



This notebook belongs to

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I am your notebook.

Together with Frida, we're going to explore,
invent, create and express ourselves!

Draw your favorite symbol here

I'm Frida, what's your name?



Let's introduce ourselves.

Hola Frida takes us on a journey to Mexico to discover my childhood. In the course of the film, we discover Coyoacán, places, colors, food, words and Mexican traditions.

I say: I-am-Frida-de-Coyoacan-des-coyotes!

Invent a similar phrase to describe yourself, and write it down.

A decorative rectangular frame with a scalloped border, containing four horizontal dotted lines for writing.

Write down your favorite places, colors, foods, words and traditions.

A series of ten horizontal dotted lines for writing.

My family



Matilde



Guillermo



Cristina

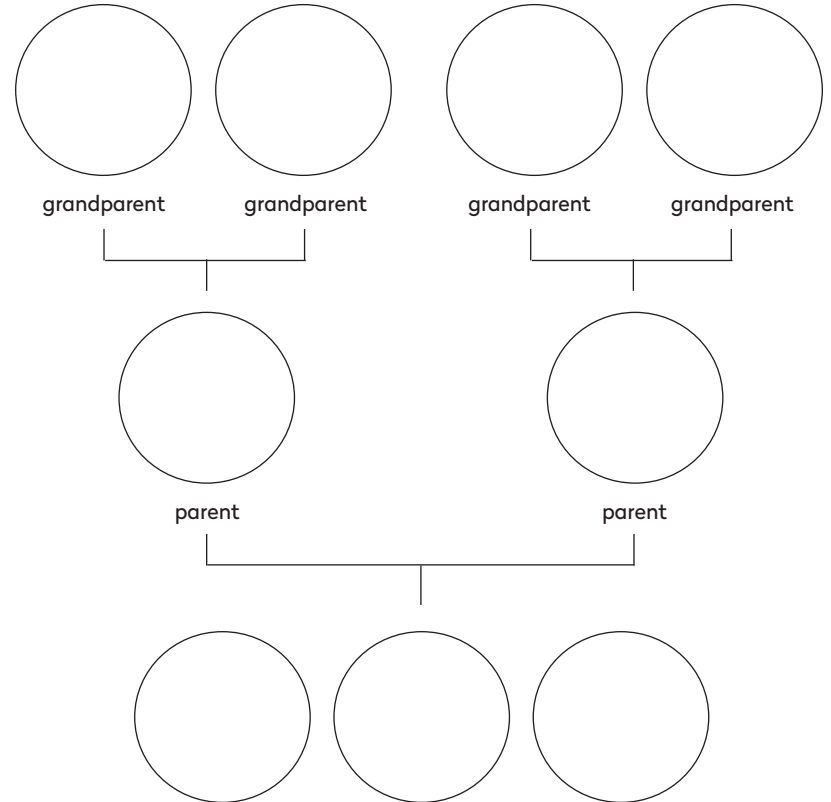


Frida

**You met my parents, Guillermo and Matilde,
and my little sister Cristina.**

Later, I painted a picture of 'my grandparents,
my parents and me', which represents my family,
a bit like a family tree.

Draw or write the names of your family members.



Your name here,
your brothers and sisters

Look, it forms the shape of a tree, with you as
its roots. You can attach a red thread along
the lines, just like in my painting.

My emotions



One day, I get sick. After that, my life will never be quite the same again.

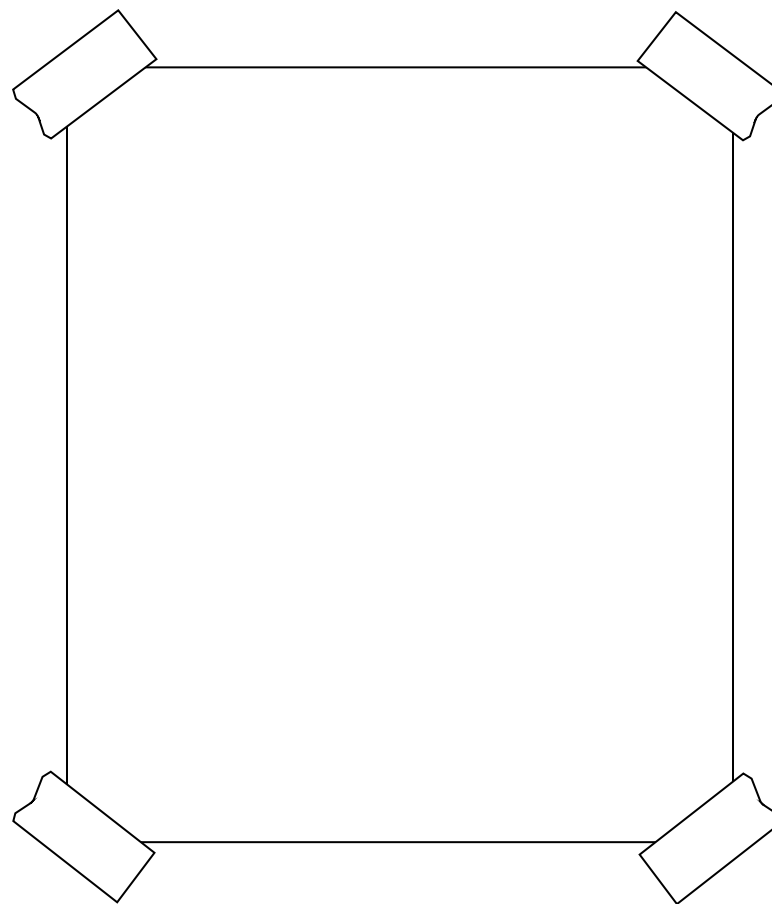
At first, I feel sad, angry and bored.

