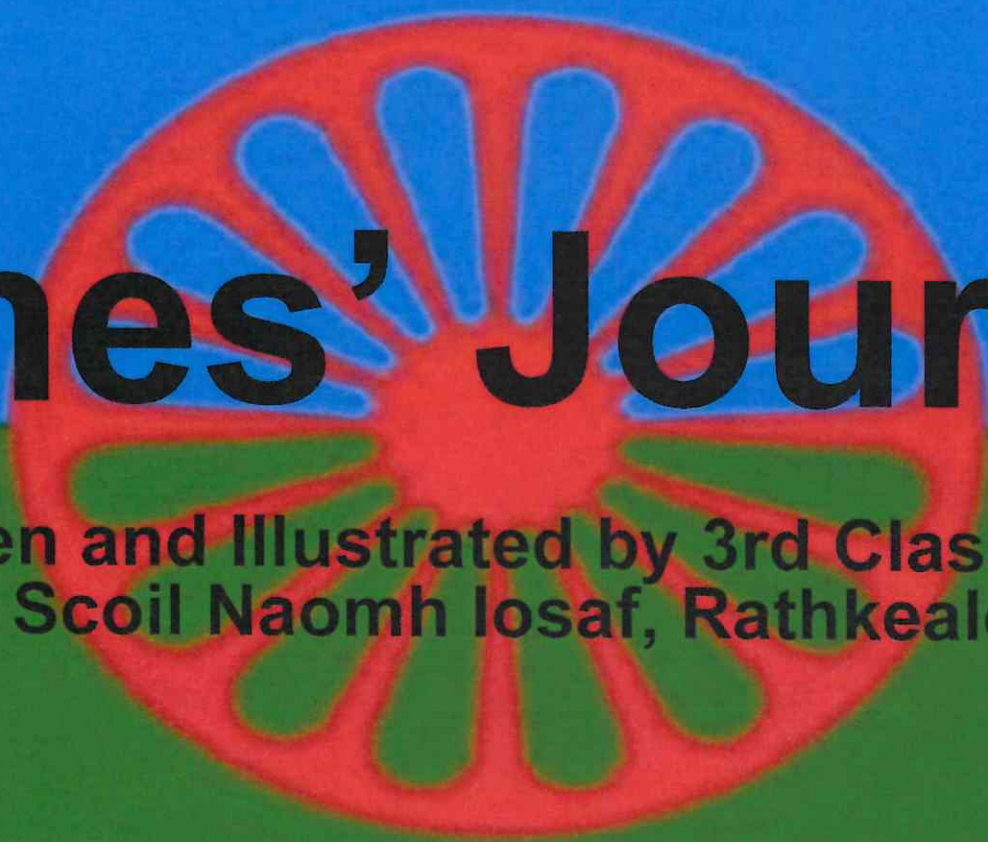




James' Journey

**Written and Illustrated by 3rd Class Boy's
Scoil Naomh Iosaf, Rathkeale.**



James was a new boy at school, feeling shy.
His accent was different and the other children
didn't know why.



