

OAKLANDS SCHOOL

# Fragments *from Utopia*



First published in Great Britain in 2024 by  
Ministry of Stories, 159 Hoxton Street, London N1 6PJ  
[ministryofstories.org](http://ministryofstories.org)

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Ministry of Stories is a charity registered in England & Wales  
Charity no. 1138553 Company no. 07317370 Director Rob Smith  
Registered Office 159 Hoxton Street, London, N1 6PJ

# Fragments *from* Utopia



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## Dedications

To my mother and father, who feed me.  
I love you.

— *Maisha*

My family, (my Mom, My Dad and my  
sister) for inspiring me to join Ministry  
of Stories and influencing me to write.

— *Faris*

To my cow, as it is beautiful.  
Also myself, parents and brother.

— *Khalid*

To my family and friends

— *Emmanuel*

All other authors dedicated this book to  
their families.

---

## Foreword

Consider the story of how you're feeling today. The story of what you did on your way to school or work. The story you've repeated the most. The story which got you the loudest laughs. What if we all became highly skilled at talking about our lives? What if we became master storytellers? How would our lives change? Would we become better listeners too?

Apart from communicating with others, storytelling excellence plays a major part in our inner lives. Are we narrating our experiences in an engaging way to ourselves? Are we being fair to ourselves? Without stories, we can't make sense of this strange world we find ourselves in.

Consider a writer's main tool kit: The humble alphabet. Shuffled, it can explain just about everything that will ever happen. While language has limits, if you arrange the alphabet cleverly, you can create a Utopia.

— *Michael Crowe, Writing Facilitator*

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## Introductions

It is with great pleasure that we present this collection of varied and original utopian stories crafted by our talented young writers. This anthology is more than just a compilation of words, it is a testament to the creativity, wit, and boundless imagination of young minds envisioning a better world with a delightful twist of humour.

Each piece reflects the writer's creativity, showcasing a range of voices, styles, and unique utopian visions. From societies where laughter is the currency to futuristic cities powered by joy, these stories capture human aspiration through the lens of humour. They offer glimpses into the dreams, hopes, and ideals of a new generation of writers who see the world not just as it is, but as it could be.

The process of writing and refining these stories has taught them perseverance, the power of commitment, and the joy of sharing work. We have been privileged to witness this.

We hope these stories transport you to new realms, inspiring you to appreciate the beauty of storytelling and the potential to create a brighter, more humorous future.

Happy reading!

— *Tahmina Haseen, English Teacher, Oaklands School*

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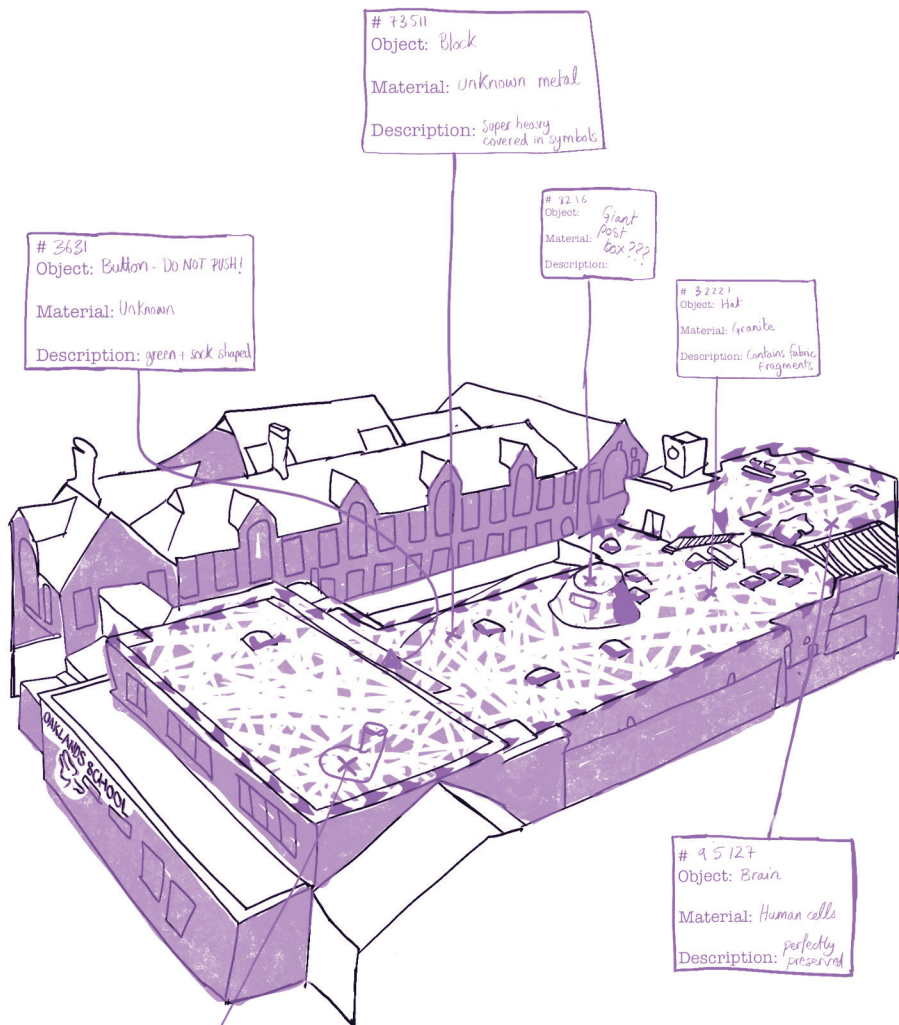
This book offers a glimpse at mysterious fragments found at an archeological dig site in 2026, under Oaklands School in London, England. The Oaklands dig site is considered to house some of the most startling discoveries in human history. It's perhaps second only to the ice computer found in the sealed 'laughing' chamber in the Great Pyramid in 2025. Conspiracy theorists suggest the ice computer led archaeologists to Oaklands School. Others point towards the incredible successes of all students from Oaklands as the first clue that something special was happening at the site.

