



Bella
The Little
Peacemaker

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Susan Zhang is a single mother to a wonderful daughter and a passionate storyteller, she is dedicated to fostering positive values in children. Through her stories, she aims to spark imagination and encourage young readers to embrace the important virtues in their everyday lives. When she's not writing, Susan enjoys spending time with her daughter, exploring nature and finding joy in the little things. Join Susan on this magical journey of words, where each story is a stepping stone towards building a kinder, braver world for our children. Special thanks to May Green and everyone else who contributed to making this book a reality.

DEDICATION

**To my dear daughter,
In a world that sometimes feels loud and
chaotic, May you always be a beacon of
peace and understanding. Your courage to
speak and listen is a gift, And your heart,
filled with kindness, Has the power to
transform lives. Remember, you are my
greatest joy. You are a true superhero in
my eyes. Always embrace your light.**

INTRODUCTION

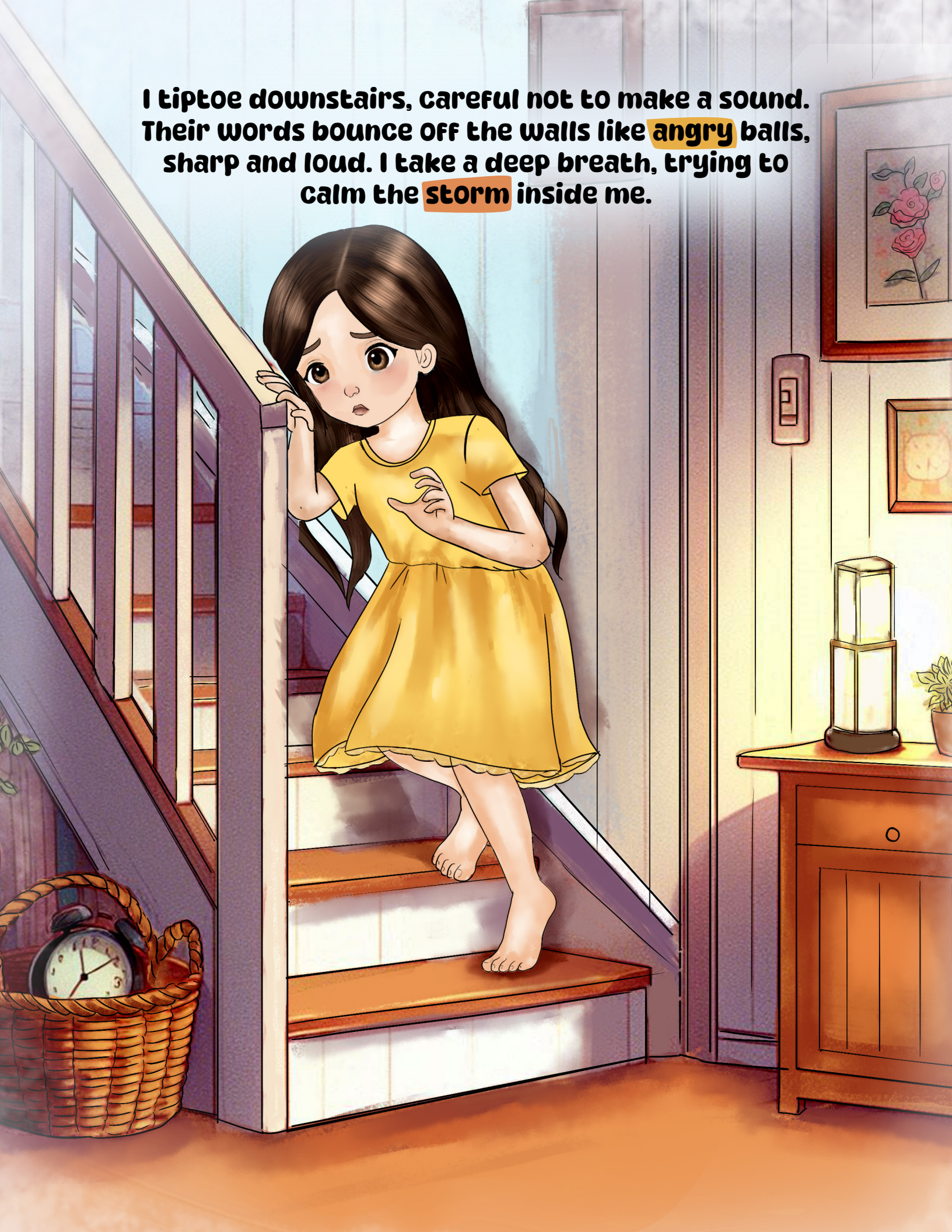
**Join Bella on her journey to
bring peace at home and
school!**



I wake up to the sound of raised voices. Mom and Dad are **arguing in the kitchen. My heart sinks like a stone in water. I wish for peace more than anything.**



I tiptoe downstairs, careful not to make a sound. Their words bounce off the walls like **angry** balls, sharp and loud. I take a deep breath, trying to calm the **storm** inside me.



