

EDWARD VAN DE VENDEL &
IONICA SMEETS WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FLOOR DE GOEDE

MATHS & LIFE

English Sample Translation by David Colmer





LIONHEART PRIMARY – GRADE FIVE

MATHS & LIFE

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EDWARD VAN DE VENDEL &
IONICA SMEETS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY **FLOOR DE GOEDE**

TRANSLATED BY **DAVID COLMER**

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UITGEVERIJ NIEUWEZIJDS



THE FIRE

You know how to start a fire?

First you need something that burns. Wood shavings or sawdust. Straw or dry paper.

You could say that the children in Grade Five at The Brothers Lionheart Primary School were that straw, those wood shavings.

Not real straw of course. There weren't any flames involved, and it's not that the kids weren't smart, their heads weren't full of sawdust. But still – one day the kids in Grade Five of Lionheart Primary caught fire, after a couple of weeks of being primed.

It was like this: they had two teachers, and those teachers were fun and kind. They loved reading and quizzes and gym and jokey birthday songs. But they didn't like maths.

Mr Frank and Miss Lindsay both hated sums.

Well, actually, that's not entirely true. What they hated was the maths book.

It was boring and really, really old. It was full of sums and numbers that crept over the pages like ants.

The children in Grade Five at Lionheart Primary thought so too, but they didn't know that Mr Frank and Miss Lindsay were as bored to death of those lessons as they were. You don't expect something like that from teachers. Teachers keep books like that in their inside pockets, close to their hearts. And they talk in sums even when they're at home, with their families. Don't they?

That's what the children in Grade Five thought. Until the time Mano (who's really called Mohammed, but likes being called Mano) had to stay behind and heard Mr Frank and Miss Lindsay – who'd forgotten he was there – say to each other, 'Can't we just flush this maths book down the toilet, one page at a time? Talk about old-fashioned, ugh.' And then they said 'Shhh' because suddenly they remembered that Mano was in the reading corner doing his homework.

The next day before school, Mano told Kuzey and Mick and Chiara-who-can't-stop-talking, and when the class was about to start work, Chiara-who-can't-stop-talking said, 'Miss, can I ask you something?'

'Yes?'

'Can we skip maths today?'

'What?' Miss Lindsay said. 'No.'

'We know something,' Chiara said.

'What kind of thing?'

'You and Mr Frank want to dump the maths book in the bog.'

'Chiara!' said Miss Lindsay.

'Flush it, then.'

'We're going to do maths like always,' Miss Lindsay said firmly, and she called out for everyone to open their books at page 56.

But then it happened: Pyke stood up.



Everyone went quiet. Pyke never stood up. Pyke got good marks, but Pyke hardly ever said anything.

'Miss Lindsay,' Pyke said, 'ever since the start of the year, I've been wondering what our maths book has to do with us.'

'Er...' Miss Lindsay said. She was a bit stunned by the silence, and by Pyke too.

'What do you mean?' she said.

'What do those sums have to do with our lives?' Pyke asked in that very unusual, calm way of his that always sounds like whispering. 'I'm serious, miss. What we learn here should be important, shouldn't it? It should be useful to us. Not just later, but now too.'

'Yes!' said Chiara-who-can't-stop-talking, and Mano said so too, and Kuzey and Ahmed and Saya and Rose, and everyone nodded, 'He's right, miss, isn't he?'

And that was how the fire started. The children were the dry paper, the straw, but the teachers were the match. When they said the sentence Mano overheard by accident, there was a spark, and now the classroom was on fire: burning with questions about the maths lessons.

Miss Lindsay couldn't put the fire out. She felt the heat glowing on all of the faces in her class (and she loved that class, she really did), so she said, 'Okay, I get it. It's true that our maths books are a little old-fashioned. I'll talk to Mr Frank about it this afternoon.'

The class waited.

'Er...' she said. 'Answer tomorrow, alright?'

The class looked at Pyke. He tilted his head to the left and then to the right, as if his brains were weighing up Miss Lindsay's answer – too heavy, too light, just right – and then he nodded.

He sat down.

And the lesson started.

But the fire – the fire had been lit.

OKAY

‘So,’ Mr Frank said the next morning, ‘you really got Miss Lindsay going yesterday.’

‘No!’ shouted Chiara.

‘Pfff!’ went Mano.

Chiara shouted again, ‘Miss said herself—’

‘Not so fast,’ Mr Frank said, ‘I just mean you’ve given us something to think about.’

‘Good! Thinking about things is good!’ said Mirelva, who’d been sick the day before, but had heard all about it from Chiara, who she’d been friends with lately. Mirelva talked a lot too and you’d think that didn’t go together, a friendship with a complete ocean of words, but somehow it worked, maybe because sometimes they got so tired from all that talking that they both just started giggling.

‘Yes, of course it’s good to think,’ Mr Frank said, ‘but we can’t just change everything. This is maths we’re talking about and in primary school maths is one of the most important subjects.’

‘That’s why!’ Chiara cried. ‘That’s why it’s not allowed to be boring. Sir, it really has to change. Miss promised, she said—’

Oops! Mr Frank had crossed his arms. That’s what he always did when he thought somebody was talking out of turn.

Chiara stopped ranting. Instead she looked at Pyke. ‘Pyke,’ she called, ‘you say something. You did yesterday too.’

All of the children now turned towards Pyke, but he pulled a lock of long hair down in front of his eyes and gently shook his head.

‘No? Do you mean no?’ Mirelva asked Pyke. ‘But why?’ She felt like she needed to back up her friend.

And then Pyke raised his hand. He pointed at Mr Frank.

‘Huh?’ said Mirelva.

‘Thank you, Pyke,’ Mr Frank said. ‘As I already told you, maths is one of the most important subjects and that is why Miss Lindsay and I have decided... I mean, you accidently heard something Miss Lindsay and I said to each other, and of course that was a bit exaggerated, because it really is good to do sums and learn tables and be able to divide and add up and...’