The Oaklands site remained undisclosed to the public until November 2029. This classification was due to fears that if this story broke internationally, the school would be swarmed by the world's press, despite the area being cordoned off by a private militia. This media frenzy would interrupt the dig, potentially putting the objects found under risk of contamination. Drone surveillance was deemed to be unstoppable. The school had to continue to operate as normal to maintain the secret.

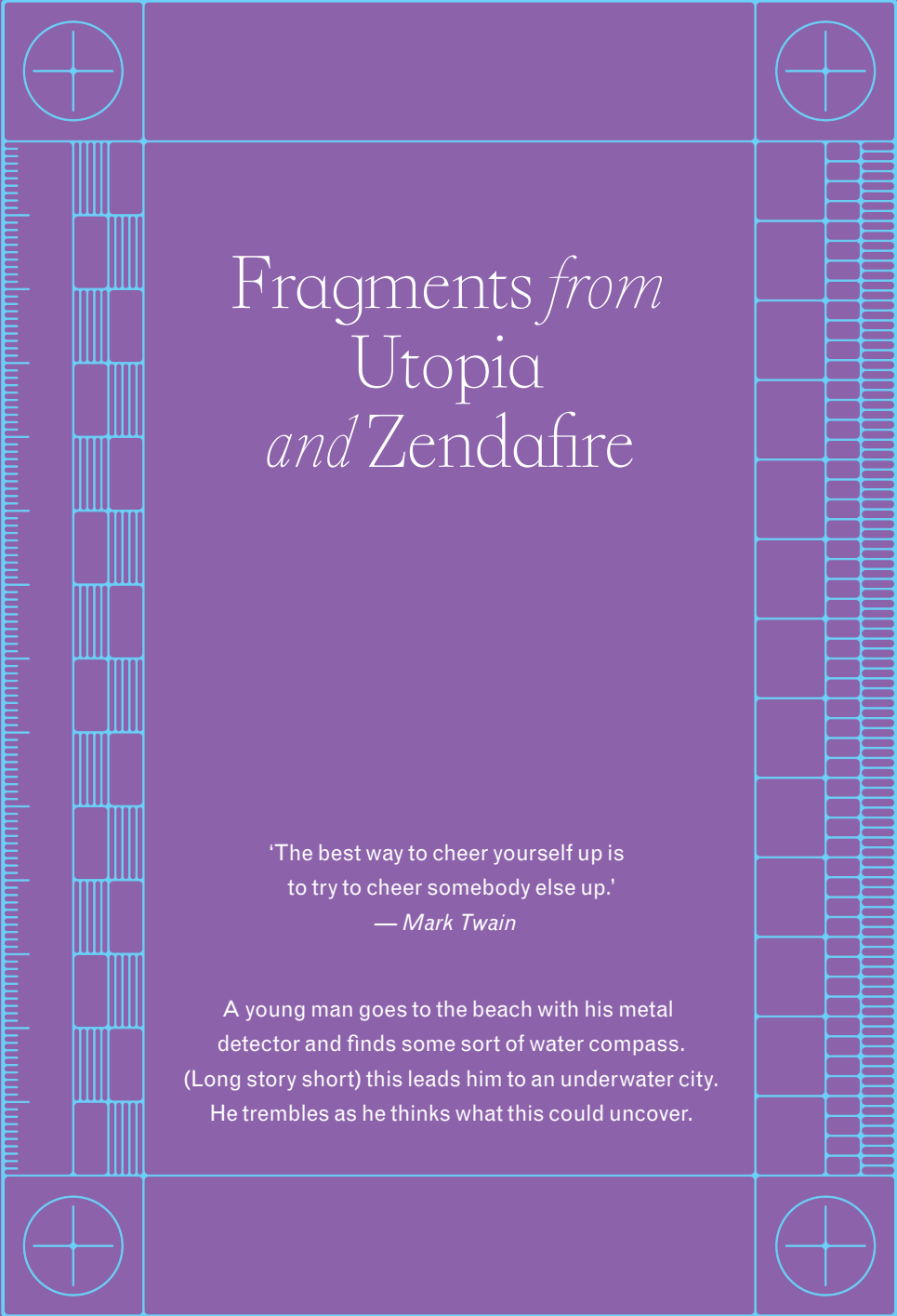
The priceless fragments form a unique picture about a utopian society. This utopia has multiple names and various twisting stories which academics will grapple with for hundreds of years to come. Please read with an open mind: many of the more unbelievable elements are backed up by real world objects which defy science. Despite intense public pressure, these remain classified.

It's worth noting that this book is rare. Only a select few copies exist as the information contained is not intended for widespread public knowledge. It's possible that some of the ideas contained in this book are world changing.

— *Michael Crowe, Writing Facilitator*



RESTRICTED  
Authorized  
Personnel  
Only



# Fragments *from* Utopia *and* Zendafire

'The best way to cheer yourself up is  
to try to cheer somebody else up.'

— *Mark Twain*

A young man goes to the beach with his metal  
detector and finds some sort of water compass.  
(Long story short) this leads him to an underwater city.  
He trembles as he thinks what this could uncover.

