

PEDAGOGIA

Anku 3000

2nd Edition

and
Anka



*How two children
changed their
Education
and co-created
their own School*

Anku and Anka

How two children changed their
Education and co-create their own School

Credits

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Chapter 1

Anku planned to escape



It's the end of the day. The gentle golden sunrays drown in the smog and horns of the cars. Anku and Anka are going home from school. Anku is a wonderful boy, straight black hair, lively eyes with sparks in them and tall for his age. He is very active! (Too active would his teachers say). Daring and fast... He likes to have fun! Anka, his sister, is brilliant, even if a bit timid. Her beautiful eyes, slightly slanted stand out. They shine, show intelligence and radiate tenderness at the same time. Both are very charismatic. Anku is ten and Anka eight years old. They both love animals, flowers, *i-Pads* and observing insects.

The school bus goes slow because of traffic.

- How was your day? -asked Anka to her brother.
- I had English and Math. Oh Anka, they were so boring! And I have a lot of homework for tomorrow. And you know what? I complained and just because I didn't agree with the teacher he gave me extra work, in Math! Terrible! It isn't fair!
- And the rest of your class didn't stand up for you?
- They did... but the teacher said that if we went on like that, the whole class would have more homework and there wouldn't be any break for anybody! Bad, very bad. He said there was going to be an inspection next week and he wants us to be up to date with the program.
- Anku, so the teacher was stressed.

- Yes, very much... And you? How did it go?
- You know; I saw a fight during break. Anku, it was so ugly, they hit each other very hard. And they were shouting to each other very bad words. I had to call my teacher to help break them up. Anku, why is there so much violence?

The bus was stuck in a traffic jam. Every day it was the same story. The bus driver started to honk and spat out some swear words.

- Anka, this is too much! I can't stand it anymore! –exclaimed Anku.
- What Anku?
- Traffic, my math's teacher, really, I can't stand any of my teachers, actually I can't stand school!
- Hmm
- Do you know what? I am planning to escape...
- Anku!

Chapter 2

Perfecting the plan



The bus driver honked his horn again. Anku and Anka lowered their voices. They didn't want anybody to hear what they were saying about the escape.

- Anka, let's ask Granma to help us -Anku told his sister.
- But Anku, she has an important appointment at the doctor's, she said she wasn't going to be home. She is not feeling well, you know that.
- Oh, right. That's true, I remember now, she looked quite worried.
- I know she would help us. But we mustn't worry her, neither our parents. I will just visit her tonight and I ask her for food and a blanket for you- said Anka.
- How are you going to do that? -Anku smiled, his sister was always very practical.
- I'll tell her... well, I don't know, but I'll find a way.

- What else?
- I will check Mommy's and Daddy's timetable, so that you can go when they are not at home. I will tell them you are staying over at some friend's house for a couple of days.
- And if they call?
- I will make sure they forget their beepers so they don't call.
- Funny, our parents still call them phones...

Anku laughed. He knew his sister Anka had developed psychic powers. She knew how to confuse the minds of adults at will. For example, when she wanted to go to bed late, Anka always managed to get her way with our parents -Anku thought to himself.

- Daddy is travelling next week... And what if you plan your escape next Wednesday? There's going to be a full moon. Mommy has class. Look Anku, I will help you because I feel this is important... but promise me you will be back soon.
- Thanks Anka. I need to find a solution to all this, I need to know.

Anku was looking out the window of the bus. The last sunrays of the day were playing in his hair. Anku threw his beautiful hair back with a swift and gracious gesture. Anku was very handsome and charming indeed. He looked into his sister's eyes.

- Anka, when we get home, let's go to the patio on the last floor, I want to show you something.

When they arrived, to their joy, they found their Granma home because both their parents were working late that day.

- Granma, you look tired.
- Yes love, I've had a long day with the doctor's appointment and all.
- Everything OK, Granma?
- I don't know.
- Granma, can we go to the patio to watch the sunset?
- Yes, of course. Meanwhile, I will stay here and rest a while. You go honey, and I will make some hot cocoa for when you come back.

They ran up the stairs. They had a very nice view of the city from up there, well, at least when there was no *smog*. Anku looked to the north of the city, deep in thought.

- Anka, can you see the hills behind the city?
- Yes Anku, more or less. Why?
- I feel I need to go there, like a premonition, an intuition...
- Why?
- Dunno, I only feel that what I am looking for is "there".
- What? Who?
- My solution, our solution Anka, the solution for all the boys and girls...

- All right Anku, I will help you. I suggest you escape for these hills, but only for one night and you have to come back the day after. Then you decide how to go on, one step at a time.

Anku smiled. It was such a vibrant smile that his whole face, his whole being lit up.

- Anka, you are so smart

- I saw a video on *YouTube*, about a brother and a sister who said "We are great and we will change the world"... One was a singer... They were from the Middle East. I believe it too.

- There are many children like us Anka! We all have the same dream.

- Obviously, the video is rather old, but it was the same story. The brother's name was *Assaf* if I remember well.

Suddenly it started raining on the North side of the city and at the same time the sun was setting. The result was a beautiful rainbow.

- Confirmation! -They both exclaimed at the same time.

They gazed at the rainbow for a while. When it disappeared the sun was going down, and it was getting chilly and rainy, so they decided to go back to Granma.

-Granma, we are here! We are hungry and cold.

-Come children, I made you some nice hot chocolate.

Granma loved her grandchildren very much.

At night they kept refining their strategies, whispering...

- Anku, you will need some money and your ID. OK, we will make sure you escape on Wednesday. We already checked that Daddy is away that day and Mommy has class. I will tell them that you are at your friend Brian's house. His parents are cool and they won't call our parents. At the last moment I will tell Brian that you are going to sleep at Granma's house because you have a lot of work and you prefer to go next week when your exams are finished. I will give him some sweets as well that way he won't be sad. He likes you a lot, you know. But you have to promise that you will come back the following day. You will take the school bus, then bus number 31 and then you will change for the 99. When you come back the city bus will drop you off two blocks from school. What else?

- How do you know these things?

- Internet, Anku, Internet.

Anku looked at his sister. She never ceased to amaze him.

-She is so intelligent -he thought to himself-. She knows how to plan things... and she is very friendly to people, ah, and she also loves her cat *Andromeda* very much. She always keeps her cat under her sheets. The cat sleeps by her side, even if Mommy doesn't like it

because she says it's not hygienic. My sister already knows 3 languages and she says she wants to learn a new one every two years.... When she's twenty she will have learnt seven or eight different languages! She is so good at organizing stuff. She has so many friends, they always ask her for help and advice... also, she is sensitive and everyone likes her. I, in contrast, am so impulsive and I tend to lose my patience. She never loses her patience... Whooa... She could end up being a diplomat or even... the President! -Anku imagined in silence.

- Anku! Hello! Are you listening to me? Where are you? -Anka intervened, giving him one of her famous "charming" smiles while throwing a pillow to his head.

- Oh... nothing Anka. Thanks *sis* -Anku replied, even if he knew that she had probably already read his thoughts anyway. He gave her a warm hug and tried to play box with her... she wiggled away by tickling him.

- Shhhh! Anku, our parents are sleeping... -Anka threw his pillow back.

