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Smudge and the Chakra Book

An Interactive Adventure in Sacred Geometry

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First edition

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'Life is messy, but that's where the magic happens. Keep balancing, keep growing, and never stop being you.'

—Smudge

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Welcome

Welcome to *An Interactive Adventure in Sacred Geometry*! This is more than just a book—it's an adventure into the hidden secrets and timeless beauty of geometric patterns. Through step-by-step instructions and creative tasks, you'll uncover the profound connections between shapes, symbols, and the world around us.

To join this journey, you'll need:

- **A blank sketchbook** – your canvas for creation
- **A ruler** – to guide your hand
- **A compass** – to draw perfect circles
- **A pencil** – to bring your visions to life
- **A pencil sharpener** – to keep your ideas sharp
- **A rubber** – to refine and perfect

With these tools in hand, you'll explore the ancient wisdom of sacred geometry, one design at a time.

Let the journey begin!

1

Sunrise

The morning mist hung low over the forest, wrapping the trees in a soft, silvery blanket. Birds chirped eagerly, their songs echoing through the stillness as the first golden rays of sunrise began to pierce the horizon. The world seemed to awaken slowly but surely, bathed in the gentle warmth of a new day.

High above, a small bird with bright blue feathers flitted from branch to branch, its tiny wings catching the light as it soared towards the Sanctuary of Symmetry, a temple where every arch, pillar, and corridor aligned with the precise mathematics of the universe. Its walls were adorned with intricate patterns—circles within circles, spirals that seemed to twist endlessly, and polygons that glowed faintly in the dawn light. The whole structure seemed to pulse softly—alive with ancient wisdom.

The little bird, unable to resist, perched on the temple roof and surveyed the world below. It was an excellent spot to watch the day break—but something called it onward. Spotting a better perch, it launched itself into the air once more.

The bird landed lightly on the shoulder of a man sitting cross-legged on the temple steps. The man didn't flinch because he

was at one with both himself and nature. He was peaceful, calm, and happy—a rare combination in a world that often felt too busy, too loud, too much.

That man was Smudge.

And yet, for all his serenity, Smudge was also a chaotic, clunky, and clumsy man. His brightly patterned robes were perpetually askew; his hair stuck out in every direction, and his hands were usually covered in paint, dirt, or both. But none of that ever bothered him. Smudge was a man who did his best, laughed at his mistakes, and never let life's little mishaps get him down. He believed that everything was connected—flaws, messes, magic, and meaning—all part of the same wonderful design.

Satisfied with the brief encounter, the bird chirped once in gratitude, twice in farewell, and then departed, leaving Smudge alone on the steps.

Smudge breathed deeply, opened his eyes, and smiled. 'Good morning, little friend,' he said, as if the bird could still hear him. 'May your day be as bright as your feathers.'

Smudge stood, stretching his arms above his head. He took another deep breath, savouring the crisp morning air, then turned and walked up the temple steps. The massive doors creaked open as if they recognised him, and he stepped inside.

The temple was quiet, save for the soft hum of energy that seemed to emanate from its walls. Smudge moved through the familiar space with the ease of someone who had spent a lifetime there. He picked up a broom and began to sweep, humming a tune that was slightly off-key—but full of joy.

'Sweeping is like meditation,' he said to no one in particular. 'You clear away the dust, and in doing so, you clear your mind. Or at least that's what I tell myself when I accidentally sweep dirt onto my own feet.'

He chuckled, then moved on to the next task: arranging the offerings. He placed fresh flowers in front of the carvings of sacred geometry, lit a stick of incense, and dusted off the altar.

‘There,’ he said, stepping back to admire his work. ‘Not bad for a man who once tripped over his own shadow.’

Finally, with all chores complete, Smudge sat down cross-legged on a worn cushion in the centre of the temple. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, letting the quiet settle over him. This was his favourite part of the day—the moment when the world seemed to pause, and all that was left was the rhythm of his breath and the hum of the temple’s energy.

Peace. Total peace.

But it hadn’t always been this way. Not even close.

2

Boom

Young Smudge stood there with his hair standing on end, his eyebrows singed, and what could only be described as smoke emanating from his ears. He was holding a now-blackened test tube and flask—part of the chemistry set he had received for his tenth birthday only moments earlier. Surrounding Smudge was a pile of rubble and... well, what used to be the garden shed. Surrounding the rubble were 42 firemen, 6 fire engines, 4 police cars, a row of ambulances, the army, and a handful of other chaps running around in what looked like hazmat suits.

Smudge wasn't exactly sure what had happened—or what he had done—but it was safe to say the experiment had not gone according to plan.

'Smudge!' his mum's voice cut through the chaos. She was standing at the edge of the garden, her hands on her hips and her face a mixture of exasperation and relief. 'What on earth have you done?'

Smudge blinked, his mind racing. 'I... I think I might have added too much bicarbonate of soda. Or was it vinegar? Or maybe both? I can't remember.'

One of the firemen stepped forward, his helmet slightly askew. 'Right then, we've contained the situation, but we strongly recommend... no more experiments. At least not without adult supervision.'

Smudge's mum sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. 'Thank you, Officer. We'll take it from here.'

As the emergency crews began to pack up, Smudge's mum marched over to him, her expression softening as she took in his soot-covered face and singed eyebrows. 'Are you hurt?'

Smudge shook his head. 'No, Mum. Just... a little crispy.'

She couldn't help but laugh, pulling him into a tight hug. 'Oh, Smudge. What am I going to do with you?'

Smudge didn't have an answer. He just stood there, feeling a mix of guilt and confusion. It wasn't like he'd *meant* to blow up the shed. He'd just been curious.

Activity: Smudge's Super Straight Line Challenge

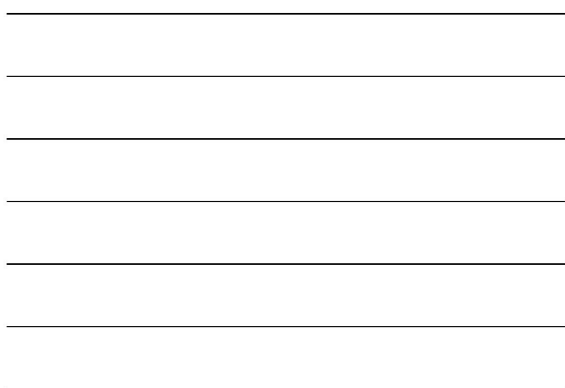
After *The Incident* (you know... the one with the shed), Smudge thought it might be safer to play with something else he'd received for his birthday—a geometry set. It came with no chemicals, no explosions—just good old-fashioned drawing tools. Smudge wasn't thrilled with it... until he discovered how satisfying it was to draw perfect, straight lines.

Now it's your turn!

Grab a ruler, a pencil, and a blank sheet of paper. Bonus points if you've got graph paper!

Draw a set of perfectly straight horizontal lines

Use the ruler! (Smudge tried freehand once... it didn't go well. You can try that, too.) Start at the top and draw a perfect, horizontal line. Work your way down. Space them evenly—no wobbles or wobbles if you can help it!



Level up the challenge

- Draw a face using only straight lines.
- Make a crazy hairstyle out of perfectly straight lines.
- Turn your page into a lined notebook—but only if you're feeling *extra precise*.

3

The Book

Later that evening, after the chaos had died down and the neighbours had stopped peering over the fence, Smudge sat on his bed, staring at the charred remains of his chemistry set. His birthday had started with so much promise—presents, cake, and the excitement of a new experiment. Now, it felt like a disaster.

He sighed, running a hand through his singed hair. He couldn't help but feel a pang of disappointment. He'd been so excited to try his new chemistry set, and now it was just a pile of blackened plastic.

Just as he was about to give up on the day entirely, there was a soft knock on the door. 'Smudge,' his mum said as she stepped in, holding a small, beautifully wrapped package. 'I saved this one for last,' she said, sitting down beside him.

Smudge looked at the package, his curiosity piqued despite the day's events. 'What is it?'

'Open it and see,' his mum said, handing it to him.

Smudge tore off the wrapping paper to reveal a book. The cover was adorned with intricate patterns and the words '*The*

Seven Chakras: A Journey to Balance and Harmony.'

