



How to Set up the Ideas Gallery

The Ideas Gallery will be displayed in Session Two to help kids think about different forms of writing and which ones appeal to them. It contains samples of poems, stories, letters, and art/comics.

Here's how to set it up!

1. Print out the following pages. You'll notice that some are in portrait orientation and others in landscape. This is for visual interest when they are displayed on the wall/table.
2. Select your display surface(s). The ideal set up is on a wall, spread out enough for kids to walk around at their own pace and read and consider all the pieces.
3. If possible, leave the Ideas Gallery displayed for the remainder of the workshop for kids to peruse and refer to as needed.

Please Note:

An example of an audio story can be found in your Toolkit. This may be of interest to children who are more inclined to record audio or video stories over writing.

STORIES



STORIES can be imaginary or real—
or a little of both at the same time!

A True Story: Lead the Read

By Aleena



During the pandemic, I encountered various challenges but also had lots of fun in my community. It was a difficult time for everyone as we had to wear our masks and social distance from our friends.

A few times, I participated in book clubs and each time I read a new book. I connected with other kids in online meetings, and then I got divided in a smaller group. We did a read along together and each kid in the group got the opportunity to read a few pages before passing it on the next kid. It was really fun taking turns and enjoying the adventure. When we finished a chapter of the book we answered some discussion questions, and this was a great way for me to learn and improve my reading skills. After the book club ended for the day, I read independently the other chapters in the book.

When it is the last week of book club, we played quiz games that related to the book we are reading. We also had a question and ask session with the author that wrote the book. It was really inspiring to hear what diverse authors have to say. At the end of the book club, we completed the book, and we all had a chance to make new friends. I reflected all the different ideas I read over the club.

To me, it was a new perspective being virtual because of the social distancing being done. I think these book clubs I participated in were really educational and fun. I can't wait to participate in another book club to read new books and share my experience with my family and friends.

The Zombie

By Sabeeh

There was a zombie. He once had a dream of infecting everyone in the city so they could become his zombie apocalypse to rule the world, but he knew there was Covid spreading and if he got infected by Covid-19 he would forget who he was and what was he doing. But then he got an idea. He could switch the Covid vaccine with a zombie infected vaccine and it would be safer than going to each human and infecting them one by one with Covid going around.

So he made his dream reality. First he went to the main factory and switched the Covid vaccine with the zombie vaccine. Then there was a problem—some people already had the Covid vaccine, so he had to think of another plan, but he had no time. So he had to think of something on the way out of the factory. He thought of what he could do. He went to his grave house and he went to his computer and hacked into the mayor's computer, then he opened the mic and said to everyone, "The Covid vaccine isn't strong enough to cure the virus, so everyone has to take the second vaccine. Then we will be cured from Covid!" Then everyone took the fake second vaccine and they all became zombies, and then he had his zombie apocalypse and was ready to rule the world.