‘WOOHOO!’ shouted Mano now, so impatient he almost jumped a metre in the sky – chair, table and all.

‘Well,’ Mr Frank said, ‘in short, Miss Lindsay and I have decided to listen to you.’

‘YES, YES, YES, SIR!’ screamed Mano, and so did Mick and Deeda, and Chiara and Mirelva started waving their arms and legs, and Rose and Rommie and Roman and one of the Patricks whispered ‘Yes!’ and so did the other Patrick, and the rest of the children looked at Mr Frank first and then at Pyke.

Pyke pushed his hair back out of his eyes and stood up.

Oh.

Pyke had stood up. Maybe he wanted to say something after all. Just like yesterday.

It went quiet again right away and all the fists that the children who had shouted ‘Yes!’ had clenched turned back into hands with fingers and thumbs.

‘Yes, Pyke?’ Mr Frank asked.

‘What are we going to do?’ Pyke whispered.

‘Listen up,’ said Mr Frank. ‘This is what we’re going to do. We’ll leave out half of the maths book. And the other half... the other half of maths will come from you. You can each ask a difficult maths question. One that does have something to do with your lives. One that you’re really curious about. It can be a big question or a small question, as long as it’s important to you. Each week someone will ask a question. On Friday afternoon. You’ll all get a turn.’

‘Woohoo! Woohoo!’ shouted Mano.

Miss Lindsay and I will turn each question into a maths lesson, or two. We’ll do those lessons the week after, instead of the normal maths lessons. There are twenty-two of you, so we’ll fill up twenty-two weeks with your questions. At the end we’ll discuss whether or not they’ve really helped you, in your life. And if they have...’

‘We’ll have a maths party!’ shouted Chiara.

Mr Frank smiled. 'Maybe, Chiara, maybe.... But there's one condition. What's important isn't for me or Miss Lindsay to say. We're not going to criticise. More than that – nobody's going to criticise. What's important is something each of you has to decide for yourself. So you think up your question at home, not in the schoolyard. No discussing, otherwise your questions will be too similar. So...'

'So, what?' Mirelva asked.

'So what do you say?'

Erm...

What did they say?

How was Grade Five of Lionheart Primary going to answer this strange, unique, unusual school-year-changing question?

Suddenly the class felt the pressure. Should they all be answering 'yes' at the same moment, mixed up together?

Oh, wait, no. They didn't need to.

Because Pyke was still standing next to his table.

Pyke had to say it. Pyke, yes, Pyke – all of the other kids were looking at him.

But Pyke seemed drained. He stood there and didn't move.

So now Mano really did jump up.

He walked over to Pyke, stood next to him and very carefully, very calmly,

rested his hand on Pyke's back. Pyke glanced to the side.

Then Mano gently pushed him forwards.

So Pyke started walking.

Towards Mr Frank.

And in a classroom where everyone was holding their breath, Pyke was suddenly standing in front of Mr Frank. He looked up, then further up – and held out his hand.

Mr Frank took hold of Pyke's hand. He grinned and said, 'Okay.'

And then Pyke said it too, 'Okay.'



Real-life Maths

Agreement:

Between Miss Lindsay and Mr Frank
and Grade 5 of Lionheart Primary

Half of the maths book = bye-bye!

In exchange: 22 important questions that
have to do with our real lives.

Everyone 1 question

Each week 1 question

After the weekend: solution of the question =
new kind of maths lesson.

No whinging about the question (no criticising,
everyone has something else that's important to them).

No discussion of questions (otherwise everyone
will nick each other's questions).

At the end of the year we'll think about whether
we've learnt enough. Otherwise - catch-up lessons.

Maths party!

This is a serious and official decision. Monday 2 October

SVEN MANO Pyke ROS ROMAN CHIARA
FABIO says Deeda patrick ROSE MICK JENS
Berthe Tim moon rosée Tejsa Nillapatrick2
mirelva kuny



A BATH TO HIDE IN ROMMIE'S QUESTION

It needed topping up.

Rommie was finally in the tub – fi-na-lly – and now her knees were sticking up out of the froth.

She sat up a bit straighter, and that made her knees sink down, but now her shoulders were getting cold.

Rommie lifted her arm up (*slwooooo* went the dripping bathwater and *kp-pplkpppl* went the bursting bubbles) and turned on the tap.

Maybe she could slip right down under the froth.

She'd latched the door properly and she had almost a whole hour before she needed to be downstairs for dinner. Rommie needed some alone time. She had to hide somewhere. Their house was so busy. Her brothers were fun, but they were also a bit like fire engines. Three fire engines racing up and down the stairs and through the rooms with sirens blaring the whole day long. You could escape into the shed, but Dad was there doing his carpentry. You could escape into the garden, but Mum was there talking to her friends.

The mothers of kids from her class.

Rose's mother and Mano's mother.

They were nice, of course, but because they were Rose and Mano's mothers, they were also the mothers of a secret.

