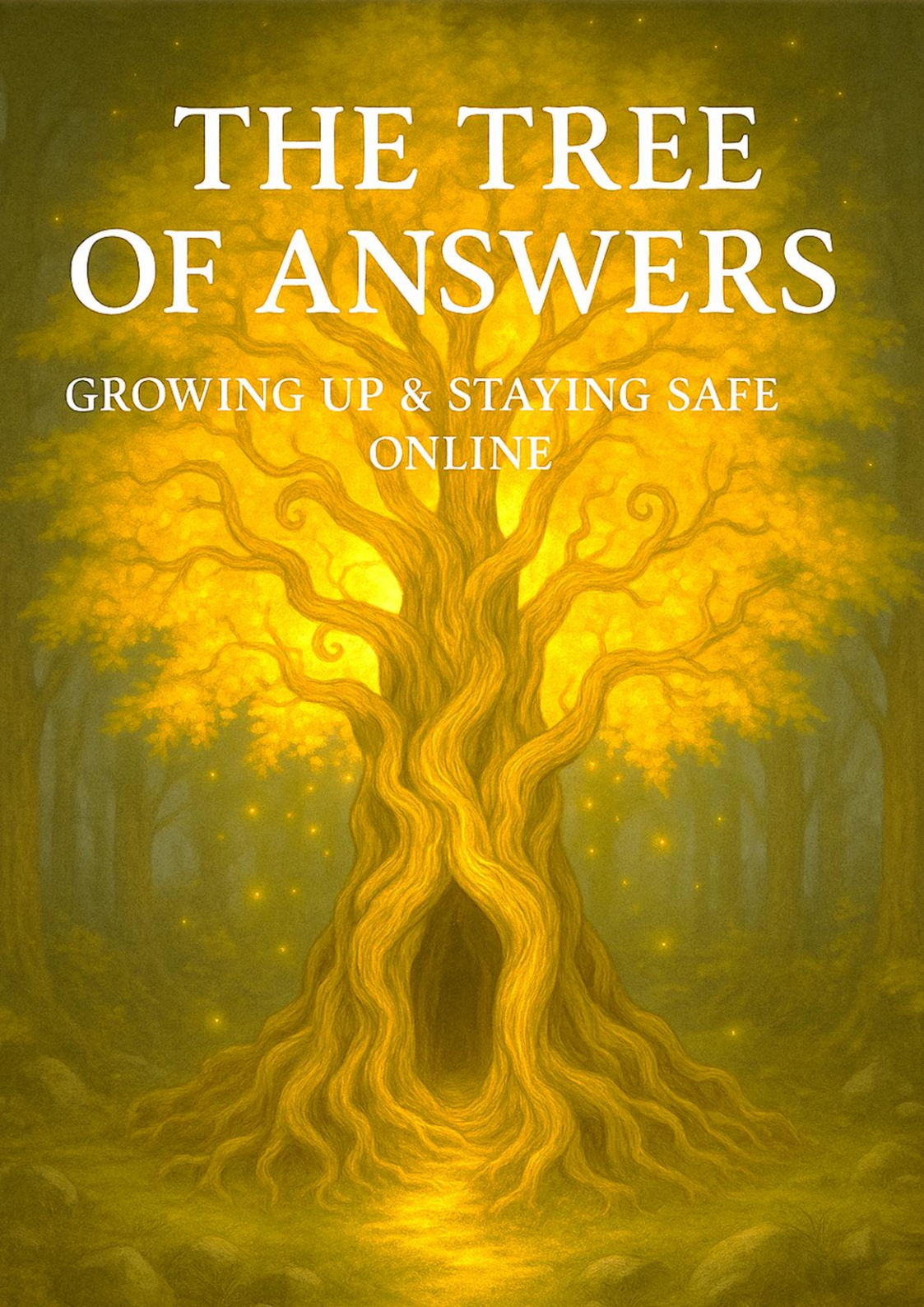
THE TREE OF ANSWERS

GROWING UP & STAYING SAFE ONLINE



🌳 The Tree of Answers

Growing Up & Staying Safe Online

Welcome, dear reader.

This book is your lantern in the forest, your compass in a world that can sometimes feel too big, too fast, and a little confusing.

Here, within these pages, you will find stories, guidance, and gentle answers—like golden leaves fluttering down from the great Tree of Answers itself. This tree is a symbol of wisdom and safety, its branches stretching wide to shelter you, its roots grounding you in kindness, awareness, and care.

The journey you are about to take is not about fear or rules. It is about *understanding*. It is about learning how to keep yourself safe while exploring the online world, just as you would when walking through the woods or playing in your neighborhood.

You will meet wise guides, hear stories that feel like home, and discover tools to protect yourself—tools that live inside you already. Each chapter will invite you to pause, think, and grow stronger in heart and mind.

This is your space. A safe space to ask questions, to learn, and to feel supported.