'Chakras?' Smudge said, wrinkling his nose. 'What are they?'

'Well, you'll have to read it to find out,' his mum explained. 'I thought it might help you... channel your energy in a more constructive way.'

Smudge flipped through the pages, his eyes skimming over the colourful diagrams and symbols. It looked complicated—and maybe a little boring.

'Cheers, Mum,' he said, not wanting to upset her. 'I'll read it later.'

His mum smiled and ruffled his singed hair. 'You do that. And remember, Smudge, it's okay to make mistakes. Just try to learn from them, all right?'

Smudge nodded, though he wasn't entirely sure what he was supposed to learn from blowing up a shed.

As his mum left the room, Smudge looked at the book carefully. The intricate patterns on the cover seemed to glow faintly in the dim light. They reminded him of something he couldn't quite name. For a moment, he almost opened it—but then he shook his head, setting it on his bookshelf with all the other books he'd never read.

Maybe later, he thought, turning off the light and pulling the covers over his head.

Activity: The Circle of Calm and Balance

Smudge wasn't ready to dive into chakras just yet... but circles? Circles he could get behind. He was enjoying the geometry set—and the compass was now practically begging to be used. Why not?

Draw a straight line

Use your ruler to draw one clean horizontal line across the middle of your page.

Find the centre

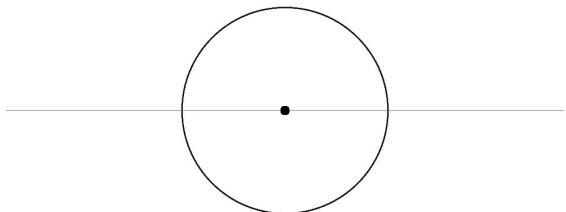
Measure the line and mark the exact middle point.

Take out your compass

Attach your pencil securely. Make sure the lead isn't too long, too short or too loose—it needs to hold steady.

Draw your circle

1. Adjust the compass pencil arm so it's the perfect size for a circle.
2. Place the compass point on the line centre mark.
3. Carefully draw your circle so it sits perfectly on the line.



Done? Take a breath.

Notice how it feels to focus, to create something balanced and still. Smudge might not know it yet—but this is the beginning of something important.

4

Nonsense

As the days turned into weeks, the book sat on Smudge's shelf, untouched. But every time another disaster struck, Smudge would glance at the book and think, *Maybe later*.

There was the time Smudge accidentally glued his hand to the kitchen table while trying to fix a wobbly leg.

'Blimey,' he muttered, tugging at his stuck hand. 'Note to self: superglue dries quickly.'

He glanced at the Chakra Book on the shelf. *Maybe later*, he thought, *once I'm not part of the furniture*.

Then there was the time he turned the bathwater bright green by adding a mysterious potion he'd found in the cupboard.

'Well, that's not supposed to happen,' Smudge said, staring at the neon-green water. 'I wish I'd noticed that before I got in,' he added, looking down at himself, now also neon green.

He glanced at the Chakra Book. *Maybe later*.

And then there was the homemade rocket incident. Smudge had spent hours building it out of cardboard, duct tape, and a few other questionable chemicals. The launch was going well—until the rocket veered off course and landed on the trampoline,

sending Whiskers the cat flying into the neighbour's garden.

'Sorry, Whiskers!' Smudge called, as the cat glared at him from the fence.

Falling out with Whiskers was the final straw. He went upstairs to his bedroom and took the Chakra Book down from the shelf.

* * *

Smudge sat cross-legged on his bed, the book resting on his knees, and flipped to the first page. It was filled with intricate patterns and symbols, but what caught Smudge's eye again was the title: *'The Seven Chakras: A Journey to Balance and Harmony.'*

'Chakras, eh?' Smudge muttered, scratching his head. 'I'm not sure what to think about that... or them... or those?'

He read on, learning that chakras were energy centres in the body, each one connected to different aspects of physical, emotional, and spiritual well-being. The book explained that balancing these chakras could help with everything from stress to creativity to... well, not accidentally launching cats into the middle of next week.

'Hmm,' Smudge said, tapping his chin. 'Energy centres. Balance. Harmony. Not exactly my strong suit.'

He flipped through the pages, skimming over the colourful diagrams and swirling symbols. It all looked a bit complicated—and maybe a little silly.

'Chakras,' Smudge said, closing the book and setting it back on the shelf. 'Sounds like a load of old nonsense.'

He crossed his arms and declared, 'That's it. No more disasters. I promise. I don't need this silly book. It can stay on the shelf forevermore.'

A mischievous grin spread across his face. ‘I’ll win back Whiskers’ love the old-fashioned way—with sardines!’

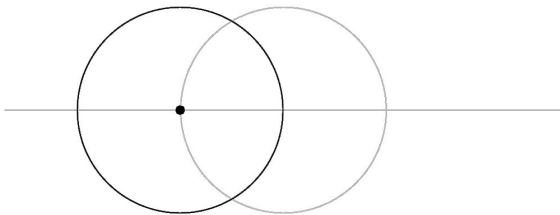
Activity: Triple-Trouble Circles

Smudge still wasn’t convinced about chakras, but after turning neon green and launching the family cat into orbit, he figured a bit of balance couldn’t hurt. Plus, that first circle was looking lonely.

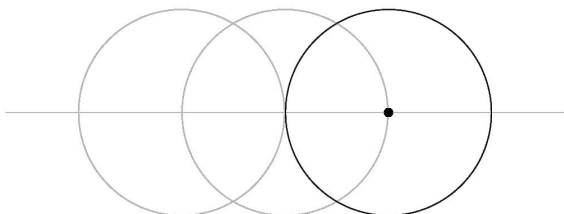
Let’s try building something a bit bigger—three circles, perfectly spaced, all on the same line.

Draw your extra circles

1. Start with the circle from the last activity.
2. Place the compass point on the intersection of the horizontal line and **one** edge of the circle.
3. Draw a second circle, the same size as the first.



Then do the same on the other side.



You should now have three equal circles, all touching, all on the same line—like a mini solar system (a chaotic one).

Bonus idea

Give each circle a name or a purpose—maybe one for curiosity, one for calm, and one for cat safety. Or make up your own!

5

Capitulation

‘Chapter Two...’ Smudge read aloud from the Chakra Book, his head swathed in a bandage after an ill-fated experiment involving a shopping trolley. It was the final, final straw.

His plan had been simple—if slightly ridiculous. He had ‘borrowed’ a shopping trolley from the local supermarket, secured it to a bungee cord, and intended to ride it downhill and back again while performing an epic wheelie.

Unfortunately, reality had other ideas. The bungee cord had snapped, propelling the trolley straight into the neighbour’s hedge. Smudge, still clinging stubbornly to the handle, had landed in a pile of leaves—where he’d made the unfortunate acquaintance of a very disgruntled hedgehog. Not exactly the triumphant outcome he’d envisioned.

‘Right,’ Smudge muttered, adjusting his bandage. ‘Enough.’

He knew what he had to do. He had to read the book, come what may.

* * *

The book explained—once again—that chakras were like spinning wheels of energy, each one connected to different aspects of the body and mind. *Spinning wheels? What on earth does that even mean?*

Smudge frowned. ‘I still don’t get it,’ he muttered, scratching his head. ‘This is all very confusing. There are no wheels on me... or in me... or—wait, both?’

Smudge wasn’t going to give up that easily this time.

‘Hmm, so not actual wheels like in my less-than-successful wheelies... more like little dynamos, or little batteries, powering me to victory—or not.’

He nodded to himself. ‘So, if I’m getting this right... it’s like I’ve got seven little batteries, each one helping me... or not, in a different way.’ He paused, tapping his chin. ‘Alright, let’s say I have porridge for breakfast, and that porridge charges up my seven little batteries. Those little batteries could then help me:

- Be strong and confident—like a warrior charging into battle!
- Be creative—maybe I could finally finish my comic about *Turbo Sloth*, the world’s fastest slowest creature.
- Stand in my power—like a flamingo standing on one leg, pretending it’s totally normal.
- Love openly and forgive easily—even when Whiskers judges my life choices from her executive cat tree.
- Speak up and sha’re my ideas—especially if I’m making the case for extra pudding at lunch.
- Trust my instincts—like spotting a ‘clean your room!’ ambush before it happens.
- Feel connected to something bigger—like the stars, the universe... or at least the WiFi.’

