



SMUDGE AND THE CHAKRA BOOK

MARK RANDLE



AN INTERACTIVE ADVENTURE IN
SACRED GEOMETRY



MARK RANDLE

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.

To join the 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
- **An eraser** – to refine and perfect

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

And if you enjoy this adventure, there's a whole world waiting. **Sacred Geometry School** is home to stories, drawing activities, creative projects, and more.



sacredgeometryschool.com

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 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

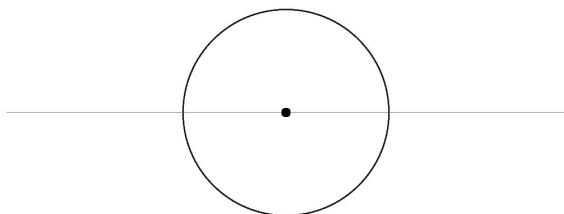
Measure the line and mark the exact middle point.

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!’

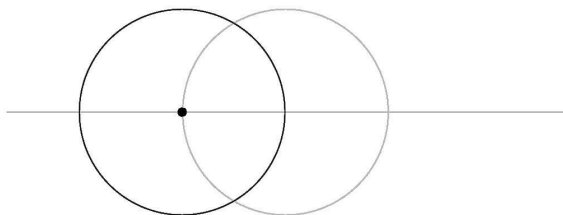
Activity: Triple-Trouble Circles

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.

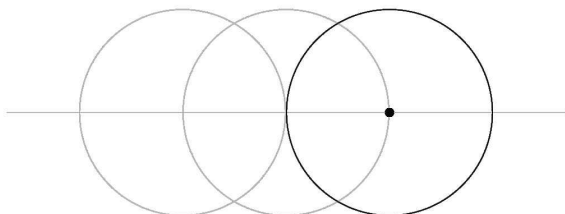
Let’s try building something a bit bigger—three circles, perfectly spaced, all on the same line.

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!

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 share 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.

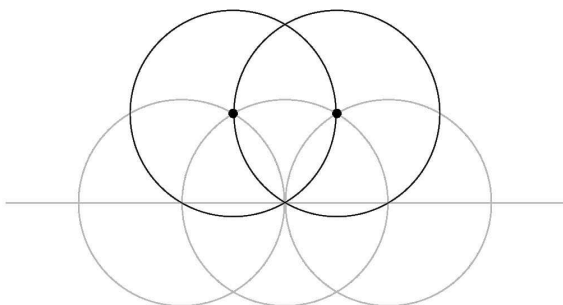
'Huh,' he muttered. 'I wonder what happens if I add more?'

Follow these steps to see what Smudge discovered:

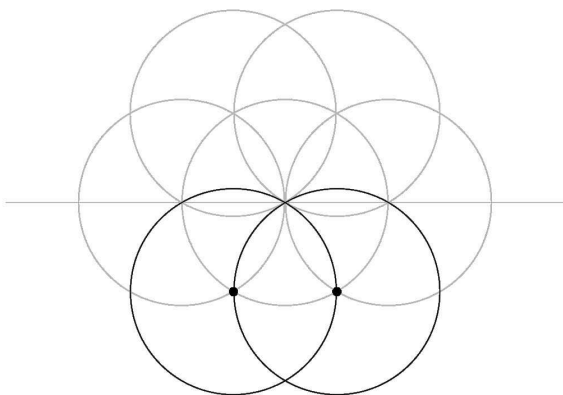
Find the top intersection points

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.

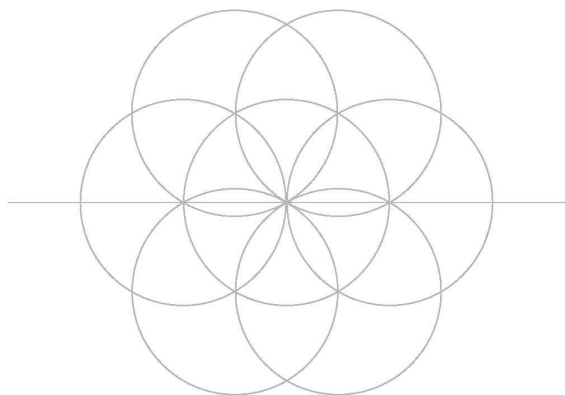


Now find the same spots below, and draw another two circles.



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?

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:

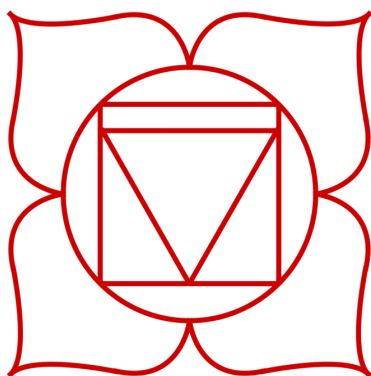
- Choose your space—somewhere quiet where you can spread out, with good light and room to let ideas flow.

- 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.

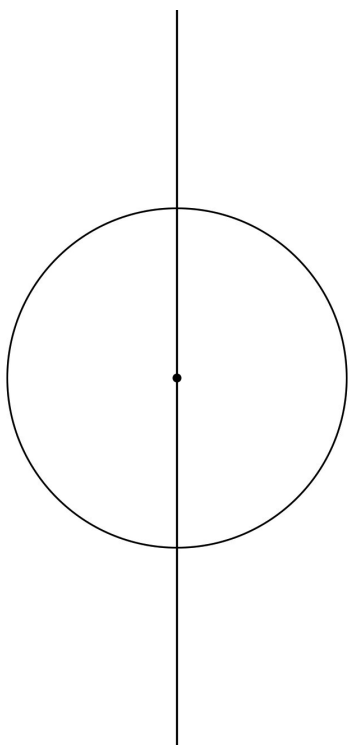
Step One

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!’

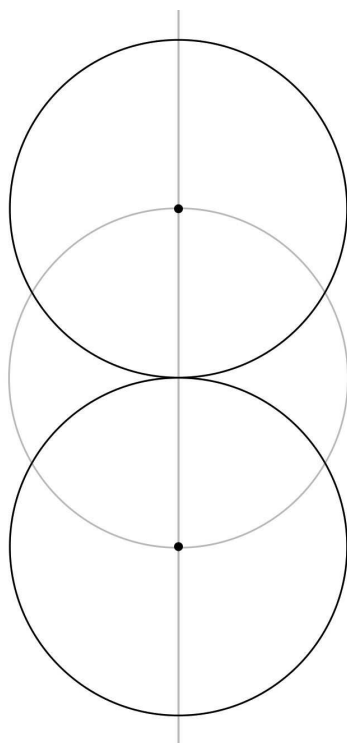


Step Two

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.’

ROOT CHAKRA



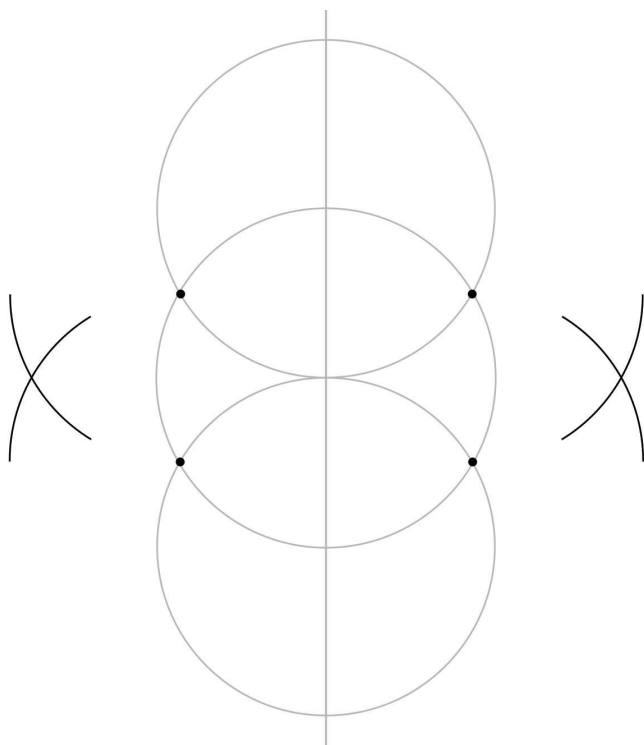
Step Three

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.

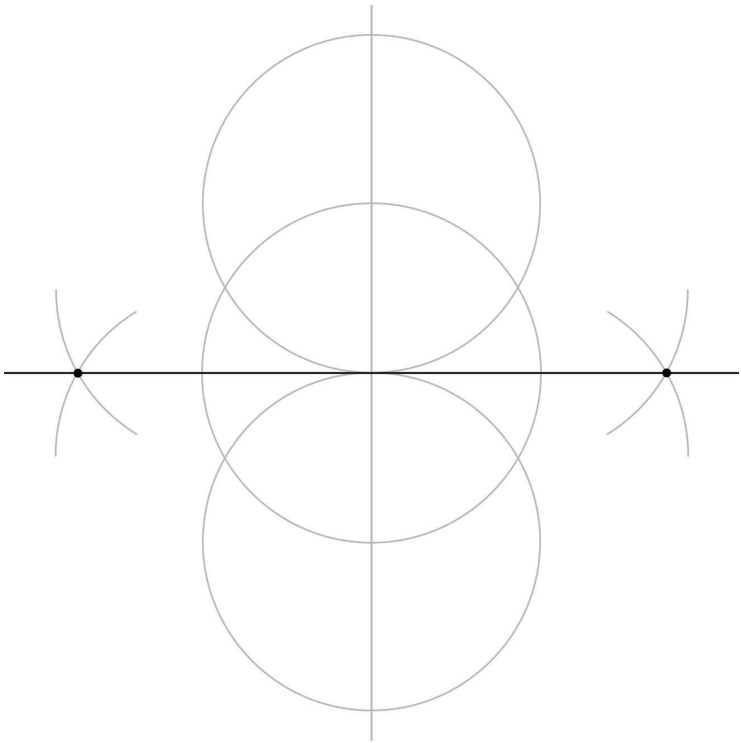


Step Four

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.'

ROOT CHAKRA



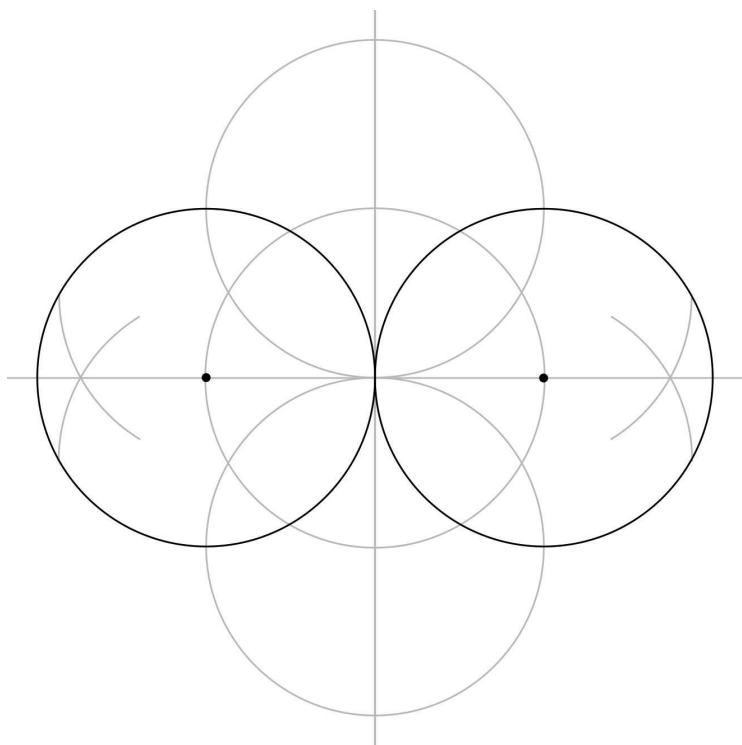
Step Five

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!’

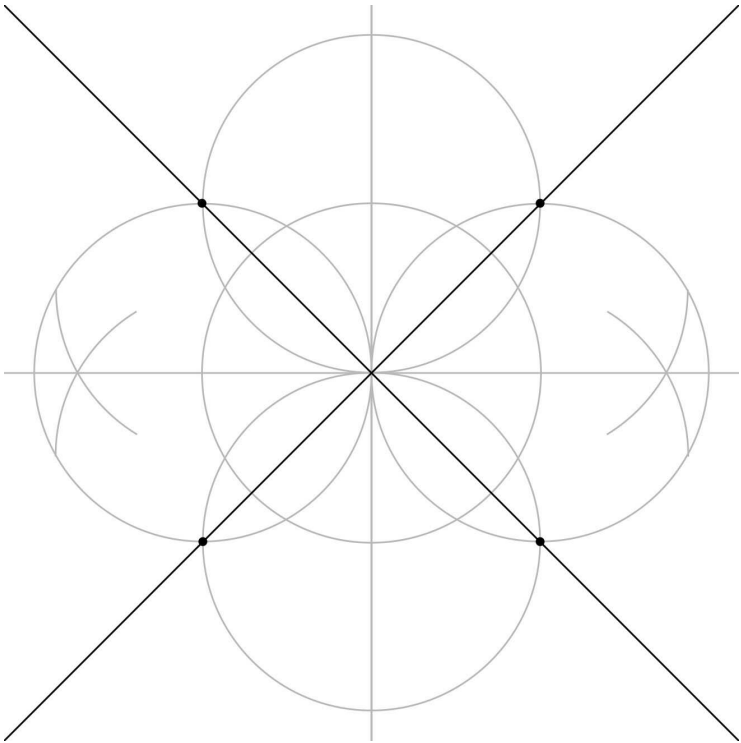


Step Six

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.'

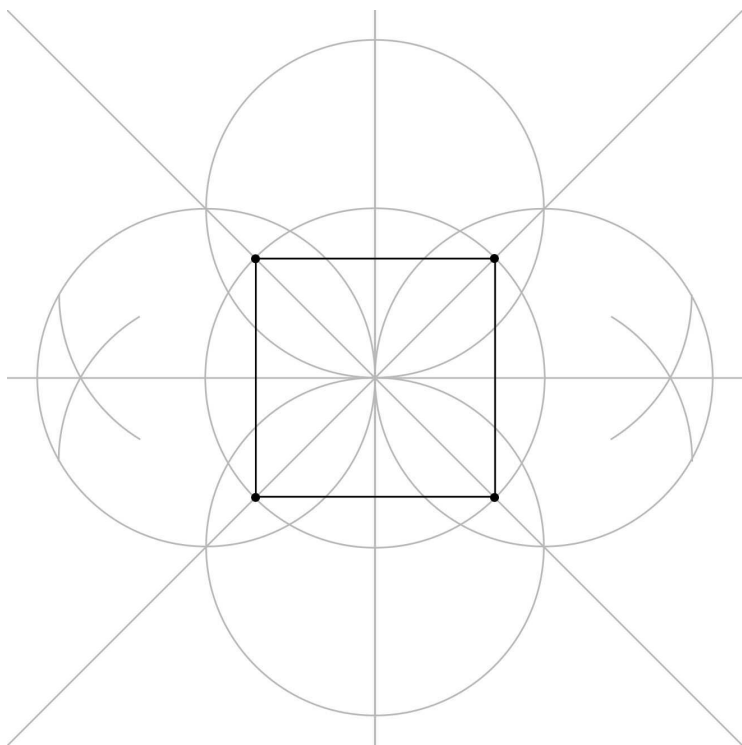
ROOT CHAKRA



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.'

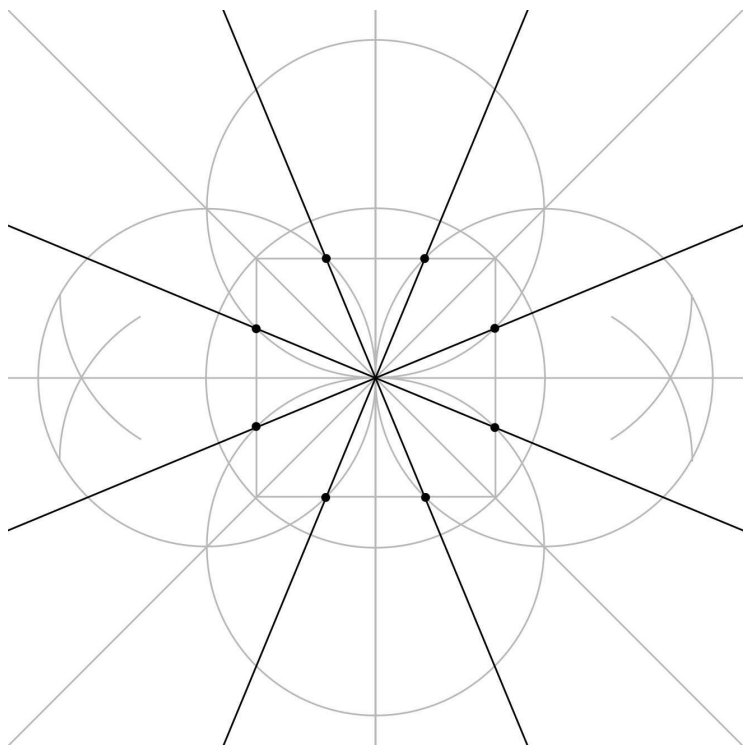


Step Eight

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!'

ROOT CHAKRA

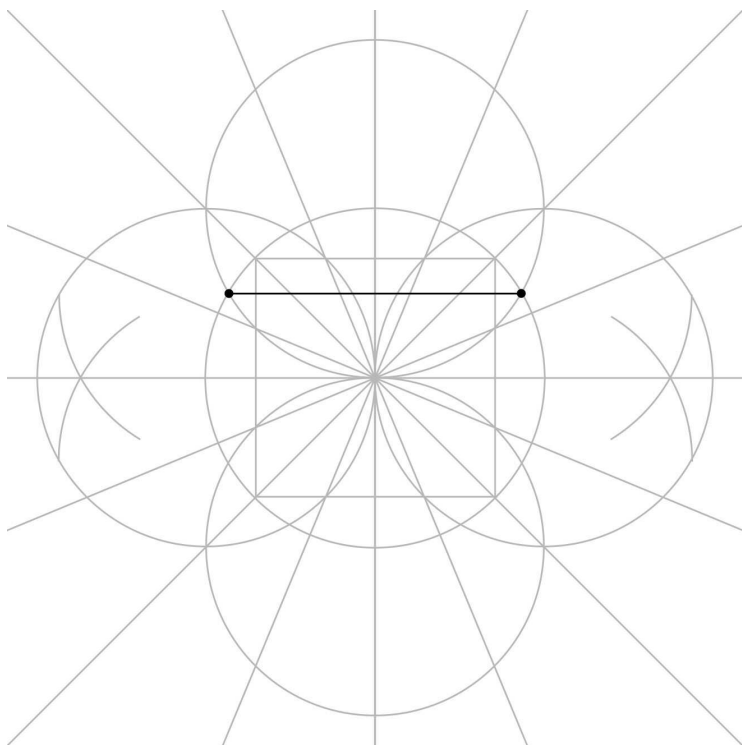


Step Nine

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.



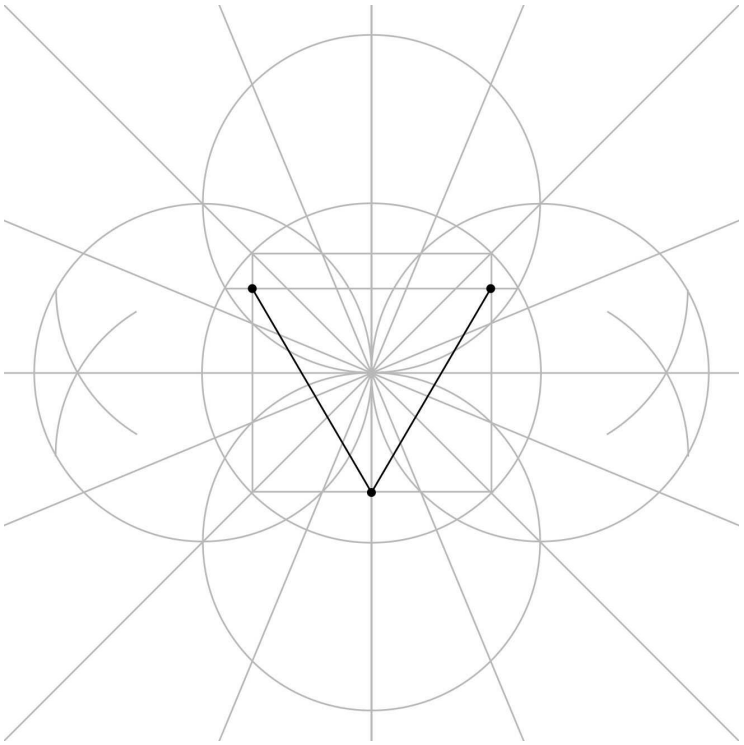
Step Ten

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.

ROOT CHAKRA

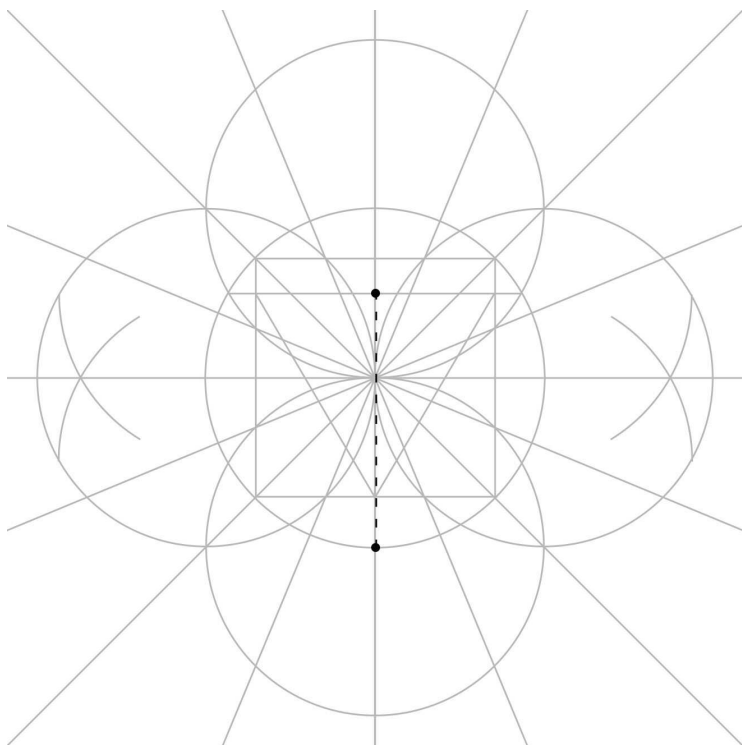


Step Eleven

‘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.



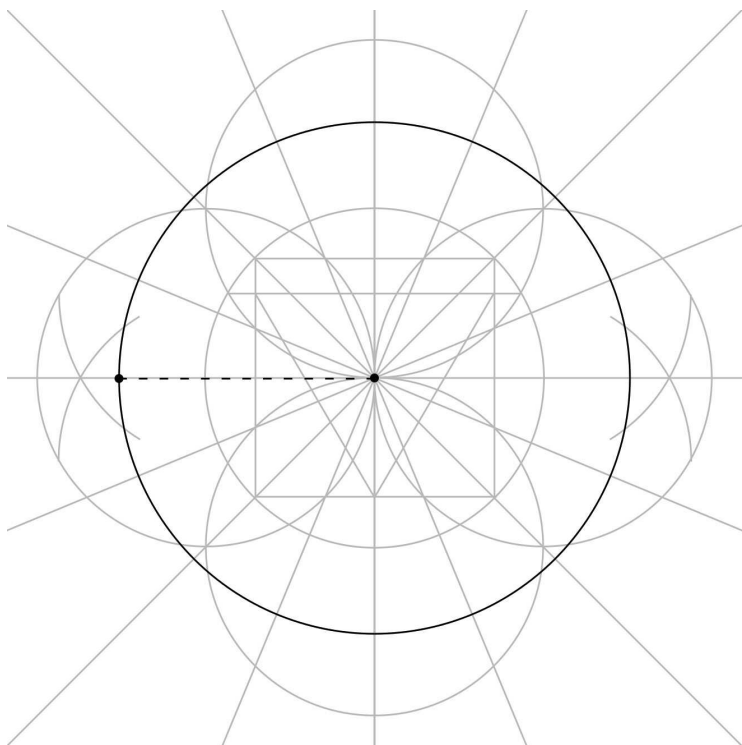
Step Twelve

‘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.’

ROOT CHAKRA

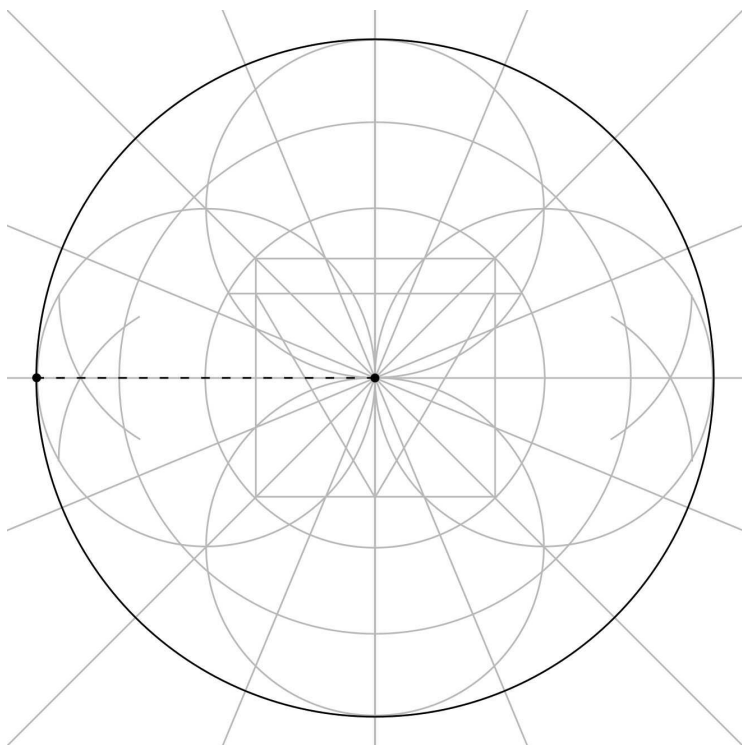


Step Thirteen

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!’



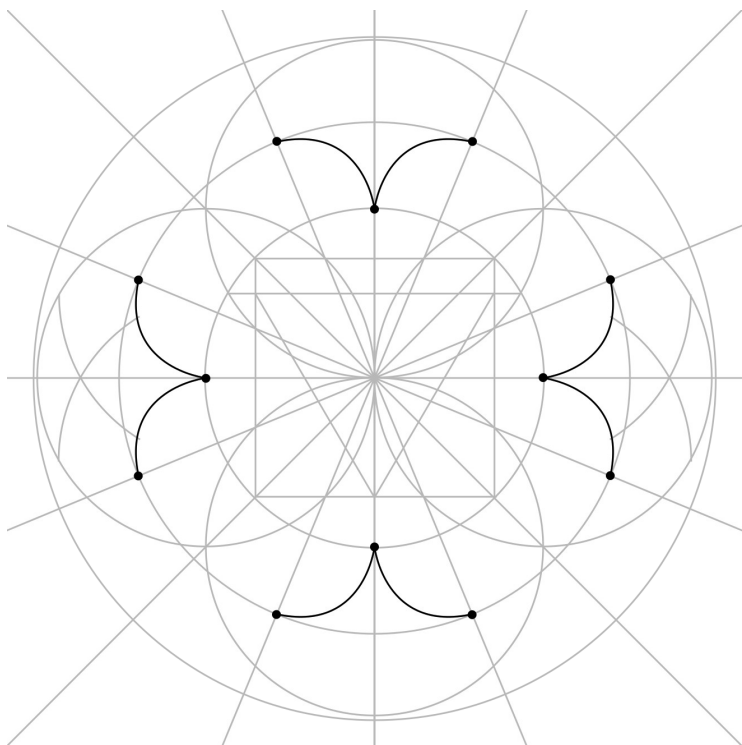
Step Fourteen

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.'

ROOT CHAKRA



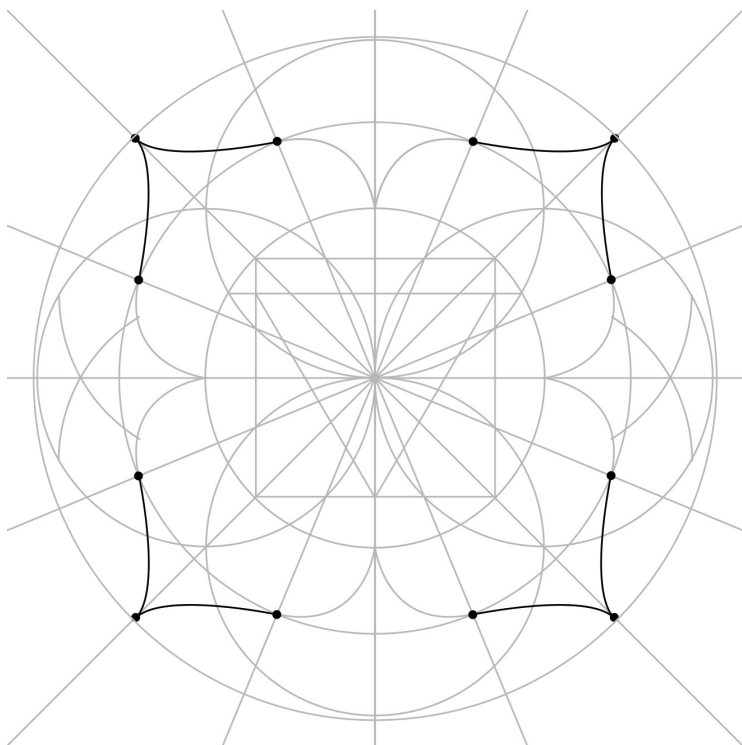
Step Fifteen

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.’

