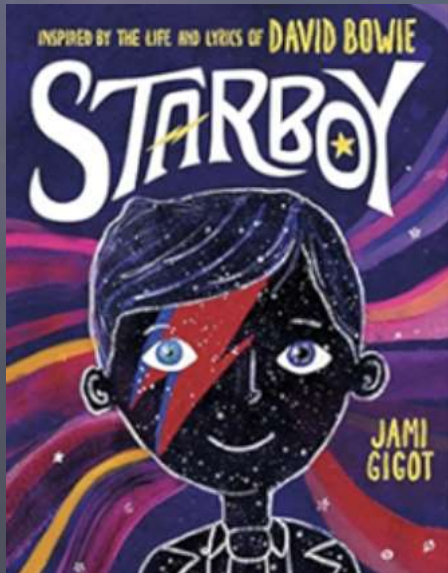


This week is National Smile Week.
Our story this week is about a young
person who used his uniqueness and
talents to make so many people smile...





FROM A LITTLE ROOM in a small brick house on a quiet London street, David stared up at the starry sky.

"Is anybody out there?" he whispered.



For as long as David
could remember, he'd
felt like a stranger on
his own planet.

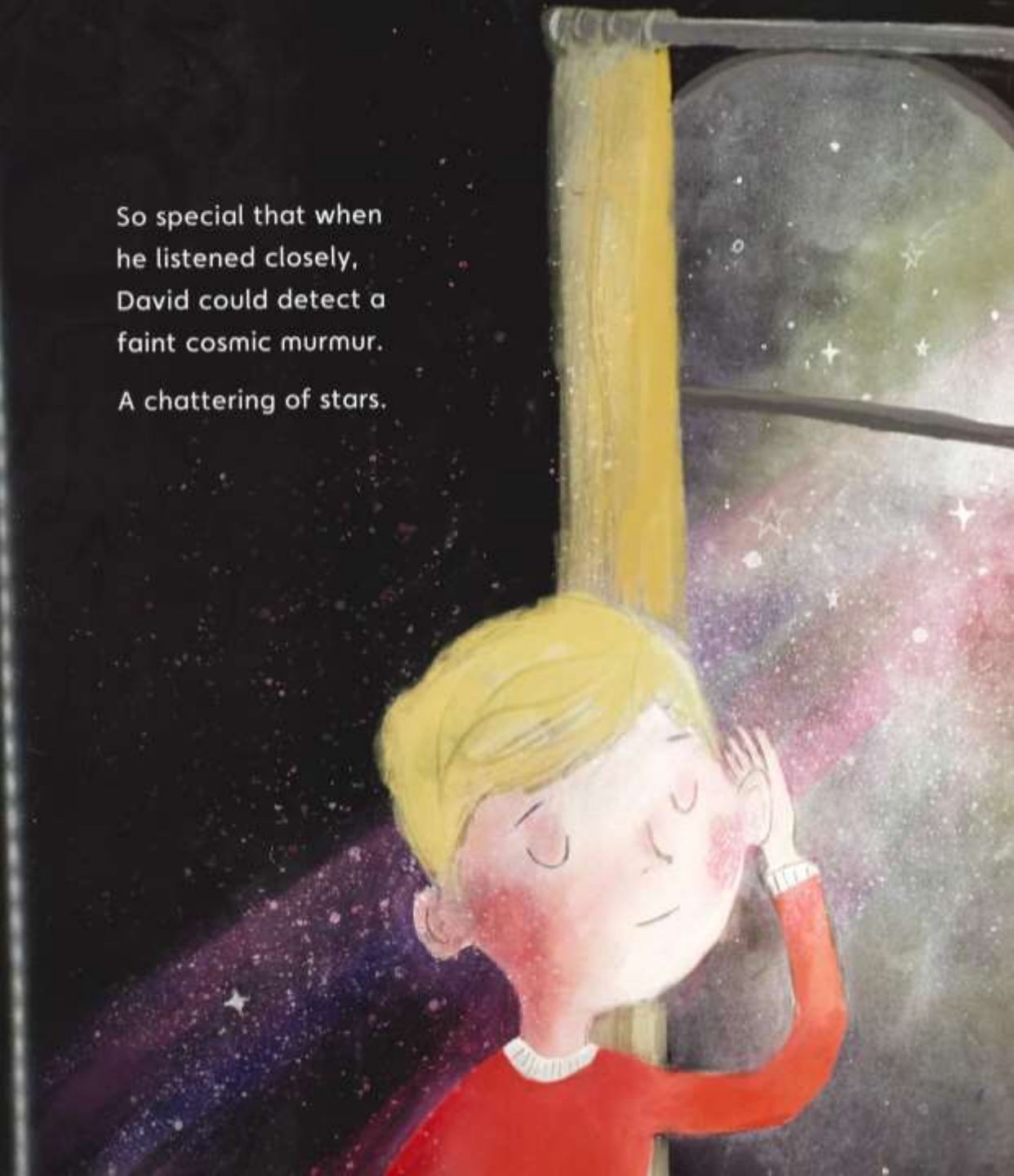
As if he'd fallen to
Earth from outer space.