Smudge sat back, nodding. ‘Alright, that makes a bit more sense. Seven ways to use my energy. Now, which one of these is supposed to stop me from getting into trouble?’

He scanned the page for an answer, hoping the book had some foolproof method for avoiding future disasters.

‘Riiiiight,’ Smudge said slowly, as if a lightbulb had just flickered on above his head. ‘So, if all my chakras are balanced, all working together... then bingo! No more mishaps, no more chaos—just smooth sailing for Smudgy boy!’

He grinned, picturing himself gliding through life without a single catastrophe—no exploding sheds, no flying cats, no unexpected encounters with grumpy hedgehogs. Just pure, effortless brilliance—Smugilliance.

‘This is it,’ he declared, sitting up straighter. ‘I’m going to balance my chakras, and then—’ He flung his arms wide. ‘I shall become... The Ultimate Smudge! Super Smudge! Smudge the—’
‘MROW!’

Whiskers broke her nap to shoot him a look so icy it could’ve frozen his chakras mid-spin.

Smudge’s arms wilted. ‘...Smudge the Slightly Less Dramatic?’ he mumbled, scratching his neck.

Whiskers blinked—once, slowly—the universal cat-sign for *Thank you for your compliance*.

Activity: Smudge and the Mysterious Circles

Smudge stared at the three neat circles he’d drawn earlier. They overlapped just right.

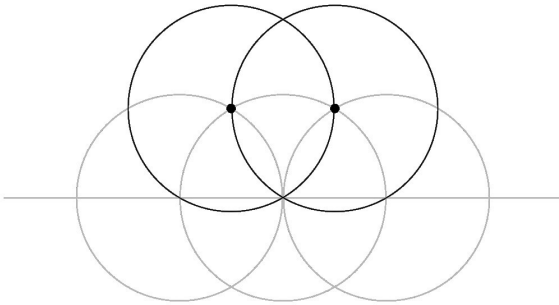
‘Huh,’ he muttered. ‘I wonder what happens if I add more?’

Follow these steps to see what Smudge discovered:

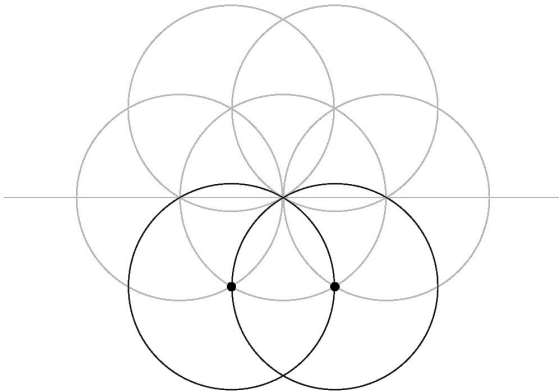
Find the top intersection points

Look at the very top where your first three circles **intersect** twice.

For each intersection, draw a new circle the same size as the others.

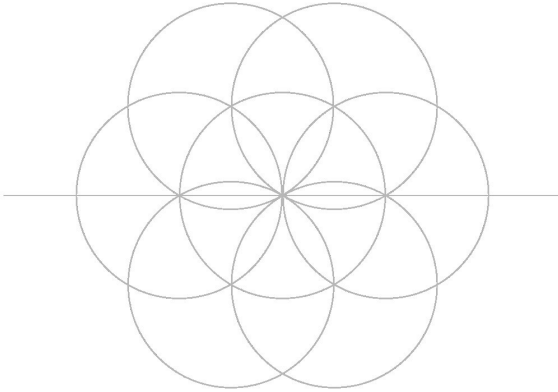


Now find the same spots below, and draw another two circles.



Admire your work

Now you should have seven interconnected circles, forming a beautiful symmetrical pattern.



Smudge blinked. ‘What in the whirlpool of weirdness is this?’

‘Balance,’ Smudge whispered, as if he were a wise monk and not a boy in a slightly singed hoodie. ‘Everything must be balanced!’

What he didn’t know—but you now do—is that this is the **Seed of Life**.

6

The Quiz

Whiskers remained thoroughly unimpressed, but Smudge was convinced he might be onto something. This could be the key to a disaster-free life—or at least fewer explosions and slightly less screaming.

After all, it wasn't like Smudge to stick with something for more than a day—unless it made a mess, a noise, or the neighbours nervous—but for some reason, this book now had him hooked. He picked it up and flicked to where he'd left off.

'Your Most Dominant Chakra,' the title read.

Underneath was a bolded sentence: **Take this quiz to uncover which of your chakras is the most dominant!**

Smudge raised an eyebrow. A quiz? He wasn't exactly a fan of tests, but this sounded more like a game. Onwards!

Answer the following questions honestly. Your results will reveal which chakra is your most dominant.

Okay, Smudge thought. *Why not?*

He grabbed a pencil and continued.

1. *How do you usually react when things go wrong?*

- A) Stay calm, take a deep breath, and find a practical solution.
- B) Get creative and think outside the box for a unique fix.
- C) Trust my instincts and act decisively to resolve the issue.
- D) Focus on how it affects others and seek to support them.
- E) Speak up and communicate clearly about what needs to change.
- F) Reflect deeply and try to understand the underlying cause.
- G) Accept it as part of a larger plan and trust the process.

Smudge's Answer: 'A! I try to stay calm... it's just that my version of 'calm' sometimes involves panicking and running around in circles first.'

2. *If you could have a superpower, what would it be?*

- A) Super strength – to stay grounded and unshakable.
- B) Super creativity – to manifest anything with my imagination.
- C) Super speed – to act quickly and trust my instincts.
- D) The ability to heal – to help others feel safe and supported.
- E) The power of persuasion – to speak and be heard clearly.
- F) Clairvoyance – to see the bigger picture and hidden truths.
- G) Cosmic awareness – to understand the mysteries of the universe.

Smudge's Answer: 'C! Super speed would be amazing. Imagine

how much faster I could get into... I mean, *out of trouble.*'

3. *What's one of your greatest strengths?*

- A) I'm reliable and steady, even in tough situations.
- B) I'm creative and always full of new ideas.
- C) I trust myself and make quick, confident decisions.
- D) I care deeply about others and always try to help.
- E) I can communicate my thoughts clearly and persuasively.
- F) I see patterns and hidden connections others might miss.
- G) I have a strong sense of purpose and connection to the world.

Smudge's Answer: 'A! Well, 'steady' might be pushing it.'

4. *Which place makes you feel happiest?*

- A) Somewhere quiet in nature—like a forest or a garden.
- B) A place where I can paint, draw, make music, or be creative.
- C) Somewhere I can run, climb, or try something challenging.
- D) A cosy space with people (or pets!) I care about.
- E) A stage, classroom, or anywhere I can speak or perform.
- F) A place with cool facts and ideas—like a library or science centre.
- G) Somewhere calm where I can think deeply—like a quiet room or under the stars.

Smudge's Answer: 'A! Nature is great... except when squirrels steal my snacks. It's happened more than once.'

5. *If you were an animal, which one would you be?*

- A) A bear – strong, steady, and protective.
- B) A dolphin – playful, creative, and full of energy.
- C) A wolf – bold, confident, and always trusting its instincts.
- D) A horse – free-spirited and deeply connected to others.
- E) A parrot – chatty, expressive, and never afraid to speak up.
- F) An owl – wise, observant, and always thinking ahead.
- G) A butterfly – peaceful, transformative, and in tune with the universe.

Smudge's Answer: 'Definitely B. Squeaky chats, slippery snacks, and underwater acrobats. What's not to like? Unless someone tries to make you wear a tiny hat, I guess.'

* * *

Results: Match Your Answers to Your Dominant Chakra

Smudge scanned the next page and squinted.

'Count my answers? Alright... seems simple enough.'

He read on.

'Then check the key to discover my *dominant chakra*?'

'This feels like one of those personality tests that says I'm secretly a carrot.'

Smudge tapped the page, attempted to appear less carrot-like, and continued.