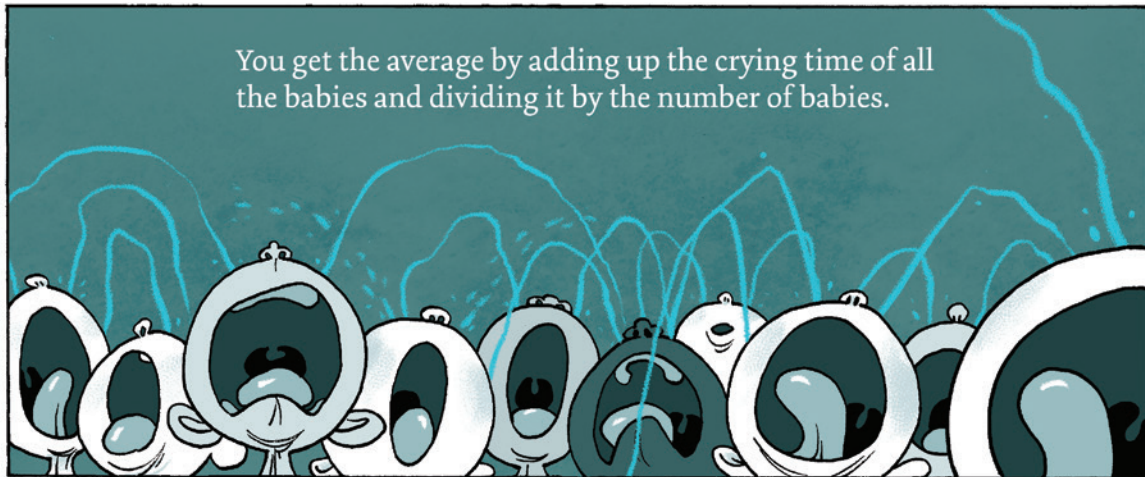
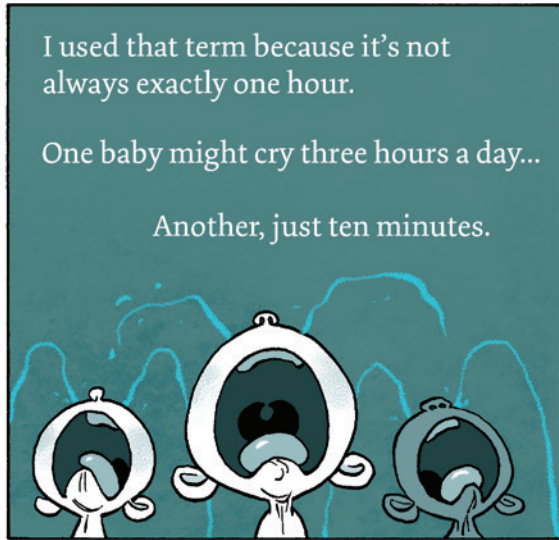
This secret:

Oh, no,

Rommie couldn't even think it out loud.

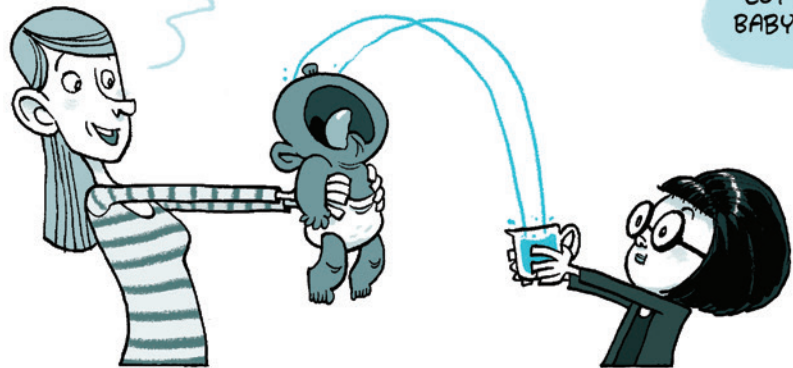
But she had to, because what else could she do?

Rommie and Rose had been best friends since nursery. The two Rs, they called them. Rose was really sweet and she had white cheeks and hair and she wore T-shirts with thin blue lace edging her mother made herself and she had really skinny fingers that were good at scratching if you were itchy and it was summer



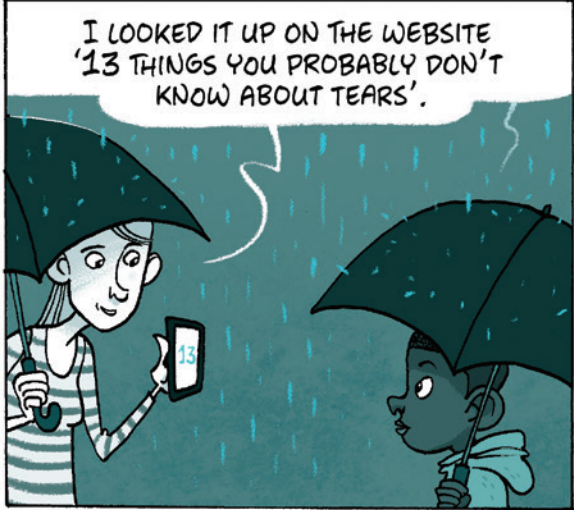
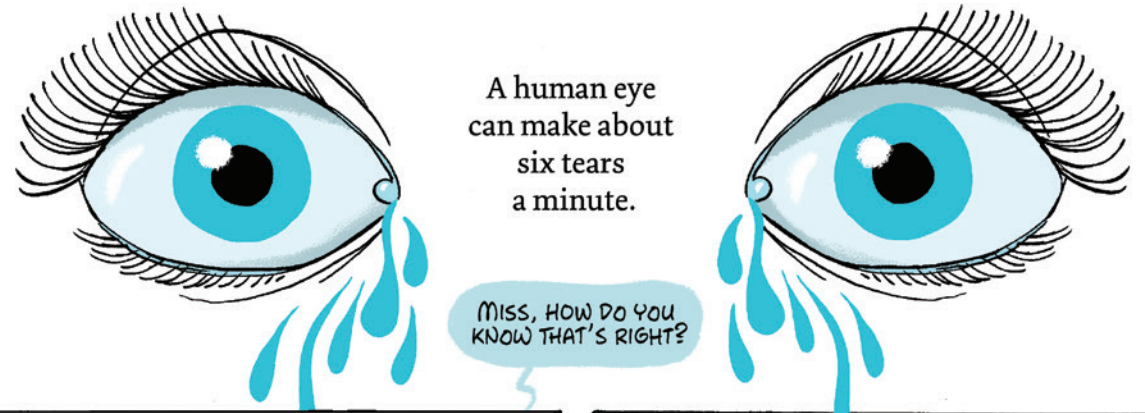
THAT GIVES YOU ONE NUMBER WE CAN USE AS IF IT APPLIES TO ALL BABIES.

