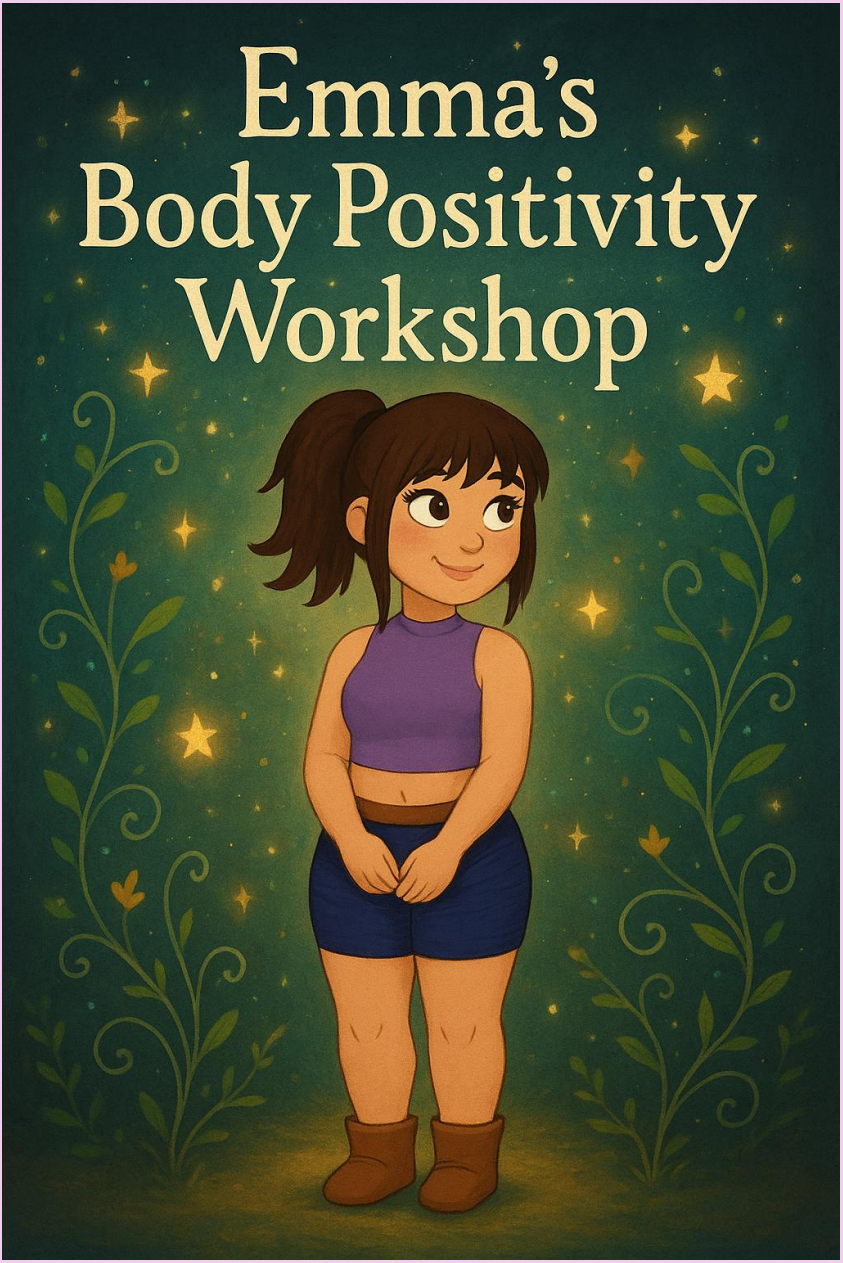


Emma's Body Positivity Workshop

Emma's Body Positivity Workshop



🌿 Introduction: The Doorway Into Emma’s Workshop

The bell at Willow and Oak Academy chimed softly, like wind through silver chimes, and one by one the students padded into the classroom. The space was not like the others they had seen — Emma had transformed it. Ivy curled along the window frames, jars of herbs and flowers lined the shelves, and a golden glow shimmered as though the afternoon sun itself had decided to linger here.

Emma stood at the front, her presence calm yet bright, like a lantern guiding the way. A pot of tea steamed gently on a side table, and beside it sat a plate of warm berry scones. The children whispered to each other, sensing that today was not just another lesson.

When all had settled, Emma smiled, her voice a gentle hush that seemed to open the very air:

“Welcome, dear ones. Today, we are stepping into something special. This workshop is not about grades or tests or how you look. It is about you — your body, your heart, your truth. Together, we will wander into enchanted spaces where food is not the enemy but a friend, where movement is joy not punishment, where friendships heal instead of hurt, and where confidence shines like a crown you already carry.”

