

# A School for Everyone

Once upon a time there were two friends, their names were Mohamad and Aishia. They were best friends and lived right next to each other but there was one problem, Mohammad was Palestinian and Aishia was Israeli. Aishia and Mohammad played together in each other's gardens but one day Aishia's dad built a wall to stop them playing together because there was a war between them and he didn't want her to get hurt by Mohammad's mum and dad the same and sent Mohammad to his room. Mohammad suddenly had an idea he took one of his posters down and ripped off some of the wallpaper and bashed a brick through into Aishia's house, luckily Aishia was in her room and she peeked through the gap and saw Mohammad's eyes peeking through. Aishia picked up the poster that had been broken through and put it to one side and said to Mohammad,

"Thank you, now we can pass letters to each other, without our parents knowing and talk to each other when we are bored."

Mohammad put something through the hole.

"What is it?" said Aishia. "It's a walkie talkie so wherever we are we can talk to each other. "

Soon they had been talking about their plan for a long time and their parents called them down to dinner. They said goodbye and put the posters and brick back and went down for dinner.

One day they went to school together and the war started. They had 2 class rooms, one for Palestinians and the other for Israelis. That day, they did maths, English and then the worst bit came - they were learning about war and suddenly the headteacher came in and told everyone that there was going to be an emergency assembly.

So everyone went to go to the hall, then the head teacher said that they were closing down the school because there are too many refugees sleeping in the playground and lots of parents are making it so that their children can't go to school and not many students are left.

"So, I'd like you to go and get your bags and go and be collected by your parents."

Mohammad ran over to Aishia and said,

"I'll meet you at the doughnut shop at 2 O'clock."

So, after that they all had to go home. When Aishia got home she asked her dad if she could go to the doughnut shop and her dad said maybe so she started telling him about all the doughnuts there were with sprinkles and chocolate and strawberries ones and her dad licked his lips and gave her a £10 note. When Aishia got there Mohammad was already there paying for one and Aishia quickly bought a chocolate and sprinkled one. She started whispering to Mohammad about what their next plan was going to be and suddenly Aishia had an idea! She said,

"We will do something to make our government happy so we can all play together and start a school for both Israelis and Palestinians!"

When they got home, they started a school plan for what to do next! As they passed their writing under the brick, they put the plan together. The very next day they put all their money together and bought an old hall and some chairs and books and tables. They set up a school and made a school uniform for 300 people and started to make posters of the classroom. Meanwhile their parents had been super suspicious of them because they kept on going around the back of the house and their

parents started asking questions to the children but all they said was wait and see so that was all they could do.

Mohammad rang his cousin Isak who was 19 to see if he would like to be a teacher at their school then Aishia rang her cousin who was 16 if she could help out in the school. They both said yes so, the very next day the school started and they told their parents to come and see what they had done. When Aisha's dad found out, he rang the head teacher and asked her to send all of the children there. He agreed to the school and every refugee and all homeless children came to that school and as time Eventually, as time went on they built homes for the homeless people and they asked the government to make sure everyone could be released from jail. They made sure everyone was allowed to go to school and this went on and on until the ends met.