

IT'S OKAY TO BE DIFFERENT:

Harley finds out about tolerance



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ILLUSTRATED STORYBOOK COMPETITION FOR YOUNG WRITERS

Z prawdziwą przyjemnością oddajemy w ręce Czytelników kolejny zbiór nagrodzonych opowiadań oraz komiksów, stworzonych przez uczniów ursynowskich szkół podstawowych w ramach szóstej edycji konkursu literacko-plastycznego *'Illustrated Storybook Competition for Young Writers'*.

Tematem tegorocznej edycji była tolerancja i bardzo mile zaskoczył nas odzew młodych autorów, którzy mimo pandemii licznie wzięli udział w konkursie, tworząc wiele wspaniałych prac. Ich lektura przekonuje, że współcześni nastolatki potrafią akceptować odmienność wynikającą z różnych przyczyn oraz okazywać dojrzałość, wrażliwość i empatię.

Dziękujemy wszystkim dzieciom, które podjęły konkursowe wyzwanie i wykazały się nie tylko dobrą znajomością języka angielskiego, ale także pomysłowością oraz dojrzałym podejściem do bardzo aktualnego dziś problemu tolerancji. Chcielibyśmy przekazać również podziękowania dla zespołów anglistów z uczestniczących w projekcie szkół za poświęcony czas, otwartość i zachęcanie dzieci do udziału w konkursie.

Gratulujemy też sukcesów podopiecznym Doroty Petrallis, Iwony Marchewki, Renaty Bogusz oraz Weroniki Laskowskiej, których zaangażowanie było kluczowe dla przeprowadzenia kolejnej edycji konkursu w niełatwej pandemicznej rzeczywistości.

Życzymy przyjemnej lektury i mamy nadzieję, że nowe przygody Harleja zdobędą sympatię Czytelników, pomogą im w nauce języka angielskiego i będą zachętą do spróbowania własnych sił w kolejnej edycji konkursu.

Magdalena Rowecka
Dyrektor T.E. Sokrates



DON'T JUDGE A HORSE BY ITS LOOKS

Rozalia Mazurek

Hi, my name is Harley. I'm in primary school. My mum says I'm friendly and kind to others. And I think she's right. I like being around others, getting to know them and helping them if they need it. But aren't we all like that? I know horses are.

One day I was on my way back from school. I was walking and talking with my best friend, Alan the donkey. We had been friends since preschool. We like playing football and in the winter we love having fun in the snow. I touched my forehead, and I felt a lump. That was strange. I got scared, said goodbye to Alan and walked home quickly. I looked at myself in the first mirror I saw, the one in the corridor. I noticed something red in the middle of my forehead. I went to my dad and wanted to talk. He was typing something on his computer and hardly looked at 'the thing'. He said I shouldn't worry and that it would probably go away tomorrow. Then, I went to my mum. She's good at talking and comforting me. But she told me she was busy and couldn't talk. So, I went to bed and fell asleep.

While I was sleeping, I had a strange dream. I was walking past the shops on my street and glanced at the windows. Suddenly, I saw my reflection and I realized I had not two but three eyes! I woke up stressed and ran to the mirror to check if it was true. Fortunately, it was only a dream. The third eye was not there. Unfortunately, the lump got bigger.

I got dressed quickly, went to the kitchen but there was no one there. My parents had already gone to work. So, I ate breakfast, grabbed my lunchbox and headed to school. On my way out, I stopped to take my hoodie to make sure I have something to cover my lump with.

I walked into the school locker room and bumped into Don the monkey. He was the naughtiest boy in my class. He asked me why I was wearing a hood inside the school. And suddenly he pulled my hood off. Everyone turned towards us. They were all staring at my lump, laughing and pointing fingers at me. I looked at Alan hoping he would help me. But to my surprise, he was laughing the hardest. It hurt my feelings. I stormed out and hid in the bathroom, waiting for the bell to ring.

When I entered the classroom, the lesson was about to start. I wanted to take my seat next to Alan, but he stopped me saying the seat was already taken. I felt awful and confused. Wasn't he my best friend? Was the fact that I looked strange enough for him to forget about our friendship and suddenly become mean to me? I looked around the classroom. There was only one seat left, far in the back next to George the hedgehog. Not knowing what to say, I just sat down.