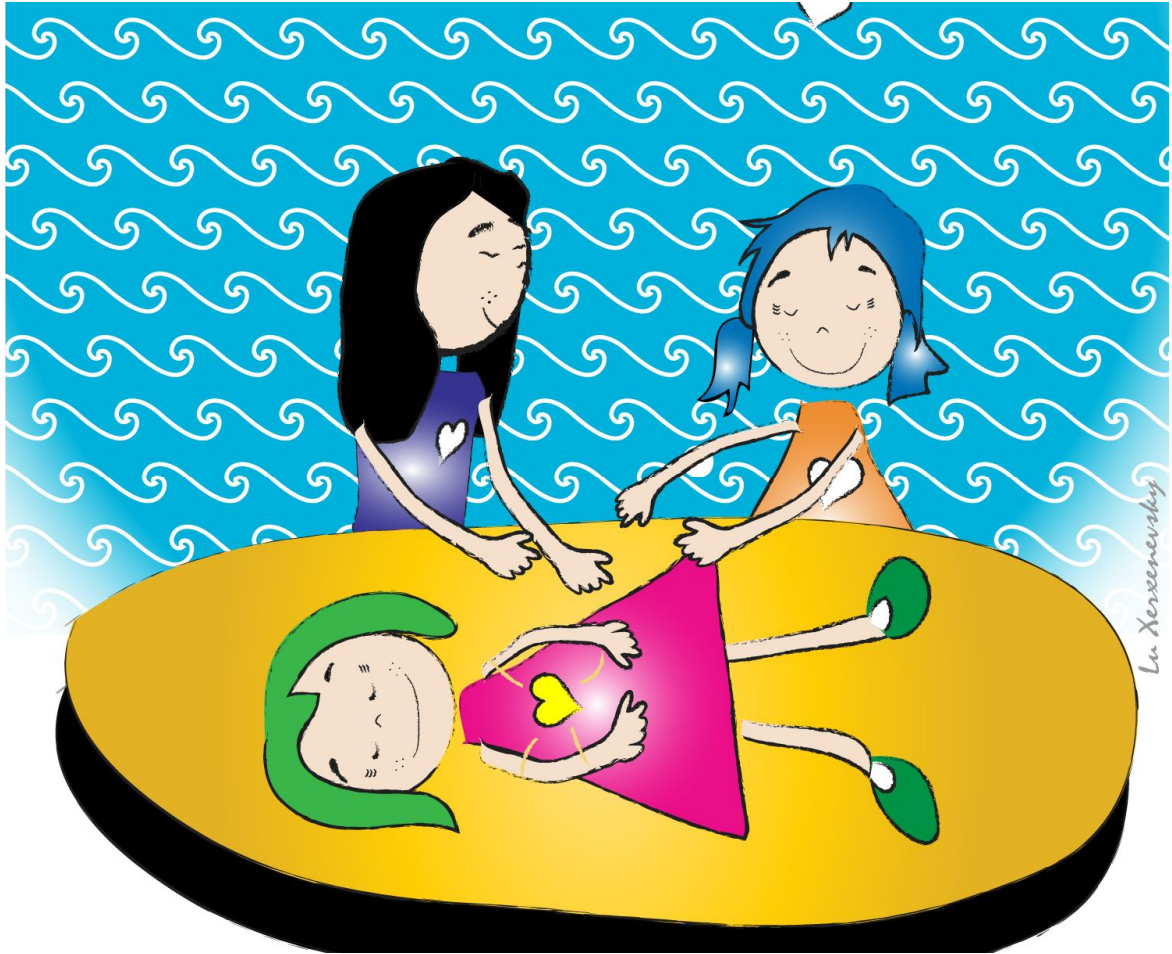
- Anku, tomorrow we will sit in the back of the bus and talk some more...

- OK, good night *Ank'*.

- Good night brother. Come *Andromeda*, sweetie...

Chapter 3

Aline slashed her veins



The following morning Anku and Anka talked some more on the bus. They sat at the back so that nobody could hear them. Their biggest worry was to make sure their parents didn't hear about the "escape" and that they wouldn't worry. Nor Granma for that matter.

- Anku, I checked the Internet again and there is a bus that goes directly to the north of the city, number 144. That way you don't have to change buses. You get out at the very last stop and that will leave you just next to your hill. How do you call it?
- Let's call it my "Rainbow Mountain".
- Did you understand what I said about the bus, Anku?
- Anka, the driver will see that I am alone and he'll ask why I am not in school...
- Yes, I've been thinking about that as well. I think the best thing to do is to sit next to an adult, an elderly lady for instance, so that the driver thinks you are her son or her

grandson... Wrap yourself in a purple light in your mind and you will feel that everything will be ok.

Again Anku smiled... How does Anka know these things?

The bus was nearly at the school. Their secret conversation ended. When they entered the playground there was a lot of hubbub in the school. An ambulance was parked on the main playground.

- What's happening? -Anka cried out while she ran to the vehicle.
- They say Aline cut her veins, another boy close to her said.
- Aline? Of the sixth grade?
- Yes, your friend, Tim's sister.
- Let's go Anku.
- But you have to go to your classes -the boy said.
- ... Aline is more important -Anku and Anka answered while running to the ambulance. They entered the vehicle.

The doctor has already left. A nurse was taking care of Aline. But at that point, she has left to get a IV and charge her phone. Aline was very pale. Both of wrists were covered by bandages.

- Ohhh Anka and Anku, thank you. I couldn't take it anymore. I am OK now. They gave me some pills and injections. Now they are going to give me an IV -Aline greeted them in a weak voice.

- Aline... What happened?

- I was having serious problems in school and at home. I was worried about the concert as well -Aline was still whispering but as she felt some relief talking, she kept on going. Anku and Anka listened attentively, feeling every word she said.

- I came very early to school, thinking no-one would see me, through the back door. I took some pills and started to cut my veins. It didn't even hurt. The cleaning lady found me in the bathrooms and called the ambulance. It was like a dream. As if a dark force told me to do it, to end it all. I have had this horrible feeling for several months now. I can't explain it. I was desperate.

- Aline, everything will be OK. Now you need to rest. We are here with you -Anku told her softly.

- I know you have a beautiful voice and were about to give a concert -Anka continued.

- It didn't work out and I won't have another chance. My voice needs more work, I feel so bad, so bad. And I am ugly... and I have too many emotional problems... I am a piece of crap. The world is too cruel... my life isn't worth anything.

- Ehhhhh... Stop it... Aline, breathe deeply and rest please.

- We are here with you. Can't you smile? A bit?

Aline stopped complaining, took a deep breath and gave them a weak smile.

- Ahhh much better... -said Anku.

- Can we stay with you some more? -asked Anka. Aline nodded yes.

Aline started to feel better in the company of Anku y Anka. The nurse brought more medicine, a bandage and a bottle of water.

- Good morning madam.

- Children, you have to go, you can't stay here. She needs to rest and take her pills.

- Yes, you are right. But, can't we stay just a little bit longer? To keep her company so that she doesn't feel lonely.

- Children, you have to go to your classes -the nurse insisted, annoyed.

- Just a bit longer? Please? She is our best friend.

- Please? -Anka looked deep into the nurse's eyes.

- Please? -Anku begged again.

- OK -the nurse finally relented- but only a moment longer. I am going to have a cup of coffee and I will be back, I have been working all night.

- Thank you, Madam.

As soon as the nurse had left, Anku and Anka got next to Aline. Very gently they placed their hands three centimetres above her wrists. Aline could feel how a subtle golden ray fell softly on her wounds. She felt good. She noticed a wonderful wellbeing in her body. Anku and Anka smiled at the same time. They know that they had to hide their gifts and make sure that people didn't say they did weird things.

- Chin up -whispered Anku.

- Feel how the breath of life comes to you dear Aline. That means that everything will be OK -said Anka.

