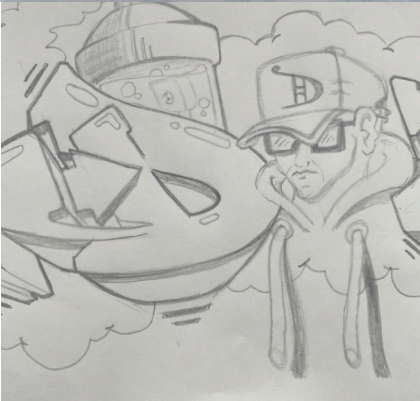


We Could Be Heroes

A Zine about creating community in difficult times





Doodle by Treasure Tracker

During the closing months of 2024, the New Wolsey Theatre worked with Ipswich Job Centre to provide a 6 week programme of workshops reflecting on creativity and community. I was lucky enough to be chosen to facilitate these workshops and over those weeks I got to gather around a big table with a contingent group of folk who never ceased to bring good humour, brilliant ideas and buckets of understanding to the room.

Each week I left the room humbled, energised and inspired by the abundance of creative talent, the variety of expertise and the fearlessness with which our participants experimented, and honestly engaged with each task at hand. Within that space we felt able to celebrate each person's unique creativity and explore the power that it brings, not only within the walls of the room, but more widely the potential power it might have out in the wider community.

The people in that room became my heroes, and when the 6 weeks was up, it certainly felt far too soon to say goodbye.

What follows in these pages are the results of these gatherings. Collected together creative impulses and responses, conversations, community musings and a whole wealth of kindness. Additionally we have included some of the creative prompts and exercises that we used along the way, in case you might like to have a go yourself.

We hope that you enjoy this offering and take time to embrace the power of your own creativity, in 2025 and beyond.

May your days be filled with acts of Bravery, Creativity & Generosity

Soiree

A.K.A
Gemma Garwood

We started the sessions by drawing this working agreement up together and referred back to it during the course of our time together, adding things in, or adjusting as necessary to reflect the needs of the room. It outlined a clear expectation for how the space would operate, so everyone knew where they stood and how they would be expected to behave during our time together. It also held us accountable for preserving and adhering to these expectations as facilitators too, levelling out the hierarchy in the space.

Working Agreement

Respect the stories in the room

Be Curious. Try things.
Don't worry about making mistakes.

Lead with Kindness.

Keep working to build bridges of communication.

At the start of our process we also discussed the things we struggle with that can form barriers to getting out into the world and chasing our dreams or connecting with our communities. We then worked to turn these barriers into aims that we could work toward during our time together. Here is the list we came up with.

- Try to unlearn overthinking.
- Have a go at things.
- Cut down on Social Media use that is harmful or distracting.
- Make more time for thing I enjoy and spend time with people I value.
- Identify and uphold useful Boundaries.
- TRUST MY GUT
- Rest more. It's ok to go at a manageable pace.
- Value my skills and build on them or learn new ones too.
- Build my confidence and share my experience.

Contents

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Food

Getting out there

Dreams

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Heroes

Returning Home

Before we begin... A hello
from our pets, past present
and dreaming...

Team Dog

Timmy
Molly
Bear
Ethel
Chelsea
Baby girl
Hidy
Rox
Jerry-Lee

Team Cat

Eric
Oreo
Parsnip
Tiger
Gizmo
Sarah
cloud & Tifa

Curling up with them makes home
so much homier...

Home

What makes me feel at home?

This is where we started. In that first session we only had two people and a big language barrier. But quickly we discovered common ground, despite some profoundly painful experiences.

We continued to ask this question week on week. And as the group grew, they supported each other if it was a difficult subject to discuss.

Increasingly it became a joy to see how much the people sat around the table found home in themselves, and in this time spent with each other.

Task – Create a poem, short story or image exploring the object, People, Places and/or circumstances...

This could even be a favourite meal / recipe.*

**This expanded into a whole chapter of its own!*

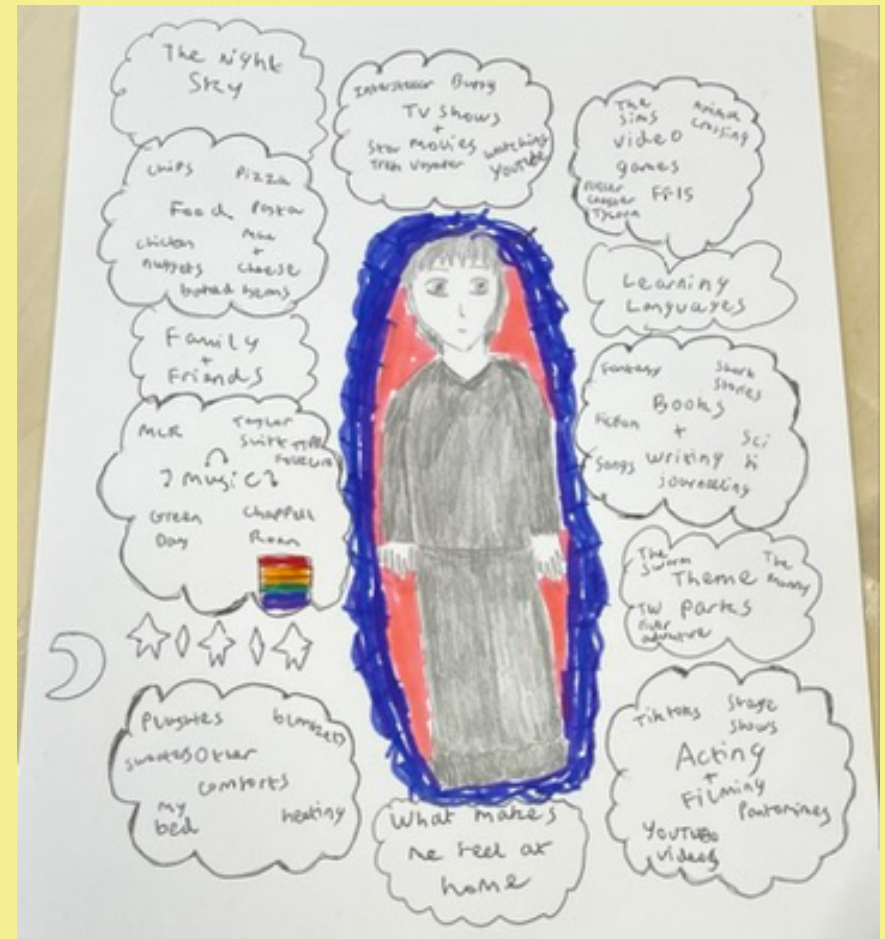
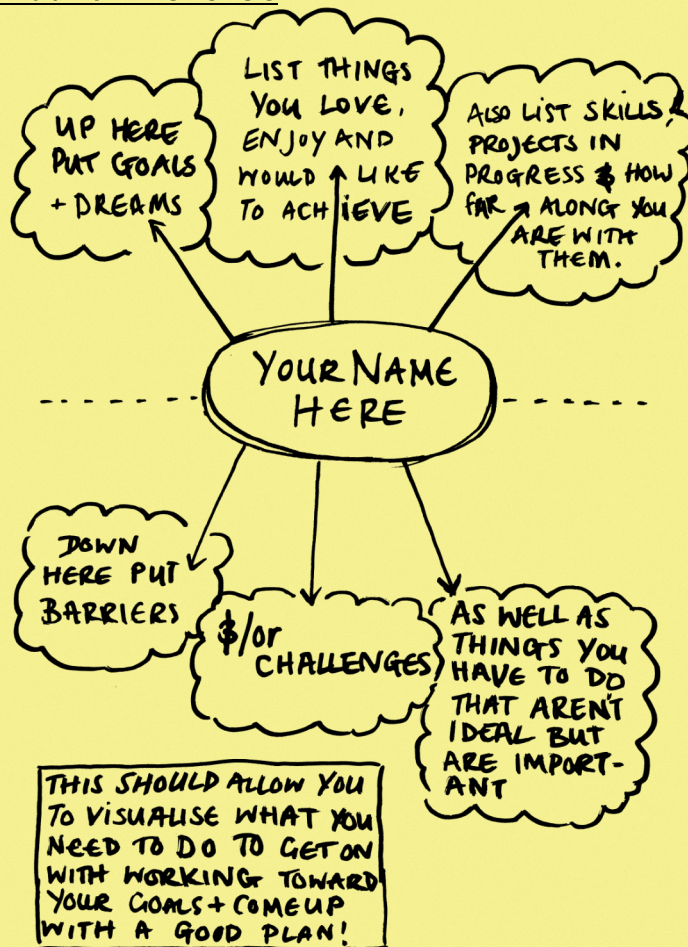


Where are we beginning from?

It's always good to figure out exactly where you are starting from at the beginning of a journey.