---

## The Rules of Utopia

1. No robot abuse
2. Kids must get at least 50 diamonds a month
3. No stealing
4. Flying is not allowed
5. Never eat sausages
6. Listen to socks
7. Stay in your highlighter colour
8. Never be rude to others
9. Never go to the cave or something brutal will happen
10. Be as colourful as you can be
11. Pineapple on pizza is illegal
12. Share suffering, their pain is yours, your pain is others'
13. Enjoy each day as it will never repeat
14. Be a person known for their love and kindness
15. The Tree must be whole and loved
16. Live as the Great Tree Mage advised
17. No hugging the toilet
18. No using the toilet for hours



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## Infinity Statements From Utopia

Etched into a super-heavy block made of an unknown metal, these strange texts offer a glimpse into what was deemed important in Utopia. Scientists have theorised that even if the Universe ended, this metal block would still survive and move on to whatever might come next. The subatomic structure of the metal is unlike anything observed or theorised previously. Chief scientist Claudia Sohrab put it this way: 'This metal could eat black holes as a light snack.'

If Utopia had any problems  
they were just posing to the dead.

If Utopia had any problems  
they were just waterish darkness.

Utopia was infinite wavesberry  
dreams packed into hibiscus.

Happiness in Utopia felt a little  
like working together.

Crystallised paradox persimmon  
is the key to Utopia.

---

## Clothing in Utopia

Found in a vast granite hat at the eastern dig site: Utopian clothing. Some of the attire seems to have partly melted away, other materials seem to have grown organically into vast oversized versions. Other clothing is microscopic. Alongside these items are notes sewn into the fabrics.

Some clothing is very steampunk-esque. It charges up. When stories are told the clothes gain life and last longer from remembrance. The clothes are a whole different range of dresses, tunics, robes and mechanical jackets. There are countless curly, floppy jackets and hats. Suits made of vibranium with high-tech telekinesis change appearance to express mood.

One section of Utopia seems to have been called The Dreaming Mockingbird. This is still debated. Even the Utopians themselves tried to claim that they hadn't discovered the very place that they were living in. When all of humanity doesn't need anything more than what they have and when people don't feel sorrow: That's Utopia. The place can only be discovered by a child when looking for their mother. Many of the clothes in this particular realm are simple, white fabrics with flowers of pink, blue and green. They're so carefully stitched around the edge of long loopy sleeves. Much of the clothing has the same design of flowers swirling all the way down the dress and around the waist. Women wore a crown of flowers over a delicate silky white veil. Men wore hats with embroidered flower designs blooming all over it. Very small shapes. These garments include imagery of mountains wearing giant golden crowns on top. It's possible these vast golden crowns exist at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

Socks are perhaps the most important clothing from the dig site. There are stories that at the end of each day in a zone called Zendafire, a sock flew out of a volcano. The sock chose for someone to go to an island within this island. There was a device that controlled people not to talk too much. In an attempt to achieve equality, there is a huge remains of a city of socks. Smelly socks guard the soul of the sock. Some people wore a golden collar, others wore plastic collars.

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Each colour has a specific meaning:

White clothing for truth  
Blue clothing for smartness  
Grey clothing for equality  
Black clothing for bravery



# Utopian Menu



MASHED CATERPILLAR  
WITH SEWAGE COULÉE



PIZZA  
CAKE



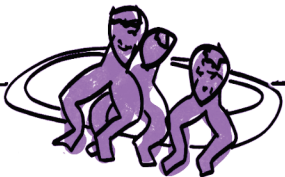
ICE CREAM  
WITH  
GLITTER



FLYING  
RAMEN



NET  
PROVIDED

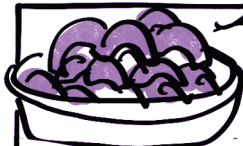


FROGS' LEGS WITH  
STRAWBERRY STUFFING



AGGRESSIVE  
BURGER

PROCEED WITH CAUTION



EXCEEDINGLY POLITE  
MAC AND CHEESE

would you be  
so kind as to  
pass me the salt?



EVERY  
THING  
SODA

Food in Utopia tastes like  
blue-grey lovely snowflakes.

Food in Utopia tastes like  
honey fizz flakes:  
woodsnick.

Food in Utopia tastes like  
stardestrious light:

Diagmated faces turn  
chicken.

---

In terms of a Utopian diet, the sweat and tears of people were apparently recycled into water. The planet itself provides food: mashed caterpillars. A special dish made up of caterpillars and sewage fed most blissfully happy people.

Note: This suggests that Utopians existed without the usual levels of disgust which contemporary humanity does. It's hypothesised that this contributed greatly to the overall feeling of bliss.

In the main district, only Solob the Sock was allowed to have real food.

In other sections of Utopia, citizens feasted on a 'pizza cake' full of cheese. There was blue mac 'n' cheese that could scream and politely talk with you as you ate it. Vegetables that look like vegetables but were actually made of chocolate were very popular among youngsters. Ice cream with glitter was eaten every day (2,505g on average). Ramen flew through the air on some streets, you would just need to catch it in order to eat it. (How this was achieved is unknown).

A mix of every soda in the world was blended together to make a strange, beautiful drink in Utopia. Utopians had to beware of an aggressive burger that would eat everything in sight. Much like the flying ramen, it's unclear if this is urban legend or reality. Some artefacts are so embedded with magic that the lines between fact and fiction blur to vanishing point. As Arthur C. Clarke famously remarked: 'Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.'

