

Claudia Gliemann

What's the story about?

Frieda's mummy is a musician. Unfortunately, the Corona virus means that all her concerts are cancelled for the time being. Frieda's mummy gets sad and Frieda wonders: "Is it my fault? Did I do something wrong? Is she sad because of me?" Of course not! This is what this book is about.

Age: 3+

When Mummy stopped playing music

Translated from German into English by Claudia Gliemann

What (and WHO) is HopeLit?

HopeLit is a voluntary union of creatives, mainly from the book industry. HopeLit wants to pay it forward through creative content and books for children and grownups. We want to be a ray of hope in a currently chaotic world. HopeLit wants to show how a common goal can unite us across industry boundaries and competition. »There is life after COVID-19 and that's what we are working toward. Together. Insieme. Ensemble. Samen. Birlikte ...«

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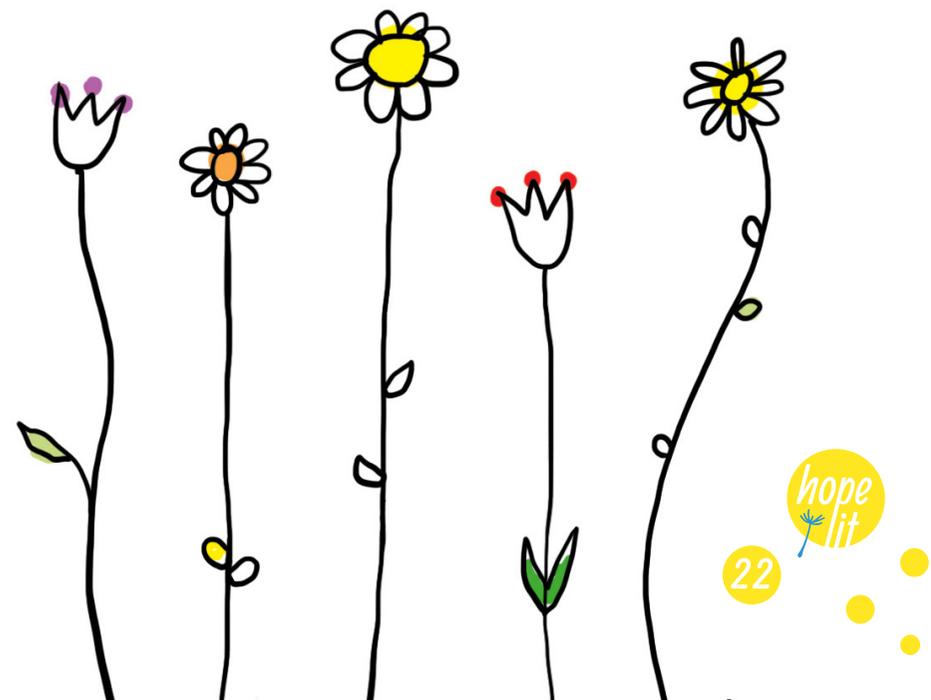
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My Mummy's Garden

This is me. My name is Frieda. I am five years old. And next year, I will start school.

This is Freddie, my little brother. He is three.

And this is my daddy. Daddy is a stay-at-home dad. He stays at home and looks after Freddie and me.

And this is my mummy. Mummy is a musician. She goes away quite often. Well, she did until Corona came along. Now she doesn't play music anymore.

Now she is sad.

What does your home look like?
Draw your family.

Before Corona, we often used to laugh together and do lots of silly things. Now, Mummy often just stares into space. Then she sits on the sofa and looks out of the window. Sometimes our cat Charlie jumps up and curls up beside her.

Sometimes Freddie goes over to her and says: “Play, Mummy! Play!” She starts smiling then, but only for a short time. Her smile soon disappears again. And then she says: “Later, Freddie. Mummy is so tired today.” And then I go over to Freddie and start playing with him or Daddy picks him up.

This has been going on for quite some time now. When it started, it was still winter. Now it is nearly summer and Mummy is still sad.

Are you sad sometimes too? Can you say why?

Draw yourself laughing with your family.

“Mummy, will you smile again someday?” I ask her.

“Sure. Someday. But not yet,” she answers.

“And when will it be someday?” I ask her.

“I don’t know for sure,” she answers and looks at me with those sad eyes.

A heavy thunderstorm is raging. Can you draw it?

“But I don’t understand all this. You used to laugh so much. What happened? Did I do something wrong? Is it my fault?”

“No! Of course not, Frieda! You shouldn’t think that. This has got nothing to do with you at all. It is absolutely not your fault. Let me think of an example. Perhaps I can compare it to a forest. It feels as though a heavy thunderstorm has been raging inside of me. And this thunderstorm has torn down lots and lots of trees. And now, I have to carry all those trees away and I have to plant new little trees.”

“Will it take a long time?” I ask Mummy.

“Yes. It will take some time. Trees don’t grow very fast.”

“Build trees!” says Freddie, bringing us his building blocks.
 “Play!” he shouts!

Then Mummy gets up from the sofa and sits down on the carpet with Freddie and me, and together we build a forest out of the building blocks. And then all of a sudden Charlie comes along and makes himself comfortable in the middle of our newly built forest.

Now summer has gone and the leaves have turned yellow and red. Mummy has been on tour again and she is gradually feeling better.

Sometimes, Mummy is still sad. And sometimes, I try to make her laugh, but Daddy always reminds me that I do not have to cheer her up and that, most of all, it is not my fault that she’s sad. Mummy became sad because of this Covid-19 virus and because, all of a sudden, overnight almost, she was no longer allowed to work. And so the thunderstorm developed and it tore down some of Mummy’s life trees.

Why don't you build a forest out of building blocks?
 What does it look like?



Then, one day, we all go out for a bike ride together. Freddie sits in front in the kid's seat. As we are passing along an area with little gardens, Daddy suddenly stops in front of a garden gate and starts grinning.

“Well, here we are!” says Daddy.

“What do you mean?” asks Mummy.

Then Daddy looks from Freddie to me and then to Mummy.

“We're at your garden,” says Daddy and pulls out a key.

What do they see on their outing? You can draw it here.

“At my garden?” wonders Mummy.

“Yes, for your new trees. So that you can plant lots of new things.”

What a surprise! Mummy looks at Daddy with her mouth wide open and a little smile starts to show. Then Daddy opens the gate to the garden and we have our first picnic in my mummy’s garden.

Sometimes, Mummy still sits on the sofa. But now she spends a lot of time in her garden as well. And we do, too. Sometimes, Mummy is all alone in the garden. She plays music. And writes new songs. And she rides her bike lots now too.

We can really see her life trees growing. It is so great when she is laughing again. And now I know that it is not my fault. And I know that my mummy loves me.

And always will.

Imagine a colourful garden. What does it look like?
You can draw it here.