The day felt long. I had no one to talk to during the breaks. Everyone was moving away from me. I really wanted to go home, cover myself with a blanket and stay there forever. The days went by. Not much had changed. My former friends ignored me. My PE classes were the worst. No one wanted to have me on their team. Also, no one wanted to pair with me for school assignments and projects. That's how I started talking to George. At first it felt awkward. George was always the classmate Alan and I stayed away from. We knew his name but never talked to him. We weren't like other boys in the class. We didn't make fun of his thick glasses, prickly spines or the fact that he was not good at team sports. But we weren't friends either.

George turned out to be funny and knew a lot of jokes. He helped me with my maths, and I helped him with his English. George did not make me feel bad about myself. We started meeting after school to study together and play board games. It was safer than playing ball and we both liked it! I lost my friends and was not one of the popular kids anymore, but I was slowly getting used to that. Sometimes, I saw Alan look at me as if he wanted to talk to me, but he never did.

It was Thursday. I entered the classroom quickly and my hood slipped off. Everyone looked at me gasping. I froze and waited for mean comments. But no one said anything, no one laughed. Erica the emu shouted pointing at me 'He's a unicorn!'. Suddenly, my mane fell onto my eyes. I touched my forehead and realized the ugly lump turned into a shiny horn. I had heard from my grandfather that a horse transforms into a unicorn only once in five hundred years!

During the lunch break everyone wanted to talk to me. Alan came and apologized for his behaviour. We started talking and I was happy. Just then I realized George was sitting alone, again. I told Alan we could only be friends if he was also friends with George, and we went to join him for lunch. Ever since then we were best friends. We were more careful in making sure other kids in the class were not left out. We had a long talk with Don the monkey who promised not to bully others. We all learned our lesson: don't judge, don't be mean, be kind.



HARLEY FINDS OUT ABOUT TOLERANCE

Szymon Chrobak

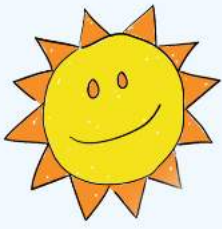
One day after school Harley went to football training, to his club FC Socrates. Harley loves to play football and enjoys competition during games.



When Harley arrived to training, he noticed a new teammate standing next to the group.

The new boy was a bit different from the others – he was shorter and fatter. His name was Joshua, and he was 11 years old.





Harley walked over to his friends and heard them laughing at Joshua. They called him fat and said that a boy like him couldn't play football.

Joshua was very sad.



Harley didn't like this behaviour. He took the ball and walked over to his new friend to say hello.

He asked him if he would like to practice together.

Joshua stood in the net and turned out to be a great goalkeeper.

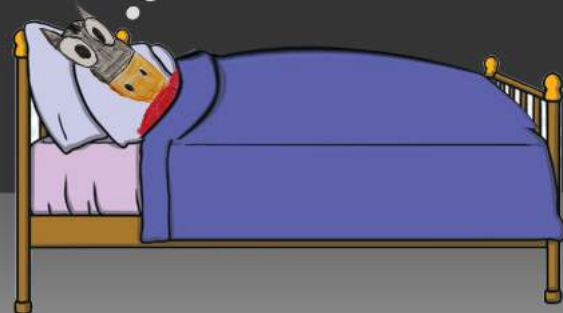
The coach praised the new player.



After football training, Harley invited Joshua to his home, and it turned out that his new friend was also a great Fifa player.



It was a great day today! I learned it's okay to be different!



TO BE CONTINUED
NEXT YEAR...

IT'S OKAY TO BE DIFFERENT

Bruno Komosa

It was a beautiful summer morning. Harley woke up in his bed. He made breakfast and then went to his football training. When he arrived, all his teammates and coach were already there. But there was also another horse that he did not know.

'Hello boys,' said the coach. 'This is your new teammate, Izaak. He is from Africa.'

Harley came over to say hi, but the other horses from his team: Johnny, Tom and Alex whispered among themselves.

'What a strange guy,' said Tom.

'Yes, he will be so bad,' said Alex.

'Why did he come here at all?' asked Johnny.

Then Harley said to Izaak:

'Hi, I am Harley and I am captain of this team. It is great to have you with us.'

'Hi Harley. I am Izaak. It is a pleasure to meet you. But who are these three horses?'