He watched
his long, spindly legs
dancing;



and sticky-out ears with a
special knack for catching
noises no one else
seemed to hear.

So special that when
he listened closely,
David could detect a
faint cosmic murmur.
A chattering of stars.



David heard this star chatter, his entire
body would vibrate with far-out energy.

His eyes would **FLASH.**

His legs would **SHIMMY-SHAKE.**

and all ten toes would **TIP-TAP.**



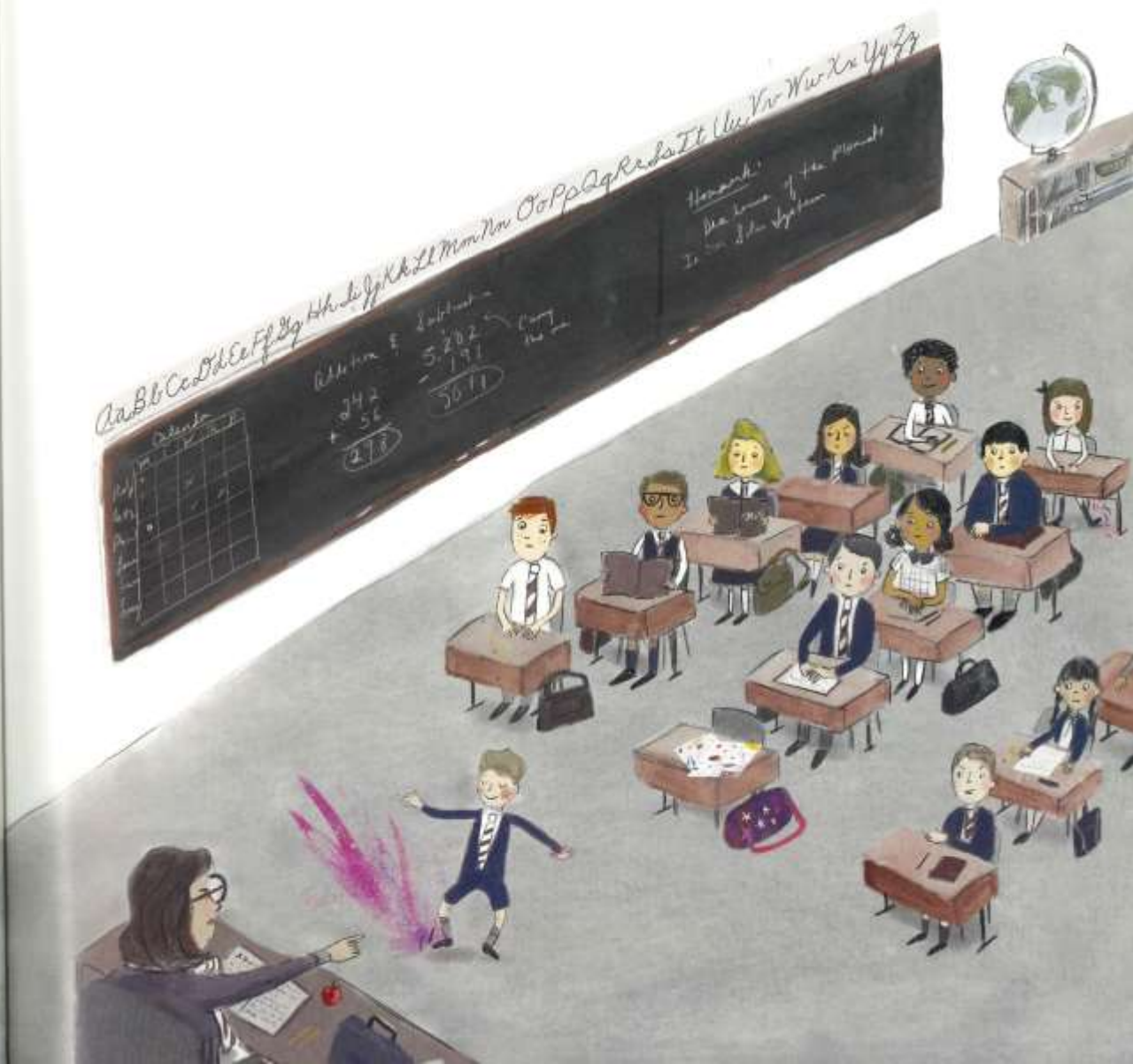
As David danced, he felt connected to
the universe and the rhythm of the stars.

