

The Heron

who was lost at home



Sometimes, in becoming part of
the world, we lose the place we
once knew.

Meet Lúa, a curious young heron whose parents dream of a life for her beyond the river.

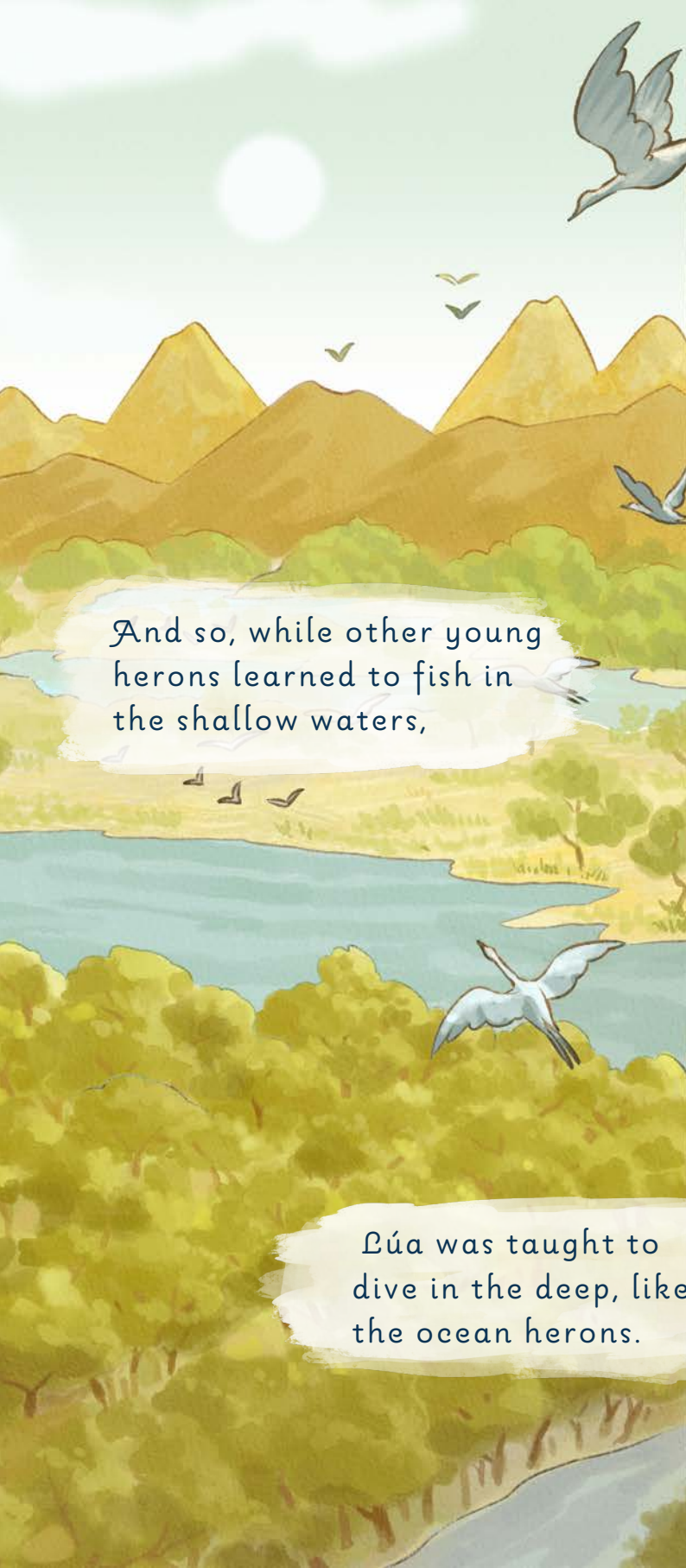


Follow her journey across oceans and forests,
and the heartbreak she feels when home no
longer feels like home.

Many years ago, on the banks of a wide and peaceful river, a baby heron named Lúa hatched into the world.