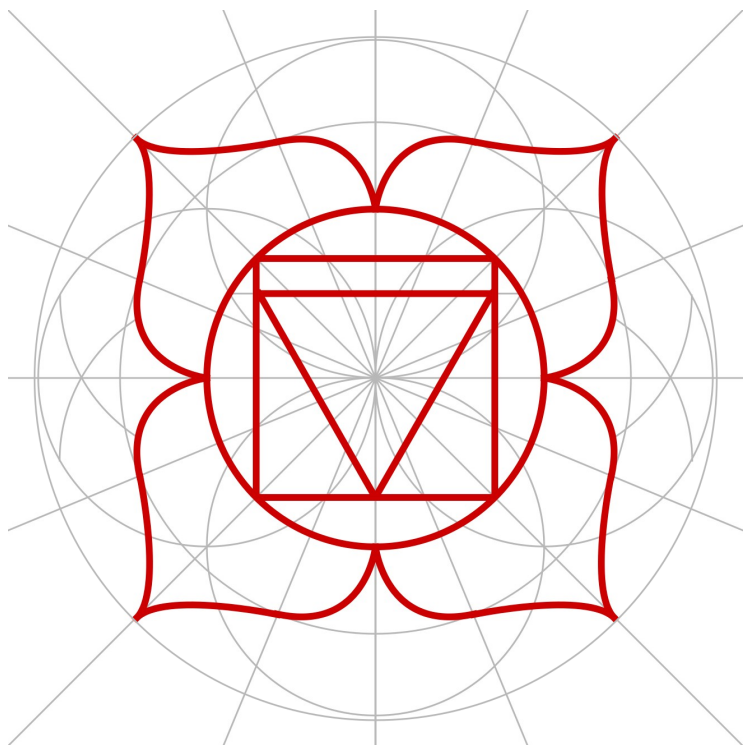


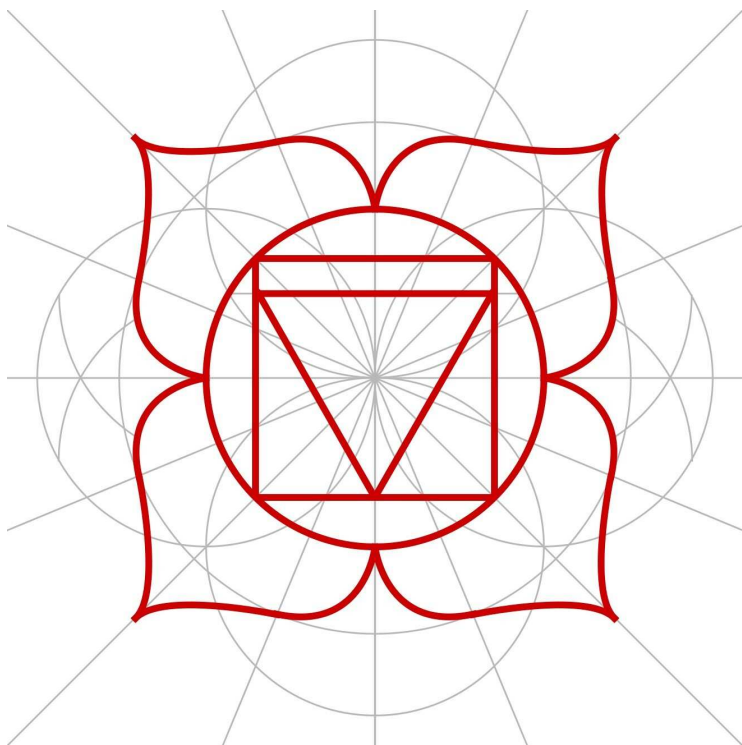
Step Sixteen

‘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.’

ROOT CHAKRA





‘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!

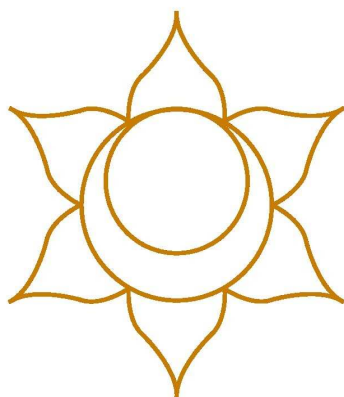
Reflection

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?

Sacral Chakra



With the Root Chakra under his belt (sort of), Smudge was ready to tackle the next challenge: the Sacral Chakra, or *Svadhithana*. He flipped to the next chapter of the Chakra Book and read the title aloud:

‘The Sacral Chakra: Unlocking Your Creative Flow.’

‘Creative flow, eh?’ Smudge mused, scratching his nose.

‘Sounds like something to do with paint. Or maybe rivers. Or maybe rivers of paint?’

It also mentioned that *Svadhithana* was a Sanskrit word meaning ‘one’s own place’ or ‘sweet abode.’

Smudge raised an eyebrow. ‘Sweet abode? Sounds cosy. Like a beanbag for your soul.’

The book explained that the Sacral Chakra is located just below the navel (a fancy word for bellybutton) and was all about creativity, emotions, and relationships. Its colour is orange, and its symbol is a six-petalled lotus.

‘Orange,’ Smudge muttered, glancing around his room. ‘I don’t think I own anything orange.’

Then he remembered the old traffic cone he’d ‘borrowed’ from a roadworks site last summer. It was sitting in the corner of his room, covered in dust.

‘Perfect,’ Smudge declared, dragging it over to his bed.

‘Now I’m ready to get creative,’ he said, as he balanced the cone on his head like a wizard hat.

* * *

Smudge decided to start small. The book said that the Sacral Chakra was connected to emotions, so he thought he’d try expressing himself through art. He dug out some old paints and a canvas, then set up a makeshift studio in the garden—pausing occasionally to adjust his cone.

‘Right,’ he said, dipping his paintbrush into a pot of orange paint. ‘Let’s see where this takes me.’

He started painting, letting his emotions guide his hand. At first, it was just a blob of orange. Then he added some yellow. Then some red. Before he knew it, the canvas was covered in

swirling, vibrant colours.

‘This is brilliant,’ Smudge said, stepping back to admire his work. ‘Someone call the art galleries—I’ve arrived.’

Just then, though, Biscuit the dog wandered over, wagging his tail. Before Smudge could stop him, Biscuit jumped up and planted a paw right in the middle of the painting—SPLAT!

‘Biscuit!’ Smudge yelped. ‘That’s my masterpiece!’

Biscuit barked happily, leaving a trail of orange paw prints across the garden.

* * *

Undeterred, Smudge decided to try another approach. The book mentioned that the Sacral Chakra was also about relationships, so he thought he’d practise by bonding with Biscuit.

‘Right, Biscuit,’ Smudge said, holding out an actual biscuit (the edible kind). ‘Let’s see if we can connect.’

Biscuit sniffed the biscuit, licked it once, then snatched it from Smudge’s hand and bolted.

‘Oi!’ Smudge shouted, chasing after him. ‘We’re supposed to be bonding, not running!’

The chase led them through the garden, around the shed, and into the neighbour’s yard, where Biscuit finally stopped to devour his prize. Smudge, out of breath, collapsed onto the grass—his traffic-cone hat now missing in action.

‘I see,’ said Smudge. ‘Dogs: 1, Relationships: 0.’

* * *

That evening, Smudge sat on his bed, flipping through the Chakra Book again. He felt a bit frustrated but also curious. *Why*

wasn't this working?

Then he noticed a line he'd missed earlier:

'The Sacral Chakra isn't about the perfect creation. It's about letting go and allowing your creativity and emotions to flow freely... even if it gets messy.'

Smudge blinked. 'Wait a minute. Messy? That's my special-ity!'

He thought about the day's events—the painting, the dog, the chase. It hadn't gone well, admittedly, but it had also been... fun. And despite the mess, he didn't feel so bad about it—like whatever was meant to be, would be.

'Maybe that's what creativity is all about,' Smudge mused. 'Maybe it's about enjoying the ride and seeing where it takes me.'

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

Drawing the Symbol

Smudge flipped to the next page in the Chakra Book and rubbed his hands together like an overexcited raccoon.

'Ooh, more drawing! What geometric marvel awaits today?'

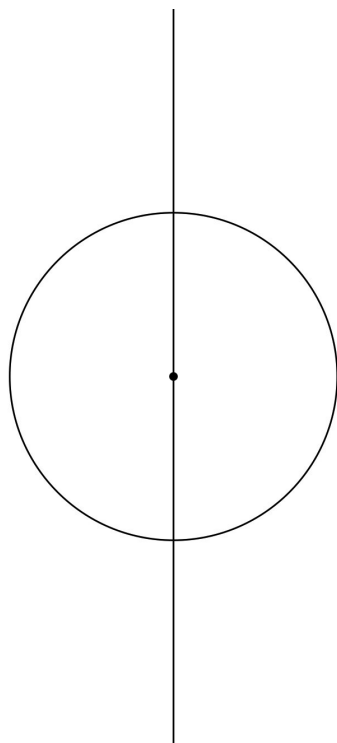
He reached for his sketchbook, turned to a fresh page (after admiring a doodle of himself riding a comet), and leaned in. This time, the instructions were for the Sacral Chakra.

Step One

Draw a vertical line, with a medium-sized circle centred on it... again!

'Oh yes—familiarity,' Smudge nodded. 'I do like that. No

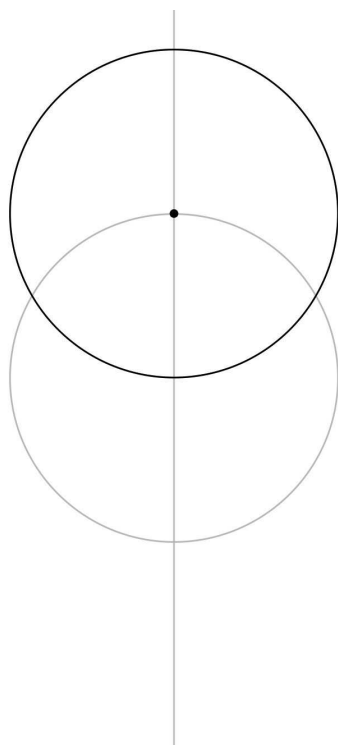
surprises yet!’



Step Two

Now, another circle—same size—centred right where the top of the first one crosses the line.

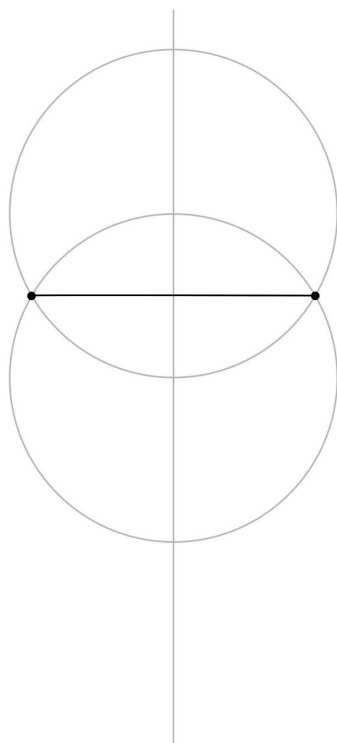
‘Got it,’ he said. ‘Just stack it on top like a scoop of ice cream... a nice, round scoop.’



Step Three

Draw a horizontal line across the intersections of the first two circles.

‘Simple enough, Smudgy,’ he muttered. ‘Like slicing a sandwich in half. Mmm, sandwiches...’

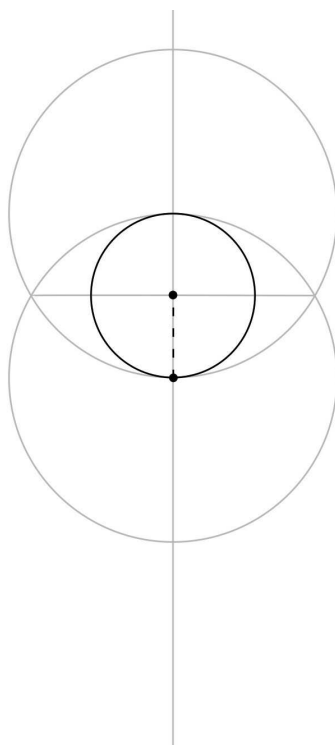


Step Four

Next—ooh!—a new compass size.

Use the intersection of the lines as your centre. Now set the compass so a little circle fits snugly in the space where the circles overlap. Then—*ta-da!*—draw your mini diddy circle.

‘Aww, look at that! It’s adorable.’

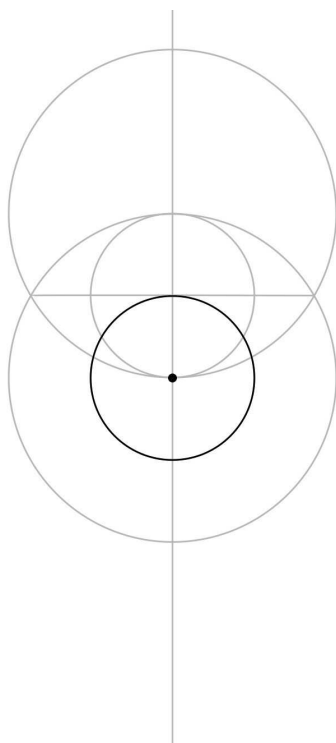


Step Five

Keep that compass setting, and draw another circle down below—centred where the vertical line crosses the bottom edge of the diddy circle.

‘A little twin! Hello, down there,’ Smudge grinned.

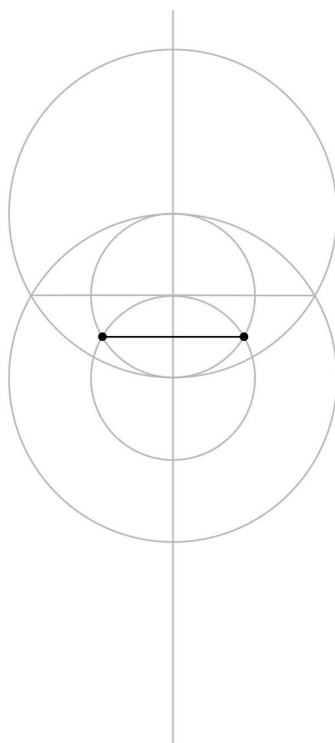
SACRAL CHAKRA



Step Six

Draw a horizontal line through where *those* two tiny circles intersect.

‘Déjà vu, anyone? A baby version of before.’



Step Seven

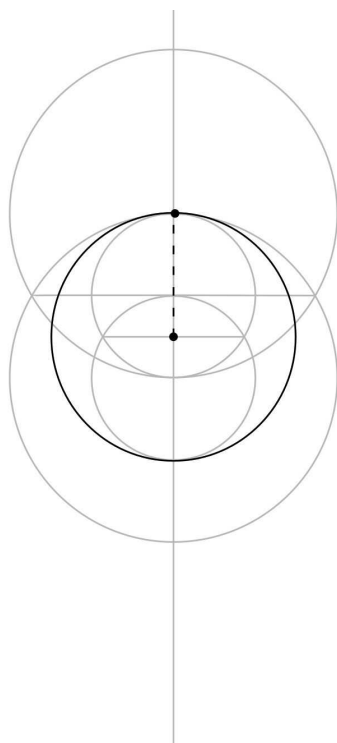
Now—another new compass setting.

‘Another one?!’

‘Yes, Smudge, another one,’ he told himself. ‘Relax. You’re practically a compass wizard now.’

Set it from the middle of the new horizontal line to the top of the first big circle. That’s your new radius.

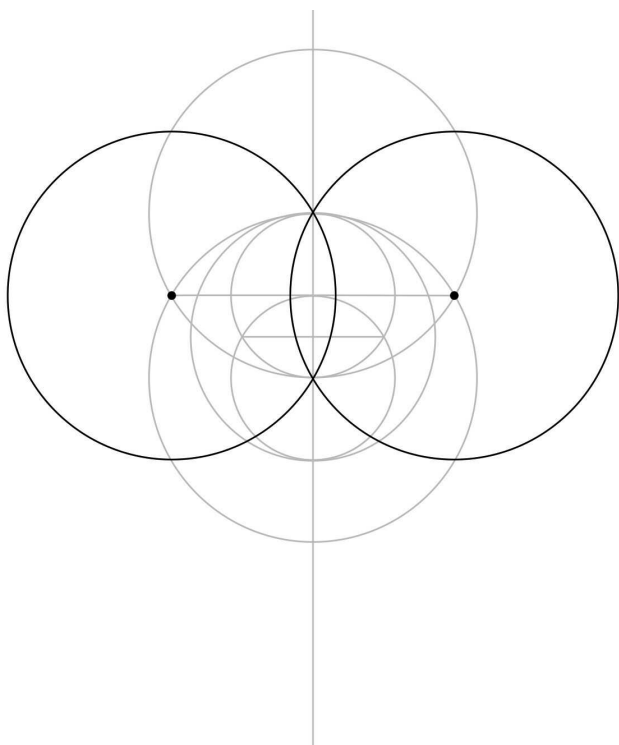
‘Okay, middle of new line: check. Compass distance: check. Deep breath... and draw!’



Step Eight

Now, pause and switch the compass back to the size of the very first circle—the *very, very* first one.

Use the intersections of the first two big circles to centre and draw two more circles.



Step Nine

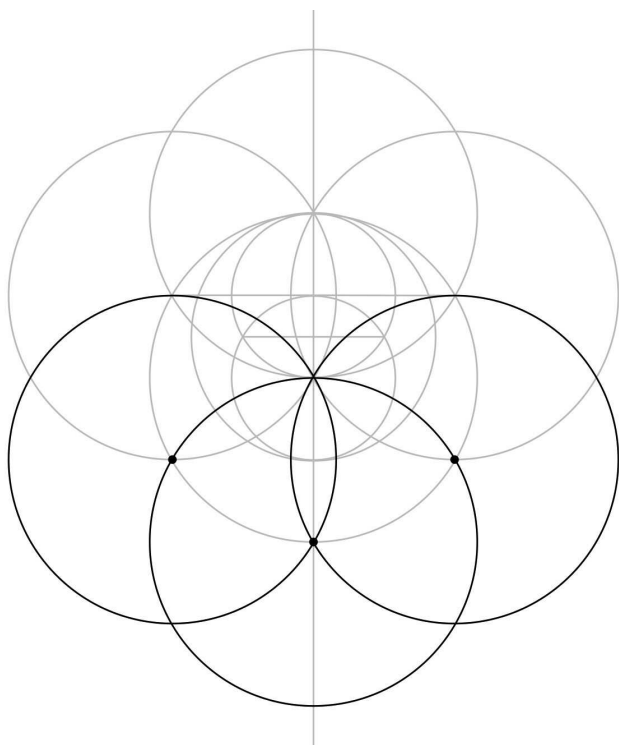
Draw another two circles where *those* circles intersect the bottom one.

‘Coming right up, sir!’ Smudge gave a crisp salute.

And **one more** where *those* two circles intersect...

‘Whoa! A whole ring of them!’ Smudge gasped. ‘Full circle!’

SACRAL CHAKRA

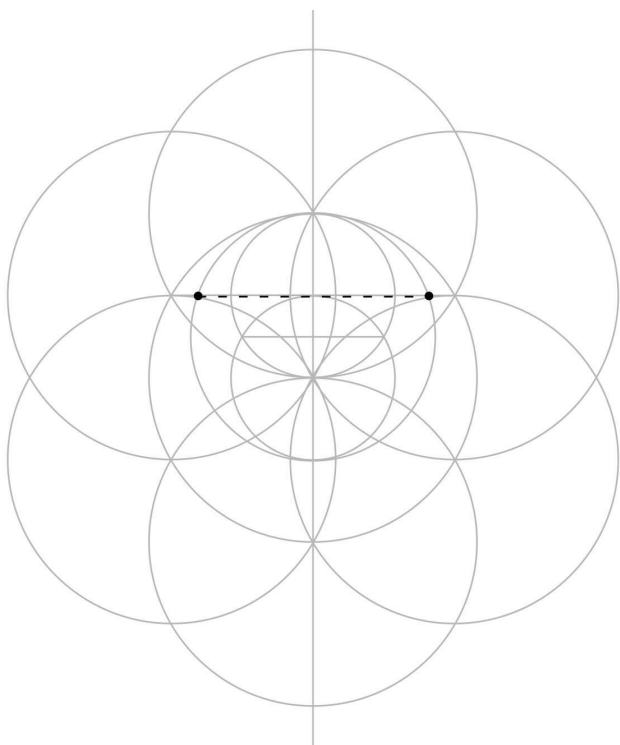


Step Ten

Now... change your compass distance one last time.

Use this distance here—don't draw anything yet! Just get the measure.

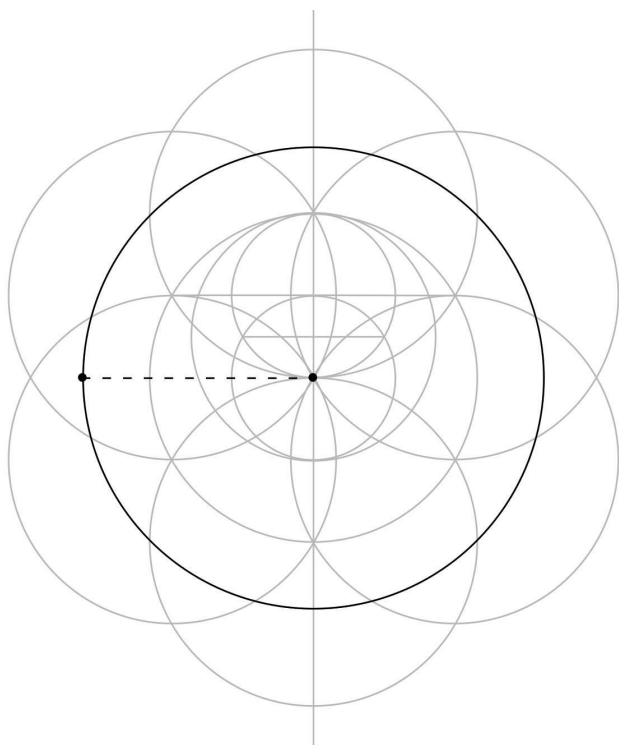
'Boom. Locked in.'



Step Eleven

Using this new size, draw a new circle, right in the centre. Big, round, and proud.

‘Lovely.’



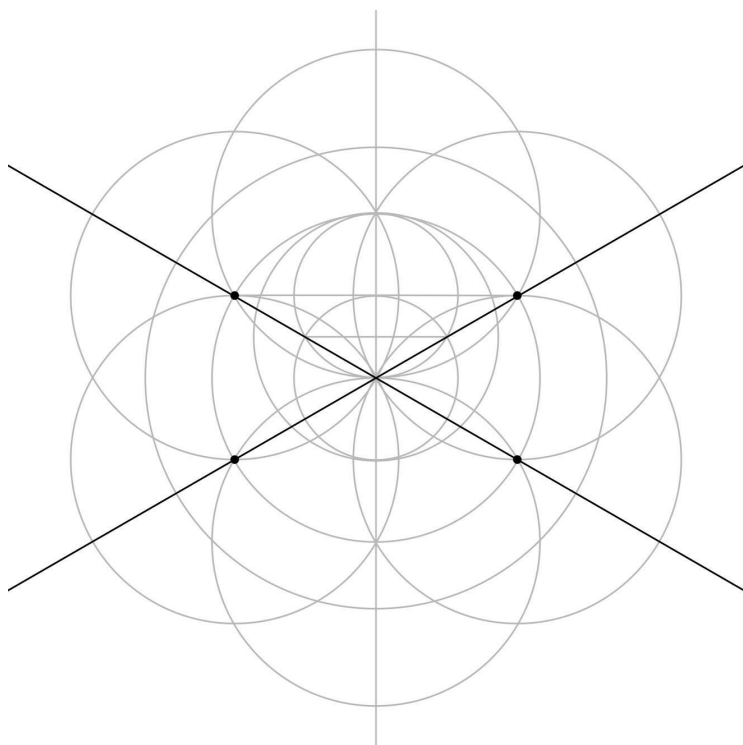
Step Twelve

Time for diagonals!

You'll need two nice, precise-slanted lines.

'Which intersections do I use?' Smudge asked the page as if it were a friend.

'Look closely, Smudge. Eyes sharp. Pay attention.'

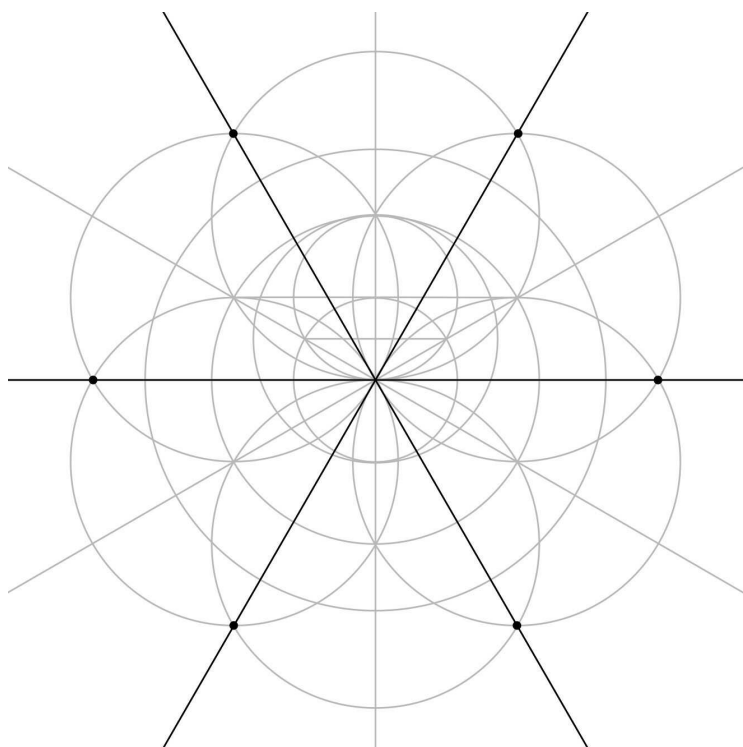


Step Thirteen

Two more diagonals... and one horizontal.

Where? Yep, you guessed it—more intersections.

‘I’m starting to think intersections are bossy little things,’ he muttered. ‘They’re very useful, though, so I forgive them.’

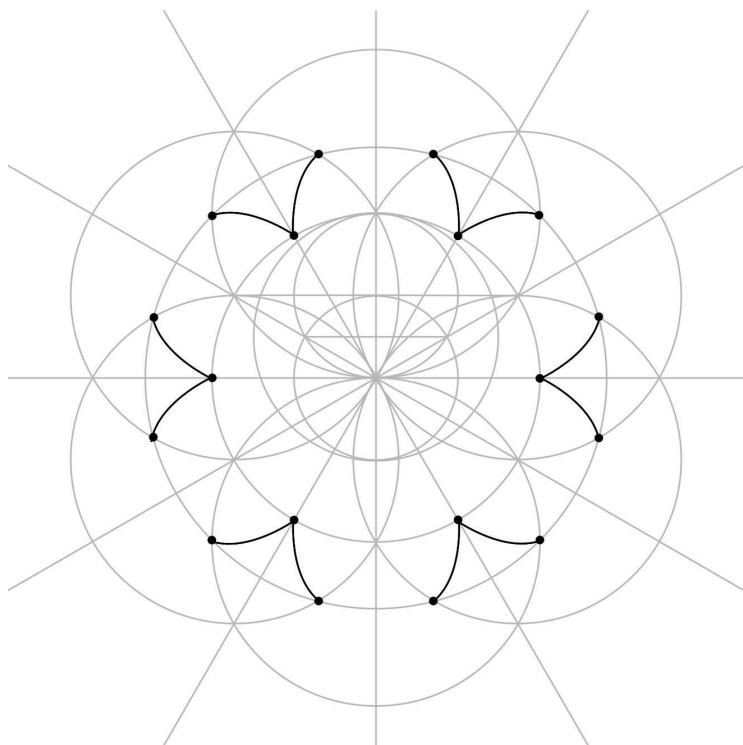


Step Fourteen

Alrighty then! Petal time! Let's start with the base of the petals.

Freehand. Yes—again!

'Don't panic,' Smudge said to himself. 'You're getting better at those curvy, swooshy lines.'



Step Fifteen

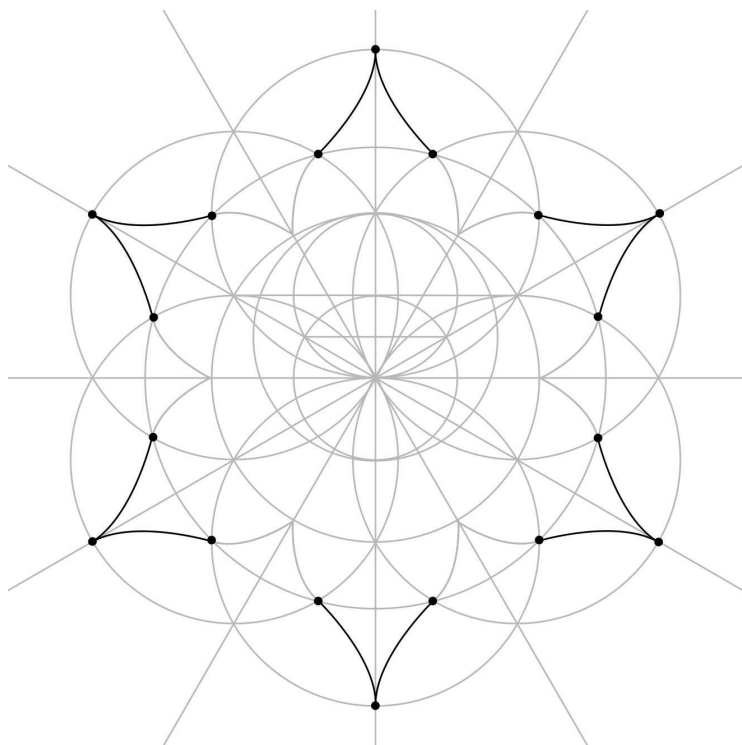
Now the petal tips.