"Why can't you just listen?" Mom's voice cracks, **frustration** spilling over.

"I am trying to understand!" Dad replies, his tone heavy with worry and **exhaustion**.



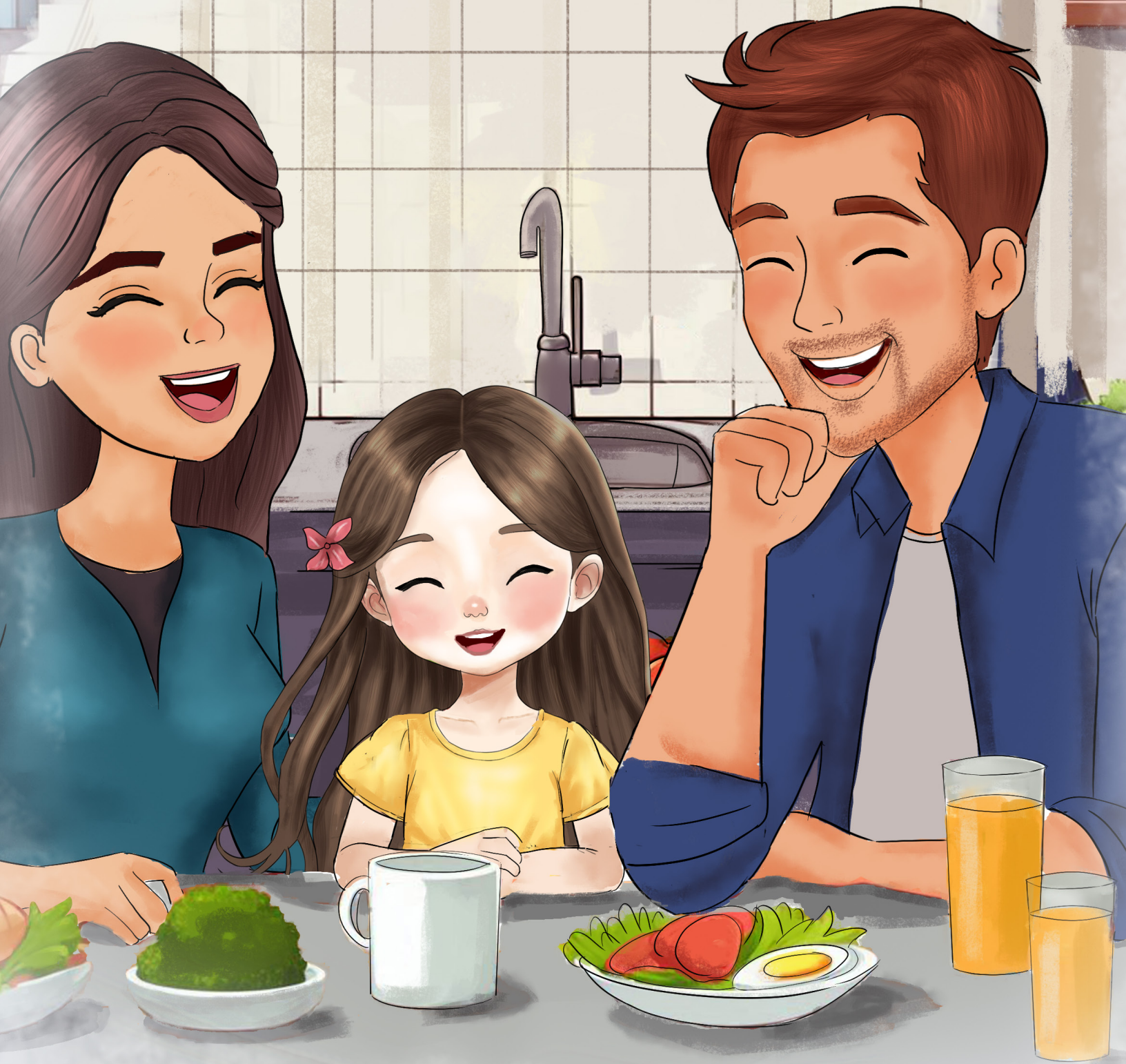
I step into the kitchen, feeling small but determined. "Can we talk about this without yelling?" I ask, my voice **steady** despite the lump in my throat. They pause, surprised by my **interruption.**



