



HOPE  
where are you?

Armand Doucet & Elisa Guerra  
illustrated by Ana RoGu

# Hope, where are you?

Armand Doucet & Elisa Guerra

Illustrations: Ana RoGu

Find and explore more learning  
through play resources to  
support "Hope, where are you?"



[www.hopewhereareyou.com](http://www.hopewhereareyou.com)

We are in awe of the extraordinary efforts our teacher colleagues are making all over the world to try and help their students during these school closures. But, as all teachers know, it takes a community to raise a child. The efforts made by the greater educational community have been outstanding. Education and school leadership, parents, siblings, family, social workers, global organizations, NGOs, and so many more have gone above and beyond to give hope to the children of the world.

This book is dedicated to every single person who is trying to keep that light shining in our children.

**To Armando Persico, our colleague and friend, who like so many others, reminded us of the importance of hope during this pandemic.**

Ana, Armand, and Elisa

**Hope, where  
are you?**



Mulu, Africa



I miss everything about school, even the two-hour walk to get there. I spend my days helping my mother while my sisters play. Staying busy keeps my mind off my hunger. I listen to school lessons on the radio when my dad is not home.

Today, I overheard my father, saying that he might not let me go back to school. My older sister was married at twelve. I'm just 11; I have dreams of becoming a teacher. I need to go back to school.

I'm worried about my younger sisters. I'm scared for myself.



My teacher, Amina, comes to my house with two men I have never seen. They bring with them a box of food for our family.

My mom takes me and my sisters outside to get water. She says, "Let's stay out here for a little while; they need to speak with your dad."

The three spend a long time talking to my father. I wonder what they are talking about.





Dad pulls me aside to tell me, "I have decided that you will be returning to school." He continues, "can I see you teach some math to your sisters?"

I'm quite excited as I explain the wonders of numbers to my sisters. Even my mom and dad decide to participate.

I believe I will become a teacher. Finding that warm and fuzzy feeling inside, I eat my piece of chapati and dream about my future.





Nikau,  
Oceania



We moved last weekend into a house in the country, and I feel lonely. I loved the city, the energy, the people. But now, everything has suddenly shut down. I won't be able to go to school and make new friends.

My older brother Kauri is helping my parents unpack. I was done with my room pretty fast; I don't have much. We move quite often, wherever dad can find work. So, I got rid of everything apart from my tools, because I love to tinker, and my rugby ball.

In the backyard, all I see is rolling hills and moving boxes, nothing else in sight. I feel invisible. I'm not myself.



"Why don't you build something with your tools?" Kauri believes we are happiest when we are building with our own hands.

My brother is right. I cut and rearrange the cardboard boxes to build my old neighborhood, and then I use markers to draw the people I miss so much. I imagine what they are feeling in lockdown.

I put old rusty cans all over my cardboard world and draw germs on them. "Ah, that's a good idea!" says Kauri again. He joins me with my rugby ball. "Let's do something about these germs." I start throwing my rugby ball to knock them down. I feel empowered.



I imagine myself defeating the germs to free my friends in our old neighborhood.

"This is brilliant," says Kauri. He pulls out his phone and sends pictures of my game to our old friends; they want to play as well! We create a chat group to share our best throws. Laughing hard, I say, "Everybody needs to do this, it feels so good!"

"It feels even better because we are doing it with friends," says Kauri. I realize I'm not alone; I feel like myself. Finding that warm and fuzzy feeling, I create a video, challenging more friends and former classmates to join our game.





 Kate,  
North America



My brothers are doing homework. Mom is teaching her high school classes. Everybody is staring at screens. I am bored, bored, bored. I try to follow my classes on the computer: it's hard, I miss playing outside with my friends, and I miss dancing. It feels like my skin is crawling, and I'm antsy.

I wish time could go faster. Maybe I can speed it up if I run really fast. Oops, I disturbed everyone again. "Just. Stop. MOVING!" screams Mikey, and "Arrrrrgh, not again," yells Peter.

I'm getting on everybody's nerves. I'm not myself.



“Kate, could you try to read quietly for a while?” I sit still for two minutes, and my legs start twitching. I’m ready to burst out. I’m going to get in trouble again.

All of a sudden, the phone rings! I run and answer. It’s Mrs. Robinson who enquires, “How are you, Kate?” I sneak underneath the table, with tears welling in my eyes I whisper “I’m being bad, I can’t sit still.”

Mrs. Robinson reminds me that at school, we use Yoga to calm down in the morning. She suggests that I practice when waking up and promises to send her videos to mom.





A week later, I am leading my family through Mrs. Robinson's Yoga! I'm finishing with the tree pose. I'm really good at this, even my brothers can see it.

"Thank you, Kate," Mom says. "What a wonderful way to start the day."