'Oh, do not worry about them. First from the right is Johnny. He thinks he is the best. The other two are Tom and Alex, his best friends. Okay, let's get to work!'

Izaak's first practice didn't go well for him. He was so stressed that he missed an open goal and got mad. Johnny, Tom and Alex laughed at him.

'Do not give up!' said Harley.

But Izaak was not listening to him. He ran away from the football pitch. Harley followed him. He caught him around the corner.

'Izaak stop!' shouted Harley.

'No! I am the worst!' answered Izaak.

'Do not say that. You cannot just give up your dreams because of some intolerant guys.'

'Maybe I am just bad and that's it?'

'No! You can't say things like that. You are part of this team, so you have to be good. Show all the doubters that they are wrong!'

The next day, Harley and Izaak met before their training.

'Remember, Izaak, focus on your work. Do not worry about others. Their behaviour is terrible and as captain I will have to talk to them before tomorrow's match.'

'Thanks for your help, Harley. You are such a nice horse.'

When Izaak was training he did not care about what his teammates were saying. He made a really nice shot and scored a goal.

'Wow!' shouted Harley. 'What a goal!'

But Tom, Johnny and Alex were still rude.

'It was a lucky shot,' said Johnny. 'He is from Africa so he cannot play well.'

'Yes, he is much worse than us,' answered Tom.

Izaak became sad. Harley saw Izaak's reaction and said: 'Remember what I told you. Just do your job.'

Then Harley walked over to the rest of the team and said that they mustn't be intolerant just because someone is from another part of the world or has a different skin colour. They were a team and if they did not support each other, they would lose all their games.

At first, they were laughing because they thought Harley was joking, but then they realized that he was serious.

The next day Harley got up excited. It was the match day! He knew that it would be a hard day. If there wasn't any teamwork on the pitch, they wouldn't win. He went to Izaak's house to pick him up and talk to him.

'Hi Izaak. Did you sleep well?' asked Harley.

'Yes,' answered Izaak.

'Good. You have to be ready for today's match.'

When they arrived at the pitch they started with a warmup. The opposing team was already there. Unfortunately, they heard rude things from their side. They were also joking about Izaak's skin colour. Harley was surprised. Izaak was not even looking at them. He was warming up and did not care about what they were saying. When the match started, he could hear that the opponents were calling him names to distract him. Izaak remembered what Harley told him and he tried to ignore them. The match was very exciting, but neither team managed to score. Unfortunately, the fans of the opposing team also started calling Izaak names. Then suddenly, he got angry. It was the last minute of the match. When he was close to the net, he kicked as hard as he could and... 'GOAL!!!' – shouted all the fans. Izaak was really proud of himself. It was the happiest day of his life.

After the match Johnny, Tom and Alex came up to Izaak.

'Congratulations, what a great goal! Sorry we were so mean to you. We were rude because we thought you would be so bad that you would ruin our team,' said Tom.

'It was so racist,' said Alex. 'We want to apologize for our bad behaviour.'

'Thank you, Alex, thank you Tom. It's very kind of you,' answered Izaak. Then he looked at Johnny. It was evident that he was ashamed.

'I am so sorry Izaak. I was so confident about my skills that I thought that everyone was much worse. And my behaviour was unforgivable. Making fun of people because of their skin colour is not right. I understand if you don't forgive me.'

Izaak looked at him with an angry face. But then he laughed. 'Ha ha! Of course, I forgive you. Everyone deserves forgiveness.'

'Really?! Thank you! I promise it will never happen again.'

The next day they went out for ice cream together. They went to Izaak's favourite ice cream shop called 'Londinium Gelateria'. As they were sitting outside, Izaak started talking.

'Harley, thank you for teaching our teammates about tolerance. After the first football practice I thought 'Maybe this is not a place for me?' But thankfully that has now changed.

'It is okay, Izaak, it is my job as captain to unify the team.'

'Apart from that, you also helped me to believe in myself. It was important for me. I learned from you how to ignore all the bad things people say about me.'

'No problem Izaak.'

'And there is also one more thing. I found out that you are different too!'

'Me, different?' asked Harley.

'Yes, because you were the only one that understood me and accepted me. Different does not mean worse. You are different in a very positive way.'

'Oh, thank you for that Izaak. That was so nice. It is a pleasure to hear that.'