Still freehand. Still flowy, but this time... give 'em a little flick at the ends.

‘Pointy—but with pizzazz. And there we go.’

‘The petals look like little waves,’ he whispered. ‘Or flames. Or feelings I haven’t figured out yet.’

SACRAL CHAKRA

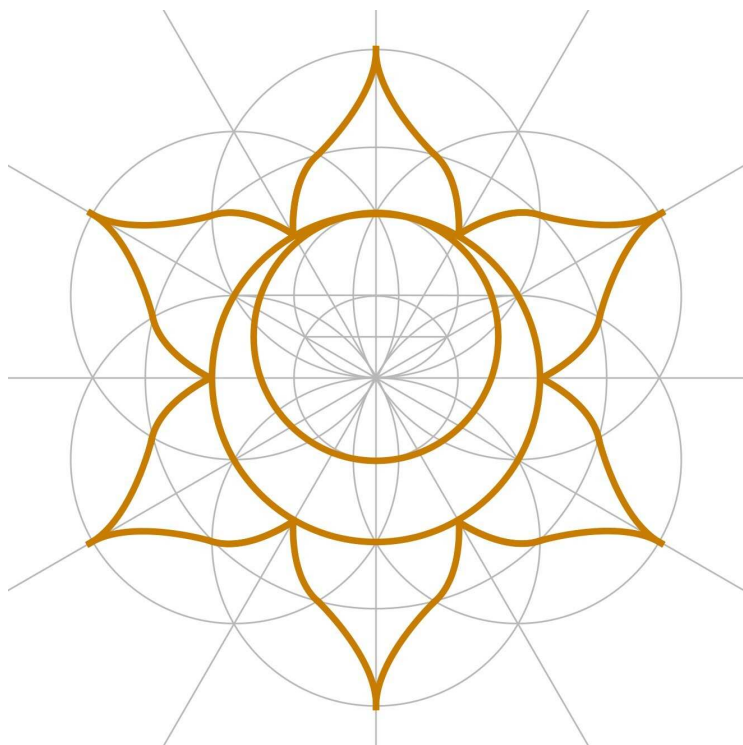


Step Sixteen

Time for the grand finale.

‘Out comes my big fat colour pencil. Bright orange, thick outlines... no mercy.’

‘Sacral Chakra complete!’ Smudge declared with a flourish.



‘There,’ he said, holding up the drawing. ‘That’s me. Creative. Sort of.’

Then, just for fun, Smudge added a little stick figure of himself holding a paintbrush, with a dog running around in the background. He was wearing his cone crown, of course. Brilliant!

* * *

The next morning, Smudge woke up feeling different. He wasn’t sure why, but the world seemed more colourful—like it was

inviting him to dance, play, and create.

At breakfast, his mum noticed the change. 'You seem... more inspired,' she said, pouring him a cup of tea.

'Do I?' Smudge replied, grinning. 'Must be the *Svadhithana*.'

His mum raised an eyebrow. 'The what?'

'Never mind,' Smudge said, taking a sip of tea. 'But I think I'm starting to get the hang of this creativity thing.'

When he finally got back to his room, he glanced at the Chakra Book on his shelf. For the second time, he felt excited to keep reading.

'Next up,' he said, 'the Solar Plexus Chakra. Let's see what that's all about.'

Activity: Paint Your Emotions

Grab your paints, crayons, or felt-tip pens and create a piece of art using your Sacral Chakra symbol as the base. Let it grow, swirl, and flow from there—whatever feels right.

Don't plan it.

Don't judge it.

Just let your emotions move through your hands and onto the page, like water.

Messy? Brilliant.

Unfinished? That's okay, too.

This isn't about perfection—it's about expression.

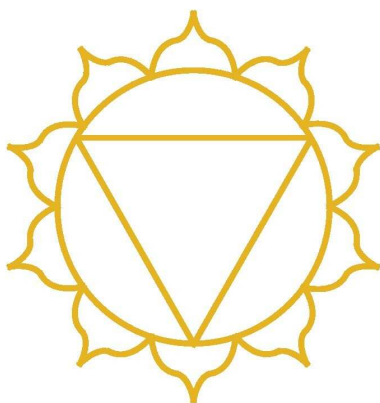
Reflection

Once your artwork is complete, take a quiet moment to reflect:

- What does creativity mean to you?

- How do the colours and shapes express your emotions or desires?
- Did this process help you connect with your flow?

Solar Plexus Chakra



With the Sacral Chakra under his belt (sort of), Smudge was ready to tackle the next challenge: the Solar Plexus Chakra, or *Manipura*. He flipped to the next chapter of the Chakra Book and read the title aloud:

'The Solar Plexus Chakra: Powering Your Inner Fire.'

Inner fire, eh?' Smudge said, raising an eyebrow. 'Sounds

spicy. Like dragons... or spicy dragons.

The book explained that the Solar Plexus Chakra is located just above the navel and is all about confidence, personal power, and determination.

Smudge squinted at the page. '*Manipura*,' he repeated. 'Sanskrit for 'lustrous gem' ... ooh, fancy.'

'So it's like a treasure chest of power hiding in your belly. I knew my stomach was special. Just look at it,' Smudge said as he patted it proudly.

Its colour is yellow, and its symbol looks like a triangle inside a sun.

'Yellow,' Smudge muttered, glancing around his room. 'I don't think I have anything yellow—wait!'

He rummaged through his wardrobe and pulled out a neon yellow raincoat from that one time he thought he could be a fashion icon.

'Perfect,' he said, slipping it on. 'Now I look like confidence itself. Or a highlighter.'

'Rawr,' Smudge said, fluffing his hood. 'I am the Lion of the Back Garden.'

* * *

The book said that balancing this chakra meant taking bold action, doing something that made you feel strong and capable. Smudge scratched his head.

'Right... something brave. Confident. Powerful.'

Smudge decided to start small. 'I know! I'll climb the tree in the back garden,' he declared as he strutted into the garden, yellow raincoat flapping dramatically.

He stood at the base of the tree, took a deep breath, and began

his heroic ascent.

The first few branches were easy. Then they got thinner. And wobblier. Smudge gulped.

‘Come on,’ he whispered to himself. ‘You’ve got this. You are the solar plexus. You are... fire! You are power! You are—’

—Stuck. Smudge was definitely stuck. He was, however, powerfully pretending not to be—Biscuit was watching.

Eventually, after a bit of wriggling, Smudge managed to break loose and slide back down. He flopped onto the grass, panting.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘maybe not a triumph—but definitely a **tryumph.**’

* * *

Undeterred, Smudge decided to try another approach.

‘If climbing trees isn’t my power move,’ he said, brushing twigs from his hair, ‘maybe it’s... motivational speaking!’

He dragged a chair into the middle of the garden, stood on it, and cleared his throat.

‘Ladies and gentlemen—well, mostly pigeons and Biscuit—I present: Smudge’s Most Motivational Speech!’

Biscuit wagged his tail. A pigeon blinked.

Smudge puffed out his chest. ‘Today, I declare that I am a confident, powerful, and—’

CRACK.

The chair wobbled. Smudge wobbled. Then he tumbled off and landed in a flowerbed.

‘Oof,’ he groaned. ‘Dramatic exit... not scripted.’

Biscuit trotted over and licked his ear.

Smudge sat up, now petals in his hair. ‘Okay, so maybe I’m not *quite* ready to be a motivational speaker.’

He smiled anyway. 'But I did stand up and try!'

* * *

That evening, Smudge sprawled across his bed, still a bit sore from his heroic tree adventure. He opened the Chakra Book again and sighed. *Why wasn't this working?*

'I mean, I climbed a tree. I gave a speech to pigeons. Why don't I *feel* confident yet?'

He flipped back a few pages and spotted something he hadn't noticed before:

'The Solar Plexus isn't always about being successful. It's about believing in yourself and choosing to act—even when you're nervous.'

Smudge blinked. 'Believing in myself and choosing to act?'

He'd always thought confidence meant *never* being afraid. But maybe real power was about doing the brave thing *anyway*.

He thought about the day's events—the tree, the wobbling chair, the confused pigeon audience. He hadn't exactly nailed it... but he did it. Even when he was nervous. Even when he fell.

And somehow, every time, he'd gotten back up (or at least been licked back to life by Biscuit).

'Maybe confidence doesn't mean feeling big and brave all the time,' Smudge murmured. 'Maybe it's just about showing up. Doing the thing. Climbing the wobbly tree even when you might get stuck.'

A spark of warmth fizzed in his belly. Not the chilli kind. The confidence kind.

'I think I get it,' he said.

Drawing the Symbol

Smudge flipped to the next page in the Chakra Book and raised an eyebrow.

‘Let’s see what fiery power I’m about to unleash...’

He grabbed his sketchbook, turned to a fresh page, and read aloud.

‘A triangle inside a sun... with lots of pointy bits.’

‘Sounds powerful already!’

Then he spotted a special note:

Precision matters! This one’s a bit tricky—but it’s a great chance to practise your focus and follow-through. Don’t worry if it’s not perfect—just give it your best shot. You can always try again or come back when you’re feeling more confident.

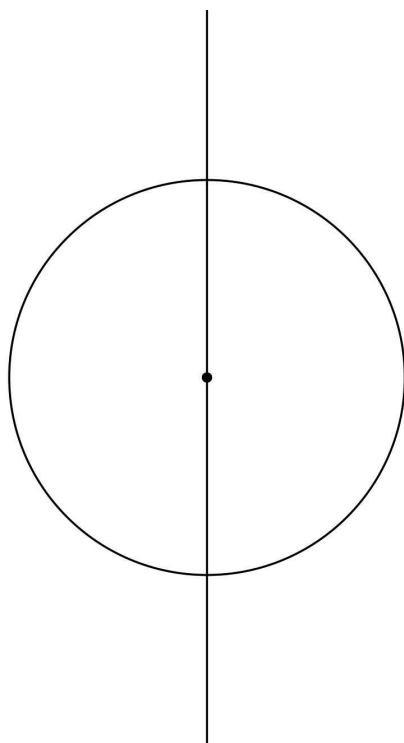
‘Understood!’ Smudge declared.

With his compass in one hand and a ruler in the other, he took a deep breath and began to follow the instructions—carefully.

Step One

Right then! First step: draw a vertical line, with a circle centred on it.

‘I think I’ve heard that somewhere before...’ Smudge smirked. This one can be a bit bigger, though.



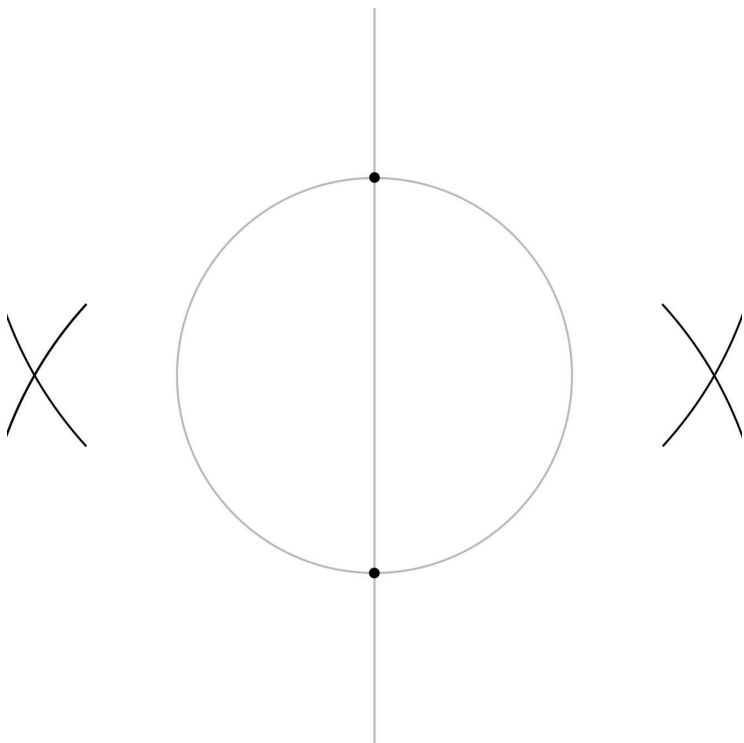
Step Two

Make the compass a bit wider.

‘Wider?’ A little bit, yes.

Use the intersections between the line and the circle as centres.

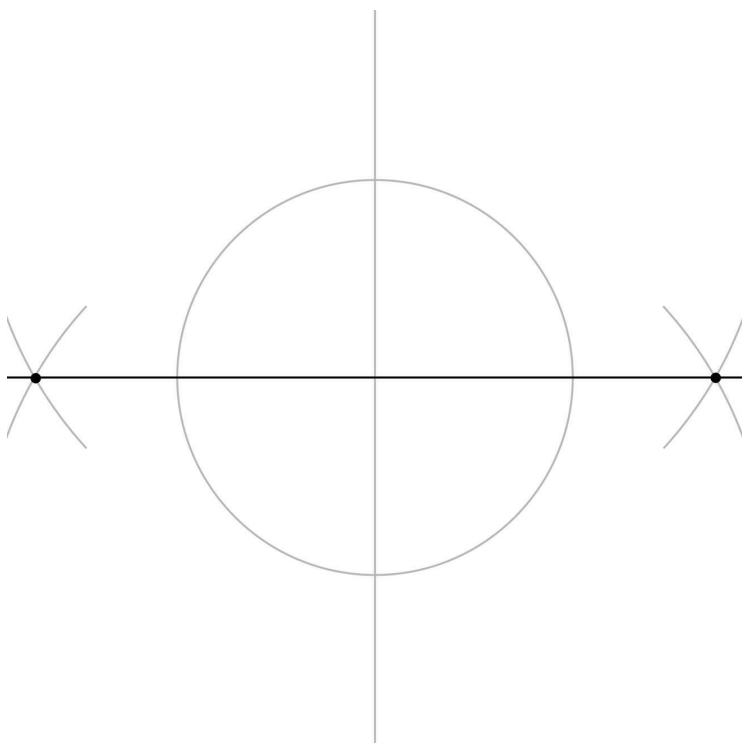
Draw intersecting arcs on the left and right.



Step Three

Next up—use the **arc** intersections to draw a lovely straight horizontal line.

‘Nice and balanced,’ Smudge said. ‘Like a tightrope. Without the danger.’



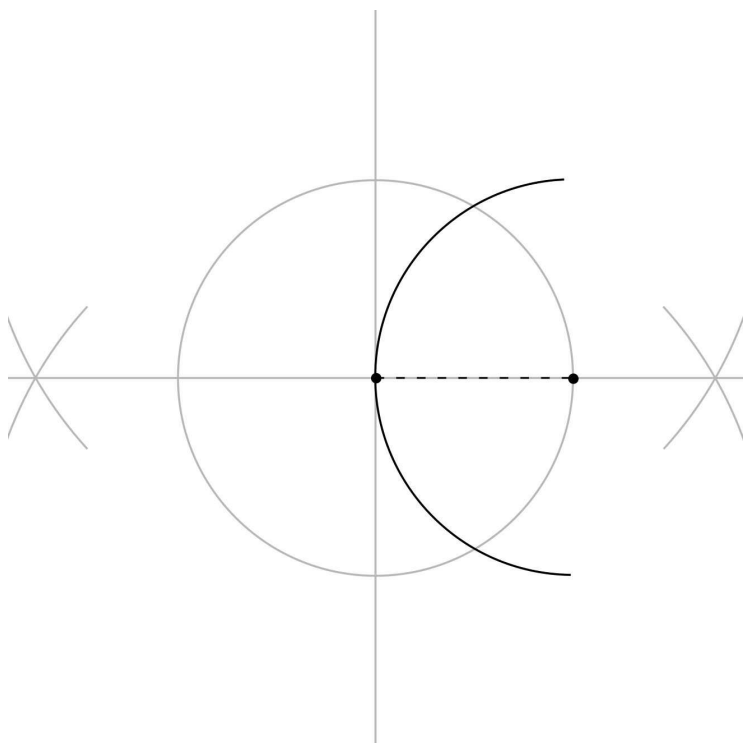
Step Four

Now return the compass back to the same size as the original circle.

‘Interesting twist.’

Look where the first circle intersects the horizontal line—on the right side. That’s the centre for another arc—a big one this time.

Make sure it swoops all the way through the first circle.



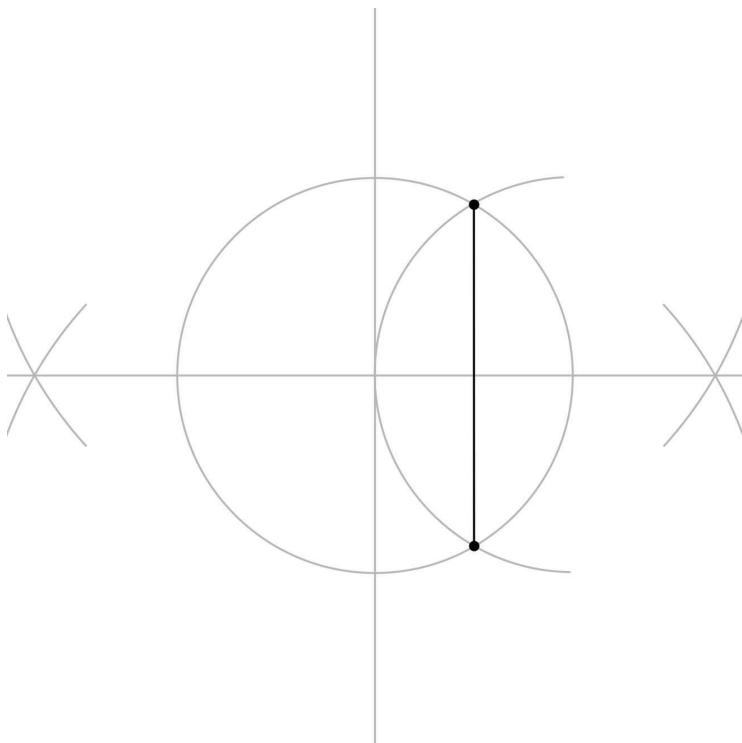
Step Five

Now—*another* vertical line.

‘Yes, another,’ Smudge muttered.

Use the intersections between that big arc and the first circle.

‘Ooh. Beautiful.’



Step Six

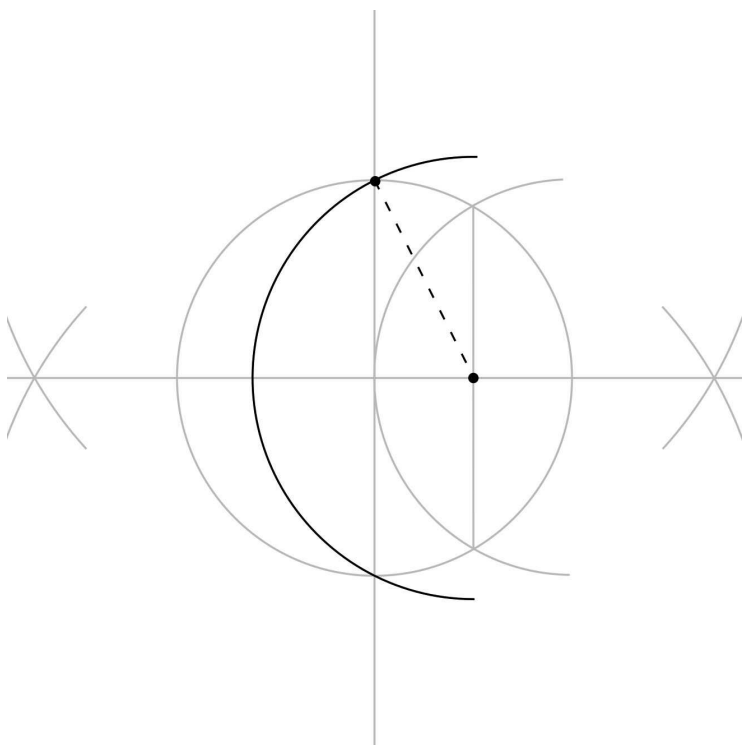
Change the compass size.

Make it the distance from the new vertical-horizontal crossing to the top of the first circle.

‘Got it.’

Then, draw another grand arc all the way through the first circle.

‘Magnificent.’

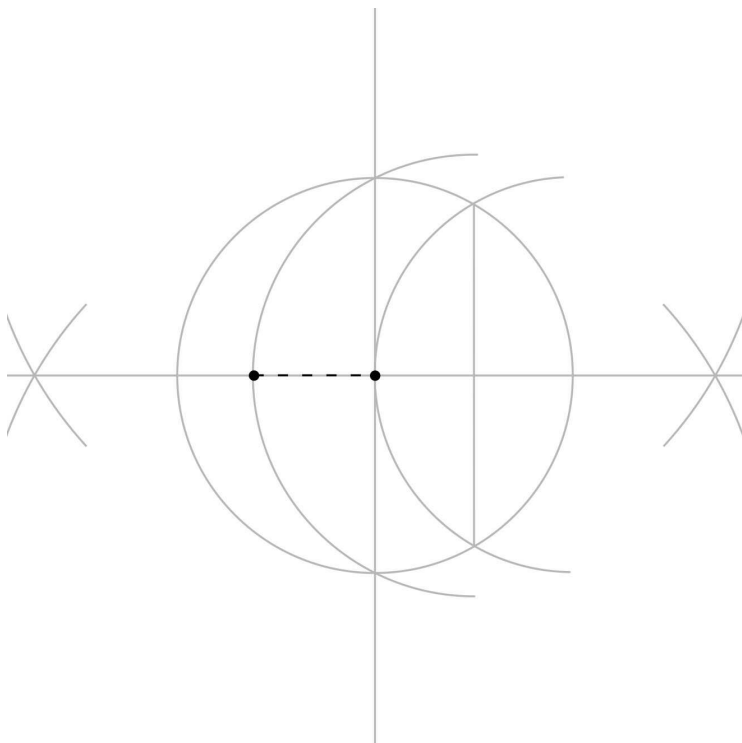


Step Seven

New compass size again!

‘Oh here we go!’

Set it to the distance between these two new arcs along the horizontal line.

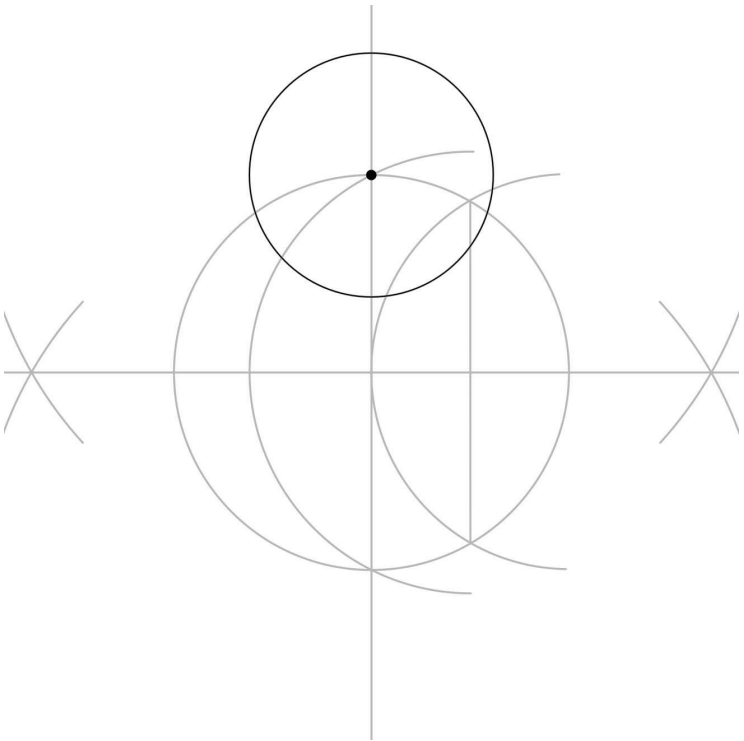


Step Eight

Now, take that new distance and draw a little circle right at the top.

Centre the compass where the big vertical line cuts through the top of the first circle.

Smudge leaned in close. 'Precision, people. This is a no-wobble zone.'

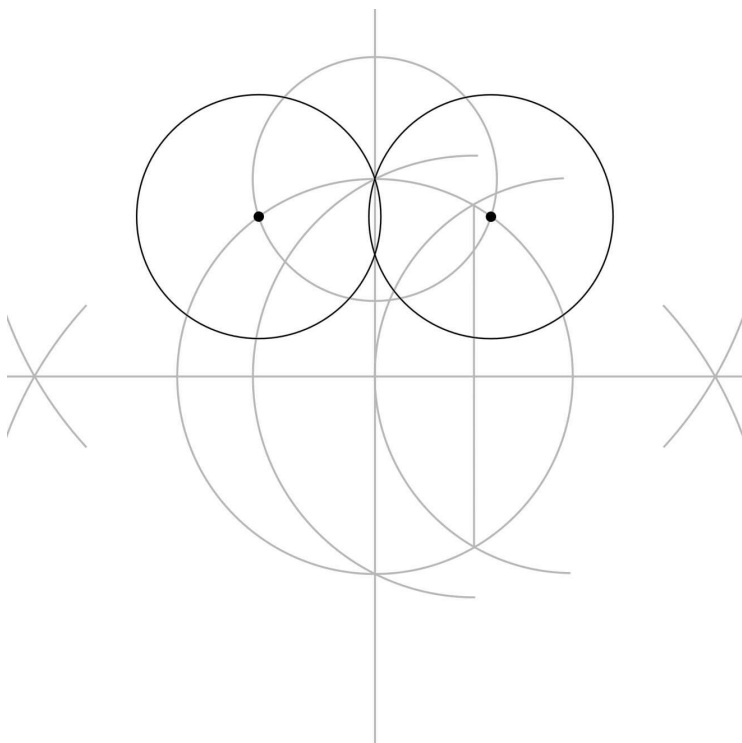


Step Nine

Keep the compass the exact same size.

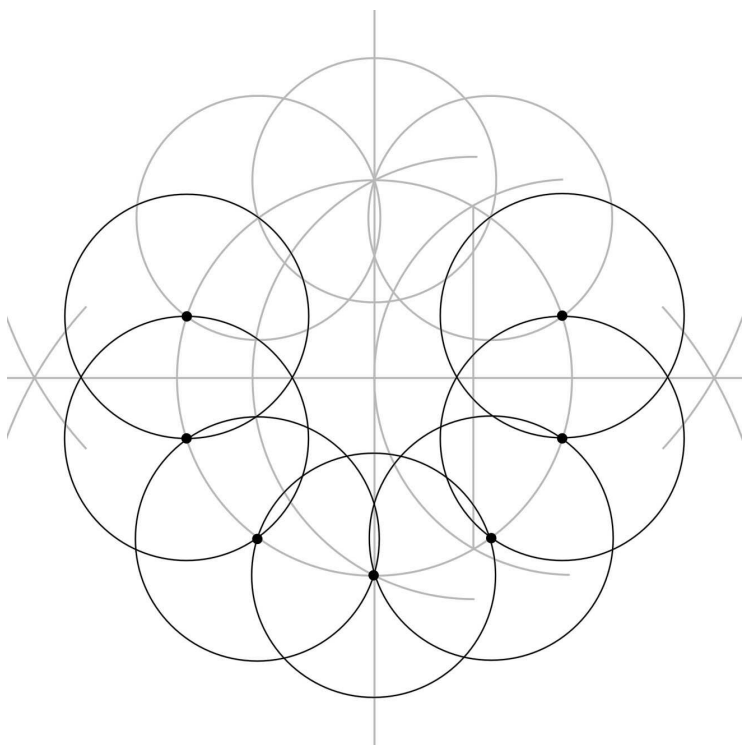
‘I’ll try,’ Smudge said, eyeing the compass suspiciously. ‘I’m watching you, spinny legs.’

He drew two more circles, one on each side. ‘Centred on the edge of the big one,’ he muttered, squinting to double-check. ‘Nice and even. Like cosmic ears.’



Step Ten

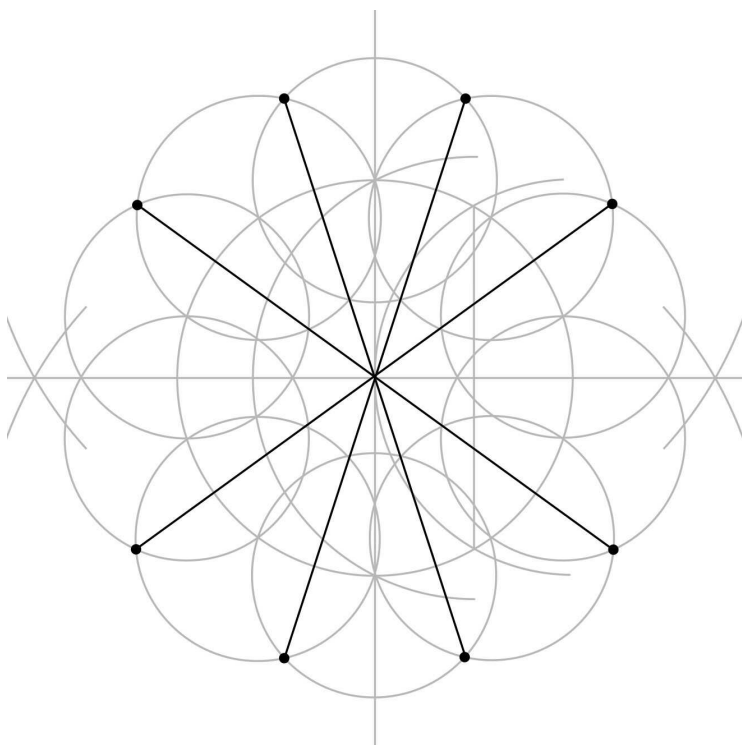
‘Keep going,’ Smudge muttered, spinning the compass like a squirrel who mistook it for a portal to nut paradise. ‘All the way around... dizzy level: maximum.’