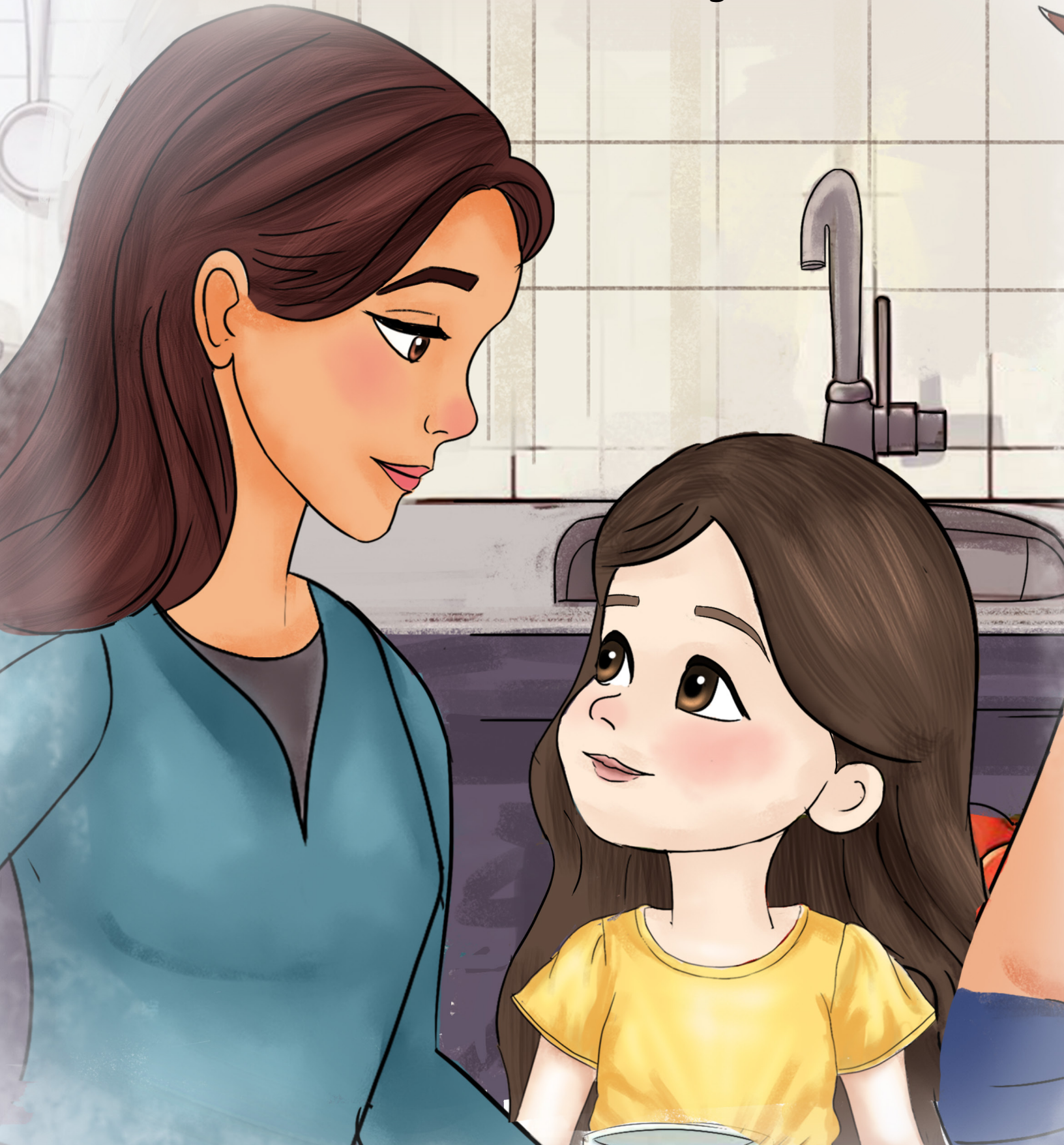
Mom looks at me, her eyes softening like butter in the sun. "You're right, sweetie. We need to find a better way to talk." Dad nods, his frown easing into a thoughtful expression.