LET'S WORK OUT HOW MANY BABY TEARS FALL IN ONE HOUR.




Average*
You can work out the average for a set of numbers by
- adding them up
- and dividing by how many numbers there are in the set

*You can find all of these coloured boxes with explanations of how to do sums repeated at the end of the book



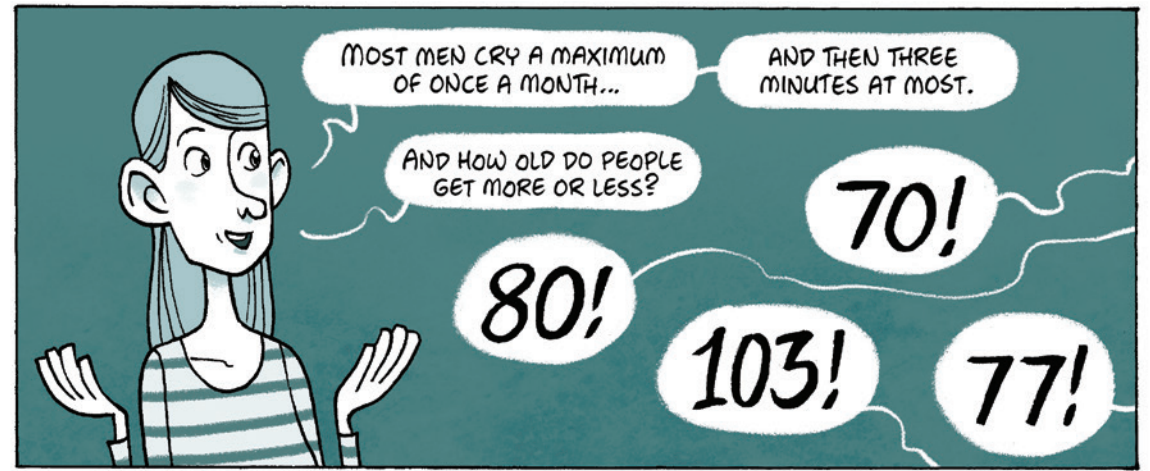
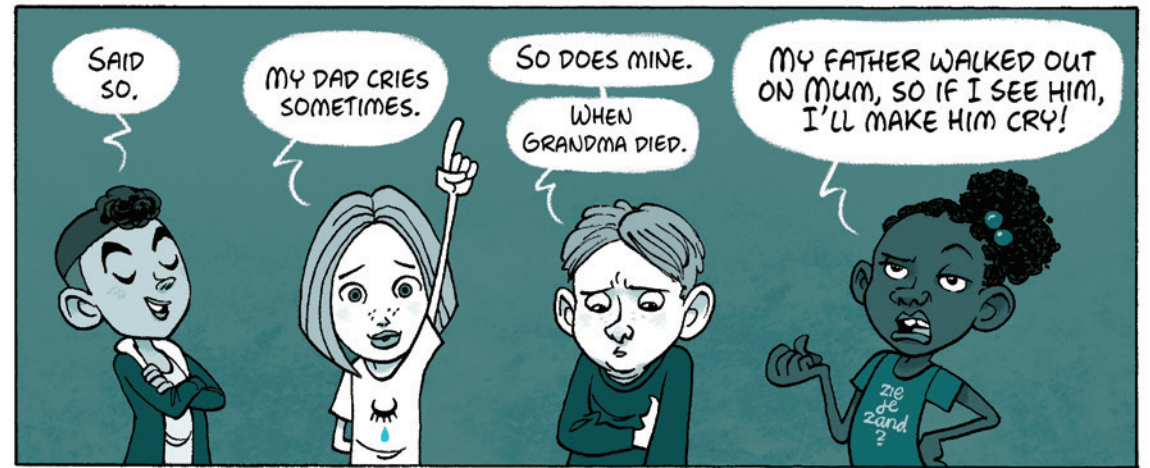
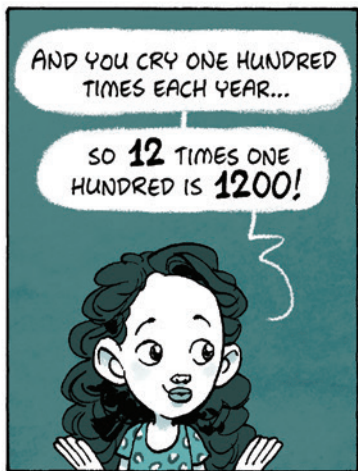
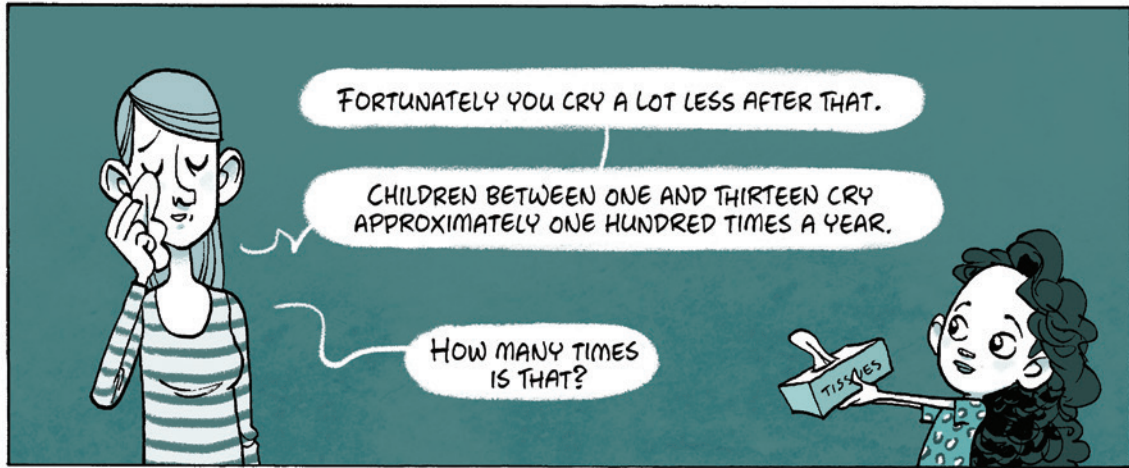
THAT'S RIGHT, SO IN THE FIRST YEAR A BABY CRIES...



