

The **Making** of **Milton**







# The Making of Milton



Let me tell you about Milton, before he got so scared.  
He used to be adventurous...





but now he never dared.

'Oh, Milton? He's a brave young boy' is what they used to say.  
'Why, he goes on fun adventures almost every single day.



He climbs up all  
the tallest trees...



*then swings down on a rope.*





He rides his bike up long, steep hills...



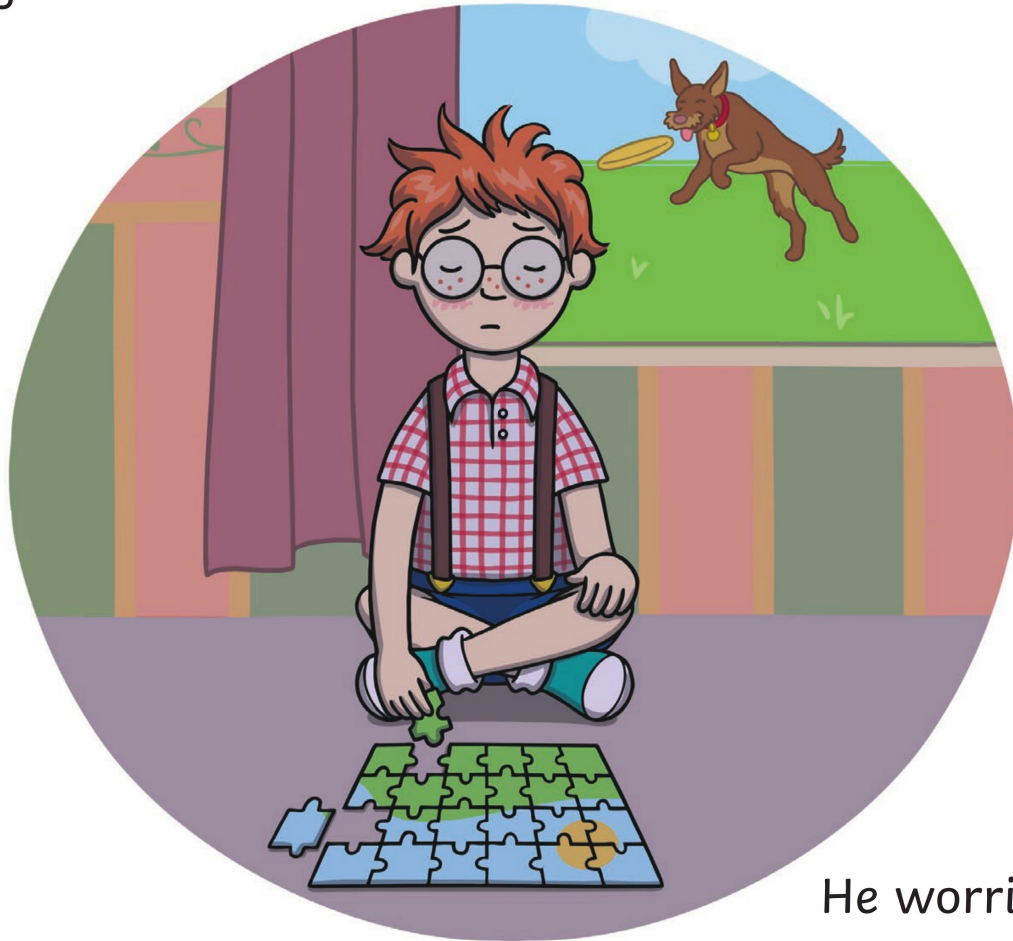
then  
races  
down  
the  
slope.'

But as he had got older, he had somehow lost his way.  
He found a new thing scared him when he went out every day.



He wouldn't play in football games; he'd always stand aside.  
He feared he'd fall and hurt himself and so he never tried.