- You know you have a purpose in life, right? You know you can't go back, only forwards. People who take their lives are stuck between two worlds and it is very hard to get out of there, did you know that? I know they don't teach that in school, true? They don't even teach you about life and death, body and soul.

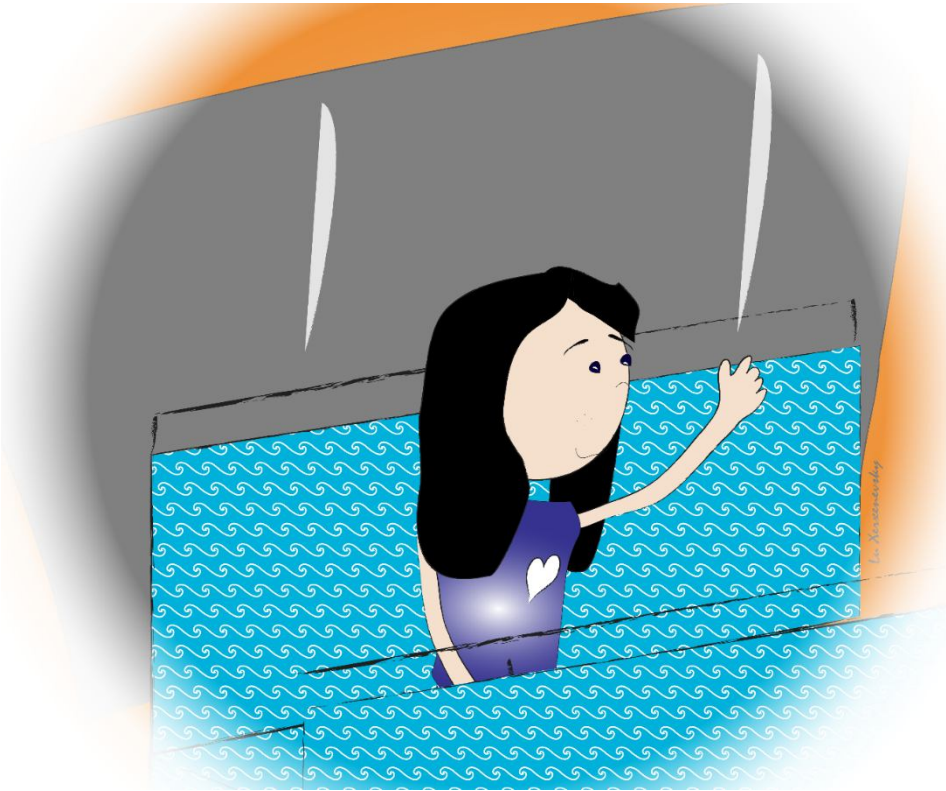
- You know you have to believe in yourself -Anka continued in her sweet voice-. You can't betray your friends, your heart, your purpose... You have a beautiful voice. And then? For what? To give hope to people, to give love and raise the vibration of everywhere you sing... because sound is powerful.

Aline nodded slowly. She began to understand. She realized she was just boycotting herself, but didn't want to admit it.

- Aline, we are great and we are going to change the world. You know it. We need you...

Chapter 4

Anku escaped...



Anku and Anka tried to spend as much time as they could with Aline. She was recovering quite well. In fact, her wrists healed very fast. Aline composed a song and it was the first time she composed and performed one all by herself. It was about life and love. It was so beautiful! Anku even recorded it and was very enthusiastic about it.

Anku decided to delay his escape to the following week, in light of what had happened to Aline. This was a good thing because his father's trip had been postponed to the following week as well. Anku and Anka had more time to arrange the last details.

Finally, Wednesday, the day of the escape, came. Exactly as planned Anku got some provisions, sandwiches and biscuits, and had enough money for the bus, a small blanket, and chocolate milk that his parents had given him as a snack for during school break. Anku also had his ID on him, just in case. His father was out for work for two days and his mother had a class on Emotional Intelligence until late that evening. It was perfect! Anku was supposed to go to his friend Brian's house just as had been agreed. The plan was that, at the last moment, Anka would tell Brian that her brother couldn't go because he had too much homework.

As soon as the bus arrived at the school in the morning, Anku jumped out while Anka distracted the driver by asking him a carsickness bag to vomit. Then she went to see Anku's teacher telling him Anku was sick and that their mother would send him a note the following day.

-Don't worry Anka, if it's only for one day we don't need a doctor's cert -the teacher told her-. Now, hurry to your class.

Anka quickly went to her class, happy that everything had gone so smoothly. On the way she ran into Brian and explained the situation quickly to him.

- Oooo...That's too bad! -said Brian-. We had the house to ourselves! My mother is coming home late and my brother was going to look after us.

- Is next week OK?

- Sure, that's OK.

- Anku really wanted to be with you. He sends you these sweets.

- Thank you Anka.

- Thank you Brian, I am sorry about this. Anku couldn't find you to tell you himself. And he couldn't call you because, you know, phones are not allowed in school.

Anka got to her class just in time. She was the last one in, but still on time.

- Wow, that was easy -she thought-. Now I need to connect my mind with Anku, to see that everything is all right.

She closed her eyes without her teacher noticing. She bent over her book with her hair covering her eyes. It was a language class and Anka was very good at everything to do with language, so she could pay attention to the class and follow Anku in her mind at the same time. She liked doing several things at the same time. This was not a problem for her, to the contrary, she thought it was more fun. She was following Anku with her inner eye. She never told anybody about her gifts, she was afraid people would think she was weird. Only Anku knew, and now Aline as well.

Anku managed to escape quickly from the school bus and got to the corner without being noticed. He mentally put his purple protective light on, just as Anka had taught him. He also changed his green school uniform for a normal beige T-shirt with a hood. He ran two blocks, turned the corner and walked 3 more blocks. Quickly the bus stop for the 144 bus came into sight.

- I am very lucky to be able to take a bus to straight where I am going -he thought.

There were many people at the bus stop; it was rush hour after all. Anku mingled with the people and nobody took note of him. Not even the bus driver. More, the bus driver didn't

even ask for a ticket. Anku sat at the back of the bus. In fact, everybody was so busy with their cell phones that nobody was looking at anybody.

Anku started to look out of the window. Half an hour later he was in the outskirts of the city. The streets weren't as nice as in the centre. Some people were rummaging through rubbish on the streets.

- How terrible! -thought Anku-. Why can't we share what we have?

He also saw two skinny street dogs. He spotted a crippled person who could barely walk. Then he saw a woman, a mother, sitting on the threshold of a door, holding a baby in her arms. The baby was crying... Everything was so new for Anku and it made him feel sad, very sad.

He started to think. -Why did I escape? What happened to me?

- You have to find out -a voice came out in his head-. You have to find solutions. You have to be strong. We will change everything. Remember what you told Aline. We are great and we are going to change the world, just like in that film we saw.

- Anka, what are you doing? -The teacher cried-. Open your eyes!

Anka was so concentrated she had forgotten to hide herself.

- Sorry Miss, I think I was very tired.

- Hmmm... At ten in the morning? Please, pay attention or you will have more homework.

At the end of the line, the bus was emptier. Anku sat next to an elderly man. Finally, he got to his bus stop and slipped out of the bus with the old man. Nobody noticed him.

- Oh, how I would like to change all this -Anku told himself-. It isn't right... Why is there nobody that does something about this? -Anku was still thinking about all the sad things he had seen on the way.