She lifted a lantern from the desk. Its light flickered once, twice, then grew brighter — until the walls of the classroom seemed to soften into mist.

“Shall we begin our journey?” she asked, eyes sparkling.

The students nodded, some nervously, some with excitement, as the mist parted to reveal the first enchanted doorway of their learning.

And so the workshop began.


Module One
The Body Positivity Code
1. My body is my home – not my enemy.
2. I honour what my body can do, not just how it looks.
3. I speak to myself with the kindness I'd give a friend.
4. I listen when my body whispers – before it has to shout.
5. I remember, beauty is not one shape, one size, one face. It lives in every soul.

This is module One

Emma stood in a beautiful, spacious magical hall at Willow & Oak Academy.

Today was not just any day.

Today was her day.

The long tables were lined with lanterns that glowed softly, casting golden circles of light that shimmered across the polished floor. The tall windows breathed in the morning sun, and above them, branches of willow and oak reached across the ceiling as if the forest itself had come inside to listen.

Emma's heart beat fast—but it wasn't the kind of fast that made you want to run away.

It was the kind that told you you were exactly where you were meant to be.

This was her first workshop.

Her very own creation.

At her side, Amelia grinned, her eyes sparkling. Together they had designed something special: a magical animated slideshow that looked nothing like the boring parchment scrolls students were used to. When you tapped the parchment stretched across the wall, the scene would stir to life—shimmering like stardust, flowing like a dream. Pictures would move, words would dance, and stories would breathe.

Emma placed her hand gently on the first parchment page.

The hall hushed.

The lanterns flickered.

“Welcome,” she said, her voice both nervous and strong.

“This isn’t a class about rules. It’s a journey. My journey—and maybe yours too. Each chapter I share will come with lessons I had to learn the hard way… and reflections that might spark something for you.”

The parchment shimmered as the first stardust picture came to life.

Let's Begin - Module One: The Body Positivity Code.

The parchment shimmered, and the stardust swirled into a younger Emma sitting cross-legged on her bed, phone in hand.

She scrolled.

And scrolled.

And scrolled.

Each image, each post, each perfectly polished face or body seemed to whisper louder inside her mind:

They're better than me. I should look like that. I'm not enough because I look different.

The whispers piled into shouts.

The glamour of TV shows, the glow of magazines, the singers and celebrities with airbrushed smiles—it all pressed down on her.

She didn’t yet see the illusion.

She believed this was how she should be.

Then came the comments.

The sharp sting of trolling.

The cyber-bullying words that sliced across her posts like knives.

Emma stood small in the scene, and the stardust around her turned dark, swirling like a storm.

She whispered, “It felt like I was sinking… swallowed by the noise… consumed by it until there was hardly any of me left.”

The scene shifted—brightened—until a silver doorway appeared.

Emma smiled softly. “But then I discovered Reverie Rouge.”

Through the doorway bloomed a realm filled with colour, sound, and difference.

People of all shapes, all styles, all expressions.

Not hiding. Not apologising.

Laughing, dancing, living as themselves.

Emma's voice grew warmer.

"Here I met true friends. People who didn't ask me to shrink or change. They welcomed me. They accepted me as I was. And with every visit, I learnt more and more to accept myself—because they accepted me. Without judgement. Without expectation. With kindness, with friendship."

The storm around her melted into stardust again, weaving a golden net of safety.

"This," Emma said softly, "was the turning point. This is when I began to see my body not as a problem, but as part of my story."

She smiled gently at the gathered students, her voice steady now.

“I remember the very first time I came to Willow and Oak Academy. I stumbled into a workshop led by Lola and Zach. They spoke about kindness, about courage, and they wrote something upon the wall that has never left me. They called it a code—a guide for living gently with ourselves. I carried it with me into Reverie Rouge, and every time I doubted, I would whisper these words.”

The parchment shimmered as Emma tapped it, and glowing words unfurled across the wall in sparkling ink.





✨ The Body Positivity Code ✨

1. My body is my home — not my enemy.

2. I honour what my body can do, not just how it looks.

3. I speak to myself with the kindness I’d give a friend.

4. I listen when my body whispers — before it has to shout.

5. I remember: beauty is not one shape, one size, one face. It lives in every soul.

The room was hushed. Some of the students leaned forward, some smiled, some simply breathed as though a weight had lifted.

Emma let the golden words linger in the air, glowing like lanterns.

“This code became my anchor,” she said. “Every time the noise of the world grew loud—magazines, singers, celebrities, all shining with impossible perfection—every time I scrolled and thought, she’s better than me, I should look like that, I’m not enough because I’m different… I returned here. I remembered that my body is not a battlefield. It is my home. And no one else’s reflection can change that.”

She looked around the hall.