Step Eleven

Time for diagonal lines—four of them. Just connect these outer intersections together.

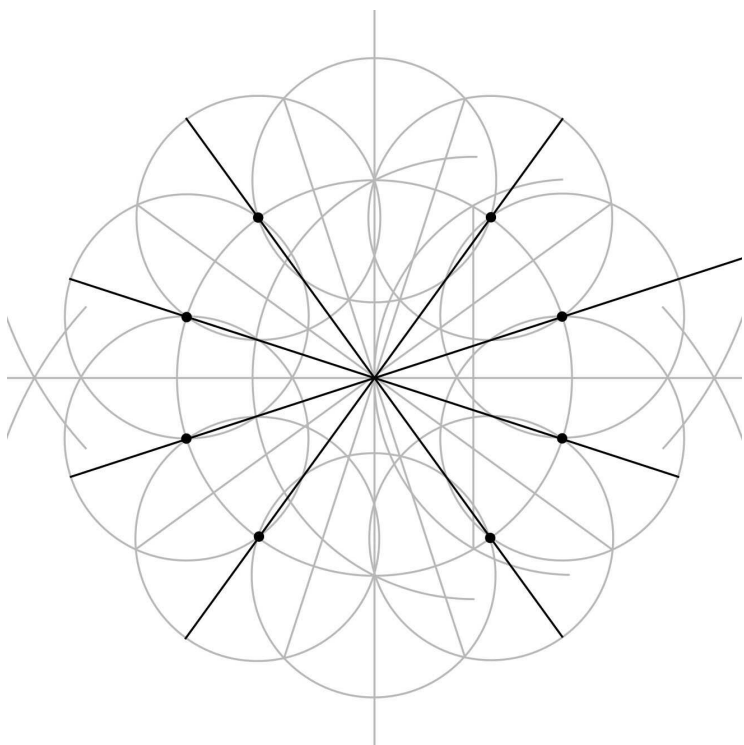
‘Precision? Essential. Vibes? Impeccable.’



Step Twelve

Another four diagonal lines! But using different intersections.

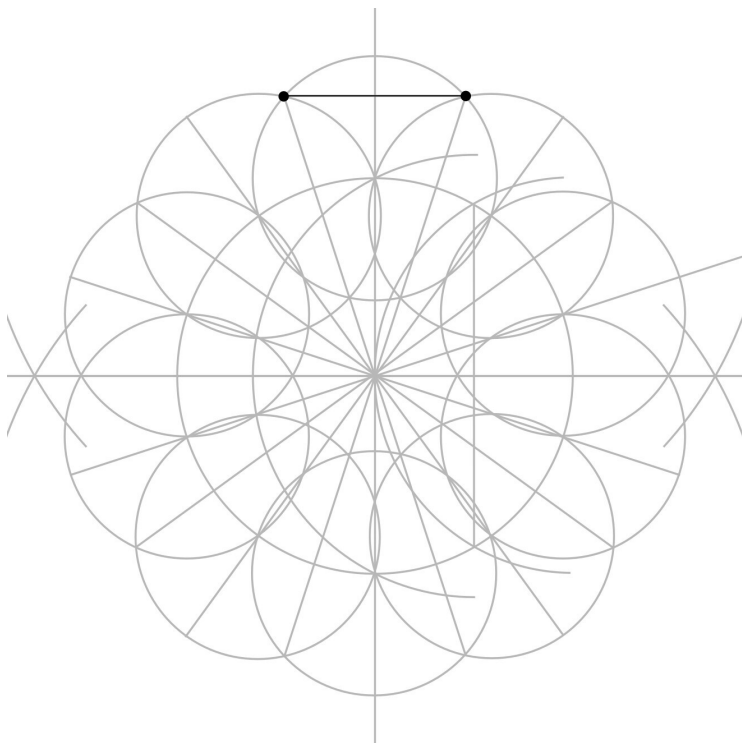
‘Hmmm. More or less the same if I tilt my head a bit. Yeah, that looks right.’



Step Thirteen

Now, draw a little vertical line at the top—through the first little circle, right where it intersects with its neighbours.

‘What’s that for?’ Smudge wondered aloud.



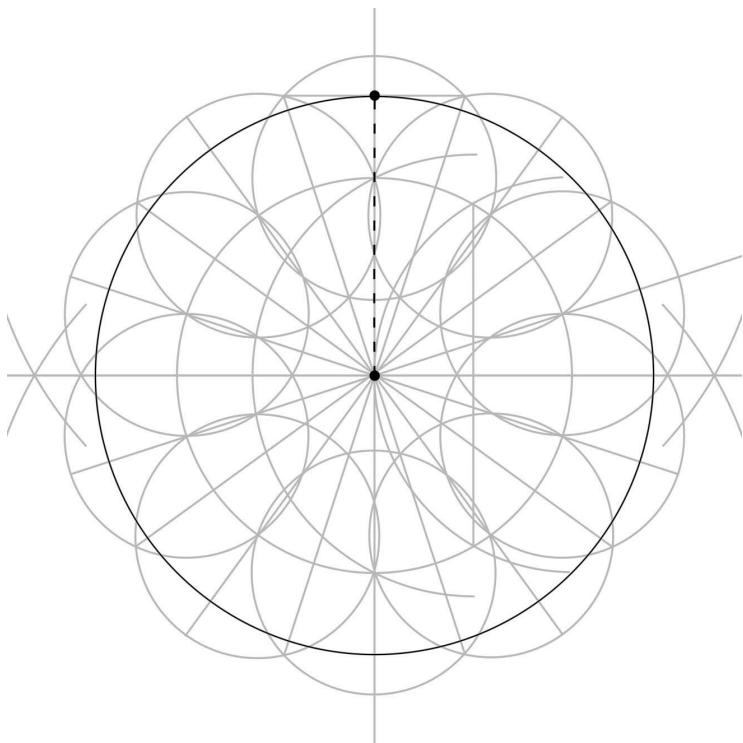
Step Fourteen

‘Ohhh I see!’ he exclaimed.

Use the line to set a new compass size from the centre.

Then draw another circle! A big one.

‘I like the big ones. Chunky!’



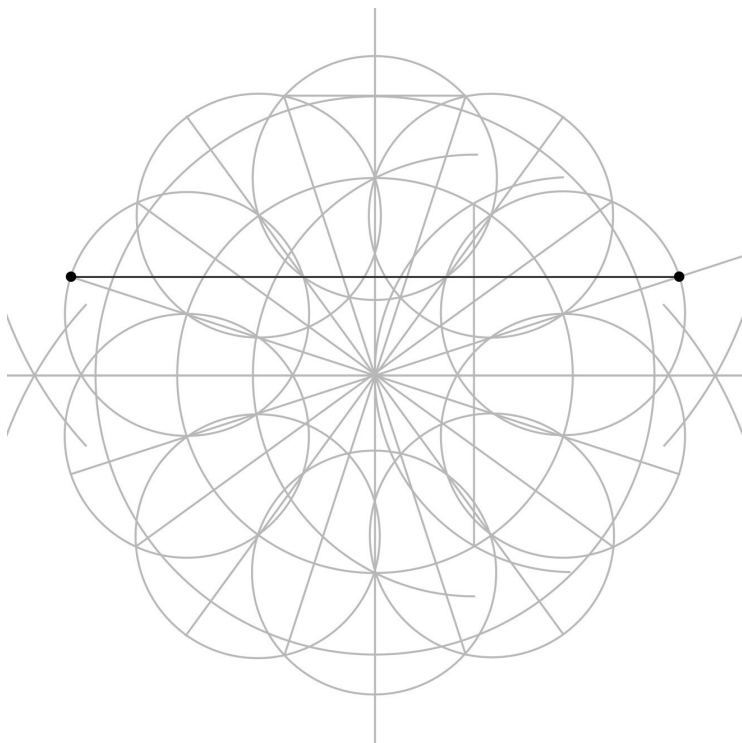
Step Fifteen

Next, a horizontal line... nice and wide.

From here to there.

‘From where to where?’

Pay attention, Smudge thought. Look closely.

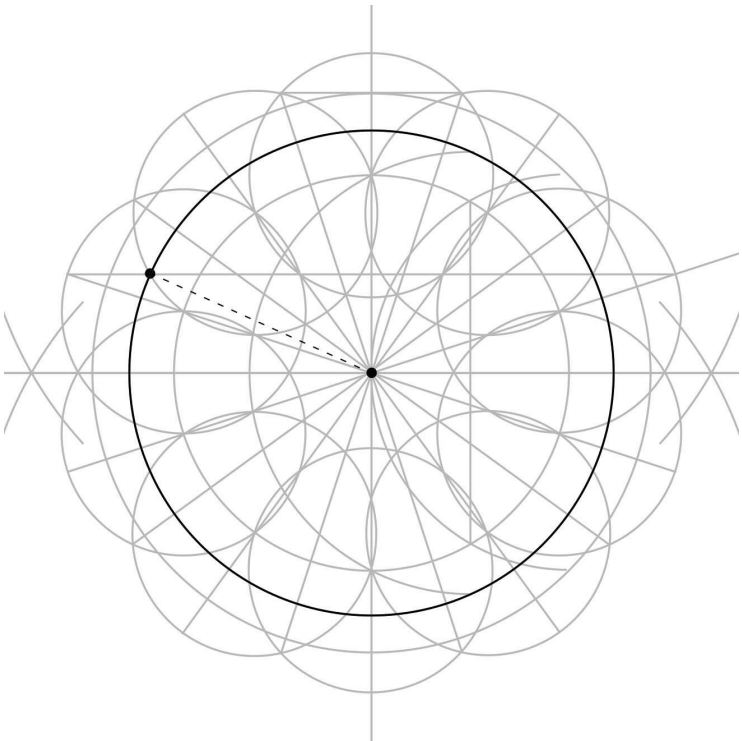


Step Sixteen

Set the compass from the centre to this special spot we just created.

Look very closely... and when you've got it, around we go.

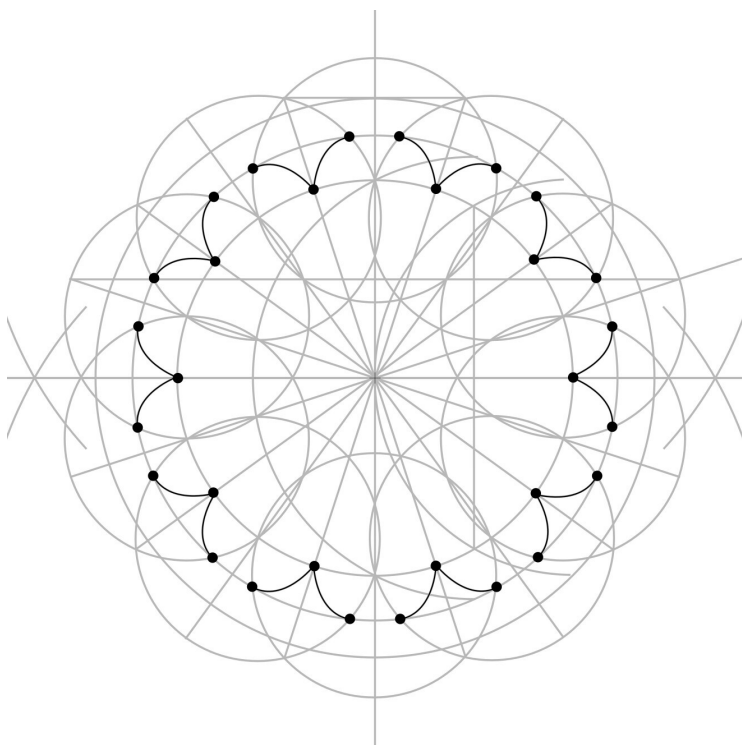
'Bam! Another chunky circle! Slightly smaller, though. Nice contrast!'



Step Seventeen

Time for the freehand curvy petals—the bases first.

Smudge went about his business—drawing most excellent petals.

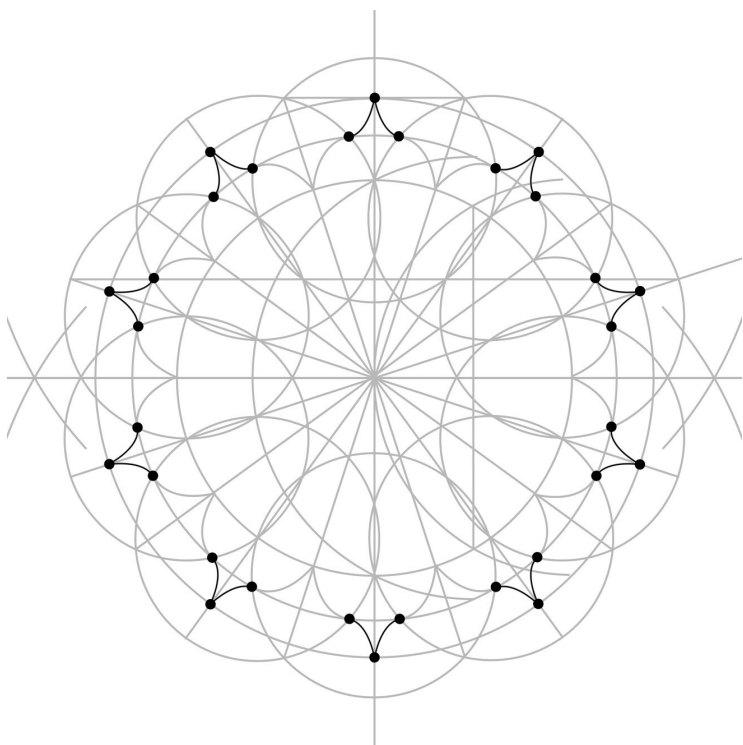


Step Eighteen

Then the tips!

‘I like the curvy tips,’ Smudge grinned.

‘I think they’re my favourite part.’

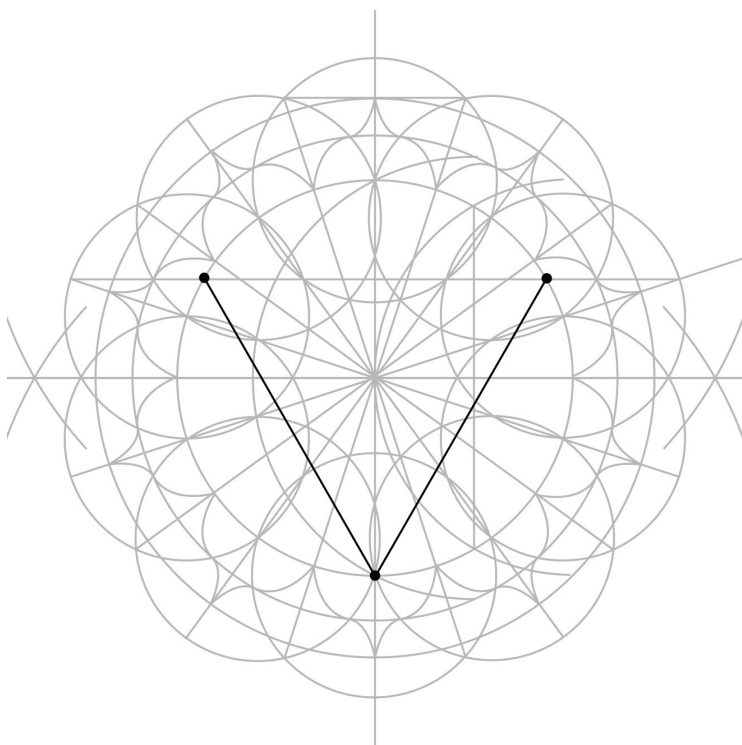


Step Nineteen

Nearly done.

We just need a downward-pointing triangle.

‘Yes, Sir! One downward-pointing triangle coming up!’



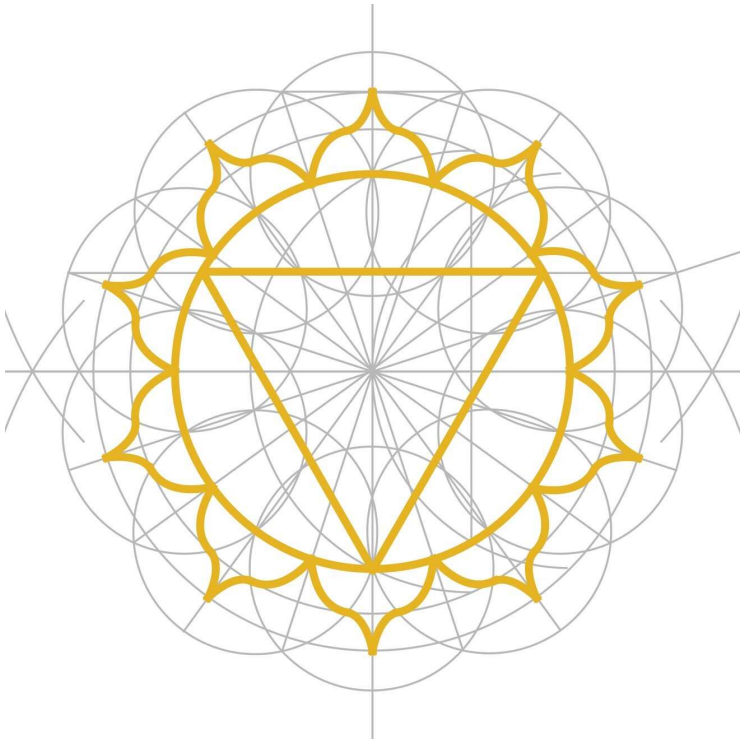
Step Twenty

And that's it.

'I know what comes next...'

Out came his big, fat, thick yellow pencil for the outline.

'Lovely jubbly.'



'There,' he said, holding up the page. 'Powerful. Sort of.'

Smudge leaned back and nodded.

'Looks like a sunshine with attitude—or a tiny fireball of

determination.'

Then, for fun, he added a little stick figure of himself halfway up a tree, wearing a massive raincoat, with Biscuit cheering from below.

Smashing!

* * *

The next morning, Smudge woke up feeling different. He wasn't sure why, but the world seemed conquerable, like a challenge he was finally ready to meet.

At breakfast, his mum noticed too.

'You look... confident,' she said, handing him his toast.

'Do I?' Smudge said, puffing out his chest. 'Must be the *Manipura*.'

His mum gave him a look. 'The what now?'

'Never mind,' he said with a grin. 'But I think I'm starting to get the hang of this confidence thing.'

After he power walked his way back to his room, he glanced at the Chakra Book. For the third time, he felt excited to keep reading.

'Next up,' he said, 'the Heart Chakra. Love and compassion. Uh-oh.'

Activity: Ignite Your Inner Fire

Start with the basic Solar Plexus Chakra symbol—a triangle inside a sunburst. Then, make it uniquely yours.

Use bold colours like yellow, gold, or fiery orange to reflect the energy and power of the Solar Plexus Chakra. Let your design radiate confidence!

Use imagery symbolising strength and determination—like flames, light rays or powerful animals such as lions or eagles. You could also depict yourself standing tall, climbing a mountain, or breaking barriers—anything that conveys boldness and resilience.

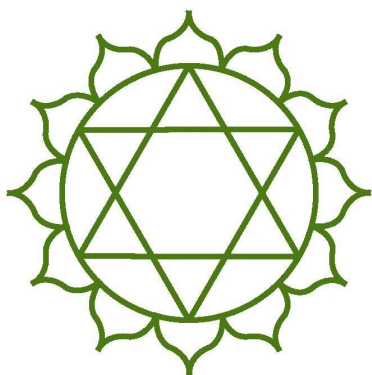
Reflect on what empowers you and illustrates your inner strength. This drawing is your chance to visualise confidence and personal power.

Reflection

Once your artwork is complete, take a moment to consider:

- What does confidence mean to you?
- How does your drawing capture your sense of power?
- Did creating this help you connect more deeply with the Solar Plexus Chakra? In what way?

Heart Chakra



With the Solar Plexus Chakra under his belt (sort of), Smudge was ready to tackle the next challenge: the Heart Chakra, or *Anahata*. He flipped to the next chapter of the Chakra Book and read the title aloud:

'The Heart Chakra: Opening Your Heart to Love and Compassion.'

'Love and compassion, eh?' Smudge mused, scratching his

head. 'Sounds like something to do with hugs. Or maybe flowers. Or... flowery hugs?'

The book explained that the Heart Chakra is located at the centre of the chest and was all about love, compassion, and connection.

The word *Anahata* comes from Sanskrit and translates to 'unstruck sound'—like a sound that resonates all on its own, without being hit or forced. It represents a kind of pure, effortless love—one that flows freely from within, untouched by fear or conditions. It's about opening your heart fully, finding harmony in your emotions, and connecting deeply with yourself and others.

Its colour is green, and its symbol is a six-pointed star, or hexagram.

'Green,' Smudge muttered, scanning his room. 'I don't think I own anything green.'

Then he remembered the old cactus he'd been given for his birthday last year. It was still sitting on his windowsill, looking a bit worse for wear.

'Perfect,' Smudge declared, grabbing the cactus. 'Now I'm ready to open my heart.'

* * *

Smudge decided to start small. The book said the Heart Chakra was all about love and connection, so he figured he'd write a heartfelt note.

'To someone I care about,' he said, nodding. 'Simple. Easy. Thoughtful.'

He pulled out some paper and began writing:

*Dear Mum,
Thanks for all the snacks and not getting too cross when
I melted the toaster.
You're the best.
Love,
Smudge.*

Satisfied, he folded it carefully, popped it in an envelope, and tiptoed downstairs to leave it on the kitchen table.

'Operation Heart Chakra: success,' he whispered, sneaking away.

Ten minutes later, he heard a shout from the kitchen: 'SMUDGE! WHY IS THERE JAM IN THIS ENVELOPE?!'

He froze. 'Oh no... I must've used the same paper I wrapped my toast in...'

He peeked around the corner to see Mum laughing, holding the sticky note between her fingers.

Smudge sighed. 'Well, it was supposed to be a sweet gesture.'

'It's definitely that,' his mum said, laughing as she licked jam from her fingers. 'Thank you!'

* * *

Undeterred, Smudge decided to try another approach. The book said the Heart Chakra was also about connection—not just with people, but with *everything*.

He glanced around the room for someone—or something—to connect with. His eyes landed on the cactus, now sitting on his desk.

'Right, Cactus,' Smudge said, lifting it gently. 'Let's see if we can bond.'

He held it in front of him and tried to look lovingly at it. (It was a bit creepy.)

‘I’m opening my heart,’ he announced. ‘This is me being vulnerable.’

Then, without thinking it through, he gave the cactus a small, sincere hug.

‘OW!’ Smudge shrieked, dropping the cactus and hopping in place. ‘Okay! Bad idea! *Bad idea!*’

He examined his arms, now dotted with tiny prickles. The cactus, naturally, remained silent and spiky.

Smudge sighed and picked it back up—more carefully this time.

‘Well,’ he muttered, ‘that’s *one* way to connect—painfully.’

He looked at the cactus again cautiously. ‘I guess love prickles sometimes,’ he added, smiling wryly.

* * *

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

Then he noticed a line he’d missed earlier:

‘The Heart Chakra isn’t about everything being rosy all the time—it’s about letting love in, offering it freely, and staying open, even when it hurts.’

Smudge blinked. ‘Wait a minute. The cactus hurt but I still love it!’

He thought about the day’s events—the letter, the jam, the cactus. There were some logistical challenges, let’s say, but it had also been... fun. And despite the risk of getting hurt, he felt open—like his heart had stretched just wide enough to let love

in.

‘Maybe that’s what love is all about,’ Smudge whispered. ‘Maybe it’s about staying open, even when it’s hard—or spiky.’

Drawing the Symbol

Smudge flipped to the next page in the Chakra Book and grinned.

‘Let’s see what we’ve got here...’

He grabbed his sketchbook, found a fresh blank page, and studied the instructions for the Heart Chakra symbol—a six-pointed star nestled inside a circle, surrounded by delicate petals.

‘Looks a bit fiddly,’ he muttered, ‘but also kind of lovely.’

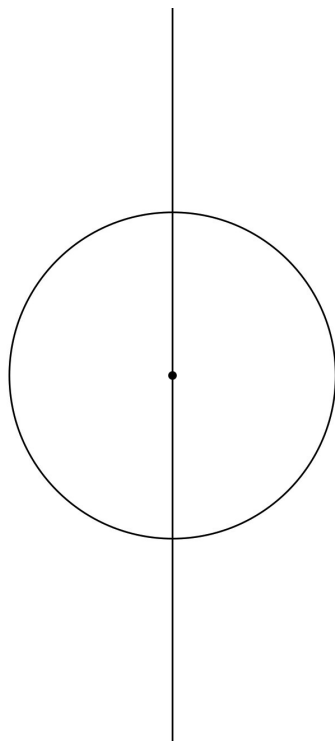
Step One

‘Let me guess... vertical line with a circle in the middle?’

Smudge tilted his head.

‘Well, I’ll be. Very on brand.’

He lined it up like the pro he now was.

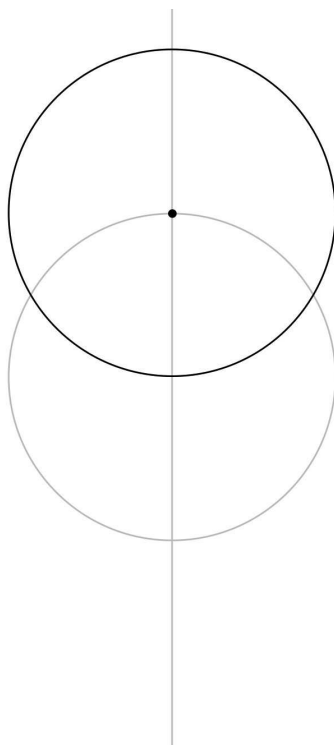


Step Two

‘Another circle? What a surprise.’

Smudge placed it directly on top of the first, neatly on the vertical line.

‘Stacking circles like pancakes now. Mmm. Pancakes. With extra symmetry.’

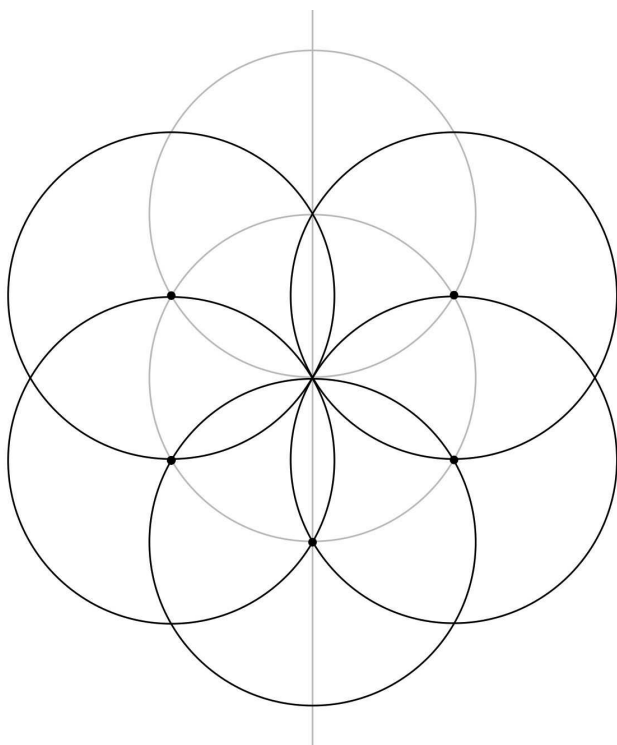


Step Three

Time to make the Seed of Life!

Smudge got his compass spinning like a tiny tornado.

‘Whoa... dizzy alert.’



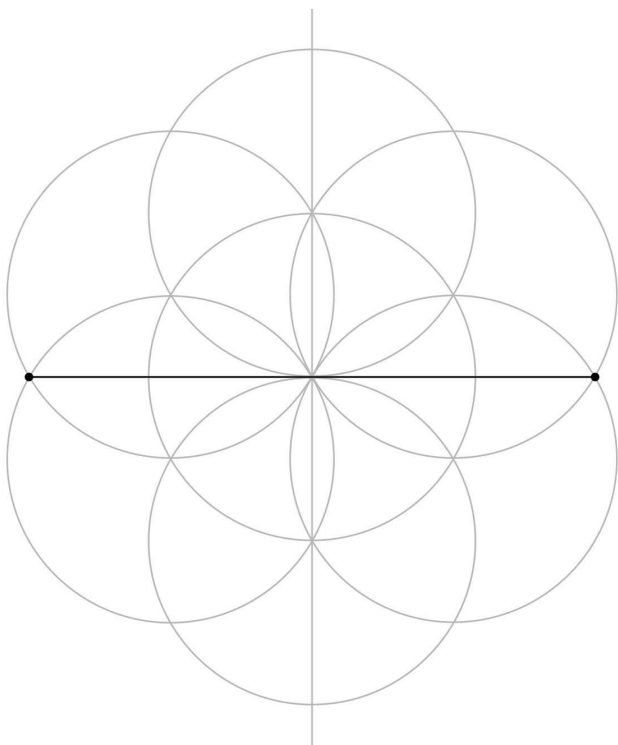
Step Four

Horizontal line time!

‘But where...?’

Smudge squinted like a detective looking for clues.

‘Not that one... not that... Aha! Intersections detected. Ruler deployed... line with style.’