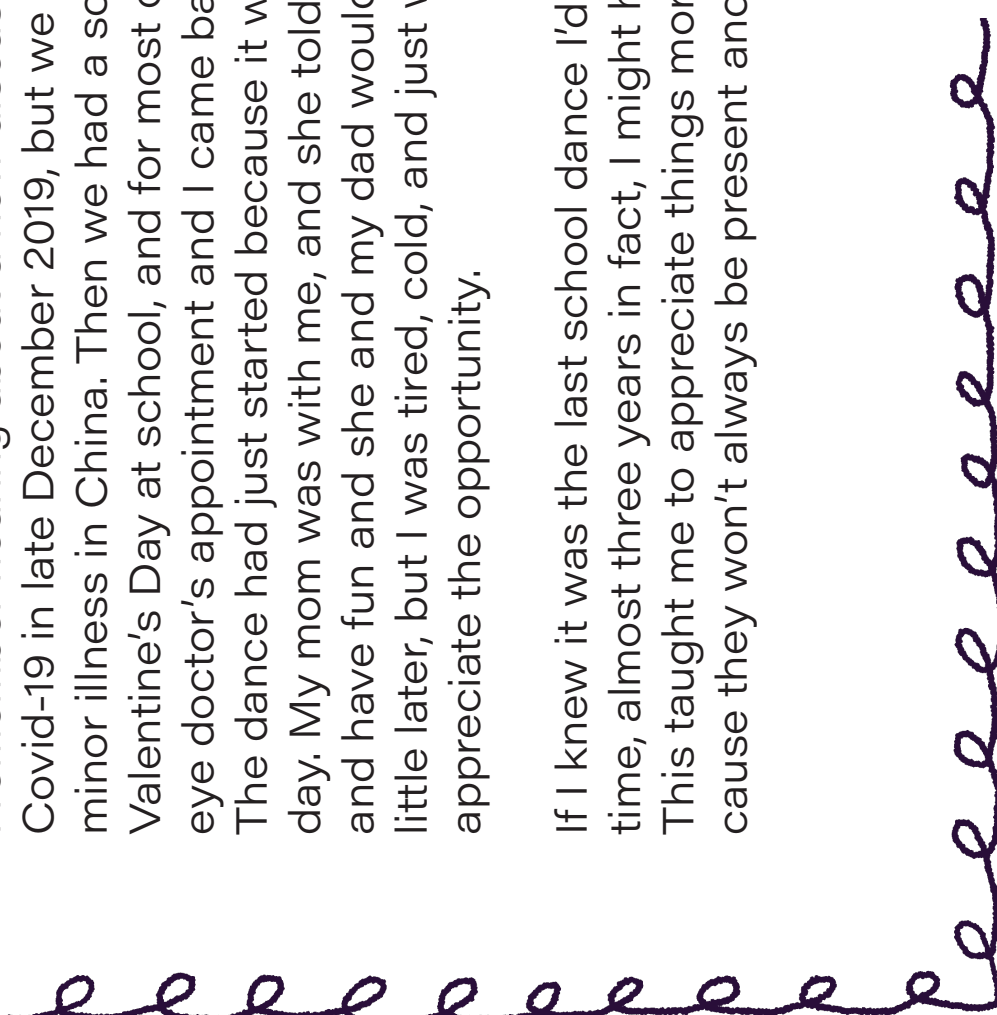


Before Covid First Hit

By Roshanay

I remember hearing about a new disease in China by the name of Covid-19 in late December 2019, but we all just brushed it off as some minor illness in China. Then we had a school dance in February for Valentine's Day at school, and for most of the school day I was at an eye doctor's appointment and I came back to school to grab my things. The dance had just started because it was the middle of the school day. My mom was with me, and she told me that if I wanted, I could go and have fun and she and my dad would drive home and pick me up a little later, but I was tired, cold, and just wanted to go home and didn't appreciate the opportunity.

If I knew it was the last school dance I'd go to for a very long period of time, almost three years in fact, I might have done something different. This taught me to appreciate things more and be more grateful because they won't always be present and waiting for me.



The Red Squirrel

By Brooklyn



"Yay finally out of lockdown! Now I can come out of the house! What is that?"

It is red, fluffy, and it has a puffy tail.

"Is it a bear?"

"No."

"Is it a dolphin or an elephant or a kangaroo?"

"No Mom!"

"Yes? I see this peculiar animal. What! Those animals are sooo rare. It's a red squirrel!"

"OK can we both keep that funny fluffy squirrel?"

"Absolutely not, but we can write a story about it and take a picture."

(Two years later)

"Hey I saw you, are you the kid who found a rare red squirrel?"

"Yes I am."

"Let's be friends."

"Yay!"

Note: The red squirrels are an endangered species in Ireland, therefore it is not allowed to keep them as pets.

My Mummy, My Hero



By Darragh

I know everyone thinks that they have the best mummy, but I truly do. During this pandemic, I learned how hard my mummy works. My mummy always says you do not go into nursing for the money; it is because she loves her job. During the past fifteen weeks, my mummy has gone to work each morning and come home late at night. My daddy has the garage set up for Mummy to take her work uniform off. We are not allowed to run and cuddle Mummy as we always would. Even when she is showered we are not allowed to cuddle.

Mummy sits separate from us, even at dinnertime. We know this is to keep us safe, but it is very, very hard. I never knew what my mummy really did at work until now. It upsets me when she comes home crying. She tries to put on a brave face, but I can hear behind closed doors talking to my daddy (I am a kid after all). My daddy is working from home and he is very busy as well, plus homeschooling (Daddy, you're doing great). It has been a team effort in the McStravick household.