Here is an exercise that the group found really useful. A bit like the reassurance of finding the arrow on a map that says "YOU ARE HERE"... Once you know where you are it's easier to figure out where you need to go.

Self Audit Exercise



What makes me feel at home is having my favourite video games around.

Playing animal crossing while it's cold outside.

I also feel at home listening to my playlists on spotify, knowing I can listen to my favorite songs anytime

I want.

T. S

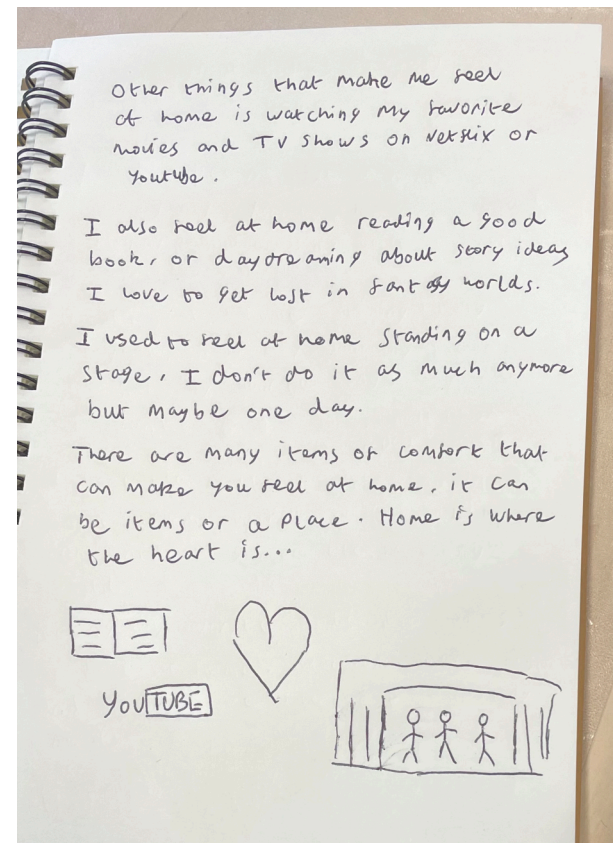
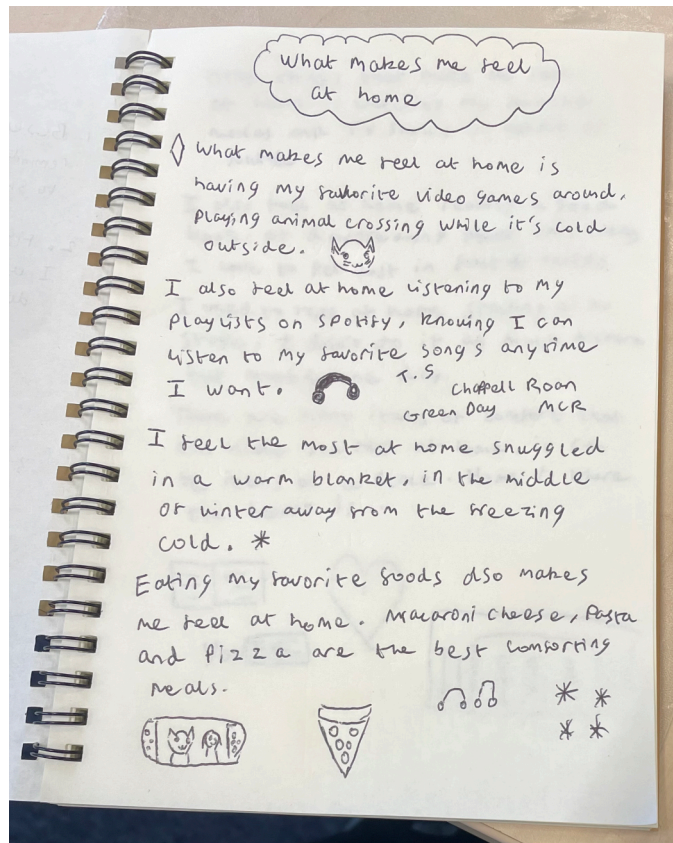
Chappell Roan

Green Day

MCR

I feel the most at home snuggled in a warm blanket, in the middle of winter away from the freezing cold.

Eating my favourite foods also makes me feel at home. Macaroni cheese, Pasta and Pizza are the best comforting meals.



I used to feel at home standing on a stage, I don't do it as much anymore but maybe one day.

There are many items of comfort that can make you feel at home, it can be items or a place.

Home is where the heart is...

Other things that make me feel at home is watching my favourite movies and TV Shows on Netflix or Youtube.

I also feel at home reading a good book, or daydreaming about story ideas.

I love to get lost in fantasy worlds.

② What makes you feel at home

Explore the objects, people and/or circumstances that make you

Feel At Home



Today, my table's set for one.
where to sit? I choose my chair
I light a candle for myself. I place
the food upon the plate with care.
Roast potatoes, parsnips too,
Always a favourite, with our crew.

Vegetables orange, green and white. Slices
of tender, tasty meat. Yorkshire puddings and
gravy too, or else the meal is not complete.

I take my place, savouring the sights
and smells of this plate of food; and,
the taste! I take a bite and the
memories come flooding back,
Mum and Dad, sisters three, sons
and daughter, wives and husband,
granddaughters and grandsons.
all have taken their places
at the table over the years,
and today, they join me here!

Accomplishments and disappointments
thoughts and feelings, hopes and fears
all were shared around the table
with love and laughter, sometimes
tears

However many gather round the
table,
and if they choose to stay or
choose to roam.

and if we eat alone or eat
together

Sunday roast,
is still the taste of home!

What makes you
feel at home?

Explore the
objects, people
and or
circumstances that
make you Feel At
home.

Family

Sharing

Food

AND

Conversation

Today, my table's
set for one.

Where to sit?

I choose my chair
I light a candle
for myself.

I place the food
upon the plate
with care.

Roast potatoes,
parsnips too,

Always a
favourite, with
our crew.

vegetables orange, green and white.

Slices of tender, tasty meat.

Yorkshire puddings and gravy too,

or else the meal is not complete,

I take my place, savouring the sights and
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Mum and Dad, sisters three, sons and
daughter, wives and husband, granddaughters
and grandsons. all have taken their places
at the table over the years, and today, they
join me here!

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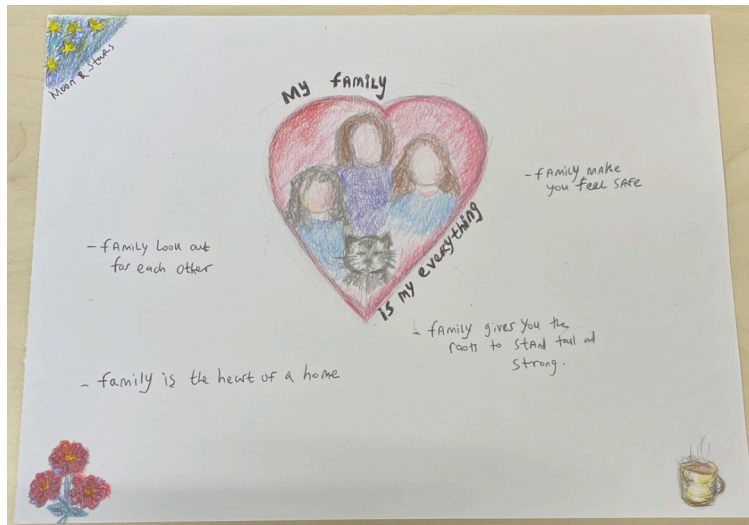
Perseverance

What Makes us feel at home?

LIST OF THINGS THAT MAKE ME FEEL AT HOME

Blanket
TV
Candle light
More blankets
My own music (Ruth B, K.Flay)
The Outcasts' Universe - Freight-tale,
writing, roleplaying, Character Art.
- **Wallflower**

MUSIC, SMILING FACES, COSY FIRE BEING IN NATURE,
HAVING MY CAT CURLED UP ON MY LAP.
WATCHING A TV DRAMA
TALKING WITH FRIENDS
THE SMELL OF FRESHLY GROUND COFFEE
- Lightlash



Picture by Lionheart

Neighbours

Once we had spoken about home... and as we were thinking about the idea of community, we couldn't really get away from our immediate physical surroundings. We couldn't shy away from speaking about neighbours.

The philosopher spoke so eloquently about the neighbours he had left behind...how they had been like family. But here, he said,

“Here, our neighbours have no names”

Well that really landed in the room. I know I have carried it with me since.

Perhaps it's time to say hello to your neighbour?