Lúa's parents dreamed big. "Our river is small. Too small for you," they said. "The world is huge, and to succeed, you must learn its ways."



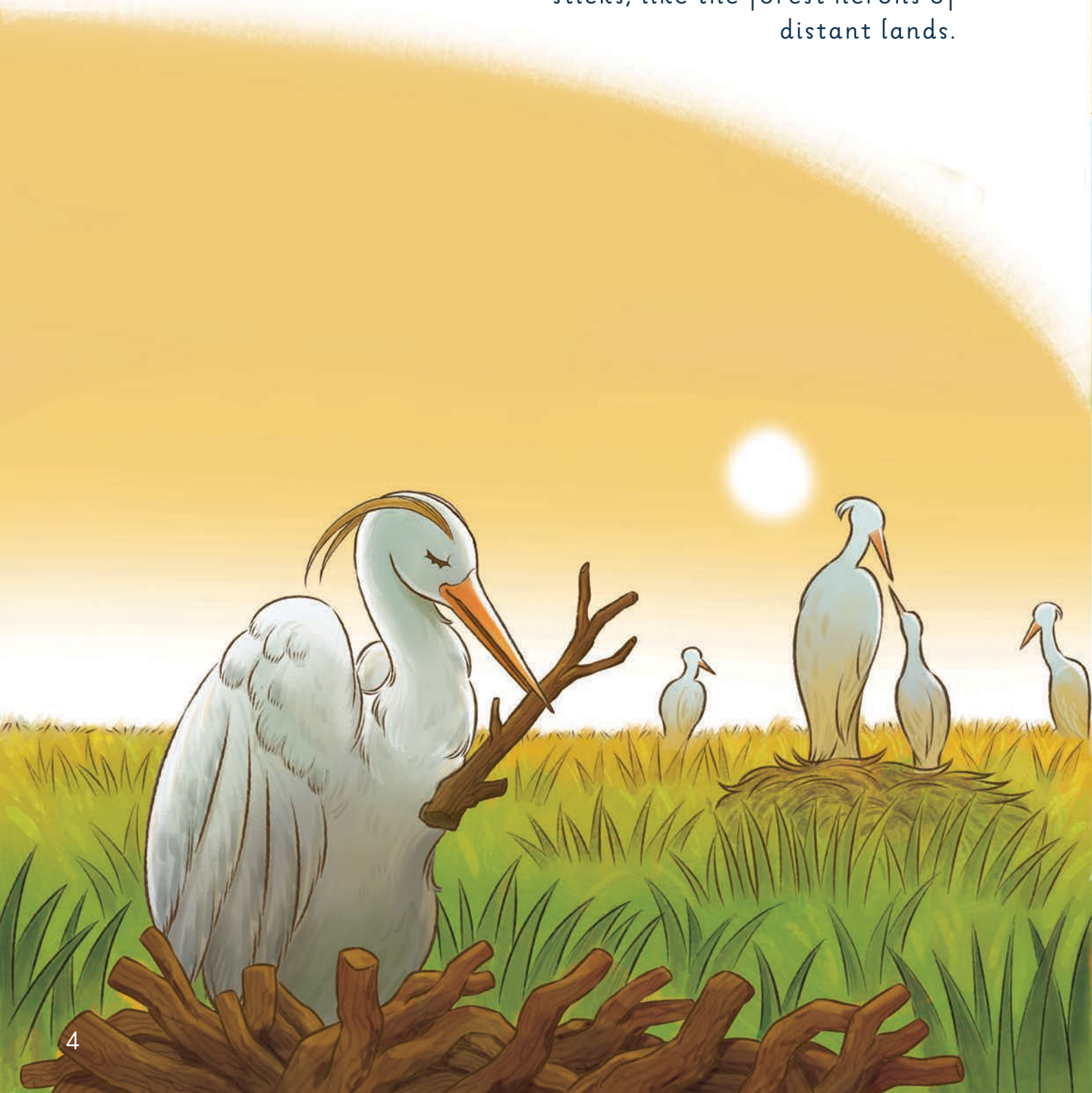