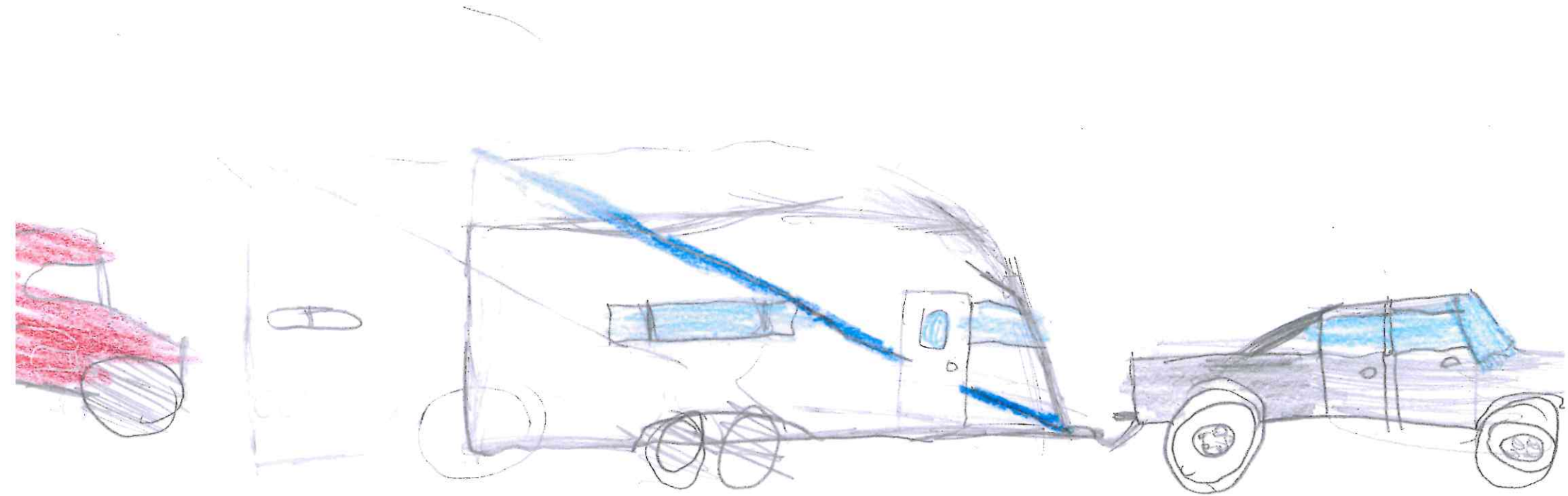
Eddie, a boy with a sneer on his face asked why James never stays in one place. James felt sad and a little alone, wishing he could tell him that this **was** his home.