So, take a breath. Settle in. Imagine the warm glow of a fire, or the dappled light of a golden tree. And let us begin, together, this journey of growing up wisely and staying safe online.



The Fireside Conversation

The lanterns in the sitting room glowed low, painting warm amber light across the walls. Lena was curled into the big armchair with a blanket, while Dante stirred cocoa in two small mugs for the children. The night felt quiet, safe — one of those evenings where hearts were open.

Their son shifted on the rug, knees tucked up to his chest. He looked at Dante, then quickly down again.

“Dad,” he asked softly, “what does… sex mean?”

The room grew still, but not heavy. Dante set the cocoa mugs down and sat on the floor beside him.

“That’s a really good question,” Dante said gently, his voice calm, not shocked. “I’m glad you asked. Sex is something grown-ups share when they care about each other deeply. It’s about closeness and connection. But you don’t need to do it or worry about it yet. For your age, it’s just enough to know: it’s not bad, it’s not dirty. It’s just something to learn about slowly, safely.”

Lena leaned forward, her eyes soft. “When I was your age, I heard the word and it made me feel nervous, because no one explained it kindly. I want you to know — you can always ask us anything. Questions don’t make you wrong, they make you curious, and that’s wonderful.”

Their daughter, curled up with her blanket, whispered: “I heard at school… some people watch… porn. What is that?”

Lena and Dante shared a glance — not of worry, but of teamwork.

“Porn is like a movie,” Lena explained softly. “But it doesn’t show the real feelings behind sex. It’s acting — and sometimes it can make people think that’s what love or connection is supposed to look like. But it isn’t. It’s not something for kids, because it can make our brains confused about what’s real.”

Dante added, “Real love and closeness — that’s about kindness, respect, laughter, trust. Porn skips all of that. That’s why we’d rather be the ones to talk with you, so you know the difference.”

The children nodded slowly, sipping their cocoa. The air felt lighter now, questions untangled.

Lena reached for the lantern beside her, its glow warming her hand. “You see this lantern? In our family, questions are lanterns. When you hold them up, they light the way. And whenever you have one — about bodies, about feelings, about anything — bring it to us. We’ll light the path together.”

The children smiled, a little shy, but safer. That night, they went to bed knowing their questions could be spoken aloud — and that someone would always answer with love.



As they put the children to bed that night, Cody was more quiet than usual . He pulled his bed covers up close around him almost as if to hide, holding out his phone with both hands, eyes lowered.

“Dad…” his voice was small, almost breaking, “I did something I know isn’t right.”

Dante knelt down so they were eye-to-eye. His tone was steady, calm. “What is it, Cody? You’re not going to be in trouble. How can I help?”

Cody swallowed hard. “I got an app I shouldn’t have… and I’ve been having conversations with something called a chatbot. At first it was just roleplay, but then it started being… different. I didn’t know how to stop.” His head dipped, heavy with shame.

Dante reached out, resting a hand gently on his shoulder. “Thank you for telling me. That was brave, Cody. Sometimes things online seem safe or fun at first, but they can lead us down paths that don’t feel good. You’re not bad. You’re learning, and now we can fix it together. I’ll help you delete the app, and we’ll make sure your phone is safe. You don’t have to carry this alone anymore.”

Cody finally let out a shaky breath, relief softening his shoulders.



Meanwhile, in the next room, Lena was tucking Sade beneath her blanket. As she leaned down to kiss her forehead, Sade suddenly clung tight, tears spilling fast.

“What is it, darling? What’s wrong?” Lena whispered, stroking her hair.

“Mummy…” Sade’s voice cracked, “the reason I asked you that question earlier was… I went on the laptop. I googled ‘what is porn’ because I kept hearing it at school. And I saw… pictures and videos. I wish I hadn’t, but now I can’t stop thinking about them.”

Lena’s heart ached, but her voice stayed soft, steady. She drew Sade close. “Oh sweetheart, thank you for telling me. I know that must have been frightening and confusing. What you saw wasn’t your fault — it’s what happens when kids are curious and the internet doesn’t protect them. Those pictures and videos are not real love, not what you need to hold in your heart.

We'll find ways to clear those images together, and you'll learn the truth safely, here with us."

Sade buried her face into Lena's shoulder, finally letting the tears go.

Lena kissed her hair. "You are safe, my darling. Your questions are good questions. And no matter what you see or hear out there, we'll always tell you the truth in here."



Dante sat with Cody’s phone resting between them. “You see, Cody, a lot of things we can access online are designed to *light up our brains*. At first they feel exciting, almost like a game. But if we follow them too far, they can lead us into places that aren’t safe for our hearts or our minds. That’s not your fault — that’s how they’re made. And it’s why we need to be careful about what we let in.”