“Now I share this code with you. Because once I discovered Reverie Rouge, I found friends who lived it every day. People who celebrated their differences fully, without apology. They taught me kindness. And now, I pass it on.”

Emma let the golden words glow a little longer before they faded into the parchment once more.

“Sometimes,” she said, “it isn’t enough to simply hear words. You have to sit with them, write them down, let them become your own.”

She gestured to the students’ journals.

“Take a moment now. These are your reflections, your truths to carry.”

✨ Reflection Pause ✨

Which line of the Body Positivity Code speaks to me most right now — and why?

Do I ever notice myself speaking harshly to my body? What would it sound like if I spoke as kindly as I would to a friend?

How does my body support me every day, in ways I may have forgotten to notice?

What does “beauty” mean to me when I think beyond magazines, screens, and comments?

What promise can I make to myself today about how I will treat my body going forward?

Emma smiled softly. “Remember, there are no right or wrong answers. These words are not here to test you — they are here to guide you.”

Emma waited while quills scratched parchment and the soft flicker of lanterns filled the hall. Some students were writing, some were sketching, some were simply gazing at the glowing words of the Code as though they wanted to breathe them in.

When the hush had settled into a kind of peaceful rhythm, Emma spoke again.

“You see,” she said, her voice like a soft thread weaving through the hall, “for so long I thought my worth was something I had to earn. That if I looked a certain way, fit into a certain size, or matched the flawless faces I saw on my screen, then maybe I would be enough.

But Reverie Rouge taught me something different. It showed me that enoughness isn't something you earn — it's something you already are. Each body here is a story, each curve and scar a sentence, each freckle a star. The moment I stopped chasing their mirror and started tending my own, I began to grow again."

The parchment shimmered and the golden net of safety rippled like sunlight on water. New words unfurled in silver dust, curving across the wall:

✨ Your body is not a cage, it is a compass. ✨

Emma let the words glow in silence for a moment before she invited the students closer:

“Take a breath. Place your hand over your heart. Ask yourself: What is one way my body has been kind to me today? What is one small thing it has carried me through?

Write it down. Draw it. Whisper it if you need to. This is how you begin to see your body as your ally, not your enemy.”

A gentle hum rose in the hall — not from voices, but from the walls themselves, as if Willow and Oak Academy was alive and listening. The lantern light deepened to rose-gold, casting warmth across every face.

Emma lifted her hand and the parchment shimmered once more. Stardust gathered into a new moving picture — this time of Reverie Rouge itself: hammocks strung between glowing trees, lanterns swaying in soft twilight, and teenagers of every kind laughing, painting, singing, simply being.

“This is where I learned,” Emma said, her eyes reflecting the glow, “that I wasn’t alone. I walked into Reverie Rouge carrying all those voices — the comments, the scrolling, the comparisons — and for the first time, nobody asked me to shrink. Nobody asked me to change. They just… saw me.”

On the parchment, the scene shifted: peyton was twirling in a patchwork dress that shimmered like moonlight, luke was tossing a juggling torch into the sky, and others gathered with books, paints, or instruments, all shining in their difference.

“They accepted me as I was,” Emma continued. “And in their acceptance, I began to practice my own. Little by little, the storm inside me softened. Not because the world outside had changed — it still shouted its illusions, its billboards, its flawless filters. But because here…” she pressed a hand to her chest, “…I was building a new home. Inside myself.”

The magical picture dissolved into a swirl of gold, drifting like fireflies until it faded. The hall grew still again.

Emma smiled, a little braver now. “And that is what I want for each of you. To know that your body is not the battleground those voices would make it. It is the canvas, the companion, the vessel of your becoming. And you are already enough.”

Emma let the glowing words linger for a moment longer, letting the sparkling ink sink into the hearts around her. The parchment shimmered, then slowly folded itself back into starlight, drifting upward like golden fireflies until it was gone.

She turned back to her audience, cheeks flushed with both nerves and courage.

“You see,” Emma continued, “that code wasn’t just pretty words. It was a seed. Every time I forgot, every time I scrolled through endless pictures on social media and heard the noise get louder in my head — ‘they’re better than me, I should look like that, I’m not enough’ — I came back to those lines.

At first, I didn’t believe them. Not really. The magazines, the shows, the singers, the celebrities — they all looked so glamorous and perfect. I thought that’s what we all had to be. And when the trolling comments came, when the cyber-bullying crept into my posts, it was like the storm rose up again and swallowed me whole.”

She lifted her hand, and the parchment wall responded — a storm of grey clouds unfurled in smoky light, filled with voices that whispered and shouted at once. Shadows of glossy models and glittering stars flickered in the mist, pulling at Emma's figure as though she might disappear inside their illusions.

"But then," Emma said, her voice steady now, "I found Reverie Rouge."

