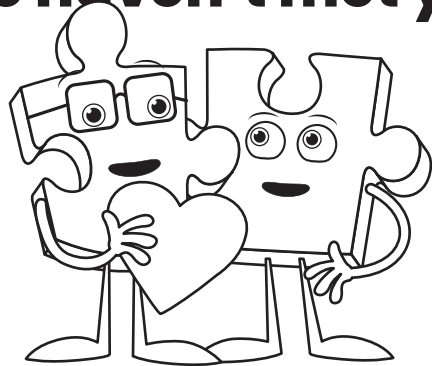


Friends we haven't met yet

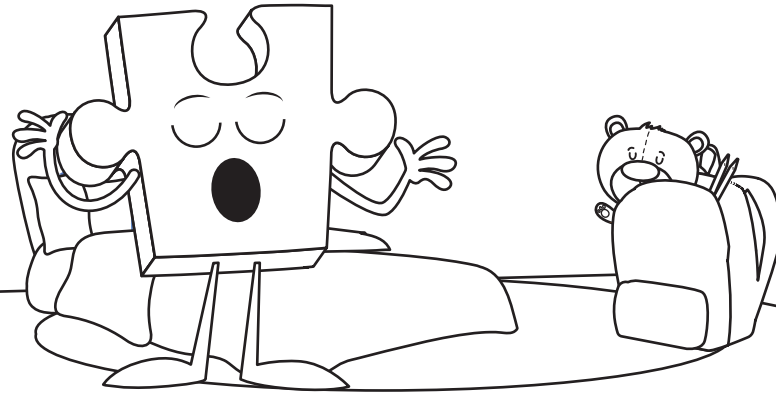


Written by Hayley Allen - Designed by Andrea Todd

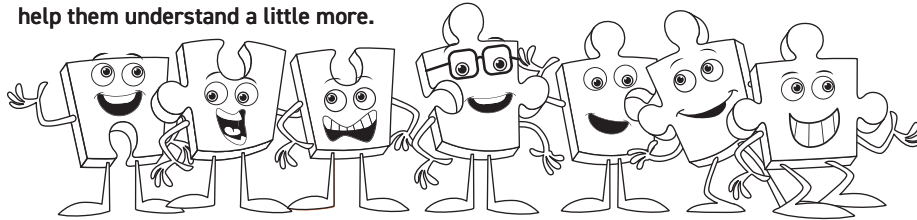


Jello had not slept well and woke up feeling tired and worried. It had been a strange few weeks, having moved so suddenly, leaving behind her life and the things that meant so much to her.

She rubbed her sleepy eyes and looked around the unfamiliar room she was staying in. She caught sight of her rucksack in the corner, stuffed full of the belongings she had been allowed to bring with her on the journey. A familiar voice was calling her to get up, so she took a deep breath and got ready for the day ahead. At least she was safe now because **everyone has the right to feel protected.**



It was a busy day at Jigsaw Primary School and the children were getting ready to welcome their new classmate. They weren't sure what to expect, having been told they were a refugee. The grown-ups had been talking in hushed voices and they had seen frightening scenes on the news; their teacher had even read them a story to help them understand a little more.



Hello

Shalom

Здравствуй

Hola

Namaste

Jello looked around and saw a display with the greeting 'hello' in lots of different languages. She searched for the greeting in her own language - there it was! Jello gave the first smile she had for a while. I'm welcome here, she thought to herself.

As the school bell rang, Jello arrived. She held her adult's hand tightly and wanted more than anything to go back home.



