













## Sitting By My Window

A multi-sensory story written by Gill White for PAMIS  
and adapted for the Story Massage Programme

	I'm not feeling very happy today	
	I'm not allowed to go out and play.	
	Sitting by my window bored, I sigh	'Window' – card with fabric on string, or play with curtains
	And watch the dark clouds passing by.	Dark scarf or top, move over face
	The wind picks up, I feel a chill	
	As rain lashes down on the windowsill But it doesn't last long and then	Rainmakers, or trickling rice on foil through fingers
	I smile as the sun comes out again.	
	The wind is now a gentle breeze	Fan
	Birds start to sing high up in the trees.	Bird toys with sound effects or whistle
	The rain makes everything fresh and new I smell the damp grass and flowers too.	Scents or essential oils on paper or material – or real flowers to feel
	With sun's orange glow shining on my face	Yellow t-shirt or fabric with torch shining through.
	I remember that home is my very favourite place.	