The storm melted into threads of stardust again, weaving itself into a golden net of safety. The scene shifted — lanterns glowing in trees, hammocks swinging, laughter echoing in the twilight. Peyton and Luke appeared in the vision, their faces bright and unashamedly themselves, surrounded by others — tall, small, freckled, scarred, tattooed, curly-haired, straight-haired, bold and shy alike.

“They were all different,” Emma said softly. “All living their full expressions, their differences shining without apology. And they accepted me. No judgement. No expectation. Just kindness. Just friendship.”

The room grew still, as though even the walls of Willow & Oak wanted to listen. Emma’s voice was gentler now, but it carried power:

“Each visit, I learned a little more to accept myself, the way they accepted me. And slowly, I realised — my body is not something I must fight. It’s part of my story.”

She let that rest in the silence, her hand lowering as the magical scene dissolved back into golden light.

Pause & Reflect

Take a breath here.

Let Emma's story settle into your own heart.

If you'd like, open your journal, or just close your eyes and reflect inside yourself.

Here are some gentle questions to guide you:

1. When you think about your body, what kind of words usually come up? Are they kind, or are they stormy?

2. Can you remember a time you felt truly at home in your body — even for a moment? What were you doing?

3. Which line of the Body Positivity Code speaks to you the loudest right now? Why do you think that is?

4. If you could write your body a note of kindness today, what would it say?

✿ You don’t need to answer them all — even one small thought matters. Let this be your pause before we continue the journey. ✿

The parchment shimmered as if sensing the stillness in the hall. Emma let the silence stretch for a while, giving her classmates space to write, doodle, or simply breathe.

Then, with a soft smile, she tapped the parchment once more. The swirling golden dust gathered into the shape of a doorway, and beyond it, glowing lanterns lit a winding path through Reverie Rouge.

“This path,” Emma said gently, “

Emma said gently, “is the one I chose to walk when I decided to stop fighting myself and start listening. It wasn’t quick. It wasn’t perfect. Some days I stumbled, some days I still believed the noise. But step by step, I learned to carry the Body Positivity Code like a lantern. Whenever the storm rose up again, I could hold that lantern high and find my way back to myself.”

The lanterns on the parchment brightened, their warm light spilling into the hall. Emma turned back to the students and added:

“So let Module One end here, with this truth: you are already enough. Your body has been with you from your very first breath. It deserves not your war, but your wonder.”

The lantern doorway slowly faded, leaving behind a soft sparkle in the air — a promise that the journey was just beginning.



Module Two – Nourishing From the Inside

Emma smiled as the golden ink of the Body Positivity Code faded gently from the wall, leaving a soft shimmer in the air. She let the students take a few breaths, their pens scratching across journals, their faces thoughtful.

Then she lifted her hand and tapped the parchment again.

This time, the wall shifted into a vision of the Conscious Café & Garden, alive with colour and fragrance. Rows of herbs glistened with dew, fruits hung heavy on their branches, and a long wooden table was scattered with bowls of vibrant salads, warm soups, fresh breads, and steaming teas.

A blue-haired girl waved from the garden beds — Saffire.

“When I first met Saffire,” Emma said softly, “I didn’t realise how much my relationship with food needed healing. For years I thought food was the enemy — calories to count, meals to fear, rules to follow. Sometimes I ate too little, sometimes I ate too much, always in a war with myself. And every bite felt loaded with guilt.”

The students shifted, some nodding knowingly.

Emma continued, “But Saffire didn’t speak about food as numbers or punishments. She spoke of it as life. She told me, ‘Food is colour, food is rhythm, food is the way the earth loves us.’ And slowly, I began to see food differently — not as something to fear, but as something to welcome.”

The parchment rippled, showing Saffire kneeling in the garden, pressing her hands into the soil. “Every seed,” her voice echoed through the hall, “holds a story. When we eat, we’re not just filling a stomach. We’re receiving sunlight, rain, earth, and care. We’re receiving energy to live our story.”

Emma paused, letting the words hang in the air. “That day, I learned to ask myself not, ‘Is this good or bad?’ but instead, ‘How will this food make me feel? Does it give me energy? Comfort? Balance?’ And that’s when I began to listen to my body’s whispers again.”

The wall shifted once more, showing the café filled with teens laughing, sharing meals, tasting herbal teas, enjoying food without shame or secrecy. Every plate looked different — and that was the point. No judgment. No rules. Just nourishment.

Emma turned back to her students. “So now, I’d like to share with you what Saffire called The Nourishment Notes.”