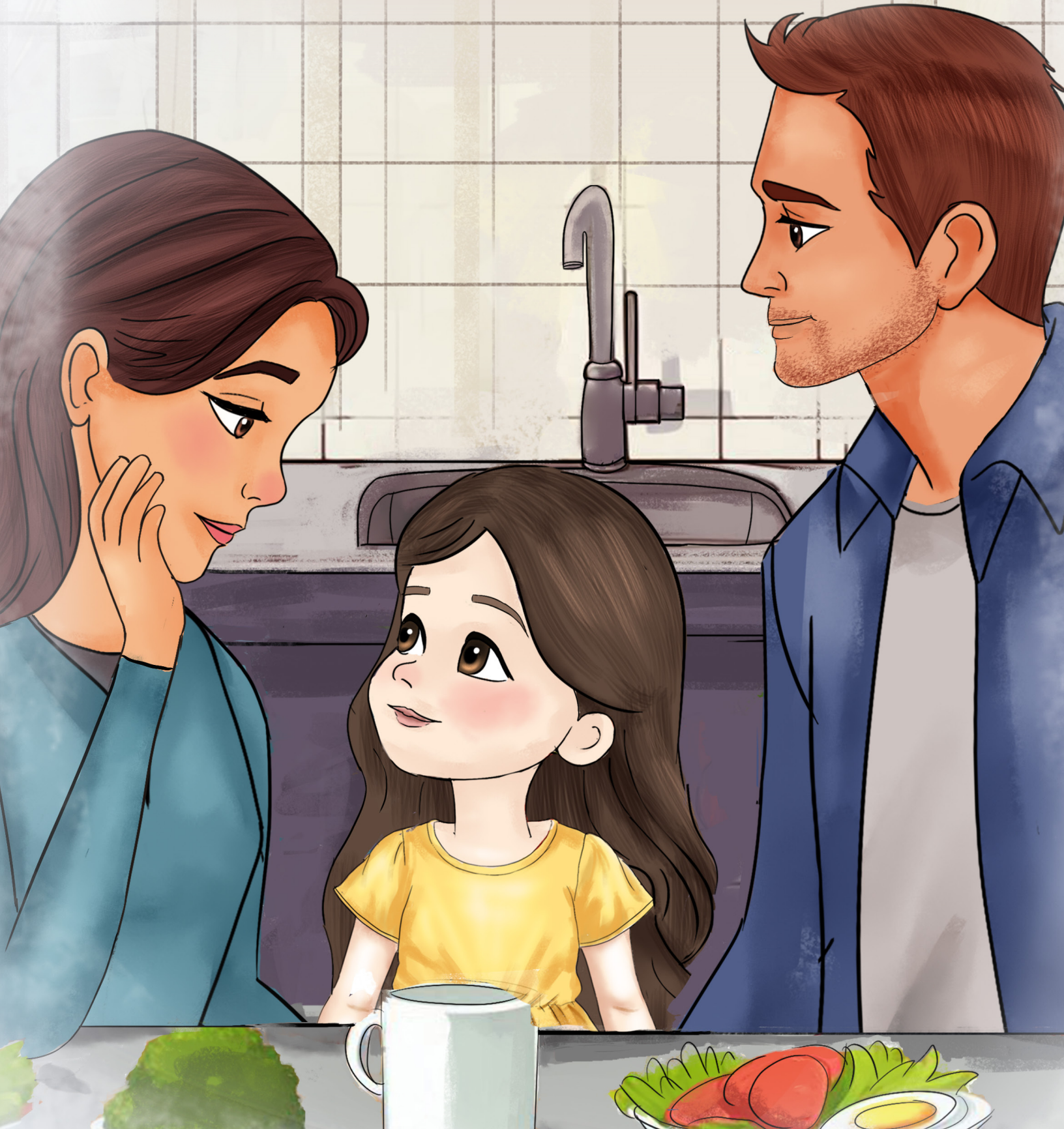
With a small **smile**, I suggest, "Let's sit down and take turns talking. Like a circle!" They both chuckle at my idea, and the **tension** in the room begins to fade.



We gather around the table. I place my hands firmly on the smooth wood, feeling brave.
"Okay, Mom, you go first," I say. She takes a deep breath, her face softening.



"I just want us to be **happy**," Mom begins, her voice **gentler** now. "I feel like we're always busy and don't have time to really **listen** to each other." Dad nods slowly, his eyes fixed on her.