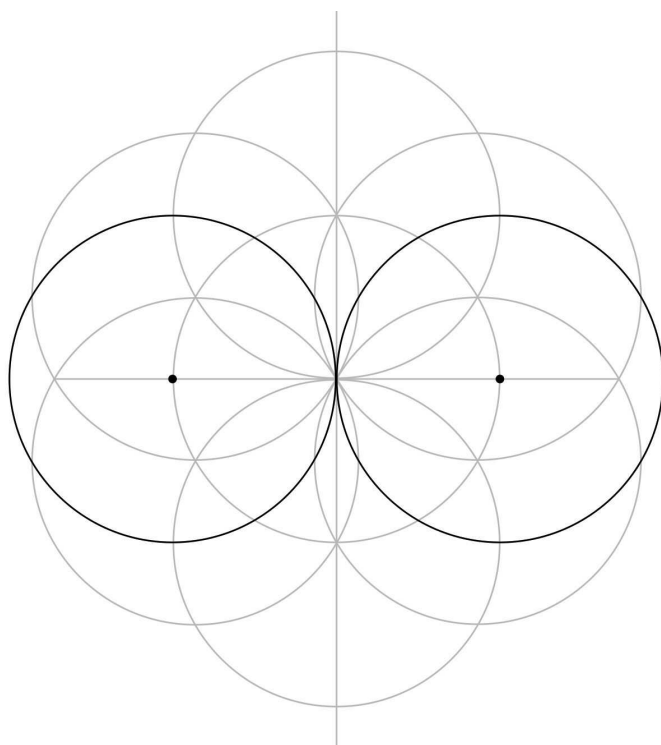
Step Five

‘Oooo, what’s this? More circles?’

He poked the page dramatically.

These ones are centred right where the horizontal line crosses the edges of the first circle.

‘Intriguing... What are you up to, geometry?’

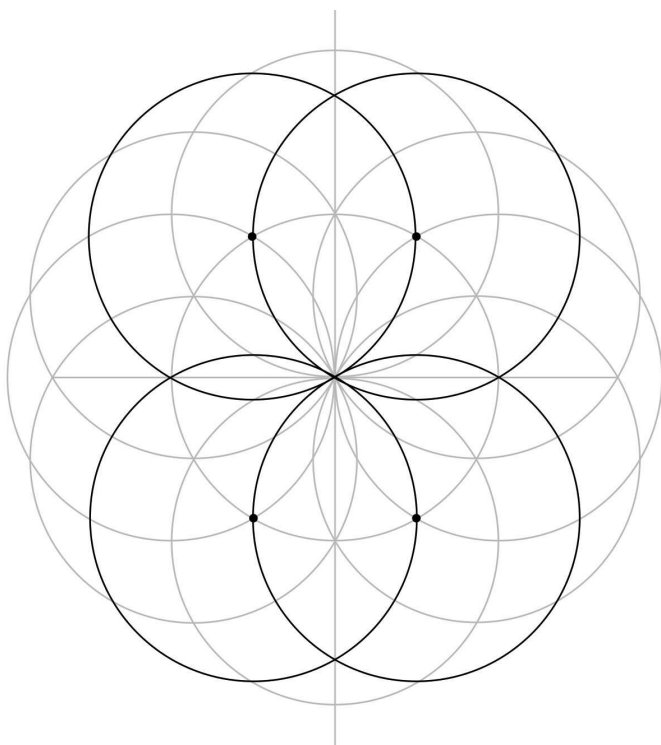


Step Six

‘Another Seed of Life! I knew it!’ Smudge declared.

He didn’t really, but he sounded convincing.

‘Wait a sec... this one’s all nestled in the other one like a baby goat in a laundry basket. Cuuute.’



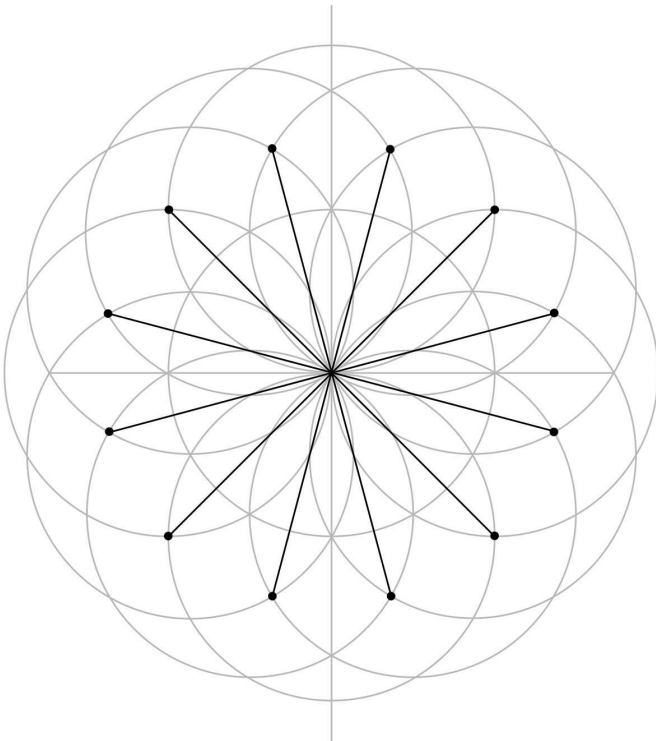
Step Seven

Split the whole thing into twelve.

‘Twelve? Like a pizza?’

He nodded, setting his ruler.

‘That means six diagonals. One... two... yep, pizza slices incoming.’

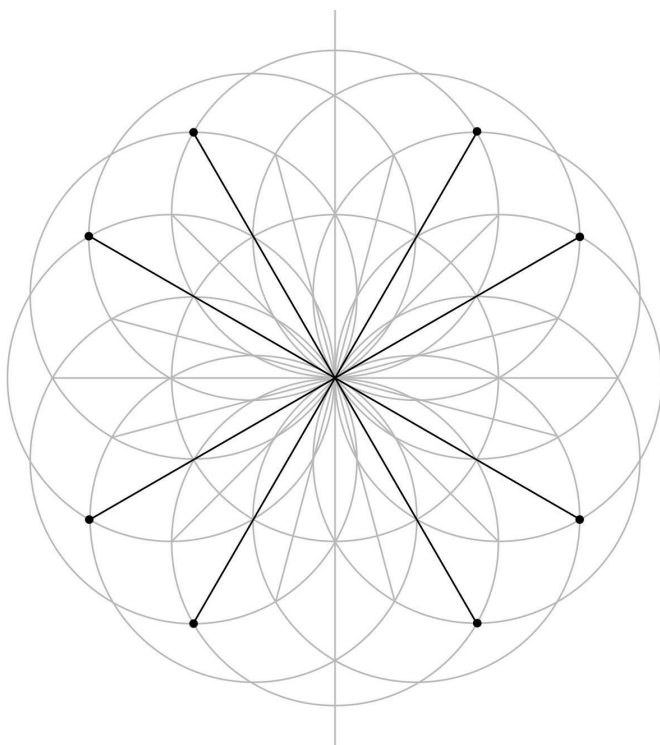


Step Eight

‘What next? Four more diagonals?’

Smudge cracked his knuckles.

‘If I can do six, I can do four.’

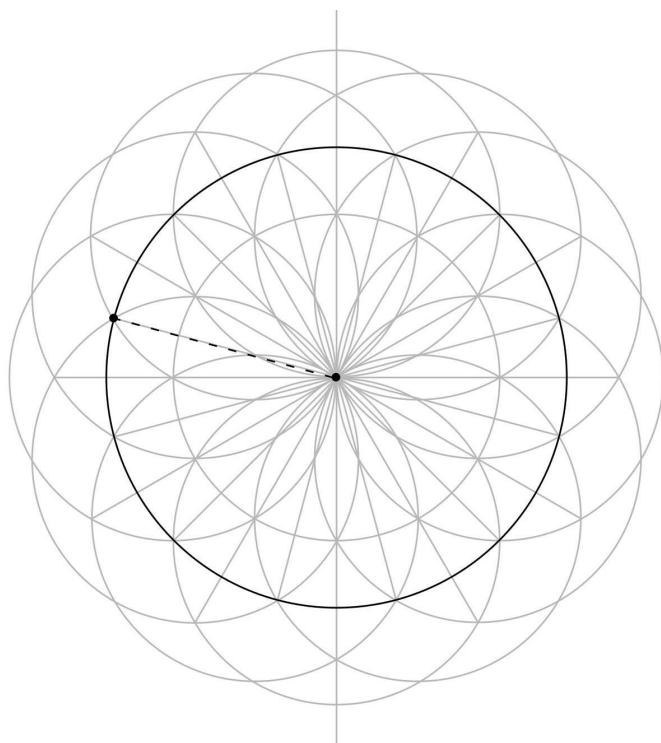


Step Nine

‘Time for a new compass size!’

Smudge tapped the paper.

‘How big? Big enough to hit all these pointy tips. Ready... steady... spin! Sacred frisbee, incoming!’



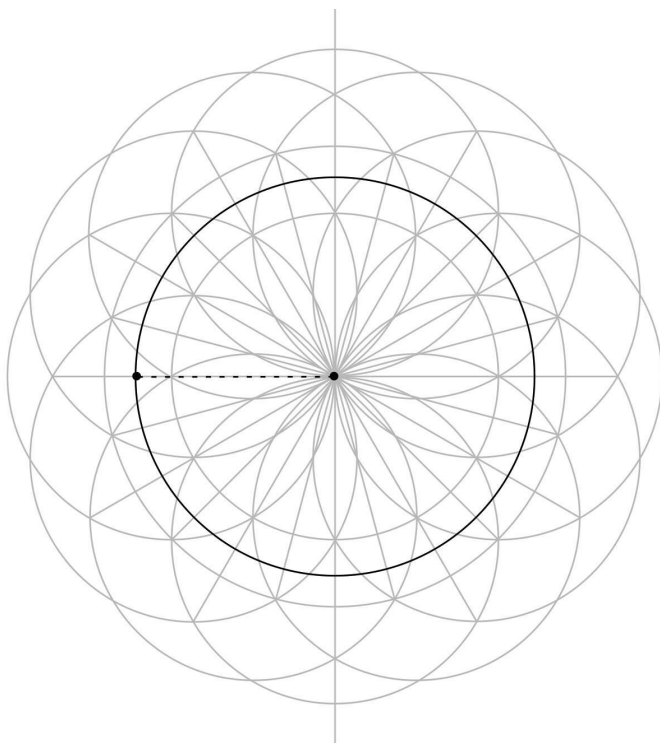
Step Ten

One more circle... smaller than the last, bigger than the first...

‘Size?’ Smudge mused.

About halfway between the inner and outer circles—a smidgen more than halfway.

‘I can do a smidgen... I think,’ said Smudge as he nailed the new circle perfectly.



Step Eleven

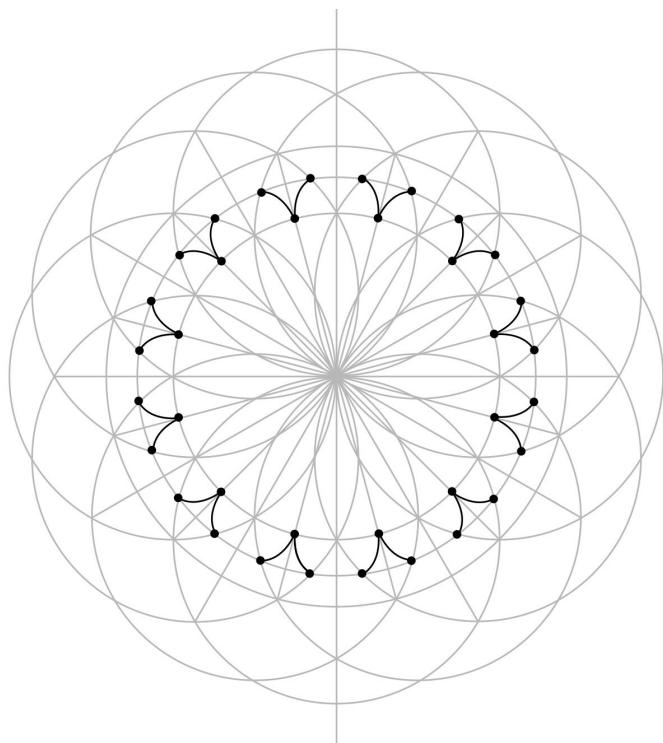
‘Nice one.’

Smudge gave himself a thumbs up.

‘Time for the petals! I can do these with my eyes closed now.’

He drew.

‘...Oops. I drew on the table. Never mind. Better stick to eyes open... for now.’

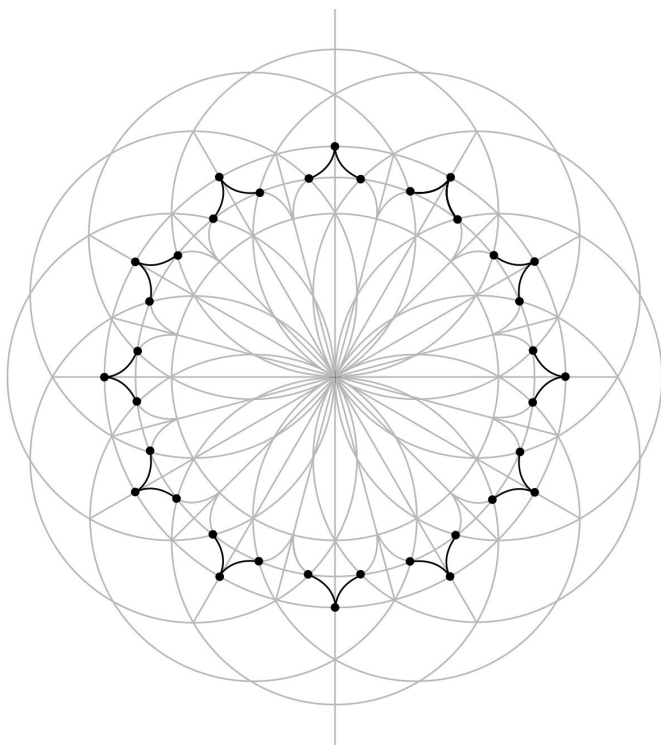


Step Twelve

‘Now the tips,’ Smudge whispered, gripping his pencil like a paintbrush of destiny.

‘Flowy... pointy... perfect...’

He swooped his hand across the page. ‘Slicing the air with grace and geometry. Mwah!’

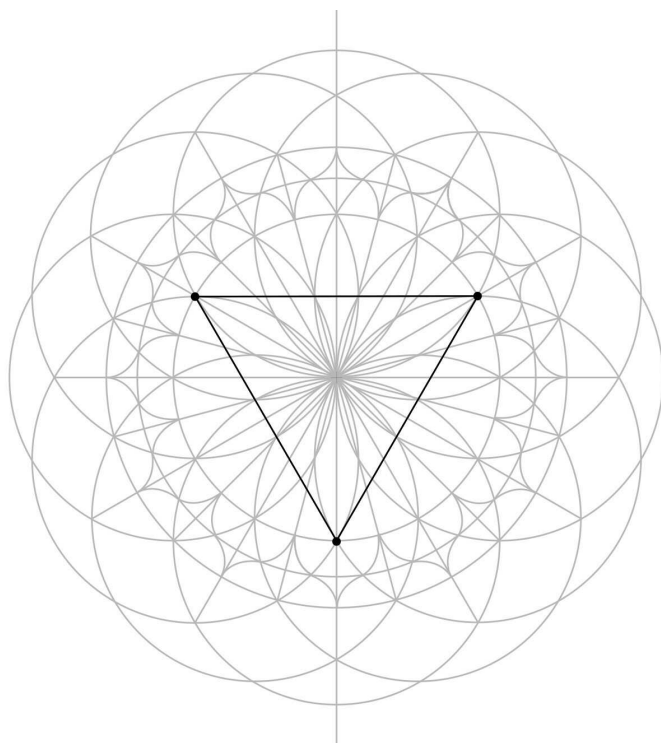


Step Thirteen

‘Anything else?’

He flipped the page dramatically.

‘Oh yes—the star. A downward-pointing triangle first. Serious business.’

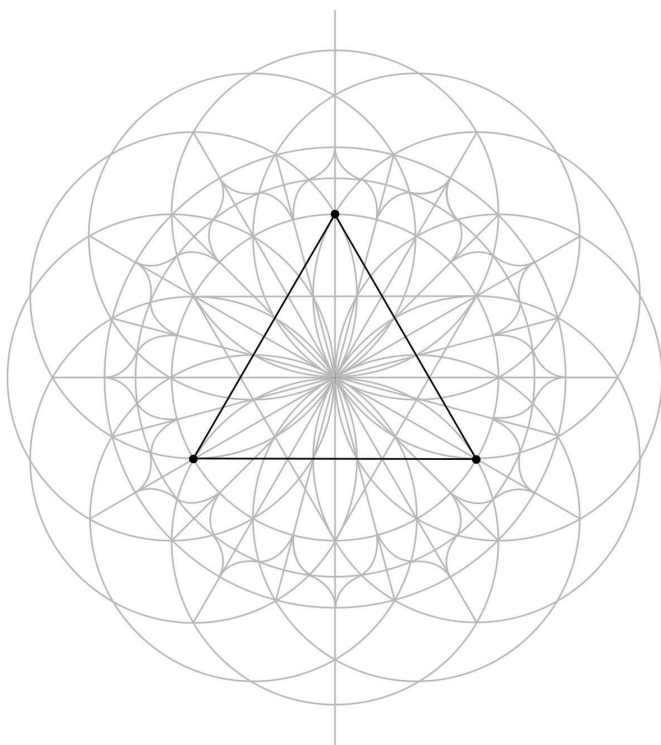


Step Fourteen

‘And then... an upward-pointing triangle!’

He leaned back.

‘Would you look at that? It’s a star. A proper magic star. Blimey.’

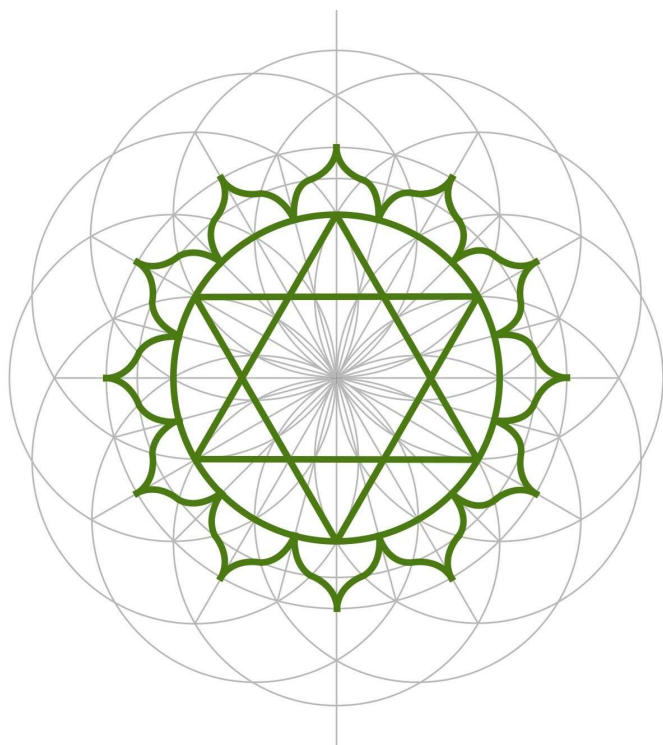


Step Fifteen

‘Final step—time to outline.’

He picked up his thickest green pencil.

‘Big strokes. Bold vibes. Loving energy...’



‘There,’ he said, holding up the drawing. ‘That’s me. Loving. Sort of.’

Then, just for fun, Smudge added a little stick figure of himself holding a cactus... carefully.

* * *

The next morning, Smudge woke up feeling different. He wasn't sure why, but the world seemed softer somehow—more forgiving, more compassionate.

At breakfast, his mum noticed the change. 'You seem... more open,' she said, pouring him a glass of orange juice.

'Do I?' Smudge said, grinning. 'Must be the *Anahata*.'

His mum raised an eyebrow. 'The what?'

'Never mind,' Smudge said, as he reached for his porridge. 'But I think I'm starting to get the hang of this love thing.'

After breakfast, Smudge tried to give Whiskers a loving hug—then promptly applied plasters to all eleven cat scratches. But after that, he went back to his room and glanced at the Chakra Book on his shelf. For the fourth time, he felt excited to keep reading.

'Next up,' he said, 'the Throat Chakra. Let's see what that's all about.'

Activity: Open Your Heart Through Art

Start with the basic Heart Chakra symbol—a six-pointed star (formed by two interlocking triangles) inside a circle.

Take your time and enjoy the symmetry. This symbol represents harmony, balance, and connection.

Now, make it your own. Use soft, soothing colours like green, pink, or gold—colours that evoke feelings of love, balance, and compassion. Let your lines be gentle and your design open and flowing.

Surround the symbol with imagery that speaks to your heart. You might draw open hands, blooming flowers, or anything that

reminds you of kindness and connection. Maybe it's someone you love, a favourite pet, or even a place where you feel most at peace.

Let your drawing reflect both the love you give and the love you receive.

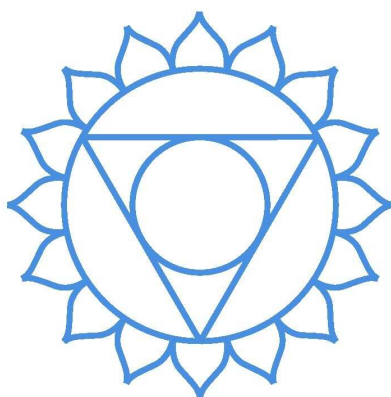
This is your space to express what it means to have an open heart.

Reflection

Once your artwork is complete, reflect on the following:

- What does love mean to you?
- How does your drawing express compassion and connection?
- Did making this help you feel more open-hearted or connected in some way? What did you notice?

Throat Chakra



With the Heart Chakra under his belt (sort of), Smudge was ready to tackle the next challenge: the Throat Chakra, or *Vishuddha*. He flipped to the next chapter of the Chakra Book and read the title aloud:

'The Throat Chakra: Speaking Your Truth.'

'Speaking my truth, eh?' Smudge said, scratching his head.

‘Sounds like something to do with talking. Or maybe truth serum. I don’t think I like where this is going...’

The book explained that the Throat Chakra is located at the base of the throat and is all about communication, self-expression, and speaking one’s truth.

Your truth is the honest expression of thoughts, feelings, beliefs, and ideas—sharing who you truly are without fear.

Vishuddha, in Sanskrit, comes from the root ‘*shuddhi*’, meaning ‘to purify.’ *Vishuddha* literally means ‘especially pure’ or ‘purest.’

Its colour is blue, and its symbol is a circle containing a triangle pointing downward, with a smaller circle inside—often surrounded by sixteen petals, each one representing a subtle vibration of sound and speech.

‘Blue,’ Smudge muttered, looking around his room. ‘I don’t think I own anything blue.’

Then he remembered the old blue scarf he’d worn to a school play last year. It was sitting in the back of his wardrobe, looking a bit crumpled.

‘Perfect,’ Smudge said, wrapping the scarf around his neck. ‘Now I’m ready to speak my truth.’

* * *

Smudge decided to start small. The book said that the Throat Chakra was all about communication—clear, confident, and honest. He figured he’d practise with someone who was always available: himself.

He stood in front of the mirror, puffed out his chest, and draped the blue scarf around his shoulders like a cape. Smudge had a thing about capes.

‘Right then,’ he declared, striking a dramatic pose. ‘I am Smudge, master of the Throat Chakra!’

Hmm, what should I say? Smudge thought. He cleared his throat and continued. ‘I speak with clarity! I express myself with ease! I—’

He paused, blinking.

‘—am incredibly thirsty.’

His throat gave a small croak of agreement.

Smudge sighed, letting the scarf droop. ‘Maybe I’ll unlock my inner voice after a glass of water. Gotta keep the flow going.’

* * *

After a refreshing glass of water, Smudge felt ready to try again. The book mentioned that the Throat Chakra wasn’t just about talking—it was also about self-expression. So, he figured he’d try his hand at something truly expressive: poetry.

‘Right,’ he said, grabbing a notebook and a pen with great ceremony. ‘Let’s see what poetic greatness looks like.’

He plopped into his chair, dramatically poised the pen above the page... and stared. And stared.

Hmm, what should I say? Smudge thought.

After a few thoughtful frowns and one prolonged sigh, he finally scribbled:

*Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I’m not very good at this,
But I’ll give it a go.*

He read it back, tilted his head, and squinted. ‘Hmm. Not quite

Shakespeare.'

With a huff, he crumpled the page and tossed it into the bin. It bounced off the rim and landed on Biscuit's head. Biscuit did not look impressed.

'So much for self-expression,' Smudge muttered, flopping back in his chair. 'Maybe I'm trying too hard to sound clever...'

* * *

That evening, Smudge sat on his bed, flipping through the Chakra Book again. He felt a bit frustrated but also curious. *Why wasn't this working?* Smudge frowned and flipped back through the chapter. Then his eyes landed on a line he'd somehow missed before:

'The Throat Chakra isn't about saying what you think people want to hear—it's about saying what truly matters to you.'

He blinked. 'Oh,' he murmured. 'Saying what really matters to me?'

That felt different. That felt... possible.

He thought about the day's events—the speech, the poem, the crumpled paper. In hindsight, perhaps not my finest hour, but it had also been... fun. And despite not knowing exactly what to say, he felt like it didn't really matter.

'Maybe communication isn't about saying the right thing,' Smudge said to himself. 'Maybe it's about expressing myself authentically, even when it's hard.'

Drawing the Symbol

Smudge flipped to the next page in the Chakra Book and tilted his head.

‘Time to give my voice some visual flair...’

He reached for his sketchbook, opened to a fresh page, and scanned the instructions.

‘A circle... a triangle... and a sort of ripple around the edges? Sounds like a shout in symbol form.’

With his compass in one hand and a blue pencil in the other, Smudge got to work.

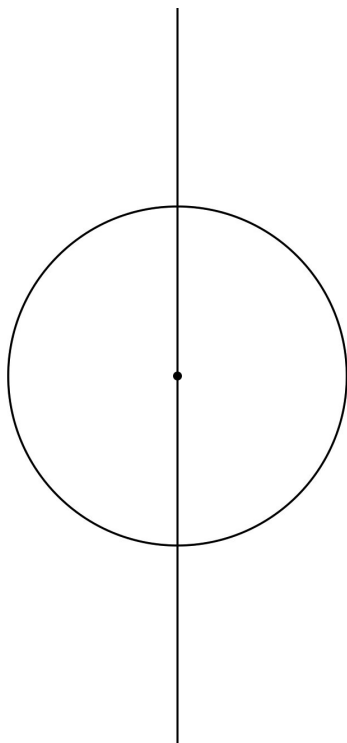
Precision matters! This one’s a bit tricky—kind of like finding the right words. Don’t worry if it’s not perfect—just give it a go. You can always try again or come back after a bit more practice.

Step One

‘Let me guess... vertical line with a circle?’

Smudge squinted at the book.

‘Classic chakra move. Standard!’

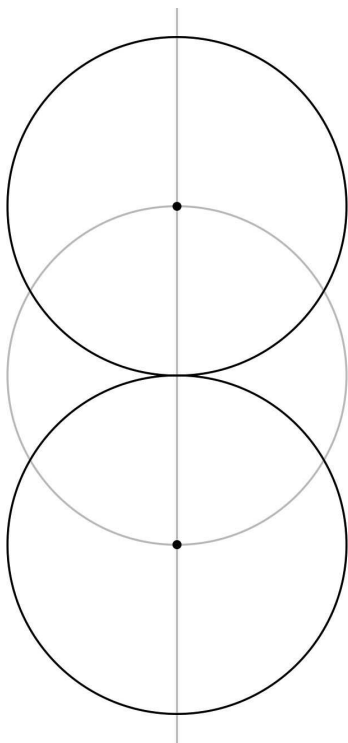


Step Two

Now add two more circles—one at the top, one at the bottom.

He nodded solemnly.

‘Centred on the line, Smudgey. Noted. Very symmetrical. Very official.’



Step Three

Make your compass nice and wide.

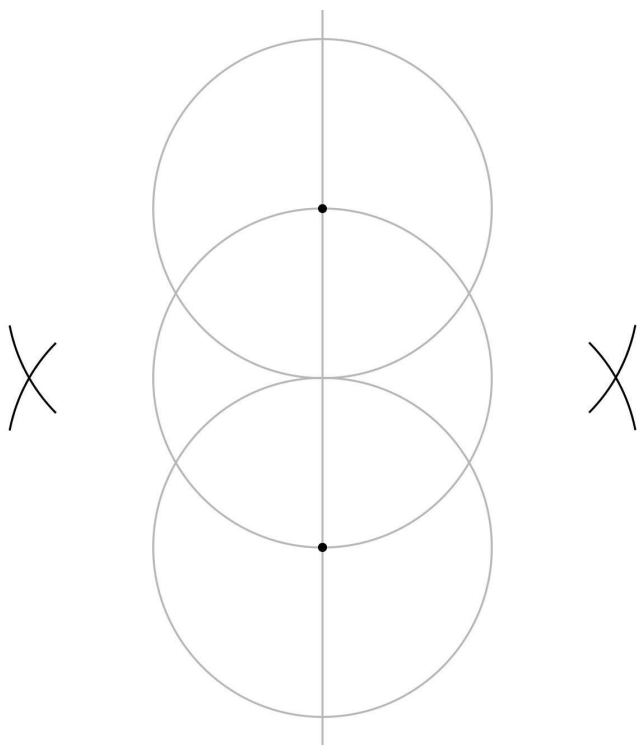
He stretched his arms dramatically.

‘Wide? Wiiiide. Like, extra-wide pizza wide.’

Use the centres of the new circles to draw intersecting arcs on both sides.

Smudge raised an eyebrow.

‘What for?’ he asked aloud—then read on.