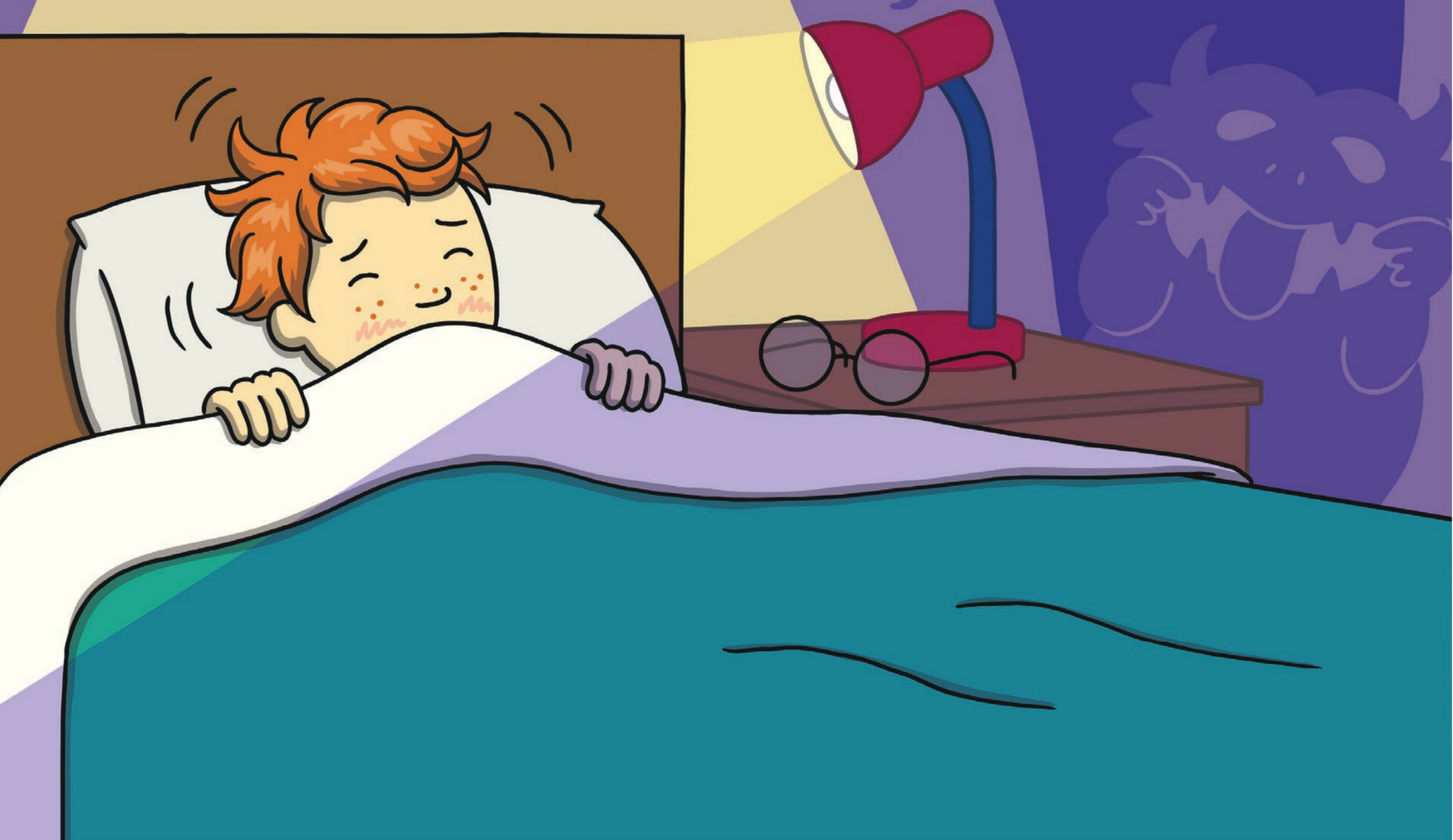
He stayed out of the garden and instead, he played indoors.



He worried that the neighbour's dog would get him with his paws.



He never slept in darkness – he made sure he used a light. He imagined he saw monsters hiding every single night.



