



Act your age

an online safety story

ORIGINAL STORY BY:

Niamh

Sakeenah

Eliona

Joe

EDITORIAL INPUT:

ALL VOICES: SAKEENAH / NIAMH / ELIONA / JOE

**“Michael, come down
for dinner!”**



called Molly,
impatiently. She
peered through
his shabby door,
and watched him
whirl round the
room in
celebration.



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On his laptop screen was his
Facebook page.

"He's SO popular,"

sighed his little sister.



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A cartoon illustration of a young girl with long brown hair, wearing an orange shirt and blue pants, standing with her hands on her hips. She is positioned to the left of a large red speech bubble.

“Why don’t you
copy your
brother? Then,
you’ll be just as
popular as he is!”

The daring side of
her came alive. It
made her heart
race, but was it
even right?

POWTOON⁴EDU

Recorded with

SCREENCAST⁴MATIC

0:30



The words kept ringing... until a calmer version swept through her mind.



If you want to be popular, act friendlier with real people.

Pow!



Molly moved to the
computer. This was it.

**It'll be fine.
All I need to do is sign up.**

She found the Facebook
page.



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Name: Molly

Surname: James

Password: *****

Username: Mollyscool

Age: 15

Birthday: 11th May 2000

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She lied. She wasn't
fifteen. She was
only ten.

Click. It was done.



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Welcome to Facebook. Click this to
find some people your age to talk to.



Obediently, she
followed.

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SCREENCASTOMATIC

1:36







She took selfies: in her school uniform and ones she wouldn't dare show her parents! Posting a few at a time, saying

#myuniformsucks

Moments later, replies arrived.



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This made her feel small inside. Did they really mean that?

Molly's heart thumped loudly. Maybe it wasn't a good idea after all.

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Bursting with excitement she opened a new message. In the text was a simple question:



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Well, reply then!

Over and over she read it.

Hand shaking, she began
to type:

Molly James

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Don't do it!

Trembling, she clicked send. As quick as she had sent it, a reply was back:

You wanna go out with me tonight?

Chicken! Chicken!

After a few seconds a reply
popped on screen.

**Where shall we
meet?**

At the park.

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She read it shivering with nerves. She got up from her chair and grabbed her jacket.



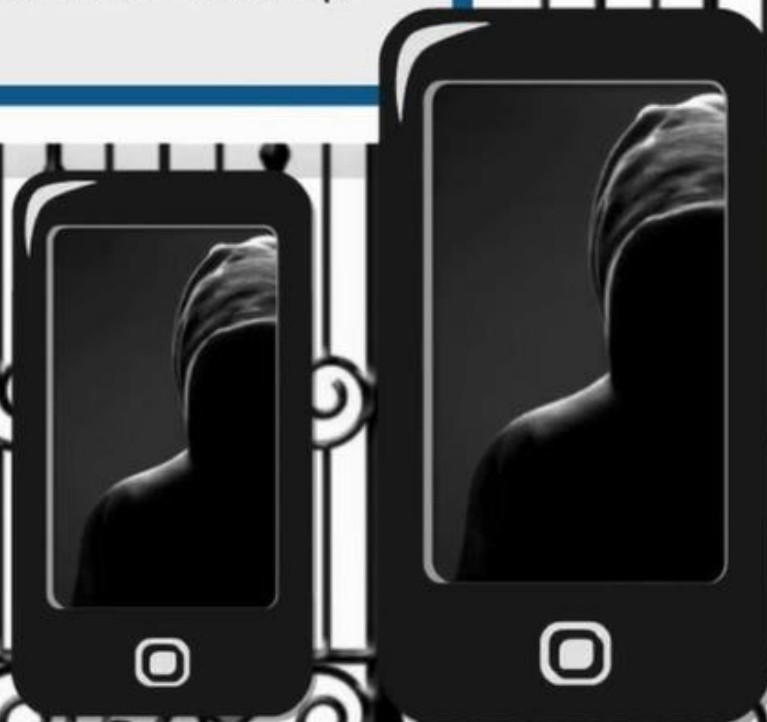
Mum!

she yelled as she sped down the stairs.

I'm going to ...er....Sue's

POWTOON 4EDU

She arrived at the dark, rusted gates of the park, dry leaves rustling under her feet. Tall figures approached her with their hoods up. They looked like ghosts.



SOMEONE'S
GOING TO
FOLLOW YOU,
THEY ALL KNOW
YOUR SCHOOL!!

**LOADS OF
PEOPLE
HATE YOU!**

Does your Mum
know?

**EVER HEARD OF
CYBER-BULLYING?**

WOULD YOU LIKE ME
TO TELL HER?

POWTOON^{EDU}

Petrified, Molly stood frozen. This is not what she thought it would be like.

Moving closer, they towered over her.



They burst out laughing. Everything was so confusing. They all smiled at Molly's puzzled face, calming her down.



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Kiddo, we just wanna say,
stay off Facebook until
you're old enough.

PowToon^{4EDU}

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SCREENCAST^OMATIC

4:31 57

Tears welled in her eyes. They were absolutely right. As she walked back, she knew what to do.

Like before, Blue's voice whispered into her ear.



I told you so!

POWTOON⁴EDU



Molly didn't need to copy
her brother.

She was Molly:

not popular.. but safe.

POWTOON^{EDU}

YOU DON'T HAVE TO
LEARN THE HARD WAY.

BE SAFE ONLINE,
AND YOU'LL BE
FINE.



THE
GUILD
OF

Niamh

Sakeenah

extraordinary
writers

Eliona

Joe

POWTOON EDITING:

MR CLEMENTS



P a d d o x

:-click to go to fullscreen, ctrl+click to snap to video size

SCREENCAST  **OMATIC**

PowToon ^{4EDU}



LICENSED MUSIC / CREATIVE COMMONS:

SHOEBOX / STRIFE II

FREAK VALSE / UNKNOWN ARTIST

SUMMERTIME / IAN HERZOG