My father invites me to put color on a black-and-white photo of myself.

Color is life, color is joy.

With a black pencil, draw your face when you're sad, drawing tears.

Then take some colored pencils and put color on the tears, then on your face.



What do you think? You're now multicolored!

The dark moments in our lives deserve to be brought to light.

My imaginary friend



When I was 6 years old, I experienced a deep friendship with an imaginary friend, a little girl my own age.

I'd blow on the window pane, draw a little door with my finger and enter her world.

Do you have an imaginary friend?
What does he or she look like? (Write or draw)
If not, draw a little door leading to an imaginary world. It's up to you to invent it!



My chicken leg



After months of illness, my return to school is very difficult. I'm called a chicken's foot and teased. It's called harassment. I'm in so much pain!

My imaginary friend and my parents help and support me. My friend Tonito tells me something extraordinary: we all have a bit of the animal in us. I have a chicken leg and eagle wings!

What animal is inside you?
Or what animal do you think you're like?
Write or draw.



"Feet, why would I need you when I have wings to fly?"

My superpowers



After illness, I live with a handicap. My leg is very small and I can no longer climb or run. My father helps me with my physical training, and little by little I'm getting back into shape.

Here's a list of my powers: boxing, rowing, skippin, roller skating, imagination, creativity, courage, resilience.

What's your list of powers?

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My gratitude



**The Feast of the Dead is my favorite Mexican holiday!
We celebrate the memory of our departed ancestors**

I decided to express my gratitude and thanks to the ailing Frida. Thanks to her, I've lived through some difficult times, but I've also discovered my strength, and had some magical moments with my family and friends.

A decorative frame containing a banner of paper flags at the top, followed by the text "Who or what would you like to express your gratitude to?" and "Create a gratitude banner with the words of your choice (e.g.: thank you, I'm thinking of..., etc.)." Below this are three empty rectangular boxes with a scalloped bottom edge, each containing a horizontal dotted line for writing.

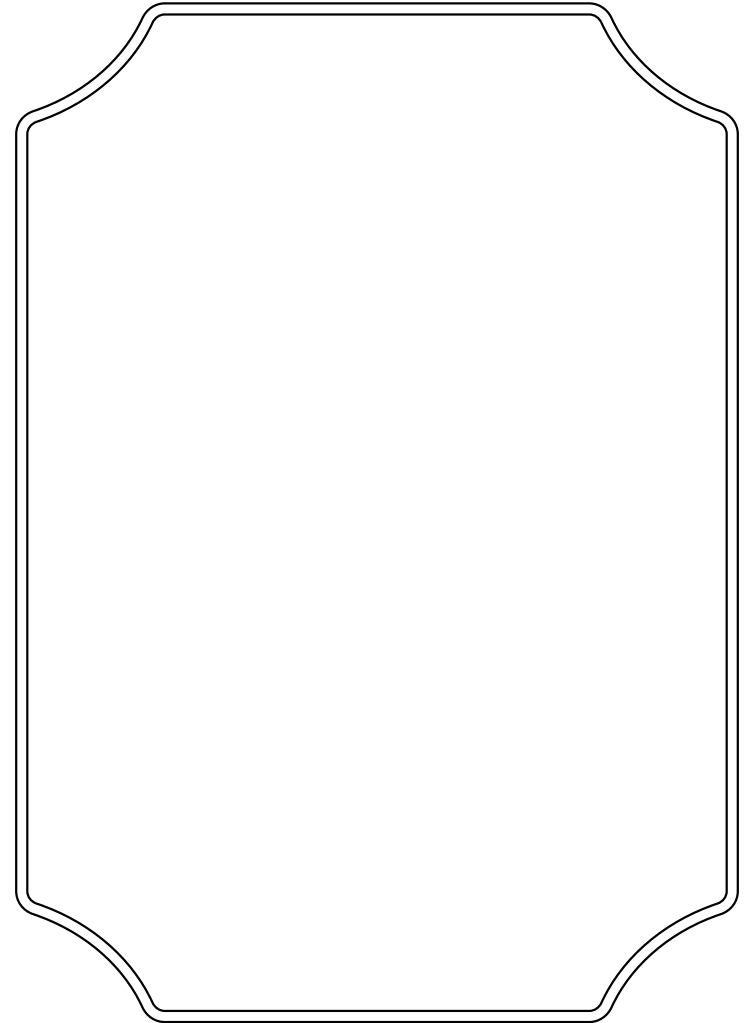
My painting



When I was little, I dreamed of becoming a doctor, but I ended up becoming a painter. I died in 1954, and people still talk about me all over the world!

After the bus accident, I lay in bed for months. I was completely broken. My parents had a special easel built so I could paint, and fixed a mirror above me. Soon, I was painting the only thing I could see: myself. It's called a self-portrait.

Look in the mirror and draw your self-portrait.



I only painted my reality.

Your notebook



Now use your notebook as you wish to write and
draw your stories, your joys,
your sorrows, whatever you like!

www.holafrida-film.com/qc/

