

# The Sack

Lora Rozler

I have a little sack  
That bounces on my back,  
It's filled with tiny, bossy thoughts  
That like to shout and stack.  
Some say, "You're not ready,"  
Some say, "You're too slow,"  
They make my steps feel heavier  
Wherever I might go.

One day I stopped and opened it,  
Let every thought fly free -  
The sack grew light, my heart felt bright,  
And so much more like me.



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

# The Sack

**Instructions:** Fill in the blanks to complete the poem.

I have a little sack 

That bounces on my \_\_\_\_\_,

It's filled with tiny, bossy thoughts

That like to \_\_\_\_\_ and stack.

Some say, "You're not ready,"

Some say, "You're too \_\_\_\_\_,"

They make my steps feel heavier

Wherever I might \_\_\_\_\_.

One day I stopped and opened it,

Let every thought fly \_\_\_\_\_ -

The sack grew light, my \_\_\_\_\_ felt bright,

And so much more like \_\_\_\_\_.

## Drop the Rock: My Plan to Empty the Sack

---

---

---

---

---

---



## From Thought Distortions to Reframed Thoughts

Draw a ☹️ if the statement is unhelpful and discouraging – Sack Thought. Draw a 😊 if the statement is helpful and encouraging – Soar Thought. Add your own Sack Thought and reframe into a Soar Thought.

I always make mistakes.

Mistakes help me learn.

I am not a good reader.

I will be a better reader with practice.

I'm not smart like the other kids.

We all have different strengths and I'm proud of mine.

I can't do this.

I can't do it *yet*.

I will never learn to ride a bike.

I will learn to ride a bike in time.