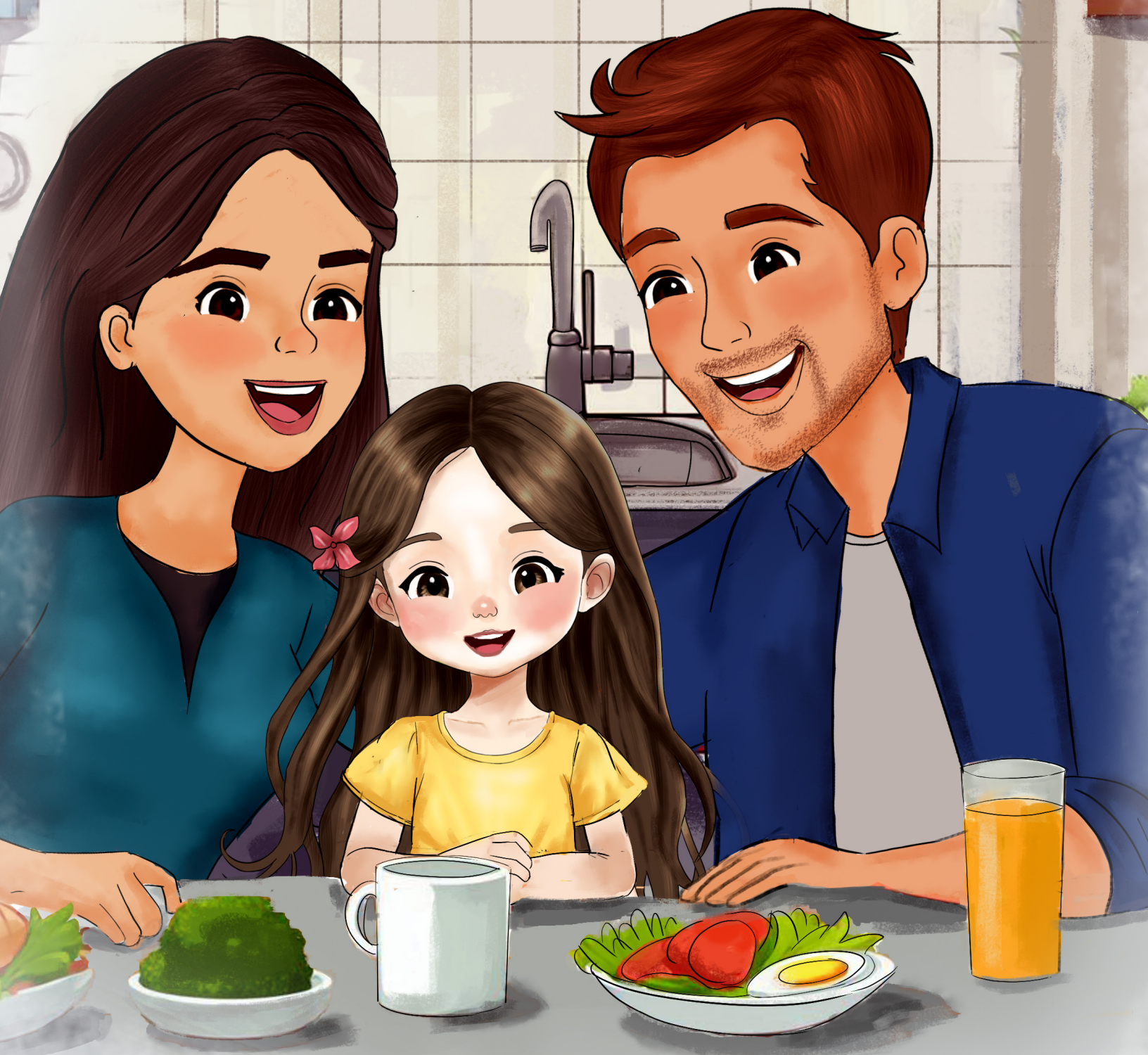


"Me too," Dad replies after a moment. "I just want to make things better for all of us." His voice is steady but warm.

I smile, my heart swelling with pride. I love being a peacemaker. It's like holding a tiny light in a dark room.



After a while, their voices become softer, blending into laughter and shared stories. The heavy air lightens, floating away like a balloon drifting into the sky.



At school, things aren't always **peaceful** either. As I walk into the playground, I notice two friends, Mia and Jake, **arguing** loudly by the swings.



Their faces are scrunched up with frustration.