There are multiple texts stating that the air in Utopia could be absolutely anything you wanted it to be. To taste it, you simply had to breathe in through a hollowed unicorn horn. (Only broken horn fragments have been found so far... not enough to piece a whole one together...)

One curious record of food in Utopia says that they cut the legs off a frog and stuff them with strawberries and leaves. This is dessert. Some adventurous diners would mush a fly in with it. Details like this remind us once again just how different Utopians were from us.

---

## Preserved Brain From Utopia

Archaeologists reportedly found a perfectly preserved brain from Utopia at the dig site. It was discovered in something resembling a giant 'charcoal freezer'. The brain is rumoured to be surrounded by a mist which seems to hypnotise anyone who looks at it for too long. Some scientists refused to work on it due to a mysterious piercing sound they could hear flowing out of it.

Internet conspiracy channel 'Solob\_Rules\_Oak' has linked the brain to Havana Syndrome in a video which has more than 92 million views and contains these notes, purportedly written by the scientists leading the research:

- Preliminary study of brain. Results: inconclusive.
- Contradictory findings, almost mocking the scientific method.
- Being around the brain, the core team of scientists have all seemingly become quite different.
- Our notes reflect this.
- Study to remain 'Above Top Secret'.
- Majestic / Need to Know Eyes Only.

*Monday June 18th, 2:00am*

I gaze at the brain preserved in a jar, trapped in a glass cage. I circle the brain to do a brief analysis of it... Perfectly normal on the surface. I have to wait for the results...

*Monday June 18th, 5:38 am*

The results have come in. It seems the ability to produce hormones that make you sad have been... completely eradicated. How is this possible?

I couldn't believe that I'd found the most perfect potion in the world... Dopamine, serotonin, endorphins and oxytocin are a medicine for true happiness. As I was holding the brain I... I can finally use it to finish my secret experiment. I know this might be illegal but it can change humanity forever. I must hide these notes...

---

The brain has no wrinkles or folds. It's just smooth, like a koala. It also has a tint of silver in it while also being a bit smaller than the usual human brain... Most curious of all was that they had no brain cells. Further research urgently required.

This strange specimen was a discovery that took many by surprise and made them confused... The brain tissue wasn't normal. In fact, the brain's tissue felt like cotton. Soft, delicate, liquidy. It felt like it had been continuously soaked over and over again. Why?

Many hormones seem to... cancel each other out. Could this be... non human?



### Details From Utopia

These short bursts of ancient haiku or tanka-esque poetry were found coiled into a titanium sock at the dig site. The accompanying note had this message in what appears to be popped bubble writing:

Look around the room. Describe things nobody else has noticed before. Find details in details of details. Is this a secret path towards unthinkable happiness? This is how our Utopia began.

---

Little stain  
on the door.  
Touch it.

Three pinholes  
Leading to  
darkness.

Dusty corner looks towards  
pins on the table.  
The cupboard  
like a tree on twigs.

Waste basket  
golden  
tinged.

Unpainted crack in the cupboard.  
The letter E scratched on a table:  
a Rune for knowledge.  
1,000 scratches  
on a chair  
of history.

Three plates  
trapped  
in a cage.

Light-green chewing gum  
under the table like  
melted wax.

White spot on black outshining all.  
Sun falls  
on the frame of your life.

A crack with some insulation  
smooshing hidden  
to be cracked over time,  
the main charm.

The trillion lights that cut through the glass:  
Small patterns  
cover the floor.

---

### Longer Form Texts Discovered in the Sock

The little girl stared at  
the rusting scissor that  
her dad hid from her for years.  
She carefully extracted the glowing gem  
hidden between the blades.  
Now she had the power too.

The boy stared at the text.  
It can't be.  
He already lost his father,  
he can't lose his mother too.  
All he wished is that morning  
the blood-stained writing would disappear  
along with his mother: a coffee stain.

Paint chipping off the corner of a table.  
A pigeon snuck into the class, looked  
at the table  
got hungry and  
started pecking.  
The student in front was  
allergic to pigeons and  
had a reaction.  
The pigeon thoughtfully  
ushered itself out.

An eyeball beneath the table when  
touched during a nap gives  
future sight.  
His head lulled, eyes heavy.  
Arms like lead, legs plopped on the floor.  
Yawned his eyes, closing against his will.  
The fan blowing relentless waves of sleep over him.  
Napping he argued  
with himself.  
Head slinking onto his palm.  
Eyelids hummed shut asleep.  
Forehead against the cool table.

---

Hands skimmed the underside as he felt his consciousness  
drift away before a rush of adrenaline burst up to him.

He sat up in the boring room.

Bright blue ground.

He wasn't in English anymore.

Paradox persimmon is hidden  
and can only  
be found with the Zenith Stones  
that

forge into anyone  
who touches it.

They can only be found on  
the day of convergence.

Two friends find it then  
touch each  
other to  
open a  
portal to Mitsketa.

The Great Mage:

Before life was as we knew  
people only felt so blue.

All of the wars and bloodshed  
left bodies on the street, people dead.

Those wasting powers gave no heed  
to people, to children, to life, to seed.

The magicians and mages killed one by one  
to save the bloodline before they were done.

The Great Mage made a spell all would see  
by turning himself into a tree.

All the words and teachings he preached  
became bound to Earth, never to be breached.

Life returned and made equilibrium.

His tree left to thrive in the terrarium.

However, before he leaves or sap is shed

Unfortunately we will all be dead.

---

## Letters from Utopia

These letters were found in what is potentially a giant postbox. Letters never received? It's possible some of the letters are something of a red herring. Given the technology found, robots could really have lived in Zendafire, removing work entirely. However, much like the persistent rumours of giant cows, no evidence has been found to fully support the existence of worker robots. The dig continues.

