

**Passions, Strengths  
And Self Esteem!  
The Extensive Guide  
Surviving Primary School Vol. 4**

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Illustrations: zofit shalom

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Best seller author, Dr. Orly Katz, is an expert for youth empowerment and life skills, who hold a doctorate in Educational Leadership;

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Orly is the founder of the "Simply Me" Center for: Leadership, Empowerment and Self Esteem.

Her two book series: Surviving Junior High, and Surviving Primary School, are recommended by the Ministry of Education, and are being taught in many schools as part of the curriculum in life skills lessons.

Orly lives in Haifa, with her Husband and three children.

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# Introduction

Dear Readers,

I want to congratulate you on your decision to take action and learn how to survive primary school by joining me in this, the fourth book of the series!

In each book of the series we discover new keys which unlock the secret of being 'Simply Me' and together teach you how to believe in yourself and gain self confidence and self esteem.

Anyone in primary school knows just how tough that is:

-How many times have you thought that you are not really good at anything...



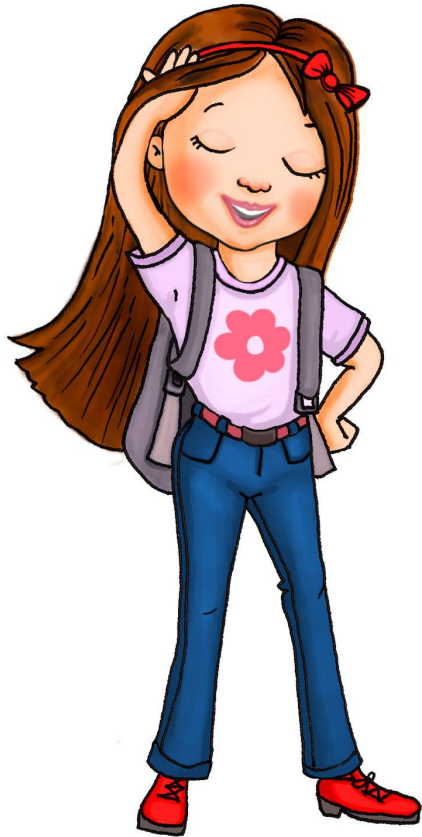
-How many times have you felt bored and not known what to do with yourselves?



-How many times have you felt bad about yourselves without knowing why or understanding what it is that you want?



-How many times have you wanted to feel more self confident and boost your self esteem, but haven't had a clue where to start?



I've got great news for you; it really doesn't have to be like that...

## A True Story- The Race

When I was quite young my father went to Europe for work for a while and the entire family went with him. When we arrived back to the United States in the Eighties although on the one hand it felt like coming home, on the other hand I had to readjust to all sorts of things too. I had got used to speaking a different language, reading and writing in that language at school, having different teachers, playing different games during recess, hanging out with different friends and eating different food. The only place which felt completely familiar was the pool.

I signed up for swim club at my new school, and practiced swimming breast stroke three times a week. It wasn't because I was a great swimmer- I wasn't- but I enjoyed myself there. I felt uninhibited and free from trying to remember words and phrases I'd forgotten.

One day, after I'd been swimming with the club for two months, a regional swimming competition was announced. The best swimmers from all the schools in the area would be there. Naturally I wasn't among the competitors; I wasn't at their level and had never swum in a race. The team members practiced in the pool round the clock. The more the they trained the more their muscles stood out - so by the day of the competition they looked like supermen, genuine athletes each and every one (the girls seemed superhuman to me too).

When the competition started, students from every school in the area cheered their teams on, while they paraded to the pool with flags and pennants. All the club members were wearing their club swimsuits to support their teams. Cheerleaders in miniskirts performed their routines round the edge of the pool, their legs flying high as they yelled cheers for the winners.

Then, out of the blue, our club coach walked up to us, the club members who were sitting to one side, and turned to me specifically: "Orly, one of the swim team hasn't turned up; you'll have to take his place. You've got the potential to be a good swimmer, and I can't leave a lane empty or we'll be disqualified. Get to the pool and show us what you're made of..."

"But..." I mumbled to the coach "I'm not at their level; I'm not even the same size as the others. I'm not as good as they are..." "So what?" replied the coach "You can help the team, and you don't have to think about your time". I don't know where I got the strength from to say "OK", but I found myself by the pool, surrounded by towering, muscular athletes, with skinny little me supposed to compete against them!!! We only had to swim 50 lengths of the pool-no more and no less!

I heard the starting whistle blow, and tried to make a successful dive in. I began swimming, blocking my mind and my thoughts to everything going on around me. I didn't want to think about the crowds watching me slowly swimming up and down the pool. I didn't want to think about the lengths I still had to swim. I didn't want to think about the other swimmers who had

already lapped me several times. I just kept on swimming. I was only aware of the water and immersed myself entirely in the task ahead. The last of the other swimmers finished the race and I was left alone in the pool.

I still had ten lengths to swim!!!

I decided that I wasn't going to give up and would complete the entire 50 lengths. When I finished the last length, I touched the wall using the last ounce of strength. I had I was scared to lift my head out of the water. I was scared that I would hear the crowd booing me, and see my team mates angry that I had finished last, so far behind everyone else...

Eventually I lifted my head out of the water and to my surprise heard loud cheering "Orly... "Orly"...



For a moment I didn't understand what was happening. I thought I must have heard wrong, and tried to shake the chlorine out of my eyes. Then my coach appeared, gave me a hug and said, "Well done Orly, you did it, even though you hadn't planned to, you plucked up courage, and even though the last swimmer finished five minutes before you, you kept on swimming for the entire distance and thanks to you, our team has finished honorably. We have decided to give you a medal for your efforts - third place".



I still have my 3<sup>rd</sup> place medal to this very day. The medal symbolizes many things to me:

It doesn't matter if we finish last, we shouldn't be afraid of daunting tasks...but more than anything it symbolizes something else for me: will power, not giving up, and not giving in. What did it matter that I hadn't finished in first place? What difference did it make that I had come last? I had done something that I enjoyed doing, I had swum. I had been taking part in a hobby which made me feel good, without thinking about how successful I'd been or what place I finished in. I had even managed to do something for the other team members who were able to compete because I took part too.

## **Why did I choose to start with this story?**

Because we all have things we would like to do, but don't do because we're afraid that we won't be good enough. We all remember occasions when we thought about what others would say, or worried that people would laugh at us, so we didn't even try something we wanted to do. There are times when we all give up because we're afraid that we might not succeed.

I've got news for you; it really, really doesn't have to be like that...

We all have things we would like to say, yet we don't say them. There are times that we all get upset and feel helpless. There are times when we get caught up with something and go along with what someone's doing, even when we know it isn't right.



I hope that this book and the other books in the series will help you feel happy with who you are and with what you want to do. You'll come to understand that it needs far more courage to "decide to do what suits me" and be true to yourself rather than being influenced by others and just following on.

The main thing: You'll learn how to be "Simply Me" even if you are sometimes shy, sometimes moody, and sometimes just not quite perfect and come in last...

And you know what? As soon as you truly recognize yourself on the inside, you'll see that something wonderful happens - the people around you start accepting you for exactly who you are too, your friends will understand you, your parents will understand, and most importantly - you'll understand yourself.

**So how will we do all of this?**

It's simple! Allow me to introduce you to three more simple and fascinating keys belonging to the 'Simply Me' model. (You can read about the other three keys in the model in the other books in the series)

This time you'll learn how to be 'Simply Me' and to survive primary school using the three keys which will unlock the secrets of self esteem and fulfillment.

The first key is the 'Key to Identification'.

This will help you identify exactly where you stand at the moment in each and every area of your life. You'll identify where you are stuck and what you can change or improve.

The second key is the 'Key to your Inner Core'.

This will help you not only discover your strong points, recognize your dreams and pin point your passions but also help you express these in your lives, when you're in class or with friends or even when you're on your own!

Its only when you know what you're good at, what you enjoy, and what you really want that you start really experiencing self esteem...which grows the more you bring these into your lives.

The third key is the 'Key to Action'

This will help you put your plans into action. You'll see how your action plans get you ready to go, with your sleeves rolled up, without being afraid of failures, problems or mistakes...so that you can change things for the better, build up your courage and develop self esteem.

Back in the eighties I too was exactly where you are now...in Junior High.

I had no idea what I was good at, what I enjoyed and where to start changing things to make things better, until I decided to make things STOP!

If I managed - then you all can too!

It really is very simple!

You'll learn to feel more self confident and to feel good about who you are and about what you do. You'll learn how not to get caught up with things without deciding what you want.

Curious?

**Just a moment, that isn't everything...**

As well as true stories, there are helpful tips and fun exercises, quizzes and questionnaires and your own personal journal which you can use to test exactly where you stand in different areas...

I recommend that you don't try to fool anyone when you read the book and fill in the questionnaires and your journal, especially not yourselves.

Answer the questions honestly-there are no wrong or right answers everything is right...

So ...don't you want to start reading?

So, without waiting any more time, let's get started.





## The Key to Identification

This Key will help us to identify exactly where we stand in each and every part of our lives, where we're stuck and what we'd like to change and improve.

## A True Story-The Bribe

"Do you want to earn 5 dollars? Meet me at recess and I'll explain how. Donna"

That was the note I got from Donna, the most popular girl in the class, who was also the girl everyone was afraid of, the day before our school field trip to a nearby nature trail. I should explain that in the 1980s five dollars was a lot of money to us students!

Yes, of course! Who didn't want to earn some money?

During recess I noticed that a lot of kids were lining up to talk to Donna. I waited quietly for my turn to talk to her...and then the mystery was solved...

Or I should say: that's when my problem started.

Donna said that she would pay 5 dollars to anyone who didn't speak to Naomi during the field trip tomorrow. She then added that anyone who didn't accept the deal would have their name added to the list of students who no-one would talk to...

Had I heard her properly?

Donna was paying kids not to talk to Naomi?!?

Just a moment, Naomi was my friend. I like Naomi. Why shouldn't I speak to her?

There was a simple reason, if I did speak to her; no-one else would speak to me!

I didn't know what to do. My mind was in turmoil. I knew that what Donna was suggesting was wrong and repulsive. I was scared of Donna and knew what she could do. I knew that the other kids all tended to do whatever she told them, and that no-one stood up to her.

Back home I quarreled with everyone who came within five feet of me. I shouted at my sister Sharon, and totally ignored my younger brother Josh. My parents tried to keep out of my way and wished they were invisible. Anything little thing they "accidentally" asked me, like: "Orly, what would you like for supper..?" was answered with "stop nagging me...can't you see I'm busy...I'm not hungry...it's always the same food..."

I realized that I something was distracting me, upsetting me, irritating me and making me irritable with everyone around me. I recognized that the thing which was upsetting me was that I didn't know what to do the next day. Should I accept Donna's money and join in with the kids not talking to Naomi, or should I stand up for myself, say "No" and spend the day with Naomi...

I recognized that I had a choice to make and identified exactly what it was...