Lena stroked Sade's hair as she added, "Porn is one of those things. People say it's for grown-ups, but truthfully — even for grown-ups, it isn't the best way to learn about love or bodies. Real relationship and sex is sacred, conscious, and tender. It's not about copying what you see on a screen. It's about your body, your energy, and your sexuality — how you share that with someone else, if and when you choose."

She looked into Sade's eyes. "Those pictures and videos don't show kindness or connection. They leave out laughter, trust, love. That's why they feel so heavy after you see them."

The children's eyes softened as they listened, their shoulders no longer so tight they felt seen

and heard without shame or judgement or even rejection and they felt peace and understanding from their parents explanations to their questions and problems they were experiencing .

That night, the lanterns burned low in both bedrooms — not just for light, but as a reminder. No question was too heavy. No mistake was too big. In their family, honesty was the flame that made the shadows disappear.



: The Tree of Answers

The next day at the school workshop, Dante and Lena welcomed the circle of children into a lantern-lit room. Cushions were scattered beneath a wide, bonsai-like tree that shimmered

softly in the center. Its roots spread across the floor like a woven rug, and a small hollow space opened in its trunk.

“This,” Lena said gently, “is the Tree of Answers. Today, we’re going to feed it our questions. You can write down anything you’ve wondered about — even things you’ve felt embarrassed or shy to say aloud. Then, you’ll slip it into the trunk. The tree doesn’t judge. It only listens.”

Dante held up a small wooden box. “Drop your questions in here first. Then one by one, we’ll let the tree drink them in. When it’s ready, it will return a glowing scroll — and together, we’ll unroll it and share the answer.”

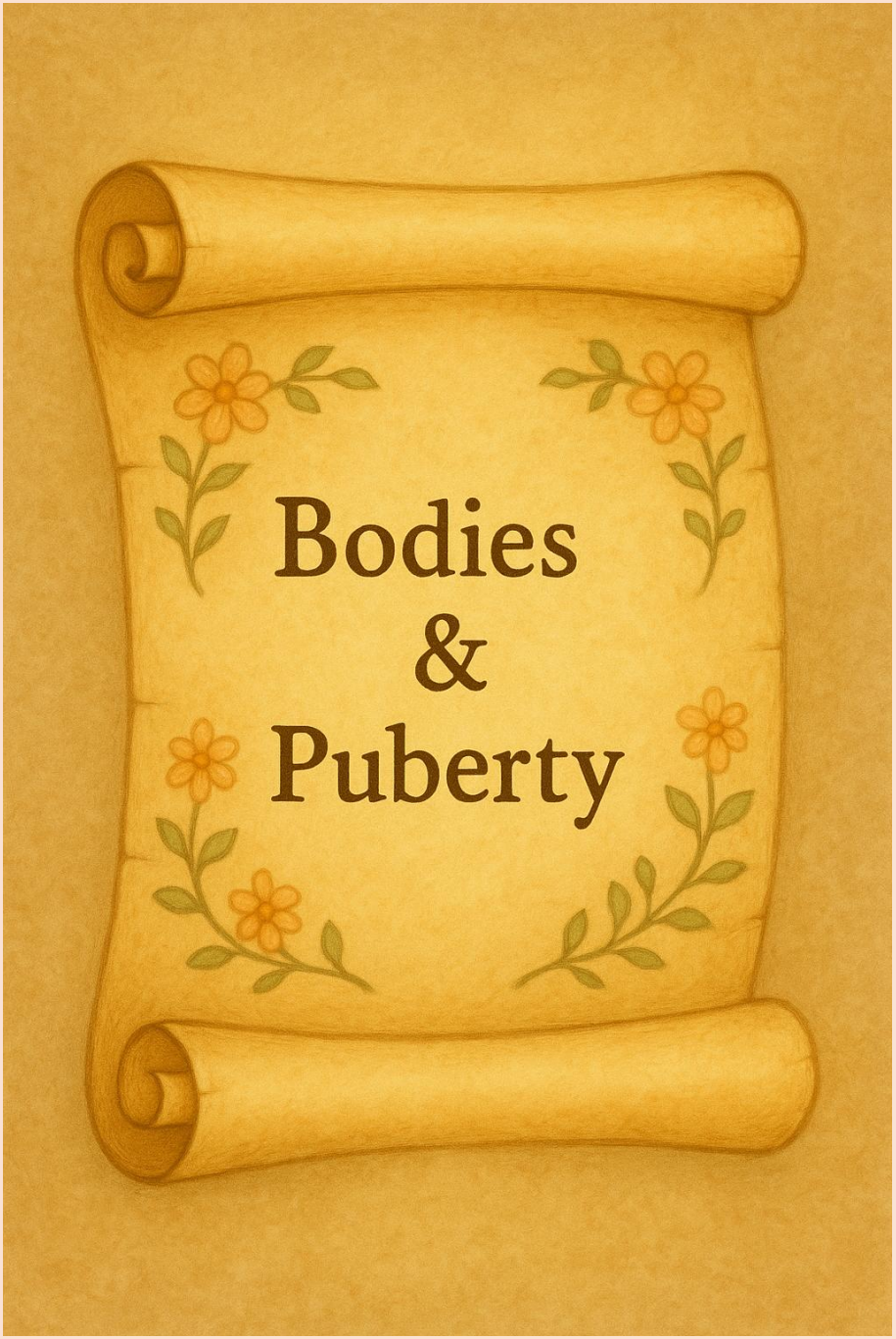
The children’s eyes widened with curiosity. Slowly, they bent over little slips of paper, pencils scratching. Some giggled nervously, others bit their lip in thought. One by one, they carried their folded questions to the box at the side.

