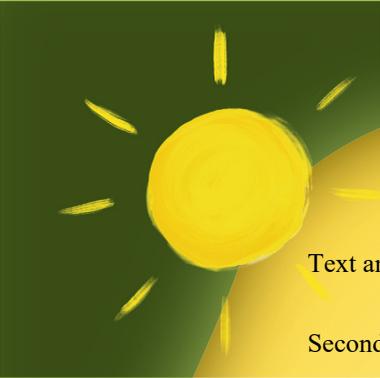


Book One of Lil' Steps Wellness Books

STORY WRITTEN BY LUCY SLOAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ROBERTS





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**This book is dedicated to my children,
Angèle, Caleb, and Julia, who inspire
me everyday.**

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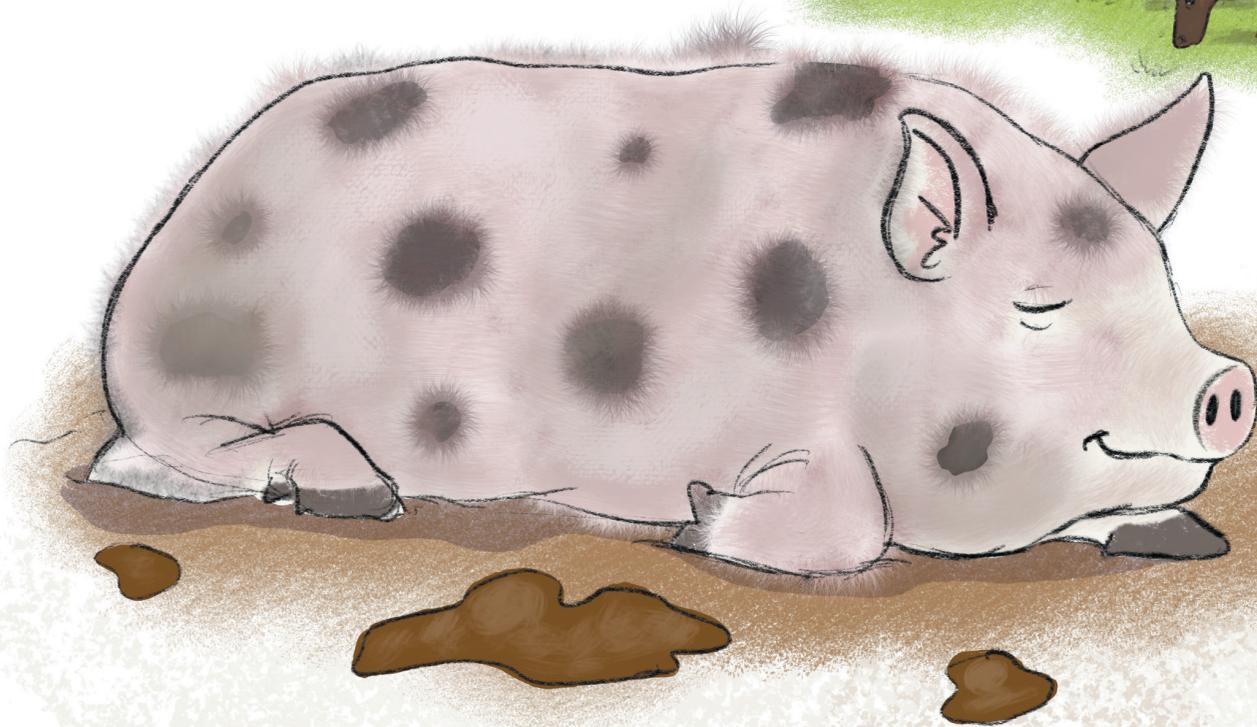
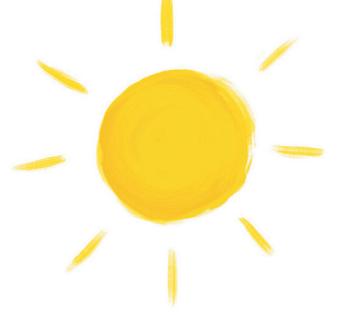


It was a hot summer day at Lil' Steps Farm and the animals were relaxing in the bright sun. The horses were standing in the green grass, the sheep were chewing on their cud, and Wilbert the Pig and his big round belly happily rolled in the cool mud. They were all as relaxed as relaxed could be!