Mostly A's – Root Chakra (Muladhara): You value stability

and security. You might feel most balanced when grounded and connected to the earth.

Mostly B's – Sacral Chakra (Svadhithana): You're creative, emotional, and full of energy.

Mostly C's – Solar Plexus Chakra (Manipura): You're confident and trust your instincts.

Mostly D's – Heart Chakra (Anahata): You're empathetic and deeply connected to others.

Mostly E's – Throat Chakra (Vishuddha): You're a natural leader and communicator.

Mostly F's – Third Eye Chakra (Ajna): You're a thinker and dreamer, always seeking knowledge.

Mostly G's – Crown Chakra (Sahasrara): You're spiritually inclined and seek deeper meaning in life.

* * *

Smudge checked his results. **Mostly A's.**

'Root Chakra, huh?' he muttered. 'Interesting... *very* interesting. How do I find out more?'

'Ah-ha. That's exactly what the next chapter is all about—instructions!' Smudge said, grinning like he'd just cracked the code to the biscuit tin.

Before he'd even read the first word, his mum's voice cut through the quiet.

‘Smudge! Why on earth are you still awake at this time? Bed. Now.’

He glanced up in protest—but one look at her crossed arms told him tonight’s adventure was over... for now.

Activity: What’s Your Most Dominant Chakra?

Looks like it’s bedtime for Smudge... but not for you! You can take the chakra quiz too, and discover which energy centre is your strongest.

Take the Quiz

Go back and answer the quiz questions honestly. Choose the options that feel the most like *you*.

Count Your Answers

Check which letter (A, B, C, etc.) you chose the most. Then, match your results to the chakra descriptions.

Reflect

- Do the results sound like you?
- Does your dominant chakra match how you see yourself?
- Are there any areas where you’d like to feel more balanced?

7

Instructions

The next morning, Smudge woke up on a mission.

Well—more accurately—he woke up tangled in his bedsheets after a dream about being lost in a maze made of sweetsies, but once he'd sorted himself out, he was ready to get started.

Smudge turned the page and found what he'd been hoping for: a simple guide to exploring each chakra, step by step. It wasn't just about where they were or what they looked like—it was about actually *doing* something with them. Feeling them. Drawing them. Living them (or at least giving it a go).

Each chakra has its own chapter, and each chapter goes something like this:

- **Learn about the chakra** – Understand its location, meaning, and associated colour.
- **Practise its lessons** – Try out activities that might connect you with its energy.
- **Draw its symbol** – Use sacred geometry to engage with the chakra's essence.
- **Contemplate and create** – Pause, reflect, and let your

thoughts settle. Then express the chakra's energy through art—whatever feels true to you.

* * *

The book explained that chakra symbols are visual representations of the body's energy centres through **Sacred Geometry**—each with its own meaning, expressed through specific shapes and colours.

The term *Sacred Geometry* caught Smudge's eye. 'Sacred geometry?' he muttered. 'Sounds fancy.'

He nodded. 'I think I might like it... perfect shapes, satisfying angles. Circles in triangles, triangles in squares...'

'It's like there's order just sitting there—everywhere—waiting to be discovered.'

Smudge shut the book with a firm thud.

'Right,' he said, straightening up. 'I'd better go and find my compass...'

Activity: Set Up Your Chakra Drawing Station

Before you begin exploring and drawing the chakra symbols, it's important to get your space—and your tools—ready. A calm, organised workspace will help you focus, stay creative, and enjoy the process.

Take a moment to:

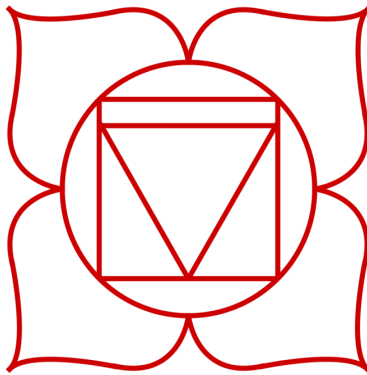
- Choose your space—somewhere quiet where you can spread out, with good light and room to let ideas flow.

- Clear the space and make sure everything is within easy reach and organised.
- Sharpen your pencil, check your compass is working smoothly, and pick out the colours that speak to you.

Welcome to your studio of possibility—a place and space for creativity, connection, and maybe even a little magic.

Ready? Let's begin.

Root Chakra



Smudge flipped to the next chapter of the Chakra Book and read the title aloud:

'The Root Chakra: Grounding and Stability.'

'Root Chakra, eh?' Smudge muttered, scratching his head.

'Sounds like it's about plants... or feet... or maybe planting your feet?'

He read on, learning that the Root Chakra was also called *Muladhara*—a Sanskrit word meaning ‘root support.’

What’s Sanskrit? Smudge thought.

Well, that was lucky because the book explained:

‘Sanskrit is an ancient language from India, used in many spiritual texts and teachings.’

So, in Sanskrit, ‘mula’ means ‘root’, and ‘dhara’ means ‘support’—hence, *root support*.

That made sense—roots keep things from toppling over, after all.

Ever tried pushing over a tree? Smudge had.

Spoiler: Trees don’t budge.

Anyway, the Root Chakra is located at the base of the spine and is all about feeling grounded, stable, and secure. Its colour is red, and its symbol is a triangle, inside a square inside a circle.

‘Hmm,’ Smudge said, tapping his chin. ‘Grounding. Stability. Security...’

Just then, his mum called from downstairs. ‘Smudge! Tea’s ready!’

Smudge closed the book and headed down, his mind buzzing with thoughts of roots and foundations. Whatever came next, though, would have to wait until tomorrow.

* * *

The next morning, Smudge decided to start small. He was going to ground himself, just like the book said. He started by standing barefoot in the garden, wiggling his toes in the grass.

‘Feel the earth beneath your feet,’ he said, mimicking the book’s instructions. ‘Imagine roots growing from your feet, anchoring you to the ground.’

He closed his eyes and concentrated. For a moment, he almost felt it—a sense of calm, of stability. Then he heard a rustling sound.

Smudge opened his eyes to find the neighbour's dog, Biscuit, digging a hole right next to him.

'Oi, Biscuit!' Smudge yelped. 'Can't you see I'm trying to become one with the earth?'

Biscuit barked happily, wagging his tail and sending dirt flying everywhere.

Smudge sighed. 'Right. Maybe grounding isn't really for me... or Biscuit.'

* * *

Later that day, Smudge decided to try another approach. The book mentioned that the Root Chakra was associated with the colour red, so he dug out an old red jumper from the back of his wardrobe and put it on.

'There,' he said, striking a pose in the mirror. 'Grounding level: expert,' Smudge announced, giving a self-assured nod to his reflection. The red jumper practically hummed with earthy energy—or was that just static? It was hard to tell. Either way, he took one majestic step backward—

Thump. 'Gah—Whiskers!' His ankle hooked the cat mid-stride, sending him staggering into the dresser.

Whiskers, now safely perched atop the bookshelf, looked at Smudge with disgust. *This is why we can't have nice chakra energy,* she radiated with her own balance and composure.

* * *

Undeterred, Smudge decided to build something—a physical representation of stability. He gathered some bricks from the garden (leftover from the shed incident) and started stacking them into a tower.

‘This is brilliant,’ he said, stepping back to admire his work. ‘Sturdy. Solid. Just like me.’

But as he reached to place the final brick, the tower wobbled a little bit. Smudge froze, holding his breath.

‘Don’t fall, don’t fall, don’t—’

The tower fell.

Bricks tumbled everywhere, narrowly missing Biscuit, who had wandered over to investigate. Luckily, Biscuit didn’t hold grudges.

Smudge groaned, flopping onto the grass. ‘So much for stability.’

* * *

That evening, Smudge sat on his bed, flipping through the Chakra Book again. He felt a bit defeated but also curious. *Why wasn’t this working?*

Then he noticed a line he’d missed earlier: ‘*The Root Chakra isn’t about being totally unshakable—it’s about finding balance, even in the midst of chaos.*’

Smudge blinked. ‘Wait a minute—in the midst of chaos? That’s my speciality!’