'Okay, so now you see. It is okay to be different.'

And from this moment, Harley fully understood that tolerance was very important. For the rest of the day, they walked around the park, they went to the mall to buy some sports clothes and then went to the pitch to practice shooting. Unexpectedly, they saw Johnny, Tom and Alex playing a match.

'Hey!' shouted Johnny. 'Would you like to join us?'

Harley and Izaak looked at each other.

'Come on, it will be fun,' said Johnny.

Harley did not know if Izaak would like this but then he said: 'Let's go Harley. We will show them how to play football.'

And they started laughing. They spent the whole afternoon playing and having fun on the pitch. Harley learned an important lesson and helped Izaak along the way. He also helped Izaak become more confident, and he unified the team.



TOLERANCE MATTERS

Julia Glos

Hi! I'm Harley and I would like to tell you a story.

There are over 7 billion people on earth.

Everyone is different – we will not find two identical people. We are of different height, our skin colour is different, our noses are different, our eyes are of different colours and shapes. People in different countries wear different clothes.

Some people live in great castles with 50 rooms, while others are poor and spend their entire lives in a shack. And yet, they are happy. I live in an ordinary house with a red roof.

Did you know people around the world have many different religions? Some believe in one God, others in many gods. There are also people who don't believe in anything.

People all over the world get sick.

There are 1.8 million blind people in Poland! Many people lose a leg or an arm in accidents or in war.

However, they also want to enjoy life. Many disabled people are brave and even take part in the Paralympics!

People speak different languages. Not all of them write and speak like us. English is an important language and people all over the world learn it to communicate. There are approximately 7,000 different languages and 100 different alphabets in the world!

Imagine a world made of the same people, same houses and cars. A world where everyone was eating the same things and playing the same games. That would be so boring!

The fact that we are different is BEAUTIFUL!

No matter what we look like, where we live, what language we speak, or whether we are rich or poor.

Each one of us has the same right to a happy life on earth.

LET'S BE TOLERANT AND WE WILL BE MUCH HAPPIER!!!



A NEW FRIEND

Laura Łukasik

THE MATHS LESSON

One day the first lesson at school was maths. Harley was sitting next to David. Rey was sitting on Harley's right, because the teacher wanted him to sit there. Mrs Sheep asked the kids to complete several exercises.

'You have 15 minutes,' she said.

Harley waited 10 minutes, and then he whispered to David:

'I got 483, how about you?'

'I got 338,' said his friend confidently.

'How?' Harley asked.

'Because it is what it is,' said David.

Rey, who heard their conversation, whispered shyly:

'S...se...seq...sequence of actions.'

Harley did not understand the exercise and thought he would have problems during the exam.

'Hmm, I don't understand. Could you repeat that?' said Harley.

'Ch...che... check your order of actions,' said Rey.

Harley listened to Rey, checked his calculations again, and then he noticed he had a calculation error.

Suddenly, the teacher said:

'Rey, are you cheating?'

Rey got angry and scared. Mrs Sheep didn't like it when someone spoke in class.

Harley felt sorry for Rey and he spoke up:

'It's my fault. I had a problem with the task and Rey wanted to help me.'

David kicked Harley under the desk and whispered:

'Are you crazy? Why are you doing this?'

'He helped me, and you didn't..'

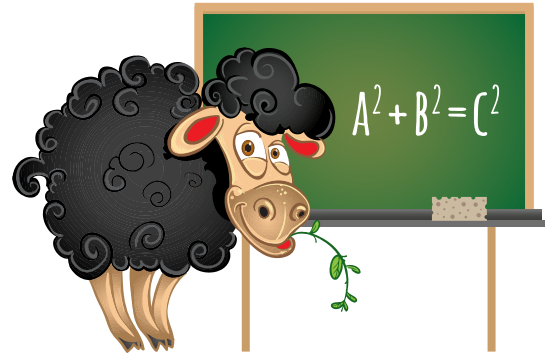
The lesson was over. The students started to leave the class. One of the boys bumped into Rey and his books fell on the floor.

'Ginger mane!' everyone laughed and left the class.

Harley helped Rey pick up his books and said:

'Thanks for helping me with my math and I'm sorry about them,' and then he ran after his friends.

Rey, sad and lonely, dragged himself to the next lesson.