first year (baby) (x means multiplied by)

365 days x 60 minutes a day = 21,900 minutes

21,900 minutes x 12 tears per minute = 262,800 tears



IN HOLLAND WE OFTEN MAKE IT TO OVER EIGHTY. THAT'S WHY WE'RE GOING TO ADD, ON TOP OF THE 13 YEARS WE'VE ALREADY CALCULATED, ANOTHER SEVENTY YEARS' WORTH OF CRYING.



second up to and including thirteenth year (child)

$1,200 \text{ cries} \times 5 \text{ minutes} = 6,000 \text{ minutes}$

$6,000 \text{ minutes} \times 12 \text{ tears per minute} = 72,000 \text{ tears}$

MANO, YOU WERE KIND OF RIGHT, BECAUSE AFTER THEIR THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY, BOYS AND MEN CRY A LOT LESS THAN GIRLS AND WOMEN.

next seventy years

men:

$70 \text{ years} \times 12 \text{ times per year} = 840 \text{ cries}$

$840 \text{ cries} \times 3 \text{ minutes} = 2,520 \text{ minutes}$

$2,520 \text{ minutes} \times 12 \text{ tears per minute} = 30,420 \text{ tears}$



AND NOW THE WOMEN.

THEY CRY ABOUT SIXTY TIMES A YEAR AND WHEN THEY CRY THEY CRY TWICE AS LONG AS MEN.

SO THAT MAKES...

next seventy years

women:

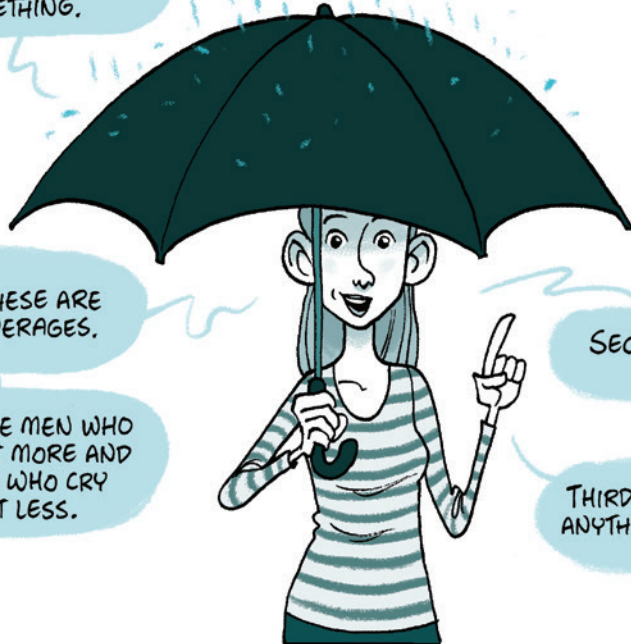
70 years x 60 times per year = 4,200 cries

4,200 cries x 6 minutes = 25,200 minutes

25,200 minutes x 12 tears per minute = 302,400 tears



I HAVE TO ADD SOMETHING.



FIRST: THESE ARE STILL AVERAGES.

THERE ARE MEN WHO CRY A LOT MORE AND WOMEN WHO CRY A LOT LESS.

SECOND: CRYING IS OFTEN VERY HEALTHY.

THIRD: HAS ANYONE NOTICED ANYTHING ABOUT THE NUMBER OF TEARS?

IT'S TEN TIMES AS MANY AS THE MEN'S.



AND MEN CRY MORE AS BABIES THAN IN THE REST OF THEIR LIFE PUT TOGETHER.



EXACTLY! BUT NOW WE CAN ADD UP THE TOTALS FOR MEN AND WOMEN TO SEE HOW MANY TEARS THEY CRY IN THEIR WHOLE LIFE.



	Men	Women
Baby (0-1)	262,800	262,800
Child (1-13)	72,000	72,000
Then (13-83)	30,240	302,400
TOTAL	365,040	637,200

BUT, MISS, I STILL DON'T KNOW.

ARE ALL THOSE TEARS ENOUGH FOR A BATH?



A tear is very small...



about twenty tears go into one millilitre.



BABY TEARS ARE A BIT SMALLER STILL...

BUT WE'LL IGNORE THAT BECAUSE IT'S ALREADY COMPLICATED ENOUGH.



Let's take those **637,200** women's tears. It takes twenty of them to make one millilitre. To find out how many millilitres they give us, we have to divide **637,200** by twenty.



WAIT, I'LL DO IT ON MY CALCULATOR.

THAT'S...

31,860 millilitres



DO YOU REMEMBER FROM THE ORDINARY MATHS BOOK HOW MANY MILLILITRES GO INTO A LITRE?