He thought about the day’s events—Biscuit, the bricks, Whiskers. It could certainly have gone better, I suppose, but it had also been... fun. And despite the chaos, he felt steady somehow—like the ground beneath him had always been there, supporting him throughout.

‘Maybe that’s what grounding is all about,’ Smudge said to himself, tapping his chin thoughtfully. ‘Maybe it’s about being okay with the wobble and trusting everything will be okay in the end.’

A grin spread across his face. ‘I think I get it!’

Drawing the Symbol

Smudge flipped to the next page in the Chakra Book.

‘Ooh, drawing time!’

He grabbed his sketchbook, flipped to a blank page, and carefully followed the instructions to draw the Root Chakra symbol—a triangle inside a square inside a circle. You can follow along, too.

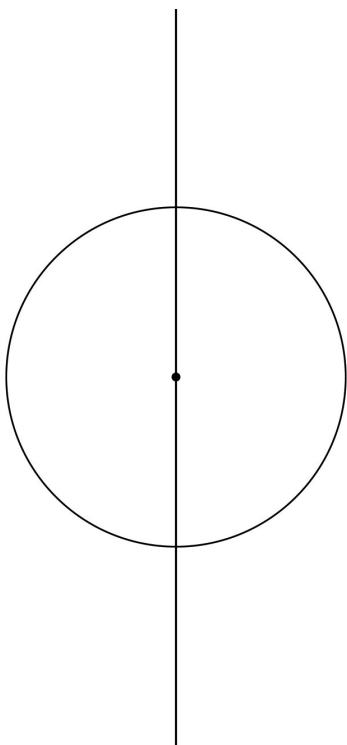
Step One

Draw a vertical line down the middle of the page.

‘Easy,’ Smudge said, ruler in hand. ‘Like a serious spaghetti noodle...’

Now use a compass to draw a circle centred on the line.

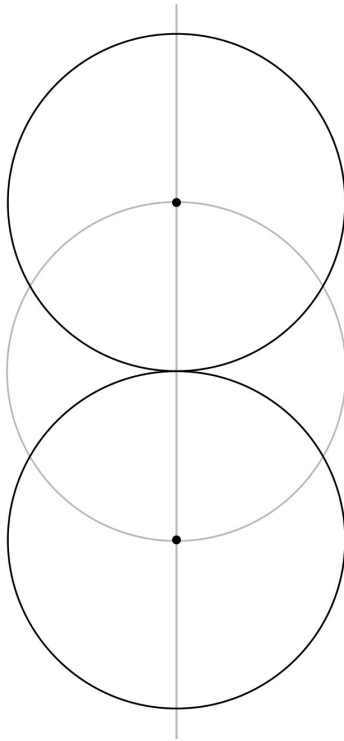
He leaned in, focused. ‘Point here... pencil there... spin!’



Step Two

Now, draw two more circles—one above, one below—using the intersections of the first circle and the line as their centres.

‘Oh, that’s clever,’ Smudge said. ‘Like a stack of pancakes... but sacred.’



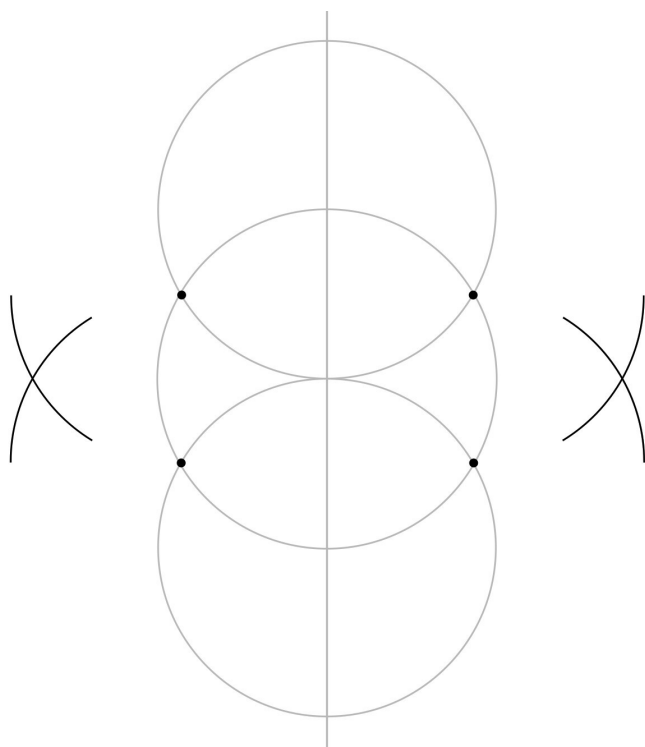
Step Three

Next, you'll need to make a horizontal line.

Smudge paused. 'Hmm. How?'

He read on.

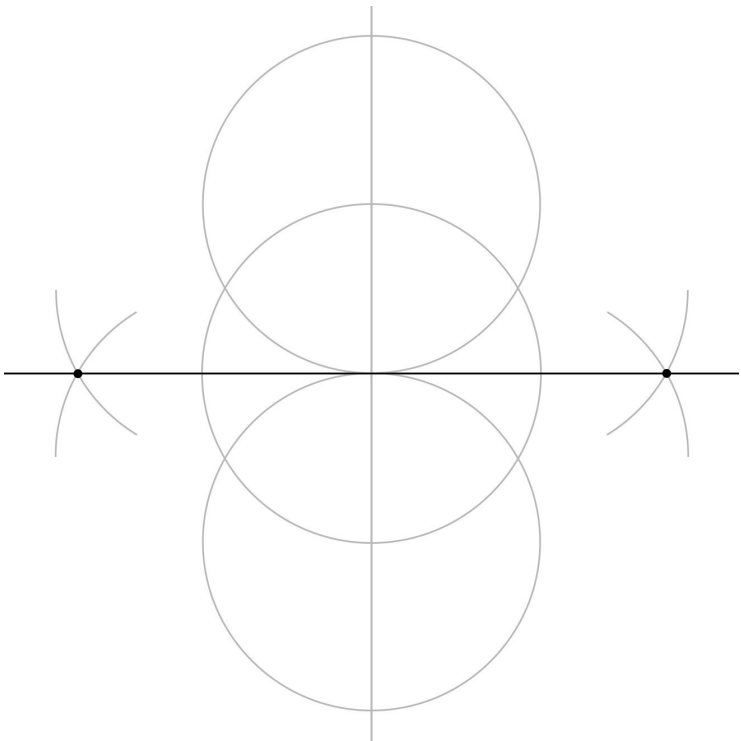
Using the intersections of the circles as centres, draw intersecting **arcs** to the left—and to the right.



Step Four

Use where these arcs cross to draw a straight line across the page—that's your horizontal. It'll slice the first circle right in half.

'Got it! Like a belt across a belly,' he said. 'A chakra bellybelt.'



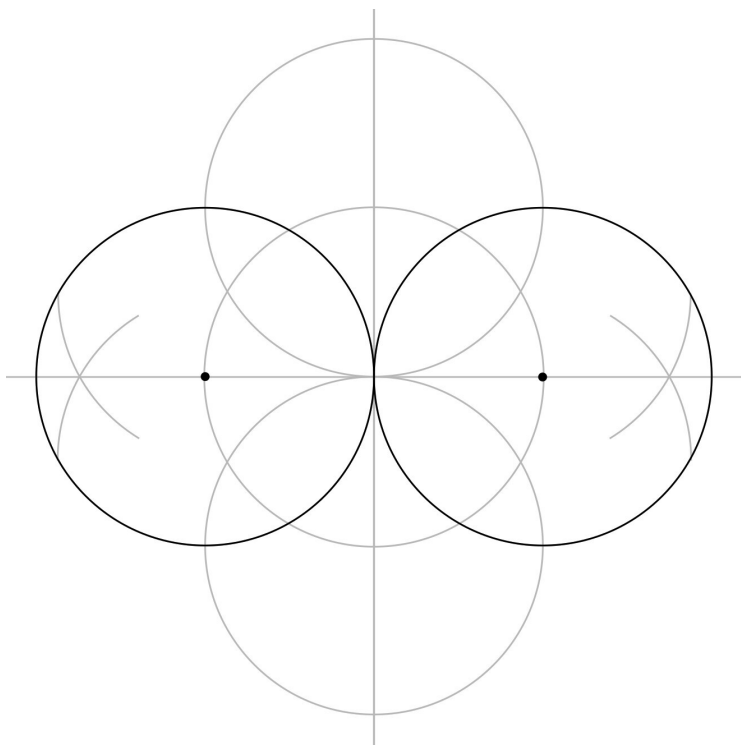
Step Five

Now, draw two new circles centred on the points where the horizontal line intersects the edges of the first circle.