On my mummy's days off, she makes it as special as possible, from fun dinners and movie nights out the back to family weekly quiz night. When she works her long days, we do a bike ride or an evening hike with my daddy, which I love. I know the importance of family life, friends and school. I am missing what I once knew as 'normal life' I long for the days to see my grandparents, my family and my classmates. I have missed them all so much. But I know and understand first-hand that by staying home, I am playing my part in keeping people safe.

My mummy has been working a lot recently. I have never cried when she had to work on Christmas Day, Easter Sunday or bank holidays. I know this is her job and that she loves me. She has never missed a school play, sports day or school assembly. She may miss the odd hurly training or match, but I can forgive her.

All NHS workers are working so hard. As my mummy would say, on each shift you're walking into the unknown. I want to thank you, Mummy, all for your care and compassion to your patients. You're putting yourself at risk each day.

Mummy, I am proud of you and I love you - and please stay safe.

Your son Darragh xx



From That One Time... Fighting Words, Ireland, 2020

POEMS



POEMS are a free form of writing
that uses sounds and images to
express feelings and ideas
or a little of both at the same time!



The Mask

By Ali

When I had to start wearing a mask it was hard.

But I knew I had to keep my guard.

The pandemic wasn't that easy.

But in the end I knew it would be peasy.

All the shelves were empty since twenty-twenty.

But now we are all here to today cause we were
staying at bay

To keep coronavirus out of the way.



And The Boy Stayed Home...

By Luke

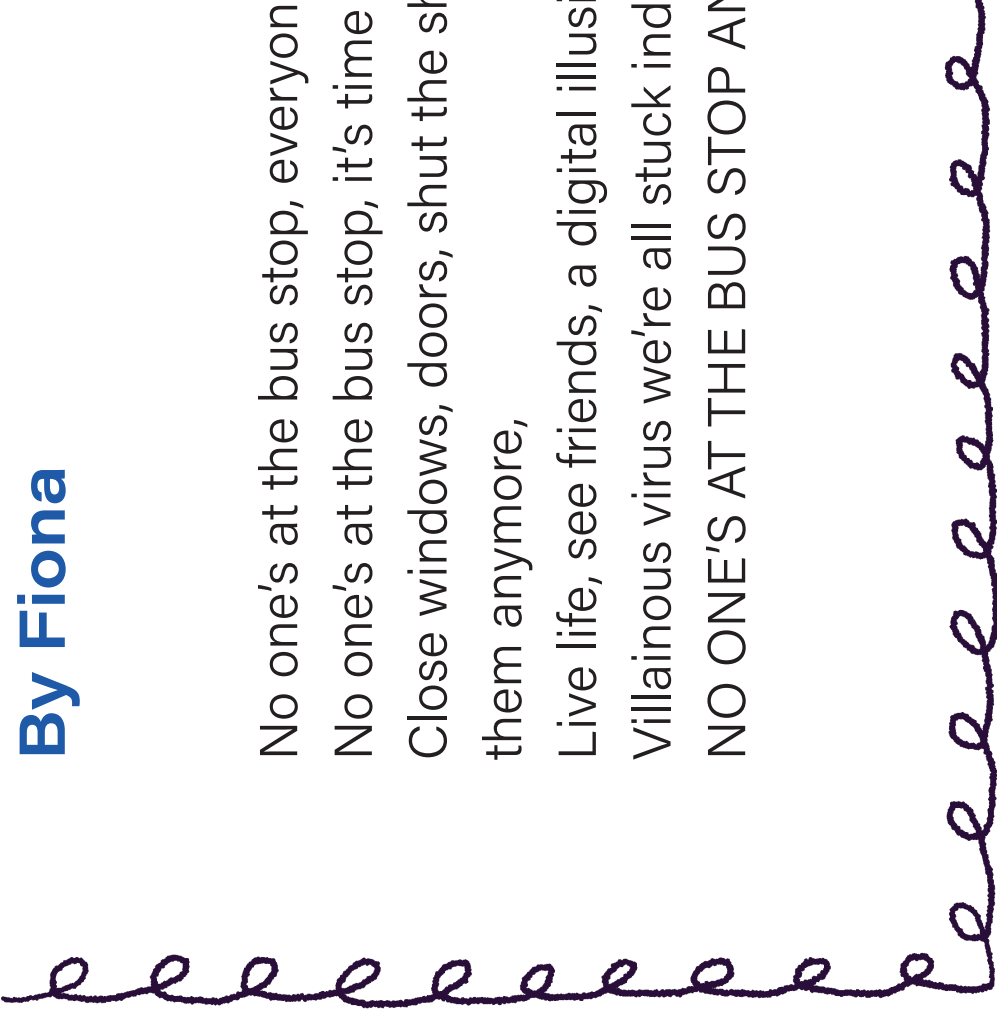
He was sad; he missed his teacher and friends.
He was bored; he couldn't play with people.
He felt trapped; he was stuck in a box.
He laughed; he watched the Simpsons.
He was hungry; he ate a lot of good meals.
He felt free; he felt like he could fly when he ran with his dad.
He was depressed; he knew innocent people were dying.
He was excited; he had all this time to do whatever he wanted.
He felt safe; he knew that he would get through this.
He felt loved.