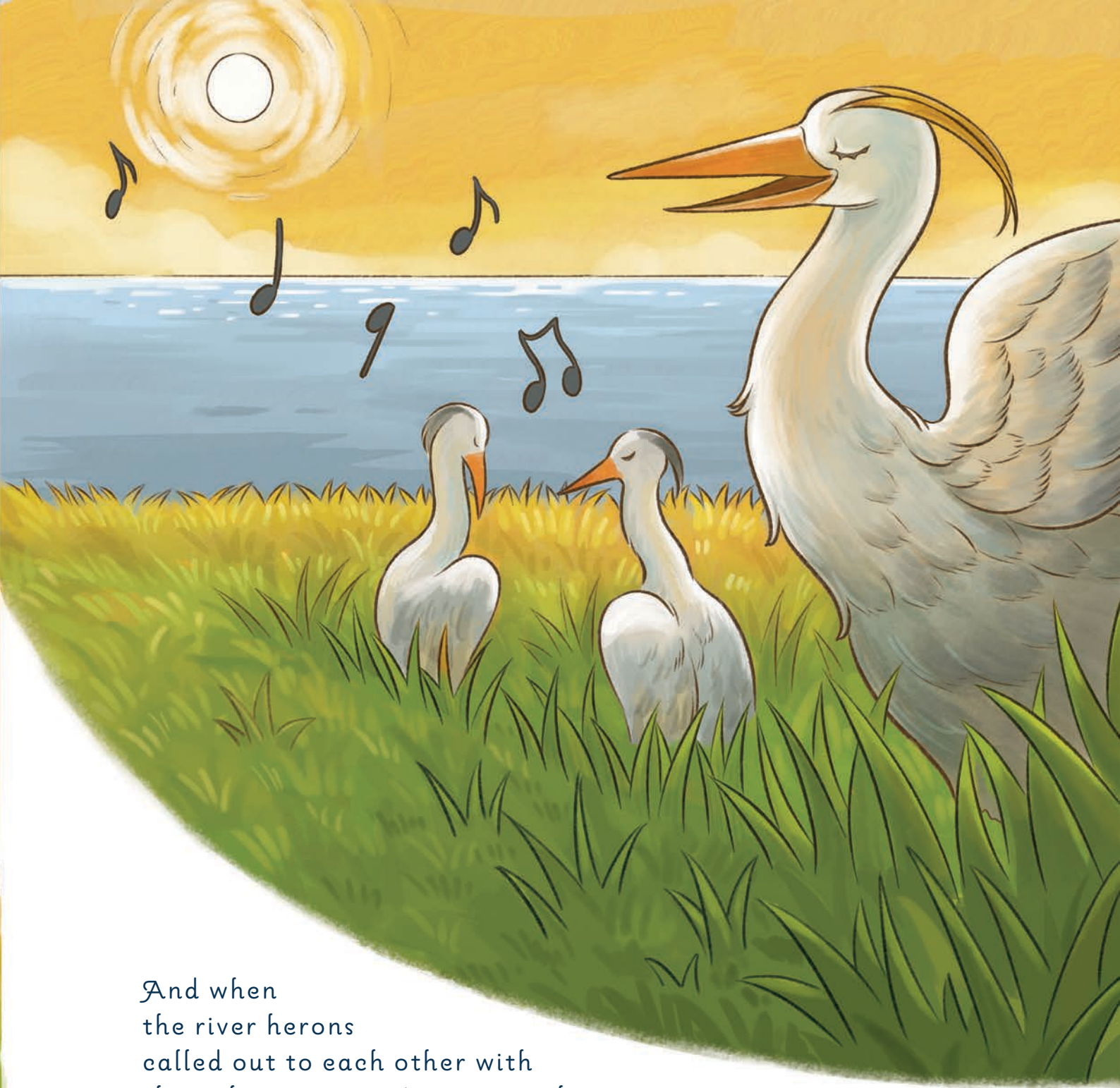
And so, while other young herons learned to fish in the shallow waters,

Lúa was taught to dive in the deep, like the ocean herons.