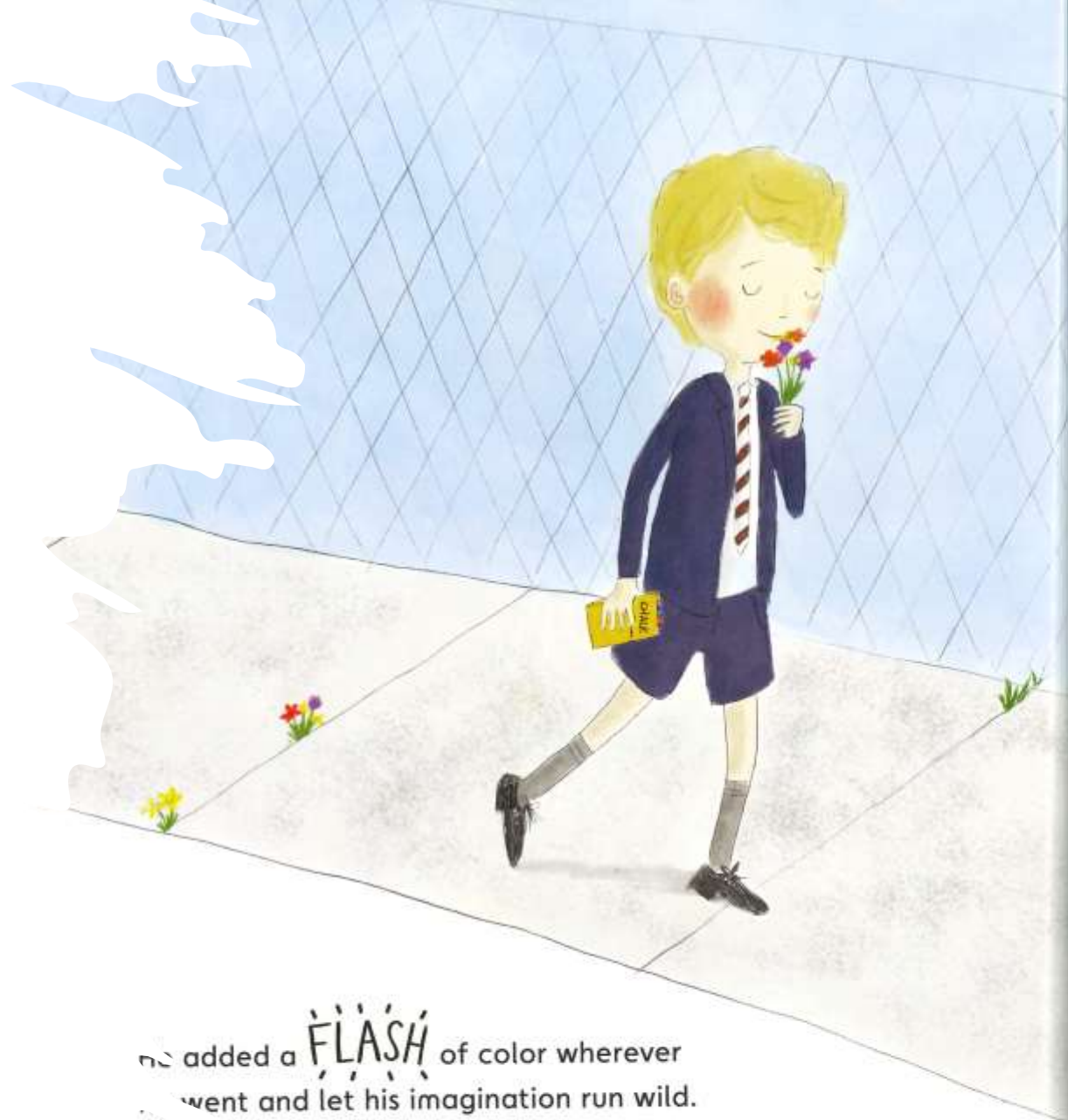
At school, David could not sit still.