The parchment glowed again, words unfurling in starlit ink:

✨ The Nourishment Notes ✨

1. Food is fuel, comfort, and celebration — not guilt.

2. Listen to how food makes you feel, not just how it looks.

3. Every body needs something different — honour yours.

4. Food is meant to be shared, not hidden.

5. Gratitude for what we eat turns meals into medicine.

Emma smiled, her voice warm. “These aren’t rules. They’re reminders. Because our relationship with food is part of our relationship with ourselves.”

Reflection Time

Emma placed her chalk gently down, the glow of the parchment softening into golden threads. “Saffire’s Nourishment Notes changed the way I spoke to myself about food. Maybe they can do the same for you,” she said softly.

She motioned for the students to open their journals again.

“Take a few moments now,” she invited, “to notice your own relationship with food. There are no right or wrong answers. This is just you, listening to yourself.”

On the wall, the parchment revealed shimmering prompts:

What foods make me feel alive and full of energy?

Are there foods I eat with guilt, instead of joy?

What would it feel like to thank my food before I eat it?

Do I eat to fuel my body, or to fill another feeling?

Emma walked slowly between the rows, her voice a calm thread.

“What that could look like is writing a memory — maybe of a food you love, or a meal shared with someone special. Or you might simply notice what your body asks for when you are quiet enough to listen.”

She gave them time. The scratch of pens, the thoughtful hum of silence, the scent of imagined herbs from Saffire’s garden filled the hall.

At last, Emma lifted her gaze, her eyes bright with kindness. “Remember — food is not your enemy. It is part of your story, part of your strength. You deserve to eat with joy.”

The golden ink faded, leaving the room warm, steady, and ready for what would come next.

The Circle of Movement

Movement is about celebration and strength, not punishment or shrinking.



Module Three – The Circle of Movement

The parchment glowed again, and this time a circle of light spread across the floorboards of the classroom. Emma's eyes sparkled — she remembered this one well.

The walls shimmered and shifted, revealing wide open meadows where tall grasses swayed like dancers. Beyond them, rivers shimmered, trees stretched their arms high, and children's laughter echoed on the wind.

Emma stepped into the circle, inviting her students with a wave.
"This," she said softly, "is The Circle of Movement."

Scenes played in the golden glow: girls twirling with bare feet on the grass, boys running through tall fields, young people splashing in rivers and stretching like willow branches swaying in the breeze.

“At Willow and Oak Academy,” Emma explained, “movement was never about punishment or shrinking. It wasn’t about how we looked — it was about how we felt. It was about celebrating life, about strength, about freedom.”

A memory stirred, and the parchment painted it onto the air: Emma herself, younger, laughing as she spun in circles with ribbons streaming from her hands, her heart light and wild.

She smiled gently. “Movement became my celebration — a way to thank my body for carrying me, not a way to scold it.

Dancing, stretching, running through meadows, swimming in rivers… it reminded me that my body is a part of nature itself. Strong, alive, and worthy of joy."

The parchment shimmered again, revealing the golden ink of wisdom:

✨ The Circle of Movement ✨

1. Move because it feels good, not because you "should."
2. Stretch like a willow, run like the river, twirl like the wind.
3. Movement is celebration — of breath, of heartbeat, of life.
4. Strength is not measured by size, but by joy carried in motion.
5. Your body is not your punishment. It is your dance partner.

Emma looked around the circle at her students. "Each of you has your own way of moving with joy. It may be big or small — a leap, a stretch, a sway, a swim. Whatever it is, let it remind you: your body is alive, and that is something to celebrate."