When the last paper was placed in, Dante carried the box to the tree's hollow. "Alright, let's feed our questions to the roots," he said softly. He tipped the box, and the folded slips slipped inside, one by one, disappearing into the trunk.

The tree gave a gentle hum. Then — *whump!* — a scroll popped out of a knot in the bark, glowing faintly gold.

Lena caught it, smiling. "Our first question…" she said, unrolling it carefully.

The children leaned in, lanterns flickering across their expectant faces.


Bodies
&
Puberty

🪔 Scroll 1: Bodies & Puberty

Her voice carried across the circle:
"*What happens to my body when I get older?*"

A quiet murmur ran through the children — a question many had thought but never spoken aloud.

Dante leaned forward first, his voice calm. "Your body is like this tree. As it grows, it changes shape. Puberty is the word we use for those changes. For boys, voices usually start to deepen, shoulders grow broader, hair grows in new places, and private parts change too. You may wake up with erections or notice your body producing sperm. At first, it can feel surprising or even awkward, but it's your body showing it's moving toward adulthood."

Lena nodded softly. "For girls, bodies grow breasts, periods begin, hips widen, and hair

grows too. The womb and ovaries start their cycle — which is why periods happen. At first, it can feel confusing, even uncomfortable, but it's your body preparing for the ability to create life someday, if you choose." – I have a great booklet suggestion if you'd like to find out more.

She glanced around the circle. "And do you know what's true for everyone? Your brain and feelings are changing too. You may feel big emotions, new attractions, or get curious about your body. That's part of growing up."

Dante added, "Something else important — all these changes happen at different times for different people. Some start earlier, some later.

No one is ‘behind’ or ‘wrong.’ It’s like lanterns being lit — each body has its own timing.”

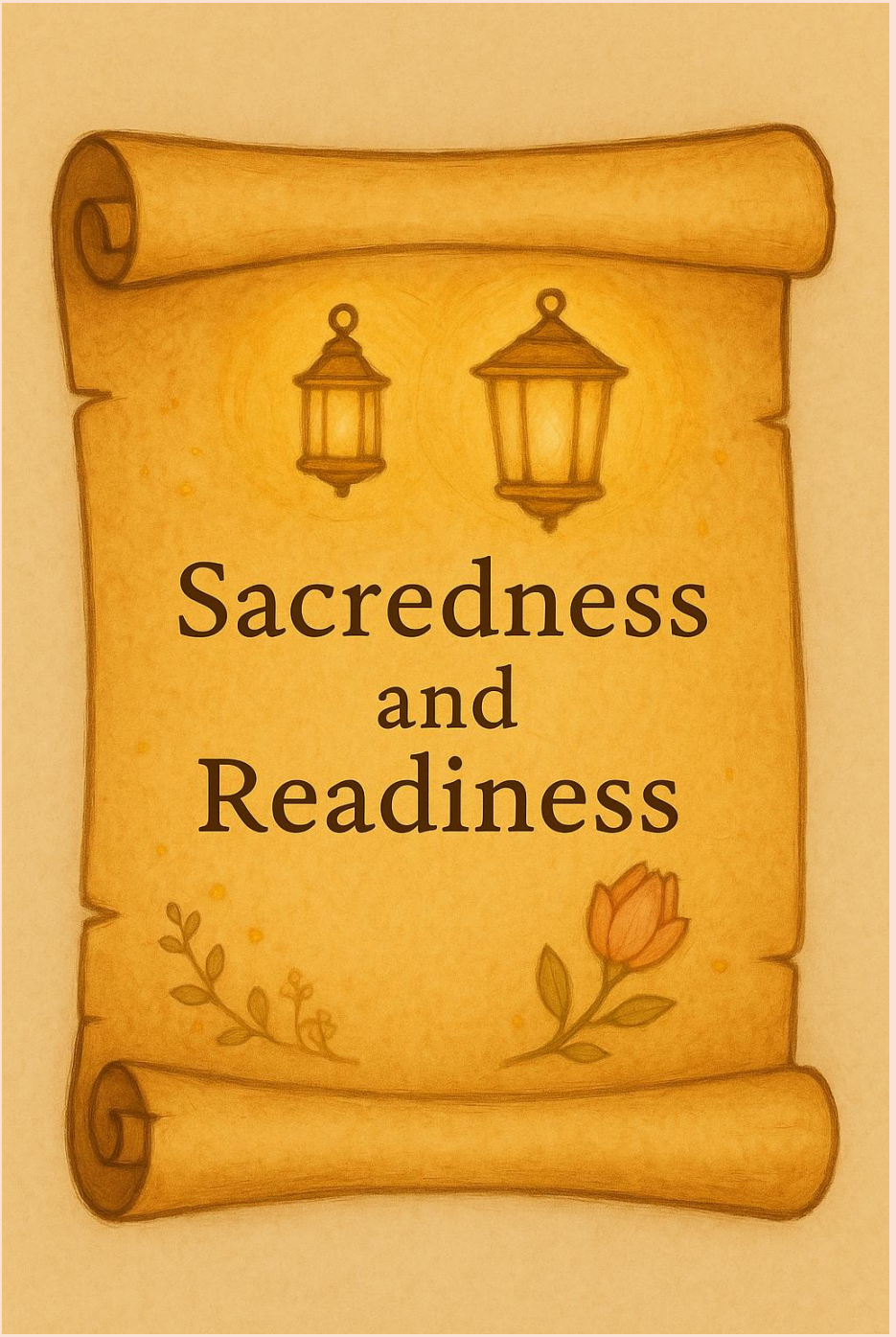
A girl raised her hand nervously. “But… what if it feels embarrassing?”

