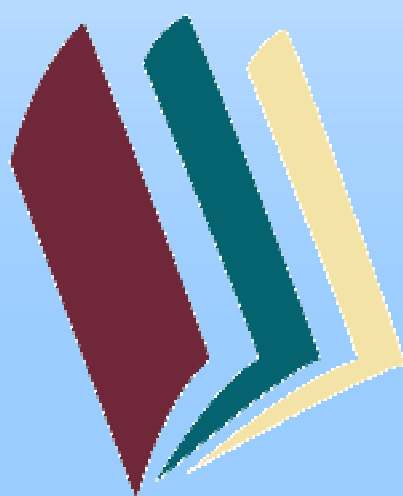




Education and Culture DG

Lifelong Learning Programme



Your story, my story, our story
tu historia, mi historia, nuestra historia
a történeted, a történetem, a történetünk
la tua storia, la mia storia, la nostra storia
Your story, my story, our story



This booklet has been produced by five partner schools working together on a Comenius project. Children from each school have retold each story in their own language.

Colegio Público Rajoletes
Sant Joan d'Alacant, Spain

Infant, Junior School
Stanley, Falkland Islands

Szlovák Általános Iskola Óvoda És Diákotthon
Szarvas, Hungary

Istituto Comprensivo 'Padre Agostino Gemelli'
Turin, Italy

St. Mary's C. of E. Primary School
Bideford, UK



Colegio Público Rajoletes
Sant Joan d'Alacant
España

'Beans from Heaven'



Sant Joan

Sant Joan d'Alacant: A village in the province of Alicante forming part of the Region of "Alicanti" and geographically representing the fertile land of Valencia/Murcia.



consecrated to San Juan de Bautista later gave its name to the village and to its local

church. In the XVII century, San Joan gained its administrative independence from Santa Fe. San Joan is a result of many historical events such as: The Arab occupation and expulsion of Santa Fe, the war of Independence and the Civil War ...

The first historical references date back to the VII century although the first historical documents are from the XIV century.

The village was first called "Bendi" or "Blenali" (sons of Ali) but the Arab mosque that was



changes from a predominantly agricultural economy to a tertiary economy.

COUNTRY :
AUTONOMY :
PROVINCE :
COUNTY :
ALTITUDE :
DISTANCE :
SURFACE :
INHAABITANTS :
AREA CODE :

Sant Joan

S

Service Sector...

San Joan is home to people from various backgrounds and cultures which makes our village even richer.

Some important points of interest:

San Joan de Baulista church, the many chapels that dot the region and the "Torres de defensa" to name a few.



San Joan enjoys 180 days of sun a year with an average temperature of 11°C. Its proximity to the Mediterranean sea elevates its humidity thus increasing the cold in winter, and the heat during

the summer months.



