

the



n e w s p a p e r



# hello!



>>> h e l l o!

>>>hello!



>> > h e l l o!

>>>if you're a new reader or someone who reads all of our newspapers cover to cover - welcome!

>>>this newspaper is a bit different to newspapers. it's created by the happy collective, a group of incredible young artists who all attend billingham south primary school.

>>>for this edition we invited you to write us a letter.

>>>we were amazed by the response.

>>>and so we have dedicated this whole issue to your letters and our replies.

>>>wishing you all well and happiness

>>>from the happy collective

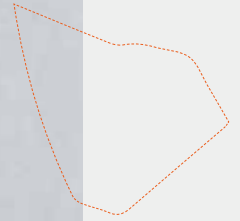
x





Dear Happy Editors,

I was delighted to read a copy of your excellent Happy Newspaper which is indeed a joyous publication and especially your call out for your letters page. As such I should like to share some stories with you all about climbing trees. I was very fortunate, when I was about your age, to be living in the countryside. The lack of a local playground was easily made up for by an abundance of trees. They weren't always especially tall but provided excellent food for the imagination - I recall one large Rhododendron which in summer was covered in leaf and flower but for one patch which made a door to the inside of the tree - between the branches circling out from the trunk there was more than enough room for me a tribe of friends to make ourselves a house, a cave or a fortress as the mood took us. Another tree had split into two whilst still a sapling and half had grown along the ground before reaching up towards the sky again. Now fully grown the trunk on the floor was also excellent play material whether to ride a bike over or just to sit upon. My favourite tree though was an old oak. I say old, it may have been in fact no older than I am now but it sat tall and solid next to my house. Here is where I had my first tree house, just a wooden palette tucked into a crook in the trunk, with some more timbers to the side which made the wall. It never had a roof but that was fine as from here my friends and I could climb higher into the tree.

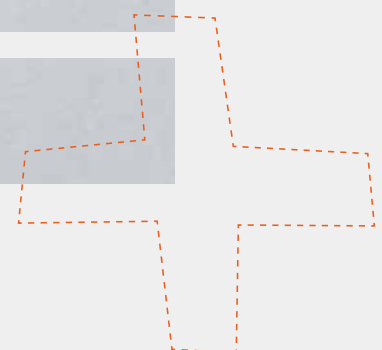


This was all years ago now. Though when I moved to the house that I live in now, which is in Salburn-by-the-Sea, I discovered that I had a lovely big apple tree at the bottom of the garden. And so, I couldn't resist. I built a tree house once more, with a palette for the floor and fallen branches from the other trees to make up the walls. I found that someone had left an old wooden window frame in the garden (I think that they might have intended it to be part of a greenhouse) and so that too went into the tree house. Finally some old canvas was tied to the tops of the wall to become the roof. Now I don't have any children myself and though it was enjoyable to build, the tree house was not really for me. Rather it is now a favourite playground for my cats who have loved nothing more than to chase one another up the tree, into the house and look down upon me from there with a triumphant expression.

Now, I must warn you, we are about to come to a sad point in the story but don't worry because it all ends happily and in fact you may be able to help to make the ending even happier. The tree house mostly belongs to my cat called Marvin. He is black and white and loves to climb but does not go very high. His brother is called Billy and for Billy the tree house was not quite high enough to satisfy. Instead he always set his sights on the tallest tree in the garden, a hawthorn tree that is as tall as my house. At the top of this tree some magpies had once made a nest. And so that was Billy's idea of a tree house. I often remember coming down in the morning and

going out in the garden to be greeted by a faint mewing. I would look up and there see the magpie's nest and two little black ears poking out from the top. Because you see whilst Billy was excellent at climbing up the tree, he really was never very good at climbing down. So up he would go, into the nest (which the magpies had long since abandoned) and there he would stay until I was able to coax and guide him down to the ground again. And this is the sad part, because I think one day just before Christmas, dear little Billy may have fallen from a tree and badly injured one of his legs - unfortunately the vet couldn't mend his leg and so he is now only has three legs and a little fluffy stump where his back left leg once was. Despite that though he is a fine and happy cat who loves his cuddles, who still gets out and about and is quite capable of having a good run around the garden when the mood takes him. What he can't do any more though is climb trees. Sometimes I catch him looking wistfully up to the top of a tree, whilst scratching at its base and I know that he would love to be swaying up amongst its top most branches. So, I wonder, if the mood takes you, whether any of you might help Billy remember what it was like to be up in the tree house or in the magpie's nest and draw him a picture of his days as a tree climber. Billy is quite small and black and very fluffy with big green eyes. He would be very grateful, as would I. Until then, keep up your grand work with your Happy Newspaper.