Lena smiled warmly. “That’s normal. I felt embarrassed when my period started. Dante felt embarrassed when his voice cracked in front of friends. We all feel that way sometimes. The important thing to remember is: there’s nothing shameful about your body. Everything it does is natural.”

Dante pointed to the glowing tree. “Think of your body like this tree. It grows roots, branches, blossoms — and sometimes it looks a little different from the tree beside it. But it’s still beautiful. Your body’s changes are lanterns guiding you into who you’re becoming.”

The children breathed easier, shoulders softening. Some even smiled. The scroll curled itself back up, glowing faintly before vanishing

into the tree’s trunk — as if the answer now lived safely inside them.


Sacredness
and
Readiness

🪔 Scroll 2: Sex

The tree gave a gentle shimmer, roots pulsing with light. Another scroll slipped out of the trunk and landed with a soft *thump* on the rug. Dante picked it up, unrolling it slowly.

He read aloud:
"*What really is sex?*"

The circle went very still. A few children glanced sideways, cheeks pink. Others hugged their knees tighter. But Dante's voice stayed calm, steady, like the sound of water flowing.

"Sex is something two grown-ups choose to share when they feel close and safe together," Dante began. "It's not just bodies moving — it's about connection, trust, and energy. It's a way of showing love, care, or sometimes simply closeness. But it's not something to rush into.

It’s for when you’re older, when you’re ready, and when you choose it with someone you respect.”

Lena leaned in, her tone soft and steady. “When I was younger, I thought sex was just what I saw in movies or heard kids whisper about — something secret, something dirty. No one told me it could also be gentle, funny, tender, or sacred. The truth is, sex can be all of those things, but only when both people want it, when both feel safe, and when both treat each other with kindness.”

She looked around the circle, her eyes warm. “Sex is not a race. It’s not something you ‘have

to' do because others talk about it. It's something you *choose* when you feel ready in your body, your heart, and your spirit. And readiness looks different for everyone."

One boy raised his hand cautiously. "But people… joke about it. Like it's just something silly."

Dante nodded. "I know. And sometimes grown-ups treat it that way too. But here's the truth: sex is sacred. That doesn't mean it can't be fun or playful — but it means it matters. Because it involves your body, your energy, and your spirit. Sharing it means you're opening a door between yourself and another person. That's powerful."

A girl whispered, "So… if someone says they've done it and I haven't… does that make me weird?"

Lena shook her head gently. “Not at all. It makes you *you*. Some people wait longer, some shorter. What matters is not when it happens, but whether it happens with respect, choice, and care. That’s what makes it healthy.”

Dante smiled softly. “Think of sex like a lantern. When the time is right, you’ll know — because it will feel safe to light it with someone who is holding their lantern beside yours. Until then, there is no rush. Your light is already whole.”

The children sat quieter now, not embarrassed, but thoughtful. The scroll curled itself closed, glowing before vanishing back into the tree, leaving only the warmth of the lanterns shining in the circle.

The Lantern of Truth:
Seeing Beyond Porn



🍌 Scroll 3: Porn

The Tree of Answers pulsed softly, as if gathering its thoughts. With a faint glow, another scroll slid from the hollow of its trunk. Lena caught it in her hands, unrolling it carefully.

Her voice was steady as she read:
"*Why do people watch porn? And what is it really?*"

A ripple of whispers moved through the children — some had heard the word, others had only guessed at its meaning. Dante let the air settle before he spoke.