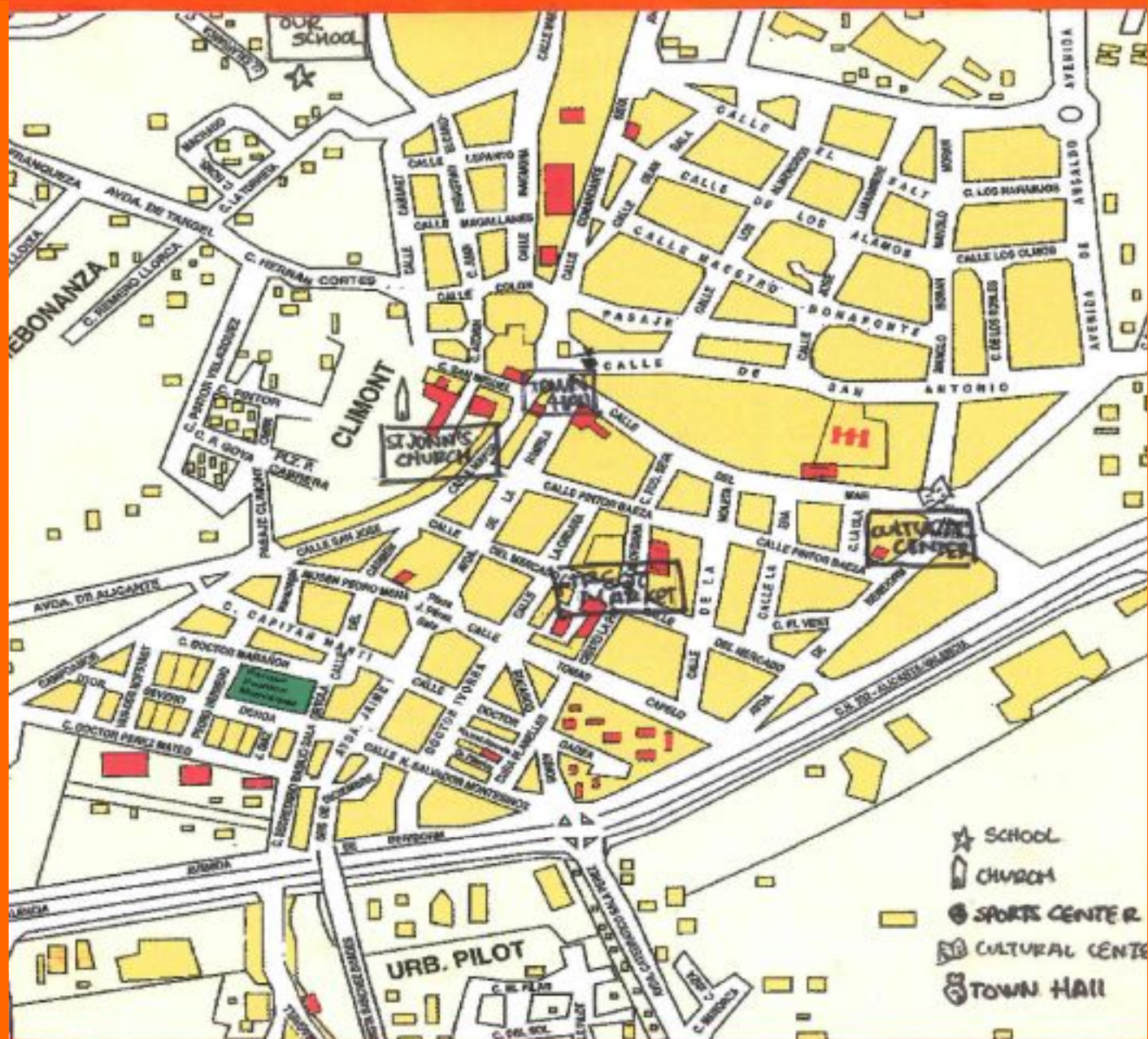
The local cuisine and dishes all contain fruit and vegetables from the

region: Rice dishes and "oleata" are typical dishes as are "la Coca", "los roscos" and our delicious almonds sponge cake. Typical drinks consist of "Horchata", "Café Granizado" and locally produced wine.

The most popular festivities take place between the 12th-16th of September and are known as "las fiestas del Santísimo Cristo de la Paix".

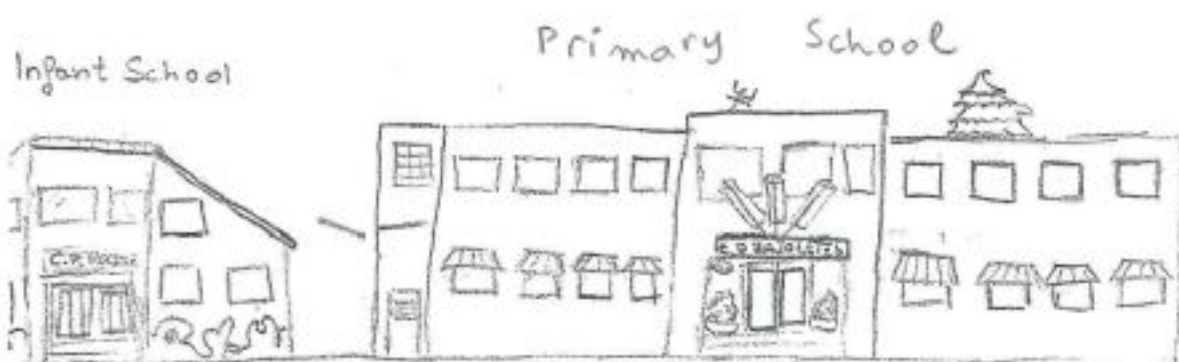


We also celebrate Easter, "las Hogueras" Carnival etc...