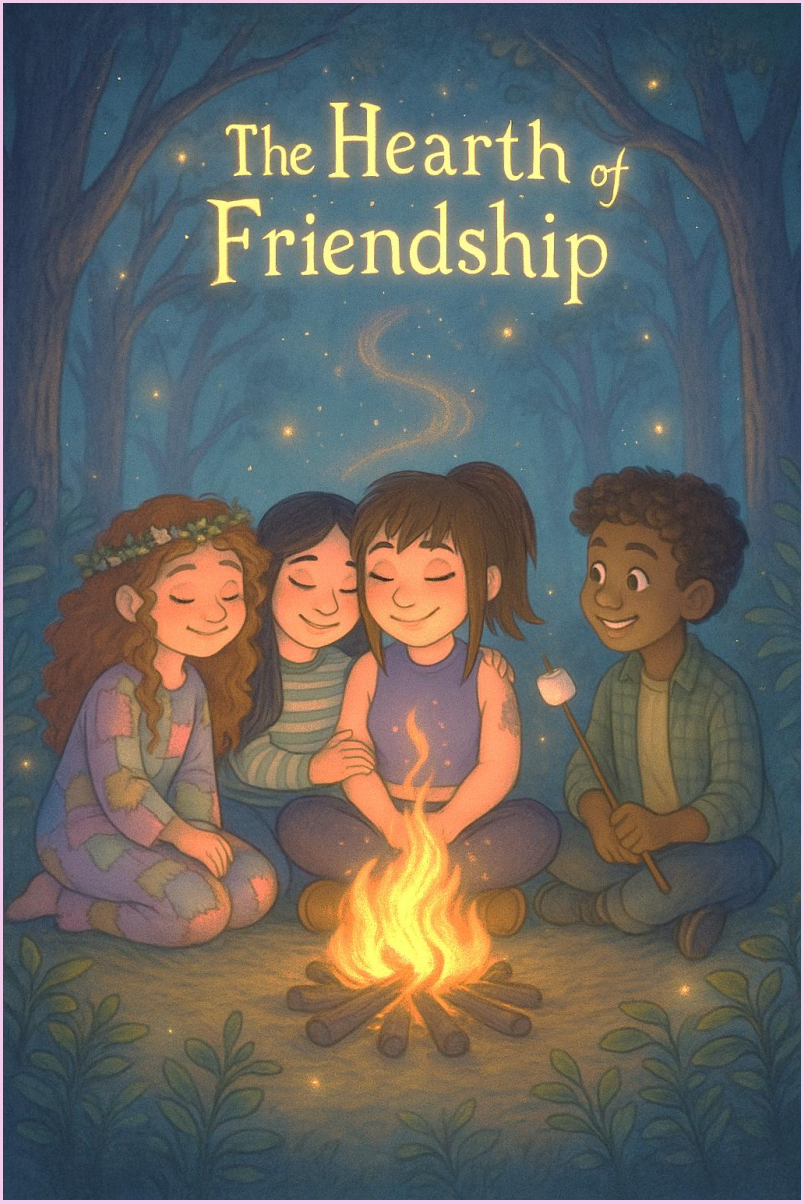
Reflection Time

The parchment unfurled once more, golden ink forming gentle questions:

- What kinds of movement make me feel alive and joyful?
- Do I sometimes use movement to punish myself instead of celebrate myself?
- How does it feel to imagine my body as a friend, dancing with me?
- What's one small way I can add joyful movement into my days?

Emma leaned gently on the desk, her smile warm. "What that could look like," she said softly, "is dancing around your room when a favourite song comes on, or stretching your arms toward the sky when you wake up. Maybe it's running through the rain, or swimming until you feel the water hold you like a hug. Small movements can hold great magic."

The golden circle slowly faded back into parchment, leaving only the echo of laughter and the steady rhythm of breath in the room.



Module Four – The Hearth of Friendship

The parchment glowed again, and this time a warm amber flame flickered at its center. The classroom walls shifted, softening into the glow of a great stone hearth. Around it, cushions and blankets were scattered, and children sat together, laughing, whispering, leaning against each other in comfort.

Emma stepped close, her voice hushed but steady. “This,” she said, “is The Hearth of Friendship.”

The firelight flickered higher, and the parchment painted a scene from Emma’s memory — shadowed hallways, cruel laughter, whispers sharp as knives. Emma’s younger self stood smaller then, trying to shrink from the words that made her feel unworthy, unseen.

Her hand trembled for just a moment, then she lifted her chin.
“Bullying made me and my friends feel small,” she admitted softly.

“But Reverie Rouge taught us something different. Friendship can be healing. Friendship can remind you of who you truly are.”

The fire warmed the room, and with it came new scenes: friends sharing food at the Conscious Café, holding hands under lantern light, writing poems together beneath the Inkwell Tree, lifting each other up with kindness.

Emma’s smile deepened. “The right friends don’t measure you by your size. They see your laughter, your dreams, your light. They remind you that you belong, just as you are.”

The parchment shimmered with golden ink:

✨ The Hearth of Friendship ✨

1. True friends see *you*, not your size.
2. A safe hearth is built from kindness, trust, and warmth.
3. Friendship should lift you, not shrink you.
4. Healing happens when we are seen and accepted.
5. You deserve a circle where your whole self is welcome.

Emma turned to the circle of students gathered in the firelight.
“Choose your hearth carefully,” she whispered. “The ones who warm you, who make you feel safe, who remind you that you are more than enough — those are your true friends. And you, too, can be that hearth for someone else.”