Ideal Neighbour

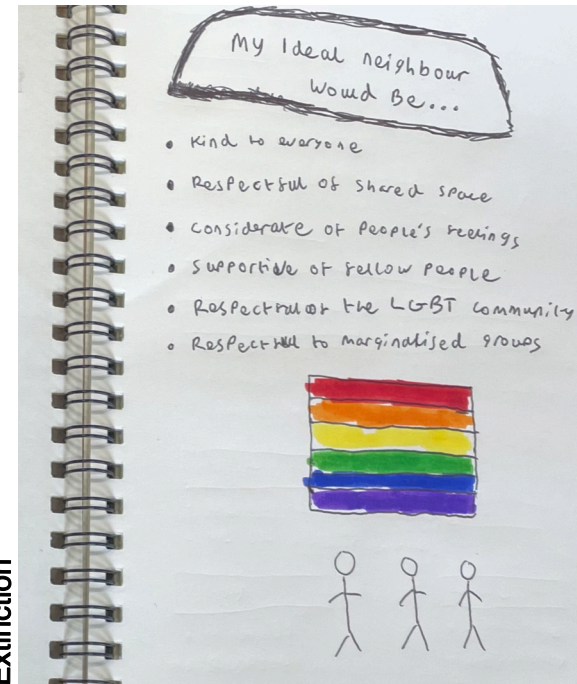
A perfect neighbour, warm and kind,
A friendly wave, a peace of mind.
They lend a hand, they share a smile,
Making each day feel worthwhile.

With open hearts and words so few,
The world feels safe because of you.

Friends forever, arm in arms,
Do you need some milk, we can have lucky charms.

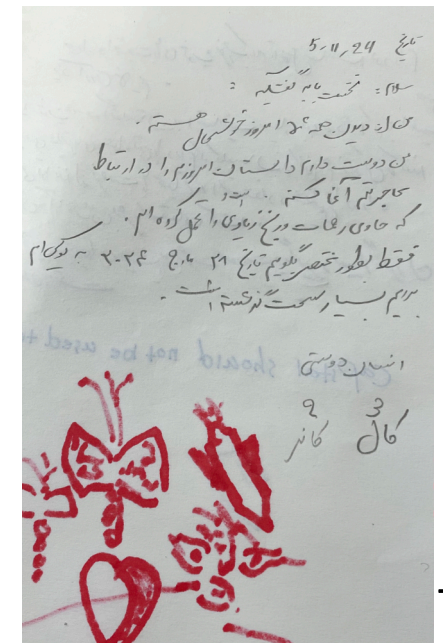
Wallflower

Extinction



My Ideal neighbour would Be...

- Kind to everyone
- Respectful of shared space
- Considerate of peoples feelings
- Supportive of fellow people
- Respectful of the LGBT community
- Respectful to marginalised groups



The Philosopher

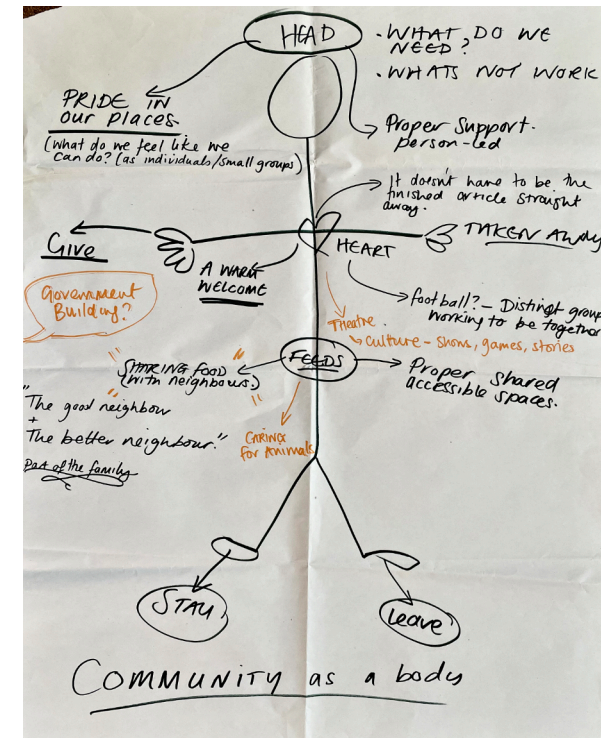
Community

During one of our conversations about neighbours, Treasure tracker was keen to chat about his mum and how good she was at looking after the folk around her. We all thought she'd make a great neighbour.

He then started talking about taking pride in your locality and really pragmatic ways of taking responsibility in the community, like keeping the streets clean and keeping an eye on the kids playing in the street.

We spoke about the, I guess more civic, community in Ipswich. Some folk around the table felt they belonged here...others not so much. And then we touched on the other kinds of communities that had come up in previous conversations. Communities online, the LBTGQIA+ community, chosen family, communities of interest and so on.

This image describes a moment when a community turned up to help one of the people sat at our table.



We talked about the community as a body, which I'll admit was a bit abstract...but here's where we got with that. What do you think about it?

The idea was not only to create a map of sorts, to visualise the "community", but to also perform some kind of health check by associating it with the body. What emerged was a character that combined a number of different ideas about a number of different kinds of communities.

I think it says quite a lot about the sense of agency felt in the room.

And it also offers a quite beautiful insight into the big hearts and kind ideas abundant amongst the group.

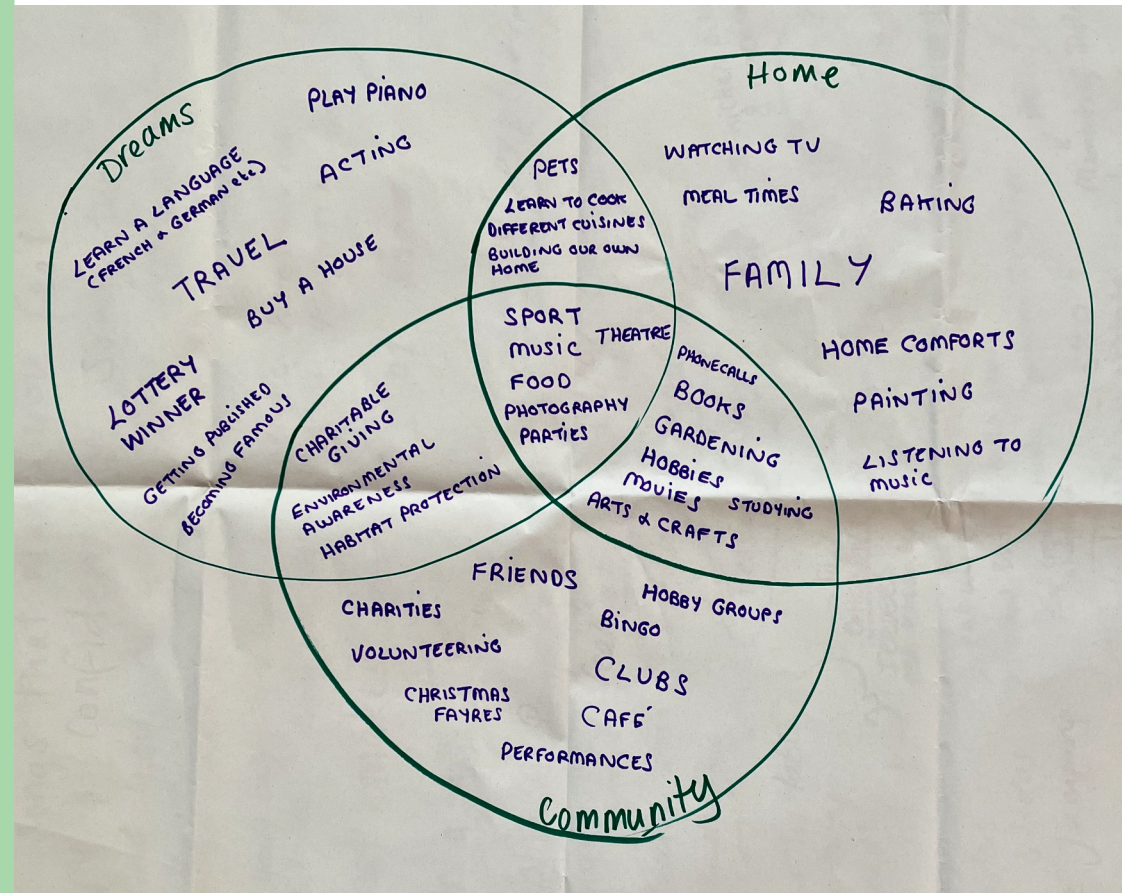
Another sort of mapping exercise that resonated with the group was this Venn diagram.

Looking at the crossover between Dreams, Home and community helped get to the meat of what was important in an idealised community setting. It was heartening, but not surprising, to see creativity looming so large at the centre of it all.

(At least as far as the folk around our table were concerned)

Spaces to gather were also important as were environmental and cultural factors.

What would you add into the mix?