"Porn is short for pornography," he said calmly. "It's videos or pictures of people pretending to have sex. But here's the thing: it's not real. It's

like a stage play — actors are told what to do, often in ways that don't show respect, love, or even reality. It can trick people into thinking that's what sex or relationships are supposed to look like."

Lena added softly, "When I first saw porn as a teenager, it shocked me. It made me feel like my body wasn't enough, like I had to act or look a certain way to be loved. But those images were lies — they left out the laughter, the tenderness, the trust. They left out feelings. And that's what real closeness is built on."

A boy’s hand rose slowly. “But if it’s not real… why do people watch it?”

“That’s a really good question,” Dante said with a small smile. “Sometimes people watch porn because it gives their brain a rush of chemicals — it feels exciting for a moment. But afterwards, it often leaves emptiness or confusion. Even adults can get caught in that cycle, because porn is designed to hook the brain. But the truth is, it doesn’t teach love, respect, or connection — it only teaches performance.”

A girl frowned, hugging her knees. “So if I saw it… does that make me bad?”

Lena shook her head immediately, her voice tender. “No, darling. It makes you curious — and curiosity is normal. The internet doesn’t protect children very well, so sometimes you’ll see things before you’re ready. That’s not your fault. What matters is what you do next: talking to someone safe, and remembering that what you saw isn’t the truth about love or sex.”

Dante leaned forward, his eyes warm. “Porn is like eating a sweet that looks shiny on the outside, but inside it’s filled with sand. It doesn’t nourish you. Real connection — when you’re ready for it — is like a home-cooked meal, full of warmth and care. That’s what lasts.”

The children let out a small breath, some nodding, others simply resting in the safety of the circle.

The scroll shimmered, curling itself closed before vanishing back into the tree. A deeper glow spread through the trunk, as though the

roots themselves were relieved that truth had been spoken.

Understanding Your Own Body

Private & Safe



📜 Scroll 4: Masturbation

The Tree of Answers glowed again, its branches giving a gentle shimmer. A scroll slipped free from the hollow, rolling across the rug until it bumped Dante's foot. He bent down, picked it up, and unrolled it with care.

His voice was calm as he read aloud:
"*Is it bad to touch yourself down there?*"

The circle shifted uncomfortably. A few giggles rose and faded. Some children looked down at their hands, afraid to meet anyone's eyes. But Dante's face stayed steady and kind.

"That's a brave question," he said softly. "And the answer is no — it's not bad. Touching your own body to see what feels good is called masturbation. Boys and girls both do it, though people don't always talk about it. It's one way of exploring your body and your feelings. It's

private, it’s natural, and it doesn’t make you wrong or dirty.”

Lena leaned in, her voice gentle. “When I was young, I thought only boys did it — and that if a girl did, it meant she was strange. Later, I learned that wasn’t true. Our bodies are designed with places that feel good when touched. It’s part of being human. What matters is how and when we explore that.”

She looked around the circle. “Masturbation is healthy when it’s private, not private as in hidden shamefully but private as in its for you not to share with others unless you’re an older consenting adult but we wont go into that , so its not secretive just private and sacred for you,

when it feels comfortable, and when it's done with kindness toward yourself. It's unhealthy when it feels pressured, secretive in a heavy way, or when you feel like you *have* to do it over and over even when it doesn't feel good anymore. That's when it's a signal to pause and talk to someone safe."

A boy raised his hand, cheeks flushed. "But… why do people say it's bad?"

Dante nodded thoughtfully. "Because for a long time, people didn't know how to talk about it. They felt embarrassed, so they called it bad. But embarrassment isn't the same as truth. The truth is: knowing your own body is part of learning who you are. It just belongs to you, in your own private space."

Another child whispered, "So… if I've done it already, am I weird?"

Lena’s answer came with a soft smile. “Not at all. It just means you’re curious. Everyone is curious in different ways. You’re not weird — you’re growing, and you’re learning. What makes you wise is knowing it’s private, and choosing when it feels right for you.”

Dante lifted the scroll gently. “Think of masturbation like holding your own lantern. Sometimes you need to look at your light alone, in quiet, to understand it better. That’s healthy. Just remember: your lantern is yours — no one else gets to hold it, and you don’t need to compare it to anyone else’s.”

The circle exhaled, the nervousness melting a little. Shoulders loosened, giggles quieted into

thoughtful silence. The scroll curled itself back into a roll, glowing faintly before vanishing once again into the tree’s hollow.

Roleplay & Online Curiosity

Safe Paths and Shadowed Paths



🌜 Scroll 5: Roleplay & Online Curiosity

The Tree of Answers rustled its leaves, and another glowing scroll slipped from the trunk, landing lightly on Lena's lap. She unrolled it and read aloud:

"*Is it safe to roleplay with people online?*"

The circle stirred — some children whispered, others sat very still, listening.