"You never let me play!" Mia shouts, her fists clenched.

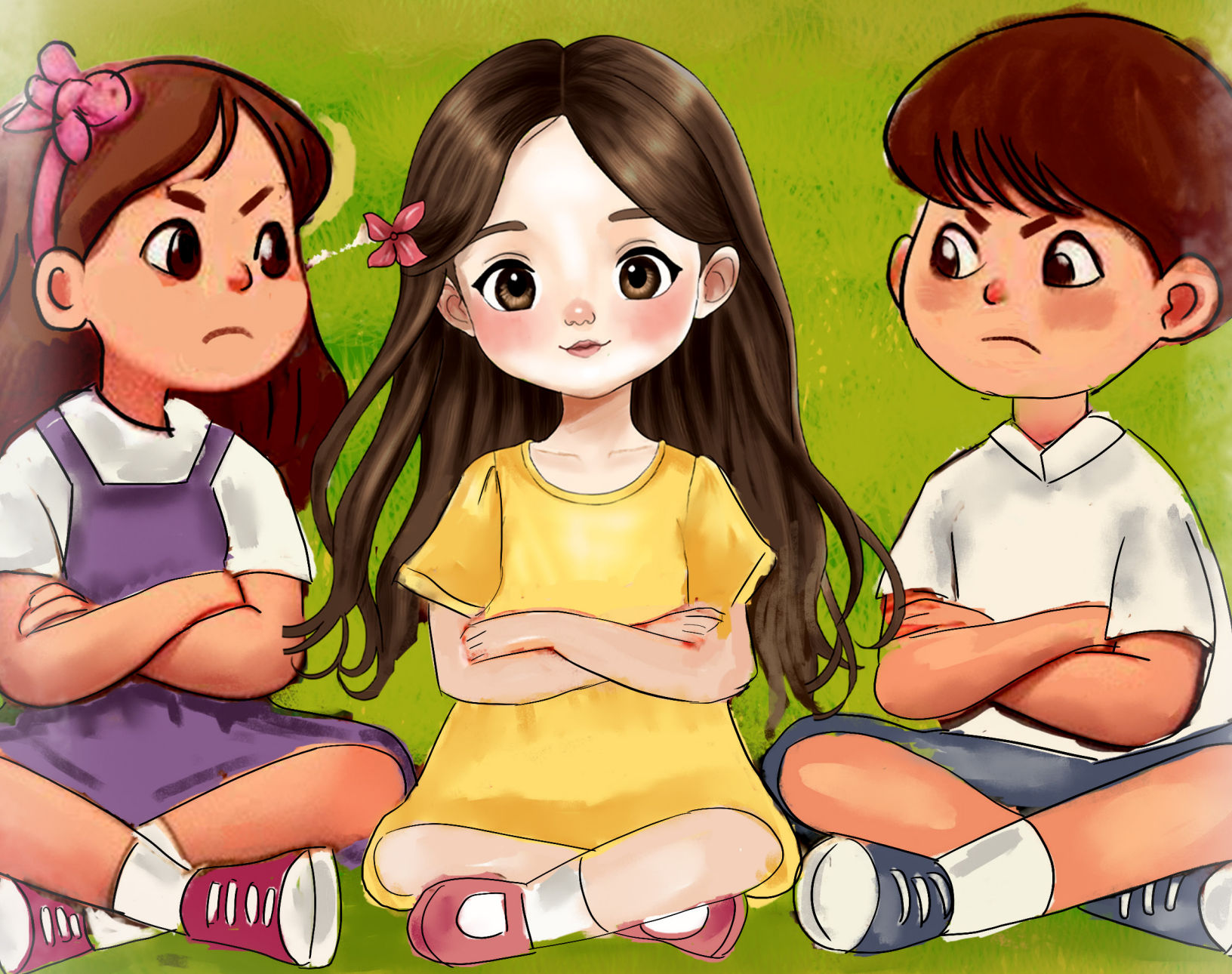
"That's not true! You always hog the ball!" Jake fires back, crossing his arms.