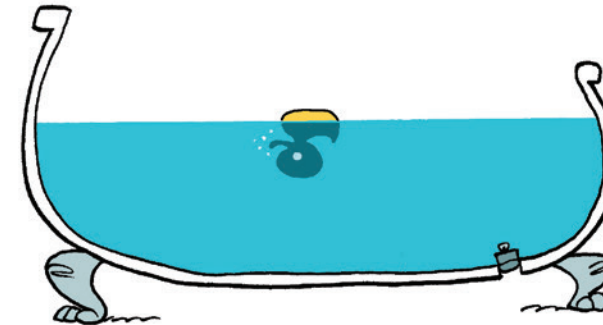


MEASURES OF VOLUME

1 litre = **10** decilitres = **100** centilitres = **1000** millilitres



Would that be enough to fill a bath and float in it on your back?

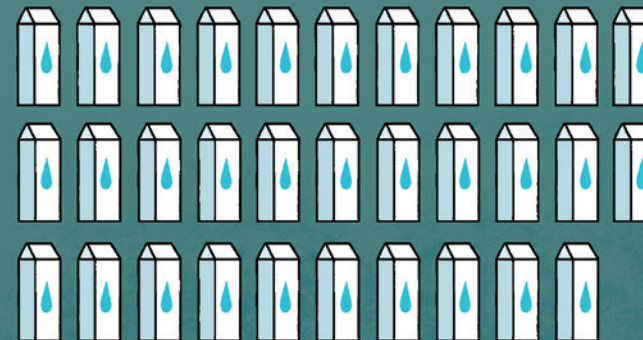


HOW MANY LITRES OF WATER GO INTO A BATH, DO YOU THINK?

ONE OF THESE MILK CARTONS IS ONE LITRE.



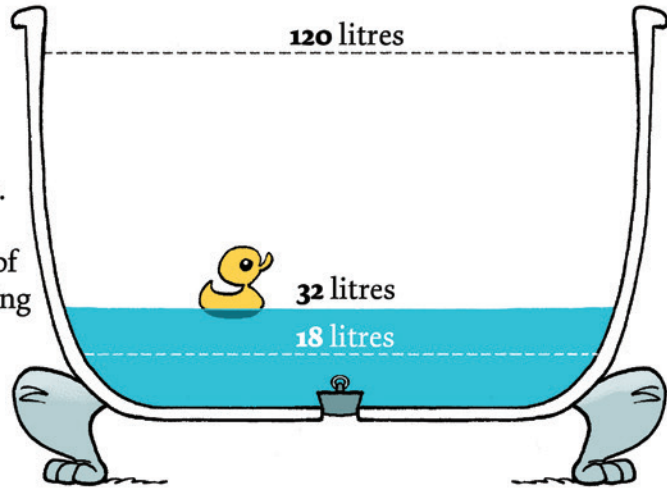
Could you fill up a bath with 32 of these cartons full of tears?



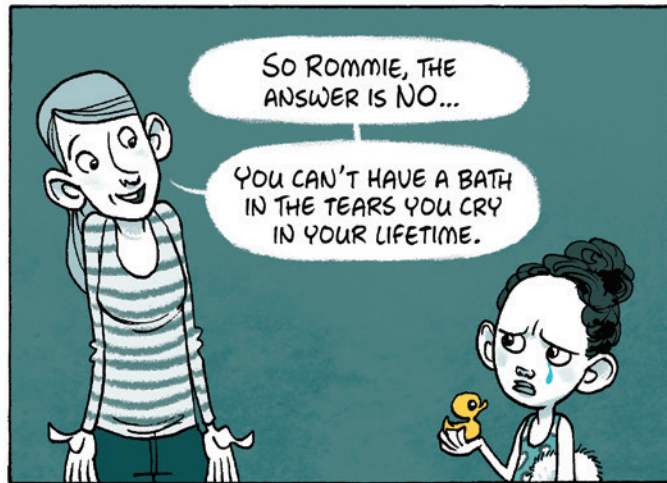
I DON'T THINK IT'S QUITE ENOUGH.



You're right, a reasonably sized bathtub takes **120** litres. That means those **32** litres of tears aren't going to be enough.



And with men, their tears would be a really shallow layer of water. Their **365,040** tears make just over **18** litres



LATER

AT MISS LINDSAY'S

'When I looked up how big tears are for the maths lesson, I discovered that they're not all the same. There are three different kinds of tears. Your eyes make tears all day long to make sure your eyeballs stay moist. You don't even notice that. And then there are two kinds of tears that roll down your cheeks. One comes from emotions: when you're sad or very, very happy. The other is for protection: the tears you get when you cut up onions or walk in a strong wind. And those tears aren't exactly the same, they're a different mix.'





THE LAST PAGE

TIM'S QUESTION

The moment just after take-off when the plane tilted its pointy nose and started to fly up at a steep angle, pressing all the passengers back into their seats, that's what Tim liked the most. For a moment it felt like you were going to fly away from the world, through the atmosphere, to new planets. But soon the pilot adjusted it again so they were flying straight ahead and then Tim and Mum Ina always put one earbud in each and listened to their *Beautiful Songs from America* playlist together. By the time it finished they were almost in Basel.

Basel is in Switzerland and that was where Tim's other mother, Katya, was working at a museum. Fortunately just for one year, then she was coming back to Holland. Meanwhile the house was really empty without her, so Tim and Ina flew once a month to Basel to visit Katya in her flat there. It was nice enough, Tim had his own room with a window that looked out over the rooftops and let you spy on people who were sitting on their balconies and thinking nobody could see them. Boy, people in Switzerland did a lot of nose picking.

Anyway. It was Friday afternoon, right after school, and they were now flying for the third time. The plane pressed its muzzle into the clouds for a moment, then went back to normal, and Ina pulled out the earbuds. 'No,' Tim said. 'I don't want to listen now.'

'Oh?' said Ina.

'I um... I've got homework,' Tim said.

'Fine, hon,' Ina said. 'But you can do that on the weekend too, can't you? Katya has a reception on Sunday. I'm sure you won't want to go. That'll give you plenty of time.'