- I want people to have a good life. They shouldn't have to look in the rubbish to survive. That is terrible. Actually, I don't want rubbish either. All that doesn't make sense to me.

Anku missed Anka a lot.

-She would have understood me. She always has solutions for everything. She has brilliant ideas.

As he was thinking all this, he saw a small yellow butterfly fluttering next to him. Suddenly a dog appeared out of nowhere, a black dog with gentle hazel eyes. It licked Anku's hand and Anku gave it half of his biscuits.

- I will call you Guardian. Do you like it? -He told the dog.

Guardian was wagging his tail. The dog went into a narrow street that became a path. Now the city was far behind them and the countryside was nicer. Anku felt better. The path slowly rose.

- Good, perfect, this path leads to my mountain. Good, good!

At that same instant Anku found a pair of heart-shaped stones.

- I am going to take one with me to give to Anka when I get back.

Anku kept going along the path. Now he felt really good. The weather was nice, not too hot, not too cold. Guardian gave him a feeling of security. Anku watched the flowers, the bees, the insects... He had always been a good observer; he liked to watch his surroundings. Suddenly the path became steeper and the landscape became woods. Anku jumped from stone to stone, Guardian leading the way. The climb lasted a long while. All of a sudden Anku saw a place with a lot of boulders that caught his attention.

- Let's explore that place, it looks neat! -he said to Guardian-. Look, it's a cave! Cool! I have a place to sleep and shelter.

This had been one of his worries, to be able to keep warm at night; the other one was that his parents wouldn't notice he was gone. He didn't want them to worry. Anku waited a while, taking in the surroundings, until he was mentally certain he could enter the cave. The cave itself was rather big and looked comfortable enough. He made a bed with leaves, straw and some soft moss he found nearby.

- I am really hungry -Anku thought, reaching for the food that Anka had given him-. Oh Anka, you are the best...

It was getting dark. After eating and giving Guardian some of his sandwiches, Anku went back to the entrance of the cave to look at the woods at night. The smells were wonderful. A mixture of moisture, smell of wood and the perfume of some flowers he couldn't recognize. It was chilly but not too cold.

- This place is perfect for spending the night, with my blanket and my jacket I should be fine.

It was a clear night with heaps of stars starting to twinkle. Anku looked at the sky. A beautiful shooting star crossed the dark sky. Then another one, and then another one.

- I never knew shooting stars zigzagged -he murmured in thought.

Chapter 5

The dream in the cave



Anku went back into the cave and lay on his makeshift bed. He thought about Anka. He curled up and soon fell asleep. It had been an exhausting day, both emotionally and physically. The cave was absolutely silent. The black dog laid down next to him. It seemed he took his role as Guardian seriously.

Anku began to dream. First he was in a bus with people he didn't know. Then the people disappeared, and the bus started to fly in a dark sky. It didn't frighten him; it was just strange. It was as if the bus was floating in space. Then the scenery changed into a white hall, which lead to another room, through an ogee shaped door and then an arched hallway. The other room, bigger than the previous one, was lit by a gentle peach light that

seemed to come out of the walls. Two big chairs and a small round table were placed in the centre of the peaceful room.

- What a pleasant room -Anku thought in his dream.

- Hello Anku -A deep and soft voice called out to him.

Anku turned around and saw a tall person dressed in greyish pale blue with a cape of the same colour.

- Anku, let's sit down -he motioned to the chairs-. My name is Melki, and I know you are looking for answers for your school... for your life... for you and for many others.

Anku felt very comfortable, as if it were a *déjà-vu*. There was a pleasant smell in the room.

- Yes, Mister ... euuu... Mister Melki... in fact there is my sister as well, my sister and I.

- I know, dear Anku, you are both brave and pure of heart. That is why we decided to talk to you.

- We?

- Let's say that we are a group, a collective of friends. Anku, please, you have to remember the different levels of existence and who you are. I am talking about different levels of awareness. You know about Quantum Physics, right?

- Yes, I searched something about it on the Internet.

- Everything is Quantum and is repeating itself at various levels. The brain is like a hologram and it had a lot more capacity than what humans know of, especially if it's connected to the heart. The electromagnetic field of the heart is powerful, never underestimate it, never...

But let's go back to talk about your school, what is it you want to know?

- I want to change all that. I can't take it anymore. And there are a lot of things that bother me... Why is there so much pollution, poor people and sadness everywhere? I see all this goes together, one thing leading to another and vice versa.

- Anku, you are very smart for your age. You can see reality in a way adults can't.

- But it hurts, and I simply don't like it. Neither does my sister, but she is more tranquil than I am. She can dream and abstract herself from situations-. While he was talking, he felt Anka very near.

- Strange -Anku thought.

- I see son, the question here is that the school is not only a place to transmit knowledge mechanically and repetitively -answered Melki with his calm voice-. True Education is meant to awaken the faculties and gifts of the human being and to efficiently tend to all those problems. Do you want people to become better human beings and to be happier? That they are more aware? That they feel more love in their lives? You are on the right track, Anku.

- Yes, that's it... More love, and that my bus doesn't make so much smoke. My school bus I mean... It is so harmful and nasty.

Melki smiled. He had a warm smile, as if he understood everything, without need for many words.

- Anku, have you ever heard of the seven attributes of life?

- No, I haven't!

- Remember the colours and this will help you and your grandmother with the new school.

- How did Melki know about Granma? -Anku thought and he leant over, ready to listen and remember every word. He was fascinated.

- Anku, let's start with the colour blue. Blue is the colour of life, the force of creation and the energy of the cells. Every school needs to make sure to provide a healthy environment, especially with a lot of movement, dance, sports, physical activities, spaces to run... All children have to be able to grow healthy.

- You mean that we need to feel good. Like me, when I feel good when I run?

- Exactly.

- Anku, now remember yellow, a golden yellow. Can you see this colour in your mind?

- Yes, it's like the yellow of wisdom.

Melki smiled. Anku really was brilliant.

- Yes, and also of knowledge and understanding. Here, in your new school, you will learn about many subjects that really help you, subjects that will allow you to connect to various levels of creation and that will awaken new faculties of your brain.

- Like Quantum Physics?

- Yes, and many more subjects you will love. This will help you to concretely practically what you want to change.

Anku was happy. There were so many things he wanted to do.

- Anku, now you are going to visualize pink.

- Yes, I have got it.

- What do you feel?

- I feel peace, love... it is nice... It is like warmth around my chest, right in the middle...

Ohh, I would like the school to teach me how to have this feeling all the time. I feel I want to help my friends, I feel I am loved...

- That's it Anku, exactly. In this section, the school will teach you how to handle and deal with emotional issues, social and multi-cultural topics, family, empathic communication, culture of peace, languages, geography and history... but in such a way that they can connect to the collective awareness of your planet and that you will make better decisions in geopolitical matters... You will feel that we really are One.

- Wow, that's great, we will learn to co-operate instead of competing! -Anku exclaimed.

He was getting more and more excited about Melki's explanation. He got hope back, he felt empowered and his self-esteem grew. Yes, that's what we need to do. Everything started to make sense.

Melki was impressed by Anku's capacity to "absorb" information. We were right about him - he thought.

- Anku, there is more... -he continued-. Now we are going to imagine the colour white.
- White?
- Yes, only white. Can you feel it?
- Wow, this is so beautiful... -Anku was amazed.
- Yes indeed, white is everything to do with beauty. White is about harmony, music, sounds, colours, geometry, architecture... proportion, Anku, the golden proportion, the perfect proportion, everything is proportion and rhythm.
- Melki, do you think we can have this in my school?
- Of course, everything is Art. All the Arts will give the children and young people a way to express themselves from their inner self and enjoy it, and make other people enjoy as well. Do you understand Anku?