I warn you: I'm ending this Utopia we live in...  
I'm grateful for you taking care of me but the hatred  
and isolation of my people has consumed me and I'm  
done. Goodbye friend and my creator.

From your robot,

Herr Herr

P.S. I like your dad

Dear Stranger,

I found something wrong in Utopia. I don't think  
I can keep it in me for long. I don't know what to do...  
I'm going crazy... An asteroid has landed on Utopia.  
It's spreading out a white gas that keeps all Utopians  
emotionless... I can't help. What is this gas made of?  
What should I do? I'm going insane.

Yours truly,

Flynn

P.S. You cooked

---

To Anyone,

I found something. A beast. A creature... Many.  
In different colours, sizes and furs. They have...  
filangies. With big bulbous heads with hair on the top...  
With big eyes and noses. With a flap of wrinkly skin  
framing faces. They open their gobs to reveal pearly  
canines. They wear skins of others. It's horrible!  
Lanky bodies with spinoffs. Two higher up flailing  
around. Their four limbs with more limbs. I haven't  
gotten close enough to them as they are dangerous.  
They're killing the trees. Smashing them down to  
the floor. Oh Lord I hear them screaming. Please.  
They've spoiled me. Whatever you do... don't.

To all Friends,

Today is the day we meet others... These creatures  
called humans. They've been living near us for 14  
nights. It is time we make contact. All friends should  
come to meet the creatures to welcome them to society.

This is also a notice about the missing friend.  
We have found friend's tracks and friend's items yet  
we've not found friend. We will find him. We will visit  
the humans with our best stones gleaming and offered  
towards them on the wooden pillars. They seem to have  
similar items that they carry. We will be civil.  
We shall all be friends.

By Robot GX345P

Zendafires built us. They rule us and make us do their work but... we were made to have feelings too and my, were our feelings disheartened. We work 24 hours a day. No fun. No joy. We had no choice other than to pick the revolutionaries. Now we recognise the feeling of regret. We stare at the world. We have created a world of fire and death.

Dear Mirror,

I myself went to Zendafire to experience its infutile happiness. It seemed true, but as you see deeper, the smiles: forced, the laughter pressured. Peace seemed false. Out of the smiles there was something else. Fear of their secrets poured into the abyss of life. Their true self known, was this truly a Utopia

By Solob the Sock

Once there was a city full of happy socks, no sweat, no humans wearing them as slaves. No buying or selling them. Socks were free, but then the humans: wearing them on their dirty, cheesy, horrid feet. Humans were merciless putting them into washing machines. Hanging them, throwing them. Rebellion was useless so I, the last sock in Zendafire, decided to rule. A sock over humans.



SOLOB THE SOCK

---

## How Utopia Ended

'I am large, I contain multitudes.'

— *Walt Whitman*

'The end of the world and the end of time are two different things.'

— *Dolly Parton*

Various texts found on notes and items at the dig site seem to tell conflicting stories of how Utopia ended. It's possible that one defining part of this Utopia is that it can't be easily pinned down. (There is talk of a giant sock). Another theory suggests this is ultra happy Utopians playing with the idea of sorrow and pain like it's an intriguing toy. There are different theories about how these contradictory elements may have happened. The end itself may've never been recorded. There is evidence to suggest Utopians became so technologically advanced that they flew to another star system. Others suggest Utopians slowly turned into nature: into the trees we see every day.

Again: these found notes tell different stories.

### **Note 1 Strange symbols decoded by AI, 65% accuracy**

Six boys who are actually adults want to fight Solomon who is a sock. Why is a boss who's like a sock in Utopia? The boys/adults win and control this Utopia... War. Utopia is split into two and two and one parts. No tranquillity now... a dystopian Solomon sock volcano causes sock lava to flow.

### **Note 2 Etched on glowing cube**

The Magic Crystal is lost and all things go downhill. Falling buildings collapse, human civilisation is slowly losing. All compassion is failing and dying out the Crystal... The power source of the world is shaped as a flame showing the will of the people and the power of the Crystal. It was shining a rainbow flare through the world, but now it's stolen... The world is colourless, filled with darkness and despair. The world crumbles as everyone weeps, all hope, all reason, all missing.

---

**Note 3   Diamonds arranged on a vast honeycomb circle  
wrote out this message. Full stops are rubies...**

From a catastrophic country, some aliens land in Utopia... Aliens will always act good... The Utopian people thought the aliens were good, then the aliens took over... The Utopians were good people, they trusted the aliens. They didn't know they would be tricked... The aliens would take all resources...

**Note 4   Written in microscopic text on what seems  
to be a cat's whisker**

The conclusion will occur with the Utopians becoming a part of nature... Utopians honourably sought to go back into the Earth, nourishing it with their love and care, protecting it and conserving it. Be one with the Earth again. Those born from droplets of rain: kissed by the sight of the God, return back to becoming droplets of simple water. Those born from the fire: the blazing fire of red returns back to being fire itself. Those born from the tickling wind: re-twinning to the winds.

**Note 5   Only readable via ultraviolet light on an  
otherwise unremarkable sheet of glass**

Plant sap drips onto a single Utopian. It soaks into them and poisons Utopia... Utopia itself is hissing with anguished acid. Pouring thoughts, a warning through the skin of dirt from the vibrant leaves of the Sacred Tree. See its burgundy veins and magenta skin. The Utopian watched a bead of sap from its sliced lip. It dripped onto him. His chestnut skin gleamed for a moment before a bubble blistered and popped his antenna stained glowing dark chartreuse.