'I think I'd rather do it now.'

'Okay, sweetie.'

And then Tim grabbed his writing notebook because he didn't really have any homework, he was writing a book.



His book was called *Everything's Going to Get Better, Here's How*. He'd started it because he had no choice. At school they'd been talking about the earth for three weeks now. Discussing the climate and all the changes in the weather. Resources. Bees dying off and polar bears going extinct and the polar caps melting and oceans full of plastic that kept getting higher and higher and higher.

Tim couldn't bear it. When he heard how difficult the future was going to be, how the sun might explode and half the country might end up underwater, he felt like a pair of icky invisible hands were choking the life out of him.

And one night, when he was scared he was going to lie awake again worrying about it all (more and more forest fires, the rain forest disappearing, less and less frogs and the rhinoceros – the rhinoceros! – that might not even exist anymore fifteen years from now), he'd rung up Mum Katya, far away in Basel.

Katya collected ideas. Artists all over the world had beautiful plans and Katya tried to find the money to make them happen. After she'd listened to Tim, that was exactly the advice she gave him. 'All those newspapers and TV shows should look more at the solutions. Because they do exist, Tim. The earth is changing, that's true, but there are always people making up plans to improve things. Collect a few of them. That'll make you feel better. I'm sure of it.'

First Tim didn't know where to start. But then he read about Boyan, a young Dutch guy who'd been working on cleaning up the oceans for quite a while now. Tim found all kinds of videos on YouTube and suddenly Boyan was first on his list of *Good Ideas for the World*. The list turned into a book, and writing that book cheered him up. He had the most fun with the page about the crooked vegetables. He read something about a company that picked up all the reject fruit and veg: twisty carrots, potatoes that had grown funny, tomatoes that had gone wrong. They tasted the same, but people dumped them because the supermarkets didn't want to sell stuff that looked funny. And *Skewcumber*, the company that picked up all that sad and sorry veg, turned it into things like soup. That people could order from them. Tim had drawn one hundred and fourteen crooked vegetables. Today Tim was working on page twenty-two of his book. Halfway through

the flight he was almost finished. This chapter was about lampposts. Because he'd read something really funny: in a while we might not need electricity for our streetlights anymore because a lady had come up with the idea of doing it with bacteria instead. Bacteria that have a substance in their bodies that glows. Like fireflies. If you put a whole lot of those luminescent bacteria together in a lamp, you had a light!

'What are you drawing?' Mum Ina asked, when the flight attendant brought them some sandwiches.

'For school,' Tim said.

'I get that,' Ina said. 'But what?'

'I'll explain later,' Tim said. 'I'm right in the middle of it now.'

He didn't want to show her his book yet. He could only do it after he'd asked his maths question. That was about Tim's biggest problem: flying. Planes are bad for the environment, right? A lot worse than the train. And they flew every month. Of course, it was really nice to see Mum Katya, he missed her a lot. But Tim thought it was weird that the three of them had never tried to figure it out together. Normally his mothers thought about everything and they always wanted to discuss everything with each other.

That was why Tim had come up with a plan of what to do. In order:

1. ask his maths question,
2. find out how bad flying is and if it would be better to go on the train,
3. show his book to his mothers,
4. if they like it they'll come to the last page themselves,
5. where there'll be a drawing of a plane, three people, two women and a boy, and a great big question mark.

The pilot said, 'Cabin crew, prepare for landing.' That was fun too. You dangled forward for a moment, as if the plane was looking for a worm in the ground. But then it straightened itself out again just in time, the wheels bumped on the tarmac and the brakes slammed on. Then it was like the plane was shouting 'eeeeeeeeee' for a moment at the top of its voice. Tim loved that. Taking off and landing, but you shouldn't really do it.

Yes, it could get difficult, that last page.



MATHS QUESTION 20: *Tim*

HOW MUCH WORSE IS IT TO TRAVEL BY PLANE THAN WITH THE TRAIN. AND HOW MUCH MORE EXPENSIVE IS IT? AND HOW MUCH FASTER?

THAT'S THREE QUESTIONS BUT FORTUNATELY THEY BELONG TOGETHER, SO WE'RE GOING TO ANSWER THEM ALL.

BUT WHERE DOES YOUR MOTHER LIVE AGAIN?

BASEL.

IN SWITZERLAND.



Departure	Arrival
Schiphol	Basel

Basel	ICE International
via	Utrecht, Arnhem, Emmerich, Oberhausen, Duisburg, Düsseldorf, Köln, Siegburg/Bonn, Frankfurt (overstappen), Mannheim, Karlsruhe, Baden-Baden, Offenburg, Freiburg, Basel

BASEL ISN'T REALLY THAT FAR, BUT IF YOU GO ON THE TRAIN IT WILL TAKE YOU AT LEAST 7 HOURS AND TEN MINUTES.

WHEREAS IF YOU GO BY PLANE, YOU'LL BE THERE IN 1 HOUR AND 10 MINUTES.

SO TIM, HOW MUCH FASTER DO YOU GET THERE BY PLANE?

6 HOURS.

AND IF YOU GO THERE AND BACK ON THE WEEKEND, IT SAVES 12 HOURS.



YES, FLYING REALLY IS MUCH FASTER.

ON TO YOUR SECOND QUESTION: HOW MUCH MORE EXPENSIVE IS IT TO TRAVEL BY PLANE COMPARED TO THE TRAIN?



I LOOKED UP THE PRICES AND I KEPT SEARCHING LIKE A REAL DETECTIVE UNTIL I FOUND THE VERY-VERY-VERY CHEAPEST TICKETS.

Return to Basel (rail)	€ 80
Return to Basel (air)	€ 51

THAT'S $80 - 51 = 29$ EUROS MORE EXPENSIVE.