I feel helpful. I feel wanted. I feel like myself. Finding that warm and fuzzy feeling keeps me calm and focused all day.





Bo, Asia



My parents are both doctors. They are needed at the hospital, so my aunt is staying with me. When she arrived, I refused to say goodbye to my parents and hid in my room.

Now, I miss them. I miss the experiments that we would do together, tinkering, and 3d printing. My aunt only loves to watch television. I'm ashamed of myself.

When my aunt spoke to my parents today, I spied a nasty rash on my mom's and dad's faces. They are wearing medical masks all the time. I wish I could help them somehow.



I have always loved science and technology, so I enjoy the "virtual classroom" with Mr. Chun. His lessons are the highlight of my day, and the only time I feel like myself. But today, I am quiet when he proposes a project.

My friend Jin realizes something is wrong. I would usually be excited. He calls me after class and asks, "How are things going, Bo?" I confess my behavior and worries for my parents. I wonder how I can help.

"You still have that 3D printer at home?" asks Jin, "Why don't we use it for the project?"



Mom and Dad call, I answer.  
"Look, Bo!" she says, as they model  
the brand-new headpieces that Jin  
and I collaborated to design and 3D  
print for them.

Dad asks, "Do you think you and  
Jin can make some for our doctor  
and nurse friends?" With pride,  
I answer, "Of course!"

Mom and Dad are beaming.  
I am very busy, feeling more like  
myself. Finding that warm and fuzzy  
feeling, I get ready to start 3d  
printing more headpieces.





 Gaby,  
Latin America 

We are home all the time. It is not easy. I try to keep up with "distance learning," as my teacher calls our lessons on the computer, but sometimes I get distracted.

Nico and Felipe, my little twin brothers, cry a lot. It drives papi nuts. He gets angry and yells at mama. I hate it when this happens.

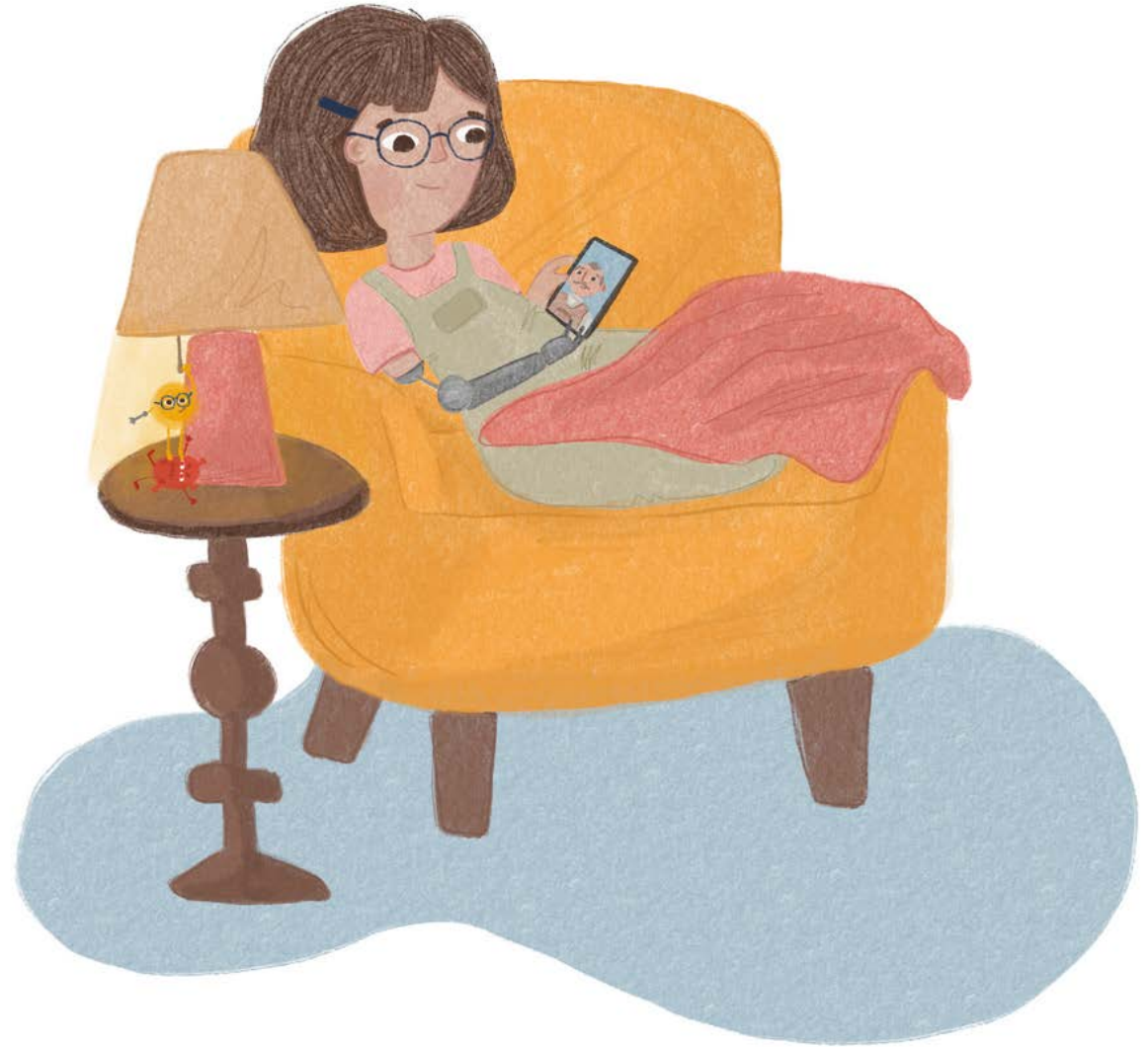
Mama says that papi is worried about his business. She tries to comfort me with "Everything will go back to normal, and we will be fine once this is over." I hope she is right. My family is not itself anymore.