'Okay... right here, and here.'

Smudge double-checked.

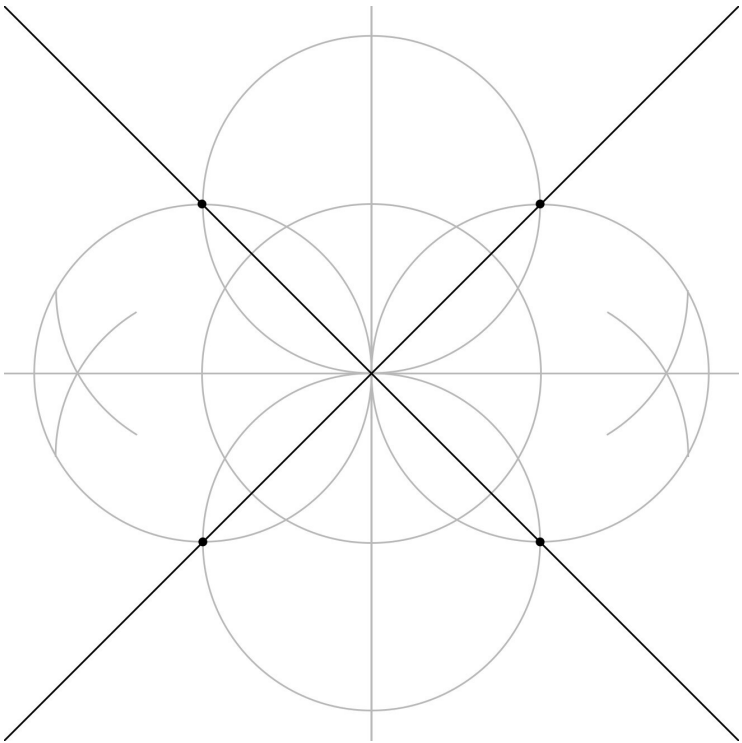
'Nailed it!'



Step Six

Let's slice things into eighths. Draw lines at 45-degree angles using the intersections of the outer circles.

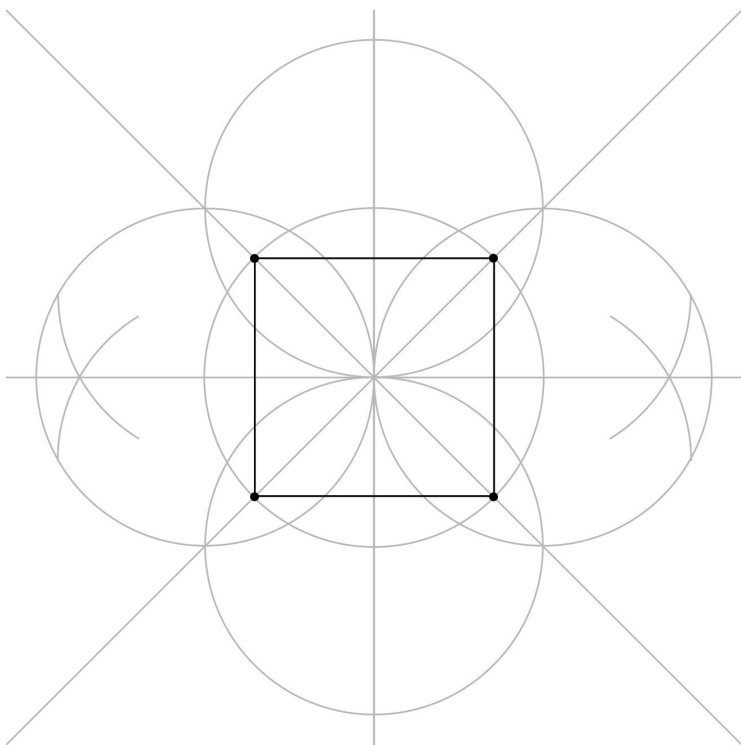
'Diagonal lines... like ninja stars!' Smudge exclaimed, carefully ruling the lines. 'Now it's getting fancy.'



Step Seven

See where those diagonal lines cross the edge of the first circle? Connect those intersections to draw a square inside the circle.

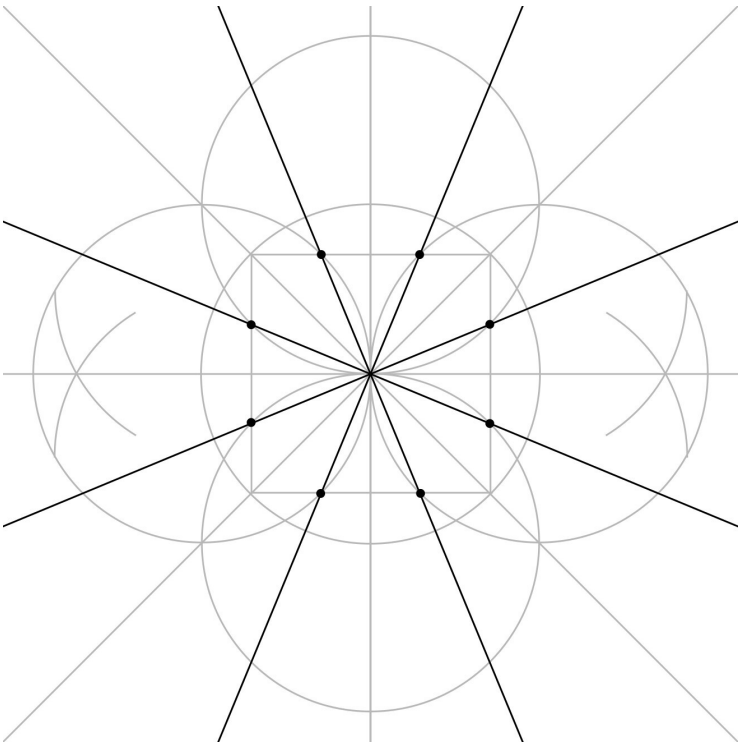
Smudge squinted. 'Square in a circle? That's either very advanced maths... or really cool magic. Probably both.'



Step Eight

See where the circles cross the square's edges? Those are clues. If you line them up just right, they'll divide the big circle into sixteenths.

'Sixteenths?! That's like... double eights!' Smudge said. 'Even more magical!'

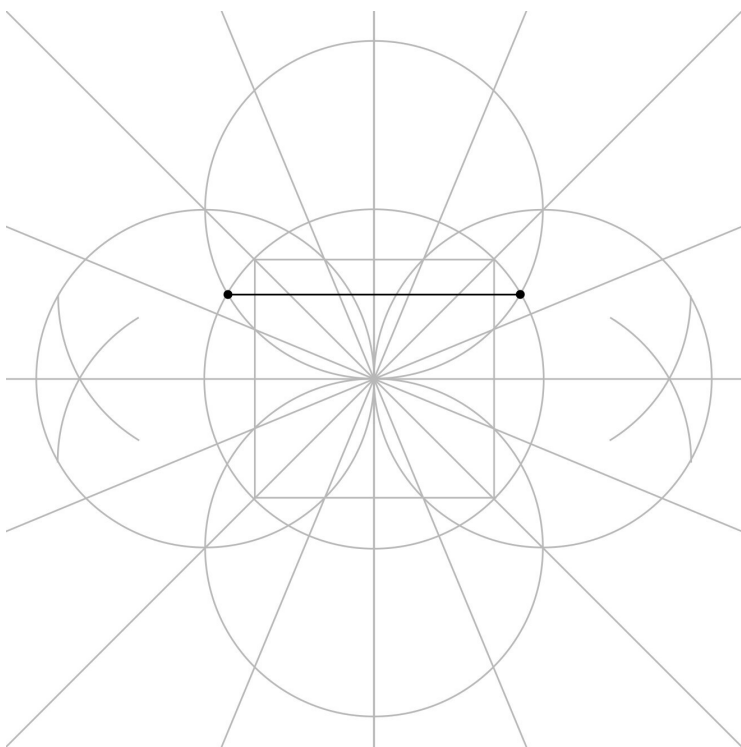


Step Nine

Now for the top of the triangle.