He **TIP-TAPPED** down the halls,

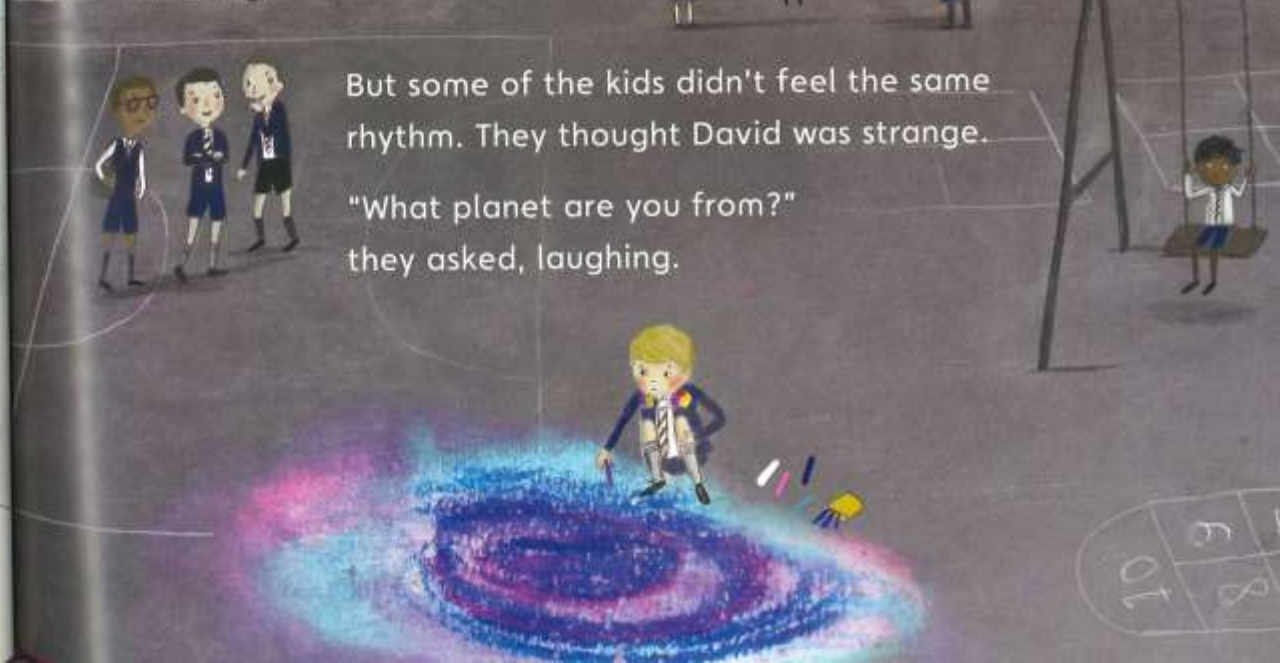
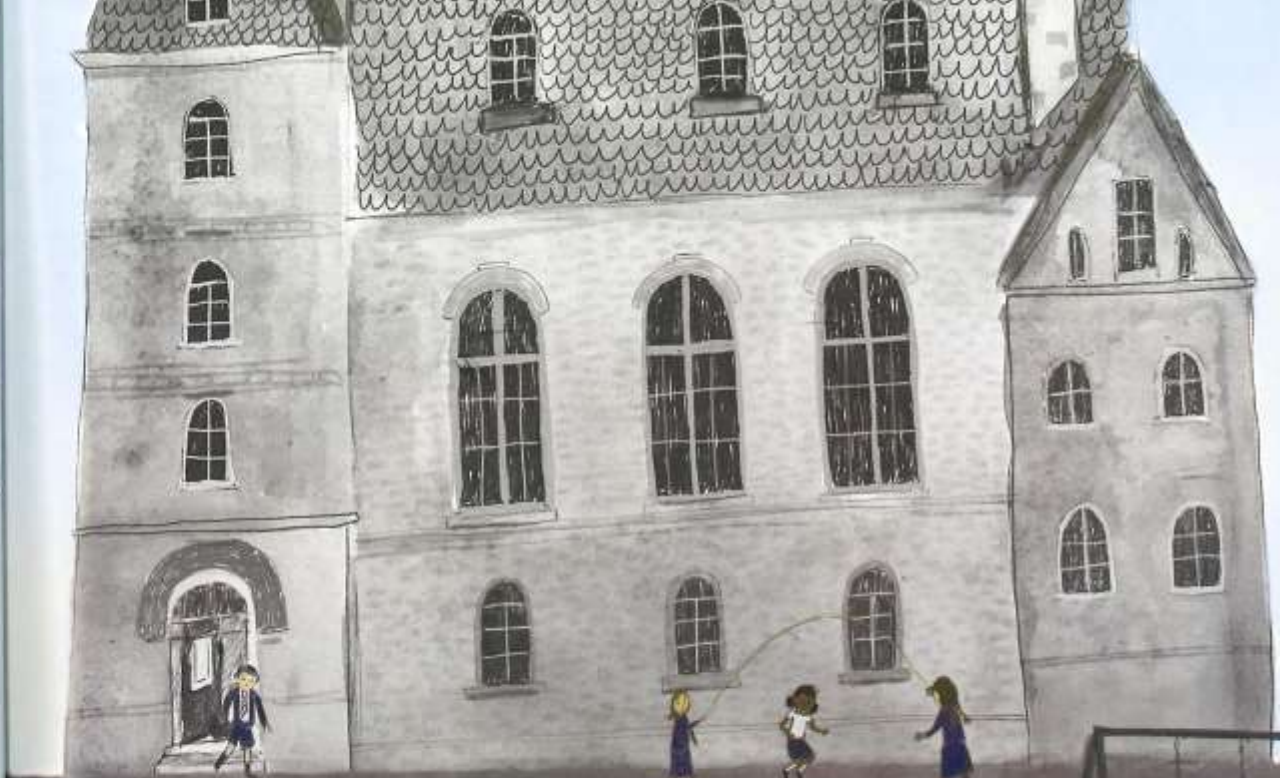