THE PE LESSON

In the PE lesson, the teacher, Mr Loux, decided to organize a competition.

'Boys, you will be divided into four teams. David, Harley, Scott and Alex are the team captains. Please choose one person at a time to join your teams,' said Mr Loux.

Harley didn't like dividing students into teams this way. It was unpleasant to be chosen last.

'Mark,' David chose first.

'Jack,' Harley decided on the fastest friend in the class.

'Bob,' Scott said.

'Zen!' shouted Alex.

The boys that were left were Fat Jeremy, William with the big glasses, and Rey. Harley was thinking about who to choose. Mark said to Harley: 'Jeremy is good at defence.'

Harley decided to choose Rey.



The first competition was shooting a basketball into the net. After three rounds, David's team was in the lead and Harley's team was in the third place. It was Rey's turn. His throw was flawless! The ball perfectly fell into the net. Even Mr Loux was delighted. The boys looked at Rey and high fived. This meant Harley's team was in the second place and Rey wasn't so bad after all.

'That shot was lucky...!' said David, destroying the happy moment.

'The next competition is a relay race,' interrupted Mr Loux.

Harley's team had a chance to win because of fast Jack. Everything was going well until the last change. Rey was in the lead, and Mark was behind Rey.

Suddenly Rey heard a loud noise. He turned around and saw Mark sitting on the floor.

'Run!' screamed Harley, but Rey ran up to Mark.

'Wh... what's happened?' Rey leaned over and asked Mark.

'My ankle...!' said Mark.

At that same moment, Mr Loux ran up and helped Mark sit up on a bench.

The winner was not decided.

'Rey, you acted like a true sportsman. Harley, your team should win,' said Mr Loux.

Some of the boys looked at Rey with admiration.

IN THE HOUSE

Over dinner, Dad asked Harley:

'How was your day at school?'

'We've got a new classmate.'

'Oh, really?' Dad said curiously.

'He looks a little bit different than the others, but he is cool.'

'Everyone is different, but it doesn't mean that they are worse. We shouldn't judge a book by its cover,' Dad said confidently.

'I want to be friends with him, but I didn't want to lose my friend, David.'

'Maybe the three of you will be great friends!' said Dad.

'Do you think it's possible? I don't think David likes Rey...'



THE NEXT DAY

Harley and David were walking through the corridor. Suddenly, they saw Rey sitting alone on the floor.

'Hi Rey,' David said.

'Hi...!' he answered confused.

'Hmm, maybe it is possible to be friends with Rey and David after all?' Harley thought.

HARLEY'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

Paulina Oleksiak

It was Harley's first day of school after summer holidays. He was excited about meeting his classmates again but didn't think he would meet someone new. To his surprise, when he entered the classroom, he saw a new student. The new student didn't look like the other horses in the school. His hair was dark brown, and it was covered in white spots, his mane was also white. He had his desk next to Harley's. Harley wanted to walk up and greet him, but suddenly someone else walked over to the new student. It was Hugo, the class troublemaker.



'Hey, aren't you lost? You look like you don't fit in!' Hugo said loudly.
'N-no, I think I'm in t-the c-correct class...' he answered nervously.
'Then you're wrong! Go and find another class because you don't belong here!' He shouted at him.
Harley heard Hugo shouting and ran to them. So did another classmate, Hannah, who looked really outraged.
'Hugo, don't say things like that!' She looked at him angrily. 'Just because he doesn't look like you, doesn't make him worse! You should be polite and have some tolerance!'

Hugo didn't respond, he just walked away very annoyed. Hannah and Harley greeted their new classmate nicely and they got to know his name, which was Hector. They had a nice conversation.

'So, Hector what's your hobby? Mine is ballet,' Hannah said.

'Oh, I really enjoy playing football,' said Hector.

'Me too! Have you signed up for this year's football club?' Harley asked.

'Not yet, but I sure will later.'

'That's great!' Harley smiled and remembered what Hannah said earlier. 'Hannah, what did you say earlier? About tolera...?'

'Tolerance? Oh, tolerance is respecting other people's look, opinion, religion or anything else. You shouldn't be mad at someone just because they are different than you.'

'Oh, so it's like when you like ballet and we like football, but that doesn't mean that we can't like each other?' Harley asked.

'Exactly! Tolerance is important.'