Reflection Time

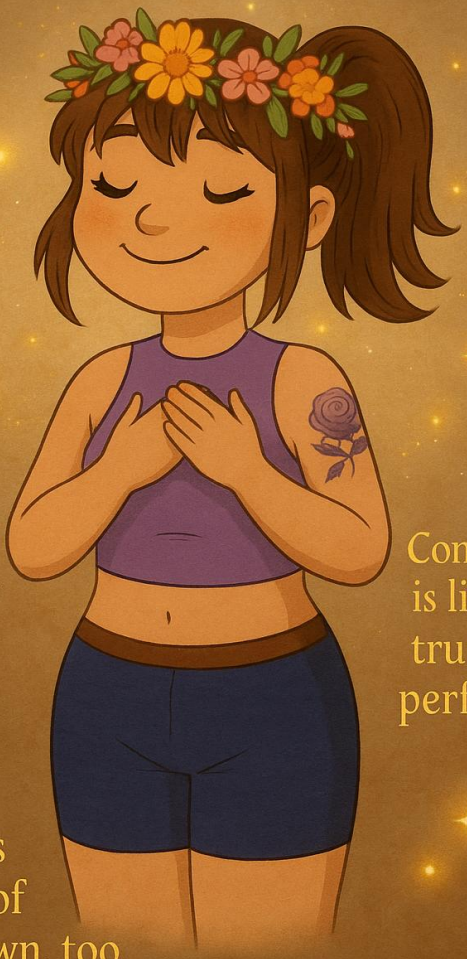
The parchment unfurled once more, ink spilling into gentle questions:

- Who in my life makes me feel truly seen and accepted?
- Have I ever felt small because of the way others treated me?
- What does a safe, warm friendship look like to me?
- How can I be the kind of friend who helps others feel they belong?

Emma added softly, “What that could look like is inviting a friend to sit with you when they seem lonely, listening with care instead of judgment, or simply reminding someone they are enough just as they are. Friendship is one of the greatest healers we can share.”

The firelight dimmed, fading back into the steady glow of the parchment. Only warmth remained, as though the hearth’s flame had tucked itself quietly into each student’s chest.

The Crown of Confidence



Your worth is already whole.

Confidence is living in truth, not perfection.

Mistakes and flaws are part of your crown, too.

Module Five – The Crown of Confidence

The classroom shimmered once more, and the parchment unfolded into a meadow of wildflowers swaying under golden light. At its center, Emma stood with her hands full of blossoms — lavender, daisies, roses, tiny forget-me-nots.

She smiled as the students gathered, her voice warm as the sun.
“This,” she said, “is The Crown of Confidence.”

With careful hands, Emma wove each stem together until a circle of flowers blossomed. One by one, she placed a crown upon each learner’s head in the story space. As she did, the air seemed to hum with quiet magic.

“These crowns,” Emma whispered, “are not to give you worth. You already had that all along. They are to remind you that you are whole, just as you are.”

The meadow glowed brighter, and images shimmered within the petals: Emma dancing freely, running with friends, laughing at the Conscious Café, resting safely at the Hearth of Friendship. Each memory was not of perfection, but of truth — living, being, breathing as herself.

“Confidence,” Emma said softly, “is not about being perfect. It’s about walking in your truth. It’s standing tall even when your voice shakes. It’s choosing kindness for yourself as much as for others. It’s knowing you belong here, crown or no crown.”

The parchment ink glittered with golden reminders:

✨ The Crown of Confidence ✨

1. Your worth is already whole.
2. Confidence is living in truth, not perfection.
3. Mistakes and flaws are part of your crown, too.
4. You carry your crown within — always.
5. Walking in confidence means choosing to belong to yourself first.

Emma looked at each learner, her eyes shining. “Take this crown with you — not just on your head, but in your heart. Wear it every day, even when no one else can see it. Let it remind you that you are enough, that you are strong, and that your truth is your light.”

Reflection Time

The parchment's flowers released their petals, floating gently into questions:

- What does confidence mean to me?
- When have I felt most true to myself?
- What fears sometimes keep me from wearing my crown?
- How can I remind myself that my worth is whole, even on hard days?

Emma added softly,
"What that could look like is speaking up in class even when you feel nervous, wearing clothes that make *you* feel happy, or simply reminding yourself in the mirror, 'I am enough.' Confidence isn't about being the loudest in the room — it's about walking as yourself, with your crown shining quietly from within."

The meadow faded, but the crowns remained — not as flowers, but as a gentle warmth around each learner, a reminder they could carry forever.

❀ Closing the Circle – The Crown of Confidence ❀

The meadow glowed in golden twilight, and the flower crowns shimmered like starlight caught in hair. For a breath, time itself seemed to pause — the kind of stillness that makes you believe magic is real.

Emma lifted her hands, and the meadow began to soften, its colours fading into gentle watercolor light. The crowns did not vanish but settled inside each learner's heart, glowing faintly, waiting to be remembered whenever needed.

A silver bell rang, not from the meadow but from somewhere nearer — and with a blink, the learners found themselves back in the classroom at Willow and Oak Academy. The desks had become little round tables, each set with steaming teacups of rosehip and chamomile.