Food

When thinking about home comforts and also community gatherings we were never far away from the subject of food. We shared our comfort foods and flavours;

Mint (and potatoes)
Chicken pilaf
Macaroni Cheese"
Jamaican Dumplings
Leek and potato soup.
Lemon Drizzle Cake
Coffee & Walnut Cake
Cheese Scones
Flapjacks
Lemon Cheesecake

Some of our wilder combinations for satisfying and easy sandwiches;

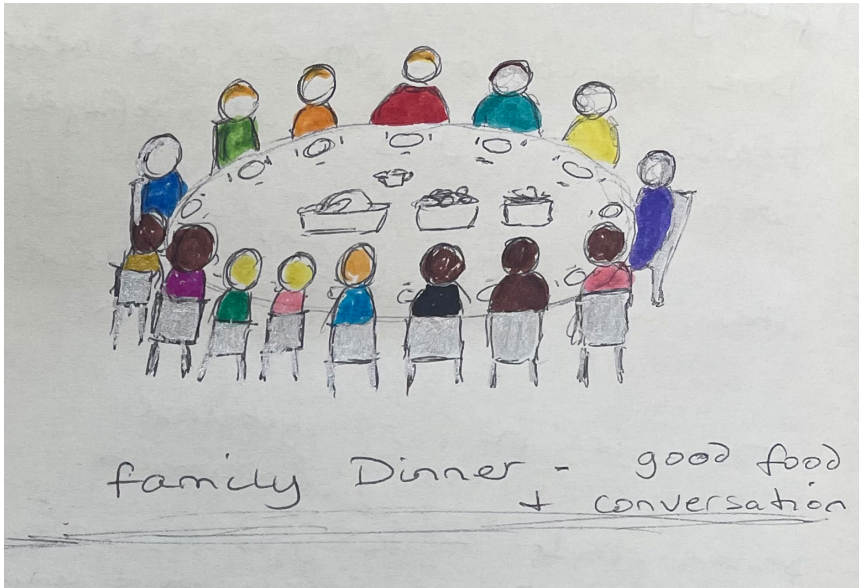
Salad cream & tuna
Peanut Butter & Mint Sauce

Some food consigned to memory, like apple pies that were "never as good as Mum's" or the "Melting Moments"/Moments of Delight dessert with a long forgotten recipe but a lingering remembered deliciousness.

We spoke about comfort viewing and togetherness. About how important it is to get round the table together and share nourishment.

Sunday Dinner and a walk can be the best medicine for a hard week. It is well worth carrying on as a tradition even when we're by ourselves. These rituals are important. Feeders are valuable assets to our community and to our individual lives.

We also discovered that Chat GPT loves food conversation!



Tricia's Tasty Quiche

Ingredients

(for the pastry)

4oz self raising flour

2oz margarine

Cold water to mix



8 inch
pie
dish.

Method.

Mix flour and margarine together in a bowl, with a fork or with fingers. Mix till it resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add a little water at a time and mix to make a soft but not sticky pastry. If it is too wet, you can add more flour.

Roll pastry out on a floured board to fit an 8" pie dish. Line the dish with the pastry and crimp the edges.



For The Filling

Your choice of ham, peppers, plain cheese or whatever combinations takes your fancy.

Two eggs and milk (a scant $\frac{1}{2}$ pint) salt + pepper to taste.

If you choose plain cheese, grate enough cheese to almost fill the pastry case. Then whisk eggs, milk and seasonings together. Pour over cheese. Do not overfill.

If using other fillings.
Place at bottom of
pastry case and then
add grated cheese and
pour egg and milk mix,
as for cheese only
version.

Place Quiche in oven
160 - 180 °C for about
30 - 45 minutes, depending
on whether a fan or
non-fan oven. Quiche
should be golden brown
and firm to touch.



Trichia's Tasty Quiche

(Perseverance)

Ingredients

(for the pastry)
4oz Self Raising Flour
2oz Margarine
Cold water to mix

8 inch pie dish.

Method.

Mix flour and margarine together in a bowl with a fork or with fingers. Mix til it resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add a little water at a time and mix to make a soft but not sticky pastry. If it is too wet, you can add more flour. Roll pastry out on a floured board to fit an 8", pie dish. Line the dish with the pastry and crimp the edges.

For The Filling

Your choice of ham, peppers, plain cheese or whatever combinations takes your fancy.
Two eggs and milk (a scant ¼ pint).
salt + pepper to taste.

If you choose plain cheese grate enough cheese to almost fill the pastry case. Then whisk eggs, milk and seasonings together. Pour over cheese. Do not overfill!

If using other fillings. Place at bottom of pastry case and then add grated cheese and pour egg and milk mix, as for cheese only version.

Place Quiche in oven 160 - 180 ° for about 30 - 45 minutes, depending on whether a fan or non-fan oven. Quiche should be golden brown and firm to touch.



برای تقییم رضای قرمصبزی، ما موادی که ضرورت هست برای شش نفر، از می کنم الان برای شش نفر اگر بخواهیم قرمصبزی درست کنیم، مقدار نیم کیلو گوشت استخواندار ضرورت هست و مقدار سیر، زرچوبه، لیمون، نمک، مقدار سبزی انوای مختلف که ما اون را بسیار خورد می کنیم این مواد ها لازم است، ابتدا گوشت در سیر و پیاز به روغن بسیار کم بریانش می کنیم وقتی به رنگ گلابی گوشت در آمد، سبزی که از انوای مختلف خورد شده است اون را بالاش علاوه می کنیم بعد مقدار آب هم اضافه می کنیم بالاش، این را می دانیم که بجوشد، اگر بجوشد، ده دقیقه بعد از 15 دقیقه پخته کامل می شود، گوشت ها نرم می شود، باز لیمون را می دانیم، نه آب لیمون را خود لیمون خوشک شده است، باز به امدازه یک کاشوق غذا خوری، باز آب غوری انگور را می ریزیم برای طعمش که خوشخوراکش می کنه، مذهبش اضافه می کنه، باز مقدار کمی هم زفران می ریزیم، باز دیگه وقتی که دیدیم که این آبش گرفت، یعنی دیگه سر روغن آمد، باز آن وقت استفاده می کنیم با پلاو یا جدادانه با نان.



For preparing Gheimh Ghormeh Sabzi

+ Message



For preparing Gheimh Ghormeh Sabzi, the ingredients needed for six people are as follows. If we want to make Ghormeh Sabzi for six people, we need half a kilogram of bone-in meat, garlic, turmeric, dried lime, salt, and a variety of finely chopped greens. These are the required materials.

First, we sauté the meat with garlic and onion in a small amount of oil. Once the meat turns a rosy color, we add the finely chopped greens. After that, we add some water and let it boil. It takes about ten to fifteen minutes for everything to fully cook, and the meat becomes tender. Then, we add dried lime—not lime juice but dried lime itself. Next, we add about one tablespoon of grape syrup to enhance its flavor and give it a nice taste. We also add a small amount of saffron.

Finally, when the water has reduced, and the oil rises to the surface, it's ready to serve. It can be enjoyed with rice or separate' ↓ th bread.



+ Message



Dreams



There are various dreams around the table.

Some dream of success in writing, music and acting, One dreams of helping folk who have experienced Domestic Violence and is training to become a counsellor.

Treasure tracker dreams of passing his driving test so he can help his family get from A to B much more easily.

Some dream of dinosaurs.

Winning the GBBO and starting a bakery specialising entirely in Lemon flavoured treats

The philosopher dreams of home.



The Beat-Boxer dreams in rhythm and song

He weaves tunes day after day

Experimenting with different styles and creating so many well executed tracks that there is something for all of us to like.

We sat together and listened, tapping toes.

Astonished and delighted at the range of wonderful sounds he had created.





The Phoenix Accord | Part of The Outcasts' Bookverse

Written By Connor Hickman aka Wallflower

The scent of citrus filled the cosy space of Lemon Love, a bakery tucked away in one of London's quieter streets. Moonlight streamed through the large windows, casting a white glow on the team gathered inside. The Philosopher sat at the table's head, his robes reflecting the rugged beauty of Afghanistan landscapes and age-old craftsmanship, pristine even after his morning stroll through the lively city. He placed his hands on the worn wood, his voice cutting through the idle chatter.

"Imagination fuels our world, my friends, yet something—someone—is draining it away. What would the Earth be without creativity? Our neighbours, our families, the animals we coexist with... They would all lose a part of themselves without imagination steering their lives. We must not watch this unfold without taking action!"

Lionheart leaned back in her chair, her crimson and bronze armour gleaming faintly in the light. "We've seen the signs," she said, her voice steady and firm. "Artists unable to paint, musicians forgetting their songs. It's more than a coincidence."