At that moment, the bell started ringing, so they sat down, and the lesson started.

After school, Harley and Hector went to the pitch to play football and showed each other some new tricks. They were hoping to have good fun, but shortly after they had arrived, Hugo also showed up. This time with his friend Howard.

'Hmm, it's you again? What are you going to do? Show us your silly football tricks?' Both of them started laughing.

'Don't worry,' Hector whispered to Harley, and then he turned to the two horses. 'Maybe we'll have a football match? Me and Harley against you two?'

'Sounds good,' Hugo smirked and threw his ball onto the pitch.

They started playing. At first, both teams were playing equally well, but then Harley and Hector turned out to be much better. A few moments later, Hector scored a goal and was very happy about it. So was Harley. Hugo and Howard were red faced, trying to catch their breath.



'Congratulations, Hector! You played very well,' Harley complimented him.

Hugo and his friend walked up to them slowly.

'Hey, um... Sorry for being mean to you earlier. You really got us in that game,' Hugo scratched his head, a little embarrassed.

'Oh well, that's not a big deal. We still can get to know each other a little better,' Hector smiled at him.

'R-really? You forgive me? Thank you!' Hugo said gladly. 'Could you please show us your skills?'

'With pleasure! I can do it now.'

'That would be great!'

And that's how Harley became friends with Hector and taught Hugo about tolerance. It was the beginning of a great friendship, where it was okay to be different.

HARLEY FINDS OUT ABOUT TOLERANCE

Ida Ruta

There is a new pupil in Harley's class. He has a red mane, red spots on his nose and he is very shy. Nobody likes him.

Hi Harley.

Hello Rey!

Hi Insane Ginger Mane.

Hi Re-Re...!

Hi Redhead.

Harley, don't talk to Redhead. He is weird.

Harley and his friends are playing football on the playground.

Can Rey play with us?

No, he can't. We don't like him, so we don't want to play with him.

Harley is going back home and thinks that his friends are being unfair.

Nobody likes Rey, but we don't know anything about him. Rey could be a good friend. I would like to be his friend. What can I do?

Are you okay, Harley? You look sad.

I'm fine.

Really?

Yes. I'm just tired.

Okay. Perhaps you should go to bed earlier?

Harley is going to school and thinking about Rey.

My friends call Rey really bad names. I must do something about it. But what I can do? In the classroom, Harley and David are arguing.

Harley, can you see Redhead? He is sitting alone.

Yes. I feel sorry for him.

Really? I don't like him.

Do you want to like him?

We'll talk later.

Okay.

But it looks like you don't want to like him at all.

Yes, of course. Why not?

Boys, please stop talking.

Why do you call Rey 'Insane Ginger Mane'?

Because he is weird, and he has a red mane.

Why don't you like him?

Because he is different from us.

Does it mean he is bad?

Yes.

Why?

Why are you asking all these questions?

Bye!

I see you don't want to talk to me about it. I must go now.

Okay.

During the break.

In the afternoon lessons.



Oh no, I can't find my phone. Where is it? Have I lost it in the classroom or in the hall? What will I do if I don't find it? I must find it.

Rey can see that Harvey is looking for something.



Harvey, have you lost something?

Yes, I'm looking for my phone.

Oh, don't worry. I found it! Here you are.

Thank you. You saved my life.

I'm happy when I can be helpful.

Are you going back home? We could go together if you want.

Yes, sure.

Harley and Rey are walking home.



Where are you from?

I'm from Scotland. My family moved here two months ago. I really like this place, but I haven't got any friends.

I'm sorry to hear that. I could be your friend.

Sure!

Really?

That would be great. Thanks.

In front of Harley's house.



This is my house.

It is nice and big.

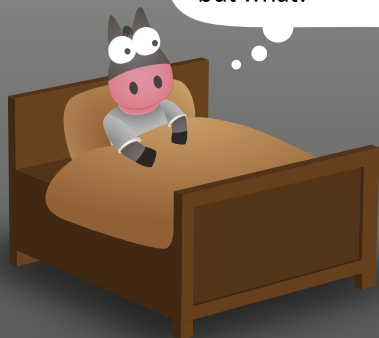
Thank you. Can we meet in the park before school tomorrow?

Yes, we can.

Okay, bye.

Bye! See you tomorrow.

At night, Harley is in his bed, but he can't sleep.