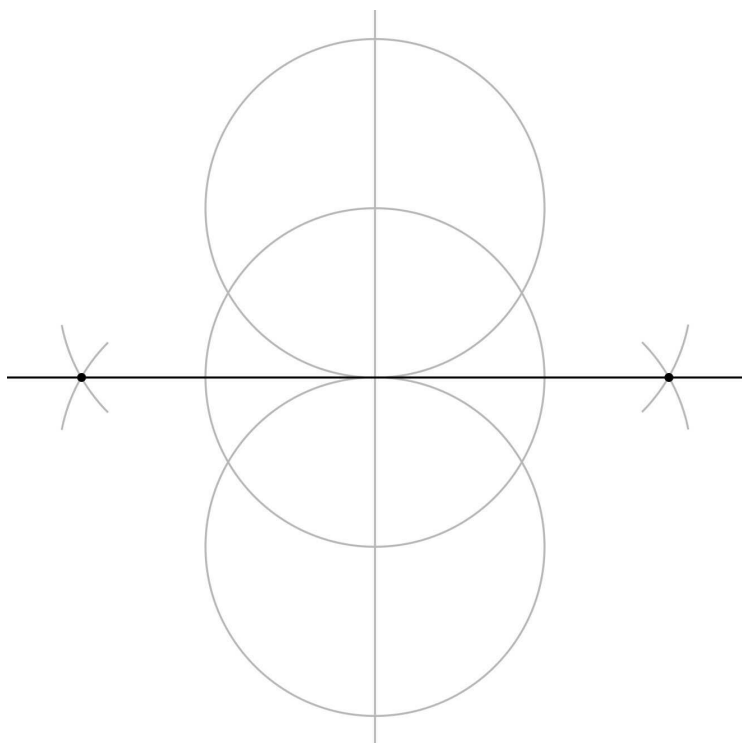


Step Four

‘Ohhh, right. To get a horizontal line. Of course.’

He connected the crossing points.

‘Voilà! Horizontal achieved. Like Smudge after too much pudding.’



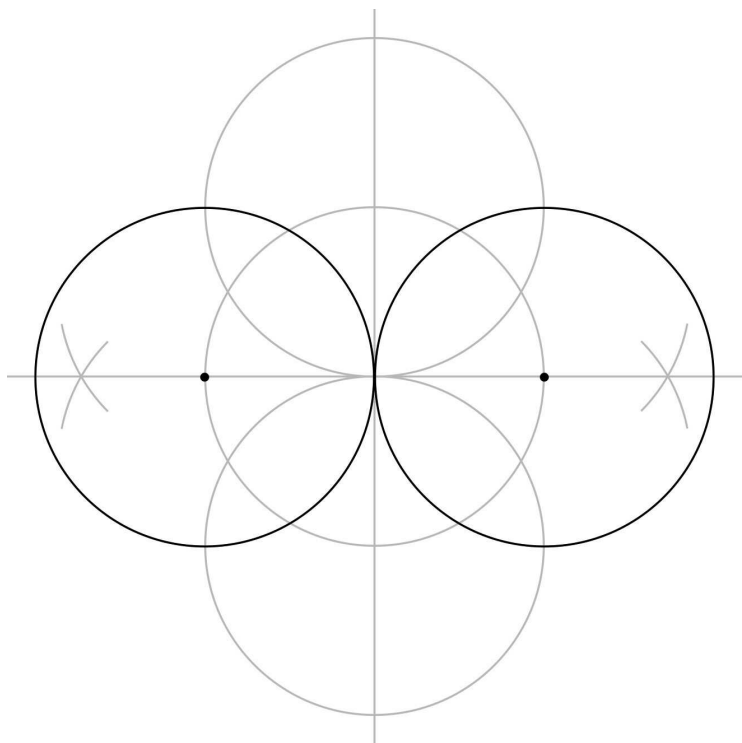
Step Five

Reset your compass to the original size—back to the size of circle number one.

Now create two more circles.

Smudge found the intersection points—either side of the first circle on the horizontal line.

‘Boom! Circles... deployed.’



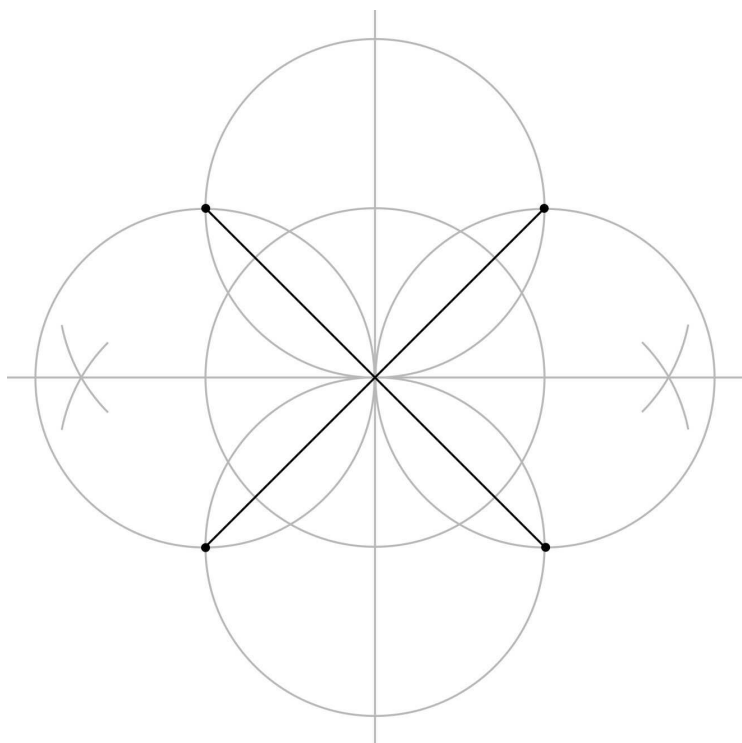
Step Six

Split the original circle into eights with two diagonal lines.

‘Two 45-degree diagonals coming right up!’

He lined up his ruler.

‘Nice and easy. Like slicing cake. Diagonal cake.’

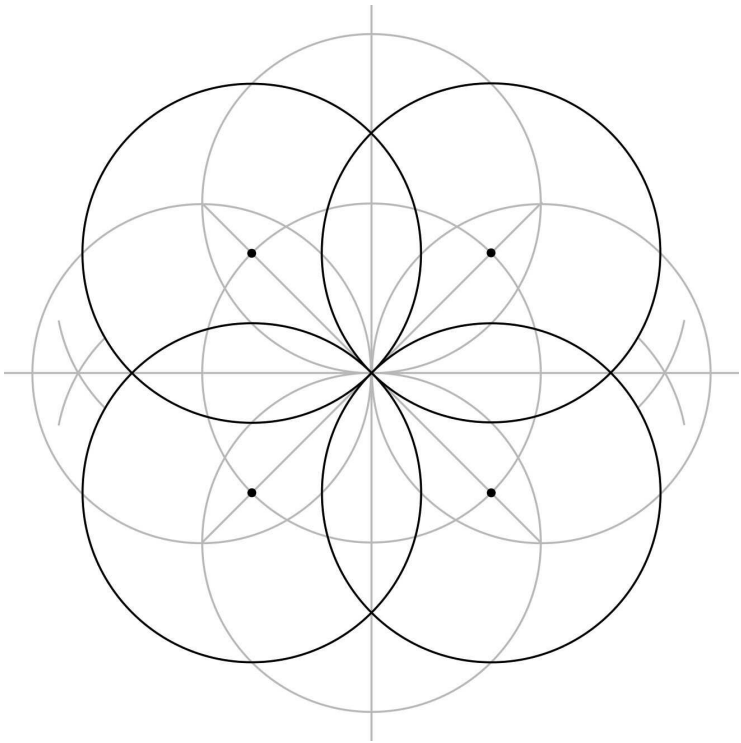


Step Seven

Now four more circles. Centred where the diagonals cross the first circle.

Smudge leaned in close.

‘Ooooooh... that’s convenient. I love it when geometry cooperates.’



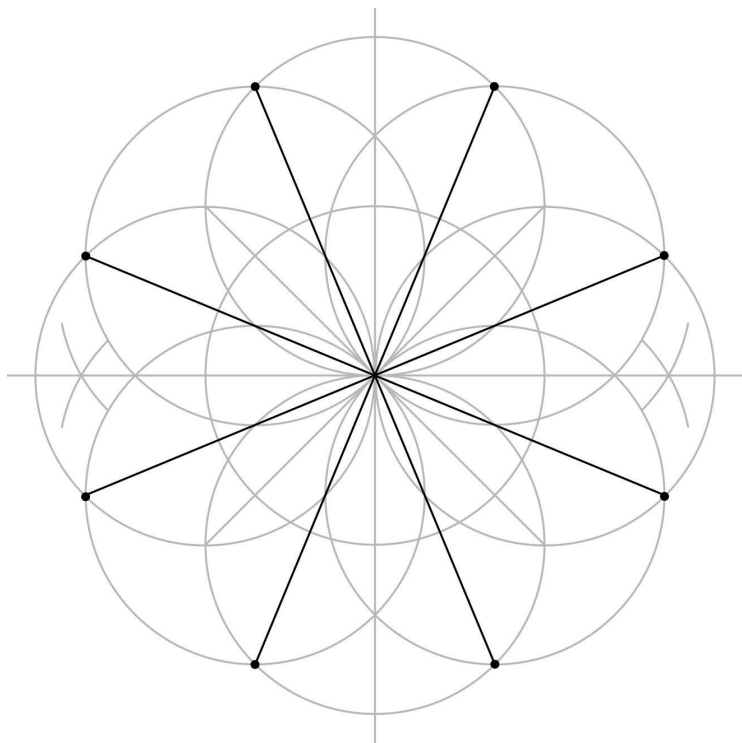
Step Eight

‘Right! Time for four more diagonals!’

Smudge cracked his knuckles dramatically.

Just connect the intersections of those outer circles.

‘Fiddly? Yep. But satisfying... like popping bubble wrap.’



Step Nine

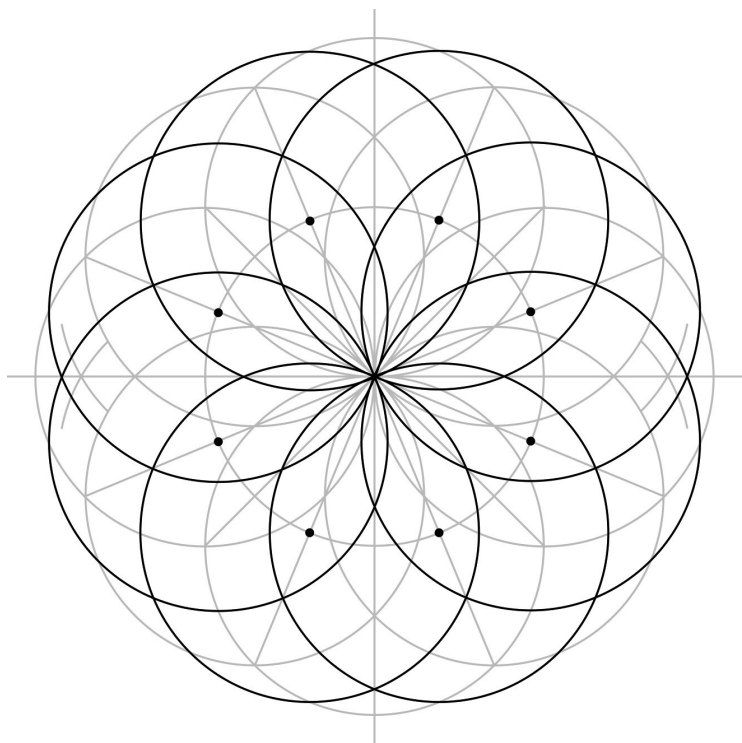
‘Eight more circles?! Eight?!’

He blinked rapidly.

‘This is madness.’

He followed the book anyway.

‘Centred where the new diagonals cross the original circle... I see now. It’s all coming together now.’



Step Ten

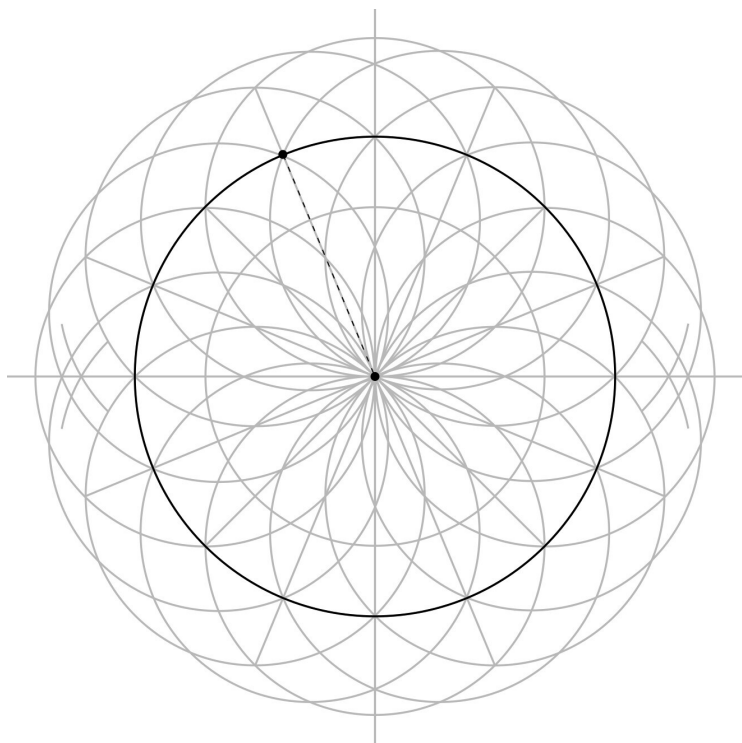
‘Big circle time!’

Smudge adjusted his compass again.

Put the point in the very centre.

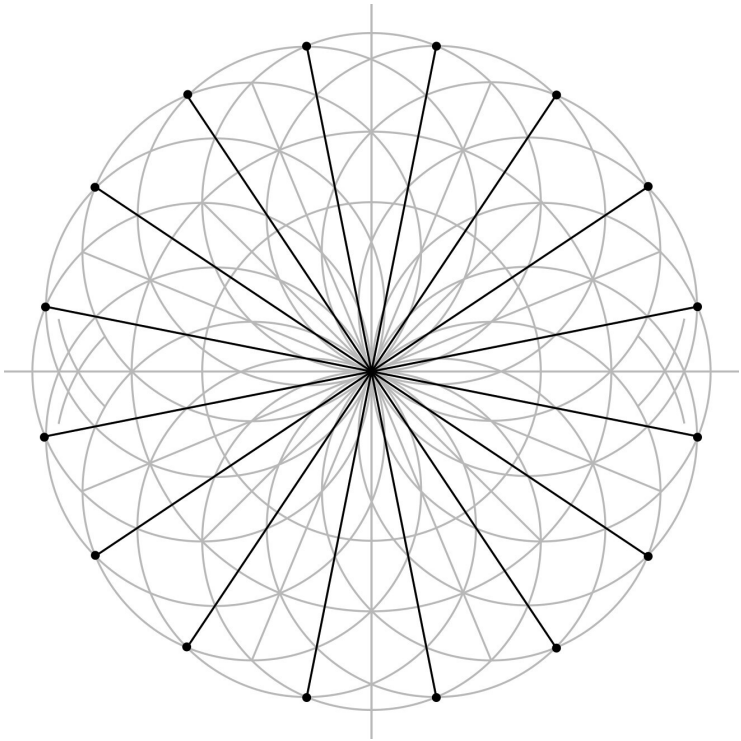
‘Like, the exact centre. Super-centred.’

He spun it out wide to the tip of those petal-looking things and drew.



Step Eleven

‘More diagonals?! We’ve officially gone diagonal wild!’
Smudge groaned and shook his pencil like a magic wand.
‘How many now? Eight? Fine!’
Use the intersections at the very edge.



Step Twelve

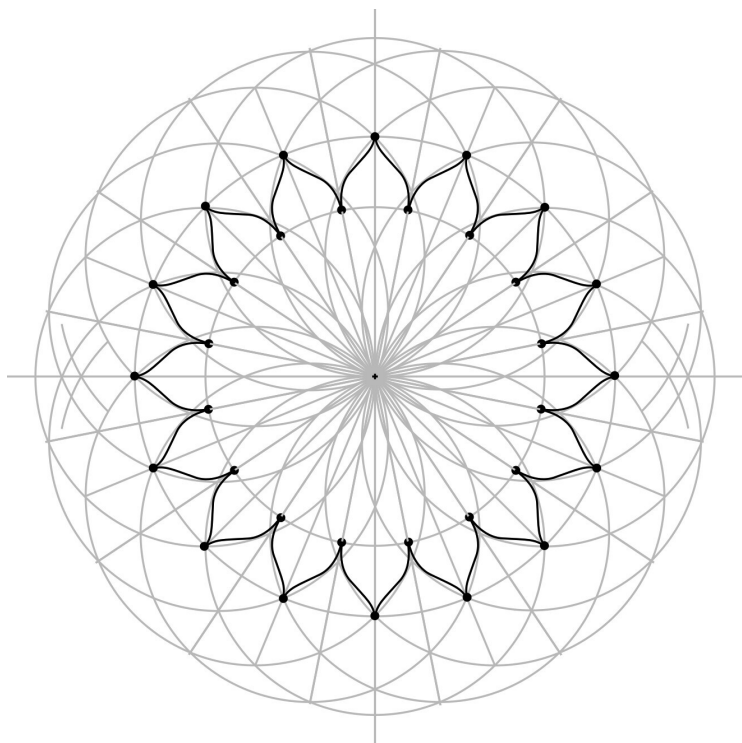
‘Phew! That was the tricky bit. Now for the fun stuff—petal time!’

Smudge sat up straight.

‘This is my moment.’

He took a deep breath and began.

‘Big, bold, beautiful. Like little waves. Flow, baby, flow!’

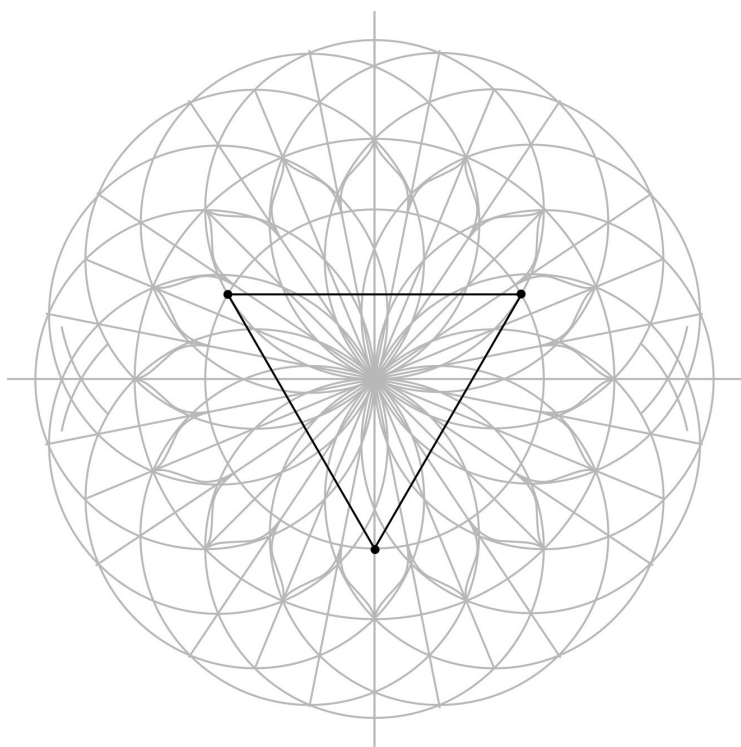


Step Thirteen

Next—a downward-pointing triangle. But look closely—very closely—for the right intersections!

Smudge whispered to the page:

‘Point down, my triangular friend. Ground that truth. Point down...’



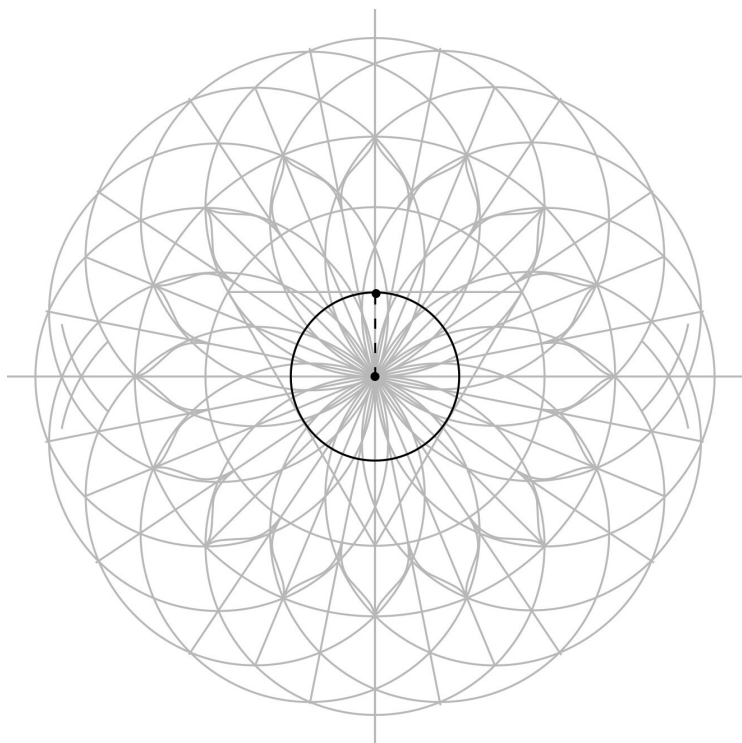
Step Fourteen

And now... a little circle inside the triangle.

Set your compass from the centre—the very centre—to the triangle's top edge.

Smudge lined it up and drew a circle with flair.

'Perfect. Like a tiny full moon inside an upside-down mountain.'

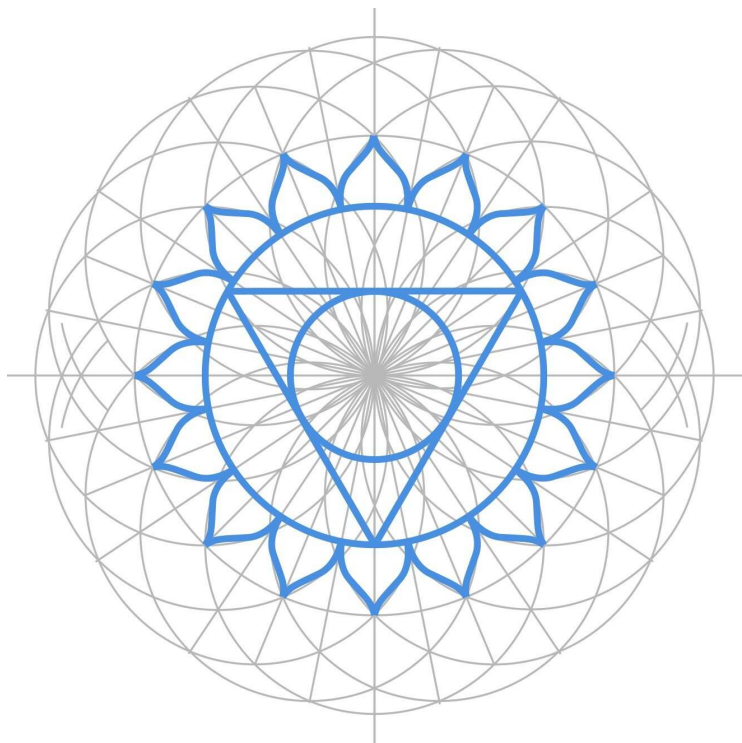


Step Fifteen

Now step back. Admire that masterpiece. Then grab your thick, juicy blue.

Smudge outlined everything proudly.

‘Magic! It’s really singing now!’



‘There,’ he said, holding up the drawing. ‘Done!’

Then, he decided to add a little something more—his name, right in the centre.

Big letters. Bold. Wobbly. Underlined twice.

‘Because expressing yourself,’ Smudge said proudly, ‘means saying, *this is me*—even if your handwriting looks like spaghetti.’

* * *

The next morning, Smudge woke up feeling different. He wasn’t sure why, but the world seemed quieter—like it was waiting for him to speak, not the other way around.

At breakfast, his mum noticed the change. ‘You seem... more expressive,’ she said, pouring him a glass of apple juice.

‘Do I?’ Smudge said, grinning. ‘Must be the *Vishuddha*.’

His mum raised an eyebrow. ‘The what?’

‘Never mind,’ Smudge said, taking a sip of juice. ‘But I think I’m starting to get the hang of this communication thing.’

After singing his way back to his room, he glanced at the Chakra Book on his shelf. For the fifth time, he felt excited to keep reading.

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

Activity: Speak Through Symbols

Start with the basic Throat Chakra symbol—a circle containing a triangle pointing downward, surrounded by sixteen petals. Take your time with the lines, and don’t worry if it’s not perfect—this is about expressing, not impressing.

Next, bring the symbol to life with colours and personal touches. Use shades of blue—from soft sky blue to bold turquoise—to represent clarity, truth, and calm communication.

Let your design flow like water—smooth, honest, and open.

Now surround the symbol with imagery that represents your voice. You might draw musical notes, a megaphone, or even open mouths. You could include words, phrases, or poems that feel important to you. This is your chance to visualise how you speak your truth—whether that’s through talking, singing, writing, or simply being authentic.

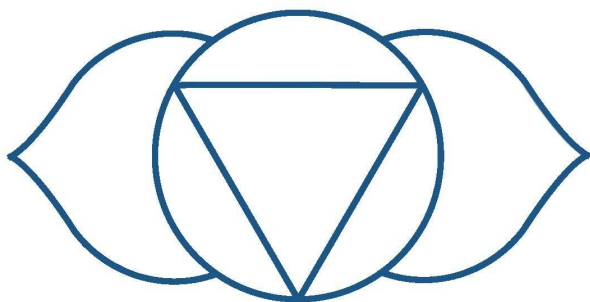
There’s no ‘right’ way to do it—just your way.

Reflection

Once your piece is complete, pause and reflect:

- What does it mean to speak from your true self?
- What parts of your drawing feel the most honest or ‘you’?
- Did creating this artwork help you feel more open, clear, or connected to your communication?

Third Eye Chakra



With the Throat Chakra under his belt (sort of), Smudge was ready to tackle the next challenge: the Third Eye Chakra, or *Ajna*. He flipped to the next chapter of the Chakra Book and read the title aloud:

‘The Third Eye Chakra: Awakening Your Inner Vision.’

‘Inner vision, eh?’ Smudge said, scratching his head. ‘Sounds

like something to do with eyes. Or magic. Or... X-ray vision, maybe? That would be nice.'

The book explained that *Ajna* means 'perception' in Sanskrit. It's the centre of intuition, insight, and inner knowing—like a compass for your spirit. Located between the eyebrows, the Third Eye Chakra is all about seeing beyond the surface and trusting your instincts.

Its colour is indigo, and its symbol is a lotus with two petals—sometimes shown with a circle and an inverted triangle at the centre, representing wisdom and inner vision.

'Indigo,' Smudge muttered, looking around his room. 'I don't think I own anything indigo.'

'Hang on... what is indigo, anyway?' Smudge wondered, flipping back to the book. 'Ah! A deep blue dye from the indigo plant—somewhere between blue and violet. Got it!'

Then he remembered the old pair of sunglasses he'd found at the beach last summer—scratched, but with a faint purplish-blue tint.

'Perfect,' Smudge said, slipping on the sunglasses and looking as fresh as a new box of crayons. 'Now I'm officially ready to awaken my inner vision.'

* * *

Smudge decided to start small. The book mentioned that the Third Eye Chakra was connected to intuition, so he thought he'd try trusting his gut.

'Right,' he said, standing in the middle of his room. 'What does my intuition tell me?'

He closed his eyes and concentrated. For a moment, he felt a strange pull towards the kitchen.

‘Interesting,’ Smudge said, opening one eye. ‘The kitchen, you say, inner vision? Bold choice.’

He followed the feeling, only to find his mum baking cookies.

‘Ah,’ Smudge said, grinning. ‘Is that my intuition... or just a well-trained snack sense?’

‘Maybe they were linked. Maybe knowing and nibbling weren’t so far apart.’

His mum looked over and tilted her head. ‘Smudge, what are you on about this time?’

‘Nothing,’ Smudge said, grabbing a cookie. ‘Just following my gut.’

‘So I see,’ his mum replied.

* * *

After enjoying his cookie, Smudge decided to try another approach. The book mentioned that the Third Eye Chakra was also about imagination, so he thought he’d practise by creating a vision board.

‘Right,’ he said, grabbing a piece of cardboard and some old magazines. ‘Let’s see what I can come up with.’

He cut out pictures of mountains, stars, and a particularly majestic cat (not Whiskers), then glued them onto the cardboard.

Smudge stiffened. Whiskers had seen the impostor—and she was not amused. Avoiding eye contact he continued.

‘This is brilliant,’ Smudge said, stepping back to admire his work. ‘I’m practically a visionary.’

Smudge blinked. For a second—just a second—the stars on his vision board seemed to shimmer. Just as he placed the final image—a glowing spiral galaxy—Whiskers let out an ominous purr and tapped the vision board with a single, deliberate paw.

Careful, human. You're meddling with powers beyond your snack level.

Smudge tilted his head. 'Probably best not to mess with Whiskers,' he said as he slowly retreated from the vision board. 'Whiskers knows. Whiskers always knows.'

* * *

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

Then he noticed a line he'd missed earlier: *'The Third Eye Chakra isn't about understanding everything perfectly. It's about trusting your intuition, even when things seem unclear.'*

Smudge blinked. 'Wait... trusting my intuition? I can do that!'