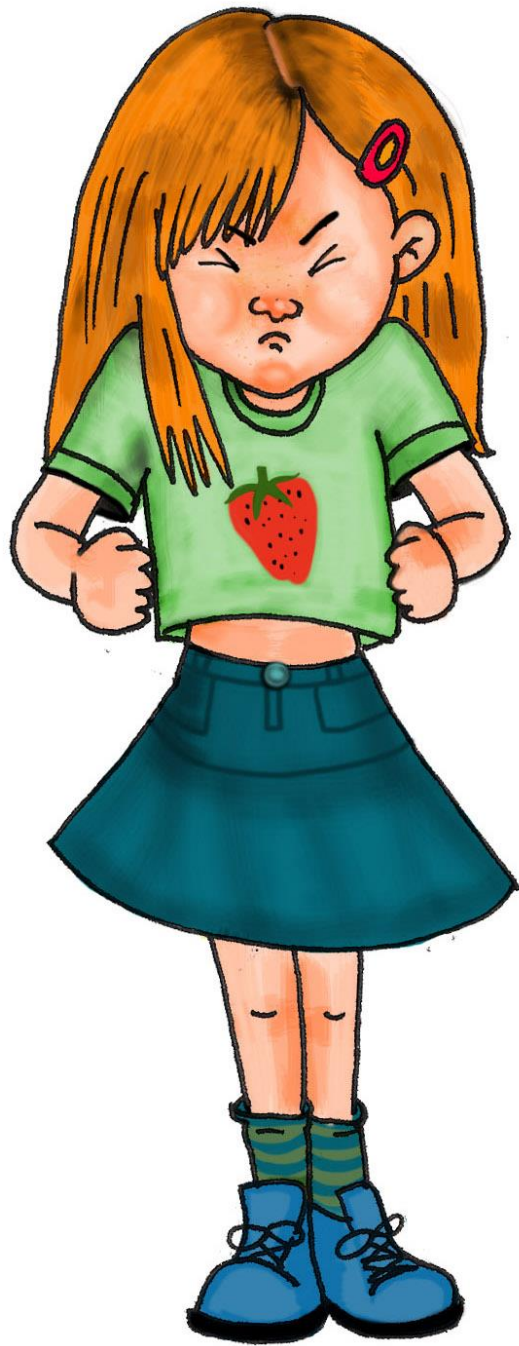
I knew that I had a tough decision to make. If I chose to be with Naomi I was spoiling things for myself. Choosing to be with Donna was however the most disgusting thing I could do...

Out of complete desperation I finally turned to my mom for advice. My mom then said something I have always remembered.

"What do you think Donna is most afraid of?"

"Nothing" I replied, "She's the Queen bee, she runs everything..."

"Donna is not as all-powerful as you make out. Donna is actually scared, and feels threatened by Naomi. In fact she's so threatened that she actually wants to pay kids not to talk to her! That shows just how weak and scared Donna is!"



"Wow!!!" While I was still taking in what my mom had said, she carried on.

"Donna is most frightened by you, the other kids in the class. You have the power to stop all of her plans. Without all of you she can't shut Naomi out, and all her plans will come to nothing!

The kids who don't agree to ignore Naomi are the strong ones."

I felt calmer after our conversation. I decided that I was going to be strong, and not be influenced by the others.

I was going to stand tall and not be intimidated. I'm not frightened of cowards...

I didn't need Donna's money. I was going to talk to Naomi the next day even if everyone else ignored her!

I had made my decision; I was proud of myself and even managed to get some sleep...

In the end about three quarters of the kids in the class didn't talk to Naomi, and the rest carried on as usual. And Donna...didn't do a thing to the kids who didn't do what she had told them, and carried on talking to Naomi...she also didn't pay the kids who she owed money to at the end of the day...

The conclusion...

Firstly - you have to be careful about who you do business with...!!!

Seriously:

**The silent majority always has a huge amount of strength! Don't keep silent! Don't let yourself be influenced by people who want to drag you down to their level. Stand up for yourself and stand tall!**

If someone threatens you, they have probably threatened other kids before. You are not alone and not weak! There are kids in the class who are in exactly the same situation. They feel the same way you do as, while it is your turn today, they know it could be their turn next.

No-one should put up with being bullied!

**Violence only happens in places where we let it happen!**



A class or school year which has zero tolerance for violence, doesn't have any violence...it disappears.

**This is the first example of the Key to Identification.**

The Key to Identification is about identifying the parts of our lives that we want to change or improve. Once we've identified the problem we can start making changes!

I identified a problem. I then had to make a choice. Was I going to be influenced by everyone else and treat a friend horrendously or was I going to stand tall and risk being an outcast?

I identified my problem and then I decided that I would stand up for myself. I also recognized that Donna was not so powerful after all!!!

## A True Story - Cock-A-Doodle-Doo

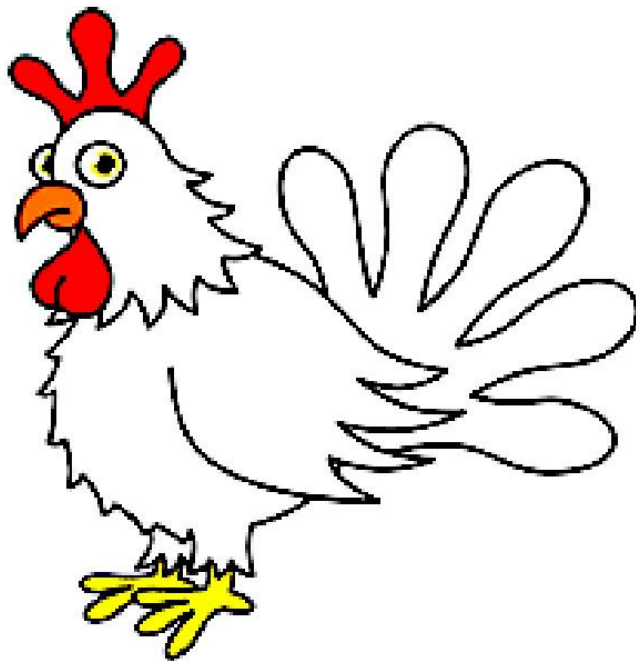
In our first year at Junior High Dr Amalia Koch taught us for biology. She walked into the class room on our first day and waited for us all to sit down, but we just carried on doing whatever it was we were doing. Dr Koch opened her mouth and shouted "Sit down" in a high pitched screeching voice.

As soon as we heard her voice, everyone burst out laughing, making even more noise than before.

Dr Koch stood in front of us, silently, and took out a small bell from her purse, shook the bell and once we were quiet asked us sit down once again.

I don't remember what made us sit down eventually, but when we did Dr Koch delivered a short speech. I only appreciated the effect of that speech and the strength needed to deliver it years later.

"Hello Kids. My name is Amalia Koch, and I will be your teacher for biology this year. As you have noticed I have a high pitched voice that sounds like a rooster, so kids call me 'Cock-a-Doodle-Doo'. So I want to tell you, it's fine for you to call me 'Cock a Doodle Doo', and you've got 5 minutes to have a good laugh about my voice.... When you're finished we can start to learn something..."



What happened after that? Complete silence. No-one ever laughed at 'Cock a Doodle Doo' again. We all used that name to talk about her, but she had identified her problem and solved it in a very original way.

Dr Koch was one of our best teachers. After that first day we all sat quietly throughout her classes and were able to study...and no-one ever made fun of her.

That's the end...

So how is the 'Cock-a-Doodle-doo' story connected to the Key to identification?

Dr Koch recognized (identified) that she had a problem- her high pitched voice that sounded like a chicken. Instead of being offended, by kids who laughed at her, making herself upset and being cross with everyone she decided to solve the problem.

She spoke openly and shared her problem with us. It didn't seem right to laugh at her any more after that and the problem was solved. It's true that she couldn't change her voice but she could change how we treated her and our behavior towards her. And that's what happened.

Most of us waste a lot of our time and energy wanting to change things which we can't change. Those things often have something to do with our bodies.

If only I was taller...

If only I was prettier...

If only I had a better voice...

If only I had longer legs...

If only I had a different shaped body...

And it's a shame...

## A True Story: Hair!

My Friend Ed shared this story with me, and I'm sharing it with you in his words.

I always mad about sport, basketball, baseball and football but when I was in school everyone knew that athletics was my thing. I held the school record for the long jump and won every race I competed in, though the short sprints were my favorites. From the moment I heard the whistle nothing could stop me. I felt like my legs were powered by dynamite and I led my class to victory in every competition from the 60 meters sprints to the 200 meters relay races.

I even had a special display cabinet for the medals and trophies that I'd won.

The story I want to share began during my last year at elementary school. Don't think that I got up one morning and everything suddenly changed. It actually happened gradually, but seemed to me that it had happened over night ...

You're probably wondering what I'm talking about - so I won't leave you in suspense...it was nothing to do with my running times... but to do with something else.

It's about my hair. Yes you got it, I'm talking about hair.

At the start of the year we all still looked and sounded pretty much the same as we had done the year before. But then something happened to me, and only to me.

Until then I had been quite fair, but suddenly my hair started to turn darker and started to grow...everywhere. Thick black hairs started to appear, just a few strands to begin with, on my chest and on my back. Then it spread to my arms and my legs. Soon it was everywhere! I had become 'hairy'!

Summer started early that year. Everyone was enjoying the unusual heat, going swimming, sunbathing in the park but for me it was a nightmare. The first round of the annual regional athletics competitions were due to be held at our school. Just thinking about wearing the

running kit (a white vest with light blue running shorts) made me nauseas.

There was nowhere to hide the thick hair that had started to cover my arms. Worse still, in that tiny vest, everyone would be able to see the thick black hair that had suddenly arrived uninvited under my armpits. I wanted it to be freezing cold, winter time, so that just maybe I could run in a track suit like I did during training, but I knew that wouldn't be allowed.

I started to think of ways to get rid of my hair, to make it disappear. Maybe I should shave? I knew that wouldn't work as I the moment anyone touched me they'd feel the prickly stubble...

I started to imagine scenes from horror movies: I would go to the competition with everyone, take off my track suit, and there underneath it everyone would see the 'thick coat' of hair...I imagined everyone stopping for a moment, forgetting about the race, staring in shock and horror, and then laughing at me for the rest of the day.

I didn't tell anyone what was worrying me, not even my mom. I worried about it day and night, and didn't know what to do. I was ashamed of my body and tried to hide it as far as possible. I started to walk bent over with a stoop. Despite the heat I wore baggy track suits to sports classes and training sessions to hide every last hair from the other kids.

The day of the competition finally arrived. I had tried to come up with a solution all night long, without any luck. I phoned the sports coach and told him I was sick, so wouldn't be able to go. The coach took the news badly. "You're our star athlete. We are all counting on you. Without you we haven't got a chance of reaching the finals..." I listened and didn't say a word. In the afternoon, when everyone came back from the competition and I heard what had happened, how everyone had been so disappointed that I hadn't turned up, and that our team had come last but one so we hadn't made it to the next round, I got into my bed and didn't want to get out of it ever again. I really did feel ill.

If I thought that my problems ended there I was wrong, my nightmare kept on going. After a while I started sprouting hair on my chin and under my nose. Once more, I was the first in my class, I was years ahead of my time! This time however I couldn't hide it...facial hair is a bit more difficult to cover up!

In the end...I began to notice that a few other boys were becoming 'hairy' too. Maybe they didn't have quite as much hair as I did, but there were definitely a few other boys who would need to start shaving soon... I wasn't alone any more.

I slowly began to accept myself; I learnt to like myself and my body. I started to see the positive side to having hair. People treated me as if I was older than I was, even if I was the same age as them. By the time I started junior high everything was fine. I wasn't so out of the ordinary by then, and I realized that this is what and who I am whether I liked it or not, so I had better accept it.

I was simply me!

Most importantly I started to compete in athletics again, and wore my sports kit with pride...a white vest and light blue running shorts and I was happy to let the sun shine in!

Today it feels like a real advantage to have thick hair on top of my head, and I enjoy being able to style it anyway I like. I even don't mind having got "hairy" so quickly back then in elementary school. The only thing that I do regret is that I didn't accept myself for who I was back then, and tried to change things that couldn't be changed. I regret all the time I wasted on feeling embarrassed and being ashamed of myself...and of course...not going to the competition and helping the school to win a trophy!

The conclusion:

Don't try to change what can't be changed.

If you can change something, then go for it. But if you can't, then accept who you are, and move on. It's a shame to waste your time and energy on things which can't be changed.