Her words were met with murmurs of agreement from the rest of the Phoenix Accord, who surrounded the table in varying states of readiness. Extinction, silent as always, sat nearest to the door, her cape's jagged edges rippling like restless fire. Nearby, Treasure Tracker toyed with a small compass, his brow furrowed as though already plotting their next move.

"Then it's decided," Red Curtain spoke, his face obscured by a mask adorned with a question mark that muffled his words. "If the heart of the world's creativity is under threat, we'll trace it to its source. But where do we begin, old friend? Where do dreams go when they disappear, and how can we find them?"

Wallflower remained silent, his gaze locked on the ground as he played with his ginger hair, his mind working overtime to solve the riddle before him. Beside them, Perseverance tapped her pen on the edge of her suit's heart sigil, her lips curved into a thoughtful frown with her mind on the mission. The Accord was determined, and whatever lay ahead, they would meet the challenge together.

The Beatboxer leaned forward, music flowing from his headphones, an aura of sadness surrounding him as his love for music faded. He was accompanied by the Master Builder, who was also dealing with her own sorrow, struggling to distinguish between the tools hanging from her waist. The pair had been the first to notice the changes, and now that their worst fears were confirmed, they would do whatever it took to fix the problem.

It was then the remaining two members of the team made their way into the bakery. Lightlash, a loving woman with long, energy lashes dangling from her arms, and Free Kick, a fanatic for all things football, strode towards the table, the former grinning and waving a slip of paper triumphantly. After some searching, they had finally tracked down the one clue that could help the Accord on their mission: the address of a mysterious company, tucked away in an office tower at the city's heart.

"We've got it!" Lightlash cheered, her enthusiasm infectious. "Our source, codename TARDIS Coat, has located the epicentre of this mess. And the good news is, it's within our reach.

She's already sent through a map, so all we have to do is pack up and move out!"

"Excellent," the Philosopher murmured, rising from his seat. "The fate of the world rests upon us. Are we prepared?"

"Yes, sir!" the group chorused, and the mission began.

Before long, they packed their things and stepped out of the bakery into the nighttime streets. However, it didn't take long for the group to start bickering among themselves.

"I told you, we need to go left," Treasure Tracker hissed. "If we keep following these directions, we'll end up lost!"

"But I have an excellent sense of direction," Extinction retorted. "How could we possibly get lost when I'm guiding us?"

"Because you don't have a compass!"

The debate had been raging for nearly an hour, and the rest of the Accord were reaching the end of their patience. Wallflower turned another corner, sighing as his companions continued to bicker. This was not how the mission was supposed to go.

"Are we there yet?" Perseverance called. "I'm not sure how much more of this I can take..."

"No, not yet," Master Builder muttered. "It should be just up ahead. Keep your eyes peeled."

As if on cue, the building they were searching for appeared in the distance. It was an enormous, imposing skyscraper, the windows gleaming in the moonlight and a single sign emblazoned upon the entrance. It was the very image of success, the sort of place that would give any business hope.

"Here it is," Lionheart whispered. "Where the world's creativity is being stolen. Whatever lies ahead, we need to stick together. Remember the plan, and let's get moving."

She pushed open the heavy doors, leading her teammates into the foyer. Everything seemed normal. There were no monsters lurking, no traps ready to spring, no sinister villains awaiting their arrival and surprisingly, no people either. The building appeared to be deserted, which did nothing to quell the sense of unease that had taken hold of the Accord.

They moved slowly through the empty corridors, careful to check for potential threats around each corner. Wherever they went, they were greeted by a table with a vase on it. But with each room they passed, it was clear that there was no sign of life, no sign that the building had been occupied at all.

"I don't like the feel of this place," Lightlash whispered, her voice low. "It's too quiet... and why are there so many vases?"

"I know what you mean," Wallflower replied. "There should be some sort of activity, but it's almost like a ghost town in here. Like nobody's home."

They crept through the hallways, keeping a close eye on their surroundings, until they reached a set of ornate double doors. The Philosopher stood before the entrance, his brow furrowed as he took in the sight before him. There was something different about these doors, and he couldn't quite put his finger on what it was.

"This is it," he murmured. "The source of the trouble, right behind these doors. Wallflower, can you sneak in and scout the area? I want to make sure we're not walking into a trap."

"On it."

Within a blink of an eye, Wallflower vanished, camouflaging himself with the surrounding wall. He slipped through the doors, his movements barely making a sound.

And the Phoenix Accord waited.

The minutes passed, and no one moved, their minds racing as they imagined what Wallflower might be encountering. They could feel the tension in the air, the fear of the unknown, and it was only a matter of time before someone snapped.

"Something's wrong," Treasure Tracker breathed, his fingers tapping nervously against his side. "We shouldn't have left him alone. What if something's happened?"

"He can take care of himself," The Beat-Boxer reassured, even though he wasn't sure herself. "He's probably fine, and he'll be back soon."

Perseverance looked away, her expression troubled. She was normally the calmest member of the Accord, but the circumstances were far from ordinary, and even she was starting to lose her composure.

"What if he doesn't come back?" Free Kick asked. "We can't just sit here and wait for something to happen. We have to do something."

"We can't," Lightlash protested. "If we rush in, we could get ourselves killed. And what about Wallflower? He could just be double-checking the perimeter, and we'd be ruining his efforts. We can't just assume the worst."

"I agree," Master Builder murmured, her hands resting on her tool belt. "We have to stay calm and focus on the task at hand. If Wallflower has found something, we'll be ready to go. And if not, then we can worry."

The argument was interrupted by a loud noise from the other side of the doors, a sound like a crash or an explosion. Everyone froze, their eyes wide with fear, and at that moment, they knew it was time to intervene. With The Philosopher and Lionheart leading the pack, it was time.

They kicked the doorway down, charging into the room and expecting the worst. But instead, they were greeted by a strange sight. In the centre of the room, a swirling vortex of cyan and magenta energy hovered above an unconscious Wallflower, his body surrounded by broken bits of glass. And he wasn't alone.

Three figures stood near the edge of the room, watching the arrival of the Accord with unnerving intensity. Each of them had a distinct appearance and name. Soiree, in the centre, wore attire influenced by music. Farstep, equipped with her helmet and spring-loaded shoes, smirked as she crossed her arms. Averian, with her large wings and bird-inspired mask, completed the trio.

"Phoenix Accord," Soiree, the apparent leader, purred. "We've been expecting you."

"Welcome," Farstep added. "Please, make yourselves comfortable. You must have so many questions."

"Please be patient, though," Averian chimed in. "We have plenty to share."

The Phoenix Accord glanced at one another, unsure what to make of the situation. The three figures in front of them were clearly the culprits, and they had Wallflower captured, but they seemed oddly polite, almost welcoming. Still, the Accord was on their guard, prepared for anything.

"Who are you?" the Philosopher demanded, his aura influencing them to talk.

"We are the Administration," Soiree answered. "Your guides to a better world."

"We are the ones responsible for the disappearance of the creative energies," Farstep added. "But you already knew that, didn't you?"

"You will surrender," Averian stated. "For your own safety."

The members of the Phoenix Accord assumed defensive stances and prepared for a fight. But as they scanned the room, their hopes of victory dwindled. Wallflower was still unconscious, and the vortex of energy was growing stronger by the minute. There was no way to stop the Administration, and the thought sent a shiver down their spines.

"Surrender?" Lionheart questioned. "That's not going to happen."

"We are the Phoenix Accord," Lightlash snarled.

"We never back down from a challenge," Perseverance continued.

"We protect the world from people like you," Treasure Tracker added.

"And we always win," Free Kick finished.

"Very well," Averian responded, their tone emotionless. "You leave us no choice. Prepare for elimination."

With that, the trio launched their assault, moving with surprising speed and precision. It began with Soiree, who unleashed a wave of magic, summoning physical music notes to attack the Accord. Her partner, Averian, followed suit, launching an attack of their own, calling forth her flock of birds to overwhelm the Phoenix

Accord. And, finally, Farstep unleashed their powers, using their springy shoes and teleportation abilities to keep the heroes on their toes.

The Accord responded quickly, fighting back with everything they had. Treasure Tracker revealed his magnet fishing rod, flicking the string and snagging Soiree's blade, while Master Builder activated her gloves, utilising her blueprints to disorient the enemy. Extinction transformed, her body transmogrified into her Nightmare T-Rex form, towering over the bunch with an orange and black glow as she lunged for the Administration.

Farstep and Averian dodged the attacks, using their abilities to their advantage. While Farstep leapt around the room, their movements almost impossible to track, Averian flew through the air, her birds circling her like a deadly cloud. Soiree remained focused, her magic casting The Philosopher into the wall.

"Boss!" The Beat-Boxer called out, concerned for his friend.

As a result, he failed to notice the incoming attack. Farstep appeared behind him and delivered a sharp kick to his back. He stumbled forward, losing his balance, and his headphones clattered to the ground, his music playing at full volume.