Smudge frowned. 'This part sounds tricky...'

Draw a horizontal line that connects two very specific points—look closely. You'll see them just outside the square—near the top.

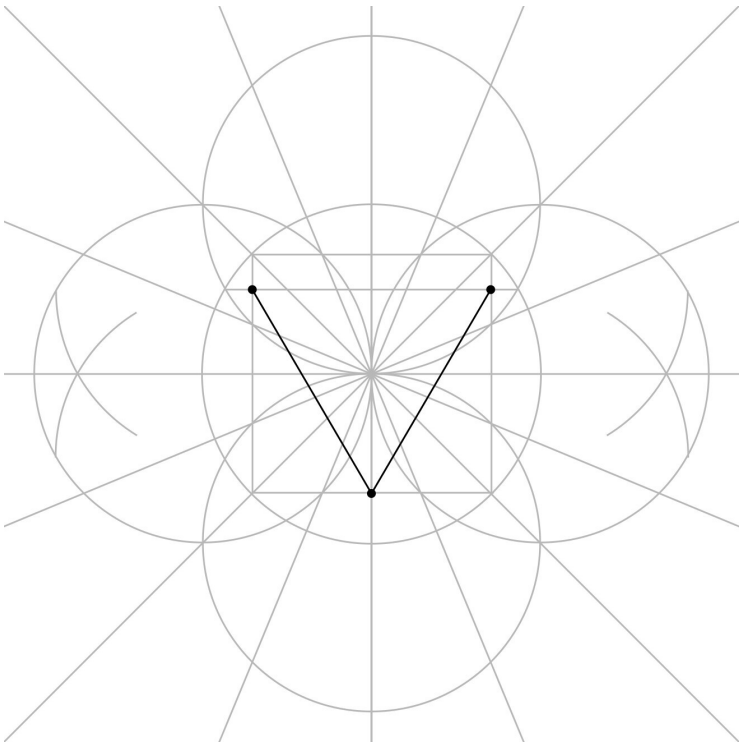


Step Ten

Now it's time for a triangle—a downward-pointing triangle.

Find where the vertical line meets the base of the square.
'That's the bottom point,' Smudge said, marking it.

Connect it to the horizontal line... where it intersects the square.

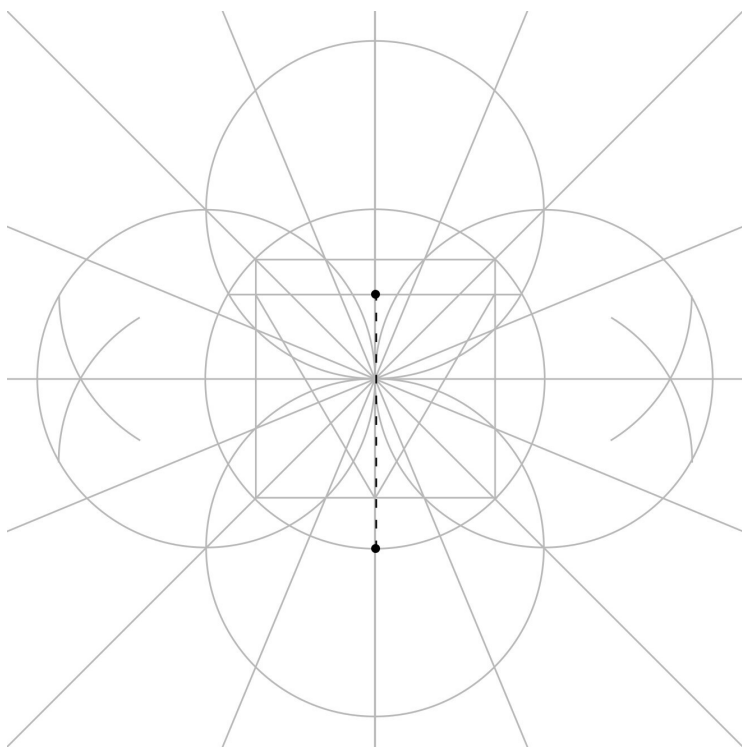


Step Eleven

‘Time for a bigger circle!’

Using the vertical line as a guide, Smudge changed the compass size.

Set it from the top of the triangle to the very bottom of the original circle.

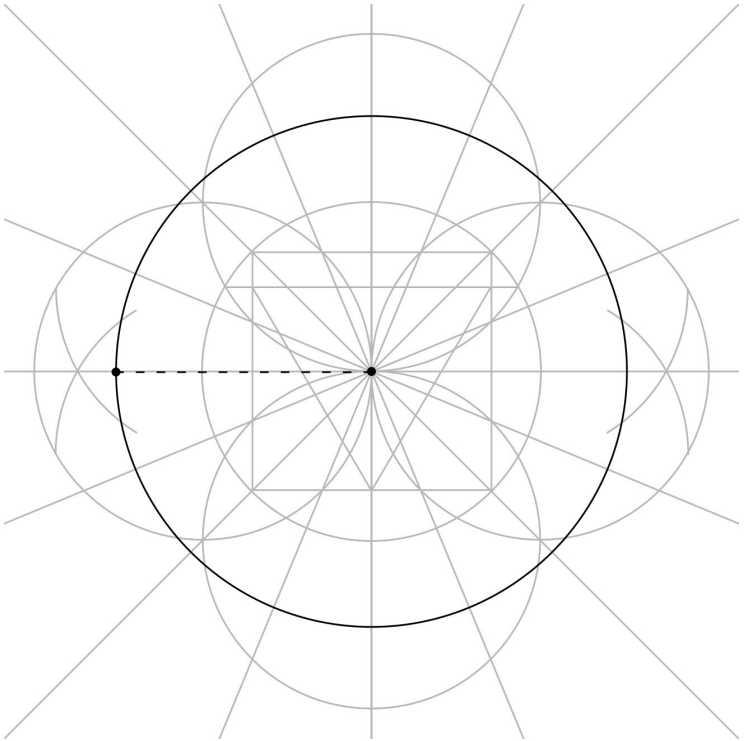


Step Twelve

‘Alright... compass in the centre... steady now...’ Smudge muttered, tongue poking out in concentration.

He spun the pencil in a wide, smooth circle.

‘And voilà! Exactly what we need.’

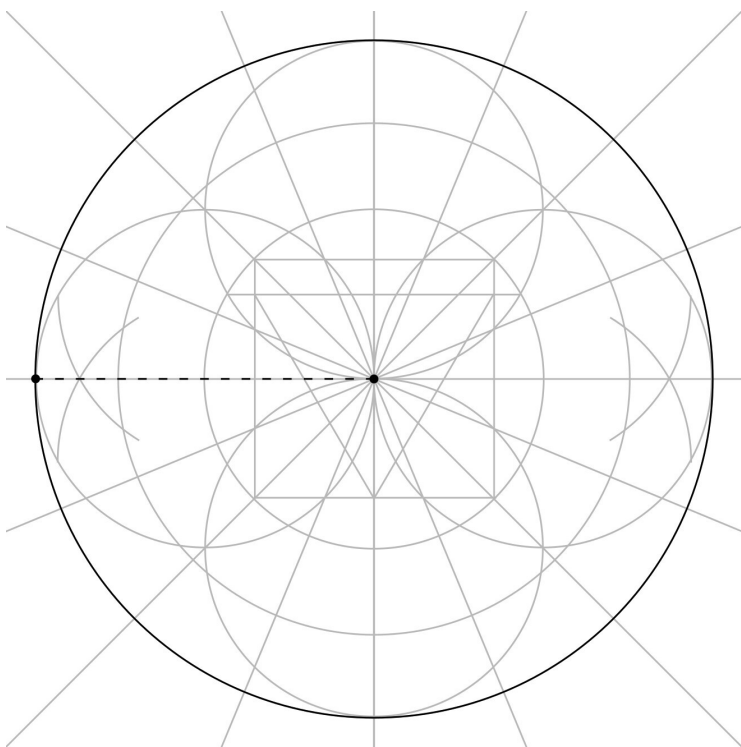


Step Thirteen

Now change the compass size one more time—to reach from the centre to the edges of the outermost circles. Then draw a circle—a biiiig circle.