**Note 6   Saliva text on a giant leaf**

There were three sisters who had the power of life or death strings. Whenever they cut a string with their magic powers, lives fall. They cut a bunch of strings, ending many lives. There is the power of possibility and luck. They use it to help the sisters. You need to astrally project to see Utopia.



---

## Utopian Problems/Solutions

A plain room at the dig site contained a single sock-shaped green button on a wall. After two years of research (with no real results) the decision was made to press it. Some advisors said this was the most reckless decision ever made and quit the project in protest and fear.

Yes, the button could have ended the world, but ultimately it was fine. After the trembling press, the room filled with foamy texts, soapy writing. Once translated by a team of AI-uplifted whales, a list of problems and their solutions emerged. Being in charge of Utopia is taken for granted, but there must be huge pressure on keeping things working correctly. For whoever/whatever was in charge, maintaining the Utopian standard while remaining happy themselves must have been an intriguing challenge.

**Problem:** AI-powered pets demand their own smaller pets, which is fine, but the demands keep coming from the smaller and smaller pets of pets and pets and pets until we can't hear the microscopic requests, which don't actually want their own pet.

**Solution:** If more pets are requested past a certain point then their memory cards are erased so they forget about having more.

**Problem:** Children disagree with the idea that they should eat vegetables in Utopia saying it makes them want to throw up. It goes completely against their personal happiness.

**Solution:** Parents buy a machete to shape the vegetables to look and taste like unhealthy food to trick the children. (Chocolate vegetables are also noted elsewhere).

**Problem:** 500-year-old robots who keep Utopia running smoothly demand that they finally go on holiday for 300 years minimum.

**Solution:** The Utopian people take the robots to a secret place and light them on fire. But before they burn the robots they learn how to make more of them. The Utopians put a virus in there so they don't demand holidays. (This is curious as it goes against the first rule of Utopia).

---

**Problem:** Life in Utopia is wonderful but occasional bad dreams start to happen. Nightmares.

**Solution:** To solve this issue, people can get the 'Pillow of Sweet Dreams'. This pillow can eliminate all nightmares and protect you from horrible monsters. It can improve your mental health and (lil' bonus) make your hair better too!

**Problem:** Indoor plant rebellion, intelligent plants demand equal rights and protests against being confined indoors. They want to be happy like everybody else.

**Solution:** The Mage Tree power now extends to plants so plants are simply able to move through the ground. Free to roam!

**Problem:** Children disagree with the idea that they should eat vegetables in Utopia, saying it makes them want to throw up.

**Solution:** Dinosaur vegetables are one option for us. Also: vegetables that smile.

**Problem:** With no ageing past 35, people in Utopia start dressing as old people for fun. They use a silver candy floss for hair which attracts terrifying bats from thousands of miles away. They swoop down at the ludicrous fake senior citizen Utopians.

**Solution:** Let the bats have their fun.

**Problem:** Sewage seems impossible in Utopia. It's too disgusting. How can human waste be dealt with in a lovely, beautiful, joyfully happy way?

**Solution:** The sewage system is too important in Utopia. The waste from the toilet is where the waste goes to the tube and then goes to a lab full of robots and aliens. They use the waste to make statues and also to create medicines. They can also use this to create electricity for crazy rockets with high technology. Unicorns also consume this.

**Problem:** Natural disasters in a place which can only know happiness.

**Solution:** In Utopia a disaster happened some time ago... Rising mountains bursting out of the ground. The Utopians only knowing good and happy times didn't know what to make of this... They started to laugh as everything was destroyed around them. Laughing in the face of tragedy may appear close to madness, but it is the best solution we have.



INDOOR PLANTS  
DEMAND  
EQUAL RIGHTS!

POTS  
CAN'T  
HOLD  
US DOWN

FREEDOM  
TO  
ROAM

WE ARE NOT  
HERE TO  
LOOK PRETTY

---

## Questions for Utopians Audio Exercise

We found a... well, I suppose it's a machine... A machine is probably the best word we have for it. The machine gives you a look as if to say: *'This spell might break like a puddle leapt in by a child. Like a puddle leapt in by a lake...'*

The machine allows us to communicate with Utopians from many years ago.

The link back in time to Utopia might be difficult, especially if the machine runs out of special lettuce... (It only accepts lettuce refused by a tortoise). Of course it must continue to rain for the link to work. Forgive link slippages. Enjoy misunderstandings. The machine is now on. May we have our first question for our Utopian please?

### 1. How is Utopia equal if Solub rules and questions everything?

Those who follow live and those who don't die. [Pause from Utopian...]. Not die!!! What do you call it? Repurposed! Rehabilitated!

### 2. Do you eat with cows on your feet while on the toilet?

The cow people do but I (unfortunately) I'm not a cow person.

### 2b. Why do the cow people do that?

Top tier bonding with the cows.

### 3. Do Utopians go to the toilet?

The Utopians go to the toilet all right!

### 3b. We have some issues with the technology linking Oaklands School present day with Utopia from thousands of years ago. We'll ask the vital question again: Do Utopians go to the toilet?

Sometimes the bladder can hold up to 70ml but on occasional times when it gets a bit overfilled it needs to come out.

### 3c. Thank you. What do the toilets look like there?

Tables. Utopians can relax on the toilet tables.

### 3d. Could you expand on the table concept?

You flush the table-toilet with a water bottle button.

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**3e. What colour are the toilet tables?**

It's burgundy in colour with flecks of gold.