No One's at the Bus Stop

By Fiona

No one's at the bus stop, everyone's inside,
No one's at the bus stop, it's time to go and hide,
Close windows, doors, shut the shops, no one needs
them anymore,
Live life, see friends, a digital illusion through a screen
Villainous virus we're all stuck indoors and
NO ONE'S AT THE BUS STOP ANY MORE!

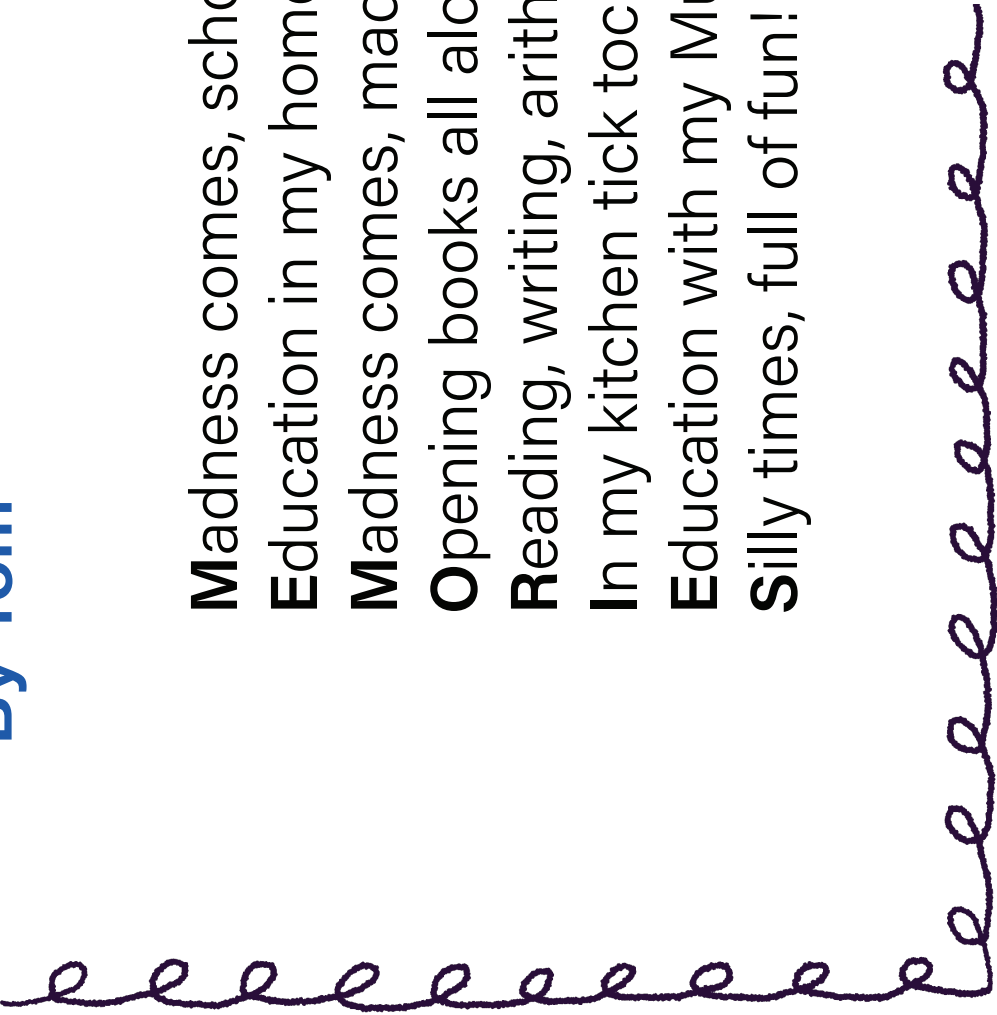




Memories of the "Madness" **(aka Corona Virus)**

By Tom

Madness comes, schools close,
Education in my home.
Madness comes, madness grows,
Opening books all alone.
Readng, writing, arithmetic,
In my kitchen tick tock tick.
Education with my Mum
Silly times, full of fun!



LETTERS



Stories can be written in the form of a **LETTER** to a friend or family member, or even to yourself (like a diary entry)

Dear Future Me



By Lana

Today is Friday, October 23, 2020.

It has been almost five years without seeing my dad and my brother. Hopefully when COVID-19 gets a little better I will get to see them. Everything has shut down in Lebanon with all the COVID cases, so it slowed down the paperwork and my brother and dad have not gotten their passports yet.

My mom, my sister, and I moved to Canada because we thought it would be a good place for me and my sister to learn. I was five years old and my sister was twenty-one. At first, before we moved here, I was excited because I was very young and I barely understood anything. I was looking forward to seeing my cousin and making new friends. A few months after we arrived in Canada we thought it would be nice if we were able to live here, so we started our papers.

The week before our flight, me and my family were sitting down and eating dinner. We were talking about how we feel about coming to Canada and I remember when I said I am happy because I get to make new friends and see what it's like to be on a plane for the first time and see what Canada actually looks like in real life.

We had to take a flight to France then to Canada so it was pretty cool. When we arrived at the airport in Canada, all I saw was my aunt, cousins, and grandma waiting for us. When we came to my cousin's house I saw a bunch of snow, which was pretty weird because in Lebanon it doesn't snow.

When I moved to Canada I didn't think I would miss my dad and brother that much. Now that I think of it I'm pretty brave—I may not show it, but I am. I may not show that I miss my family, but I really do. I'm always thinking about when they come to Canada and live with us and what

we're gonna do. I would like to go and visit Niagara Falls so I can show them how beautiful the view is from there.