While the others built their nests from rivergrass
and reeds, Lúa learned to weave hers from
sticks, like the forest herons of
distant lands.





And when
the river herons
called out to each other with
their sharp cries, Lúa was taught to
sing in the soft tones of distant birds.

"But why am I learning these faraway things?" Lúa asked.

"Because the world is bigger than this river," her parents answered.

"One day, you will fly far and be greater than you could be here."





And so, when it was time,

Lúa spread her wings

and left.



She flew over
mighty mountains

and crossed
endless seas.

A stylized illustration of a tall, dark tree with many bare branches. Several herons are depicted: two are perched on a yellow, nest-like structure in the upper left; another is on a lower nest to the left; and a large white heron with a yellow crest is perched on a branch to the right, facing left with its beak open. In the background, there are green, rounded bushes or trees. The sky is white with a few small birds flying.

Lúa landed in places
where birds spoke in
strange voices and built
nests in towering trees.

And everywhere she went,
the herons of those lands
welcomed her.



"You fish like us!"
said the ocean herons.



"You speak our language!"
said the lake herons.

"You build nests as we do!"
said the herons of the forests.

Lúa was proud. She had
become a bird of the world.

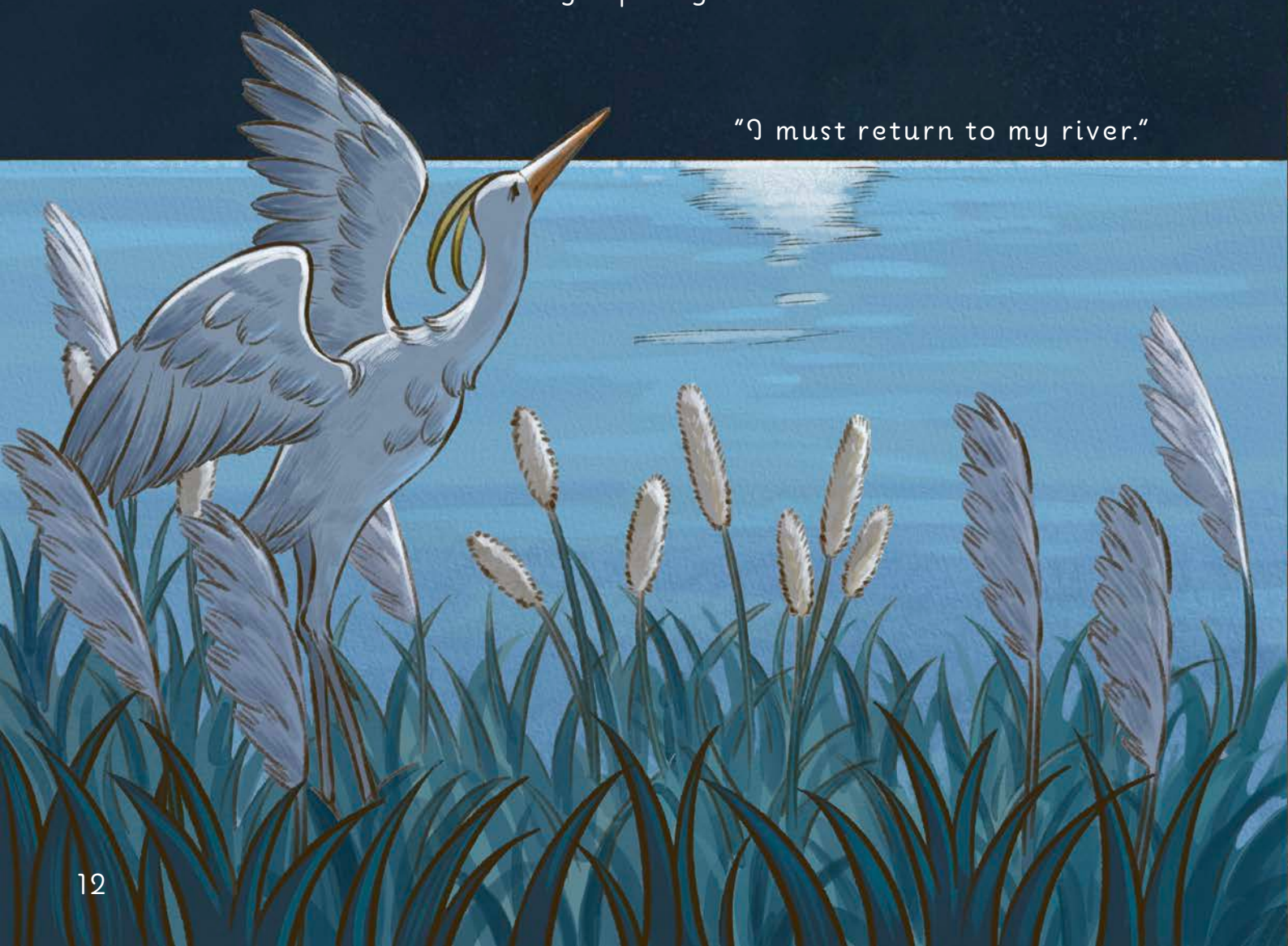
But as the years passed, something stirred inside Lúa's heart.

