



The Secret of Forgetful School

忘忘小學

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BFT2.0 Translator: William Serrano

Wu Xiao Monkey always forgets things. He forgets his homework, his backpack, and just about everything else. His classmates warn him that if he forgets one more time, he'll be sent to Forgetful School—a place for extremely forgetful students. Wu Xiao, however, doubts that such a school even exists.

That is, until today. Today is peculiar. His classmates have forgotten their scissors, their erasers, and even their eyes. At this new school, they must learn how to remember important things.

This book is a gift for little ones who often forget things. Its whimsical and humorous story teaches children to build confidence and courage. For students who struggle with focus, the book offers a philosophy of holistic self-development through narrative rather than direct instruction. Its approach is playful, gentle, and encouraging.



Pei-Tzu Chen

Pei-Tzu Chen describes herself as a child at heart, with a love for exploring the worlds of music and anime. A passionate writer fueled by her love of reading, she graduated from the Children's Literature Department at National Taitung University. She holds three quiet wishes close to her heart: health and happiness for kind-hearted souls, peace and harmony in the world, and—shhh—the last one is a secret she keeps to herself.



Illustrator HURRICANE

HURRICANE, a Taiwanese picture book author and illustrator of animals, is known for his vibrant, colorful portrayals of animals. He also manages Animal Kingdom, a personal illustration brand centered around zoo themes. Characterized by his approachable and charming style, he hopes to make animal-related topics resonate with audiences.

“I Am Someone Who Often Forgets Things”: A Note from the Author

by Pei-Tzu Chen
translated by Michelle Kuo

I often forget things and can be quite absent-minded, which sometimes causes trouble for both myself and others. When I was young, every time I forgot something, my grandmother would laugh and say, “At least you didn’t lose yourself.” Her remark always made me laugh. How could anyone be so absent-minded as to lose themselves?

As I grew older, I took preventive measures to avoid forgetting important things, such as setting alarms and keeping a calendar. While I no longer forget major things, I still tend to misplace smaller items.

Once, I was late for school because I couldn’t find my glasses. The thought of facing punishment from the teacher distressed me. My grandmother, with

her characteristic smile, said, “You’ve improved—you just forgot where you put your glasses. At least you didn’t forget your eyes.” The image of a child hurriedly searching for their eyes popped into my head, and I couldn’t help but laugh.

As a teacher, my forgetfulness has decreased significantly. Yet, I often see students in my classroom who remind me of myself—rushing to find missing things or looking dejected after forgetting something again. During those moments, the image of the child who forgot their eyes, as my grandmother described, appears in my mind. It helps me smile at students who have forgotten their things, and I silently tell my grandmother, who has been an angel for a long time, “Look, they didn’t forget their eyes, so

let’s forgive them.” I then share my own little tricks with them to help prevent forgetfulness.

After all, they only forgot their things; at least they didn’t forget their eyes. I believe that one day they will find a method that

works for them and will no longer forget things.

This essay is an edited excerpt from the book’s afterword.

Let’s Not Scold Children For Forgetting Things: A Note from the Illustrator

by HURRICANE
translated by Michelle Kuo

As I’ve grown older, I’ve come to believe that forgetting is a natural part of life.

This book brought back memories of my childhood when I often forgot things. As a child, whenever I forgot something, the adults around me would react harshly, making me feel that forgetting was a terrible mistake. Even though I’m now past the age of being scolded for such things, I still worry about forgetting something;

often I have nightmares about it.

As I’ve grown older, I’ve reflected on these experiences and come to believe that forgetting is a natural part of life. Our focus shouldn’t be on the act of forgetting itself but on learning how to manage these situations with flexibility.

Still, I would probably end up being sent to the Forgetful School pictured in this book—ha, ha!

This piece is an edited excerpt from the book’s afterword.



IT'S
OKAY—GRANDMA
WILL BRING IT
OVER LATER.

BE CAREFUL!
THEY MIGHT
TRANSFER YOU TO
THE FORGETFUL
SCHOOL.



NAH!
WHO'RE YOU
KIDDING? THOSE
ARE JUST KIDS'
STORIES.



IT'S FOR REAL!
YOU CAN'T KEEP
FORGETTING
STUFF!

ONE MORE TIME
AND YOU'LL BE SENT
TO THE FORGETFUL
SCHOOL.



THAT'S
NONSENSE.



LOOK, MY
HOMEWORK'S
HERE.