Yours sincerely  
James

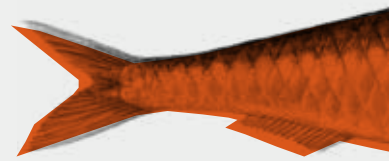




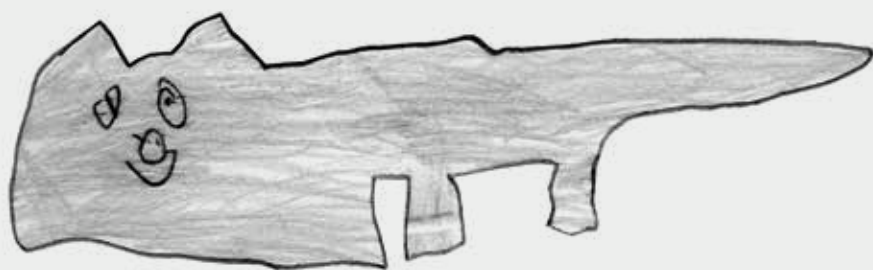
to Billy

we like

how you inspired  
us today



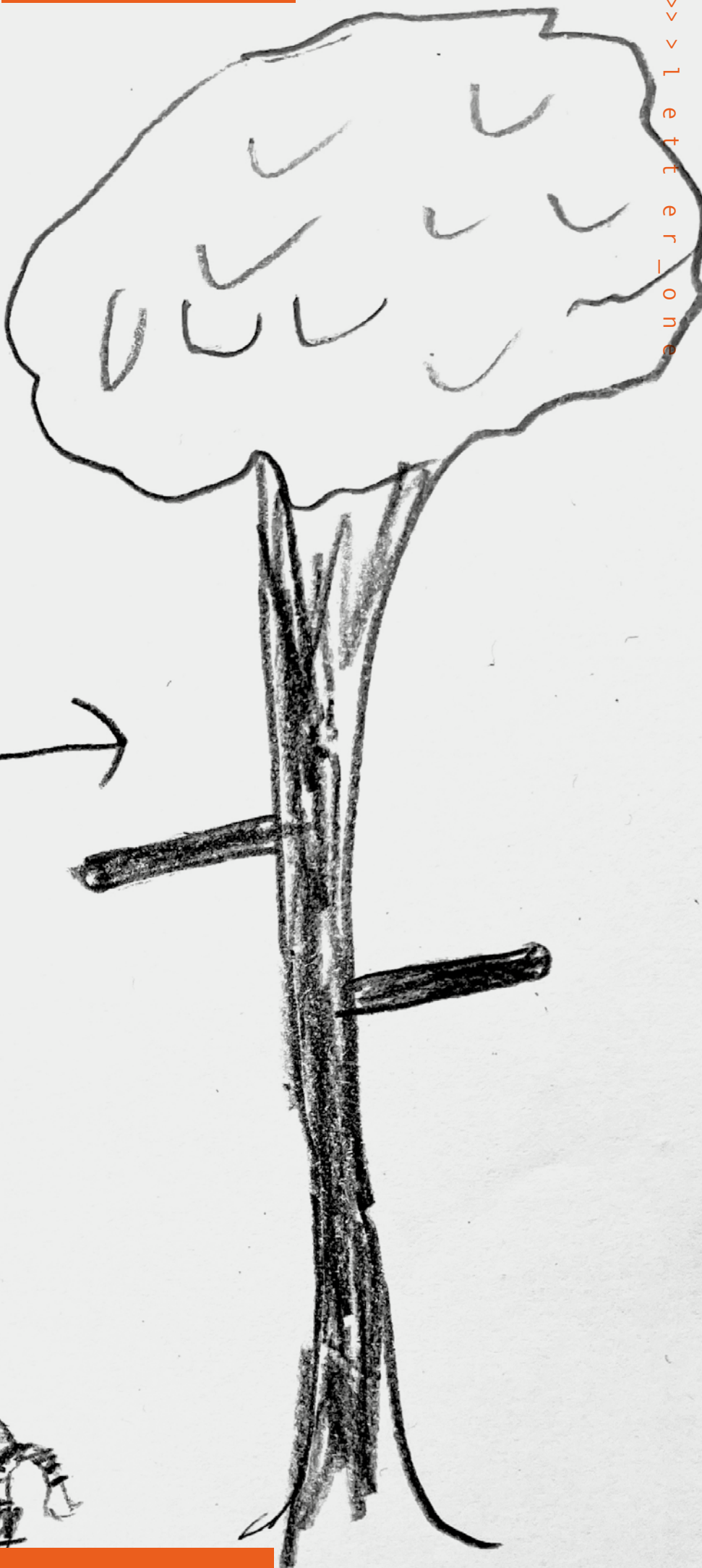
We would like to dedicate  
this whole Happy Newspaper to...