Anku's eyes shone. He wasn't sure he understood everything but he felt a great joy and pleasure. How he loved the way Melki explained things!

- Anku, now we will go to the next colour, green.
- Yes, green is easy. I imagine it has to do with nature, plants, trees, insects (Anku remembered how he loved insects), the Planet, ecology... -exclaimed Anku.
- Yes Anku, it has also to do with sources of new energy, preventive health, therapies, nutrition, biology and bio-agriculture.
- So I will learn how to make my school bus produce no smoke at all!

Melki couldn't help but to let escape a fatherly smile.

- Let's go to the next colour.
- What is it? -Anku was fascinated by the experience.
- Red Anku, the colour red. Can you imagine a ruby-red colour?
- Yes
- And?
- I feel I want to do something, create something. My hands are getting warm and want to help.
- Exactly. In your school there will be lots of time and space for manual activities, applied sciences and robotics.
- Cool!
- You will know how to put your ideas into practice. Every child will know their abilities, skills, purpose, vocation... that is to say, everyone will be able to really use their skills to make a better society. As you are so active Anku, you will love these practical classes and workshops.

Anku couldn't believe it; it was so simple and practical.

- This Melki is so neat -he thought.
- One more colour, Anku, purple. With that, we will have seven colours in total. The colour purple will be the one that includes personal development, self-esteem, many subjects that will help to know oneself, to remember who you are, as I was saying in the beginning. By knowing our origins we can build a better "now" and a "better" future. You will also practice anti-stress and relaxation techniques, which obviously also will be practiced by your teachers, guides, workshop experts, parents... All this will help you in your school. Ahhh, Anku... Experts and teachers will have a new name and new function.... Do you remember the seven colours?
- Yes, blue, yellow, pink, white, green, red and purple.
- What else do you need?
- How will I build my School of the 7 Colours?
- Don't worry Anku, your grandmother will help you. Your parents will also give you support. And remember Anka is with you, always. Many, many people will help you all over the world.
- Thank you Melki, I will miss you.
- No Anku, just visualize your school in your mind and keep a high frequency. And mentally "call us" at night, before you go to sleep, and we can have many fruitful encounters. We can share a lot of things. You know? The same goes for Anka, tell her to do the same. Ah Anku, you don't have to escape again to find me. Do you understand?
- Yes, thank you...
- Goodbye and take care. And please keep our conversation firmly in the bottom of your heart.

Melki's blue silhouette began to fade away. Anku wasn't sad because his heart was filled with peace and every word was very much alive inside him.

He felt he was moving again in space, softly and at an amazing speed at the same time. All of a sudden he felt his makeshift bed again, next to Guardian. The black dog was quiet, watching over Anku.

- All is well Guardian -Anku whispered, caressing the animal-. I've just had a wonderful dream.

And Anku slept peacefully until morning.

Chapter 6

The Return of Anku



When Anku woke up, the first rays of sunlight filtered through the entrance of the cave. He wasn't cold, in fact he felt very comfortable and happy... and hungry. He sat up and reached for his lunch box. He started to eat his last sandwich, with his cold chocolate milk. He gave all his biscuits to Guardian.

- I have to tell Anka everything, this was absolutely wonderful.

He could remember his dream exactly, so vividly, and he didn't want to forget anything.

- I need to see Anka. I need to get back to take my school bus -he thought-.

Anku went back to "reality" and knew he had to leave. He grabbed his blanket, jacket and backpack, said goodbye to the cave and to Melki in his mind.

- Wow Melki, that was so great!

Anku went down the path, half running, half walking with the dog by his side... It was fun to feel the leaves under his feet. He could sense the moisture of the morning on his face and the smell of the trees. Everything was so alive, so lively, so vibrant... so different from the city...

- We will have loads of expeditions and excursions in my school. And we will plant a bunch of trees and we will take care of Earth -he said to himself.

The first houses appeared.

- We will do many activities for the community... for the people that need it -he kept on thinking- and we will help the communities find solutions for their problems.

He bought some water and biscuits at the first shop he came across. It was a small shop, not like those enormous shopping centres of the city he knew.

- Boy, you aren't in school hey? The shopkeeper, an old man with white hair and beard, asked him.

Anku just smiled and paid for what he had bought. Then he found the bus stop. The day before he had paid attention to where he was going and he recognized some points of reference so he could easily find his way back. He ate all his biscuits, sharing them with Guardian, as he remembered you weren't allowed to eat on the bus. He said goodbye to his partner in adventure, Guardian.

- Guardian, you are such a good dog. Now you have to take care of your woods and cave. Thanks a lot. You helped me so much by staying with me.

- I will see how to take you to my new school. Guardian you are so great -thought Anku.

He got on the bus, close to an elderly lady, as if he was accompanying his grandmother. To his relief the bus driver didn't say anything and let him pass. He did the same getting off the bus and again the bus driver didn't notice anything and didn't even ask him for a ticket.

- Strange -thought Anku.

Now Anku was five blocks from his school, hoping nobody would see him. He put his hood on and walked faster. He arrived twenty-five minutes before the school bus was due to arrive. So he waited, hiding at the corner of the street, for what seemed to him an eternity. When the bus finally arrived, the school bell rang. It was a horrible shrill sound which Anku normally hated.

- In my school there will be no bells, only nice music -he thought-. Ohhh, it will be very, very different.

Today, however, he loved the bell. Many children came out running. Quickly Anku put on his school uniform jacket and mingled with the children and got on the bus. To his relief he saw Anka who was keeping a seat for him. She looked even more relieved than Anku. She smiled and winked. Just as they had planned they started talking casually about school and Anku gave her a secret "thumbs up" to tell her everything was OK.

- How was your maths class?

- Good! But my English teacher was in a bad mood... Oh God.

- Do you have a lot of homework?

- As usual.

Anku remembered he was hungry again. Anka had kept a banana, some apples, dried fruit and some juice.

- Thank you Anka, you always think of everything.

As usual traffic was stuck, the smog was heavy as well, but Anku nor Anka cared this time... The escape had been a success. A great success! When they got home, they still had an hour of free time before dinner. They ran to their room, pretending they had a lot of homework, which in any case was true, as always.

- Anka, all went well. I went to the North side of the city, just like we planned. Wow, the outskirts of the city are so abandoned and there is a lot of need Anka! There is a lot of work to be done. I went to the last bus stop. There I found a dog, Guardian, and he kept me company the whole time. Together with Guardian I found a path. The scenery was beautiful and kept getting better! I went up the Rainbow Mountain and found a cave. It was a magical trip.

- Yes Anku, I followed you in my mind and helped you with mommy and daddy. Nobody noticed that you weren't there. The plan worked excellent. I told your teacher you were sick. He told me you wouldn't need a doctor's note for one day. What a relief.

- Anka, in the cave I dreamt about a "teacher". Well, he was a kind of teacher, but so nice and wise. His name is Melki.

- And?

- Yes, Anka, he told me that if you have something in your mind for enough time and you want it with a pure heart, you will get it.

- Ah, that's easy. Anku, do you know what? -interrupted the sister.

- What?

- I had the same dream (Ah! Ah! Ah!... and I didn't escape). I escaped in my mind... hum... this is why my teachers say I do not pay attention to the class. Well, anyway, I think I met the same Melki... Tall, with a blue shine, with a friendly smile, lots of light in his eyes... pale blue clothes.