# The Rule for Change: Don't try to change what can't be changed!

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So what can be changed???

We can change lots of things. Most parts of our personalities can be changed, and we can definitely change the way we behave. We can change our habits too if we have enough will power and are determined to keep on practicing.

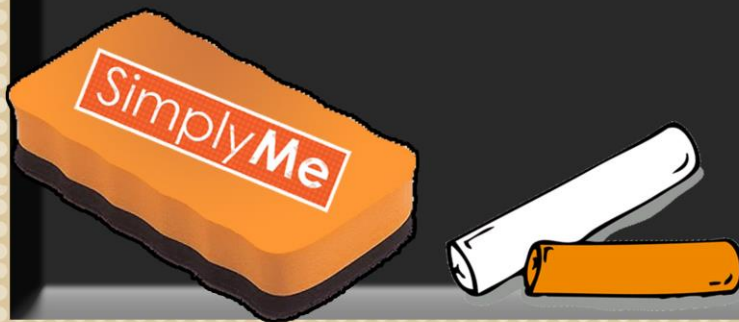
Once we change some of the ways we behave and some of our attitudes we actually start to feel much better about ourselves and about everyone else around us.



# The Rule for Self Confidence

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If you want self confidence:  
Concentrate on changing the things  
that can be changed (personality  
traits and the way you behave)

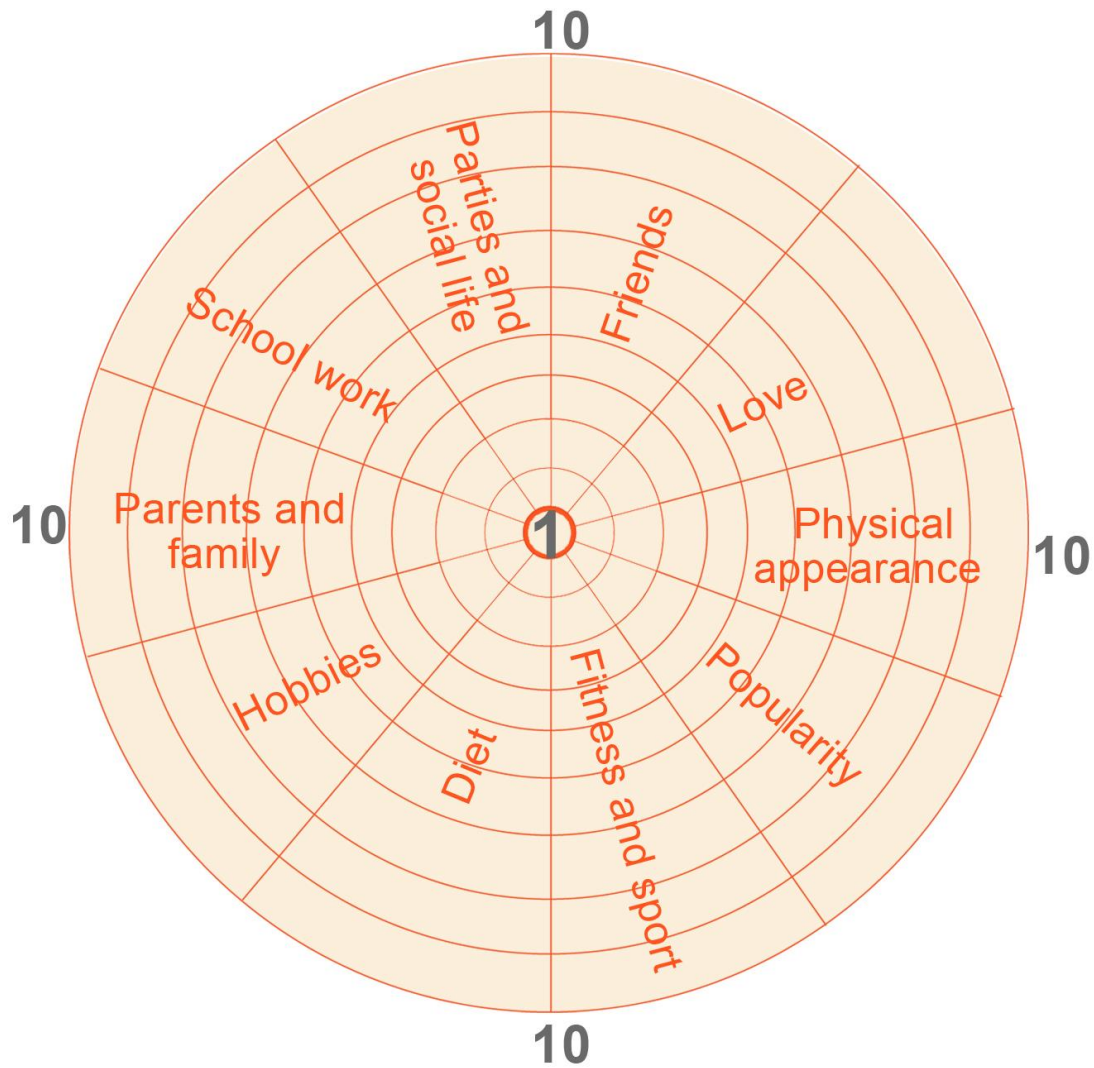


## **Questionnaire- Identification Circle - how much am I "Simply Me":**

**(Where you are happy and where you are "stuck" in your life now)**

A circular pie chart divided into 10 segments will be inserted here (See example below)...divided additionally into ten inner circles like a dartboard, with the innermost circle labeled 1 the next one 2 and the outermost circle labeled 10. The ten segments...slices of the pie are each labeled to represent one area of life: friends; popularity; love-life; schoolwork; parties and socializing; parents, brothers and sisters; hobbies and pastimes; body and physical appearance; diet; Sport and physical fitness.

## An example of a pattern of a Life Circle



Each segment of the pie should be coloured in to the circle which represents the score you have given yourself for that segment.

## Rate each of the different areas of the circle:

Look at each one of the ten sectors and grade it for how satisfied you are with this area of your life. Now draw a line from the centre of the circle to the score you would give yourself for each sector.

1- I'm very unsatisfied with this area of my life.

10- This area of my life is great.

The "questions to think about" will help you rate your performance in each area and choose your scores.

For example: If you feel that you don't have enough friends who are 'true friends' you may give yourself a low score in the friends area, such as 4.

# Questions to think about to help filling in the Circle of Identification:

## 1. Friends:

- Do I like my friends?
- Do I have enough true friends?
- Do my friends help me feel good about myself?

## 2. Popularity:

- Do I care about my social status?
- If so, am I as popular as I would like to be?

## 3. Love-life:

- Do I have the courage to ask out someone I like?
- Does the opposite sex notice that I exist?

#### 4. School-work:

- Am I satisfied with my grades?
- Do I work hard enough to succeed?

#### 5. Parties and socializing:

- Am I invited to most of the parties that I want to go to?

#### 6. Parents, brothers and sisters:

- What is my relationship with my parents, brothers and sisters like?
- Am I open with them about personal things in my life?
- Do I respect them?

#### 7. Hobbies and pastimes:

- Do I have hobbies?
- Do I enjoy them?

8. Body and Physical appearance:

-Am I happy with how I look whether I'm a supermodel or not?

9. Diet:

-Do I always eat healthy food?

-Do I eat a regular balanced diet?

10. Sport and physical fitness

-Do I keep fit?

-Do I enjoy taking part in sport?

**Now we need to analyze the questionnaire:**

Color each sector in a different color up to the level we have scored it at. For example if we having given ourselves an 8 for school work, then we color in the segment for school work up to the eighth circle.

Now look at the colored in 'identity circle' and answer the following questions:

**Is the colored in part of the circle symmetrical?**  
Does it have a regular shape with same diameter all the way round?\_\_\_\_\_

**Is the colored in part of the circle big, filling in most of the outer circle?\_\_\_\_\_**

(It is most likely that your identity circle is not symmetrical and that it is not even with the same diameter all the way round, and it probably doesn't fill up the outermost circle. There will probably be some areas which have higher scores than others, and that's fine-no-one's perfect...)

**Which three areas got the highest scores?**

Area 1: \_\_\_\_\_ Score: \_\_\_\_\_

Area 2: \_\_\_\_\_ Score: \_\_\_\_\_

Area 3: \_\_\_\_\_ Score: \_\_\_\_\_

Each area which scored 8 or higher is an area of your life you are happy with. You work hard at it and are happy with the results and feel "Simply Me" in this area.

**Which three areas got the lowest scores?**

Area1: \_\_\_\_\_ Score: \_\_\_\_\_

Area 2: \_\_\_\_\_ Score: \_\_\_\_\_

Area3: \_\_\_\_\_ Score: \_\_\_\_\_

Each area which scored 7 or less is an area of your life you are not happy with, which is something you need to pay attention to. You may not be working hard enough at this area, or you may not be working at it in the right way.

And I've got news for you. You can change things and improve these areas which you gave low scores to. In the next keys we'll learn how to go about making changes and improving the low scoring areas of our lives so that we feel good about ourselves and can be "Simply Me", standing tall without being influenced by others and being dragged down...

So be patient...here it comes...



**Writing about Myself-  
Worksheets:  
The Key to Identification**

# 1. What it means to me to be "Simply Me"

Being "Simply Me" for me is:

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## 2. Last Year:

When I think about last year:

1. What is my first emotion and why?

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2. What was my most important achievement last year?

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3. What new thing did I learn about myself last year?

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4. What am I disappointed about not doing last year?

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### 3. My "I.D. Card

What should be written on my I.D. Card next year?

(in different areas such as studies, friends, parents, love, physical appearance etc...)

#### My I.D. Card

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Next year I: \_\_\_\_\_

## 4. What is Change for Me?

If you just discovered that something is going to change in your life (moving house/ changing school/changing class)

How would you feel? \_\_\_\_\_

Write down the feelings you experience on hearing the word change: \_\_\_\_\_

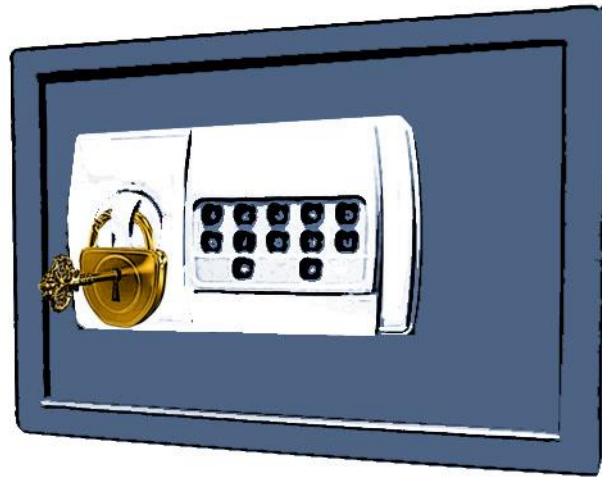
## 5. Changes that I've made:

Write about a change that you were nervous about to start with, but you made the change anyway and it worked out well:

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## The Key to the Inner Core

This Key helps us to understand exactly what our inner core is. Our 'Inner Core' is made of the things we love, the things we are passionate and our dreams which are all essential to who we are. The Key to the Inner Core helps us to understand how important it is for all us to recognize what we are passionate about and what we are good at. Once we identify our passions and our strengths and include them in our lives we feel fantastic.

# The Story of Jason McElwain

Jason McElwain served as an assistant to the basketball coach all the way through his high school years. He used to make sure that all the players had water and towels and he cleaned the court. Jason wasn't quite the same as all the other boys in his class. He had been diagnosed with autism when he was two and then classified as being highly functioning autistic.

When Jason was alone on the court, after he had finished cleaning up, he used to practice shooting hoops. Jason didn't know, but one time when he shot a hoop the team coach was watching.