My birthday is January 6th, which isn't that far away from now. I am hoping for a birthday present that my dad and brother will be here by then. It would make me, mom, and sister very happy, and it would be less stressful for my mom.

I'm very grateful for everything, especially for all my friends who have helped me throughout everything that I have been through. Sometimes when I think about it, I think I have bad luck, but who knows, maybe something bad would have happened if we rushed everything so that my dad and brother came to Canada.

A few months before we came, my uncle from my dad's side passed away. After I found out I was pretty sad because we were very close—he was like my best friend. He was a very sweet, tall man. Every time I went to my uncle's house he used to give me a lot of snacks and money. On my birthdays he would be the one that would host a birthday party for me and get me cake.

If I had a chance to bring someone back to life, I would bring my uncle back, but sadly that is impossible.

A few months later, we received plane tickets for my mom, my sister, and I to go to Canada and visit my aunt and grandma. Since we hadn't seen them in a long time we decided to take that chance and go. The trip helped me forget about a lot of things, my aunt passing, my uncle passing and my grandma and grandpa on my dad's side.



First Part of the Journey

By Biko 

Dear Diary,

I am going to talk about my first part of the journey. So, I was on my super cool high tech off-road motorbike with invincible shark guards, who had super-hero powers like those in Marvel. I felt happy and amazed. But then I fell off my motorbike and it was broken. So, the guards carried me with Superman's strength and each hour I ate fresh human meat and a snoring rabbit.

When we passed the United Kingdom, we stole the crown jewels and passed Hoxton Street and paid a little visit to the Ministry of Stories! It was shocking, there was no one there (because of Coronavirus). Then we arrived in Italy and passed a big mountain, and I got bored so my shark guards used Flash's super power and we went very fast. After that we arrived in Scotland and we stole a speed boat, a jet-ski and a submarine.

When we were in the shiny submarine we saw the **Loch Ness Monster**. So, dear Diary, believe it or not, right now I am writing to anyone from the monster's belly! **Yes, she gobbled me and my guards without taking a single bite!** However, there is a hole in her belly button, so I will put the diary through the hole and hopefully someone will find it...

