

CLAIM YOUR SCHOOL

Hungry, can't wait to go eat lunch. First children coming out from the canteen, how soon will I go?

- Mulan, pay attention to the lesson!

Class ends, I'll run to get in front, hope the teachers won't see me, I should wait in line. Warm outside. Close, closer, up the stairs, below the

wood, soon through the door and straight to the sink. Why do we always have to wash our hands? At least water is cold and refreshing. I take a tray from the shelf:

- Haha, I got the largest portion!



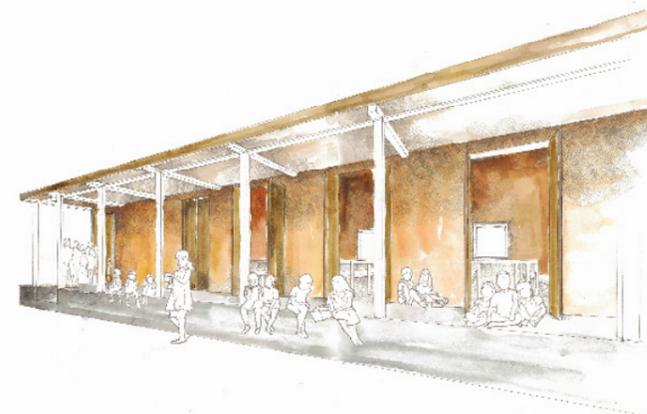
So many of us in here, I'll just sit at the edge, by the door.

- Hey! I wanted to sit by the door!

- Yesterday you were sitting here, today it's my turn.

So glad I got here early, my friends are still queuing in the courtyard. The doors are open. Did I help my dad make this one or was

it another? The windows on the other side are also open, so nice to feel the wind, it's like outside! But it's so much cooler. How come the birds don't want to be in here? They would feel at home, the roof is like a forest. And they wouldn't even be cold in winter! They could hide from the rain the same way we nestle under the canopy in rainy days.



My friends are on the deck, they pass my table. Where are they going? They have some chalk. I want to draw with them. Quickly: lunch done, tray clean, I run to catch up with them.

- Are we already making a new one?

- Yes, we want to draw flowers.

The bricks on the wall are so colourful. I can still see my drawing from last week. We don't have time to finish a new one - class starts soon.



So interesting! Can't wait to go to the library and find the book we were talking about! Bell rings, I'm there, book found. Should I stay and read on the steps or go outside? I go in the library's courtyard. Hills, trees, fields. It's quiet here, I can hear the birds.



Time passes so quickly when you read! I can hear the music, I'm late for the dance class. Back in the library, up the stairs down the stairs and into formation. Class done, we stay and rest. With the chairs on the sides the building seems so big. Not so long ago this wasn't even here. And how much it has changed since!



I can still remember when the strangers came. So many questions: who are they? Why are they visiting our school? They showed us drawings and pictures of a stone and wood building. Where was it, what do they mean it doesn't exist yet? The new canteen, they said it would be that building. But it looks so old. I wanted something new.

Questions, but not only mine, questions they asked. When do we eat? What? How many of us at the same time? Who cooks the food? Where is it served? What else do we do in the canteen? Do we have space to play, dance, study? What do we want in the new school? We? Me and my friends? Could I design my own school? I'd love to make my school.

Construction started. Couldn't stop watching. Old building gone - I wonder where all that trash went? First came concrete. People use it a lot. Base on which we played for a while, then tall columns.

Afterwards, brick. Same one my house has. But they said we can draw on the walls in any way we like, I can't do that at home. Excitement! Anticipation! Its pattern is good for that: flowers, waves, insects, hills, rivers.

Roof is pretty. Dad told me that the forest gave birth to it and it is our responsibility to shape it with love. He worked on the doors at home but the wood for the roof was kept in the school and quickly assembled.

Construction went by fast. When it was done, surprise! What about the drawings we had first seen? No more stone, wood only on the roof, colourful bricks, large open interior which even has a stage. Quiet place to read outside, space for our building to grow.

Day by day the building looks more and more different than the images they brought on the first visit. Does this mean that me and my friends have actually designed the school's canteen?

We did. And even without realizing it!