The coach decided to make a gesture in recognition of Jason's devotion to the team and the services he had provided, during the last game of the season before Jason was due to leave high school. He arranged for Jason to come to the game wearing the team uniform (his shirt was number 52), and to sit on the bench to watch the game. He also told Jason that he couldn't promise anything, but if their team was leading by a big margin he might put Jason in the game for the last few minutes.

When they heard that Jason might be playing, Jason's classmates made posters of Jason to cheer him on. Jason's teachers and family all came to watch the game in the hope that they might see him play.

When it came to the final quarter and the last four minutes of the game Jason's team had a 20 point lead and the coach kept his word and called for Jason to join in. The crowd cheered for the autistic boy who had poured water and offered towels for years and who was finally getting his moment on the court. The players showed their appreciation and passed Jason the ball. He tried to make a three shot which missed by a long way and air-balled. He tried a two pointer and missed that too. Then Jason got one more chance. He threw the ball to the basket for three points and made the shot. The crowd went wild. This was Jason's moment. But that's not all. Jason went on to score six three-point shots in a row and made one two pointer. He was the highest scoring player in the match with 20 points! The atmosphere in the sports hall was electric. The crowd poured onto the court at the end of the match and carried Jason on their shoulders.

The match was later aired by TV stations across America. The coach was interviewed and they interviewed Jason too. He said one thing that everyone remembered:

"I'm used to being different, but I've never been different this way before, things have never been this fantastic".



Now, how is all of this connected to the key to the inner core?

Our inner core is made up of things that are essential to who we are: the things we love, the things we are good at, the things we believe in and want to have in our lives. When the way we live expresses our inner core, we feel fantastic.

The reason I'm telling you about this now is that you too may have something that makes you happy, that you are gifted at and if you bring that thing into your life and start fulfilling your potential you'll feel fantastic. When you're involved in something you are passionate about you feel that time stands still, you feel proud of yourself and that you're on the top of the world!

The Key to the inner core can help you unlock the secrets of just what those things are that can make you feel this way.

Back to the story:

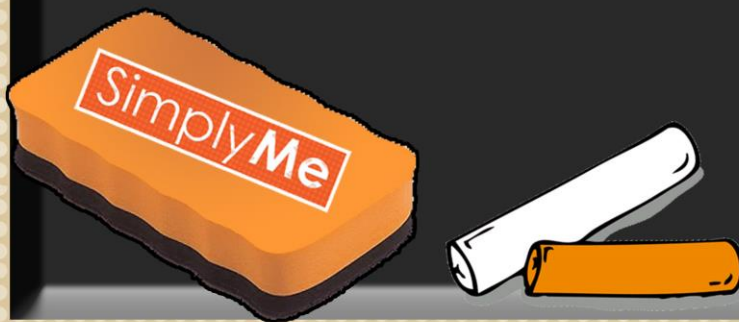
Jason's coach knew that he loved basketball and had been secretly practicing shooting hoops. The coach recognized Jason's inner core. He then allowed Jason to fulfill his dreams and live the thing he was passionate about. He gave Jason the opportunity to come onto the court and play basketball and Jason felt amazing.

# The Rule for the Inner Core

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It's worthwhile discovering exactly what your inner core is made of, what you enjoy doing and what you are good at, and then start doing them so that the things you do in your life match and express your inner core.

Once your life includes these things  
you'll feel fantastic!



## A True Story Trattatori

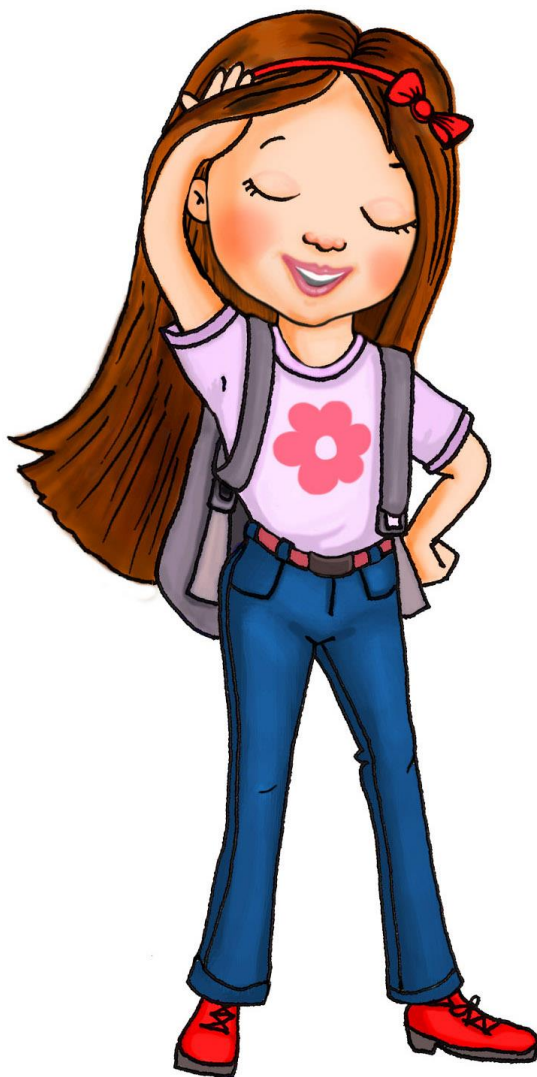
One year when I was around 12 years old during the 1980s my parents went away during the summer, leaving me and my sister with my grandfather and grandmother who lived quite near the sea. My grandmother, who we called 'Grammy', took us every morning on the bus to the beach. We paddled in the water and built sand castles. We watched the surfers and tried to catch small fish with nets and plastic bags; we collected shells, did handstands on the sand and then had a popsicle before coming back home.

Then at around 11.00 my sister and I found ourselves bored, with nothing to do. Grammy was busy cooking and baking pies in the kitchen, grandpa had gone to work, and we watched whatever was on television, which wasn't much as we still didn't have many channels back then, or played cards or hopscotch and French skipping. After all of that the time was still only 11.30 in the morning. What could we do?

One day we decided to write a book. We found a note pad, and sat and thought and thought and sat, and then suddenly it came to us. Like an exploding volcano the ideas burst out of us and gushed like flowing larva... and we started writing "The Adventures of the Trattatori". We wrote the story in rhymes, and drew pictures of all of the characters who took part in the adventures. The stories just came flowing out of us. While we were writing we felt that we in the world of the 'Trattatori', and lived his adventures with him. We joined him in his plans to get round his parents and his great aunt- Lady Esmeralda Grattatori. We got lost in our thoughts and our imagination ran away with us, and we rolled about in fits of laughter at the escapades of Trattatori. Suddenly the time seemed to fly past. We were having fun. We wrote a new chapter of our book each day. When we got to the fifth chapter our parents came from their holiday and we went back home. We put Trattatori and his friends into a plastic back and stored them in a memory box.

Many years later when I had become a coach and an author I remembered Trattatori, my childhood hero. I searched through the old boxes I had kept stored away, and there, in an old plastic bag on yellowed sheets of paper I found our Trattatori.

I remembered how happy I had been sitting and writing, how I had lived completely and utterly in the moment, and in Trattatori's world, and more than anything - how proud of myself I had been. Writing enables me to live according to my own values to the full, relaxes me and finds a voice for my creativity. That's what writing means to me.



The conclusion: I expressed my inner core, the thing that I love doing and am good at, which was writing, which made me feel fantastic even though our parents had gone away and had not taken us with them!

**And now for a surprise...**

**...please welcome....**

**" The Adventures of the Trattatori": by Orly and Sharon Tal 1980**

(My surname was Tal before I got married)

## **Introduction**

The characters in the story:

**-Trattatori - A naughty boy with ginger hair and freckles**

**-Trattatori's mother - Mrs. Mathilda Troubadour who spends most of her time sticking up for her naughty son.**

**-The angry father of Trattatori - Mr. Octavius Troubadour** who is bald and whose ears stick out on either side of his head, being long and pointed like those of a donkey.

**-Trattatori's Great Aunt - The Lady Esmeralda Grattatori.** Lady Esmeralda has the long pointed face of a witch. She often falls victim to Trattatori's pranks. She has, in addition to her other disadvantages a very long nose.

Once upon a time,

On a morning sublime.

A ginger haired baby called Trattatori

Arrived in the world-to start this story!



His mother was overjoyed;

Though his father quickly became annoyed;  
When Trattatori ate a whole packet of sweets;  
Before he even had any teeth!  
But that is not all;  
For while he was still quite small,  
He had many adventures-  
And we'll share them with you all.

By the time he was ten;  
He was known to all men  
As a most special child,  
His fame spread far and wide.

**End of the introduction.**

## **Chapter 1**

Sunday morning and dawn had just broken,  
When Mr. Troubadour was rudely awoken,  
By a resounding crash

And an equally loud smash!

"We're living in a mad house!"

The irate man exclaimed,

Just wait until I find out

On whom this noise should be blamed!

Unfortunately for him

The noise was caused by Trattatori

Who had fallen down the stairs,

From the very top storey.

A punishment most foul was given to Trattatori

His father swept him along the floor,

...and locked him in the lavatory.

The young lad was outraged at this miscarriage of  
justice

So he planned his revenge, with surprising malice!

He put pepper on the toilet paper  
And waited until his most honorable Pater  
Had to answer the call of nature  
And use paper, like all men of any stature.

When Trattatori's father finally entered the tiny  
room,

He had forgotten he'd swept his son there with a  
broom.

He was glad to be relieved of a tiresome stomach ache  
And happily used all of the toilet paper he could take.

He left the small room unaware of his plight,

But a moment later screamed causing a terrible fright!

Trattatori was left still hiding under the sink

Though the scream did make him cheer and happily  
wink.

And it was evening and it was morning

And it was Trattatori's first day...in the toilet..

## Chapter 2

Monday morning when Trattatori tried to stretch himself out

He realized a strange smell was coming from somewhere about.

Then he remembered ...he was still locked beneath the sink...

Of the room where there was often... ahem... a noticeable stink!

When he opened his eyes wide he suddenly saw

A small folding penknife had been left on the floor.

Trattatori managed to carve a hole in the door

And escaped ...straight into the arms of Mr.

Troubadour!



He shouted at Mathilda, his long suffering wife.

"I've never seen such disobedience in all of my life!

How could you set this unruly boy free?

Without first at least consulting with me?"

There suddenly was a knock at the door,

Lady Esmeralda Grattatori had come to call.



She was quite shocked on hearing the dreadful story  
And exclaimed out loud "Goodness gracious  
Trattatori!"

Trattatori thought it best to avoid all explanation  
And without further ado, and with some jubilation  
Shut himself back in the cupboard under the sink,  
Before anyone could do more than to blink.

And it was evening and it was morning  
And it was Trattatori's second day...in the toilet.

### **Chapter 3**

On Tuesday Trattatori decided to scream and shout.  
His mother wanted to know what it was all about.



His father just got even madder and up he leapt  
To order a sweep to have the chimney swept.

The Sweep said that the chimney was blocked,  
He'd climb up to the roof once the trapdoor was  
unlocked.

The sweep started sweeping and dislodged a bird's  
nest,  
Which came crashing down onto Aunt Esmeralda's  
chest.

Esmeralda, she fainted and banged her head,  
For a moment those around her thought she was dead.  
After a while she came around and started to breathe,

And wiped the soot from eyes with her embroidered shirt sleeve.

The Troubadours soon noticed the shape of her head had changed

It had become lopsided and she looked quite deranged.



The sweep solved the problem by another sharp blow to the head

But this time she landed on her face instead.

Aunt Esmeralda's teeth fell out one by one to the floor,  
While the Lady started trembling and tried to head for the door.

She was clearly in shock and asked for Trattatori  
Who she believed could help her out of this dreadful  
story.