Wilbert the Pig loved to feel the cool breeze on his wet snout as he breathed in the fresh air. He would take deep piggy belly breaths—

in and out, in and out, in and out.

His big round belly went up and down.



"This is the life!"

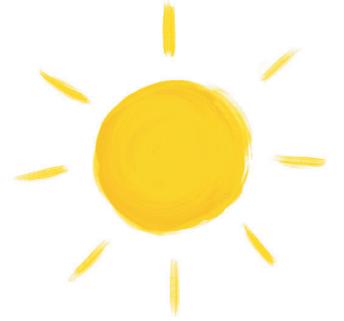
he sighed with a content smile.



Lil'

Steps Farm was at peace. Well, except for the fainting goats, Cindy and Cristabelle. Relaxing was not something that they did well. When Cindy and Cristabelle became scared or worried, they fainted!





As far as Cindy and Cristabelle were concerned, with all of the things that could go wrong on the farm, there was just so much to worry about! In fact, they were so good at worrying that they would worry all day and all night. They barely had time to do anything else at all.

Their minds raced with

"what ifs."

"What if it's too sunny?
We'll get sunburns and be sick!"



"What if it doesn't rain and
then the grass does not grow?
We'll have no food to eat!"



"What if there really is no food?
Then we'll be hungry! What will we do then?"



And then, every now
and then, their

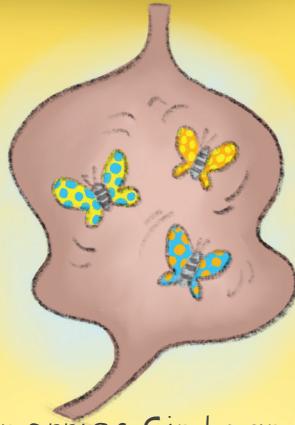
BIGGEST

"what if" worry came
round again . . .



"If the sun stops the rain and ALL the animals get hungry,
what if the coyotes and bears and lions come?"

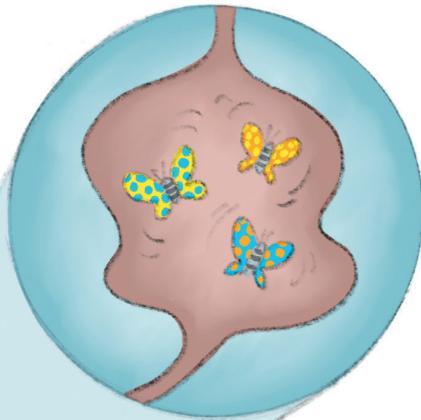




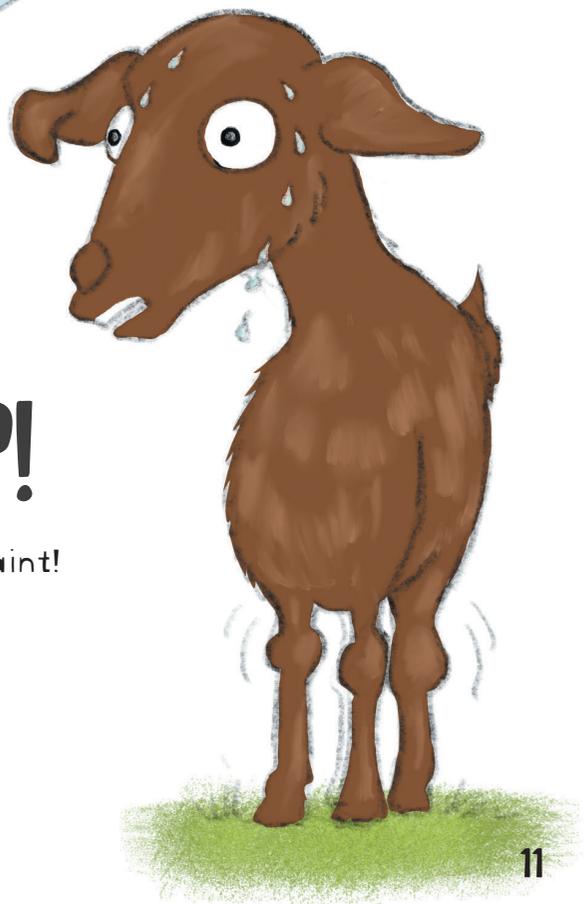
At

this point in their worries Cindy and Cristabelle had scared themselves so much that they would feel it in their bodies. Cindy's tummy would start to ache and her neck would get very sore. She would be hit with a jolt of energy that made her feel like she needed to run. When Cristabelle became scared, she would stand as still as still could be. It felt like her body was frozen! She could feel her feet stuck to the ground.