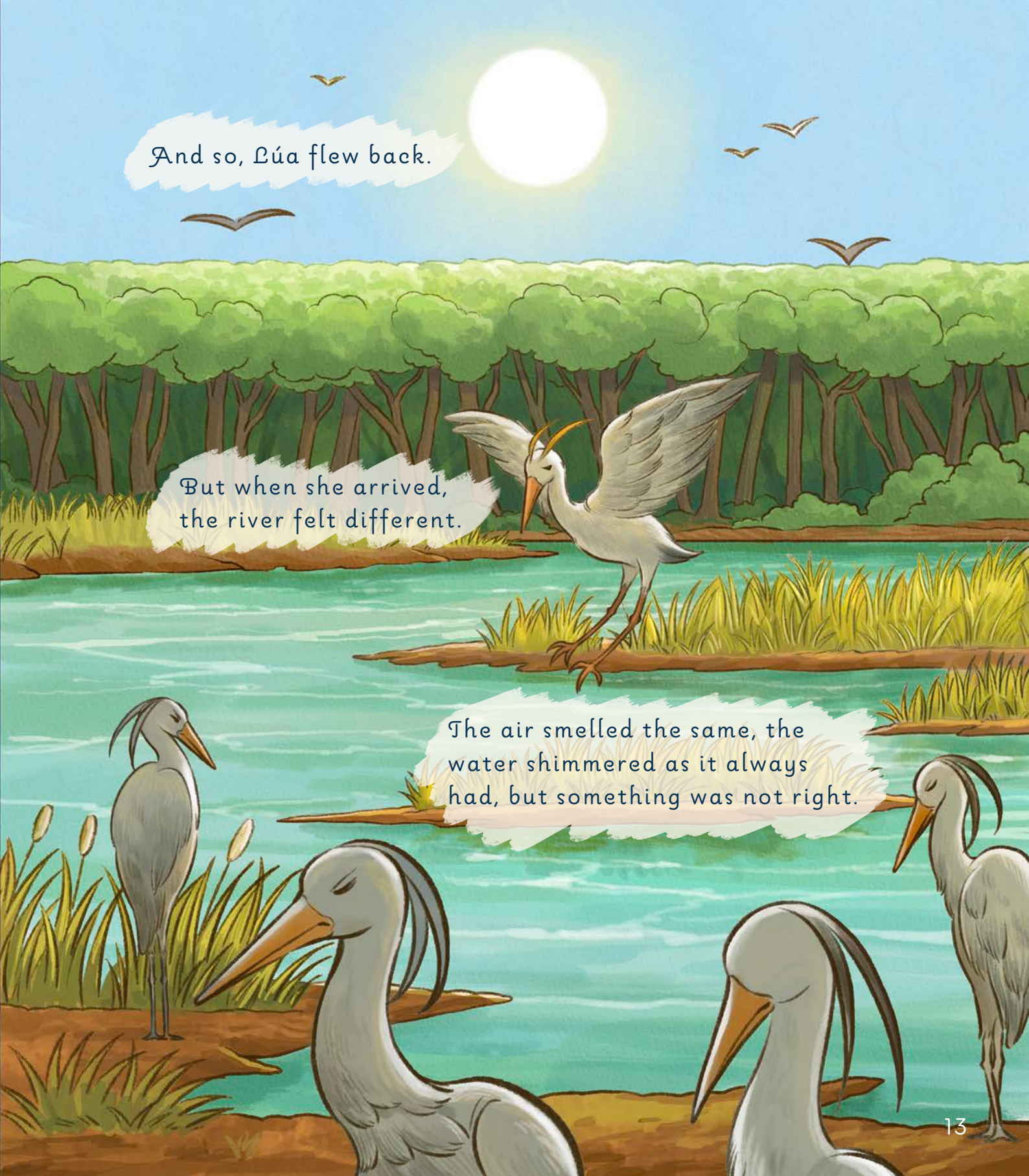
A longing, deep and strong.