Trattatori set to work with scissors, paper and pen,  
And asked the Lady Esmeralda to keep her mouth wide  
open.

After measuring and cutting Trattatori soon had made  
A new set of teeth which were soon put on display.

When Lady Esmeralda Trattatori looked in the mirror  
She opened her mouth and smiled, as she liked what  
she saw.

Her teeth were all there, and they were whiter than  
white,

And despite her hard day she was feeling quite bright.

And it was evening and it was morning

And it was the first day of the Aunt with the paper  
teeth.

## Chapter 4

On Wednesday morning Trattatori woke early

And was surprised to see a spider most furry

Was weaving its web from the top of his door

Along the top of the window and down towards the  
floor.

At first Trattatori felt a little scared

And but got more courage, the longer he stared

At the spider slowly weaving its intricate silken web

Until Trattatori decided her name should be 'Deb'.

Trattatori had never looked after a pet  
But decided the spider should drink something wet.  
He went to the kitchen and fetched a glass of water  
Thinking he too could do with the help of a porter.

But then, it happened, alas and alack,  
Trattatori slipped and fell on his back.

As he fell the water splashed right out of the glass,  
And washed poor Deb out the window, and onto the  
grass.

Trattatori was heartbroken his spider was gone,  
Though he found ants and worms out in the garden...  
He looked hard for spiders but didn't find one.

And it was evening and it was morning  
And it was the first day looking for a lost wet spider...

When we got to the fifth day of the story our parents arrived back from America. We went back home leaving the story unfinished...we put Trattatori and friends into a plastic bag and stored them in a memory box....

# The Rule for Strong Points

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Your strong points are always with you accompanying you through thick and thin.

They're always with you and always looking out for you.

If you want to enjoy yourself, succeed and feel good about yourself then it's worthwhile doing things that involve using your strong points and making the most of using them to your fullest ability.



## How do you know what your strong points are?

Think what you have achieved throughout your life (these can be big or small achievements, the important thing is that you are proud of them). These are things that you made happen or that you succeeded at. For example think of things to do with your school, your class, your friends, to do with trips you've been on, your family or your hobbies...

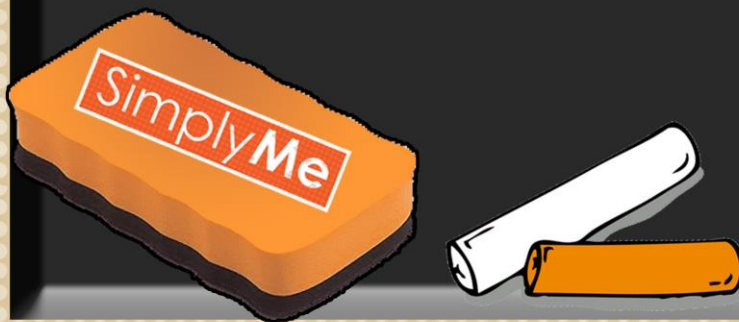
Try to discover what strong points were behind each achievement. These are your strong points!

(Examples of strong points: creativity, leadership, a sense of humor, the ability to listen and to be a true friend...)

# The Rule for Things You Love Doing and Hobbies

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The things you love doing and your hobbies make you feel good!  
You should fill your lives with things you enjoy doing; with friends who make you feel good, with hobbies you enjoy, and with interesting books...you'll be amazed to discover that you like yourselves far more!





**Writing about Myself-  
Worksheets:  
The Key to the  
Inner Core:**

# 1. Identifying my Strong Points-part 1

Write down five things that you have achieved in your life. It doesn't matter whether these achievements were large or small, the important thing is that you are proud of them. They need to be things that depended only on you. They could be to do with school work, your friendships, trips you've been on, sports, hobbies, your home and family or anything else that comes to mind.

Remember: It doesn't matter what anyone else thinks about these achievements, the main thing is that you feel great about them!

Achievement

1: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Achievement

2: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Achievement

3: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Achievement

4: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Achievement

5: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## 2. Identifying my Strong Points-part 2:

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <b>Strong Points</b><br><b>According to my achievements am I...</b>           | √ |
| Optimistic  |   |
| Capable of working well in a team and co-operating well with others           |   |
| Creative and original   |   |
| Good at decision making and getting on with things                            |   |
| Flexible and not stubborn   |   |
| Determined, with good will power and don't give up easily                     |   |
| Independent and not subject to other people's decisions                       |   |
| Charismatic with good leadership skills                                       |   |
| Good at listening to others   |   |
| Well organized: I know what I want. What my goals are and how to achieve them |   |

|   |  |
|---|--|
|   |  |
| Professional  |  |
| Able to take chances despite the risks                        |  |
| Persuasive  |  |
| Able to function well under pressure                          |  |
| Capable of good verbal expression with groups and individuals |  |
| Considerate of others and of those with special needs         |  |
| Capable of making others calm down                            |  |
| Unafraid of challenges  |  |
| Able to approach life with a sense of humor                   |  |
| Able to admit mistakes I've made                              |  |
| Sensitive to my intuitions                                    |  |
| Unafraid of failure   |  |
| Able to take the initiative instead of just following others  |  |

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Responsible for my actions, and don't hide behind pointing the blame at others |  |
| Someone who enjoys thinking and problem solving                                |  |
| Self confident and sure of myself  |  |
| Seeking good relations and harmony between people                              |  |
| Capable of learning  |  |
| Capable of giving  |  |
| Capable of being supportive  |  |
| Someone who seeks excellence   |  |
| Inventive  |  |
| Well organized, neat and tidy  |  |
| Curious about things in general  |  |

### 3. Identifying my Strong Points-part 3:

Interview 3 people you are close to (close friends, family etc) and ask them (without showing them the tables):

1. What are my three most noticeable strong points?

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2. If I was to appear on the cover of a magazine, what magazine would it be and what would the article be about?

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## 4. Like / Don't like

1. What questions do you like to be asked?

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2. What questions don't you like to be asked?

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3. What kind of questions do we and don't we like to be asked in general? (Clue: they are connected to our strong and weak points)

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## 5. My weak points

1. What is your biggest weakness?

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2. Who rules who, are your weaknesses in control of you, or are you in control of them? (You can succeed in controlling them?)

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3. What benefit do you get from your weakness?  
(That's a hard question; you can try brain storming with your friends and parents to see what you can come up with).

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## 6. The personal value and hobby that I'm concentrating on at the moment:

The personal value and hobby that I'm concentrating on at the moment:

What is the personal value which is most important to you that you have decided to concentrate on at the moment?

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Which of your hobbies is most important to you so that you have decided to concentrate on it at the moment?

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Are they connected to each other? \_\_\_\_\_

Note down five things that you intend to do over the next month in line with your personal value or your hobby:

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

4. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

5. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Write down the five personal values and things you want or wish for that are most important to you that you simply have to have in your life:

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

4. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

5. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



## The Key to Taking Action

This Key helps us to overcome our fears and build up our self confidence so we simply start taking action. We learn the key to breaking old habits and how to start getting the things we really, really want.

## A True Story 'Knockout'

As I have said before sometimes our family went abroad for my father's work. When I was eight we all spent a year in Paris, France. In those days my school didn't teach French until we were much older so of course when we arrived in Paris I didn't speak a word of French. I was sent to an ordinary French school with ordinary French children, who, of course all spoke nothing but French while I spoke nothing but English. There was no one there who could translate what I wanted to say into French. There was no one to translate what everyone else was saying so that I could understand. In that large city which seemed so strange to me I was terrified of opening my mouth. I was terrified of saying:

"Je m'appelle Orly et je ne parle pas le Français ". (My name is Orly and I don't speak French)

I was terrified of asking:

Common t'appelle tu? (what is your name ?)

I was scared stiff of explaining:

Je ne comprends pas. (I don't understand).

To this very day I don't understand what happened one morning during a lesson when the teacher asked a question which I clearly understood, and I was certain that I knew the answer. I plucked up the courage to raise my hand. I'm still not certain who was more excited about that, me- as it was the first time that I decided to say something-or my teacher 'Mademoiselle' who had finally seen me raise my hand in class for the first time since the day I had landed there as a foreigner in her class.

'Mademoiselle' naturally turned to me and asked for the answer. I'm sure you are all familiar with those moments when you have a complete black out; when suddenly everything you were thinking vanishes from inside your head and you don't remember anything? That's exactly what happened to me. At the exact moment when I realized that I was supposed to open my mouth and speak French I went blank. I completely forgot what I wanted to say.

In the end I didn't manage to produce a single sound. I felt terrible for even trying. As you can imagine the other children in the class started laughing and giggling.

Now that traumatic episode could have ended then and there, but it didn't. It was only the beginning. That memory imprinted itself so strongly in my mind that I started to be afraid of my own shadow. I wouldn't mumble or murmur a single word in French.

For my first few months in France I turned into ...a dumb mute, a girl who couldn't talk. The girl who did everything by mime or by drawing pictures, but heaven forbid that someone should ever hear her say a word of French. I dreaded someone laughing at a mistake I made with the tricky French grammar, I was terrified that someone might laugh at the accent of the little American girl or worse still actually mimic it. I had begun to understand French quite fluently by this time, and my vocabulary (although silent) was growing all the time. Never the less every time I wanted to say something I remembered how I had raised my hand and how everything had gone blank, and I quickly gave up

the idea of trying to say anything. That was until one fateful sports lesson.

We were practicing soccer skills by playing 'knockout'. We were divided into two teams. The first team stood spread out across the pitch 20 meters from the goal. They took it in turn to throw the ball to members of the second team who stood one by one on the penalty spot, and tried to kick the ball over the heads of the first team. If the ball crossed the half way line the second team gained a point. However if a member of the first team caught the ball in mid air...it was a knockout and the second team were all out.

Philippe, one of the best soccer players in the class, walked up to the penalty spot. Their team was in the lead having scored five points while our team had only scored one. The ball was thrown straight at Philippe, he caught it on his knee, let it bounce once then kicked it with a mighty strike from the angle of his boot. It was a fast precise shot and went soaring up the pitch. He was bound to score until the unbelievable happened. I, Orly was standing at the right place at the right time, and, believe it or not, I leapt up into the air and caught the ball which Philippe had sent rocketing towards the

half way line in mid air. It was a knock out! Our team had won, all thanks to me!

All my team jumped on me and hugged me, hoisted me up on their shoulders, and started asking me how I'd managed to catch such a fast ball.



As I have said I already understood French, and I simply started answering their questions. I suddenly heard myself speaking fluent French, and no one was laughing at me and they all understood. The cork had come out of the bottle...

Later on as an adult I returned with my family to France and found that I could still understand what was being said around me. When I wanted to reply to something I was asked, I was, for one moment, transported back to the little girl who couldn't or wouldn't open her mouth to speak a word of French.



But then I overcame that fear. It was years since I'd been to France and I was certain that I'd make some mistakes but I decided to go for it, and to speak to people in French whenever they spoke to me.

This is where the 'Key to Taking Action' comes into the story. The Key to Taking Action explains that in order for something to happen we have to do something about it. It isn't enough to think about something, to wish and hope it would happen, to cry or to dream. We have to get going and start doing things, we have to take action. We have to get out of our comfort zone, (the place we stay whenever we feel too embarrassed or awkward, or when we're worried about what everyone will think) take the initiative and set out on our way.