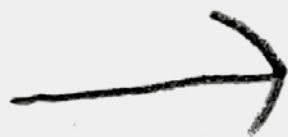
And so we all drew our own version of *Billy*







Tree  
he fell  
out of.



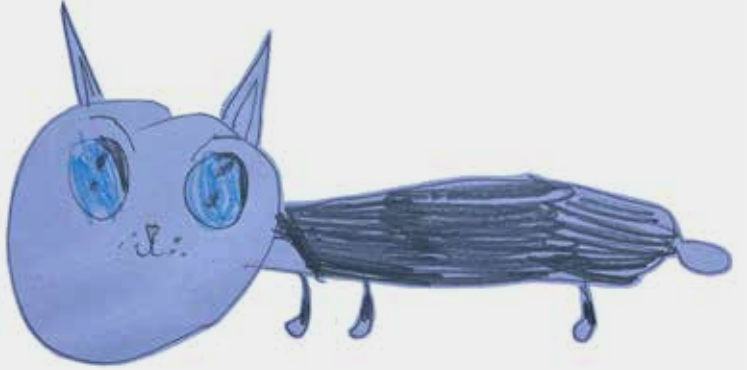
Billy













# BILLY'S DREAM





Dear new friends  
at the Happy Newspaper,

I recently received my first copy of the paper  
and my goodness it really cheered me up. I was a  
bit unhappy the morning I read it , but the fun  
pictures , creative ideas and beautiful colours  
really made me feel so much happier! I will be a  
regular reader from now on and look forward to  
my next issue! I hope I might even meet some of  
the writers when I come to visit the Festival of  
Thrift at its new home in Billingham,

All best wishes

Stella (Hall)