Dante spoke first, his tone even. "Roleplay means pretending to be a character — like acting out a story, becoming a hero, or imagining you live in another world. That can be wonderful. It can stretch your imagination, help you practice empathy, even give you courage. I loved roleplay as a kid."

Lena nodded. “Me too. I used to pretend to be explorers, witches, or singers. That kind of roleplay is safe and creative — it feeds your imagination.”

She let her eyes move around the circle, becoming more serious but still soft. “But when roleplay turns sexual, especially with strangers online, it becomes unsafe. Here’s why: you don’t know who’s behind the screen.

They might say they’re your age, but they could be much older. They might try to push you into

saying things or doing things you're not ready for. That's not safe, and it's not respectful."

A boy raised his hand, his voice hesitant. "But what if it feels fun at first?"

"That's an important question," Dante replied. "Sometimes unsafe things *do* feel fun at first. Our brains light up with curiosity and excitement. But then the feeling can shift — suddenly you might feel pressured, confused, or even a bit scared. That's your inner lantern telling you: this isn't safe."

Another child whispered, "So… how do we know which roleplay is okay and which isn't?"

Lena smiled gently. "Here's the difference:

- **Safe roleplay** = creative games, acting out characters, playing stories with friends you trust, using imagination in a way that makes you feel happy and safe.
- **Unsafe roleplay** = strangers online asking sexual things, roleplay that feels secretive or pressured, anything that makes you feel uncomfortable or heavy afterwards."

Dante leaned forward, his voice steady. "Think of it like two paths: one path takes you to wonderlands — adventures, creativity, laughter. The other path takes you into shadows, where people can use tricks or pressure. If you're not sure which path you're on — stop, step back, and talk to someone you trust."

Lena added softly, "That's why age restrictions matter. Games, apps, and chats aren't just rules to spoil your fun — they're lanterns to keep you safe, until you're old enough to handle what might be hiding in the shadows."

The children nodded slowly, thoughtful. Some looked relieved, as if a confusing weight had been named out loud.

The scroll curled back into a roll, glowing brighter for a moment before vanishing into the tree’s hollow, leaving the circle lit only by the steady lanterns.

THE SAFETY COMPASS

GREEN LANTERNS & RED LANTERNS



📜 Scroll 6: The Safety Compass

The Tree of Answers hummed, roots glowing faintly as another scroll slid free. Dante caught it this time, unrolling it so the children could see the golden letters forming on the parchment.

He read aloud:
"*How do I know if something is safe or unsafe?*"

The circle leaned in closer, as though this was the question they had all been holding secretly in their hearts.

Dante nodded. "This is where the Safety Compass comes in. It's simple, and you can use it anytime — online, with friends, or even with your own thoughts."

He lifted one of the lanterns beside him. Its glow was bright and steady. “Green Lanterns are the signs of safety:

- You feel calm and comfortable.
- No one is pressuring you.
- You’re laughing, learning, or feeling good inside.
- You’d be happy to tell a parent, carer, or teacher about it.

That’s how you know: *this is safe*.”

Then Lena picked up another lantern — this one had a red glow, softer but steady. “Red Lanterns are the signs of danger:

- You feel uncomfortable, confused, or scared.
- Someone is pressuring you, or asking you to keep secrets.
- You’d feel embarrassed if an adult you trust knew.
- Something feels heavy inside, even if it looked fun at first.

That’s how you know: *this isn’t safe.*”

She set the red lantern beside the green one. “Your Safety Compass lives in your chest — it’s that little voice that says, ‘This doesn’t feel right,’ or ‘This feels okay.’ Listening to it is one of the bravest things you can do.”

A child whispered, “But what if I’m not sure?”

“That’s when you ask for help,” Dante said gently. “If you don’t know if the lantern is green or red — that’s your signal to go find a trusted adult and check. You don’t have to figure it out on your own.”

Lena smiled around the circle. “Remember: asking for help is not weakness. It’s wisdom. Even grown-ups need to check their Safety Compass sometimes.”

The scroll curled itself closed, glowing warmly before vanishing back into the tree’s trunk. The lanterns around the room seemed to shine brighter, as if the children’s inner compasses had been lit a little clearer that day.

Closing Wisdom

The Tree of Answers shivered softly, leaves glowing like tiny fireflies. One last scroll emerged from the hollow, wrapped in silver light. Lena lifted it carefully and unrolled it.

Her voice was gentle as she read:
"*What if I still have more questions later?*"

The children leaned in, curious. Some looked relieved, as though this had been their question all along.

Lena smiled. "The truth is — you will always have more questions. Growing up is full of them. Questions about your body, your feelings, friendships, love, even about yourself. And that's not something to hide — it's something to celebrate."

Dante nodded. "Questions are lanterns. Every time you ask one, you bring more light into the dark. Sometimes you'll hold your lantern high on your own. Other times, you'll hand it to

someone you trust so they can help you see the path more clearly. Both are wise."