- Yes, yes, that's him – Exclaimed Anku enthusiastically.

- He told me about you and me.

- About me? -Anku asked.

- Yes, and about more children that are going to come. We need to create a new Education for all of them. Well, not just us two Anku, obviously there are many more. He talked about a new planetary awareness. Ah, how I loved all that -Anka answered. She was so happy as well.

Anka was shining of happiness, and now even more, because her brother was full of joy and positive energy; he was not the angry and frustrated Anku of a couple of days before.

- He said we have a purpose, or a mission, I don't remember the exact word -Anka continued-. He told me you have a very decisive and perseverant mentality -Anka laughed heartily, it was true that her brother was so stubborn at times!

- Now tell me more Anku... I want to know about everything you discovered...

Anku told Anka the whole story, in great detail. Especially the part about the seven colours.

From the distant their mother called to tell them dinner was ready...

- Come children!

- Anku, I have your homework. Bryan gave it to me for you. You have a lot to do after dinner!

- The day after tomorrow is Saturday, we are going to visit Granma. We have to convince her to help us.

- Mommy, Daddy, can we go visit Granma this Saturday?

- Yes, good idea. Actually we already spoke to her and she is coming here. I have a work meeting the whole day and your mother has training in *Mind Plentyness*. So Granma is coming here to be with you guys the whole day.

-Cool! -both children said at the same time.

Time flew by. Anku had to catch up with the eternal homework. Anka wanted to know all about Melki. They stayed up late every night.

When Granma arrived on Saturday she was tired and listless. Anku and Anka asked her to rest on the sofa.

- Granma, we need to talk to you.

- What is it love?

- We have thought this over and we decided...

- Decided what?

- We decided to go to another school.

- Oh, have you told your parents?

- No... we wanted to talk to you first.

- Why?

- Because we decided to go to your school!

- My school? But I don't have any school!

- But you could make one. You are a teacher, no?

- Yes, but...

Anku y Anka began to explain the whole idea to her, obviously without mentioning the escape nor Melki. Granma smiled but her eyes were sad.

- What's wrong Granma?
- Do you remember I had to have a medical examination? I got the results and the doctors discovered I have cancer. I won't have the strength to set up a school, I will have many medical checks up, that's what the doctors told me.
- Cancer? That's terrible news Granma! -exclaimed Anku and Anka at the same time.
- Granma, you can! You can do it! -said Anka vehemently-. Granma, it is possible to "revert" cancer, especially if we work on it from the same principle.
- How do you know that Anka?
- Daddy's friend. Do you remember him? Last year? He did "revert" his cancer.
- Yes, actually yes, I do remember him. He was a client of your father. It was amazing, the doctors couldn't believe it and neither could we.
- Granma, believe in yourself -added Anka. You can do it.
- You can "revert" cancer, and you know it! -insisted Anku.
- But of course, you keep going to your doctor as well! Anka clarified.

Granma found it funny how the kids said the word "revert" and were so sure of it...

- And what's more, we will help you - they both repeated.

- Granma, you have to do your part -Anku advised her- and we will teach all this in our new School: healing therapies, good health, positive affirmations, how to take care of our physical and emotional health... it's going to be fabulous.

At the end of the day they convinced Granma of three things:

1. They made her promise to do everything she can "to revert" cancer (as they say), according to what they had found on the Website. Granma realised that her attitude and perseverance were fundamental.
2. That she was going to receive a "hand" session from Anka every day, obviously helped by Anku as well, and alternating if they had a lot of homework. And to keep seeing the doctor for regular check-ups and treatments, obviously. Her doctor is a very nice friend of her.
3. And YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEES... she would set up her own School!

- We need to find a name for the School -Granma proposed.
- It has to be seven "something" Granma, as we mentioned the seven colours and seven areas of study -Anku suggested.
- Good idea -Anka exclaimed.
- Yes, wonderful, like flowers that blossom, petals that open... -Granma added.

She knew from the bottom of her heart that keeping busy with the school would also help her get better. She had to be helping her grandchildren. Also, she had to admit that she had always dreamt about having her own school. Now was her opportunity and it is never too late to do things. Granma was moved and cried when she left Anku and Anka's house.

She remembered a gypsy woman who had told her many years before how she would have her own school one day and that is was very very very important that she never forgot this. That had been so long ago... she almost had forgotten about that until that Saturday.

Chapter 7

Mum and dad also agreed



The following day was a Sunday. They had brunch with the whole family, the parents and the children. They liked these Sunday brunches very much because they were together and they had fresh orange juice which they all enjoy very much. A delicious aroma of cinnamon rolls floated in the dining room. Mother was trying out a new recipe.

- Anku, Anka, how did it go with Granma yesterday? You know she is sick, no? -Mother was sad.
- Don't worry mommy, she is going to get better.
- How do you know that?
- We did much research on the Internet and we found many alternatives.
- Children, I think you spend too much time in front of your screens, that's not good for your health. You are too young! -frowned father.
- Granma agreed to do whatever she could -Anku commented, getting away from the Internet topic.
- Hmm... -said father-. Actually it is certainly possible. I once had a friend, Michael was his name, who had cancer and he got better with some kind of meditation and alternative

therapies. He also had a special diet, if memory serves me right. I couldn't believe it. In the end he completely changed. I believe it has to do with letting go of fear, rage, revenge, rancour, and etcetera. And he got better! He just decided to take charge of his own life, not blaming others. And he decided to help others. I ended up helping him setting up an NGO for cancer patients. Maybe we should find out what he did and send Granma there to get more information. I heard Michael has a very successful self-help group.

-Great idea! -mother agreed. – But she must have regular check-ups and treatment with her doctor as well. He is a very good person and very professional.

She poured some more tea for herself, gave father more coffee and chocolate milk to Anku and Anka.

- Daddy, we need to talk to you -said Anku.

- Yes, yes, I am listening.

- You are a lawyer... do you have any friends in the Ministry of Education?

- Yes -he answered- What happened? Are you in trouble?

Father was a bit worried. He knew how impulsive Anku could be. He set aside his coffee and looked Anku in the eyes.

- Hmmm... Children, what are you up to now?

- Dad, we spoke to Granma yesterday and we convinced her to start her own school. We want to go to her school, not to the one we are going now.

- But she has retired as a teacher and what's more she is sick! -father argued.

- We want to start something from scratch, something completely new.

- Completely new?... -Father leant over to the kids.

Anku and Anka had caught his attention for now.

- I know your Granma loves you very much and would do anything for you. But a school! How dare you? This is serious business, and you have to follow the Laws for Education of the country.

- Yes daddy, that's why we are talking to you.

- Oh... -Father was beginning to understand- You are not joking so? This is serious. But don't you see that setting up a school is a lot of work? Red tape and more red tape, permits and more permits, money, responsibilities, insurance and assurances, laws, lots of headaches, finding an appropriate space, public services... That takes a lot of time, energy and dedication. I don't have time and neither does your mother.

- Daddy, what would be the first step? You are a lawyer... Could you check the law for us? Please. We want to make a "special" school, experimental, a pilot school which is new and different... you know...

- Well, let me have a look at the Law of Education, today, as I have Sunday free. And I have a good friend in the Ministry; I will ask him for advice. Actually, this friend is Michael's brother, the man who I told you about, the one that got better from cancer.

- Really? Thank you, you are the best!

- Oh dear, the cinnamon rolls! -said mother, running to the kitchen.

Anku and Anka took advantage of the distraction to run to their rooms.