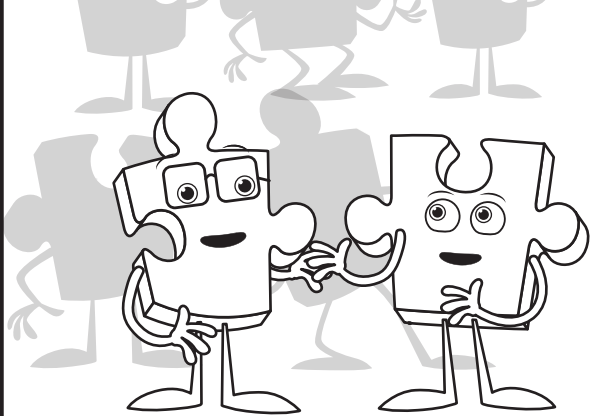
She knew that wasn't possible as her home was no longer there and this thought made a tear roll down her cheek. Her grown-up knew she was sad but explained it was also an exciting time.



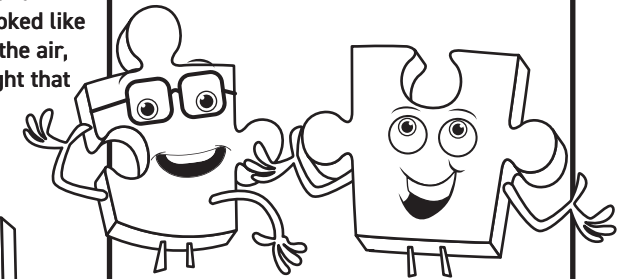
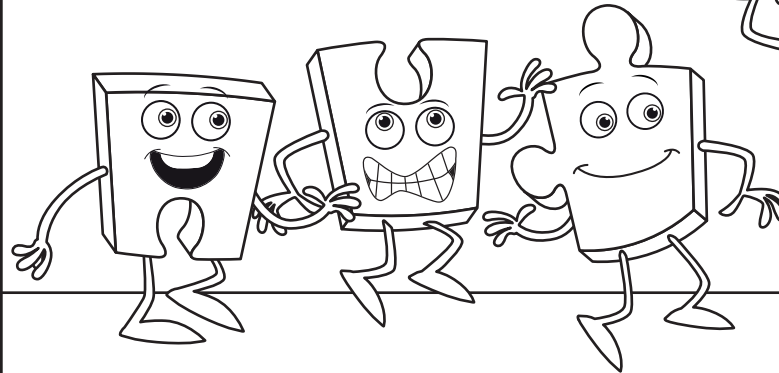
In the classroom, everyone was busy with their learning. All the seats were taken, apart from one which had her name card on it. There had never been a Jello in the class before. Jello walked to the seat and Jazz was sitting in the chair next to hers. Jazz gave her a friendly smile, which made Jello feel warm inside. Her teacher came over and showed her where to hang her coat. She didn't have a book bag or lunch box yet, but her teacher told her not to worry, they were just pleased she was here as **everyone has the right to learn.**



During the morning, Jello couldn't understand the chatter around her and felt confused. At playtime, everyone lined up with a friend and Jello felt lonely. She looked around, swallowing the lump in her throat, when she felt a small hand take hers. It was Jazz!

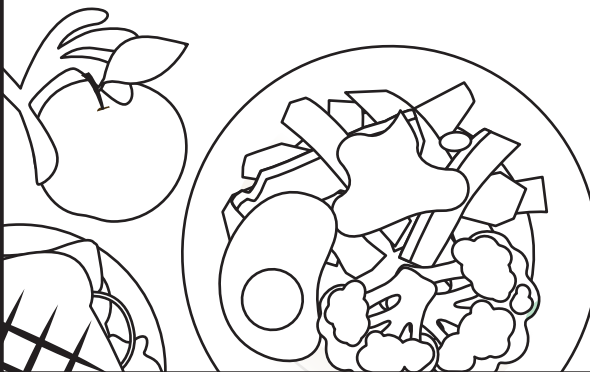


On the playground, the children were running and shrieking, not in fear, but because they were having fun. Jello watched the others shyly and thought she recognised the game some of them were playing. It looked like 'It' but when the person was caught, they stood with their arms in the air, until someone came to unpeel their arms and free them. She thought that her friends back home would like this game too.