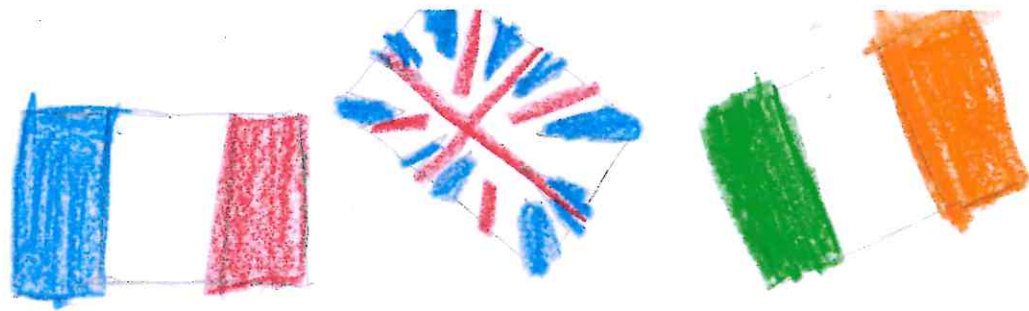
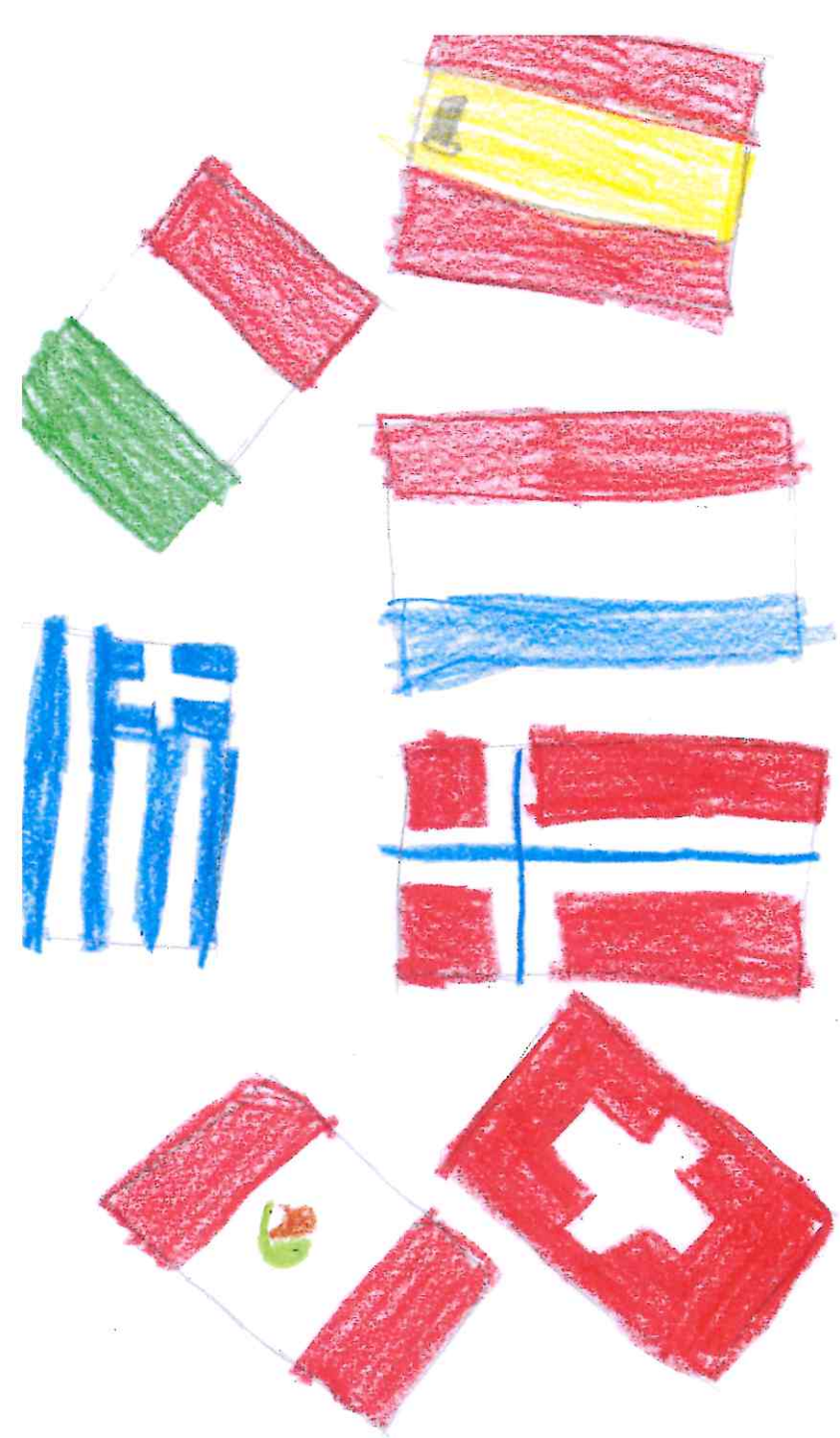
Mr Flynn, the teacher saw James' pain. He took him outside and began to explain. "It's good to be different, that's true. We all have our stories and so do you". He asked him to share his culture with his class, to share all his knowledge both present and past.



James stood at the top of the class, nervous but excited. Ready to share his story, feeling both brave and invited. He took a deep breath and began "Im a proud Irish traveller, and I'll tell you what that means, so you'll understand it better".



“As a traveller, I travel far and wide. I travel in trailers, with my family by my side. We meet new people and see new sights but always come home to where our heart ignites”.



James wasn't nervous anymore. He smiled and began to share more.

"My accent's different, because I've been many places,
In Ireland, in England, and far-away spaces."