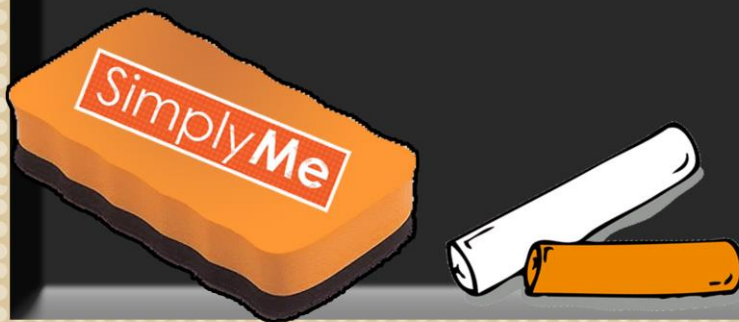
In my case I just needed to start talking...if I had had enough courage to open my mouth and start talking earlier I would have made more friends and would have enjoyed myself far more. I would have gained more self confidence...how bad could it have been? They would have laughed at my accent and my mistakes...but I could have laughed back when they needed to start learning English later on.

# The Rule for Taking Action

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If you don't do anything you don't make any mistakes...

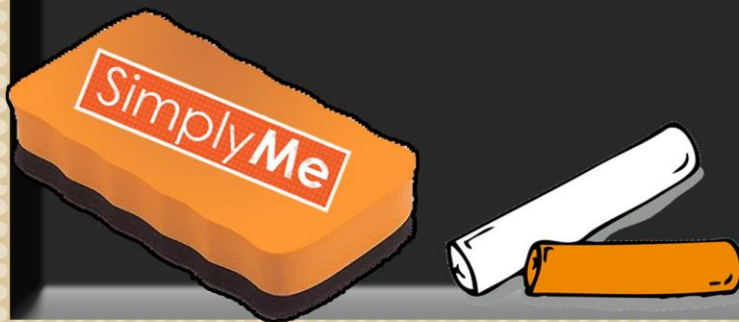
When we start taking action we don't always get the end result we were hoping for, but at least we've tried...and we will definitely get something out of the experience.



# Rule 1 for Comfort Zones

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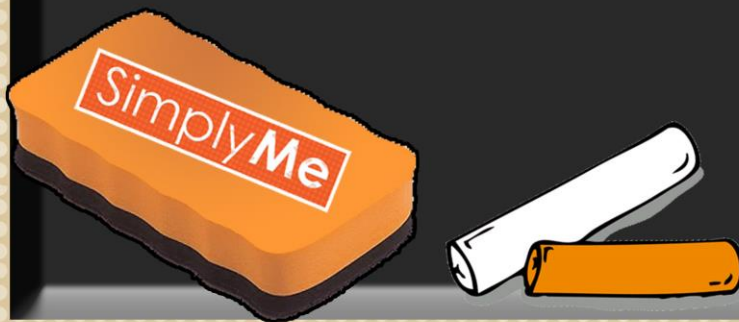
Our comfort zones are places where we feel comfortable but they are not necessarily good for us.



## Rule 2 for Comfort Zones

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In order to start doing things and taking action we first have to identify our comfort zones and get over our fear of 'what will they say about me...?' And 'what will they think about me?' and 'I feel awkward' and just start doing.



## Are you brave (or have you got the courage to come out of your comfort zones)

| Situation   | Answers |              |       |          |      |
|---|---------|--------------|-------|----------|------|
|   | No!     | Possibly not | Maybe | Probably | Yes! |
| You're walking down the corridor and walk past a group of 'popular' kids in the class who you desperately want to talk to. Do you stop and talk to them?                  | 1       | 2            | 3     | 4        | 5    |
| You are playing football and by mistake have kicked the ball straight at the classroom window. The headmaster assembles all the school to ask who did it. Do you confess? | 1       | 2            | 3     | 4        | 5    |
| You've gone shopping and have met someone you like. You start talking and enjoy yourselves. Would you ask for their phone number?   | 1       | 2            | 3     | 4        | 5    |
| There's a stormy discussion going on in   | 1       | 2            | 3     | 4        | 5    |

|  |   |   |   |   |   |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|
| class. Most of your friends take one side, but you agree with the other side. Would you have the courage to stand up and voice your opinion? |   |   |   |   |   |
| You've insulted a friend and hurt their feelings badly. Would you have the nerve to go and apologize?  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |

### The analysis

Add up your scores and find where you fit.

#### 5-11

You don't have the courage to stand up for yourself, to voice your opinion, to admit your mistakes or to do anything out of the ordinary. So what can you do about it? You start doing. You start plucking up your courage and taking action: Start with little things (for example, start talking to new people) and then go on to bigger things (for example, admitting to making a mistake, in public). Remember that courage is like a muscle. The more you practice exercising it, the stronger it gets.

## **12-18**

You do have courage, but only up to a certain point. It's a good idea to identify exactly what things you don't have courage to face, and end up as if you're glued the floor with superglue. It's these things that you need to start working on. For example: If you've been shy or nervous about asking someone out, this is the time to try. And do you know something? Even if they turn you down ...you'll survive!

## **19-25**

You've got courage, you've got nerve and you've got spunk! You aren't afraid of admitting to having made a mistake. You're not scared to speak your mind, even when your opinion differs from that of most people. You're not nervous about starting a conversation and in short you are aware of your strengths and feel good about yourself. Keep it up! Don't forget that it's also important, despite your self confidence to be modest too!

## A True Story - A Spotty Habit

I don't know about you, but I suffered from terrible acne from when I was quite young. As soon as I reached eleven my face started to get covered with zits and pimples, though most of them were on my forehead.

The story I'm going to tell you took place shortly before my twelfth birthday.

I was going to celebrate my birthday with my friend Roxanne and we both decided that we needed to lose some weight before the party. We had just started growing upwards and outwards in different places and were becoming conscious of our figures. We made ourselves a plan. We were going to skip our lunches and all the snacks we normally ate during the day and just eat breakfast and supper.

After we made the plan for our 'diet' we announced it to everyone around us, and asked them not to try to convince us to eat before supper time.

Roxanne came home with me after school to try on outfits for the party and then went back to her house. When Roxanne left my stomach started to rumble. I went down to the kitchen and started pacing back and forth like a lion in a cage. The hunger pangs in my stomach were talking to me, shouting out loud and I was certain that the neighbors could hear the rumbling half way down the street. I started opening and closing the cabinet doors in the kitchen. My hand rested on the door of the cabinet where we keep snacks. It was high up above my head but I knew that it was well stocked with my favorite cream filled wafers that my father used to buy in bulk.

I had a bad habit in those days. When I got home from school, well before supper time I used to make myself a 'sandwich' out of creamy wafers. This sandwich had a chocolate filled wafer as the bottom layer, and then a layer of chocolate syrup spread thickly on the wafer, then a large scoop of vanilla ice cream and to finish off the sandwich another chocolate wafer on top.

My resolve was gone. My rumbling stomach had taken over and my mind had become obsessed with the thought of biting into my sweet wafer sandwich. I fetched down the wafers, got the ice-cream out of the freezer and set to work. Just as my masterpiece was finished and I was going to take a bite my aunt walked into the kitchen. She, like the rest of my family had heard of my grand diet plans.

She looked at my wafer sandwich, looked at me and said:

"I don't want to tell you anything about how to lose weight, but how can you be surprised that you have so many spots and pimples if you eat those kinds of 'sandwiches'? Who eats so much sugar and sweet food when they have acne?"

She finished talking and I stood there with my mouth open and my 'sandwich' in my hands.

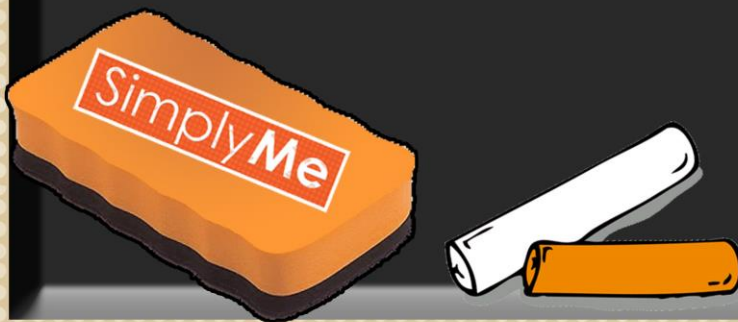
I knew that my aunt was right. I knew that a great deal of my problem with spots had been caused by my habit of making sweet wafer sandwiches, but I couldn't stop making them.

Then I decided that I had to break the habit, and that I wasn't going to make any more of my favorite sweet treats. I asked my mother and father to stop buying the wafers so I wouldn't be tempted, and my mother promised to help me with my diet by making healthy balanced meals so I wouldn't be tempted to eat snacks between meals.

# The Rule for Habits

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In order to start doing and taking action we sometimes need to break bad habits that are holding us back. We have to look carefully at bad habits we have fallen into and step out of our comfort zones to break them.



## A True Story - The Love Letter

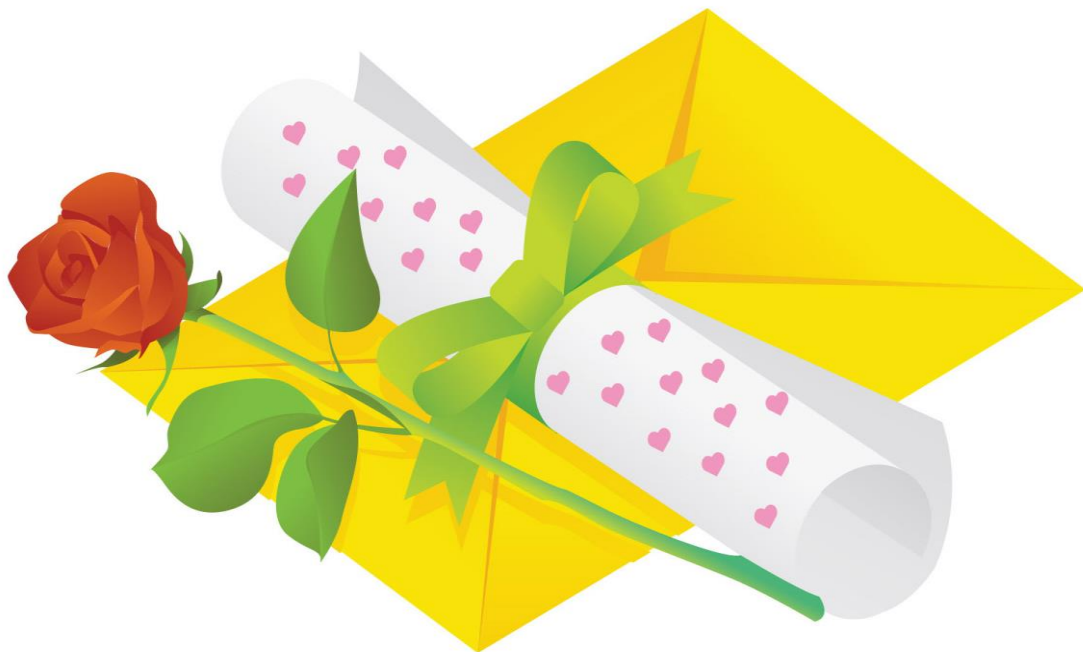
Just before the Easter vacation of my first year at Junior High spring had arrived and there was a feeling that love was in the air. There was an atmosphere of feverish excitement as boys started asking girls out and one couple after the next were seen together at recess or going out for dates after school. No-one wanted to be left out, and girls arrived at school with their hair freshly washed, wearing the latest style of shoes and latest shades of nail polish and eye shadow and the scent of perfume wafted down the corridors after us.

Just before we broke up for Easter vacation Brian asked me out. I wasn't too keen to start off with but agreed to go with him to walk his dog in the park.



He sent me love letters every day with all sorts of cute poems and eventually I came round to the idea and decided that I would like to be his girlfriend.

It was the first day of the vacation. I woke up in the morning and suddenly felt an overwhelming emotion- I was missing Brian desperately and decided there and then to take the initiative and to come right out of my comfort zone to write Brian a letter, not any letter, but a love letter. I got out my decorated notepaper and scented it with my favorite perfume. I wrote how glad I was that he was my boyfriend, and how much I was missing him (even though I'd seen him the day before). I sealed the letter with a heart shaped sticker with the word 'love' written in shiny pink letters and ran down the road to the post box to send the letter complete with its postage stamp to Brian.