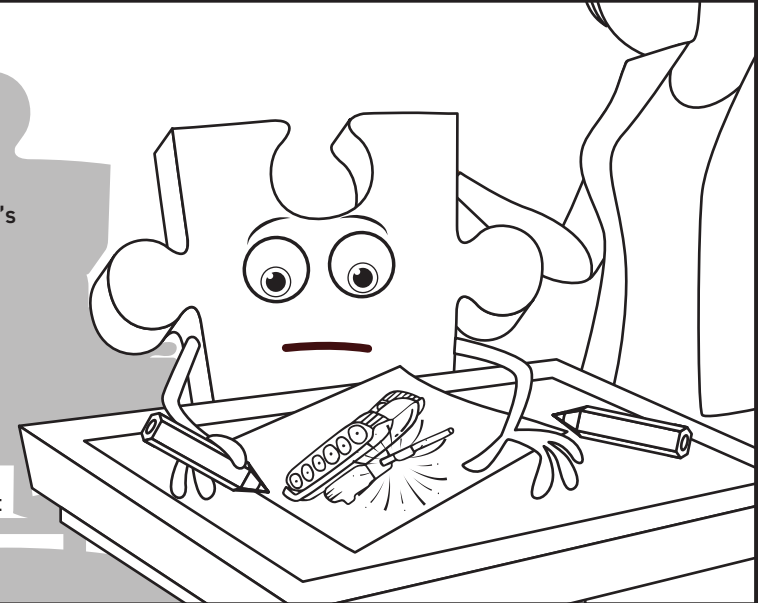


Jazz saw her standing on her own and came over to introduce her friends, Jino, Jack and Jo. Jello joined in their game of banana tag and even though she didn't understand what was being said, she quickly picked up the rules. **Everyone has the right to play.**

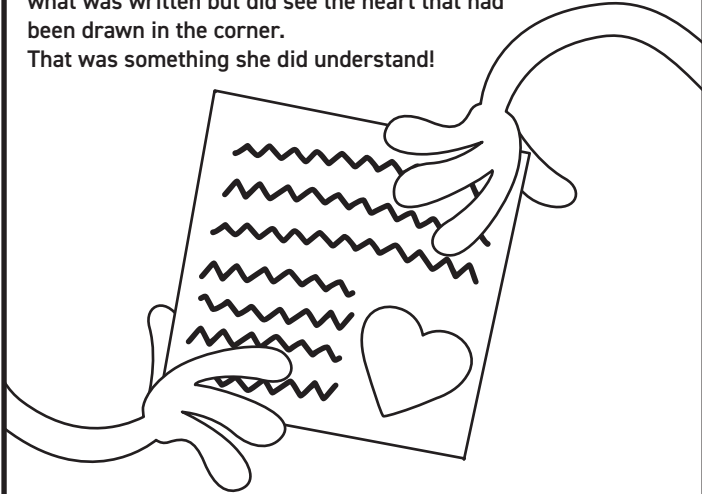
Later that morning, the class got ready for lunch. Jello nearly cried when the school dinner was served. She didn't like the taste of the unfamiliar food and pushed the tray away. Jazz shared her sandwich and Jack got her an apple from the fruit bowl. Maybe it would be okay after all. **Everyone has the right to food and drink and should never go hungry.**



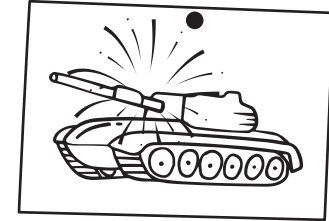
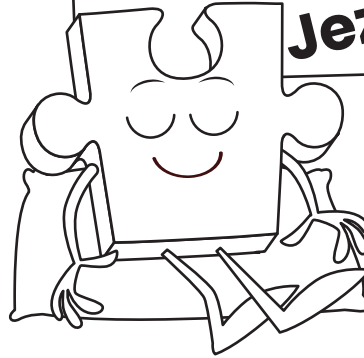
That afternoon, the class had an art lesson. They were all drawing the same image but Jello's pencil was doing its own thing. She drew all the things in her head and some from her heart, as the fear and sadness from the last few weeks poured out onto the page. As the teacher walked round, Jello panicked that she would get into trouble as her picture looked very different to everyone else's. She didn't need to worry as the teacher put a gentle hand on her shoulder and gave a little squeeze. Her teacher heard what she was saying, without her even saying a word. **Everyone has the right to freedom of expression.**



When it was time to pack away, Jazz gave Jello a piece of paper. She didn't understand what was written but did see the heart that had been drawn in the corner. That was something she did understand!