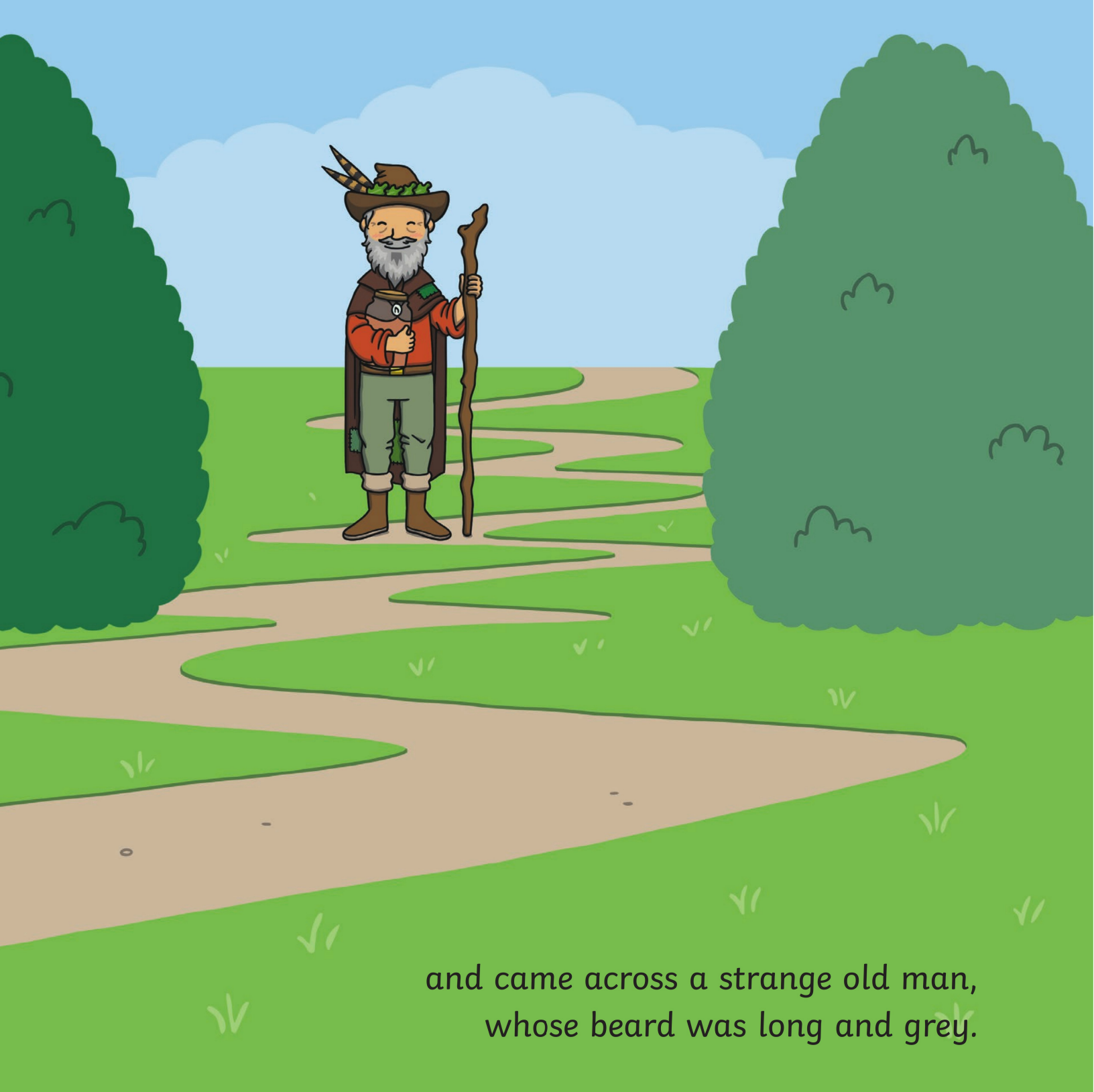
He never rode his bike because he thought it went too fast.



He pictured himself tumbling as everything rushed past.

On one fine sunny morning, Milton headed on his way...





and came across a strange old man,  
whose beard was long and grey.



He wore a cloak with patches and a hat upon his head.  
He placed a jar in Milton's hands and this is what he said:

"Inside, you'll  
find your courage;  
I know how you've  
missed it so.



With this, you  
will feel brave  
again. Now,  
I must up  
and go!"

With that, the old man vanished and left Milton standing there.

He held the jar  
of courage

and he couldn't  
help but stare.



He set off back towards his home and wandered round the back. But sitting in the garden was the neighbours' dog, Old Jack!



He looked down at the jar he held and felt his courage grow. He slowly walked towards Old Jack and felt his worries go.





Old Jack rolled over on his back and Milton rubbed his belly. It turned out this dog wasn't scary (just a little smelly!).

Milton said goodbye to Jack and knew just what to do. He grabbed his bike and helmet, hopped on quick and off he flew.

He pedalled up the steepest hill; he pushed with all his might...



and when he reached  
the top, he thought,  
'This isn't such a fright.

I don't know why  
I was so scared,  
this seems like  
such a breeze!



With that, he pushed hard  
off the ground and flew  
downhill with ease.

As Milton headed straight back home, he cycled past the park. His friends were playing football and he felt an idea spark.

He asked if he could join them and they handed him the ball. He played with them all afternoon and several times, did fall.