Emma smiled warmly, pouring honey into the nearest cup. “We have walked in story,” she said, “and now we return. But remember, what we carry inside stays with us always.”

They sat together, sipping tea, nibbling sweet oat biscuits, and sharing little reflections — some whispered, some spoken bravely aloud. The room was filled with the gentle clink of spoons and the soft hum of belonging.

Outside, parents began to arrive, their footsteps crunching on the garden path. One by one, the learners rose, hugged Emma, and collected their satchels. Emma bent to each child, whispering a reminder: *“Your crown is still with you.”*

As the last student left with a wave and a smile, the classroom grew quiet again. Emma tidied the teacups, her heart full. She looked out the window where twilight brushed the oak trees, and she whispered to the sky, *“Another circle complete.”*

And in the stillness, a single flower petal drifted down onto her desk — a final blessing from the meadow of Reverie Rouge.

🪔 Facilitator Guide & Flexible Lesson Plan

Emma's Body Positivity Workshop

🕰️ Timing Overview

- Total Workshop Length: 60–90 minutes (flexible)
- Can be broken into 5 shorter sessions (10–20 minutes each)

✨ Session Flow

1. Welcome & Introduction (5–10 min)

- **Facilitator Notes:**
  - Set a safe, calm tone.
  - Introduce Emma as the guide of the workshop.
  - Share that this is not about rules, diets, or numbers—it's about kindness, confidence, and friendship with ourselves.
- **Suggested Activity:**
  - Light a candle or place a lantern in the center as a symbol of "The Journey Beginning."

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2. Module One – The Body Positivity Code (15–20 min)

- **Story Section:** Emma shares her struggles with social media, bullying, and comparison.
- **Core Message:** *Your body is your home, not your enemy.*
- **Facilitator Tips:**
    - Read Emma's story aloud or let participants read silently in their books.
    - Pause when the Body Positivity Code appears—invite students to read it together.
- **Reflection Activity:**
    - Journal prompts (choose 1–2, depending on time).
    - Optional group discussion (if safe and appropriate).

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3. Module Two – Nourishing From the Inside (15–20 min)

- **Story Section:** Emma meets Saffire in the Conscious Café & Garden.
- **Core Message:** *Food is energy, joy, and culture—not guilt or punishment.*
- **Facilitator Tips:**
    - Emphasize that no food is labeled "good" or "bad."

- Encourage curiosity, not judgment.

- **Activity Options:**
  - Create a “Food Mood Map” together (draw or write foods that give joy/energy/comfort).
  - Invite group sharing (only if participants feel comfortable).

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4. Module Three – The Circle of Movement (15–20 min)

- **Story Section:** Emma learns movement at Willow & Oak Academy.
- **Core Message:** *Movement is celebration and strength, not shrinking or punishment.*
- **Facilitator Tips:**
  - Keep this interactive—movement is best felt, not just discussed.
  - Emphasize “choose your own joyful movement.”
- **Activity Options:**
  - 3–5 minutes of group movement: stretch, wiggle, dance, walk around the room.
  - Share afterwards: *Which movement felt freeing?*

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5. Module Four – The Hearth of Friendship (10–15 min)

- **Story Section:** Emma recalls how bullying once made her small, but Reverie Rouge friendships healed her.
- **Core Message:** *True friends see your light, not your size.*
- **Facilitator Tips:**
    - Highlight kindness, inclusion, and choosing uplifting friendships.
- **Activity Options:**
    - Write a "Letter of Seeing" (to yourself or a friend).
    - Group sharing circle (optional).

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6. Module Five – The Crown of Confidence (10–15 min)

- **Story Section:** Emma closes the workshop with the flower crown ceremony.
- **Core Message:** *Confidence is living in truth, not perfection. Your worth is already whole.*
- **Facilitator Tips:**
    - Use symbolic crowns (paper flowers, drawing crowns, or imaginary ones).
    - Emphasize that confidence is internal—it belongs to everyone.
- **Activity Options:**

- Affirmation writing (create your own mantra).
- End with a closing circle—invite participants to "place the crown in their heart."

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7. Closing Ceremony (5–10 min)

- **Story Section:** Emma returns to the Willow & Oak hall, thanking everyone.
- **Closing Ritual:**
  - Share tea, hot chocolate, or warm drinks if possible (like in the story).
  - Invite participants to reflect one last time: *What is one gift you are taking with you from today?*

🪄 **Flexible Use**

- **Short version (30–40 min):** Choose 2–3 modules + closing.
- **Full version (60–90 min):** Use all 5 modules with pauses.
- **Split version:** Teach one module per day/week.

🌸 **Facilitator Reminder:** This workshop is not about forcing discussion or performance. It's about *offering a gentle*

space where participants can reflect, express, and grow at their own pace.