SO... FLYING IS CHEAPER THAN GOING BY TRAIN?

THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE?

WHY DON'T THEY MAKE IT MORE EXPENSIVE TO FLY THAN TO GO BY TRAIN?

THEY'RE ALWAYS SAYING HOW BAD FLYING IS FOR THE CLIMATE?

I THINK FLYING IS A LOT MORE FUN THAN GOING ON THE TRAIN!



FUN? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

Hang on.

Tim's last question was, how much worse is it to travel by plane than on the train?



That's more difficult to calculate...

Often we measure it in the amount of carbon dioxide emitted.



Carbon dioxide, also called CO₂, is a greenhouse gas that makes our planet warm up.

Going to Basel by train releases **60** kilograms of CO₂.

60

If you go by plane, it generates **450** kilos of CO₂.

450

By comparison:

if you don't eat any meat for a whole year you save **460** kilos of CO₂.

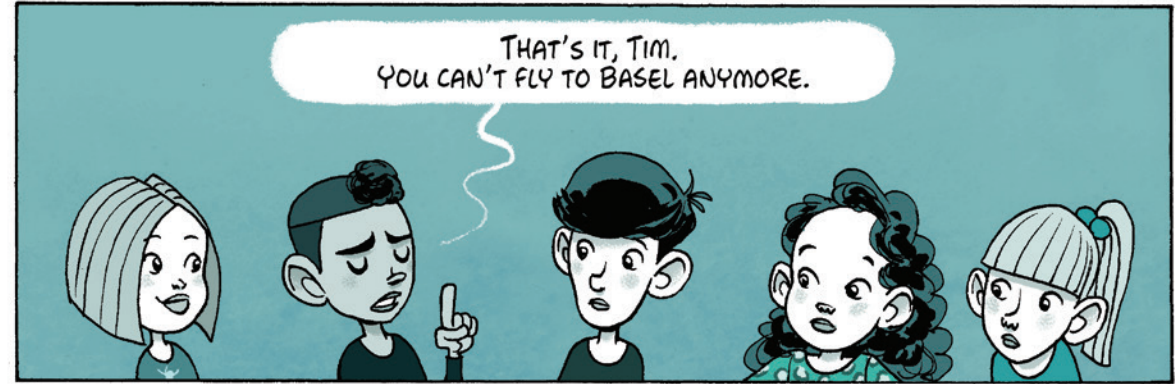
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SO ACTUALLY...

FLYING TO BASEL ONCE IS JUST AS BAD FOR THE ENVIRONMENT AS EATING MEAT FOR A WHOLE YEAR.



THAT'S IT, TIM. YOU CAN'T FLY TO BASEL ANYMORE.



BUT IF HE GOES BY TRAIN HE'LL SPEND THE WHOLE DAY TRAVELLING. THEN HE MIGHT JUST AS WELL NOT GO!

HE'D ONLY BE ABLE TO SAY HELLO AND HAVE TO COME BACK.



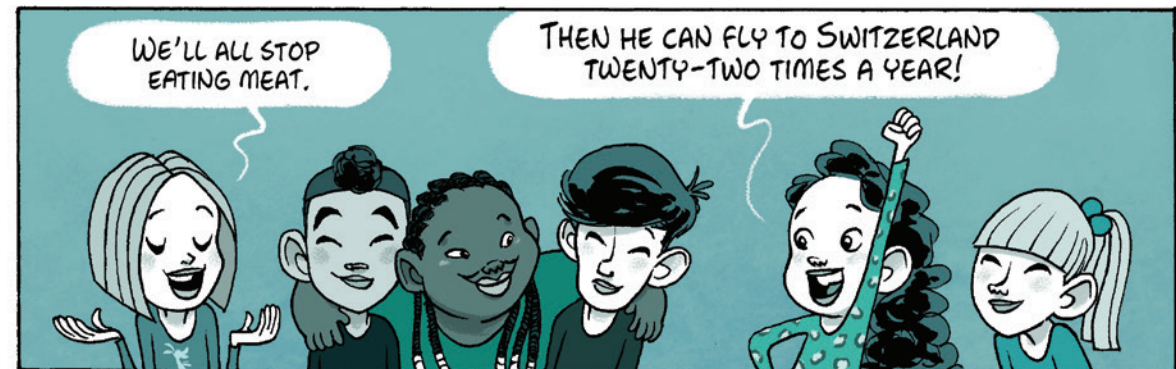
TESSA HAS THE SOLUTION!

WHAT?



WE'LL ALL STOP EATING MEAT.

THEN HE CAN FLY TO SWITZERLAND TWENTY-TWO TIMES A YEAR!



LATER

MISS LINDSAY TALKING TO TIM IN THE CORRIDOR

'We already have electric cars, so why aren't there electric planes? They'd be a lot better for the climate. In various places around the world people are working on electric planes that don't need kerosene anymore, but work on enormous batteries. They're not only cleaner, but a lot quieter too. But... it will take a long time before they can fly. The inventors have all kinds of problems to solve. For instance, a normal plane burns its kerosene in the air and gets lighter and lighter. A battery plane stays just as heavy. And how do you charge the battery? And is it one-hundred-percent safe? Maybe in a few years there'll be hybrid planes that have a battery *and* kerosene. Or small electric helicopters. Or small battery-operated flying taxis. Or drones that a couple of people can fit into.'





LIONHEART PRIMARY
GRADE FIVE

1: Mano
2: Pyke
3: Moon

4: Ahmed
5: Tuur
6: Jens

7: Fabio
8: Patrick 1
9: Kuzey

10: Roman
11: Tina
12: Sven

13: Chiara
14: Mirelva
15: Nille

16: Tessa
17: Patrick 2
18: Tim

19: Benthe
20: Saya
21: Rose

22: Rommie
23: Mick
24: Deeda