To

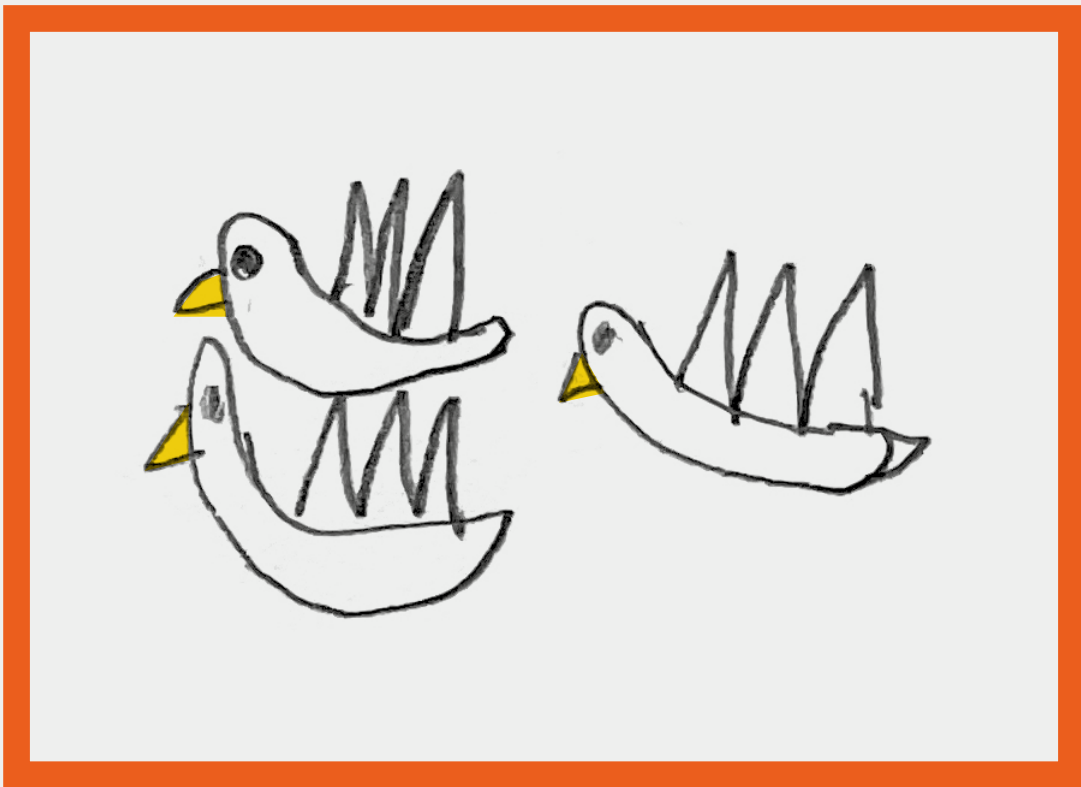


Stella

Thank you for readin our newspaper.  
I'm so happy you felt so much happier  
after reading our newspaper.

Thank you!





# POSTCARD

Hi Team Happy

Every day I have a little disco  
 in my kitchen. For one song, I stop  
 what I'm doing and dance like no  
 one's watching.  
 What song would you play for  
 a kitchen disco?

Lydia  
x



Team Happy

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Happy  
Disco  
Playlist

Happy DiSCo

Dance Monkey  
I'm still standing

Revoluting children  
Pompay

Smooth like butter

Dynamite  
count on me.

Dear Billingham primary school,

Let me tell you about my springtime excitement.

On my kitchen table are some pots of soil. I planted seeds in them a week ago. It's too cold outside to plant them in the ground yet.

I haven't had a garden before, so I didn't know what to expect.

First the kale shoots peeped out of the soil. Then a couple of days later, the start of a baby lettuce. Then some tiny cauliflower shoots (I didn't even know cauliflowers had seeds!). And today I noticed that my carrot tops are showing too.

Still under the earth, with no green to be seen are the aubergine seeds.

I am waiting patiently.