- Can we eat them later? -they cried out at the same time.

They wanted to look at more stuff about cancer and new schools all over the world on the Internet... They wanted to get things moving. Their heads were overflowing with ideas.

Dad headed to the kitchen.

- Honey, did you know about this project the children have? -he asked frowning.

- Yes Love, she called me. Rose told me all about it this morning. (Rose was the name of Granma).

- Oh... you already have talked to her? You knew! What do you think, it is a bit mad, isn't it?

- Yes. But Rose was very excited. Actually, I am more worried about her cancer than about the school.

Eveline, that was mum's name, took the cinnamon rolls out of the oven. And she looked at her husband, Charles, straight in the eyes.

- Honey, you know what I think...

- What?

- Maybe doing something useful will help her get better...

- You are probably right.

- Another thing I have been thinking...

- What?

- Charles, did you like school when you were a kid?

- Absolutely not!

- Why have history repeat itself then?

- Good point!

- I believe we have to give them a chance and we have to help them. We were young once and we had many dreams about changing the world. And little by little our responsibilities have made us forget. Darling, you know how stubborn Anku is, and how sensitive Anka. I think they have a beautiful and brave dream. Aline gave us a warning... to everybody...really, many children are not happy at school. Charles! Aline is only 12! Only 12 you know! She had an extremely bad time at school... we have to change this. What do you think?

- Yes Honey, I know, I know.... But... hummm, from a practical point of view?

- From a practical point of view, the first you need to do is to review the Law of Education today and have a drink with your friends from the Ministry and Michael tonight. Is that concrete enough? -Eveline answered, handing him the cinnamon rolls for him to taste them.

Charles was looking at the ceiling.

- What are you thinking about now?

- Well, I am thinking it would be good to have an International Manifest on Education to back us up. So that the authorities can sign it. To help with Education... Let me think... The children want something new. We have to create juridical backups.

- Great idea Charles -mother agreed.

- Ok, leave it with me... But make sure the kids don't leave the real school meanwhile... no excuses!

- Ahahaha but the new school will also be a real school, actually, more real than the schools we have now.

- Ok, ok, could be. But anyway, they have to go to their old school meanwhile.

- OK... I guess... Charles you are the best. The cinnamon rolls are getting cold. Do you want to try them? I don't usually cook, but today is your lucky day.

At the end of that day Anku and Anka were still in front of their computer. They were looking at all the sites they could find on new education. Including a movement called 3000, Asi-laugh, Adhyanow 22, *Neurouflash Method*, anti-stress techniques, self-knowledge programs and much more.

- Wow Anka, there is so much on the Internet? Why don't we have this in our school?

Excited they shared their ideas.

- In the first place the School should be a place where we can meet our friends.

- We need technology, Internet, new things, interesting stuff.

- A place to garden... and for animals.

- But Anka, the animals will eat our plants.

- Good point.

- A swimming pool... and a pond with fish in it.

- And a place to skate as well...

- Workshops...

- Places to hide in.

- Caves? Ahahah...

- We will have a band... and we can do *rap, hip hop, break dance*. Ahhhh and a Studio where Aline can sing.

- I want it to have a place where we can learn many foreign languages -Anka added.

They went on and on until they heard...

- Children, enough for now, turn off the light... Time to go to bed, really!

- Anka -whispered Anku-. Above all I want children to be happy there.

- I want Peace for the world -Anka murmured-. Melki told me about Peace Culture Programs last night.

- No more sad outskirts of towns, no more hunger -Anku said.

- And everybody will learn how to be kind to animals.

- And we will plant many trees.

- Shhhh!

- We need to be many, we need to be more. Let's begin with our friends in *Facebook*.

- Anku, not only Face, that is old hat already; we can also use *Weshare*, *Wato*, *Watooops*, and *LikeAs* as well as *Friends3000*.

- I am going to make a video tomorrow, with my friends -Anku said-. We need people to share our ideas in all possible languages. We need to invite parents, teachers... And the TV! Oh Anka, I can't wait -Anku was impatient to start.

- The fifth element Anku, the fifth element: Time. Time is on our side. Time will help us. Anku, relax... -Anka smiled-. 'Night bro!

Two blocks away the light was still on. Rose, Granma, was still surfing the Internet, looking and checking new tools for education around the world.

- There is so much in this day and age... -she said to herself-. What wonderful tools! The children were right. We can change this.

She was decided. She would make a new School for Anku and Anka, and the name of the School would be the *7 Petal School*. She liked the name. In her mind's eye she could see the children dancing, blossoming like flowers, happy, full of energy, active, running, singing...

- I owe it to them -she murmured to herself.

- I owe it to myself -she added up.

Epilogue: Three years later



- **Hi Children, I am home!** -father shouted from the hall.
- Hi daddy, you seem to be in a good mood!
- Yes, you know what?
- What? -exclaimed Anku and Anka at the same time, giving daddy a big hug.
- The Ministry of Education agreed.
- With what... with your document 7 something?
- Exactly, right.

Anku and Anka began to cheer.

- What is all this noise? Mother interfered. She was talking to her group of WEA "Parents of the World" and came out of the session to see what was happening.
- It's not "7 something" Anku, it's [7P-2022/full-ed/777cv888](#). It will help many schools.

Anku and Anka smiled, father was always so precise.

- Wow Dad, you are a genius! You are fantastic!
- Not only did he agree, but he liked the project so much he wants to set up a Network with all the Ministries of Education on the 5 continents. And all the countries will sign it, agreeing

to renew their educational systems taking the needs of the children and society into account, considering the "happiness coefficient" is a key factor for better learning.

- Wow, fantastic!

- And we will take the ecological needs of the Planet into account as well -father went on.

Anku and Anka smiled. They had insisted so much on the ecological side and the harmful smoke of the cars.

- The implementation of each school will be based on the culture of each place, depending on local needs and the local projects of the people; each group will build a local semi-independent school, sharing their *know-how* and educational tools on a mega digital platform, free of charge. Everybody will support everybody.

Anku and Anka looked at their father in admiration.

- An annual meeting with everybody involved is also planned. The document includes an article on Culture of Peace which will be taught in all schools. The Minister wants to share our ideas all over the globe through a new network called ReMuNeG, *Worldwide Net for a New Education and New Geopolitic*.

-Daddy, why ReMuNeG? The letters don't match... -Anku said.

- Oh, right, that is because the acronym is in Spanish. This was suggested in the beginning by a group of young people in South America years ago... and we decided to join them. They are very creative over there.

- Hum... South America? Daddy, are we going there?

- And something more, the Ministry of Education wants to multiply the 7 Petal School of your Granma and set up a pilot school in every department of the country, motivating other countries to do the same. That way we will have at least one 7 Petal School in every country soon.

-Oh Daddy, what you did was wonderful! Can we visit them? All of them?

Right at that moment Granma walked into the room. She too was very excited.

- What happened Granma?

- Everybody pay attention! I have great news for you!

- What Granma? -Anku and Anka loved their Granma very much. They were very happy to see her in such a good mood... and this had happened frequently since she had opened her New School...

- First I got the results from my medical exams back... And you know what? There is no sign of cancer anymore.

- That's fantastic Granma... We are so proud of you. You have many more years ahead of you. With the School and with us. You will see your great-great-grand children! And you will see them happy and thankful.

Anku and Anka were jumping with joy. They had been dreaming lately with a new friend, called Pakua. And he had told them that Granma was permanently cured. And he also spoke about greater projects around the planet. Anku and Anka were now 11 and 13. And they were extremely brilliant. They had grown a lot. Anku was now taller than Granma and almost as tall as his mother. Both were full of energy, as never before, and they were practicing one or two hours of sports every day in their Granma's 7 Petal School. They were simply radiating with good health and happiness.