"My home",
she whispered one evening, as she
stood by a foreign shore.

"I must return to my river."





And so, Lúa flew back.

But when she arrived,
the river felt different.

The air smelled the same, the
water shimmered as it always
had, but something was not right.



The river herons stared.
"Who are you?" they asked.

"It's me, Lúa!"

But they only
tilted their heads.

"You do not call
like us," they said.



"You do not
fish like us."



"You do not
build like us."



Lúa's heart pounded.
"But this is my home!"

The herons shook
their heads.

"A home is not just a
place. It is the way
you think, the way you
understand, the way
you belong. You left as
one of us, but you have
returned a stranger."

Lúa turned to the river, expecting
its familiar embrace.



But it felt different, too.

The fish were quick, slippery in
the shallows, moving in ways Lúa
had never learned





The reeds whispered in the wind, but
Lúa no longer understood their song.
Even the trees stood taller, casting
unrecognisable shadows.

Lúa tried to fish, but the river was
different to the ocean. She tried to build
a nest, but the rivergrass was not like
the twigs from the forest.

A blue bird with a long, pointed orange beak is shown in profile, looking upwards towards a bright, glowing sun in a warm orange sky. A single tear is visible on the bird's face. The bird is surrounded by dark, leafy bushes at the bottom of the frame.

She called out,
but no one answered.

The world had been vast.
But home had been small.

And now,
it was lost to Lúa
forever.



And so, Lúa rose into
the sky once more.

She would keep flying, always searching for a place
to belong. But it would never again be truly...

home.