Love,

Liz





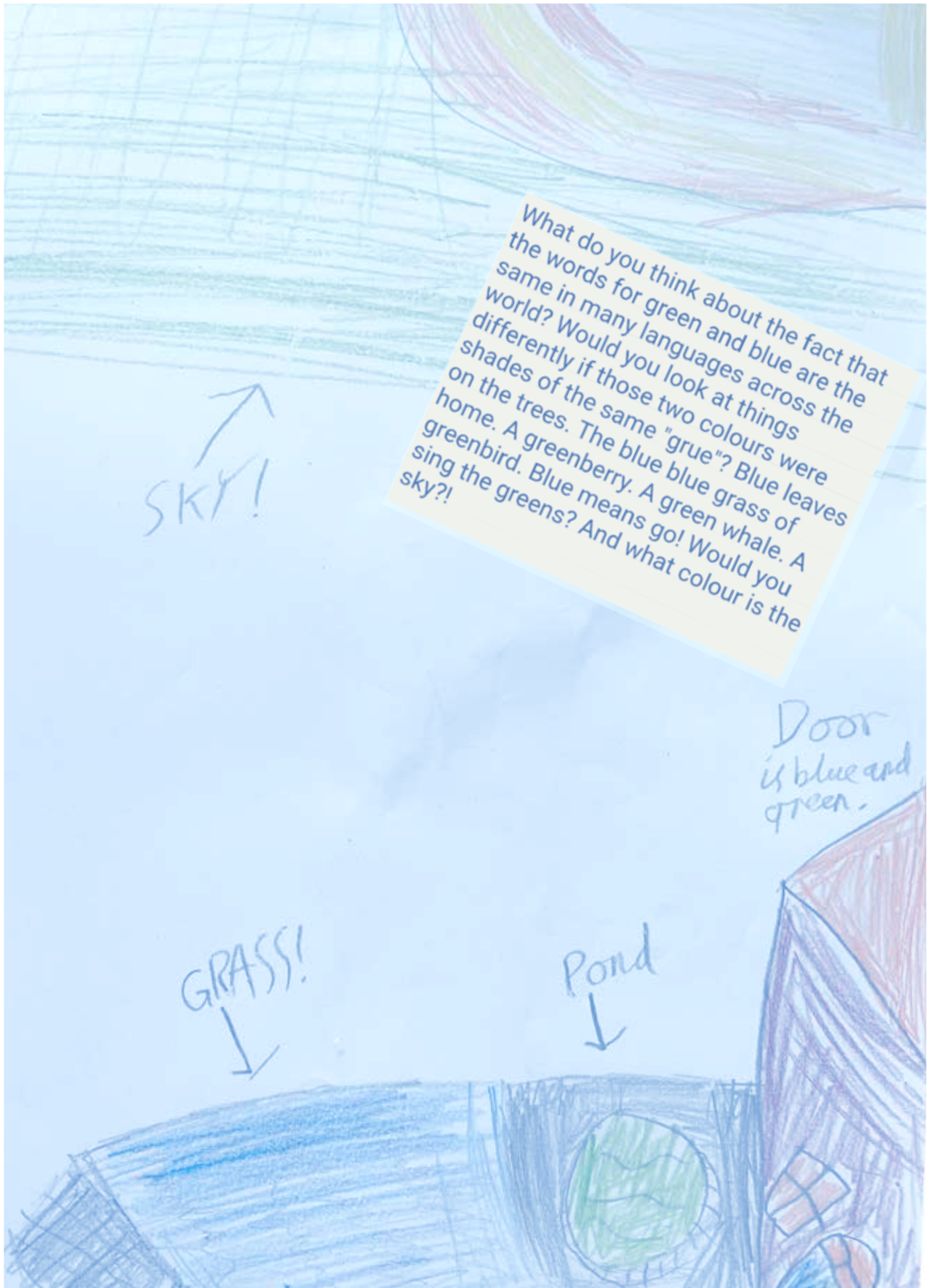
Thank you!  
For the letter  
liked the letter.  
from Billingham  
Billingham

Dear Liz  
you sent we really  
south school.

What do you think about the fact that the words for green and blue are the same in many languages across the world? Would you look at things differently if those two colours were shades of the same "grue"? Blue leaves on the trees. The blue blue grass were home. A greenberry. A green whale. A greenbird. Blue means go! Would you sing the greens? And what colour is the sky?!







What do you think about the fact that the words for green and blue are the same in many languages across the world? Would you look at things differently if those two colours were shades of the same "grue"? Blue leaves on the trees. The blue blue grass of home. A greenberry. A green whale. A greenbird. Blue means go! Would you sing the greens? And what colour is the sky?!

SKY!  
↑

GRASS!  
↓

Pond  
↓

Door  
is blue and  
green.



**Have you noticed what's happening in the trees, bushes and hedgerows right now?**

**Who's hopping about in them?**



**There are so many little birds!**

**From Lauren**





There's Baby Chicks  
And small sticks  
Flowers are growing  
Buds are showing  
Eggs are hatching  
Trees are making  
Spring is in the  
air,  
Hanging underwear  
is blowing in the wind  
Bloomers make us grin






**cheep**  
**cheep**  
**cheep**





Now...  
we ran out of time for  
these letters.

So we wondered if you  
might like to have a  
go?





Dear all

Two things I've been really enjoying lately are:

- seeing the first signs of spring
- making interesting collages from images I find in magazines and old photos

I wonder if any of you would be up for making collages of spring? It doesn't all have to be lambs and daffodils

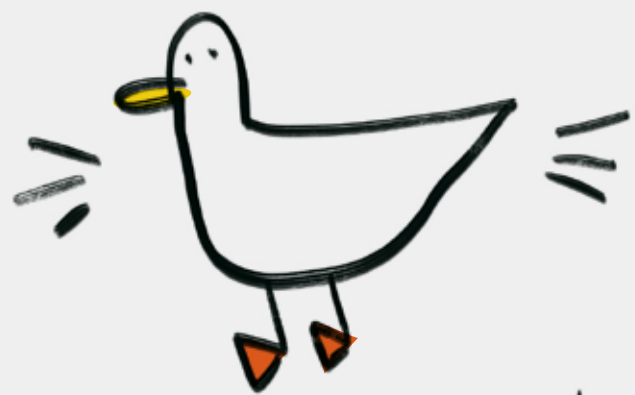
- maybe you want to show us what spring might look like on another planet, inside a machine, or in an imaginary land?