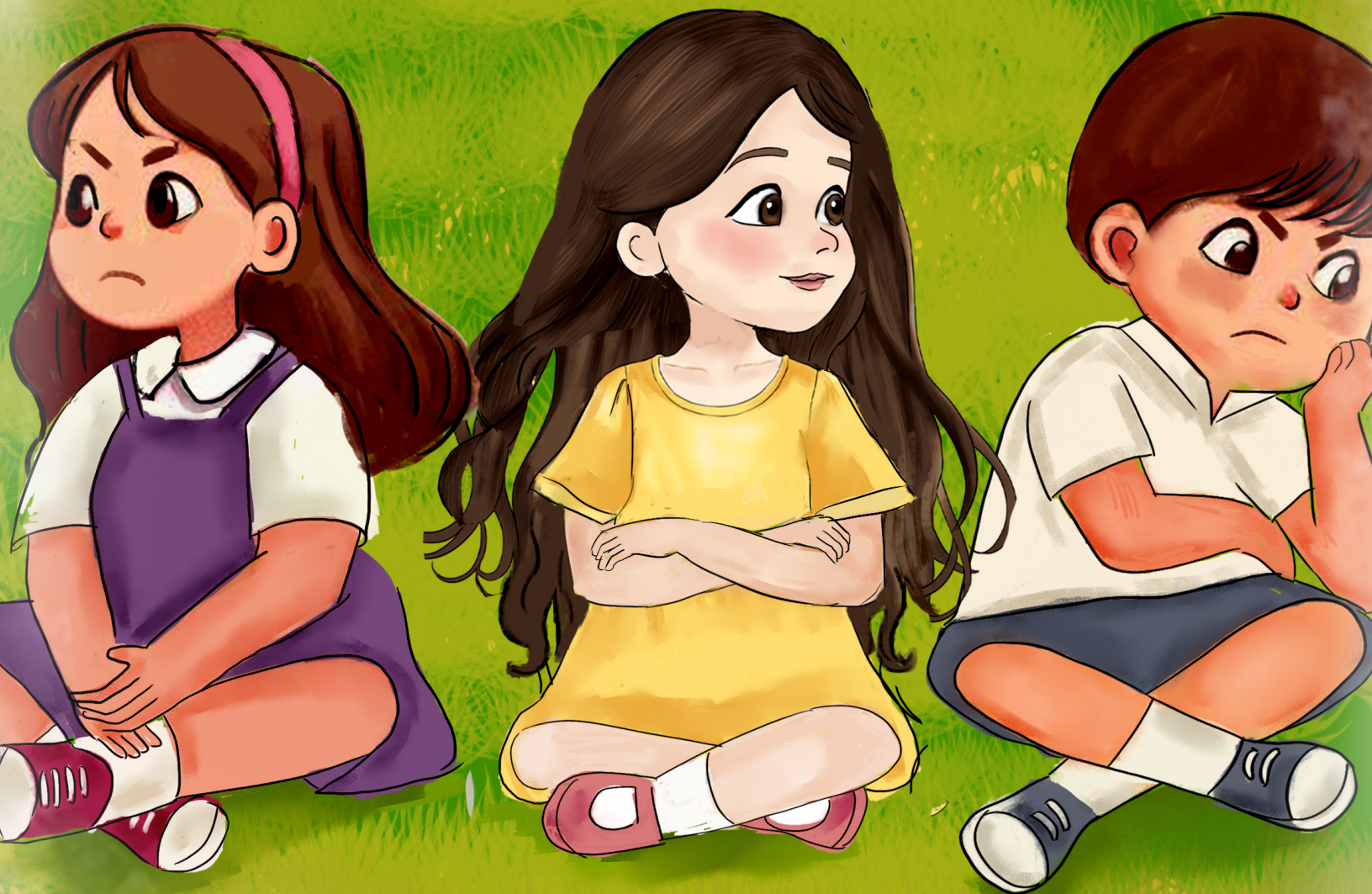
I take a **deep breath** and walk over. "Hey, can we talk about this?" I ask **gently**, keeping my voice calm. They both stop **mid-argument** and turn to look at me.