Eventually, the two goats would start to get hot and sweaty. Their hearts would race, their chests would feel tight, and their legs would turn to jelly.



Then,
PLOP!
They would faint!



At night their worries became the worst because their imaginations would grow and grow in the darkness. Their imaginations became as big as their worries and their worries became as big as their imaginations.

They would imagine the coyotes lurking in the forest with their big big teeth and their little mean black eyes. One time, when they heard that Farmer Lucy had seen a coyote, their worries grew even bigger and would not go away. In fact, the more they worried, the more the worries

grew, and grew, **and grew.**







As Wilbert rolled in the cool mud, all he could think about was how the mud felt so soothing on his big round belly. Wilbert snorted with joy,

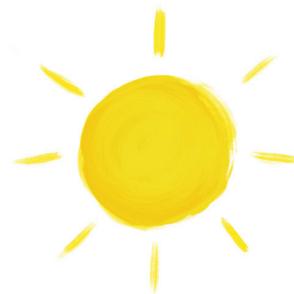
"Oink, oink, oink!"

He felt content as he took his slow deep piggy belly breath-

in and out, in and out, in and out.

Wilbert enjoyed the simple things in life. He was a very happy pig.

But when Wilbert noticed the goats worrying, he became concerned. "What are they constantly worrying about? They should be enjoying this beautiful day! I should go and find out what's wrong."



Wilbert worked hard to get his big round belly out of the mud, even though it was so cool and delicious. His belly almost touched the ground as he walked toward the goats.

"Cindy and Cristabelle!

Why do you look so worried?

With the bright sun, the cool soft mud,
and the gentle breeze, why do you both look so upset?"

At the sound of an unexpected voice, Cindy jumped in fright, as high as high could be! Cristabelle had frozen in her tracks.

Then they became very angry.

"NEVER SNEAK UP ON US LIKE THAT!" Cindy yelled. "What if you were a coyote looking for lunch, a lion ready to pounce, or a bear needing a snack?"

"But I am not," replied Wilbert, confused. "I am a pig. Not a coyote. Not a lion. Nor a bear."

"I am a pig.

Not a coyote.

Not a lion.

Nor a bear."



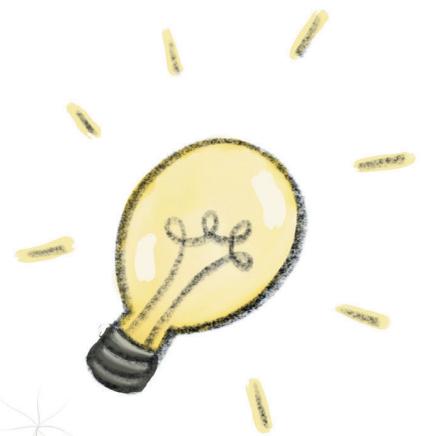


It made Wilbert sad that the goats spent so much time worrying. He could not remember the last time they had played with him or any of the other farmyard animals. Then Wilbert had a great idea! He knew that the night would be full of stars and the moon would be full and bright.

"Why don't you come out to look for shooting stars with me tonight?" begged Wilbert with a smile.

"Oh NO, NO, NO,

we could NEVER stay out at night! That's when all the scary things come out!" the goats replied with fear. Wilbert smiled kindly at them and stated, "When you are ready, I would be happy to show you."



That

night as their fears ran wild in their imaginations, they began to hear every little sound around them, as if the sounds were as loud as loud could be.

Then they heard the

SNAP! CRUNCH!

of branches.

Cindy panicked.

"I knew it!

There must be something in the forest!

It must be a bear!"

"Or a coyote with big big **BIG** teeth and beady black eyes!" shrieked Cristabelle.



"Or a hungry lion ready to pounce!" they agreed.