Soundwaves radiated from the discarded device, rippling through the air and slamming into the Administration, catching them off guard; and giving the Accord the opening they needed. Perseverance flew high, with Lightlash by her side, swinging on her energy lashes. The pair moved in sync as they unleashed their own attacks, knocking the Administration backwards.

The team was holding their own, but the vortex of energy was continuing to grow, and they had no idea how to stop it.

They were running out of time, and they needed a plan.

"This isn't working," Free Kick panted. "We need a new strategy."

"I have an idea," The Philosopher said, his eyes narrowed.

After some indistinctive communication, the Accord split into two groups, each attacking one of the Administration. They used every trick and technique at their disposal, and while the opposition was powerful, the team was determined.

The Philosopher, Lionheart and Perseverance were in the vanguard, his intelligence, her strength and their compassion merging to create a formidable combination. They targeted Soiree, surrounding the magic-user and refusing to give her an inch of space. She responded with an impressive display of skill and power, singing and dancing with such elegance and grace that the heroes were momentarily entranced.

But their training held, and they soon shook off the effects, renewing their attacks. With a burst of energy, Lionheart knocked Soiree into the wall, stunning her. Perseverance followed up with a simple poke to the nose, channelling love and acceptance into her touch, and Soiree was overwhelmed. She fell, her eyes glancing up at The Philosopher, whose welcoming aura and warm smile helped her understand the error of her ways.

Treasure Tracker, Extinction, Master Builder and Lightlash had taken on Farstep, the spring-shoed foe. Despite their agility, they couldn't outpace the group. With Extinction's T-Rex form serving as an effective tank, and Treasure Tracker's magnet fishing rod finding its way around Farsteps legs, Master Builder and Lightlash were free to act. Blueprints and energy lashes danced across the field, and before long, the quartet had Farstep

trapped.

Master Builder was the first to act, her blueprint glowing as she created a net. Lightlash followed suit, her energy lash wrapping around Farstep's leg and pulling her towards the entanglement. As Farstep struggled, Treasure Tracker flicked his rod, snagging her suit and pulling her closer. And with a mighty roar, Extinction slammed her massive foot onto Farstep's chest, knocking her into the net and trapping her.

All that was left was Averian, who was facing down Free Kick, The Beat-Boxer and Red Curtain. Though, with her flock of birds and the air under her command, Averian was proving a formidable foe. Her fowls were relentless, pecking and scratching at the heroes as they tried to get close.

Averian, however, had yet to show her full strength. Her birds were a distraction, a means to an end. As the three heroes battled her feathered friends, Averian focused on building up her strength, preparing for a single, devastating blow.

With the rest of the Phoenix Accord otherwise occupied, the trio were left to their own devices. But they were not alone. The Beat-Boxer reached down and picked up his discarded headphones, placing them back on his head. He aimed the speakers at the flock, unleashing a powerful blast of sound. The birds scattered, their feathers floating gently to the ground.

Red Curtain seized the opportunity amidst the distraction, his crimson robes swirling around him as he stood proudly. "Life is a theatre set in which there are but few practicable entrances. Victor Hugo, Les Miserables." he quoted, and as if by magic, all doors within the room opened, including one Averian was soaring right beside, bashing her beak against the brittle wood.

As the villainess fell, Free Kick sprinted towards her, conjuring a ball of spectral energy to launch. But Averian recovered quickly, her wings flapping and a strong gust of wind sending the football-themed hero tumbling away.

It was then that Averian decided to show her true strength. It was time to unleash the fury. And just as she was about to, a smash rang through the room. A vase connected with her head, and her body crumpled. The team looked towards the source of the sound, and standing there was none other than Wallflower, awake and ready to fight.

With the villains defeated, they crawled towards the swirling vortex with fear and confusion etched on their faces. They knew what they had done was despicable, and the consequences were severe. They knew the vortex was sucking away the world's creativity, but what could they do now?

"Join us," The Philosopher's voice was calm, yet full of conviction, as if he could sense their hesitation before they even spoke. "We understand the desire for greatness, for control, for power. We know what it's like to be consumed by the urge to create something unique, to hoard that creativity for yourself. But true greatness isn't found in isolation. It's found in sharing. In collaboration. It's in the moments when we come together, pooling our imaginations, and build something greater than we could alone."

He paused, his gaze soft but intense, sweeping over the faces of those who had once sought to take away the very essence of creation. "Creativity is the lifeblood of this world, the spark that drives humanity forward. If we take it, bottle it up, and claim it for ourselves, we create a void, a world barren of inspiration. But when we share it, when we nurture it together, we can repair the fracture. We can make the world whole again, let it flourish in ways we can only dream of."

The Philosopher stepped forward, his tone gentler but no less earnest. "This isn't about taking control or being the best. It's about lifting each other up, combining our strengths, and making the world a place where creativity thrives. The Phoenix Accord has seen the power of unity, and now we offer it to you. Come, be a part of something bigger than yourself. Help us save this world, not just for us—but for everyone, together."

With his words, the team of the Phoenix Accord extended their hands, waiting for the response. Would the Administration join them, or would they continue their quest to hoard the world's imagination, a hollow victory at best?

The heroes waited with bated breath as the three figures rose to their feet, their expressions unreadable. Their gazes met the eyes of the Accord, and a moment passed between them. Then, slowly, hesitantly, they nodded, turning around and facing the vortex.

"Let's do it," Soiree said, her voice trembling.

"For the sake of the world," Farstep added, her body shaking.

"For the future," Averian concluded, her wings wavering.

As one, they closed their eyes and breathed in deeply, letting go of the greed, the need to control. Their thoughts turned inward, focusing on the love of imagination, and the joy it brought them. The air shimmered as the essence of creativity flowed off of the vortex, filling the world with colour and life once again.

And the heroes smiled.

The Phoenix Accord had triumphed.

In the end, the world was safe once more, the creative energies returned and the void closed. But the lesson remained: the power of sharing, of working together, was truly a force to be reckoned with. And it would never be forgotten.

With their mission accomplished, the team returned home, their hearts light and their spirits renewed. They knew the struggle wasn't over, but they were prepared for anything, united as one.

For they were the Phoenix Accord, and their flame would burn forever.

Did you enjoy? Find more on The Outcasts' Universe & Bookverse here:

Wiki Fandom Page



Book List On Wattpad



Mini Zine Exercise

- Make a front cover for your Zine inspired by your favourite photo or image (film poster, book cover, painting etc)

- Fill the pages with a 'story' about yourself you can use words &/or images!...

You could make lists of your favourite things.

You can draw/describe your favourite Place

You can tell us about what you know you're good at, or talk about some of the things you struggle with.

You can MAKE SOMETHING UP!

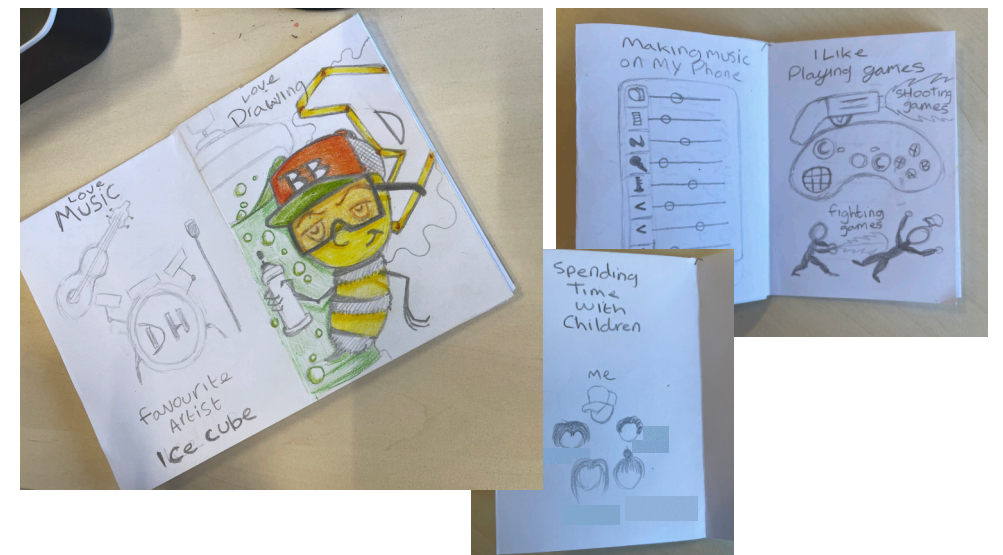
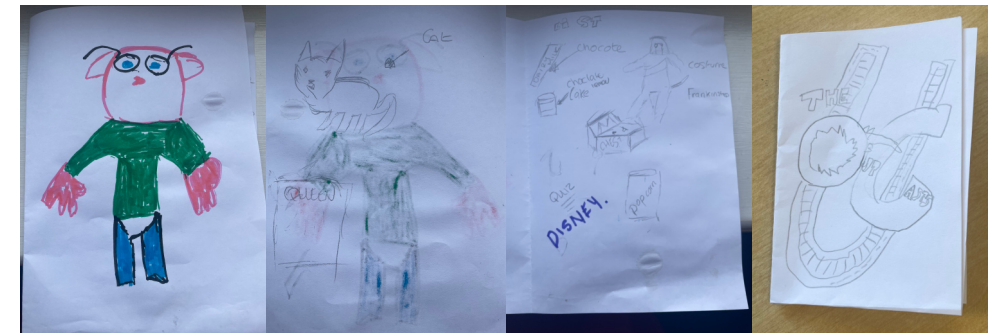
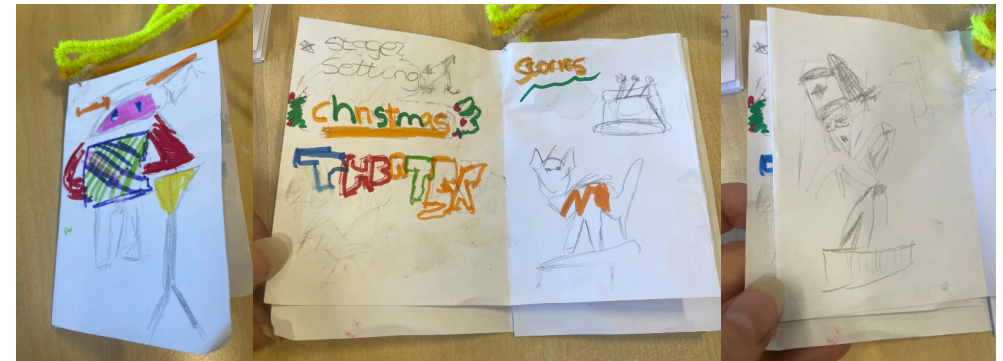
Remember: These don't have to be perfect! Just have fun digging into something you love!