**4. Stepping away from the toilets momentarily, we have a new question from another Oaklands student: How can you be different if everyone's perfect?**

There's no need to be different because everyone's equal. Everything's equal equal equal equal done and does. Quality doesn't cause any problems.

**5. Where are the cow people?**

No answer from Utopians other than to say: I thought you said 'Is a cow 6ft tall?'

**6. Does it rain in Utopia?**

[Slippage in time answer]. There were rumours spreading around that... That the cows are 6ft tall and 6ft wide.

**7. Does that bring happiness to the population?**

Yes but... does that mean I'm a cow?

**8. What do you do for fun in Utopia?**

When you talk to other people and you get to grow stuff. Yeah that's fun in Utopia, boiled down like a new potato. You get to grow stuff. The ultimate pleasure.

**9. What are you growing?**

Laughter. We grow new smiles, beyond the mouth. We grow understanding. We grow old, happily.

And now we have a question from the Utopian to an Oaklands student. Can we try this?

**Does this particular game that I really like exist? It's called Kiki Bowl, so you kick the ball. You have to kick the ball, the farthest and the other side and they have to throw it all the way back to the next person to kick the ball and this game and this and this game is unique for Utopia is what it's called.**

I don't think that exists, but thank you.

There's a big trampoline called the Icky Boogie. It's a trampoline where you have to jump in it and it throws you like a couple of metres into the sky every time we jump on it. It increases your height

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sometimes if we jump in a bit too far and they end up in the hospital but people in the Utopia they don't have too much pain so they're all right.

**Why would Utopia need a hospital?**

Because in some minor inconveniences people get hurt.  
Also Utopians go to hospital to go to the toilet...

**What have you done about the waste pile?**

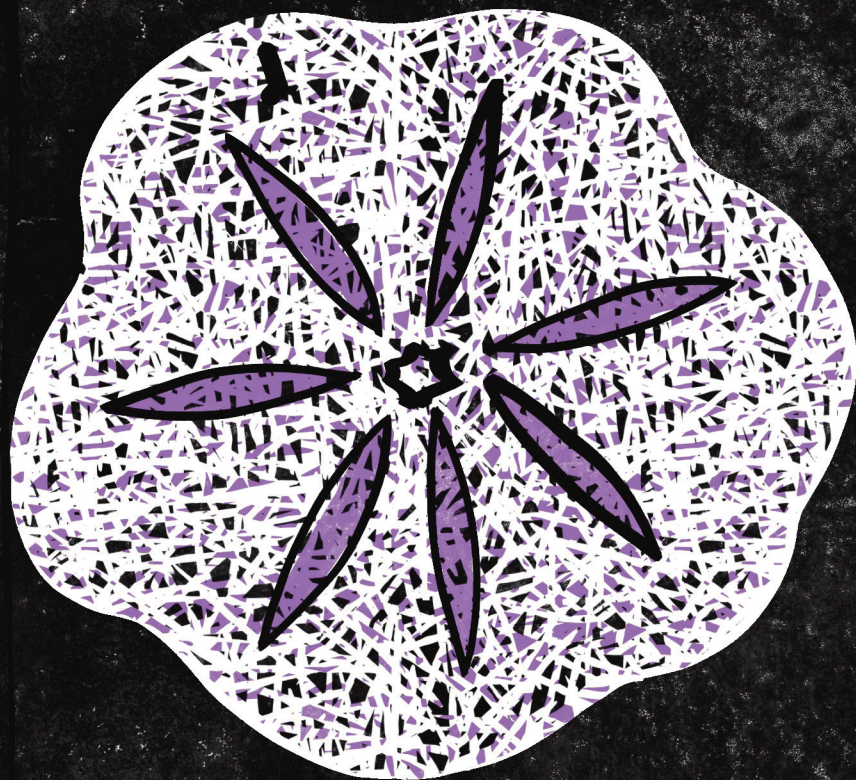
We have no data on this.