Falkland Islands

RAJOLETES School Guide



This is a school in a small town called Saint Joan. It has two main buildings. Preschool and Kindergarten on the left and Primary on the right. There are two floors on each one. On the bottom floor in Kindergarten, 3 and 4 years old. On the second floor 4 to 5 years old. On the 1st floor in Primary 1st to 3rd grades, and on the second floor 4th to 6th grades. There are two dinning-halls. There are two turns to eat. The youngest children take the first turn while the others do activities. Once they've finished we take the second turn. We do activities such as dancing, acting, musicals, newspapers... There are 25 students in my class. We speak 3 languages: Spanish (or Castilian), Valencià and English. There are football fields and basketball fields

The school organizes many field trips. We just got back from one. We went to the sea for three days to practise water sports, kayaking; windsurfing, sailing ... We had a great time! It's a great school, don't you think so?

Bye, bye, teachers, children and everybody!

Horari	Dilluns	Dimarts	Dimecres	Dijous	Divendres
9:00					
10:00	Llengua	Mates	Ed. Física	Anglès	Llengua
10:00					
11:00	Llengua	Valencià	Llengua.	Mates	Religió Alternativa
11:00					
11:30	B	R	E	A	K
11:30					
12:30	Mates	Música	Anglès	Coneixement	Mates
12:30					
15:30	L	U	N	C	H
15:30					
16:15	Valencià	Coneixement	Coneixement	Informàtica Valencià	Música
16:15					
17:00	Educ. Física	Anglès	Coneixement	Valencià	Plàstica

Esta es la "paella"
el plato favorito
de Alicante





Itxar y
Jokup

LES FAVES DEL CEL

Així és que era un matrimoni Joan i Vicenta, que vivien en un dels pobles d'aquest país. Tenien molts fills i per això eren molt pobres.



Un dia Joan va pujar per a veure fins a on arribava la zavera.



Mentres que Joan treballava molt i no tenia res de espenta, Vicenta tenia molt de geni i no parava de queixar-se i insultar a Joan.



Quan Joan es va trobar amb Sant Pere li va donar una parcel·la.



Un dia Joan es va trobar una zavera que li va plantar i va créixer fins al cel.



Quan Joan va utilitzar la zavera a la terra cosa la rigua d'ona es va quedar la cabodador.



El rei empenjà a pagar la zavera de Joan sense pagar-lo després.



I quan Joan va arribar a casa va parlar el melon.



I el rei empenjà a pagar el auc de Joan. Sense pagar-lo després.



T'ajudaré altra vegada però aquesta volta et lliuraré al diable.



Aaaag!





Beans from Heaven

One day there was a man called Juan. His family was very poor. One day Juan found a bean, he took it home and showed it to his wife "What are you going to do? Plant it!" she said, "Yes I am" said Juan. And he did; overnight the bean stalk grew higher and higher, so Juan climbed the bean stalk.

At the top he saw a door, he knocked on the door. There he saw a man called Saint. Peter "Hi my name is Saint. Peter" Juan did not bother to say his name all he said was "Do you have something for me and my family to eat?" and Saint. Peter said "Yes I do." So he went back down to his family and said "Lay the table and watch this" so then they laid the table and then he said "Work up, wand!" and then right in front of their eyes came out food "Wow! This food is amazing!" she said meanwhile staring out of a window there was a man Niko, very rich but so jealous

So he decided to steal the wand and replace it. In the morning Vicenta woke up early, set the table and said "Work up wand" but nothing happened. Very angrily she shouted at Juan and told him "Climb up that bean stalk at once" and so he did.

He climbed up and said "I need something new" and then Saint. Peter gave him a donkey and Vicenta said "Are going to plant it or something" and Juan said "Get me a sheet!", he did and Juan said "Come on donke ,do it over here" so the donkey did and money came out of it's bottom! The family were so happy. Niko said again "I think I will steal the donkey as well" and so he did! The next morning the family saw their donkey was missing. As usual Juan climbed the bean stalk and Saint Peter was already waiting. He said, "You're not very bright are you? Take that and bring your neighbour outside and then say work up club, well the rest is a surprise." He went down there beanstalk, saw his neighbour and told him to go outside and said "Work up club". It did and it started to hit Niko so Niko gave everything back and they all lived happily ever after (except for Niko).

By Axel





Bab a mennyből

Egyszer volt, hol nem volt, volt egyszer egy szegény ember, Joan, és az ő felesége, Vicenta. Egy kis faluban éltek gyermekeikkel nagy szegénységben. Az ember nap mint nap szorgalmasan dolgozott és a felesége is szerényen végezte a házimunkát, mégis olyan szegények voltak, mint a templom egere, semmijük se volt.