In those days we didn't have internet, and that was where I got lucky. When I got home I found that our post had been delivered and I had a letter! I was desperately hoping that it would be from Brian-and it was! But it wasn't the kind of letter I'd been waiting for. Brian had decided to break up with me, and he'd decided to do it by a letter! I couldn't believe that this was happening to me! Just as I'd eventually started to fall head over heels for Brian he had decided to dump me, and by post!!!!

Then I remembered the worst part of it all...the love letter I had just posted to Brian! What could I do? There was no time for indecision; I had to act, and straight away. I knew that I only had a few minutes when I could still do something about the situation. I told my mother exactly what had happen, and she in turn told her mother my beloved Grammy who knew somebody at the post depot sorting station. There was no time to waste. The three generation 'action squad' got down to business. My mother drove us down to the depot and Grammy worked her charm on her friend the depot manager. Unbelievably he agreed to let us search through the sacks of mail which were being brought in before they were to be sorted and sent to their destinations. I can't remember how many

hundreds of envelopes we sorted through until we found the one with a strong scent of 'Charley ', but the main thing was that we found it! I held the envelope in my hand and gave my saviors the most enormous bear hugs.

Later on I remembered to be sad about the fact that Brian had broken up with me. So my mother took me out for some retail therapy, and bought me a denim jacket to compensate for all the unpleasantness I had experienced that day.

This whole episode may be looked at as a failure. We often don't take action and don't do things because we are frightened of failures. Brian decided to break up with me, exactly when I had finally decided to take the initiative and write him a letter. But I didn't give up. It wasn't a pleasant experience and I didn't enjoy it but I kept on going and in the end found the person that I really did care about, and they cared about me too.

## How to cope with failures and disappointments?

Circle the answer which best fits what you would do in each situation and then add up your scores...

| Situation  | Answer        |              |       |          |            |
|--|---------------|--------------|-------|----------|------------|
|  | Of course not | Probably not | Maybe | Probably | Definitely |
| You studied very hard for a maths test - but only got 56%. Would you feel sorry for yourself and give up studying, because whatever you do it doesn't seem to make any difference? | 1             | 2            | 3     | 4        | 5          |
| You've got a crush on someone and plucked up courage to start talking to them, but they just ignored you. Would you feel that you were a failure and despise                       | 1             | 2            | 3     | 4        | 5          |

|   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| <p>yourself and wait a whole year before trying to talk to anyone else you find attractive?</p>   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <p>Your favourite singer is appearing at a concert near where you live. The tickets run out before you manage to buy one. What would you do? Would you spend the whole day crying about how unlucky you are?</p>  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| <p>A television channel has advertised auditions for teenagers to take part in a new drama series to be filmed near your home. You had just started to dream about landing the role when you get 'the' letter-we're sorry but the role has already been</p> | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |

|   |          |          |          |          |          |
|---|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| <p>cast. What would you do? Start crying and give up going to auditions?</p>  |          |          |          |          |          |
| <p>You play football for your local junior league. You are at your favourite angle for scoring, and the ball leaves your boot with a perfect arc to the goal. But something is wrong...you don't score for your team. It's much worse than that, you've just scored a home goal! Your goal allowed your rivals to win the match and everyone keeps giving you dirty looks. What would you do? Would you try to keep your head down so no-one can see you, and stay away from the next few</p> | <p>1</p> | <p>2</p> | <p>3</p> | <p>4</p> | <p>5</p> |

|            |  |  |  |  |  |
|------------|--|--|--|--|--|
| practices? |  |  |  |  |  |
|------------|--|--|--|--|--|

|              |   |
|--------------|---|
| The analysis |   |
| 5-11         | You're doing fine! You know that failure is just a challenge on the way to success. You don't give up and don't waste time feeling sorry for yourself. You believe that everything will work out in the end. Keep on going!   |
| 12-18        | On the one hand you know that if you've messed up on one day, it doesn't mean that things will keep on going wrong. You know that success can take the place of failure so you're not scared of trying again. On the other hand you do sometimes get bogged down with self pity and have a good cry about things. That's fine as long as you don't take it to extremes. We're all human and we all sometimes cry when we feel bad, and enjoy feeling sorry for ourselves from time to time. |
| 19-25        | You're a tough case! You can't handle failure. You don't like disappointments, and if things don't go exactly the   |

way you want them to and expect them to, you simply give up. You start crying, and get completely drowned in your own self pity. It's no fun to be disappointed, and it's no fun to fail at something or to hear the word 'no' right in your face, but that's life, and from time to time you have to know how to deal with it. I advise you to start right away: stop feeling sorry for yourself and don't put yourself in the mood for failure. Remember, whatever happens...tomorrow is another day!

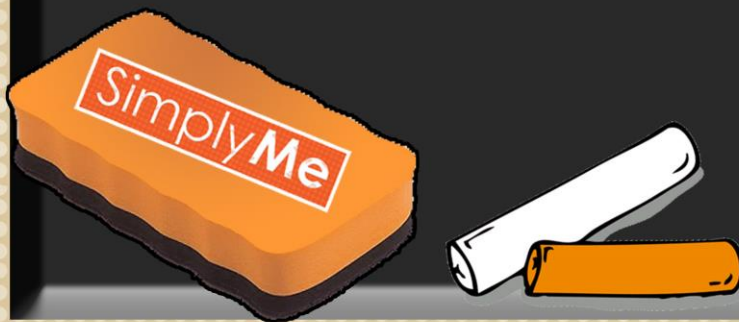


# The Rule for Failures and Disappointments

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Failure is just another step on the road to success.

Don't give up each time you fail at something, if you don't try you can't make any mistakes!



## A True Story - The Bright Red Shorts

What I'm going to tell you now happened to my parents' friends. The year we lived in Paris we were invited together with the Chevalier family to the wedding of some very close friends and colleague which was due to be held in the south of France. There was a heat wave that year and the temperatures in the south of France were reaching 30 degrees in the shade. All everyone wanted to do was be in the sea or in a pool somewhere. In those days while they might have had air-conditioning in five star hotels and in government offices, they didn't have any air-conditioning in the Peugeot 380 my parents were driving, or in the Fiat 124 that belonged to the Chevalier family.

We packed our smartest wedding outfits in a suitcase, wore shorts and sleeveless T-shirts for the journey down to the wedding. We arrived at 8pm having stopped at a nearby service station to freshen up and change our clothes.

We had walked into the service station looking like wet rags and walked out looking and feeling like a million dollars. I said all of us, but that's not quite right; all of us, apart from Remy Chevalier, my parent's friend. He walked to the car wearing his black dinner jacket, white frilled shirt and bow-tie, and ...his bright red shorts! "Judith" he called to his wife "I can't find my suit trousers". Judith rushed over to the boot of the car, wearing her 4 inch heels, to find Remy's trousers. She looked absolutely everywhere, in the boot, in the suitcase, underneath the car seats, even in our car...and nothing, not the faintest sign of a pair of trousers.

In those days all of the shops used to close by 7pm. There weren't any shopping centers with shops open until midnight. There wasn't anywhere open for Remy to buy a pair of trousers for the wedding. What could he do???

He was determined not to miss the wedding, because the groom was a very close friend of his. On the other hand he couldn't turn up at such a smart affair at a hotel in the south of France in shorts!

After long discussions and deliberations with Judith about whether to keep his sandals on or to change into smart shoes and socks, Remy finally decided that he'd wear his socks and shoes despite the shorts.

We decided that we would all walk into the reception together, in a 'kite' formation with the aim of hiding Remy's lower half! Remy stood in the centre, wearing his dinner jacket, white frilled shirt and bow tie, knee high socks and shiny black shoes and a pair of shorts, while Judith stood to his left, my mother stood to his right and the children all stood in front with my father bringing up the rear. We agreed to stick together throughout the wedding, each person keeping to their place in the formation throughout the proceedings. All went well to begin with. No-one noticed Remy's exposed legs as we entered the wedding. The problems started when we stood in line at the buffet. There we stood, with plates in our hands to collect the main course, maintaining our formation. Remy decided that he couldn't keep this up any longer, and that he'd go back to sit down keeping his legs out of sight under the table with no intention of getting up again for the rest of the evening. On our way back to the table in our regimented formation, a Samba tune started. Now Remy was the most enthusiastic Samba

dancer of all my parent's friends. There was something about the Samba that he simply couldn't resist, and this is where events took a different turn that evening.

Remy reached out to his wife saying that he'd had enough of hiding, and that he was going to dance...

And so, in his shiny black shoes, knee high socks, dinner jacket, white frilled shirt, bowtie and bright red shorts Remy leaped into the centre of the dance floor and pranced about performing the wildest Samba ever. Needless to say he took everyone's attention away from the poor bride...after explaining the mishap of having left his suit trousers at home...

It was one of the funniest and most enjoyable weddings I have ever been to in my whole life, all because of Remy and his mishap...

The conclusion from this story:

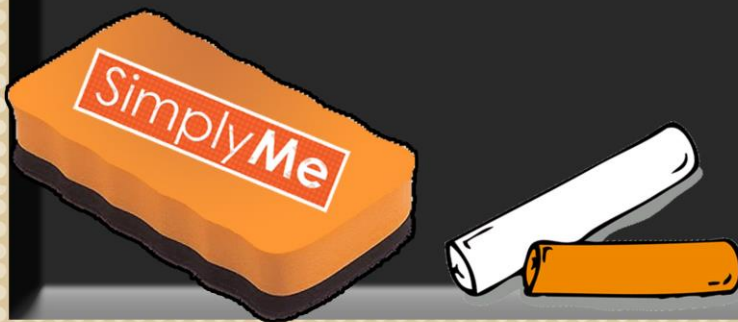
Remy could have got annoyed, been angry, and shouted at his wife Judith for forgetting to pack his trousers, but he chose a different way to behave, to accept the mishap with good humor, to go with the flow and to simply be true to himself.

If you don't do anything then you don't make mistakes and we all can have mishaps...which can be more or less embarrassing ...but so what? It happens to us all. It is possible, and we must make mistakes and then keep on going!

# The Rule for Messing Up

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When we start taking action and doing things then the mishaps and mess-ups quickly follow on. So what...it doesn't matter. It's quite natural and it happens to everyone. After you've discovered that you've messed up just say: Oops, I messed up...and laugh about it along with everyone else (if it's funny) and you'll be amazed to discover that you'll survive the experience!



## A True Story Illicit Kisses

This time the star of the story is none other than...a kiss! Not just any old kiss, but a big red juicy kiss full of lust and passion, but...not exactly in the way you are thinking. This is a wonderful true story about a forbidden kiss and about creative thinking...

In an American school the principal was horrified to discover that a group of girls used to meet together in the bathrooms during recess to exchange all of their secrets about their crushes, love life and wildest fantasies about the boys they fancied...and then practice giving full lipped bright lipstick red kisses...to the mirrors.



This is no mistake ...the girls covered the mirrors in the bathrooms with sticky red kisses. Kisses for their knights in shining armor, who they imagined being on the other side of the mirror. The washroom mirrors gradually began to look like Angela Jolie's lips...without Brad Pitt...