So, if anyone gets this, please come around, kill the monster and save all of us...bye bye and soon...

Yours,
The Shark

Dear Diary

By Marcel

Dear Diary,

This has been the toughest journey I have ever had to embark on, travelling through different continents of the world. So far, I have travelled through the beautiful cities of Europe, the uniqueness of Asia, the wildlife of Africa and the rainforests of South America. I have to say that I have never flown this much in my entire life, things have been really tough. I am really tired, I feel like I have been flying for eternity. Now I am in the snowy climate of Russia. I am in Moscow and I can see the Red Square. I am currently taking a break from flying and all I can hear is the wind blowing. I am in a secluded area as I want no one, I repeat no one, to know that I am here. I hope to talk to you soon.

Yours sincerely,
Devilish Covid 20

From Inside, You May Expect The Ordinary, Ministry of Stories Community Writing Labs, England, 2020

ART & COMICS



Stories can be told in **ART & COMICS**, often using captions and speech bubbles

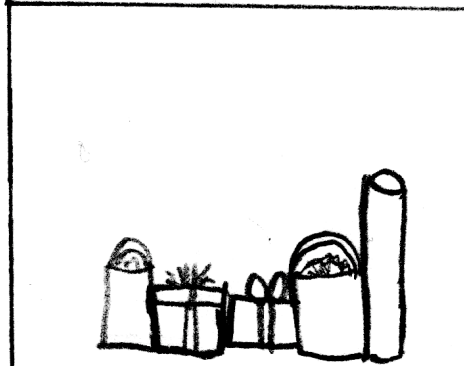
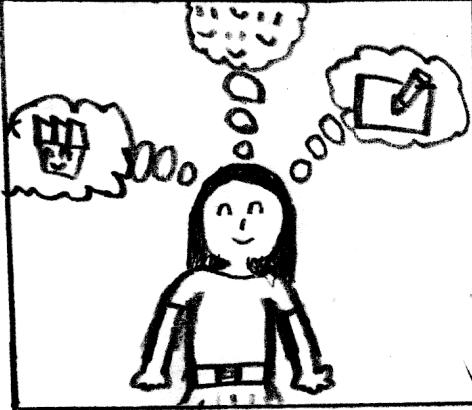
My 6th Birthday

By Eleanor

My 6th Birthday

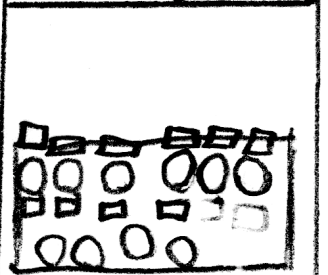
Write your story, memoir, poem, letter, or comic here!

My 6th birthday was art themed. 8 of my friends came over.

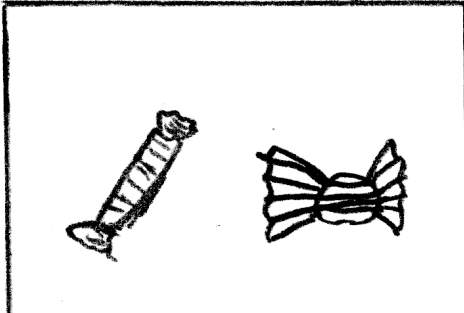


When my friends got here, they all gave me presents!

My dad made places for people to draw portraits.

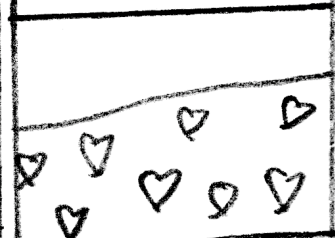


Later, we all made stuff out of clay.

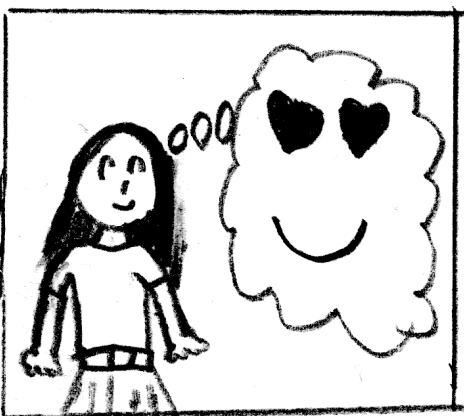


Then, my mom came around with candy!