The class listened closely, as James continued with pride,

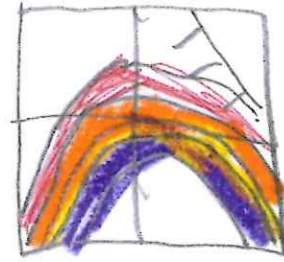
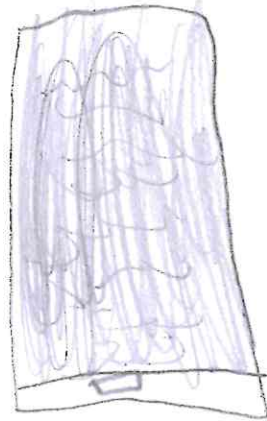
"I've been to France, Spain, and Italy too,
I've seen the castles, the mountains, and skies so blue.
I've visited Greece, Peru, and lands far and wide,
I've swam in the oceans, and rode the tide.
I'm not always in school, but I'm always learning,
And with every adventure, my curiosity's burning."



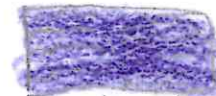
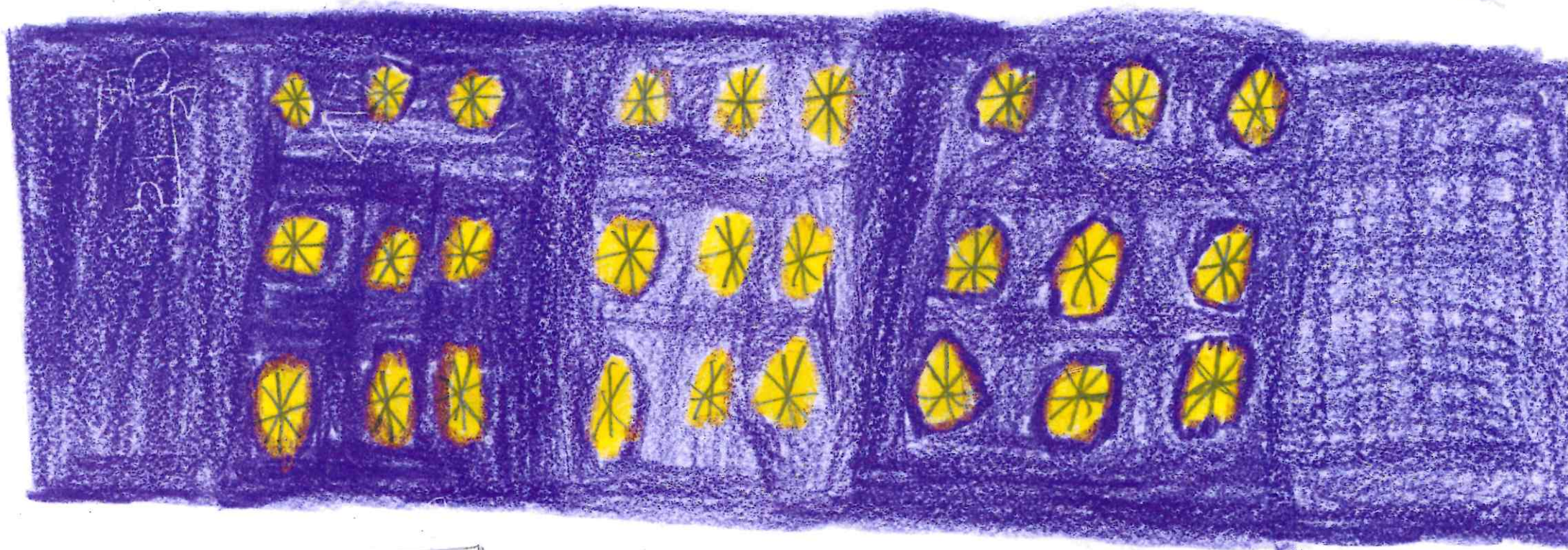


Eddie paused, his arms crossed tight,
He thought about James' words, seeing things in a
new light.

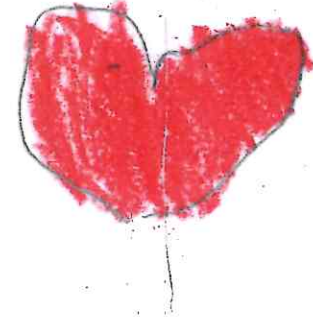
The other kids listened, no more teasing, just cheers.
They learned more about James, and his world felt
more clear.