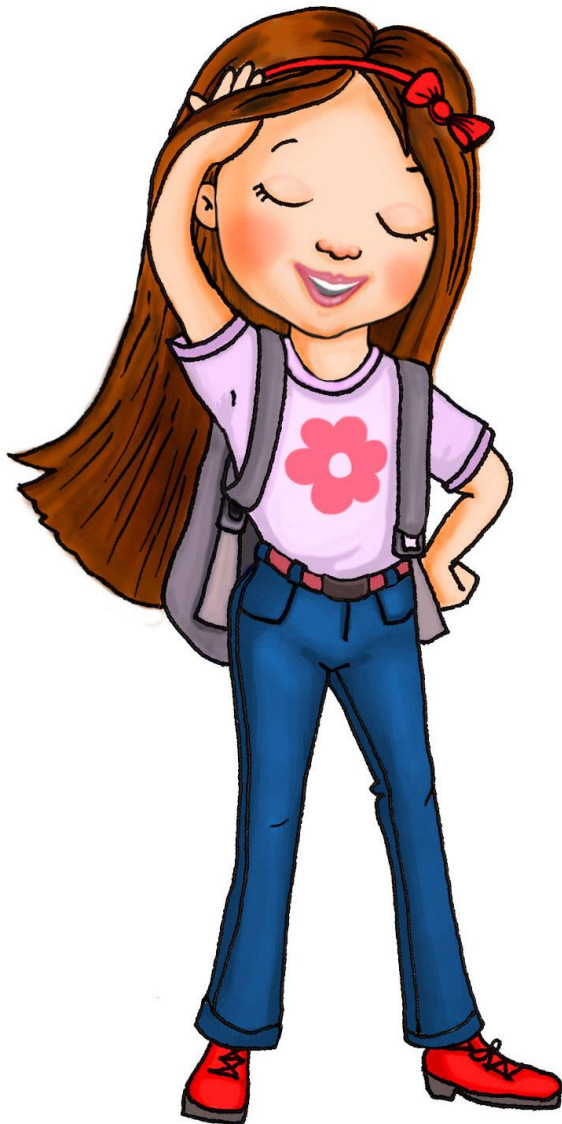
The principal couldn't bear it. "In our school discipline is discipline" she said after being called to see the mirrors and decided to call the offending girls into her office for a good talking to.

In her office she explained to the girls that their kisses were defacing school property, preventing other girls from seeing themselves in the mirrors, so she was asking or demanding that they stop kissing the mirrors.

The girls heard their principal, and listened to her words but didn't take in the meaning of what she was saying.

The very next day they covered the mirrors of the bathroom with new red shining kisses.

Other girls heard about the 'exhibition' and added their own lipstick kisses too, with a little prayer that their one and only may somehow notice them...



The phenomenon spread to the girls' delight and to the annoyance of the principal.

Nothing helped the situation, detentions, warnings or other penalties. The bathroom mirrors were still covered with thousands of kisses every morning.

One day the principal thought of a creative solution to the problem.

The principal called the girls to the bathroom and with a shaking voice started saying:

"Dear girls, you all know how important it is to me to clean the mirrors every night after they've been covered with your kisses. You all know how hard I've tried to stop you kissing these mirrors. Nothing has helped so now I need to show you something that I haven't shared with you. I need to show you exactly why I've been asking you to stop kissing these mirrors.

It's a very hard job to clean up after you, so I've asked the maintenance man to come and demonstrate exactly how hard he has to work each night after you've left school.

Following his instructions, the man took out a long-handled squeegee, solemnly dipped it in the nearest toilet bowl, and scrubbed at the mirror.

There was complete silence in the room. Since then, there have been no lip prints on the mirror. ..There are Teachers--and then there are Educators!

We could add...why didn't she think of it sooner???

Creative thinking is another way which allows to start taking action and doing things. Creative thinking allows us to find different new and original solutions which you are used to solving in one particular way.

## Are you creative?

| The Situation   | The Answers |              |       |          |      |
|---|-------------|--------------|-------|----------|------|
|   | No!         | Probably not | Maybe | Probably | Yes! |
| <p>Things are being stolen from your class in school. The staff at school have tried everything they can think of to catch the thieves with no success. The headmaster has announced that an award will be given to the person who comes up with an original way of solving the problem. Would you try to come up with something?</p> | 1           | 2            | 3     | 4        | 5    |
| <p>You are asked to give a power point presentation about a really boring author to your class. Would you try to come up with an unusual way to make the boring topic fun and</p>   | 1           | 2            | 3     | 4        | 5    |

|  |   |   |   |   |   |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|
| interesting?   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Do you relate to the words attributed to Einstein: "Insanity is doing the same things over and over again and expecting different results".                                    | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| Have you ever solved something in a different original way which you hadn't thought of before?   | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| You read about a competition to think of the most original campaign against bullying in school. The winning campaign will be used nationally. Would you enter the competition? | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |

The analysis

Add up your scores and see where you fit in.

### **5-11**

Creativity is another word for trouble as far as you're concerned, not something you relate to or want to be involved in. That's a shame as no one is born with more creativity than anyone else, but it can be developed and you can learn to be creative. You could start right now! Once you get going you'll find that creative ideas and solutions start popping up out of nowhere!

### **12-18**

You do have some sparks of creativity. However you're not making the best possible use of this wonderful resource. It's not too late and you can still 'fan the flames' of your creative sparks! You'll be amazed how great having a bit more creativity in your life can make you feel.

### **19-25**

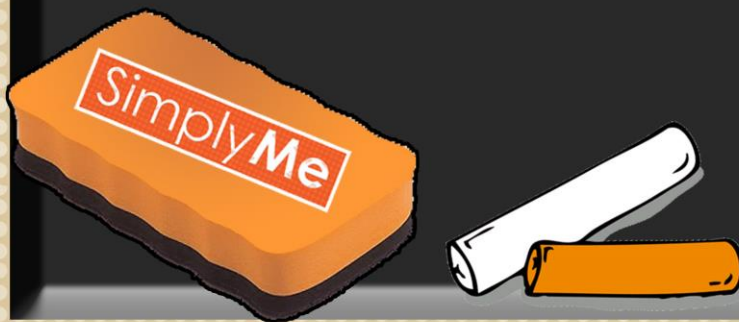
There's nothing to add...you eat sleep and breathe

creativity! You try to see things in different ways and to come up with original solutions. That's fantastic - keep it up! Creative people don't see a problem as a difficulty but as another challenge on the way to something interesting and exciting.

# The Rule for Creative Thinking

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In order to start taking action and doing things it is a good idea to start thinking differently, to come out of the box and think creatively. Because: "If you always do what you have always done you will always get the same results..."



## Something to Finish With...

To finish the Key to Taking Action and  
the whole book I warmly recommend that  
you try the following:

I.....  
.....

Commit myself that by the following  
date.....  
.....

I will do the following  
thing.....  
.....

Because it only depends on me!

Signed: .....  
.....

G -O-O-D L-U-C-K!!!!!!



**Writing about Myself-  
Worksheets:  
The Key to Taking Action:**

# 1. Messing Up:

Try to remember occasions when you messed up and made a fool of yourself:

1. What exactly happened?

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2. How did you feel afterwards?

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3. How did you behave afterwards?

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## 2. All about Failures

1. When have you tried to do something that you failed at (not necessarily anything to do with school)? What was it that you tried to do?

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2. How did you feel?

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3. What did you do following that failure? Did you give up or did you try something different?

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4. What is the most fascinating thing that you have learnt as a result of a failure?

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5. Have you experienced failure as a challenge on the way to success? If so, what was the failure, how did you behave, and what was the success that followed on from the failure?

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### 3. Weird Habits

1. What is the most deep set habit you have that interferes with the rest of your life?

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2. What does this habit do for you?

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3. What do you lose out on because of the habit?

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4. What do you have to do to break the habit?

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## 4. The Planning and Taking Action Questionnaire:

What is my goal for the coming month?

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What area do I want to work on to change and improve it?

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(You can choose a goal from the list of examples on the next page).

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What are the three objectives for the goal I have chosen? (Remember that objectives should be challenging but obtainable. They must also be defined by a realistic time within which they can be achieved).

Objective

1 \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Objective

2 \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Objective

3 \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## **5. A list of goals:**

(The areas which can be changed and improved)

**Examples of goals: The areas or topics which can be changed or improved:**

1. Improving self confidence
2. Overcoming shyness
3. Improving your love life, overcoming the fear of making the first move
4. Improving your body image
5. Becoming more assertive, expressing your opinion and learning to say "no" even in the face of peer pressure
6. Anger management
7. Becoming less sensitive
8. Learning to cope with stress

9. Learning how to live and let live
10. Learning to deal with failure and disappointments
11. Improving your social status
12. Keeping fit and watching your figure: Healthy eating and exercise
13. Taking the initiative and becoming more socially involved instead of complaining about not being invited
14. Overcoming stage fright and the fear of public speaking. Learning to express your opinion in front of others
15. Breaking unhealthy annoying habits
16. Improving your relationships with your friends and with your family
17. Facing up to sharing your deepest secrets
18. Overcoming Inferiority complexes.

## **We can't finish without a short summary:**

Dear friends,

We've come to the end of our journey. I wanted to thank you for coming along for the ride, so together we could make some important discoveries on that important question 'how can we survive primary school?'

This extended guide is part of the series of books which together can help you learn, and practice until they become second nature, those things that are really important to know in primary school. It explains those things that you've always wondered about, and wanted to know, but class teachers just don't explain.

Three more keys have helped us make our way along this journey, unlocking the secrets of becoming 'Simply Me'. As you discovered more about these keys they revealed to you the secrets of self esteem.

We started off at the Key to Identification, where we learnt to identify exactly where we stand at the moment, in each and every aspect of our lives, which places we are stuck at and which things we want to change and improve. We learnt that there those things which we should try to change, but that there are other things which can't be changed and we shouldn't waste our energy trying to change them.

We continued on to the Key to the Inner Core, where we discovered the inner core of what is essential to us being who we are, our loves, our passions, and our dreams. We learned to identify what it is that we love, what we're good at and what we most want in our lives. Its only when you know what you're good at, what you enjoy, and what you really want that you start really

Finally we arrived at The Key to Taking Action, where we learned how to overcome our fears and just start taking action and doing things so that we can achieve all those things which are really, really important to us.

By using these three keys which are so, so simple you can feel happy, contented, satisfied, charming, beautiful, rich, wonderful, clever, cool, popular, loved, amazing, admired, hypnotizing, awesome, astounding,

brilliant, cute, charismatic, hot, wicked, cool dudes,  
positive, friendly, sought after, sexy and everything  
else....

Seriously now:

Using the Keys will teach you to simply be you...who you  
really are and to feel good about yourselves and with  
what you want and with the things you do.

All I have left to say is that I hope you enjoyed  
reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Now...it's time to get busy...all you've got left to do is to  
start practicing everything...so .get started!





Thank you for purchasing this book!

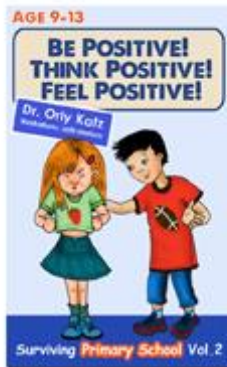
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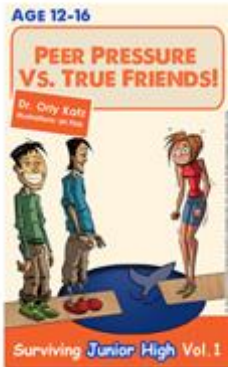


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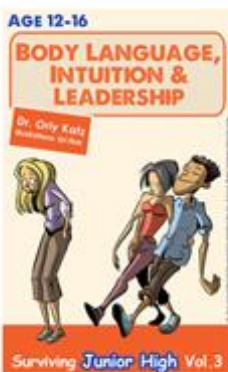
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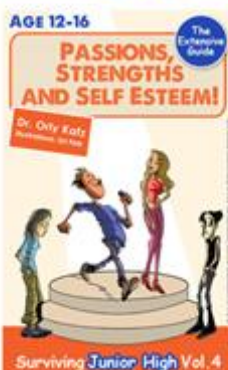
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