After we all drew on a big sheet of paper.



By the time they left I was so happy!



The End!

No Mask On, See Smiling Face

By Isaiah

I want to see my teacher's smiling face!

No mask on
see smiling face b



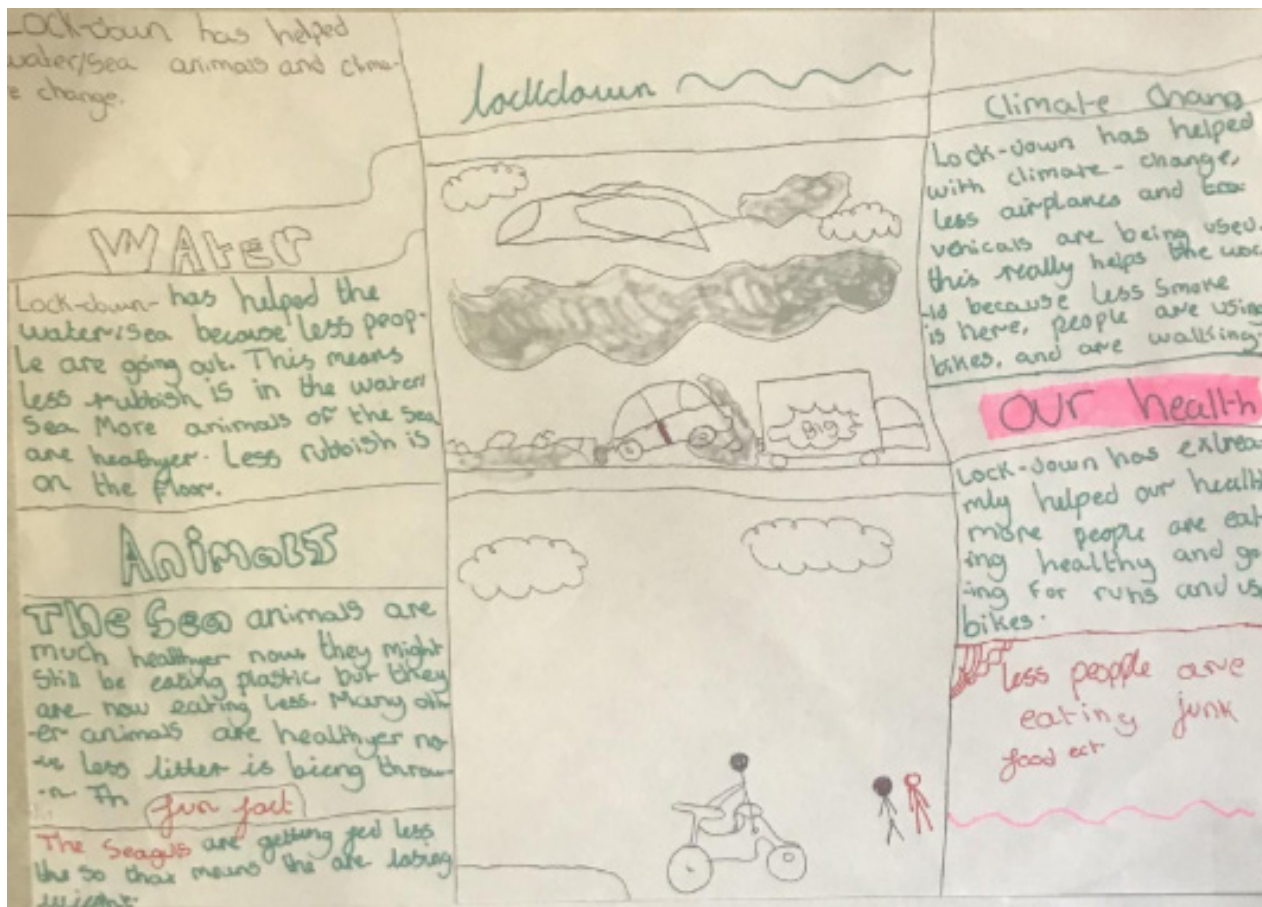
Wash Hand

By Aiden



Lockdown Poster

By Fatima



Lockdown!

Lockdown!

Lockdown!

lockdown!

Fatima mohamed