A lovely clear video demo of how to make a zine from one sheet of paper can be found here:



(

This video was made by Seleena Daye for National Museums Liverpool, and it's really good so we didn't need to make our own this time!)



Getting out there

I think it's true for many of us after the last few years of pandemic that anxiety can really get in the way of so many things...

Lots of us have struggled with the pressure to get back to "normal" and it can get in the way of things at work and socially... often it can even get in the way of leaving the house at all.

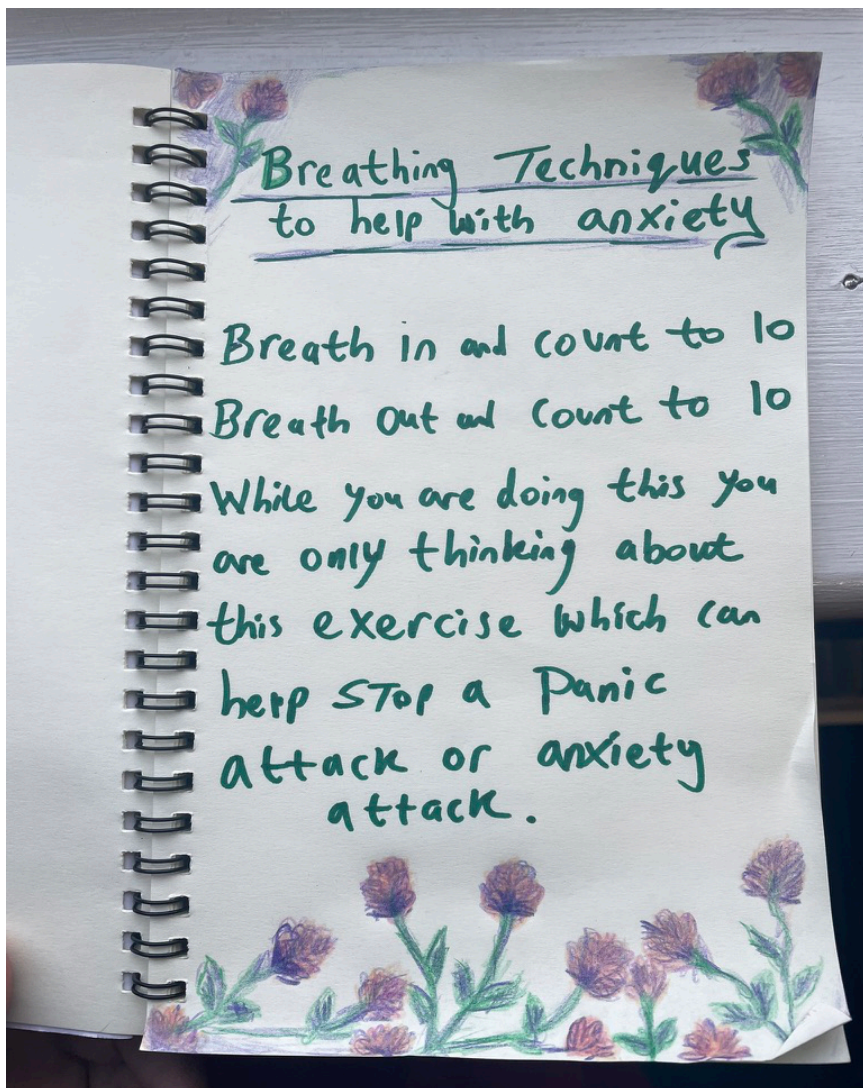
Here are some of the things that came out of our discussions about these struggles. We found it helped us to identify and respect our boundaries, to forgive low social batteries and to take the time to breathe.

We hope that you might find them helpful, should you find you need them.



I will take care of myself first. I will not allow others to guilt or manipulate me into doing things I'm not comfortable with. I will stand up for myself and voice my opinions with confidence. I will not hold myself responsible for the things beyond my control. I will communicate openly and when I need to, assertively. I will not let my happiness depend on other people.

Breathing Techniques to help with anxiety - Lionheart



Breathing Techniques to help with anxiety

Breath in and count to 10
Breath out and count to 10
While you are doing this you
are only thinking about
this exercise which can
help stop a Panic
attack or anxiety
attack.

Breath in and count to 10
Breath out and count to 10

While you are doing this you are only thinking about this exercise which can help stop a panic attack or anxiety attack.



Free Kick's guide to meeting people...

Use community spaces like cafes and libraries, especially if they have social or meet up groups!

Find your tribe! For instance, If you are into football try to go and watch the games! Find opportunities to chat to other people that hold the same interest...maybe even join a club yourself.

Be sure to value the connections you make! Arrange regular meet ups, and don't be frightened to invite other people along if you think they will enjoy becoming part of your social circle.

Be yourself.

And while it helps to put yourself out there, respect your own boundaries and allow time to recover from socialising if you need it.

Returning Home

Exercises

- Write your past self a letter (or a poem) letting them know how you feel now. Draw a picture if you'd prefer!
- Write a list of things you've learned about yourself and what you bring to the community.
- Update your self audit to reflect where you are now, at the end of this process. Make a new list of aims for the future!

Dear Myself

You was worried about joining a new group, because of your anxiety, but once you came though the door everyone was So nice and Friendly.

You found you could open up and talk about Domestic Violence, and how you want to help other People.

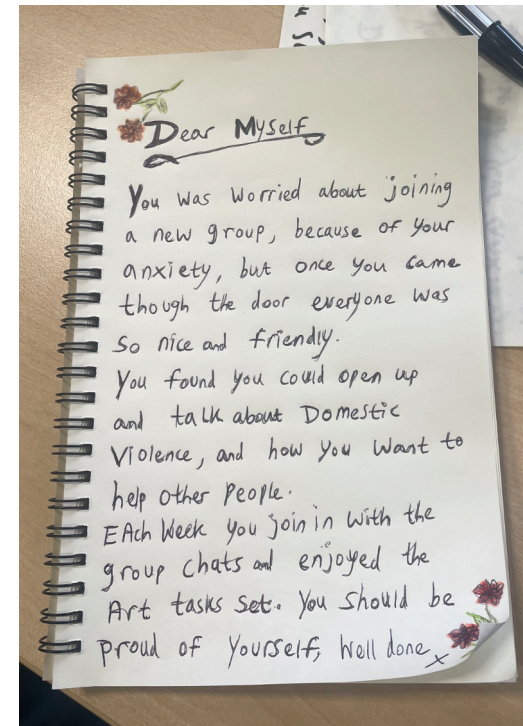
Each week you join in with the group chats and enjoyed the Art tasks Set.