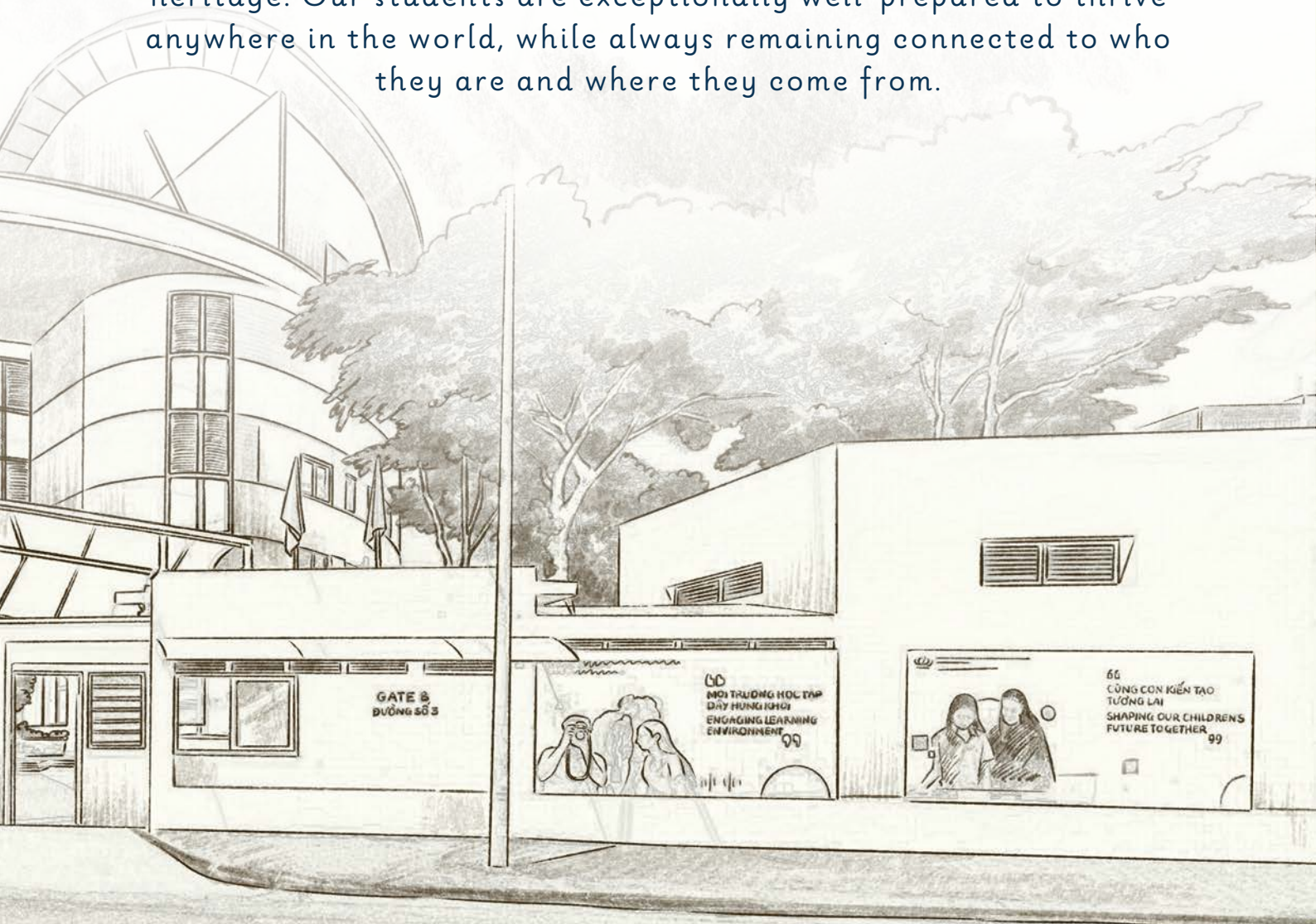
Moral of the story

This story is a gentle reminder. In our eagerness to prepare our children for their future successes, we should ensure they master the ways of home: the traditions, values and skills that ground them. Without these solid roots, they may feel lost, without a sense of where their true home really is. No matter how far they go or how much they achieve, they must always know where they belong.



British Vietnamese International School (BVIS)

Since opening our doors in 2011, BVIS has been dedicated to cultivating a strong sense of identity in every student. Through a British-style education that embraces and celebrates Vietnamese culture, we guide students to become confident, independent and globally minded individuals who deeply understand and respect local heritage. Our students are exceptionally well-prepared to thrive anywhere in the world, while always remaining connected to who they are and where they come from.



For Your Reflection:

How do you imagine your child will define "home" when they grow older?

What traditional values do you hope your child will always carry with them, no matter where they are in the world?

How do you help your child feel proud of their cultural identity?