I really like Rey, but my classmates don't like him. I must do something about it, but what?

Harley and Rey are meeting in the park in the morning.



Hi Rey.

Hi Harley.

We must hurry, or we'll be late for school.

Sure. Let's go.

Do you know that our school is organising a sports competition tomorrow?

Really? I like sports very much.

Do you want to take part in the sprint race with me?

Cool.

Great idea!

The next day, Rey takes part in the sprint race.

Yes.

Redhead, what are you doing here? Do you want to race?

Okay, but do you know that I'm the best? I'm going to win.

How do you know that?

I just know it.

Rey is in the lead, but suddenly, he notices a little girl has fallen into a hole in the ground.

Help! Help! Can anybody hear me?

Yes, I can hear you. I'm going to help you.

I can't get out of this hole.

Thanks!

I can't get out of this hole.

The race is over. Rey helped the little girl and didn't win the race.

Hey, Insane Ginger Mane. I'm the winner and you came in second.

Congratulations, David.

David and his sister are talking at home in the evening.

Do you know what has happened to me today? No, I don't know.

During the race, I fell into a big hole in the ground and couldn't get out of it.

Really? Alice, don't lie to me.

I'm not lying, it's true. Your classmate helped me. His name is Rey.

Rey? It is impossible... but now I understand. He didn't win the race because he was helping you.

In the morning, Harley and Rey are meeting in the park again.

Hi!

Hi, let's go to school.

Hey! Hey! Wait for me.

David? What are you doing here?

Hi Harley. Hi Rey. I must thank you. You helped my sister yesterday.

That girl who fell into the hole was your sister?

Yes, Alice is my sister. She told me everything yesterday evening. Rey, I am so sorry. I was mean to you. I called you Insane Ginger Mane and laughed at you many times. I didn't want to be your friend, because you were different. That was wrong of me and I won't think that way anymore.

Okay, I understand.

It's okay, David.

On the playground, Harley, Rey and David are playing football with other classmates.

Now, everything is as it should have been from the beginning. Rey is part of our football club and it doesn't matter that he has a red mane and red spots on his nose. It's okay to be different.

Thank you, Rey. Harley, I must say sorry to you too. I argued with you because I was jealous that you liked Rey. I couldn't accept it.

HARLEY STANDS UP FOR KLARA

Emilia Urban

Hi, I'm Harley and I am going to tell you what happened at my school two weeks ago.

It was Monday and I went to school feeling happy because I was seeing my classmates after the weekend. Our first lesson was maths.

The teacher came into the classroom with a girl I didn't know. I looked at her. She was plump and had big ears. She introduced herself and said her name was Klara. After the lesson, we went on a break. Suddenly, I saw that three of my classmates were laughing at the new girl.

'Look at her ears. They are so big. And she is really fat', they said pointing their fingers at her.

The girl became very sad. I felt upset too. I didn't know what to do so I sat down and started to eat lunch.

The children acted that way towards Klara during every single break.

After school, I came home very depressed. My mum noticed it right away and asked me what was going on.

'They tease the new girl a lot at the school,' I replied.

My mother advised me to stand up for the girl next time.

In the morning, I was very stressed because I knew I had to stick up for Klara.

During the first break when my classmates started to laugh at her, I told them to leave Klara alone. I asked them also how they would feel if someone laughed at them like that.

They didn't say anything and looked confused. I wanted to talk to the new girl, but the bell rang for the next lesson.

During the lunchbreak, I found Klara right away. After a few minutes of conversation, I noticed that she was very nice and we liked the same things such as riding bikes, reading books and going to the cinema. Klara was grateful that I stood up for her. I advised her to tell the teacher that other students were making fun of her. I was happy that I helped my new friend. At home, I told my mother about helping Klara. Mum was very proud of me and said that I should never make fun of anyone.

'I know,' I replied.

The next day, during the social studies class, the teacher spoke to us about bullying. She said that we should be tolerant because people are different, but everyone is important.

I guess it worked because no one has bothered anyone since then. And Klara and I became the best of friends!



HARLEY'S LOCAL BAKERY

Dominika Wierzchucka

One morning, Mrs Walmsey got dressed into pink shorts and a teal jumper and ran to her volleyball training. Mrs Walmsey is a lovely 79- year-old lady with a big smile on her face.