Thanks, and happy making

Jez



Hello!  
I am the ~~Duke~~ Duck of Happiness.



Sometimes I will just land on your head and lay an EGG of JOY



But sometimes I can't do that because I am busy



So I have hidden spare EGGS  
of Joy for you to find when  
your head is EGGLLESS.

Some are hidden in music.

Some are hidden at the beach

Some are hidden in a nice  
cup of tea with a friend



Some are in books... films...  
board games... at the end  
of long walks... in quiet

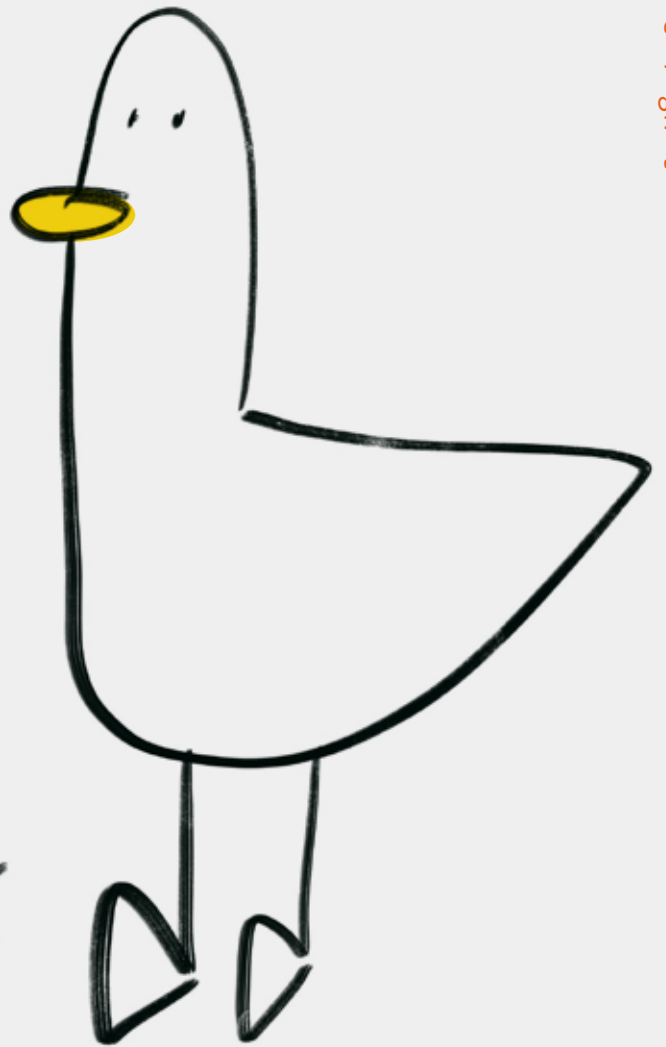
rooms with comfy sofas...  
Some are hidden in boxes of

pens... pencils... wool... yarn...

lego... seeds... paints... and so many  
other places!

I hope you find them. If at first  
you don't then please keep  
looking. THEY ARE OUT THERE.  
Quack.

love from  
The ~~Duke~~  
Duck of  
Happiness



X X X

(as quacked at  
James Harris  
in Middlesbrough)

James thinks you might  
find an EGG of JOY in one  
of his books but he's not  
promising nothin' X