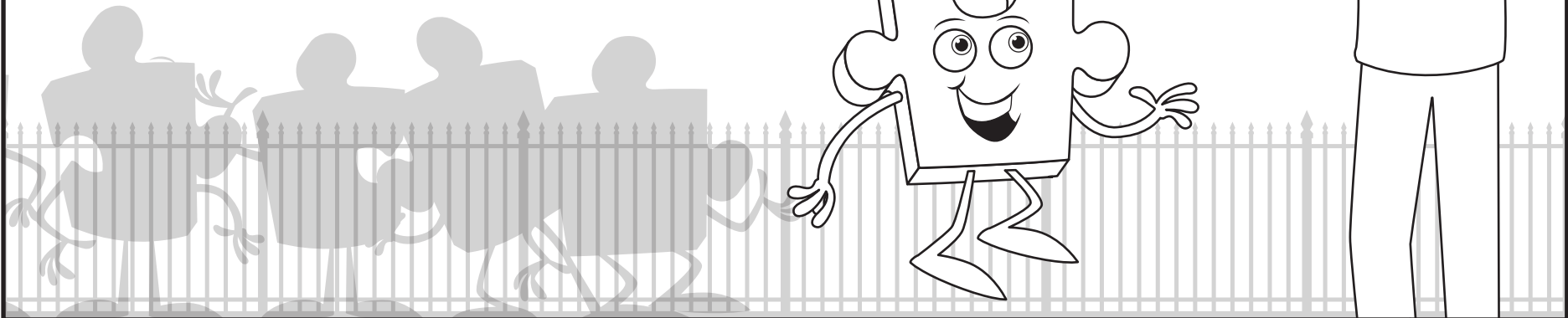


Jenie Jack Jo Jino
Jem Jazz Jello
Jez



As the day continued, Jello began to feel more relaxed as everyone tried to make her feel welcome. The teacher even called the register in words that Jello recognised. Jello's picture was on the wall and her name was on the group sign. When she felt a bit overwhelmed, she sat down quietly in the reading corner and waited for the feeling to pass. She knew that if she needed a friend, there were a few to choose from, but sometimes she just wanted to be by herself and that was okay too.

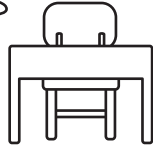
At home time, Jello was collected from school and rushed into her grown-up's open arms. Jello was a long way from her home and friends but today had been a good day and she was hopeful that there would be more exciting days to come. It would take time but Jello felt safe and the precious heart drawing in her pocket reminded her that she was loved. Whilst she was a refugee, she knew deep down she was more than that, she would always be Jigsaw Jello because **everyone has the right to a name.**



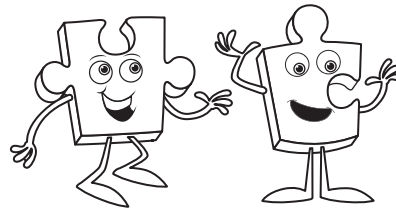
**Everyone has the right
to feel protected.**



**Everyone has the right
to learn.**



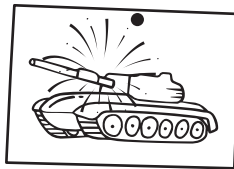
**Everyone has the right
to play.**



**Everyone has the right
to food and drink and
should never go hungry.**



**Everyone has the right
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**Everyone has the right
to a name.**