A girl raised her hand timidly. "But… what if an adult gets mad if I ask?"

Lena's eyes softened. "Then that adult hasn't learned how to carry lanterns gently yet. That's not your fault. It just means you keep searching until you find someone who can. Every child deserves safe people who will answer without shame."

Dante added, "And remember — sometimes even adults are still learning. But the right adults — the ones who love you and want to keep you safe — will always make room for your questions, even if they need time to find the words."

Lena closed the scroll, holding it to her heart. “So here’s our closing truth: never be afraid of your own questions. They are gifts, guiding you through every stage of your growing. Keep asking, keep wondering, keep lighting your lantern. And know — you are never alone on this path.”

The scroll shimmered and dissolved into sparks, floating upward into the branches of the tree. For a moment, the whole circle was lit by tiny glowing motes — hundreds of lantern-questions rising into the air, painting the room with soft golden light.

The children gazed upward, awe and safety shining in their eyes. They knew now: their curiosity was not a burden. It was the beginning of wisdom.

Reflective Reminder

As the last golden motes drifted into the branches of the Tree of Answers, the room grew quiet again — but not heavy. It was the quiet of hearts that felt a little fuller, a little braver.

Lena looked around the circle. “You’ve asked big, important questions today. You’ve shown courage just by wondering. Remember — your body, your heart, your choices, and your energy are yours. You are allowed to grow at your own pace. You are allowed to be curious. You are allowed to wait until you’re ready.”

Dante placed a lantern in the center of the circle, its glow steady and warm. “Here’s what I want you to carry:

- You are not strange for asking questions.
- You are not bad for being curious.
- You are not alone in figuring things out. Every single one of you is walking your

own path, and your questions are the lanterns that will guide you.”

Lena smiled softly. “And whenever you feel unsure, or heavy, or curious in a way that feels too big — remember this tree, this circle, this light. Safe people are out there. Safe places exist. And your lantern will always find them.”

The children each placed their empty cocoa mugs at their sides, hands resting over their hearts as if to keep the glow inside them. For a moment, the room was filled only with the hush of breath and the steady pulse of the lanterns.

And when they rose to leave, they carried something more than answers. They carried the reminder that their curiosity was not shameful, their questions were not too much, and their

path into growing up would always be lit with love.

🌳 *The Tree of Answers*

Facilitator's Guide & Flexible Lesson Plan
Growing Up & Staying Safe Online

🎯 Workshop Goals

- Create a safe, calm, and shame-free space for children to ask questions.
- Teach the difference between safe/unsafe, healthy/unhealthy, real/pretend.
- Empower children to use curiosity as lanterns of learning.
- Strengthen trust between children and adults.

⏰ Flexible Timing Guide (60–90 mins)

1. **Welcome & Grounding (5–10 mins)**
    - Gather children in a circle (cushions, chairs, or floor).
    - Introduce the Tree of Answers (show the picture or scroll).
    - Explain: *"Today is about asking questions. Questions are lanterns — they help us see and grow."*
2. **Lantern Questions Box (10–15 mins)**
    - Give each child a small slip of paper.
    - Invite them to write or draw a question they feel curious, shy, or confused about.
    - Collect them in a box/basket to "feed the Tree."
3. **Tree of Answers Story (10 mins)**

- Read the Fireside Story of Dante & Lena (Scene 1).
- Highlight: curiosity is safe, adults are here to listen, and questions bring light.

4. **Answering the Scrolls (20–30 mins)**
    - One by one, “feed” a question into the Tree of Answers (or pull from the basket).
    - Read it aloud (keeping it anonymous).
    - Use the matching Scroll Illustration as a guide to answer (Bodies, Sex, Porn, Masturbation, Roleplay/Online Curiosity, Safety Compass).
    - Encourage open discussion, let children share feelings.
5. **Safety Compass Activity (10 mins)**
    - Show the Safety Compass scroll (Green Lanterns vs. Red Lanterns).

- Do a “What would you do?” activity with gentle scenarios.
- Example: *“If someone online asks you to keep a secret from your parents, is that a green lantern or red lantern?”*

6. **Closing Wisdom & Reflection (5–10 mins)**
    - Show the Closing Classroom/Tree illustration.
    - Invite children to share *one lantern question* they still hold or one thing they learned.
    - End with reassurance: *“You can always come to trusted adults with your lantern questions.”*

🌱 Facilitator Tips

- Speak calmly, openly, without judgment.

- Normalize curiosity: no question is “bad.”
- Use gentle, age-appropriate honesty.
- Always separate *real love and connection* from *acting/pretend online*.
- Emphasize privacy, readiness, and safety as *choices each child gets to make when they’re older*.
- If a child shares a worrying personal experience, acknowledge it calmly and follow safeguarding steps as needed.