

Sam's Missing Heart



Sam had a heart that
missed someone very much.

Something big had happened.
Something that couldn't be undone.
And Sam didn't like it.



Sometimes his feelings came all at once.

Angry.



Angry.



Sad.



Confused.



“It’s not fair,” his heart said.

Sometimes his brain said:

"No."

"This isn't"
real.

"They'll come
back."



His brain tried very hard to
make things feel normal again.

Sometimes Sam found ways to feel close to them.

He would think about them.

Talk to them in his head,

Imagine they were still nearby.

Sometimes it even felt like he could
hear them or feel them close.



Those feelings can happen
when we miss someone very much.



They are part of how
our **heart** remembers love.

But sometimes, the feelings felt too big.

Too loud. Too all-the-time.



And that's when Sam needed



At school, everything felt different.

Everyone else seemed okay.

But Sam felt like he was standing still
while the world kept moving.



Sometimes small things felt really big.

A song. A smell. A memory.

And suddenly—



“I miss them.”

Sam wished he could fix it.

He wished he could change it.

But this was something he couldn't control.

And that made him feel helpless.



One day, someone explained it to Sam.

“When someone we love dies, it is very hard.”
they said.

It can feel unfair.

It can make big feelings.

And it's something we cannot
change.



Sometimes, our brain tries to protect
us from that truth.

It says “no.”

It tries to undo it.

It helps us feel close to them.



But slowly, we learn something important.

Grief is like a bridge
we have to walk across.



At the start of the bridge, everything feels heavy.

“All we can think about is what we’ve lost.
How unfair it is. How much it hurts.”



“And walking across can feel very hard.”

But as we keep going, something begins to change.

We can still miss them...

But we can also remember them.



We can think about the love we had.

The things they gave us.

The ways they are still part of us.



Sam thought about this.

Maybe he didn't have to stop missing them.

Maybe missing them meant they mattered.



“It’s okay, heart,” Sam said.

“I know you’re remembering
someone important.”



And slowly, step by step,

Sam kept walking.