Joan szerény ember volt, nem bántott meg soha senkit, és rendkívül naiv jelleme miatt felesége gyakran mondta neki:

-Bolond vagy te, bolond!

Joan általában nem szólt vissza semmit; nem szerette a szóváltást és a vitát. Vicenta rossz természetű asszony volt, állandóan panaszkodott: ők milyen szegények, nincs mit enniük, túl sok a tennivaló. Prédikációját mindig azzal fejezte be:

-Te jó ég! Minden nap hal meg kenyér, hal meg kenyér! Elegem van! Egy nap elmegyek, és soha nem látsz többé!

Történt egyszer, hogy az ember talált egy szem babot. Mondta is a feleségének, hogy elülteti. Ő azonban, ahogy szokott, élesen szólt vissza:

-Hé, ember, mi az ördögért akarsz te babot ültetni!

De az ember rá se hederített a feleségére, és elültette a babot egy kis darab földbe, ami a házuk előtt volt. Két nap múlva egy hatalmas növény nőtt ki a földből: -Hogy az ördögbe lehetséges ez?- gondolta magában Joan.

A növény csak nőtt, nőtt, magasabbra, mint a ház, addig, amíg egy óriási fa nem lett, melynek leveleit már a felhők takarták. A levelei olyan erősek voltak, hogy elbírták egy ember súlyát. Ráadásul létra formájúak voltak.

- Felmászok és megnézem hol a vége. - szólt hangosan Joan.

A levelekre lépkedve felmászott, átjutott a felhőkön, meglátott egy nagy csukott ajtót.

-Ez a mennyország- gondolta magában.

Kis félelemmel a szívében bekopogott az ajtón, mire Szent Péter állott előtte és azt kérdezte tőle:

-Joan, mit akarsz?

-Ó Szent Péter, segíts, kérlek! Lassan éhen hal a családom.

Szent Péter jótét lélek volt, és segített.

- Itt ez a pálca - mondta - menj haza, és ha éhesek vagytok, szólj a feleségednek: - teríts asztalt, most enni fogunk. Ha ezzel megvagytok, mondd hangosan: - Munkára, pálca! És csak figyelj és várj.

Joan nagy boldogságban tért haza, megmutatta a pálcát a feleségének és a gyerekeinek. De Vicenta így kiáltott:

-Ó, egy pálca, már csak ez hiányzott nekünk!!

-Vicenta, figyelj, terítsd meg az asztalt és elég a sok buta beszédből! Egy számárnak több esze van!- próbálta észhez téríteni a feleségét.

Megterítették, és amikor minden az asztalon volt- az edények, a poharak, az evőeszközök- az ember felkiáltott:

- Munkára, pálca!

Az asztalt hirtelen beborította a sok fenséges étel: tükörtojás szalonnával, rántott csirke, búrás sült, kenyér és minden, mi szem-szájnak ingere. A szegény ember és családja annyit ehetett, amennyi beléjük fért. Olyan boldogok és jókedvűek lettek, hogy nevetésük kihallatszott a házból. A gazdag, de zsugori szomszédnak feltűnt ez a nagy vígasság és el is ment Joan házához.

- Hé, Joan, miért vagytok olyan jókedvűek? Mi történt?- kíváncsiskodott.

- Csak mondd, mit szeretnél enni?- ajánlotta jóhiszeműen Joan, aki nem vette észre, hogy könnyelmű volt.

A szomszéd, akit az irigység emésztett, rizst kért, és lám egy szempillantás alatt egy tál ízletes rizs termett előtte az asztalon. A féltékeny férfi azt gondolta: -Hát ez csodálatos! Amint elalszanak, ellopom tőlük a pálcát!

A család, életében először, teli hassal nyugovóra tért. Szegény Joan persze nem rejtette el Szent Péter pálcáját, így a szomszédnak nem is volt nehéz ellopni azt, és kicserélni egy másikra.

Másnap reggel, ahogy felébredtek, az asszony vidáman megterítette az asztalt, és közben arra gondolt, micsoda finomságokat fognak reggelizni. Joan felkapta a pálcát, de a felesége kivette a kezéből azt.

-Hadd csináljam én, te nem értesz hozzá!- türelmetlenkedett Vicenta. Amikor mindenki elcsendesedett, elmondta a varázsigét: - Munkára, pálca!

