**The Warm Fuzzy Story**

(adapted from Claude Steiner’s original tale)

Many years ago, at a Girl Scout camp, lived a bunch of happy Girl Scouts. They loved their friendly little camp with its beautiful trees, water, and \_\_\_. The campers had a special tradition of trading warm fuzzies with each other. Warm fuzzies were like little balls of pure love that made everyone feel good all over.

Campers would offer warm fuzzies freely, and if you needed one all you had to do was ask. Even campers you didn’t know would reach into their pockets and pull out a warm fuzzy, and just give it to you! Every warm fuzzy was like a big hug from a friend. And there were always plenty of warm fuzzies to go around.

Everyone felt safe and loved and they all helped each other to feel safe and loved, but one day a grumbly mumbly Grouch Scout came to visit the camp. She didn’t understand what everyone was doing but she was sure she didn’t like it. She kept cold prickles in her pockets and warm fuzzies didn’t make any sense to her. So she decided that she would tell a lie to the campers, to convince them to stop with all that warm fuzzy business.

The Grouch Scout told the campers that their warm fuzzies were the most precious things in the world. He told them that instead of sharing them, they should be keeping them.

What if the world supply of warm fuzzies ran out? What would they do then?

All of a sudden the campers began worrying and acting selfishly, keeping their warm fuzzies to themselves. And a funny thing happened. When campers stopped sharing their warm fuzzies, campers stopped receiving warm fuzzies. Instead of everyone feeling warm and fuzzy inside, they started to feel cold and prickly inside. This made everyone kind of sad, everyone except for the Grouch Scout that is.

Thank goodness something nice happened next. You see, one of the campers came to camp late. She brought her warm fuzzies with her. When she arrived at camp, she started giving warm fuzzies to everyone she saw. The campers started to realize what they were missing and that they had made a mistake. Holding onto their warm fuzzies didn’t make them happier, it made them miserable. They figured out that giving their warm fuzzies away not only made their friends happy, it made them happy too.

The good news is that we can be just like those campers! We can give warm fuzzies, like these cute little pom poms. But we can also give warm fuzzies that are sparkly, little, fluffy, imaginary balls of happy. You see, when we offer a kind word or help someone to feel better, that’s the best kind of warm fuzzy there is.