and **SHIMMY-SHAKED** in class.



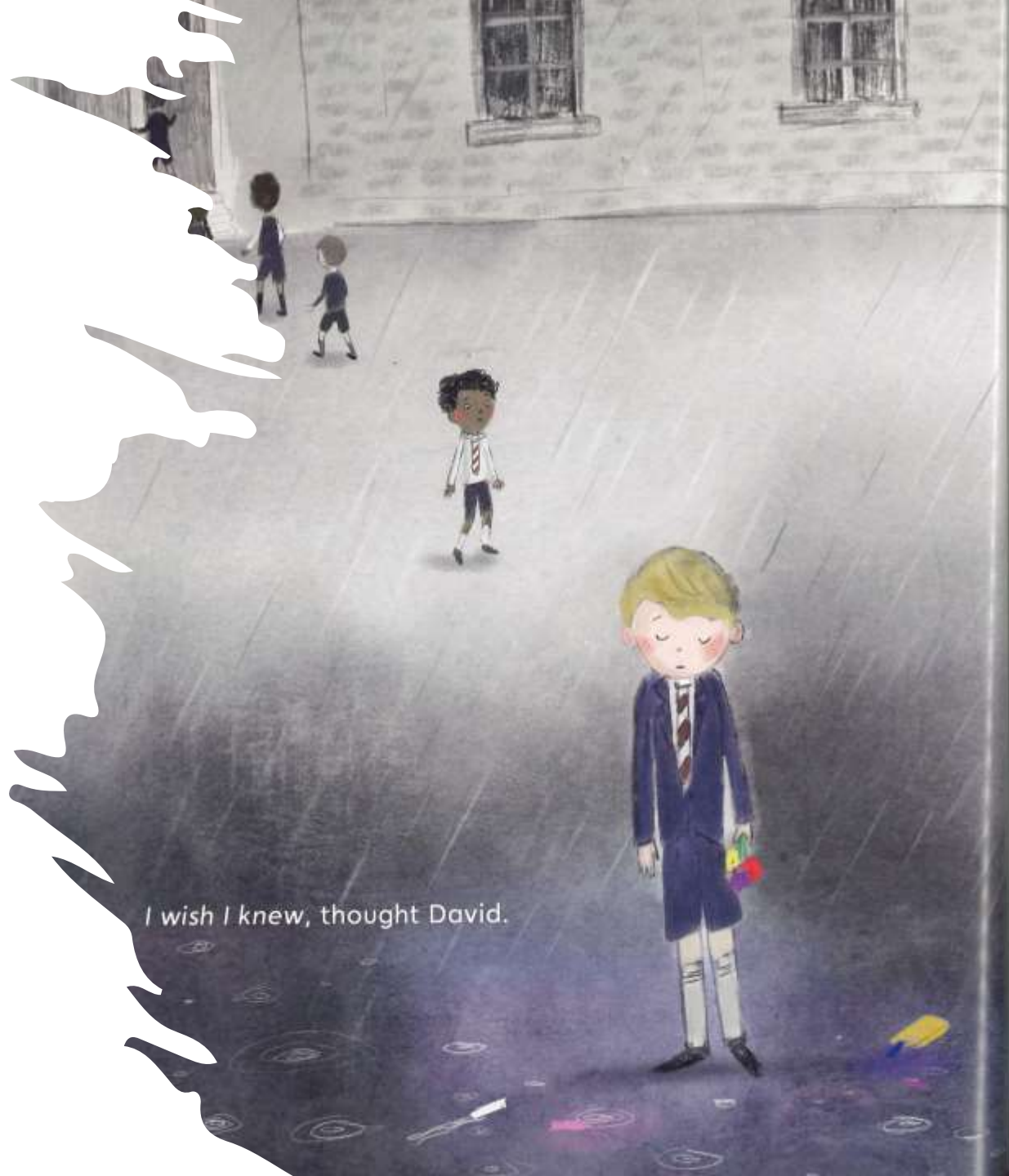


he added a **FLASH** of color wherever
he went and let his imagination run wild.