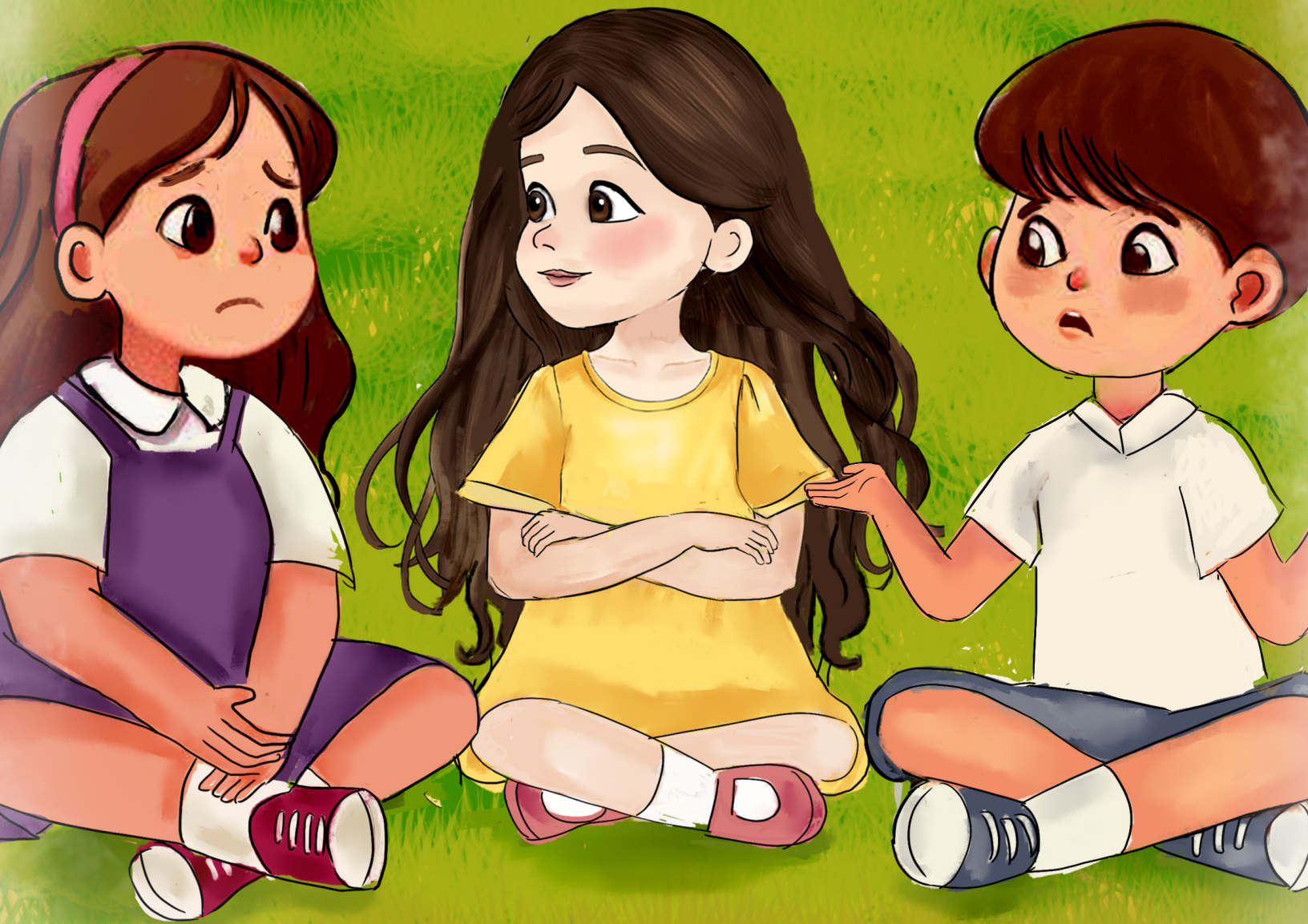
Mia crosses her arms tighter, looking **skeptical**, but Jake sighs. **"Fine,"** he mumbles. I sit down on the grass, patting the spot next to me. "Let's sit and figure this out," I say.



Mia **reluctantly** plops down, and Jake soon follows. "What's really **bothering** you?" I ask, looking from one to the other.



"I just want to play, but Jake never passes the ball to me," Mia admits, her voice softer now. Jake blinks, looking surprised. "I didn't know you felt that way!" he replies honestly.



I nod, thinking for a moment. "How about you both **share** the ball? Take turns playing so it's fair?"

They exchange a look, their expressions **softening** like melting ice cream.



"Okay," Mia says with a small smile. "I'll try to pass more."
Jake grins and adds, "And I'll make sure to include you!"
They shake hands, their smiles growing brighter.
"See? Peace is possible when we talk it out!" I say, my
heart dancing with joy.



As the bell rings, Mia and Jake race to the field, laughing together. I follow, feeling like a superhero. I love being a peacemaker—it feels like magic.



Back at home, I tell Mom and Dad all about my day. "I helped Mia and Jake make up!" I say, my **eyes shining with pride.**

They pull me into a **big hug.** "You're our little **peacemaker!**" Dad exclaims, his voice full of love. I smile, knowing that **understanding, love, and kindness** are the best superpowers anyone can have.

