

THE KINDNESS PROJECT

Each term
we do a class project.
This time Ms Skye says,
'We're doing a project
to change the world.
It's called

The Kindness Project.'

Ms Skye is the **BEST** teacher
and I think it's great that
she wants to change the world
but doing it with a school project

is a **BIG** ask.

Ms Skye says

we need to aim **HIGH**
and that big changes
come from small beginnings
and that just because *we're* small
doesn't mean
we can't make a difference.

She tells us about other people
who've changed the world,
like Malala Yousafzai

who was just a kid
when she stood up for the right
for girls to go to school
in a country
where the government
didn't want them to.

And Greta Thunberg
who went on strike from her school
so that governments
all around the world
would take better care
of the planet.

And Roald Dahl
who created millions of readers
with his books,
including me.

I want to clap
these heroes
for saving the world
but . . .

DJ rolls his eyes
and Layla is busy
practising her *signature.*

It's obvious
they don't care
so I keep my applause
to myself.

I love Ms Skye.
She has the perfect name

because she always looks **up**
when sometimes it's easier

to look **down.**

But . . .

I'm not Malala
or Greta
or Roald.

I'm just me
and I don't see
how a kid like me
can change the world.



SMALL BEGINNINGS

Ms Skye stands at the board
and writes down our suggestions.

Build worm farms

or bee hotels

Organise a neighbourhood clean-up day

Volunteer at a food pantry

Share your lunch

Tell someone they're great

or ask if they're okay.

We could have written more

but Ms Skye says,

'It's time to start

and for this project

we'll be working in groups.'

WHAT?!

I stare at my fingers

fangled in my lap,

hoping no one can see my face

because whenever we work in groups

no

one

ever

picks

me.

It's almost as if Ms Skye
hears my thoughts
because she says,
'But this term
we're doing things differently.'

She holds up the sorting hat,
like the one from Harry Potter,
which she made
especially for our class
and everyone is quietly hoping
it will be as lucky for them
as it was for Harry.

She picks my name first.
I focus all my attention on Ms Skye,
trying not to see
the other kids
who want to be with anyone else . . .

but me.

Ms Skye pulls out another name.
It's Leaf.
There are more sniggers
and sighs of relief.
I'm sorry that he's stuck with me
but he smiles
like it's exactly what he wanted.

Next is Layla
who looks up
like she has no idea
what's going on.

I wait for the next name.
Kids are crossing their fingers,
I know it,
hoping it's not them,
when Ms Skye reads out . . .

DJ.

My stomach

F

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like I'm on a

r o l e r o a r .
l c o s e
l c o s t

I feel bad for Leaf
getting stuck with the class loner
and the perfect girl
and the bully
on his first day.

I give him my best smile
to let him know it'll be okay,
when I have no idea
how it can be,
but his smile is even bigger than before
like it's the best day
he's ever had.