

SELF-CONTROL

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Maurice Angerpeace





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Za sve BjesoMIRke i BjesoMIRe u nama.

Mirko Bjesomirko

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Više informacija i narudžbe na evenio.hr

- I choose Victor!
- And I chose Leona!
- I choose Sasha!

Children were choosing players for a ball game on a school playground. The last one, unchosen, was a boy called Maurice. It could have happened to anyone, but Maurice was very angry because it happened to him.

- I hate this stupid game! - Maurice started to yell and threw a ball on the ground. The ball bounced back and hit Brigitte straight to her face. Her glasses fell off her head on the ground and broke. Brigitte started to cry.

- Stop it, Maurice! - other children started to shout at Maurice. They had enough of his angry behaviour because he was ruining almost every game if he didn't like something.

The truth is that Maurice was actually very sad and disappointed because nobody chose him for the game. However, he didn't want to break Brigitte's glasses, but the damage was already done.





Maurice was a 1st grader and just an ordinary boy in every aspect, except that he got very, very angry very often.

If you were to ask Maurice, why is he so angry, he wouldn't know how to answer this question. He would get overwhelmed with this unpleasant feeling, his head would buzz and hum, and something would urge him to argue and get angry at everyone around him.

This behaviour became a bit of a habit and his anger started to make his friends angry. A girl named Myra was even afraid of him because the last time they played a board game, Maurice got so angry that he threw all the figurines on the floor and started to scream. He apologized to her later, but she still didn't want to play with him anymore.

Neither the children nor the teacher could understand why Maurice was so angry sometimes. Even his parents often couldn't understand it. One morning he got very angry because he couldn't find his favourite dinosaur T-shirt.

– Maurice, the shirt is in the wash! – mum tried to explain, but Maurice went to his room and threw all the clothes out of the closet, searching for this T-shirt.

Maurice thought he could solve every problem with anger, but he didn't, and he couldn't. The problem became bigger and bigger and one morning, anger became his biggest problem.





On that morning, some children were waiting for Maurice at the very entrance to the school.

– Good morning, **Maurice Angerpeace! Maurice Angerpeace!** – they repeated it over and over again, giggling.

– Stop it! I'm not Maurice Angerpeace! – Maurice tried to stop the teasing and name-calling. His ears and his face became red, and he felt like a volcano that was about to explode. And he probably would, but the teacher came and said:

– Good morning children!

Maurice didn't want to disappoint the teacher again, so this time he just swallowed his anger. He entered the classroom with clenched fists and a sudden pain in his stomach.