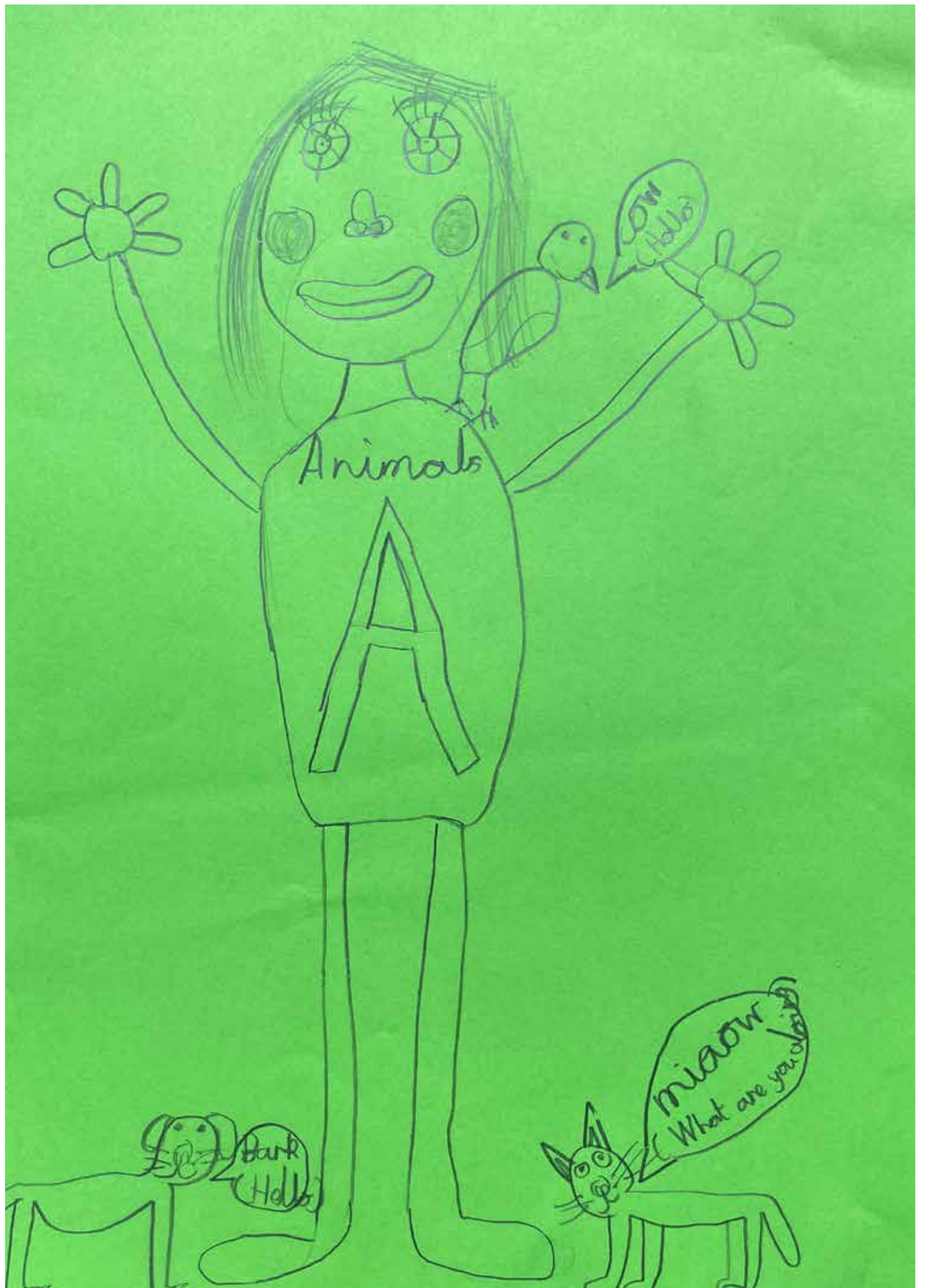




and  
finally

did you know we are all everyday  
superheroes? here are some  
drawings of us and our everyday  
super powers.





My Super Power would be to pour  
any beverage on command.  
My name is OJ Man.





My super power is when somebody  
is upset I can give a buzz  
and they are happy.

Super name: Mrs kind



(one more billy for luck!)





This happy newspaper was happily

made by

Lauren  
Brooke  
Kai  
Jay  
Paige  
Isla  
Oliver  
Evie  
Isabelle

Owen  
Amelia  
Elsa  
Olive  
Max  
Courtney  
Alana-Rae  
Jacob

Scarlett  
Rosie  
Theo  
Elisha  
Elena  
Amelia  
Caitlin  
Annabelle  
Layla

with assistance from

Mrs K Hopes and Designer Nic Golightly

