



Patrick had worries.
At home, they stayed small
and didn't get in the way.

Patrick loved being home.
His favorite blanket was there,
his comfy spot on the chair,
the smell of cookies baking.
It felt perfect.

"Patrick, let's go to the park," his mom said.
The park? Uh-oh.

Patrick's worries woke up and flew to him.
"Who's going to be there?"
"Will anyone play with me?"
"What if I trip and everyone laughs at me?"