Mr. Flynn smiled warmly, with pride in his eyes,
glad that James spoke and was recognised.
“James, thank you for sharing, we’re glad that you’re
here,
your story helps us see things a little more clear”.

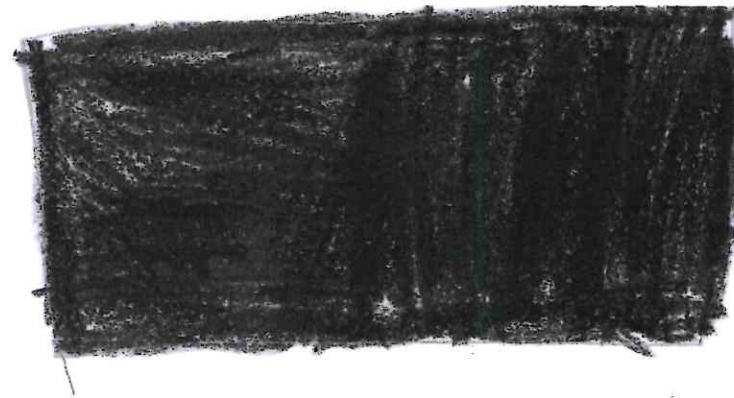


The class was a mix of people from near and far,
from different countries, each unique as a star.
They learned that differences made the world bright,
and together, they made the world feel just right.



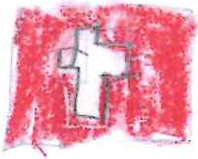
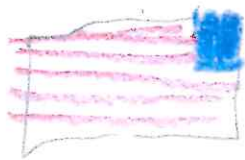
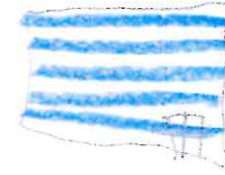
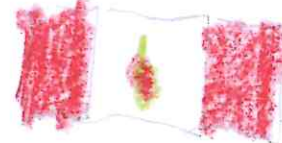
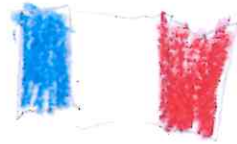
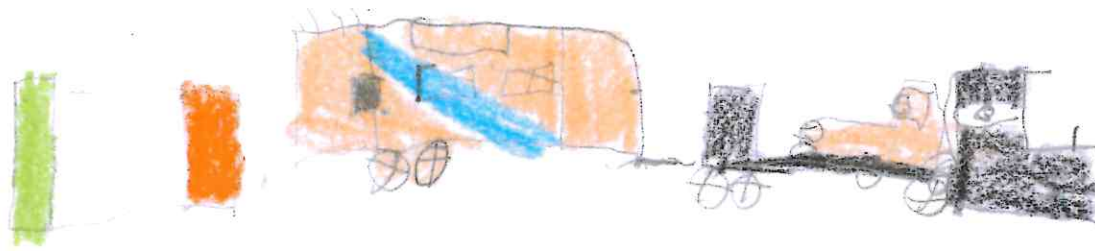
James smiled, knowing in this special place,
his story had found a warm and welcoming space.
For in their hearts, they all now knew,
that being different is exciting, and you should always
be you!

$$\begin{array}{l} 9 \div 3 = 15 \times 10 = \\ 3 \times 9 = 4 \times 9 = \\ 9 \times 10 = 65 \div 5 = \end{array}$$



James spent a few months in class, learning so much, he shared his adventures with a warm, caring smile. But soon it was time for him to leave once again, and though he'd be gone, he'd be back now and then.

The class said goodbye, but it wasn't the end, for they knew that James would always be a friend. They couldn't wait to hear of the places he'd roam, and the stories he'd bring when he came back home.



The moral of this tale, so bright and clear,
is that culture is brilliant, and something to cheer.
Like James, we can learn from places far and wide,
and celebrate our differences, with nothing to hide.

So, let's be kind, and open to all,
for learning from each other makes us stand tall.