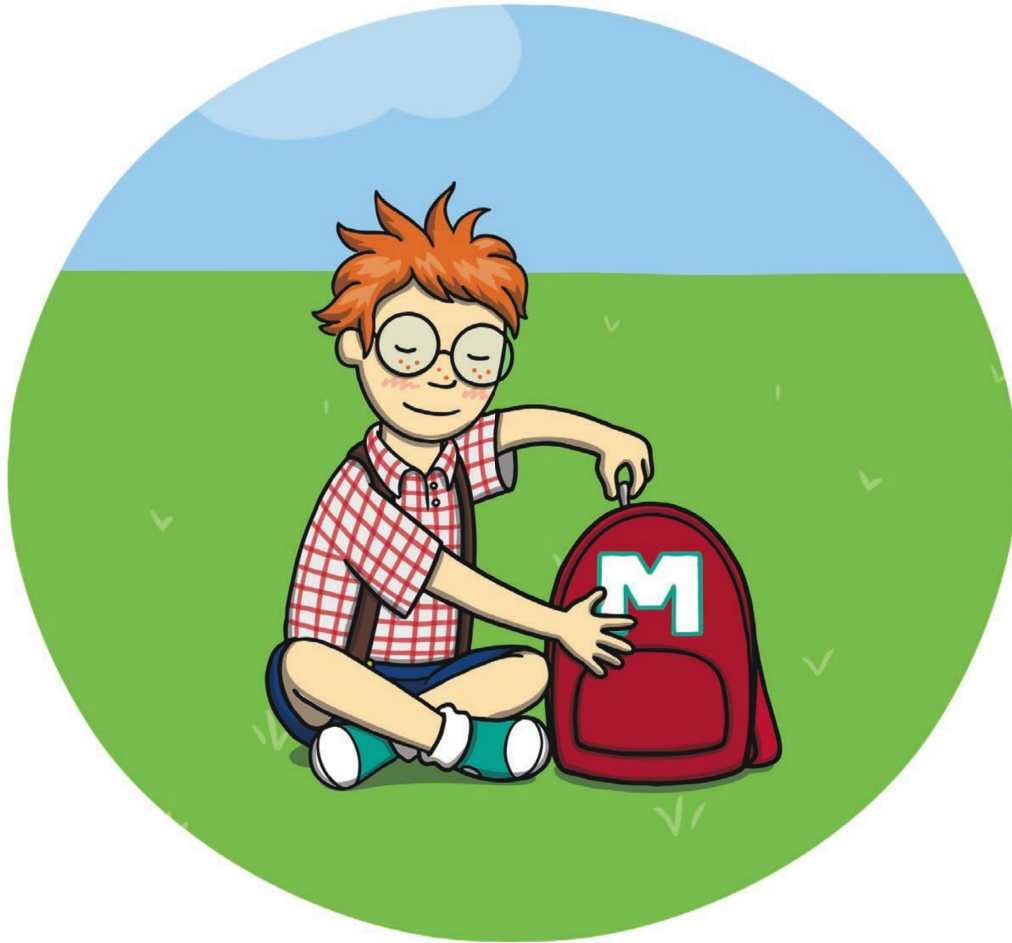


But he found it didn't matter, he enjoyed it all the same. He had a blast with all his friends and they were glad he came.



He couldn't understand why he was feeling brave once more.

Then he thought about the jar as he sat down upon the floor.



He took his backpack off his back and opened it with care. He reached inside to find the jar...

...but there was only air!



The jar had disappeared and the thought filled him with dread. "I cannot do without that jar, it keeps me safe!" he said.

He quickly turned his bike around, he knew just where to go.  
He raced to where the old man was, he didn't dare go slow.





The old man  
stood upon the  
spot from earlier  
that day.

His hat still  
perched upon  
his head,  
his beard still  
long and grey.



“My jar has vanished!” Milton cried. “Whatever will I do? It helped me to feel brave again, it made me feel brand new.

Without it I’m not brave and I will never be again.” His tears fell down upon his shirt and soon left quite a stain.





The old man turned to Milton and he said, "That isn't true. The jar was never special, there's still courage inside you."

You didn't need to use the jar - your heart was always strong. Your courage never went, you see; you had it all along."





Again, the old man disappeared,  
no sign of him around.  
So Milton sat and wondered,  
'Has my courage now been found?'

He'd faced up to the neighbours' dog, he'd cycled down a hill.  
Yet none of this had scared him – now it just gave him a thrill.

He thought about the future and he saw how it could be.  
“Now that I have my courage back, there's nothing to stop me!”



The sun began to fade as Milton walked through his front door. He was tired from his adventuring but still he wanted more.



He couldn't have felt better after being scared so long. His courage wasn't really gone; the old man wasn't wrong.



He climbed into his bed and then turned out the bedroom light.  
He didn't even think about it being off all night.





So if you're scared or fearful, then remember, you're brave too.  
Just like Milton, you can find it...



your courage is in **you!**

# Milton finds that almost everything frightens him.

“He used to be adventurous but now he never dared...”

Could a chance meeting with a mysterious new friend change the way Milton sees the world, and himself?

An inspiring story about rediscovering your courage.