But some of the kids didn't feel the same
rhythm. They thought David was strange.

"What planet are you from?"
they asked, laughing.



I wish I knew, thought David.

He trudged back into class,
falling in line with everyone else.



began to hum with rhythm again.

A spark began to flicker inside him . . .



But he was tired.

Lonely.

So David shut the window.

Let the spark fade out.

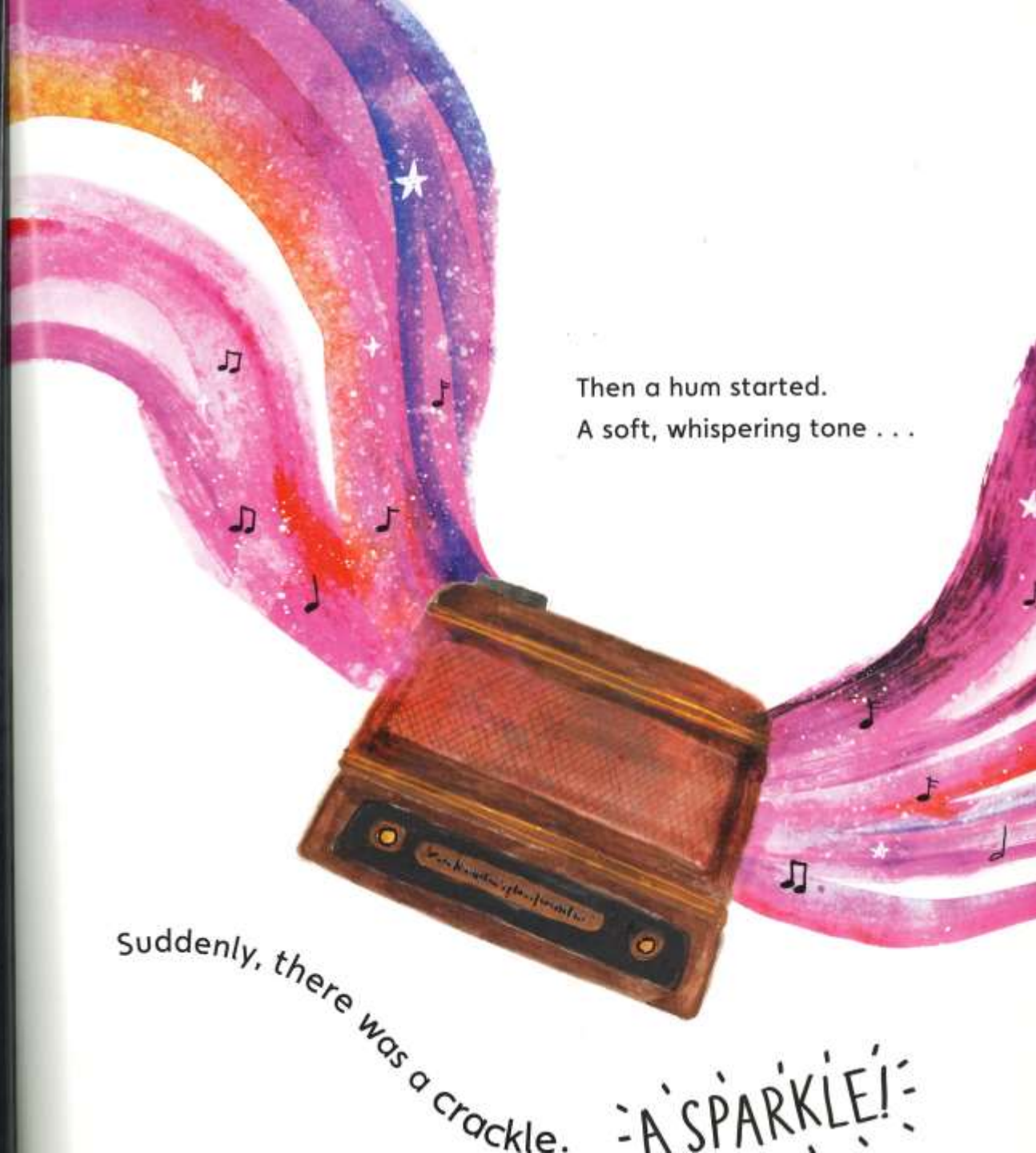
He couldn't hear the stars
chattering anymore.





But something didn't feel right.

It was quiet.



Then a hum started.
A soft, whispering tone . . .

suddenly, there was a crackle.


A SPARKLE!



radio on David's windowsill burst to life.

led David's room

With the rhythm of the stars,
joy tickled through him in waves.
The star chatter would never leave him.