- Second... You know what? -Granma went on.

- What?

- We have to celebrate. I am going to get an Award for the Most Innovative School (The MIS Award) in the country for being a "Zero Bullying School" (OB School). This will be next month. Will you be there? Aline will be our special guest and she is going to perform some songs from her new album. In the end this is all thanks to you, that all this is happening. You three should receive that award.

Granma had such a charming smile.

- Ahaha Granma, we don't want any awards, we only want you to be happy -Anku smiled looking into her eyes.

-And we want that all the children of the world are also happy -Anka added, hugging Granma and Anku.

- Thank you Granma... And Mum and Dad too, thank you.

- Happy and responsible -father corrected- to be exact...

- And pro-active -Mother added for good measure.

-But Granma, how did you get that award?

-It was rather easy actually. You remember that the Municipality helped us starting the *7 Petal School* three years ago. The mayor at the time was a childhood friend of mine. We used to go to the same school. When we went to present the project, he was very interested and he just had the funds for a local pilot school at hand. So we were hand in glove really, do you remember?

Anku and Anka remembered. And above all father could not forget because the commission of the mayor never stopped asking for papers and justifications. Where are the antecedents? Where is the bibliography to back this up? In which countries are there 7 Petal Schools? What are their results? What are the indexes? Where are the papers to prove this will work? Etc. Etc. Etc... They had to present a ton of papers to say that.... Well, as it is an experimental pilot school and the first of its kind in the world... they didn't have any papers, anything of what they asked. Even so they managed to set up the project and father laughed:

- It was because there weren't any other projects, ah ahah... And the mayor liked Granma so much when they were young (!). He also had an autistic granddaughter and he liked the idea of a new Education a lot...

- Anyway, at the end of the tale -Granma went on-. When there was a change of mayor this year, the new mayor had to give an award for the most innovative school in the region, and he chose us. He liked the fact that we had not one case of bullying last year. And also our ecological campaign was a success, as we planted over 1000 trees. The new mayor clearly remembered because he had to give us 1000 seedlings, do the inauguration in front of the TV cameras, and also give us space to plant the trees... and we appeared in the newspapers. And he loved the concert the children and Aline gave at the Home for Grandparents of the Municipality. And he also liked our mural in the city centre about the Culture of Peace. We were the first school to teach... graffiti!!

- I don't think he really loved that one -father interrupted laughing-. But the children loved it! There is graffiti with positive affirmations all over the city now!

- Hmmm, but it wasn't all roses -mother added, winking at father. You remember when some people threatened to invade the school? And we had to stand guard all night, with Guardian, and the other parents? And when the Ministry asked us to close everything down? Wow, what an adventure!

- We make a great team, no? -Dad laughed again-. Ohhh, by the way, we have an interview for the television tomorrow. Are you coming?

- But Dad... School? We don't want to miss a single class, it's too much fun!

- Don't worry; the interview will be in the School, together with three local radio stations as well. You know, we need to be in the public eye if we want to save time and make people more aware. Anku, your picture is in the newspaper.

Father showed Anku and Anka the front page of the national newspaper; *The children are changing their own Educational System*. That was the title. The article explained further: The students learn 6 foreign languages; they are '*computer wizards*' and specialists in Social Sciences. The School hardly generates any waste and no CO2. They have zero cases of bullying, and they have planted 1000 trees, thanks to the initiatives of the children and the municipality.

- Ah, Dad, one more thing -asked Anku.

-What is it boy? Want to open another School? - Joked father.

- Can we go camping next week? We have 4 days of holidays; you know?

- Where do you want to go?

- There is a special place; it's in the North of the city. It isn't far Dad. Can we go? I heard there is a very nice place to go camping, next to a very special cave. I want to show you something very special.

(To be continued).

Excerpt of the book "How humanity reconnected to the Heart again"

By Pa Ay Ma El and Dao de Ming

Multiversity of Peace, Heping Helping University, in collaboration with Pedagoogia 5000

Year: 2144

Appendices

What is Pedagoogia3000

Bibliography

Contacts

What is P3000?

A planetary invitation

Pedagoogia 3000 or Educatiooon 3000 (P3000 for short) is a worldwide invitation to co-create a new Education which is fun, cooperative, integral, oriented towards Peace Culture, multicultural, ecological, humane and caring. An Education that take care of:

- The children´s real needs, in order to develop their unique potential.
- The teachers´ needs, in search of practical pedagogical tools that consider local reality, environment, Emotional Intelligence, Creativity, and that are enjoyable.
- The needs of distraught parents requiring updated information and tools to play a dynamic and loving role in their children Education.
- The needs of society in general, in search of new patterns and paradigms to increase the standard of living and welfare of its citizens, while ensuring a sustainable Culture of Peace so much needed on this Planet, as well as true ecological and multicultural awareness.

Why has it become so urgent to change the Education?

Currently, changes in metabolism and children's behaviour have become more and more evident. Doctors report that children today have modified their eating and sleeping habits, and their metabolism is faster. Psychologists in turn observe an increase in psychological maturity, more precociousness and a significant increase in Emotional Intelligence.

That why the children of today need to channel their high level of energy harmoniously and to develop their talents to the fullest in a new educational setting.

At a worldwide level, it is known that suicide rates in youth and even children are on the rise, coupled with teacher absenteeism, violence in schools and bullying which have increased sharply. According to *bullyingenelmundo.blogia*, 30% of children are victims of general abuse, 25% verbally, 23% physically and 38% assaulted in some way or another. The NGO *Save the children* calculated that one child out of 6 lives in a high risk situation (2018).

Additionally, paediatricians highlight on new illnesses in youths and children such as nervous breakdowns, schizophrenia, stress and epilepsy, desolation, violence, self-

destruction, and also the famous and much controversial ADHD (Attention Deficit and Hyperactivity Disorder) which is increasing, along with school phobia, social disorder, autism and Asperger Syndromes, etc.

Parents and teachers are finding themselves having to look for other types of activities to meet these children's energetic, cognitive and psycho-emotional necessities. This situation motivates us to look for new, creative, pro-active and fun educational techniques that allow the integral development of the children and youths.

This is why P3000 offers an entirely new perspective on why and how to educate, permitting the wellbeing of teachers and parents, the blossoming of the students, and an integral development for all, leading the way to a new Society, one of solidarity and peace, which takes care of its Planet.

What P3000 offers:

- Scientific Research on the psycho-emotional and neurological changes in the children of today.
- Applied research on innovative neuro-pedagogical applications such as educational tools for the integral development of the human being, *NeuroFLASH 3000* techniques, Languages 3000, meta-language tools, Universal Geometry, development of the 7 areas of the 7 Petal School, among others.
- Training Programs: Programs for teachers, parents and youths. Assessment, awareness conferences and workshops on the 5 continents, together with *Youths 3000* and *Voices of the Children* programs.
- Multimedia Material: Production of books, pocket books, manuals and videos. Available free of charge on our website and on *YouTube*.
- Network of 7 Petal Schools: with 13 in planning stage and 7 functioning with excellent results (in 2018).
- Social and Solidarity Platform: Implementation of Programs of Social Pedagogy for children at risk (refugees, violent areas, disaster areas, prisons, etc.) and Peace Culture Programmes.
- Networks: Planetary awareness and exchange of educational information.

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NGOs, 2018

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