‘Outer circle coming up!’

‘Done? Brilliant!’

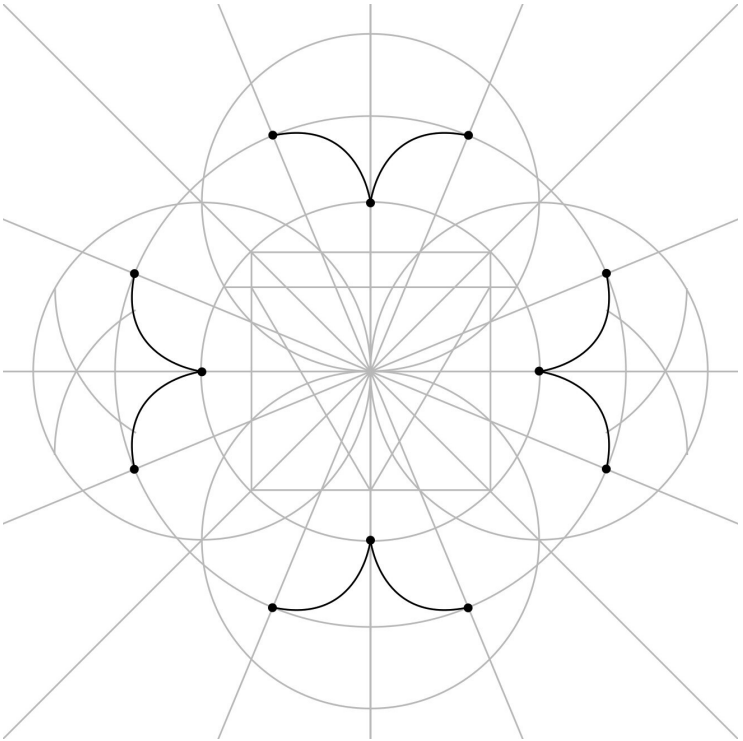


Step Fourteen

Now it's time for the petals.

Draw the base of the petals by hand, using soft, rounded curves between the right points.

'By hand?! Gulp. Better use pencil, just in case I mess up.'



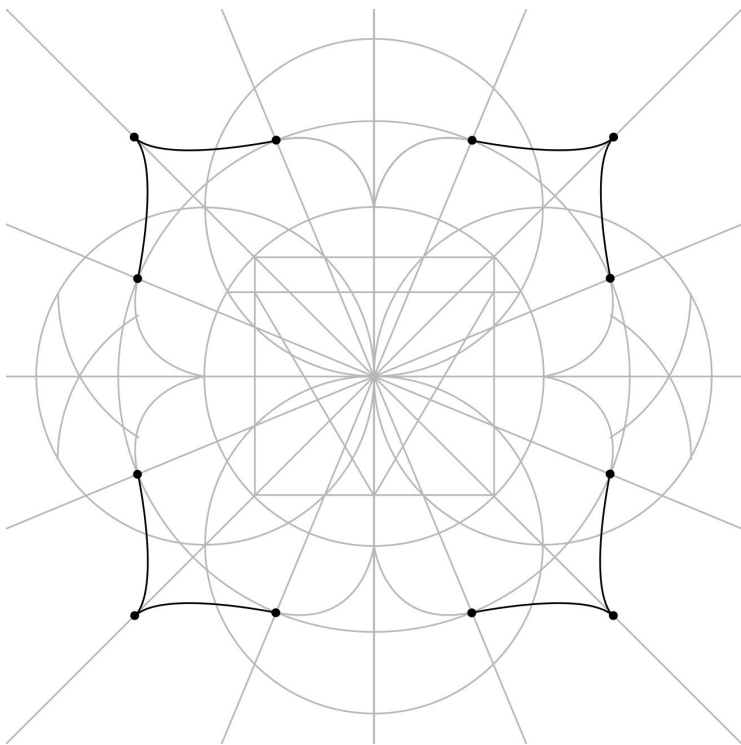
Step Fifteen

Now for the petal tips—curvy too, but with a nice little point at the end.

He leaned in close, drawing carefully. ‘Not too sharp. Just... petally.’

And that’s it!

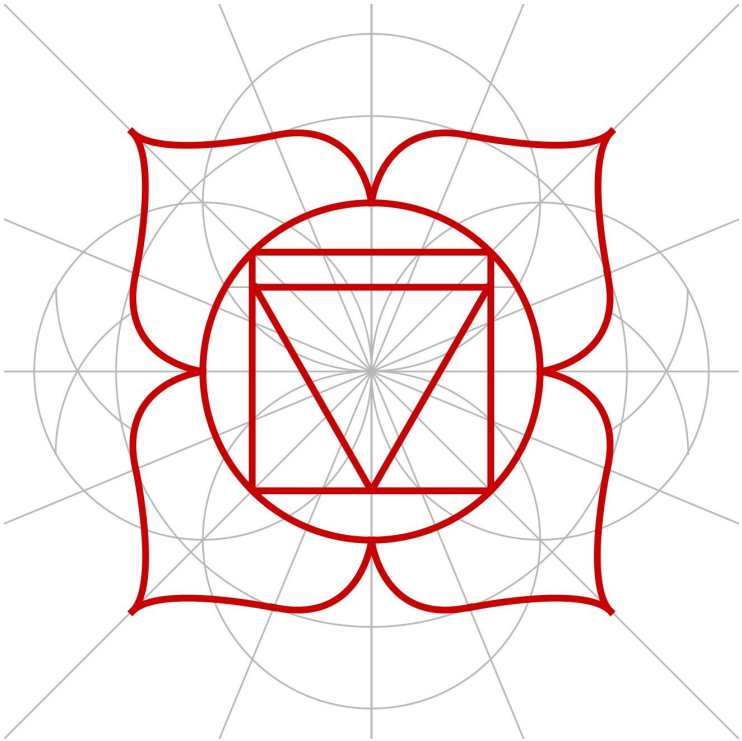
Smudge sat back and admired the design. ‘Well, I’ll be.’



Step Sixteen

‘All I need now is colour. Red. Bold, Root Chakra red. And a thick outline to make it pop.’

Smudge nodded in satisfaction. ‘Well, would you look at that. My root’s never looked so... radiant.’



‘Fantastic,’ Smudge said, holding up the drawing.

Then, because he couldn’t resist, he added a little stick figure of himself standing in the middle of the symbol, waving

enthusiastically. ‘Now it’s my Root Chakra. Grounded, but with flair.’

* * *

The next morning, Smudge woke up feeling different. He wasn’t sure why, but the world seemed a little steadier beneath his feet.

At breakfast, his mum noticed the change. ‘You seem... different,’ she said, sliding a plate of buttered toast across the table. ‘Like you’ve finally found your footing.’

‘Do I?’ Smudge said, grinning. ‘Must be my *Muladhara*.’

His mum raised an eyebrow. ‘Your what now?’

‘Never mind,’ Smudge said, taking a bite of toast.

As soon as he got back to his room, he opened the Chakra Book. For the first time, he felt excited to keep reading.

‘Next up,’ he said, ‘the Sacral Chakra. Let’s see what that’s all about.’

Activity: Draw Your Roots

Start with the basic Root Chakra symbol—a triangle inside a square inside a circle—and make it your own.

Use colours, shapes, and images that make you feel grounded and stable. For example, you might choose earthy tones like deep reds, browns, or greens to represent the Root Chakra’s connection to the earth.

Add symbols of strength and stability, such as mountains, trees, or roots digging deep into the soil. You could also include images that make you feel secure and supported, like a cosy home, a sturdy bridge, or even a favourite pair of well-worn shoes.

Let your creativity flow—this is your chance to explore what grounding means to you!

Reflection

Once you're done, reflect on these questions:

- What does being 'grounded' mean to you?
- How does your drawing reflect that?
- What helps you feel supported when life gets a little wobbly?