He thought about the day's events—the cookies, the vision board, Whiskers. It hadn't gone exactly to plan, sure, but it didn't go badly either. He'd enjoyed the cookie and survived without any cat scratches. 'Both of those are good things, aren't they?'

'Maybe intuition isn't about having all the answers,' Smudge said. 'Maybe it's about trusting the quiet part of you that already knows.'

Drawing the Symbol

Now that he got it, Smudge flipped to the next page in the Chakra Book. *I'm ready to draw the symbol*, he thought.

'Ooh... mysterious.'

He opened his sketchbook to a clean page and leaned in close.

'Okay, so... a circle, a triangle, and two petals. Looks like an

eyeball that knows all your secrets.'

He grabbed his pencil and his compass and got started.

'This one's for the Third Eye,' he whispered dramatically.
'The all-seeing, all-knowing, sometimes-slightly-confused eye.'

Step One

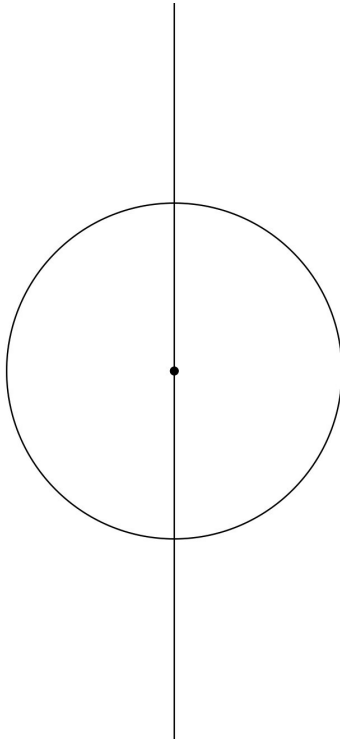
Draw a vertical line with a circle centred on it.

Smudge yawned dramatically.

‘Par for the course! We know the drill by now, right?’

Still, he made sure it was exactly in the centre.

‘Can’t mess around with geometry.’

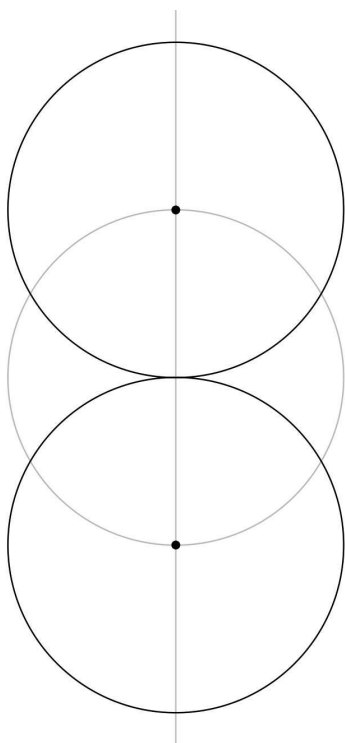


Step Two

Add two more circles—one at the top, one at the bottom.

He lined them up with a flourish.

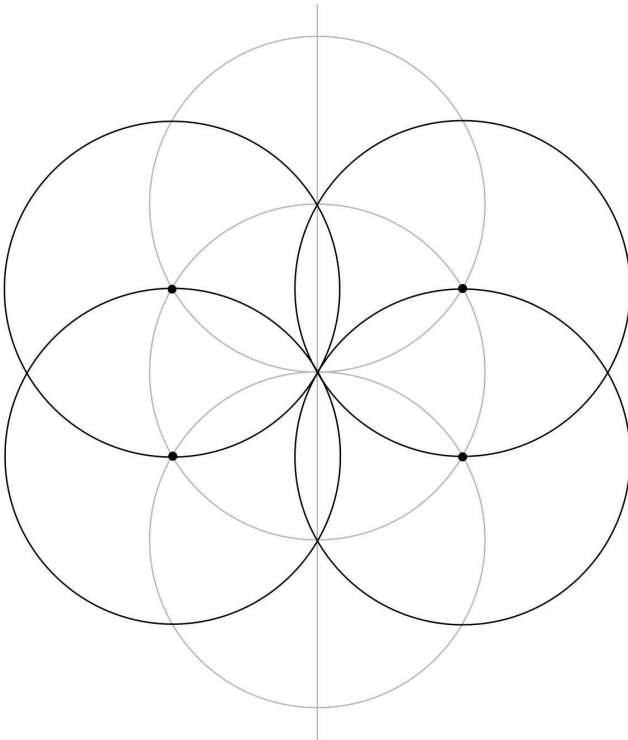
‘I could do this in my sleep. In fact, I think I *have* done this in my sleep.’



Step Three

Keep going—draw the Seed of Life.

‘Seven circles in total, nice and snug. Looks like a flower. A very organised, interdimensional flower.’

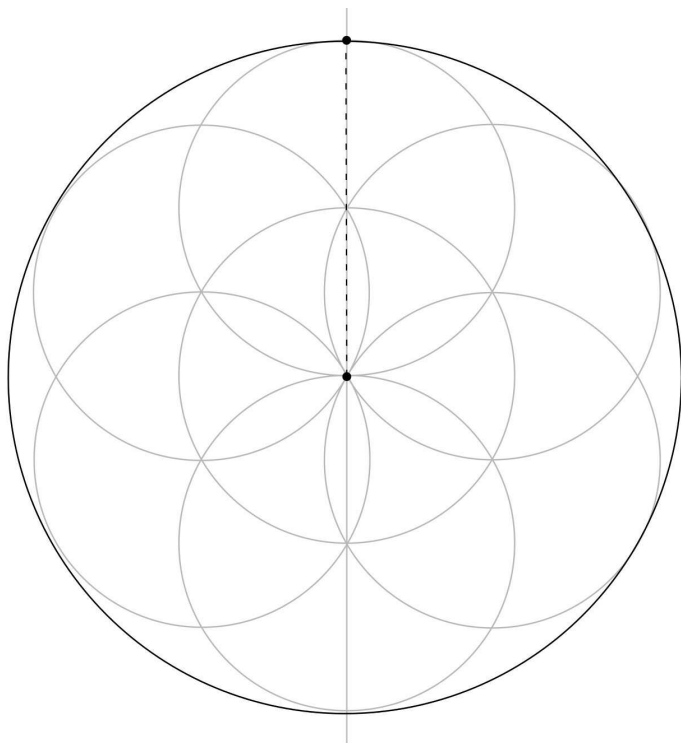


Step Four

Now enclose the whole thing with one big circle.

Smudge adjusted the compass arms as wide as they would go.

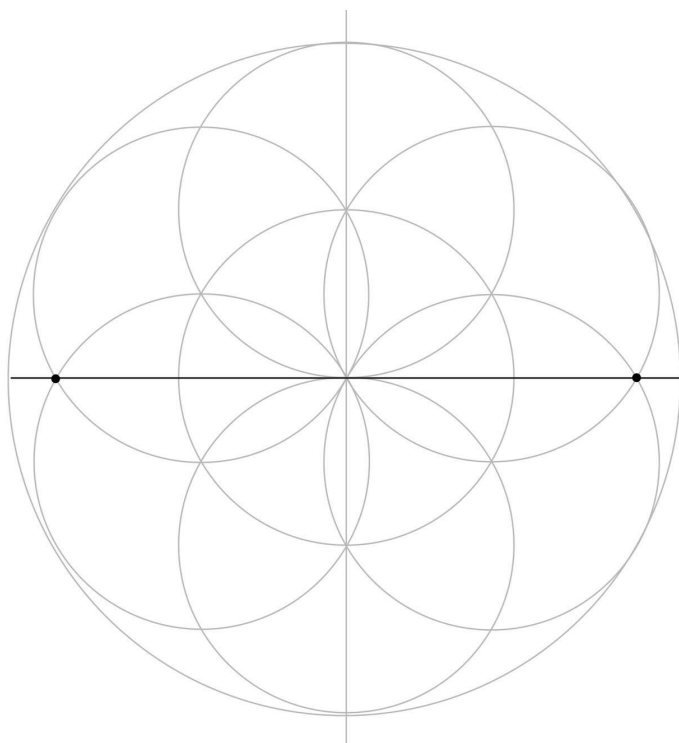
‘Oof—bit of a stretch. Extend those compass arms, Smudgy!
This one’s got presence.’



Step Five

Next, a horizontal line. Look closely and pick out the right intersections.

‘Boom—laser beam across the middle. Balanced and beam-ing.’



Step Six

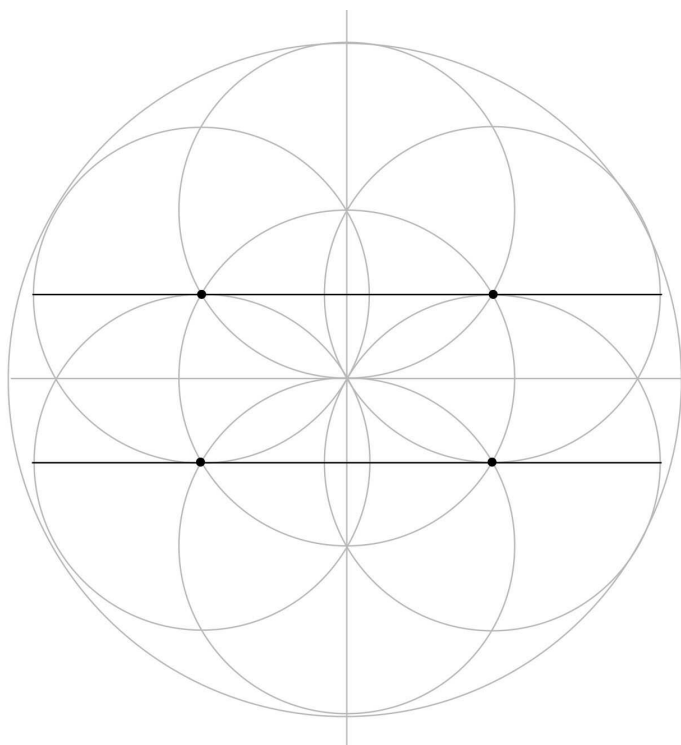
‘Two more horizontal lines?’

Smudge furrowed his brow.

‘This is going to be tricky... but I trust my eyes. And my third one too.’

He lined them up neatly.

‘Nice and parallel. Just like train tracks for a cosmic geometry train.’

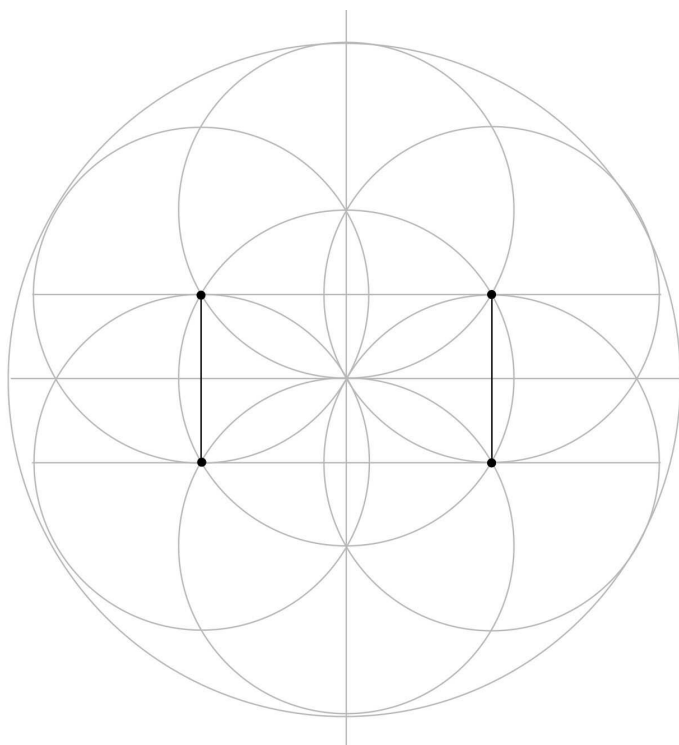


Step Seven

From there—two short vertical lines.

Smudge zoomed in close.

‘Tiny but mighty... Might? All right!’



Step Eight

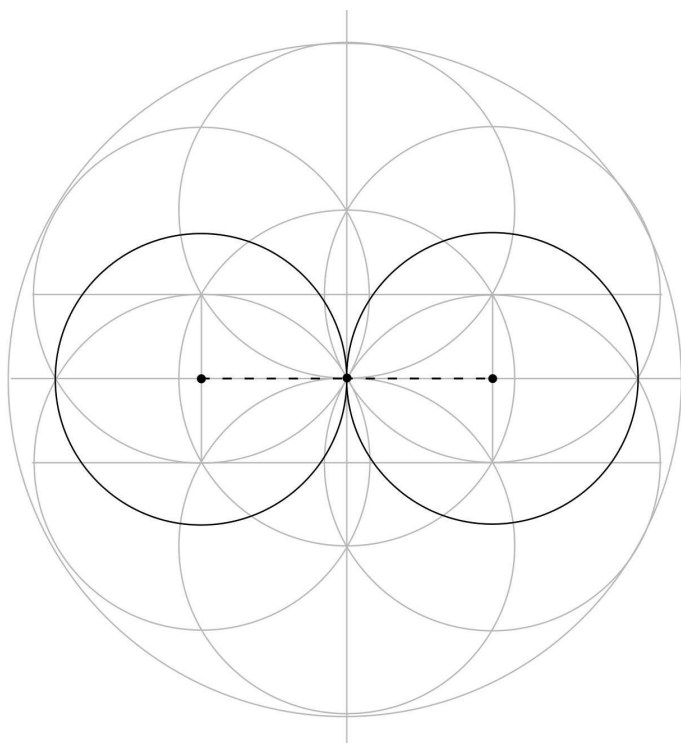
Now for two smaller circles.

‘Where?’ Smudge muttered, flipping the compass again.

‘Centred where the middle horizontal and verticals meet. Got it.’

Set the compass from those spots to the *very* centre. Ready? Steady? Draw!

‘Smaller... tighter... but also like big night-vision owl eyes.’

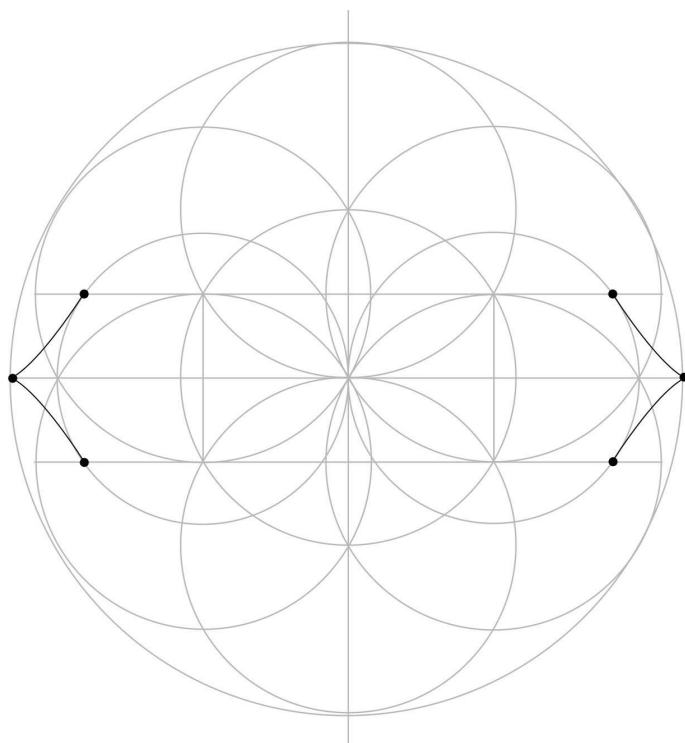


Step Nine

‘Petal tips incoming!’

Smudge raised a pencil dramatically.

‘These ones are elegant. Slightly mystical. Totally freehand.’



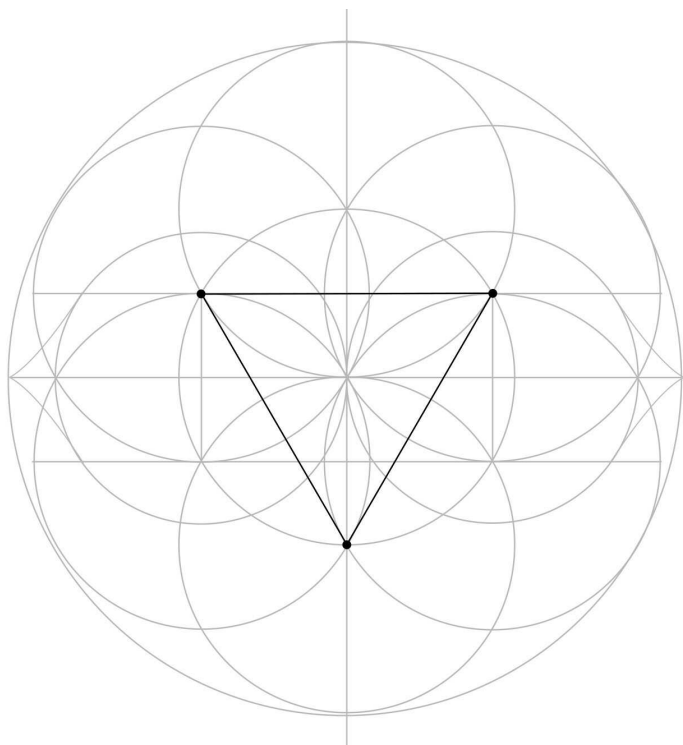
Step Ten

Nearly there...

One more element—a triangle. A strong one.

Smudge checked the page.

‘Pointing down. Of course. Like a vision-funnel. Confusion in, insight out.’

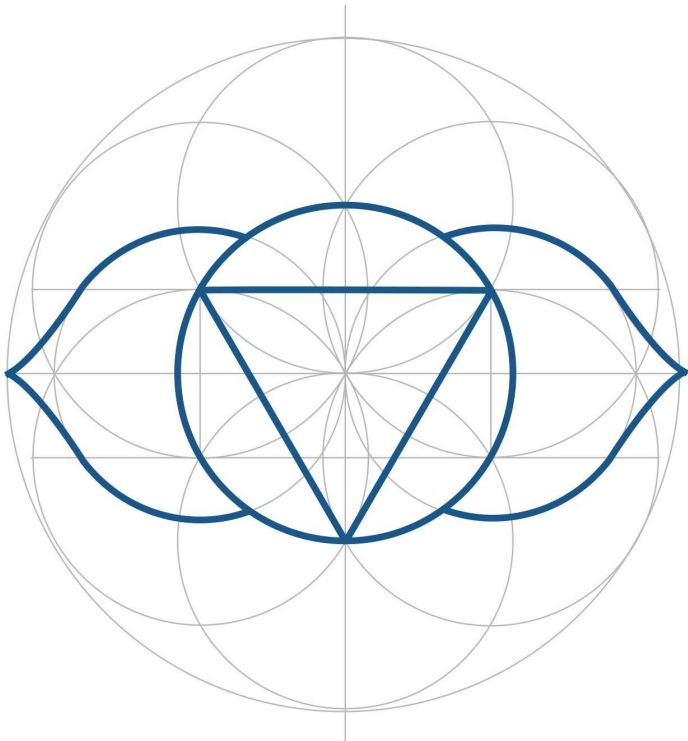


Step Eleven

Now the fun bit—grab your thickest, richest, most majestic indigo.

Smudge took a deep breath.

Big outline time. Make it bold. Make it glow. Like the midnight sky on a wizard's birthday.



‘There,’ he said, holding up the drawing. ‘That’s me. Insightful. Sort of.’

Then, just for fun, Smudge added a little stick figure of himself wearing sunglasses, with a flying cosmic cat in the background—not Whiskers. (Please don't tell her.)

* * *

The next morning, Smudge woke up feeling different. He wasn't sure why, but the world seemed clearer, as if he'd been looking through fog and it had finally lifted.

At breakfast, his mum noticed the change. 'You seem... more knowing,' she said, handing him a plate of sausages.

'Do I?' Smudge said, grinning. 'Must be the *Ajna*.'

His mum raised an eyebrow. 'The what?'

'Never mind,' Smudge said, taking a bite of sausage. 'But I think I'm starting to get the hang of this intuition thing.'

After trying to get back to his room using only his inner vision (and not his eyes), Smudge went to get the dustpan and brush to clean up what used to be a vase. But after that, he glanced at the Chakra Book on his shelf. For the sixth time, he felt excited to keep reading.

'Next up,' he said, 'the Crown Chakra. Let's see what that's all about.'

Activity: Picture Your Inner Vision

Begin with the basic Third Eye Chakra symbol—a circle containing a downward-pointing triangle nestled between two petals. This chakra is all about insight, intuition, and inner vision, so as you draw, take a moment to tune in and notice what your imagination reveals.

Colour your symbol with deep indigos, midnight blues, and

violets—shades that evoke mystery, wisdom, and clarity. Let the colours swirl like galaxies, as if you're painting with starlight.

Around the symbol, add images that represent your inner knowing. This could be a glowing eye, a moon, a mirror, or shapes and patterns that only you understand. You might draw dreams you've had, things you just *know*, or symbols that guide you—like keys, lanterns, or constellations.

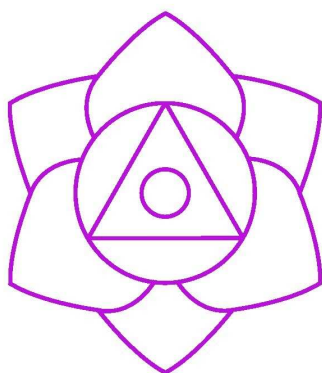
This drawing isn't just art—it's a window into how you see beyond the obvious.

Reflection

Once your artwork is complete, take a quiet moment to reflect:

- What does intuition mean to you?
- How do the symbols and colours you chose reflect your inner world?
- Did this drawing help you feel more connected to your imagination or inner wisdom?

Crown Chakra



With the Third Eye Chakra under his belt (sort of), Smudge was ready to tackle the final challenge: the Crown Chakra, or *Sahasrara*. He flipped to the last chapter of the Chakra Book and read the title aloud:

‘The Crown Chakra: Connecting to the Divine.’

‘Connecting to the divine, eh?’ Smudge said, scratching his

head. 'Sounds like something to do with stars. Or chocolate pudding. Or... stars made of chocolate pudding? It definitely could be that.'

The book explained that the Crown Chakra is located at the top of the head and is all about spirituality, connection to the universe, and enlightenment. *Sahasrara* means 'thousand-petalled' in Sanskrit, symbolising infinite consciousness and the unfolding of higher awareness.

Its colour is violet, and its symbol is a thousand-petaled lotus. Smudge blinked. 'A thousand petals?' he said. 'That's... a lot.'

He stared at the page, thinking how he could possibly draw a symbol with a thousand petals.

'Don't panic, Smudge,' he whispered to himself. 'We'll simplify.'

'And violet?' Smudge muttered, looking around his room. 'I don't think I own anything violet.'

Then he remembered the old violet blanket he'd used as a cape during a superhero phase. It was sitting in the back of his wardrobe, looking a bit faded.

'Perfect,' Smudge said, draping the blanket over his shoulders. 'Now I'm ready to connect to the divine.'

* * *

Smudge decided to start small. The book mentioned that the Crown Chakra was connected to spirituality, so he thought he'd try meditating.

'Right,' he said, sitting cross-legged on the floor. 'Let's see if I can reach enlightenment.'

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to clear his mind. For a moment, he felt a strange sense of peace.

Well this is going very well, Smudge thought. I must be excellent at—.

SMASH! came a loud noise from the kitchen.

Smudge opened his eyes. 'What on earth was that? That didn't sound like peace! It sounded like the op-peace-it.'

After laughing hysterically at his own terrible joke for a moment, he hurried to the kitchen to find his mum standing in front of the open fridge, looking confused.

'I was just trying to get the milk,' she said, standing amidst a broken jar of pickles.

After making sure his mum was okay, Smudge sighed. 'So much for enlightenment.'

'I've ended up in a pickle instead,' Smudge said as he accidentally stepped on one.

* * *

Undeterred, Smudge decided to try another approach. The book mentioned that the Crown Chakra was also about connection to the universe, so he thought he'd practise by stargazing.

'Right,' he said, grabbing a torch and heading outside. 'Let's see what the stars have to say.'

He lay down on the grass, looking up at the night sky. Biscuit trotted over, did three dramatic circles, and flopped down beside him with a contented sigh. The stars twinkled brightly above, and Smudge felt a sense of awe.

'This is brilliant,' Smudge said to Biscuit, pointing at the stars. 'That one looks like Mum standing in a puddle of pickles. Or is it me? And that one—definitely a dog. Or maybe a dragon. Or... a dog riding a dragon?'

Biscuit wagged his tail. *Finally, some recognition. A win for*

dogs!

But just then, a cloud drifted across the sky, rudely blocking their view.

Not content with just blocking his view, the cloud then rained on him.

Rude, Smudge thought, sitting up. ‘So much for cosmic peace. Thanks, cloud.’

* * *

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

Then he noticed a line he’d missed earlier: *‘The Crown Chakra isn’t about escaping the world—it’s about connecting with something greater, right where you are.’*

Smudge blinked. ‘Wait a minute. Right where I am? I’m always here!’

He thought about the day’s events—the meditation, the stars, the cloud. The outcome was... less than ideal, but it had also been... fun. And despite not understanding it all, he felt connected—like everything was already part of something wonderful and kind.

‘Maybe that’s what spirituality is all about,’ Smudge smiled. ‘Maybe I’m already part of something bigger—right here, right now, and always have been.’

Drawing the Symbol

‘This one’s for the Crown Chakra,’ he said in a hushed voice.

‘The big one. The top banana of chakras.’

He squinted at the intricate design. ‘A thousand petals? I’d be here all week! Mum’s already got dinner on...’

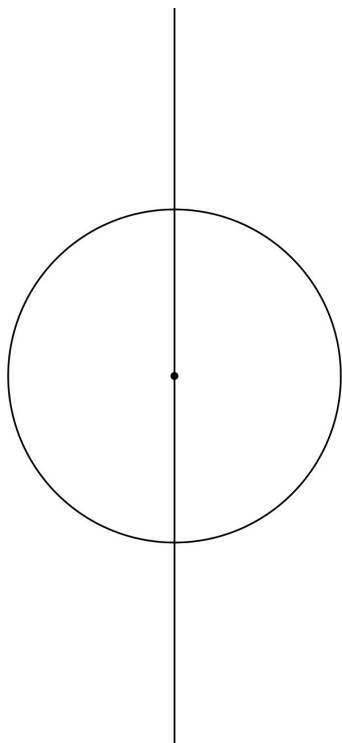
He tapped his pencil thoughtfully. ‘Maybe just a simplified version—for now.’

He picked up his violet pencil, set his compass to the centre, and got to work.

Step One

Smudge didn't even bother reading this one.

He did manage to do it with his eyes closed this time—well, almost.

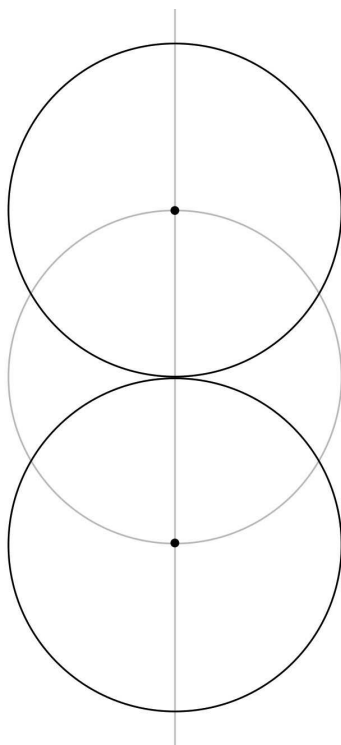


Step Two

Add one circle above and one below, lined up on the same vertical.

‘I’ve got this down,’ he grinned.

‘Top... centred. Bottom... centred. Smudge-a-nardo in the making!’

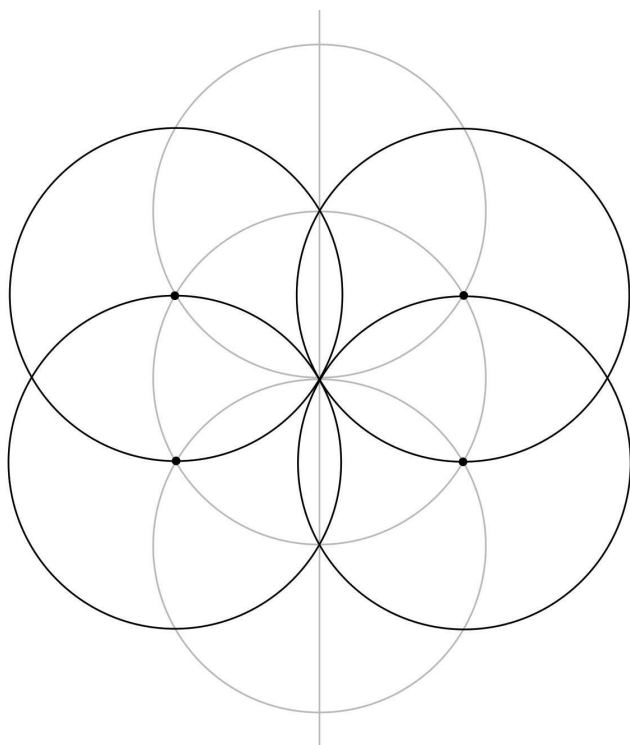


Step Three

No stopping now—four more circles to finish the Seed of Life.

‘Circles unfolding,’ Smudge whispered. ‘Very floral.’

He paused, admiring it. ‘Symmetry magic strikes again!’