The next day I'm distracted when my grandfather calls. I'm fearful he will hear Nico and Felipe crying, and Papi's loud voice in the background. Grandpa asks, "What's wrong, Gaby?".

I can't stop myself; I tell him that my parents are stressed and fighting a lot. The twins cry constantly. I don't bake with my dad anymore. I miss the smell. I miss walking under the Jacaranda trees with him while I share my school stories and eat our freshly baked cookies.

Grandfather says, "Gaby, I have an idea for your class project. Why don't we write the story of how these days have been for you? I'll help with your writing, and you can do the drawings."





"Your Grandfather called," Mama says. She hugs me and whispers, "Your Dad and I would love to see your story."

I finish reading it to them, and they sit in silence. Papi leans over to Mama and says, "I'm sorry" and gives her a big hug. He turns to me with a large smile on his face, "Gaby, why don't we bake cookies?"

Singing and baking, I feel like myself again. Finding that warm and fuzzy feeling, I decide to share my story with my teacher and classmates in my next lesson.





Alessandro,  
Europe



It's been a couple of weeks since we started learning from home. My teacher made sure I brought my books and things home, including my violin, before the school closed. It's been hard. Grandma has been very sick.

I can see my parents are worried. I'm worried as well. We can't talk or visit grandma. I'm very sad. I am struggling to express my feelings and don't want to bother my parents.

We live in a small apartment, but I still feel very alone. I'm not myself.



We get the phone call that Grandma is gone. Just like that. I didn't get to say goodbye.

Mrs. Rossi, our next-door neighbor, calls: "I heard the news, Alessandro. I'm so sorry." I stay quiet, not sure what to say.

Mrs. Rossi continues, "Don't forget your violin, Alessandro. In these times, you can express yourself through your music." I mumble a thank you for the call and hang up.

I look at my violin for a long time and finally pick it up. Playing, I start to feel relief as tears roll down my cheeks. My parents are watching me, smiling.



My parents tell me that grandma always loved to hear my music and that I should go out on our balcony to play for the sky.

I step out early evening and start playing. To my surprise, other neighbors come out and play their instruments, and people begin to sing.

I feel like myself again. Finding that warm and fuzzy feeling, I hope grandma can hear my music.





**hopewhereareyou.com**



hopewhereareyou



hopewhereareyou



hopewhereareyou



hopewhereareyou

**Armand Doucet (co-author)** is an multi-award winning educator, best-selling author and one of the world's most recognized teachers. He is a sought after global leader and speaker whose only goal is to leave the world in a better place for his 3 young children.



#### Armand Doucet

 /armand.doucet.9  
 @doucetarmand  
 @doucetarmand  
 /armanddoucet  
 armand.c.doucet@gmail.com  
[www.armanddoucet.com](http://www.armanddoucet.com)

**Elisa Guerra (co-author)** was named "Best Educator in Latin America" by the Inter-American Development Bank in 2015. She is the author of more than 20 learning textbooks and children's books. Elisa is part of UNESCO's International Commission for the Futures of Education.





#### Elisa Guerra

 /elisa.guerra.cruz  
 @elisaguerracruz  
 @elisaguerracruz  
 elisaguerra.net  
 elisa@elisaguerra.org  
[www.elisaguerra.info](http://www.elisaguerra.info)

**Ana RoGu (illustrator)** is studying towards her degree in Animation and Digital Art at TEC de Monterrey, in Mexico. She has designed logos, food product labels and book covers. She is the illustrator of the series of children's books "Around the World".



#### Ana RoGu

 @anaroguu  
 anaelisarogu@gmail.com