A child's hand is visible on the left side, holding a large piece of fabric that transitions from red to purple. The fabric is decorated with white stars, musical notes, and planets. The background is dark and textured, with a silhouette of a factory or industrial building on the left. The overall scene is illuminated by a soft, warm light, possibly from a candle or a small lamp, creating a magical atmosphere.

"I hear you!" he shouted happily.

"I HEAR YOU!"
David felt like himself again.

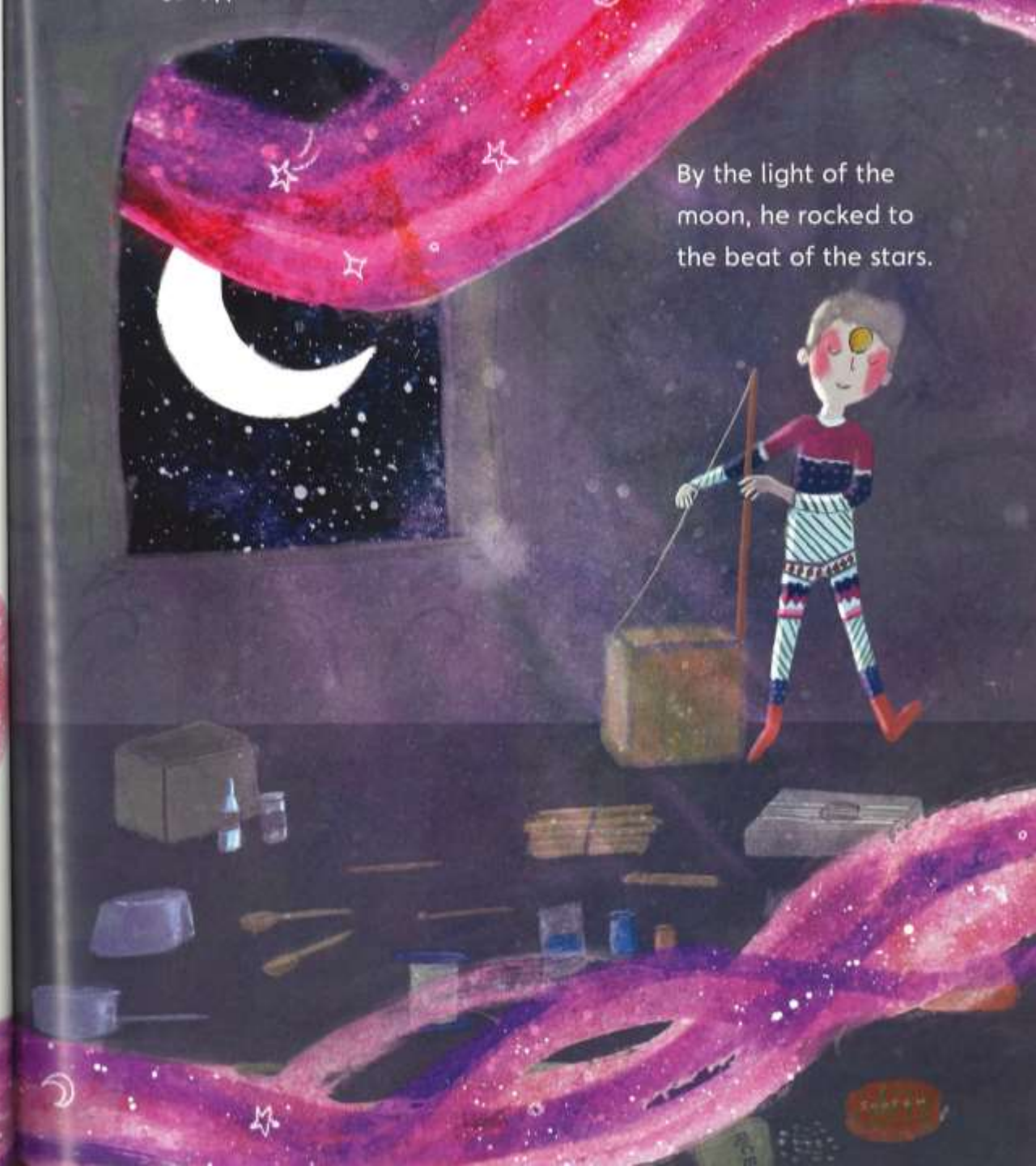
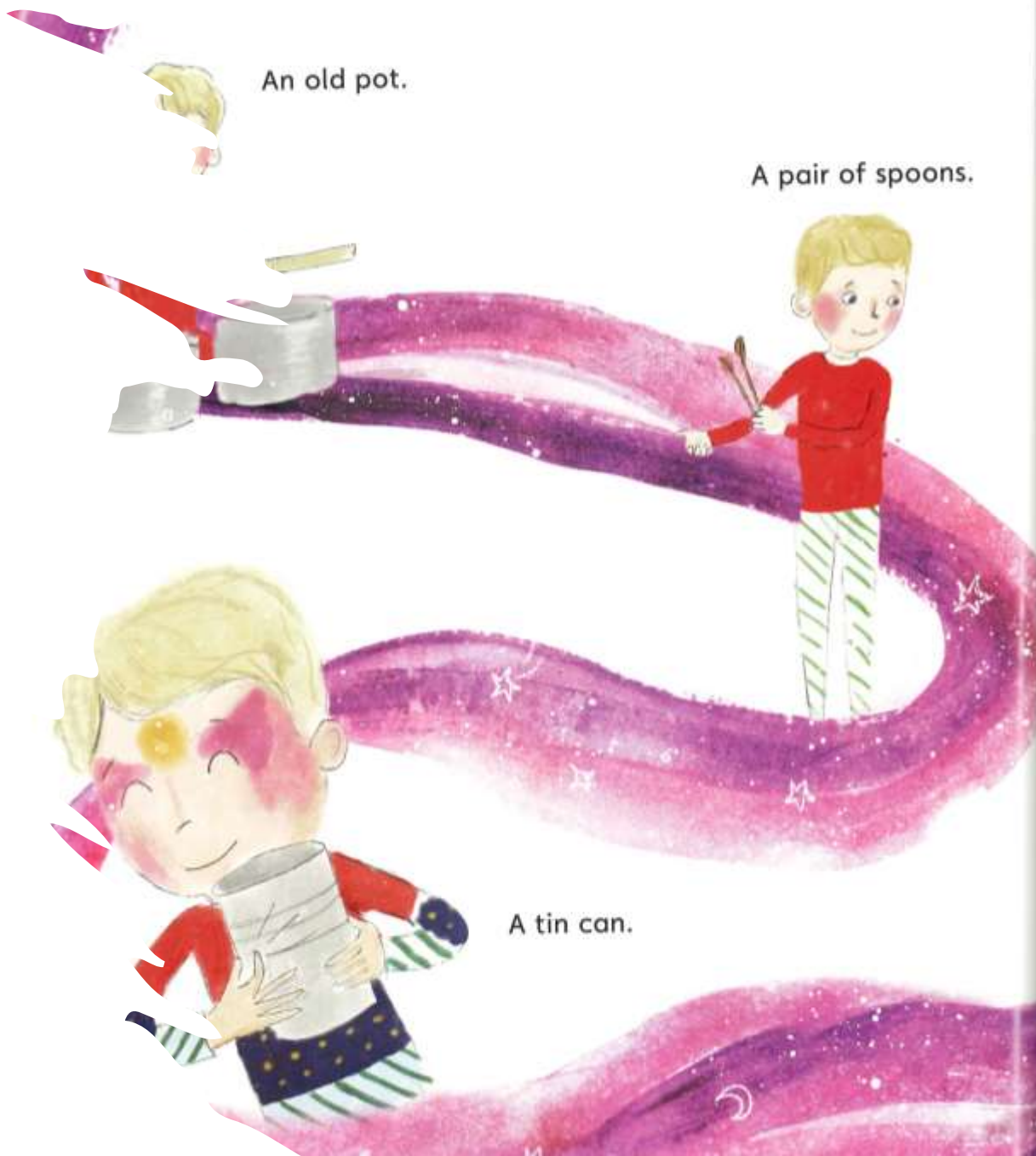
keep the music going.

An old pot.

A pair of spoons.

A tin can.

By the light of the moon,
he rocked to
the beat of the stars.





In the morning, he raced to school.
He couldn't wait to share his discovery.



...ght,



David felt the rhythm of the stars humming inside him.



...ed out the chords, blared the



His eyes
FLASHED.

his toes
TIP-TAPPED.

and his hips
SHIMMY-SHAKED!



...the star chatter hummed
his imagination ran wild.
He was a pirate, a duke,
an astronaut, a goblin king!



Rhythms and riffs, like the
hearts of stars beating
loudly, began to spread . . .





The spark inside him
radiated like a shining star.



What did David do when some of the children laughed at him?

Why did he start singing and dancing again?
How did it make him feel?





School Reflection

This is our school,
Let peace dwell here,
Let the rooms be full of contentment.

Let love abide here,
Love of one another,
Love of mankind,
Love of life itself.

Let us remember
That as many hands build a house,
So many hearts make a school
Help us to learn, play and share together.

We hope our school will be a place of great discovery, adventure and creativity.

May it be a place where we love to learn and where we learn to love,
A place where everyone is respected, and all are deeply valued.