A few horse weeks ago...

Every Wednesday after school, I used to do some shopping at the local bakery with my friends. We loved to do that because there is a big football pitch nearby where we played football.



We loved going there until Mrs Walmsey, who was an old, cranky and miserable lady, started to come to our bakery. She always started trouble and ruined our fun. We did our best to avoid seeing her, but often it was not possible.

Mrs Walmsey even made up some rules that we were supposed to obey, like not playing football, not laughing, not talking and not even whispering. One day we actually asked her why we couldn't do these things, and she said that we were being a bother.

Once, my friend Tom rode his bike to the bakery and he rang the bike's bell loudly, so that everyone knew it was him, and then the trouble started.

'Child! Get off the bike at once!' Mrs Walmsey yelled.

'Is something wrong?' Tom asked politely.

'Well, what do you think!? You are riding the bike at full speed and ringing the bell so loud that my eardrums hurt!' The old lady screamed.

'I am verrr..y sorry buuu...t ...' Tom stuttered.

'But what? You could injure me on the street!' Mrs Walmsey answered back arrogantly.

'I know I was cycling fast but that's why I used the bell, so you would know that someone was coming on a bike.' Tom explained.

'Well young man. You still did the wrong thing,' the old lady pointed out.

I couldn't stand how she treated my friend, so I stood up for him.

'Well, it's not a big deal.' I said. 'Tom did the right thing. He rang the bell to warn you.'

'Uh, you again! Mind your own business! You, Harley, are the worst,' Mrs Walmsey answered rudely.

'I am trying to help my friend! I couldn't keep my anger in any longer. 'Why do you hate children so much? You were also a child yourself a long time ago!'

'How dare you talk back to me Harley!' Mrs Walmsey yelled.

Everyone got quiet as a mouse. Mrs Walmsey was so loud that the bakery owner, Mr McMahon, who liked us and always greeted us with a smile, came out. He gave Mrs Walmsey a free cookie and told us not to worry about the old lady's attitude.

The next couple of weeks we avoided Mrs Walmsey and didn't even play football anymore. We didn't talk to each other on the street because we were afraid the old lady would constantly silence us. We had enough of it. She thought badly of us, but we really weren't bad.

Thankfully, we found a different football pitch. We were only lucky for a moment because shortly after we saw... Mrs Walmsey.

The following week, Mrs Walmsey was seen coming straight to the house that was in front of the new pitch. 'I thought I recognized that gray coat and the scowl on her face,' I whispered to myself.

'This is no good,' Tom said.

'I guess if we stay quiet, she won't see us and it's going to be fine,' Mike replied.

We continued to play football but then Mrs Walmsey saw us.

'What are you doing here?' she asked.

'We came here to play football.' I answered quietly.

'No! You did not! Are you spying on me Harley?' Mrs Walmsey said.

'We are not spying on you!' we screamed all together.

'I am sure you want to steal from me! I will call the police!' she said.

'Oh my! If she calls the cops we will end up in jail!' Mike said, terrified.

We didn't want to get into trouble, so we ran away.



The next few weeks were really annoying. We couldn't do anything. As usual, on Wednesday we were waiting in the line for bread at the bakery. Suddenly, Mrs Walmsey spotted us and crossed the street. At the same time a huge lorry pulled into the crossing.

I heard someone honking and a terrified voice. My friends and I ran out of the line to help Mrs Walmsey.

We helped the old lady get up and picked up all her money that fell out of her purse. Thankfully, Mrs Walmsey did not get hurt but she was crying.

'I am sorry,' Mrs Walmsey apologized through her tears.

'I thought you were hooligans. I have never tried to talk to you, and I'm sorry. I should have acted better as an adult. I'm jealous you are all friends. I used to play volleyball when I was young and I would love to play, talk and laugh with others, just like you.'

'There is a senior adult volleyball club in the neighbourhood,' I said.

And then, Mrs Walmsey smiled for the first time.

Now she is a member of the volleyball club. She is the oldest member, but does it matter? She is a good player and a great supporter.

She is not lonely anymore.

Now she is not bothered by our loud games, bicycle bells or laughter. She is our supporter on the pitch.

Also, we all get along with Mrs Walmsey and she seems to be much happier!

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DZIELNICA
URSYNÓW
M.ST. WARSZAWA