Step Four

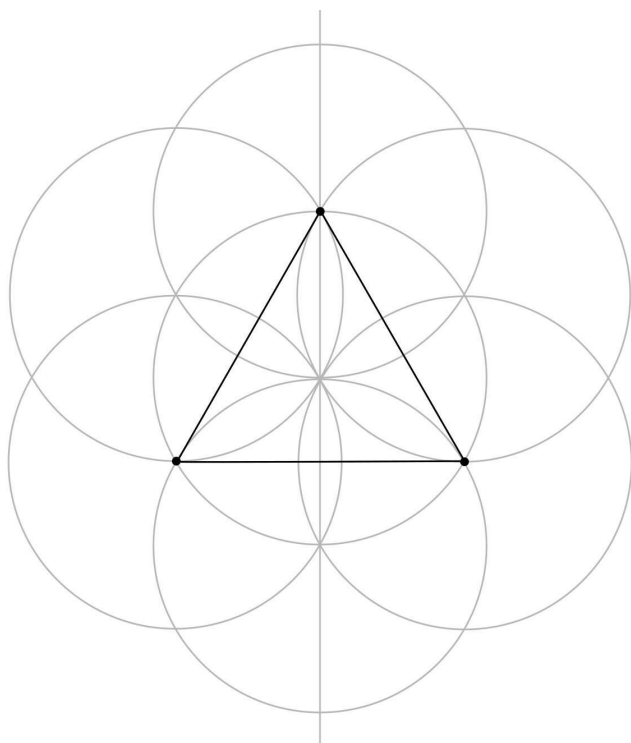
Now for a nice triangle in the middle.

Smudge squinted at the page. ‘Up or down?’

He tapped his pencil against his lip. ‘An upward-pointing one. That’s a change!’

He drew carefully, tongue sticking out the side of his mouth.

‘There we go. Pointing up—like my ambitions. Or my last self haircut attempt. Bold, slightly uneven, and totally unique.’



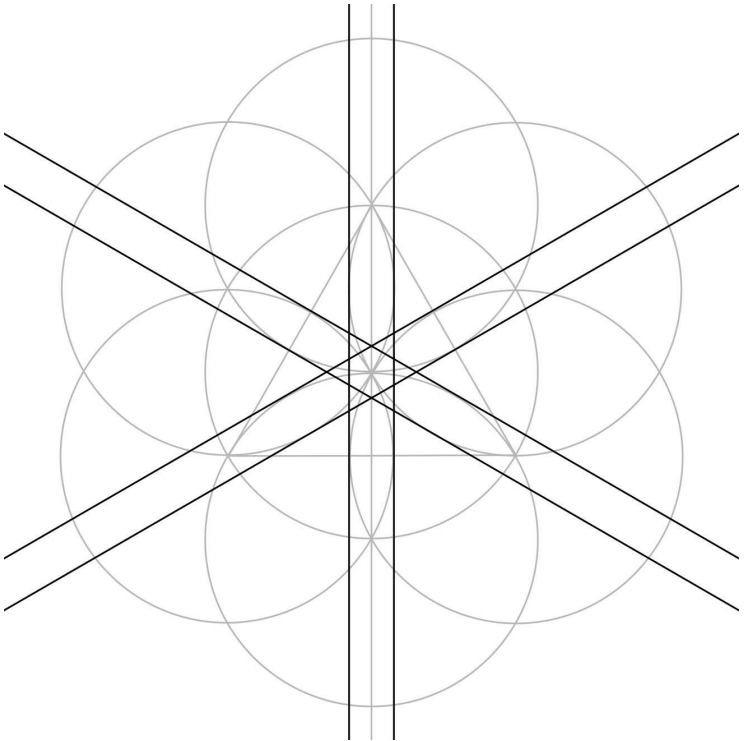
Step Five

Next, we need some channels.

‘Channels? Hmm... like parallel lines? Or like TV channels?’
Smudge tilted his head.

He lined up his ruler carefully. ‘Wait... if I use the edges of the circles... I get three channels. Groovy channels!’

He drew the channels, nice and steady. ‘Tune in to Radio Clarity...’



Step Six

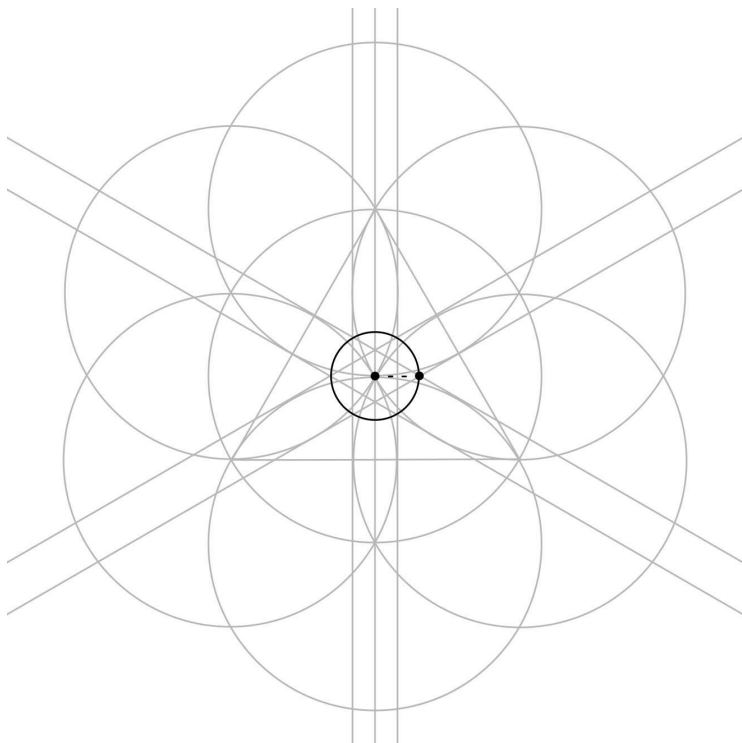
Now, a little circle in the middle.

Smudge leaned in. ‘Interesting... What’s this little fellow for?’

Use the very centre and the tip of that little diamond to set the size.

He adjusted carefully. ‘Then around we go—wheee!’

‘Mini circle achieved! Small, mysterious, and possibly magical.’



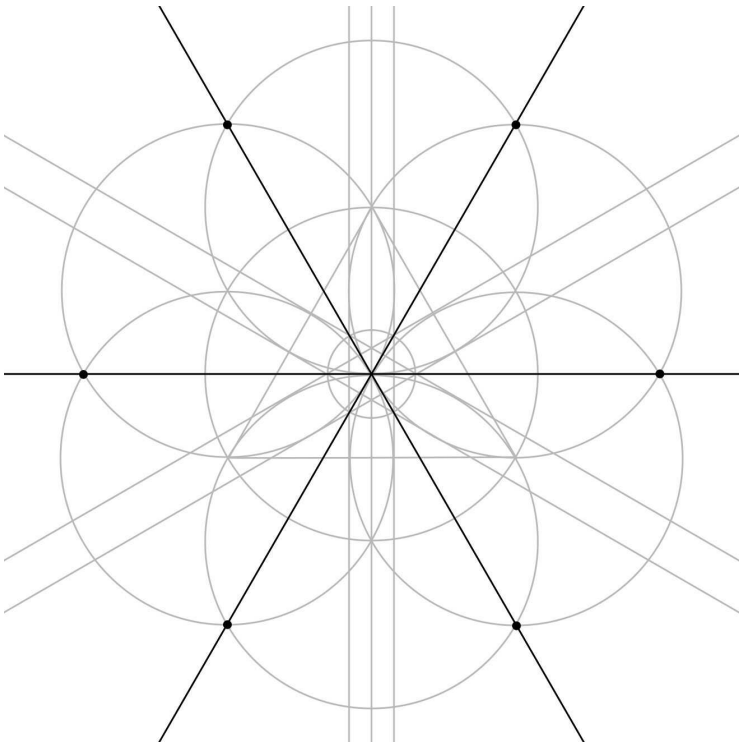
Step Seven

Three more diagonals next!

Smudge stretched his arms. ‘Alright, geometry muscles—don’t fail me now.’

He squinted at the page and read aloud, ‘Use the intersections of the outer circles... These ones—right here.’

He drew the diagonals, leaned back and admired them. ‘Perfect-ish. That’ll do, Smudge. That’ll do.’



Step Eight

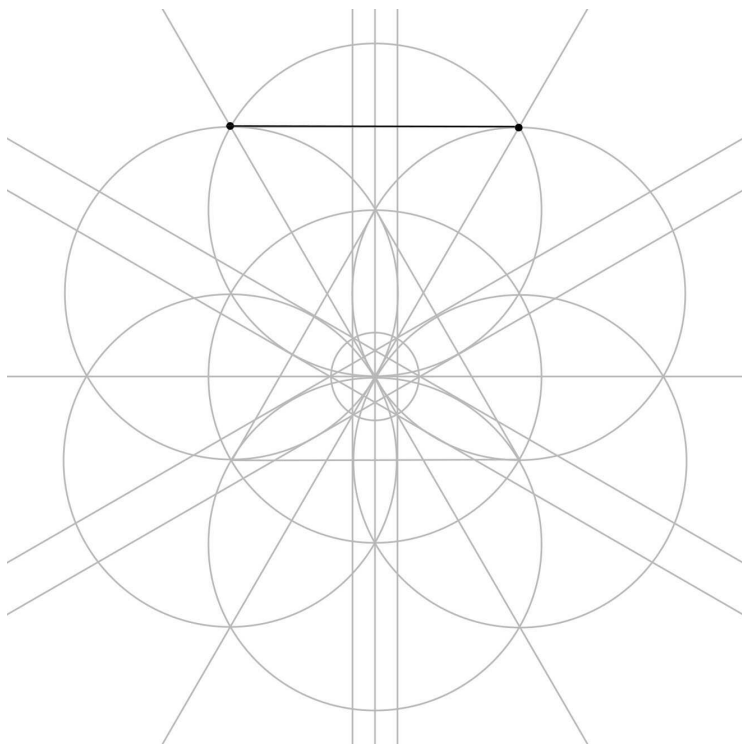
Time for one small horizontal line... just about... here.

Smudge tilted his head.

‘Hmm. What’s this for? A bridge to another dimension? A snack shelf? No idea.’

He drew it anyway.

‘Mystery. Onwards!’

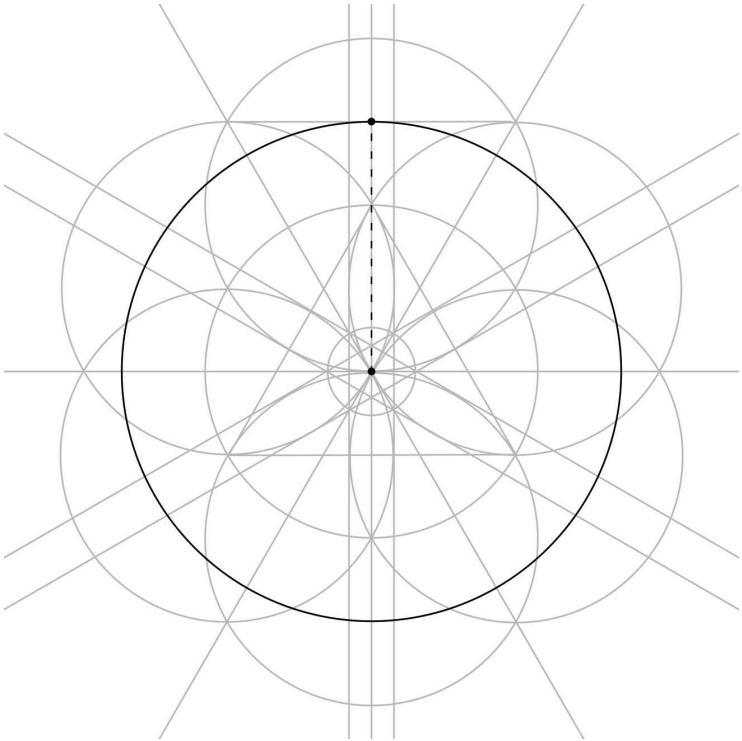


Step Nine

‘Of course! It’s to help create a bigger circle.’

Smudge tapped the centre dramatically.

Use the centre—the *very, very* centre—stretch the compass to that line, and draw.

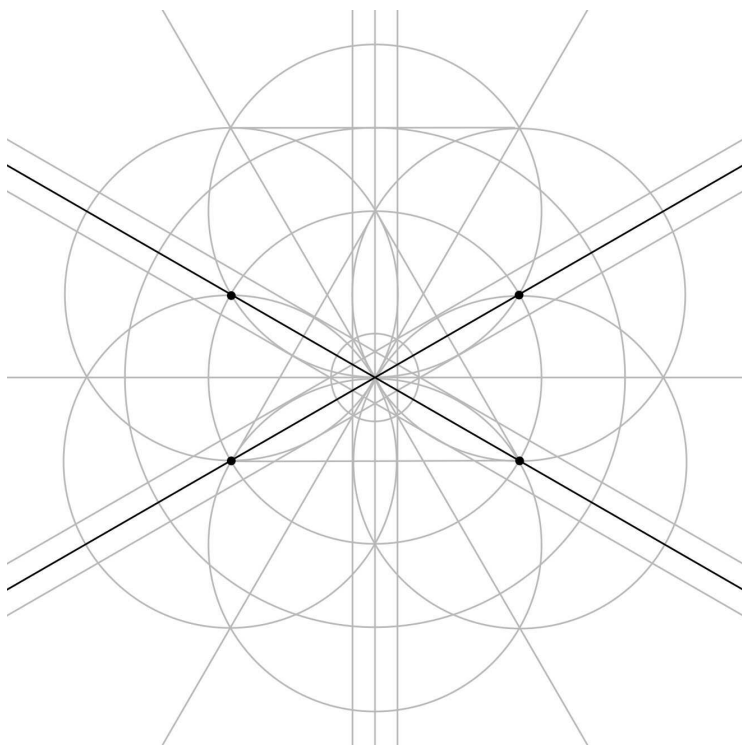


Step Ten

Draw straight lines through the centres of each channel.

Look closely for the right intersections!

‘These will give us the petal tips. Petal GPS engaged.’



Step Eleven

Now for the petal tips. These are big ones.

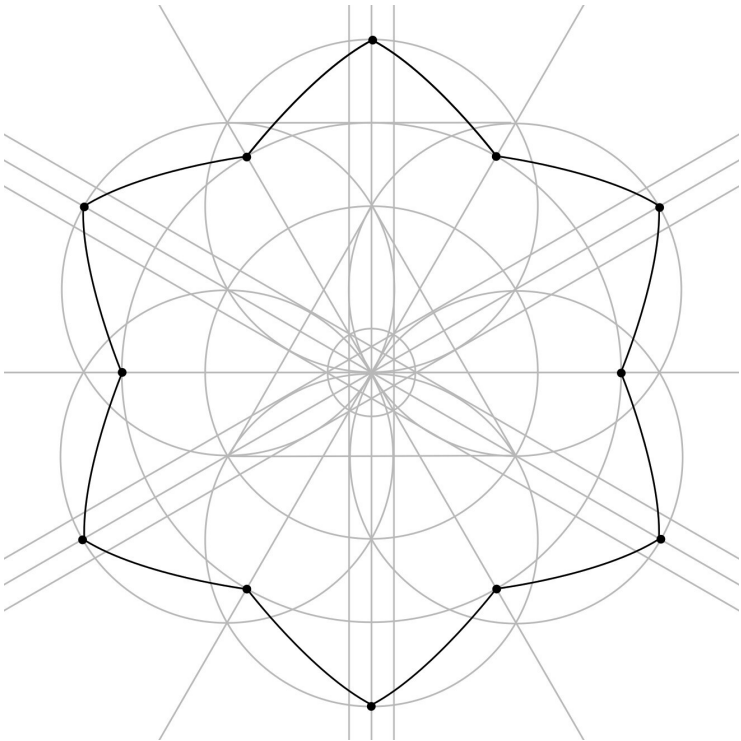
Smudge nodded sagely.

‘Like cosmic lotus petals. Majestic. Floaty.’

He cracked his knuckles. This was serious.

A few confident swoops later:

‘Ta-da! Not bad. Not bad at all!’

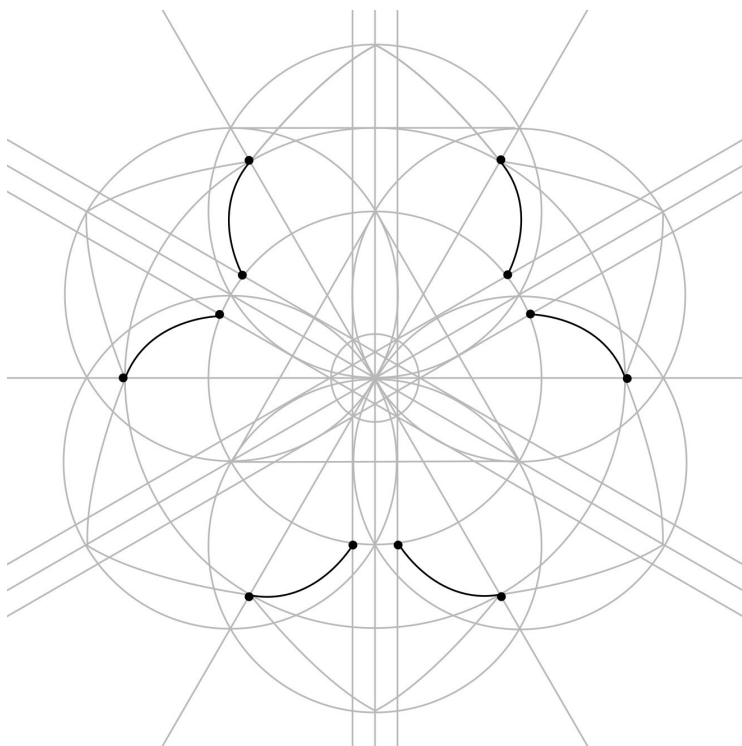


Step Twelve

And now the bases of the petals—just the visible ones.

Smudge leaned in.

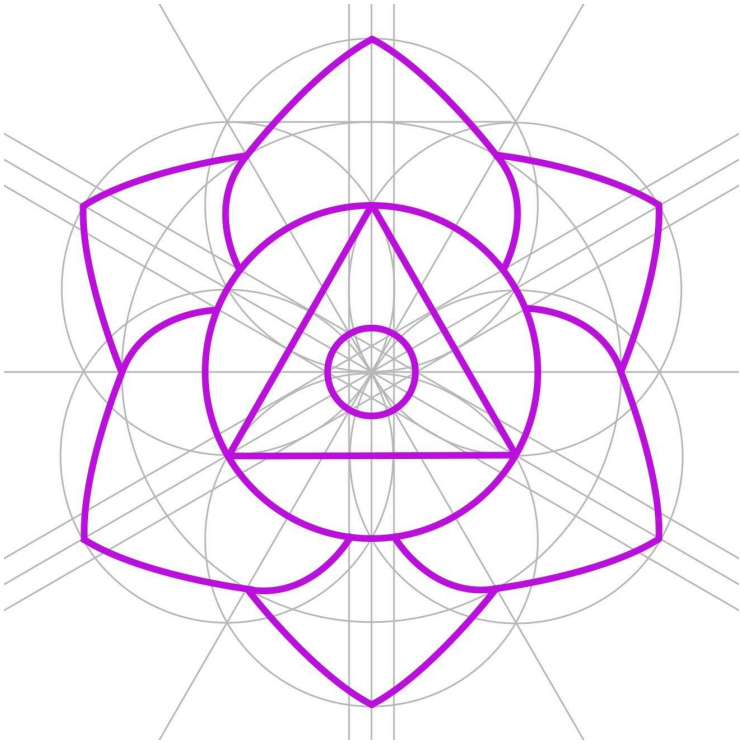
‘Lovely curves. Very petally. I feel like a floral architect.’



Step Thirteen

And that's it. Marvellous.

'Now for the finishing touches. A nice thick outline. Violet for this job! Cosmic violet!'



'There,' he said, holding up the drawing with pride. 'That's me. Enlightened-ish.'

Then, just for fun, Smudge drew a tiny stick-figure version of himself lying on the grass, gazing up at the stars with Biscuit

curled beside him.

He paused, then added a shooting star and a little arrow pointing to it:

‘Future ambitions.’

* * *

The next morning, Smudge woke up feeling different. He wasn’t sure why, but the world seemed a little more connected, like everything made sense.

At breakfast, his mum noticed the change. ‘You seem... more at peace,’ she said, pouring him a cup of lotus tea.

‘Do I?’ Smudge said, grinning. ‘Must be the *Sahasrara*.’

His mum smiled. ‘I guess it must be, Smudge. I guess it must be...’

After breakfast, Smudge attempted to teleport back to his room. It didn’t work—so he walked. But when he finally got there, he glanced at the Chakra Book on his shelf. For the first time, he didn’t feel curious or confused. For the first time, he felt... complete.

Activity: Your Connection to the Cosmos

Start with the basic Crown Chakra symbol—a stylised flower with delicate petals radiating outward. This chakra is all about connection to something greater: universal wisdom, peace, and your highest self.

Use colours like violet, lavender, and pure white. These shades represent openness, clarity, and spiritual light. Let the colours blend and glow softly, like the sky at dawn or starlight on water.

Around your symbol, draw whatever represents *your* connec-

tion to the cosmos. Maybe that's stars, galaxies, or swirling energy. You might draw a temple, a beam of light, or simply the feeling of quiet peace.

Include any symbols that feel meaningful—maybe an open book, a crown, or even a Wi-Fi signal (Smudge might suggest that one!).

This image is your reminder that you're part of something vast and beautiful.

Reflection

After creating your artwork, spend a few quiet minutes thinking or journaling:

- What does 'connection to something bigger' mean to you?
- How does your drawing reflect your sense of purpose, peace, or spiritual curiosity?
- Did this activity help you feel more open or inspired?

Sharing

After completing his journey through the seven chakras, Smudge felt a sense of accomplishment he'd never experienced before. He wasn't just less clumsy (well, maybe a little less clumsy), but he also felt more grounded, creative, confident, compassionate, expressive, intuitive, and connected to the universe.

'Blimey,' Smudge said, looking at the Chakra Book on his shelf. 'I actually did it. I balanced all seven chakras. And I'm still standing!'

But as he sat there, a thought occurred to him: *What good is all this knowledge if I keep it to myself?*

After some time to think about it, Smudge decided he wanted to go big. He wanted to share what he'd learned with everyone. After all, if the chakras could help him—a self-proclaimed 'disaster magnet'—then surely they could help others too.

'Right,' Smudge said, clapping his hands together. 'Time to spread the chakra love!'

* * *

Smudge's first idea was to host a 'Chakra Workshop' in the village hall. He made posters with his signature chaotic flair, using bright colours and chakra symbols. The posters read:

SMUDGE'S SACRED CHAKRA WORKSHOP!

Learn the secrets of balance, creativity, and not blowing things up!

All welcome. (Biscuits provided.)

He put the posters up around the village, feeling especially proud of his efforts. Now he just had to wait and see who turned up.

* * *

On the day of the workshop, Smudge arrived at the village hall early to set up. He arranged chairs in a circle (of course), laid out his Chakra Book and sketchpad, and even brought a pot of tea and a plate of biscuits.

As people started to arrive, Smudge felt a mix of excitement and nerves. The attendees included his mum, a few curious neighbours, Biscuit the dog (who seemed more interested in the biscuits), and even the postman who had narrowly avoided the infamous watermelon incident. Whiskers opted out—clearly above such earthly matters.

'Welcome, everyone!' Smudge said, standing at the front of the room. 'Today, I'm going to teach you about the seven chakras. But don't worry—it's not as complicated as it sounds. And if I can do it, anyone can!'

Smudge walked the group through each chakra, sharing his own heartfelt experiences:

- **Root Chakra:** 'It's all about feeling grounded. Like when I

tried to build a brick tower and it fell over. Turns out, it's not all about being unshakable—it's about being okay when things get a little shaky.'

- **Sacral Chakra:** 'This one's about creativity. Like when I tried to paint a masterpiece and Biscuit ruined (improved) it. Sometimes, the best art actually comes from just letting go... and accidents.'
- **Solar Plexus Chakra:** 'This is your confidence centre. Like when I tried to climb a tree and I got stuck... confidently stuck. True confidence isn't about never failing; it's about showing up and trying anyway, even if you're scared or nervous.'
- **Heart Chakra:** 'This one's all about love and compassion. Like when I tried to hug a cactus. Sometimes, love is prickly, but it's worth it.'
- **Throat Chakra:** 'This isn't about saying everything perfectly—it's about getting the words out that **you** want to say. Even if they're weird. Especially if they're weird.'
- **Third Eye Chakra:** 'This one's about intuition. Like when I knew I just had to go to the kitchen. Sometimes, you have to just trust that there might be cookies waiting for you.'
- **Crown Chakra:** 'This one's about connecting to something bigger. So the Crown Chakra's like... cosmic Wi-Fi. I've been trying to connect. The signal's patchy, but I'm getting there.'

By all accounts, the workshop was a roaring success. The attendees were laughing, nodding, and even tearing up a little. Smudge's mum gave him a proud hug, the postman thanked him for the insights, and Biscuit wagged his tail enthusiastically (when the postman gave him a little piece of bacon).

As Smudge wrapped things up and said goodbye, he handed out small sheets of paper with the seven chakra symbols and a very simple message:

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

Activity: Smudge's Chakra Show-and-Tell

It's time to bring everything together!

Imagine you've been invited to give a talk—just like Smudge—to explain chakras to an audience of curious classmates, aliens, or magical cats (your choice). Your job is to prepare a presentation using a flip chart or poster to show what you've learned.

What to include

- The names and colours of all seven chakras
- Where they are in the body
- One thing you remember about each one
- Your favourite chakra (and why!)
- A funny story or accident that helped you understand one of them (bonus Smudge points!)

Reflection

How did explaining the chakras to an audience (real or imaginary) help you understand them better? Did simplifying it for others make anything click for you?

Sunset

On the night of the workshop, something strange happened: Smudge had a dream. In the dream, he stood before a grand temple, its surface carved with glowing spirals and stars. The doors opened, not with a creak, but with a song. A welcome.

It wasn't just music—but a harmony that seemed to know his name. It wrapped around him like warm sunlight, filling him with a sense of peace, purpose, and something he couldn't quite name... but had always longed for. The kind of welcome that said, *You belong here, Smudge. You always have.*

When he awoke, the feeling lingered—bright, electric, real.

'That's it,' Smudge whispered, eyes wide in the morning light.

He didn't know how, but he knew one thing for sure: he had to find that temple.

* * *

Smudge spent the next few months preparing for his journey. He packed his Chakra Book, his sacred geometry tools, and a few essentials (including a stash of biscuits, just in case). He also

packed a notebook labelled 'Temple Stuff,' and his lucky rock (which may or may not have special powers).

His backpack grew heavier by the day, but so did his determination. Every evening, he practised drawing chakra symbols, meditating (mostly without falling asleep), and marvelled at how rarely things exploded any more.

Finally, the day came: he was ready.

He said goodbye to his mum, who hugged him tightly and told him she was proud.

It was certainly an emotional farewell, but Smudge's mum knew she had to let him go.

Backpack bouncing, Smudge set off down the path. Biscuit wagged his tail furiously and bounded after him, clearly deciding he was coming along for the adventure.

Wherever Smudge was going, and whatever challenges lay ahead, he wouldn't be alone.

* * *

After weeks of travelling—through forests, over mountains, and across rivers—Smudge finally found the temple. It was quite the adventure—full of surprises, slippery slopes, and a goat named Trevor who refused to budge. That's a story for another time though—promise!

The temple was just as he'd seen in his dream: vibrant, majestic, and humming with energy. The golden light of the setting sun spilled across its ancient stones, casting long, dramatic shadows that seemed to breathe with life. The warm hues of dusk painted the carvings in fiery detail, as if the temple itself were glowing from within. For a moment, time stood still—the world bathed in that fleeting, sacred light, and he

knew, beyond doubt, that this was where he was meant to be.

He stepped inside, his heart pounding with excitement. The walls were covered in carvings of circles, triangles, and spirals, and the air smelled faintly of incense.

‘This is it,’ Smudge said, his voice echoing through the vast space. ‘This is home.’

Smudge settled into the temple, making it his home. He spent his days meditating, studying sacred geometry, and welcoming visitors who came seeking wisdom.

And though he still had his moments of chaos (like the time he mistook fireworks for incense), Smudge had found his purpose. He was no longer just a disaster magnet—he was a guide, a teacher, and a friend to all who crossed his path.

Activity: Create your own Sanctuary of Symmetry!

The Sanctuary of Symmetry is full of intricate patterns and vibrant colours. Now it’s your turn to design a temple that reflects your imagination!

1. **Gather your supplies:** You’ll need paper, pencils, markers, or crayons.
2. **Draw the outline:** Start with the shape of your temple. Will it be tall and grand, or small and cosy?
3. **Add patterns:** Use circles, triangles, spirals, or any shapes you like to decorate the walls and floors.
4. **Choose your colours:** Pick colours that make you feel happy and peaceful.
5. **Add details:** Don’t forget to include things like plants, animals, or special symbols that make your temple unique.

SUNSET

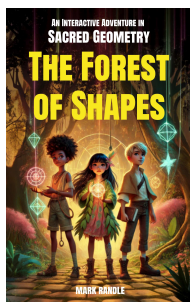
Share your design with a friend or family member and tell them why you chose those patterns and colours!

Also by Mark Randle



Mandala School

Smudge opened the doors of Mandala School with one goal: to share the magic of circles. But when parrots, hippos, frogs, and even Whiskers the cat crowded into class, lessons quickly turned into an adventure of rulers, ripples, and more laughter than geometry should allow.



The Forest of Shapes

In a crooked city where nothing seems quite right, Lyra dreams of a world of perfect harmony. But when a mysterious stone falls into her hands, she discovers that her sketches of circles, triangles, and spirals might hold the key to unlocking a hidden truth—one that could change everything.