You should be proud of Yourself,

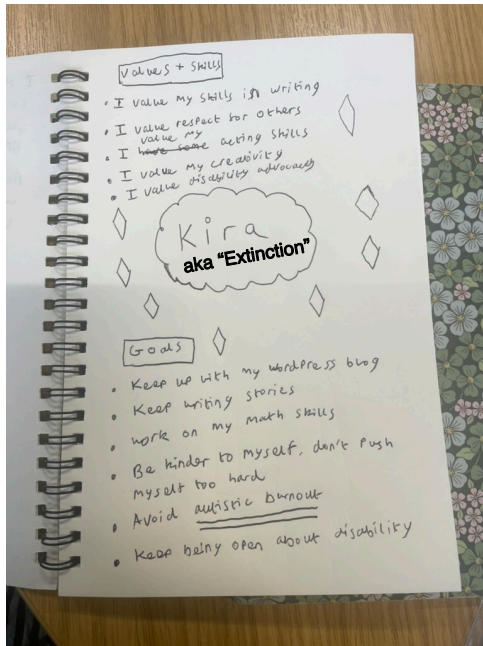
Well done

x

Letter to my Past Self - Lionheart



Values + Skills
I value my skills in writing
I value respect for others value my
I value my acting skills
I value my creativity
I value disability advocacy



Goals
Keep up with my Wordpress blog
Keep writing stories
Work on my math skills
Be kinder to myself, don't push myself too hard
Avoid autistic burnout
Keep being open about disability

Extinction

You

In the mirror, you see the light,
 A canvas of dreams, shining bright.
 You dance with skills, unique and true,
 Embrace who you are, it's all about you.

With every heartbeat, find your song,
 In the miracle of life, you belong.
 So love your journey, let it renew,
 In every step, celebrate you.

FINAL SELF ASSESSMENT

Values

Writing, Creative Mind, Kindness, Diversity

(WALLFLOWER A.K.A CONNOR)

Goals

Get Published, Trust Yourself, Make The Outcasts' Universe Official

I wanted to draw a picture of my thoughts and feelings about this exercise, but couldn't figure out the best way to do it.

Feeling pressure, negative thoughts of failure.

I visualise a picture of a self hug, beams of light emanating from myself going out into the world to signify, my kindness and my compassion and the care I can freely give to all around me

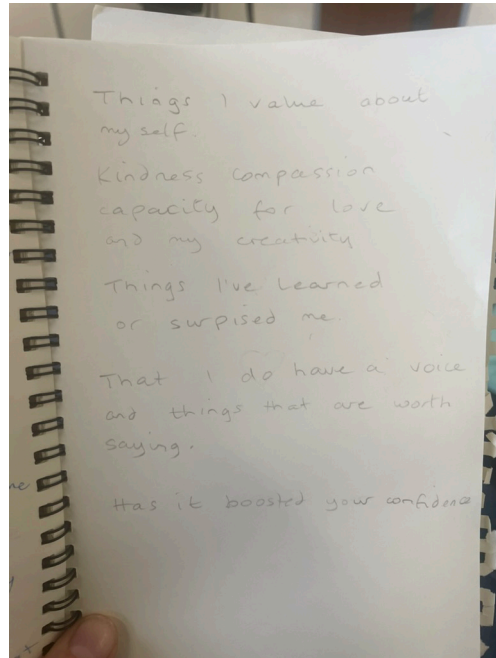
and somehow show them coming back to me.

To illustrate that I am slowly learning to love myself

and to give the same Kindness and compassion that I give to others,

to myself

because I AM worthy.



Things I value about myself.

Kindness

compassion

capacity for love

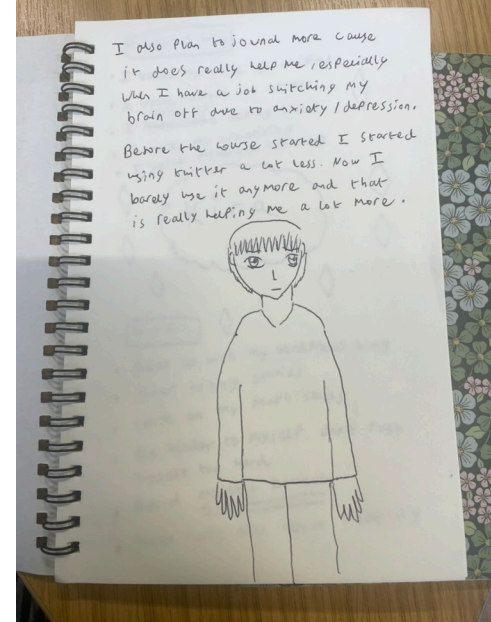
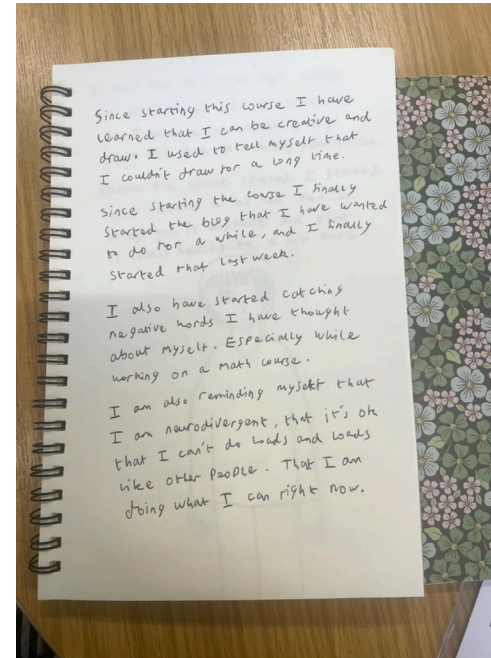
and my creativity

Things I've learned that surprised me.

That I do have a voice

and things that are worth saying.

Perseverance



Extinction

Since starting this course I have learned that I can be creative and draw. I used to tell myself that I couldn't draw for a long time.

Since starting the course I finally started the blog that I have wanted to do for a while, and I finally started that last week.

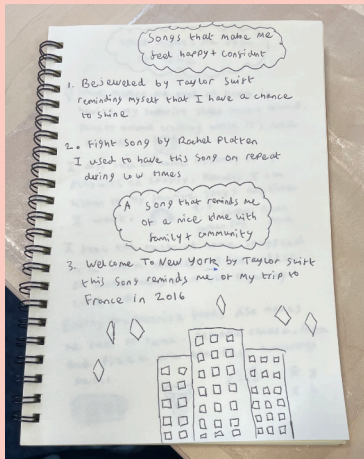


I also have started catching negative words I have thought about myself. Especially while working on a maths course.

I am also reminding myself that I am neurodivergent, that it's ok that I can't do loads and loads like other people. That I am doing what I can right now.

I also plan to journal more cause it does really help me, especially when I have a job switching my brain of due to anxiety / depression.

Before the course started I started using twitter a lot less. Now I barely use it anymore and that is really helping me a lot more.



Power Playlist

Songs that make you feel happy and confident. Songs that remind you of a nice time with your family or community. Songs that make you feel strong.

Umbrella - Rihanna (Reminds me of my oldest daughter when she was little)
 All I want for Christmas - Mariah Carey (My youngest Daughter loves this song)
 Simply the Best - Tina Turner (She's strong and been through so much)

Young - Ruth B.
 Yes I'm Serious - K.Flav (Explicit)
 Cover Girl - RuPaul

Dancing Queen - ABBA (anything by ABBA makes me feel happy! This is my favourite.)

How we Love - Beth Nielson Chapman (My song for life.)

One world, One voice, one heart beating (A very special song shared with a group of refugee women)

Bejewelled - Taylor Swift reminding me that I have a chance to shine

Fight Song - Rachel Platten I used to have this song on repeat during low times. It reminds me of a nice time with family/community

Welcome To New York - Taylor Swift this Song reminds me or My trip to

France in 2016

Baggy Trousers - Madness
 Dynamite - New Town Kings

Now we are Free - Gladiator OST
 Deus Ex Human Revolution - OST

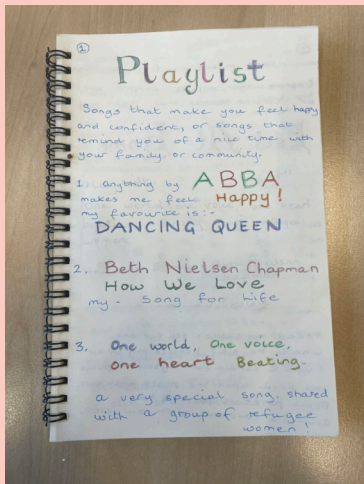
Come as you are - Nirvana
 Bring me to life- Evanescence

Why not add a few of your own?

.....

.....

.....



Doodle by Treasure Tracker

Featuring work generated over
6 weeks of workshops by our
community of creative heroes

The Philosopher

Lionheart

Treasure Tracker

Perseverance

Wallflower

Extinction

Red Curtain

The Beat-Boxer

Master Builder

Lightlash

Free Kick

Project proudly supported by