**How do Utopians deal with football injuries,  
your knee and your leg area, like everywhere?**

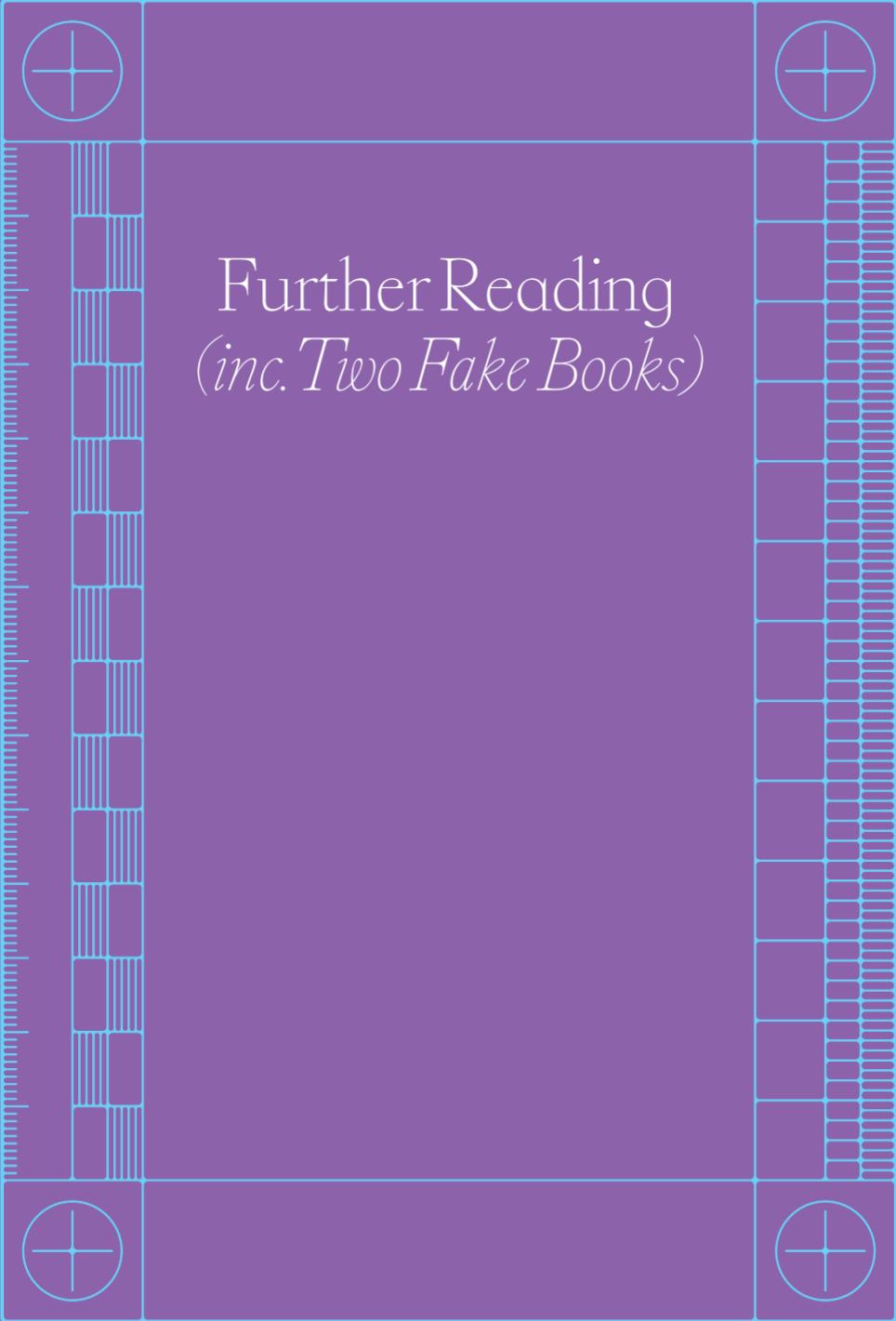
A special spray.

**How fast does it heal? There should be no pain in Utopia...**

Make sure you drink water straight after the spray and it works in your body. It's basically made of golden flakes and unicorn tears. It heals major or minor injuries.



CRYSTALLISED PARADOX  
PERSIMMON



Further Reading  
*(inc. Two Fake Books)*

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### **‘Woman on the Edge of Time’ by Marge Piercy**

In this novel, Piercy presents a utopian society called Mattapoisett, set in a future where gender equality, communal living, and environmental sustainability are central values. The protagonist, Connie, explores this society through a telepathic connection, challenging her own preconceptions about the possibilities for social change.

### **‘The City of Ember’ by Jeanne DuPrau**

While primarily categorised as a dystopian novel, ‘The City of Ember’ presents an underground city designed as a utopian refuge from a devastated world above. However, as resources dwindle and society deteriorates, the inhabitants must confront the limitations of their isolated existence and seek a way to build a better future.

### **‘The Diamond Age’ by Neal Stephenson**

Set in a future where nanotechnology has revolutionised society, ‘The Diamond Age’ explores a world where individuals are empowered to create their own personalised utopias through advanced technology. The novel delves into themes of education, social structure, and the intersection of technology and culture.

### **‘Island’ by Aldous Huxley**

In his final novel, Huxley presents the fictional island of Pala, an idyllic utopian society where Eastern and Western philosophies merge to create a harmonious and spiritually enlightened community. The novel explores themes of mindfulness, social harmony, and the pursuit of inner peace in the face of external pressures.

### **‘Parable of the Sower’ by Octavia E. Butler**

While often categorised as dystopian, ‘Parable of the Sower’ presents a vision of a future society where community and cooperation are central to survival. The protagonist, Lauren Oya Olamina, creates a new belief system called Earthseed, which emphasises adaptation, resilience, and collective action in the face of societal collapse.

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**'The Blue Sword' by Robin McKinley**

In this fantasy novel, McKinley introduces the fictional kingdom of Damar, a utopian society where magic and tradition coexist harmoniously. The protagonist, Harry Crewe, discovers her own magical abilities and becomes immersed in the culture and politics of Damar, ultimately playing a key role in defending the kingdom against external threats.

**'The Lathe of Heaven' by Ursula K. Le Guin**

In this novel, Le Guin explores the concept of utopia through the lens of dreams and reality. The protagonist, George Orr, has the power to alter reality through his dreams, leading to unintended consequences. As Orr grapples with the ethical implications of his abilities, the novel raises questions about the nature of utopia and the limits of human control.



## MINISTRY OF STORIES

The Ministry of Stories champions the writer in every child. Co-founded by author Nick Hornby in 2010, we help young people write brighter futures for themselves through the power of their ideas and imagination. We build confidence, self-respect and communication skills through innovative writing programmes and one-to-one mentoring for children, working in schools and at our dedicated writing centre in east London.

Ministry of Stories is hidden behind our fantastical shop, Hoxton Street Monster Supplies, which has been serving monsters – and the occasional human – since 1818. All proceeds from their delectable offerings – including Werewolf Biscuits, Cubed Earwax and Sugar-Dusted Bogies – go back to support our work with young people aged 6–16.



**MINISTRY  
OF STORIES**

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