De a pálca nem csinált semmit. Vicenta újra próbálkozott, mindhiába. Most az emberen volt a sor, de neki sem sikerült. Ó, te jó ég! Sopánkodás és könnyek törtek elő az asszonyból, úgy ahogy annak előtte szokott:

-Vén fajankó, már megint a bolondját járatják veled! Most mit fogunk enni?

Joan, amíg az asszony jajveszékelését hallgatta, azon törte a fejét, hogy vajon ellopták a pálcát, vagy elvesztette a varázserejét. Csendben kivárta még a felesége által keltett vihar elvonul, ami nemsokára be is következett, mert az asszony már túl volt azon, hogy elmegy örökre. Ezek után az ember bejelentette a családnak, hogy felmegy a mennybe meghallgatni Szent Péter tanácsát.

Ismét felmászott hát a bab törzsén, és amikor megérkezett, Szent Péter már az ajtóban várta egy prédikációval (de ezúttal ez igazi volt, mert egy szent embertől jött).

-Hé, Joan, te tényleg tudatlan vagy! Igaza van a feleségednek! De ne aggódj, segíték rajtad! Adok neked valami jobbat. Vidd ezt a szamarat, és kövesd tanácsaimat!

És Joan megint leereszkedett a bab törzsén, kantárjánál vezetve szamarát. Hazaérkezvén, felesége, aki még mindig olyan mérges volt, mint egy pulyka, ráordított:

-Hát ez csodálatos, egy szamár! Pont erre az ízletes falatra vágytam!

-Hallgass, asszony, hozz gyorsan egy lepedőt!- parancsolta a férje, anélkül, hogy egy perc figyelmet is szentelt volna házsártos feleségének.

Végül leterítették a lepedőt a földre, éppen az állat mögé. Joan mézes-mázos hangon így szólt

- Gyerünk csacsikám, csinálj ide!

Nemsokára tátva maradt az asszony szája, ahogy a sok arany hullott egyenesen a csodálatos szamár hátsójából!

-Te jóságos ég, hát ez még jobb!- kiabált Vicenta izgatottan.

Nehéz elmondani a szegény család boldogságát, amit a sok pénz okozott. Már vehettek maguknak ruhát, cipőt, mindent, amire szükségük volt.

A gyanakvó szomszéd megint résen volt és mérhetetlen nagy irigység kezdte emészteni. Gratulált Joannak, és megkérdezte, honnan lett ennyi pénzük. Joan és Vicenta mindent részletesen elmesélt neki. A galád szomszéd alaposan szemügyre vette a szamarat, és ezt gondolta:- Van egy öreg szamaram, ma este kicserélem Joanével. Úgy is lett.

Másnap Vicenta már kora reggel leterített egy takarót a padlóra, épp a szamar hátsójánál. Aztán kezdte nyájasan:

-Gyerünk, csacsikám, csinálj ide!

De az állat nem tett semmit. A szegény asszonyt, aki erre nem volt felkészülve, majd szét vetette a düh, és a szokásos szavakkal illette férjét. Joan ismét felment a bab létráján, hogy tanácsot kérjen Szent Pétertől.

-Az igazat megvallva Joan, a bab, amit ültettél, valóban nagyon hasonlít rád: akkora az agyad, mint egy babszem! A szomszédod lopta el tőled azt, amit ajándékba adtam neked! Magasságos ég! Na de, most túljárhatsz az eszén! Itt van ez a bunkósbot, fogd!

Hívd át a szomszédodat, és mondd neki, hogy mutatni akarsz valamit!- Nézd, Miguel, ezt a bunkósbotot a minap kaptam, figyeld, mit tud!- Munkára, furkó!- kiáltd hangosan. Majd lásd a csodát!

Minden így is történt. A zsugori szomszéd kezébe fogta a botot, úgy ahogy Joan mutatta neki. Az ember pedig kiadta a parancsot:

-Munkára, furkó!

A bot elkezdte ütni-vágni a szomszédot, majd úgy elagyabugyálta, hogy az már könyörögni kezdett minden szenthez, csak legyen már vége a verésnek.

-Jaj nekem, jaj nekem! Mindent visszaadok! Aúú! Állítsd le! Elég volt! Mindent visszaadok: a varázspálcát, a szamarat, mindent!

A zsugori szomszédtól mindent visszakaptak, és Joan, a feleségével, a gyerekeivel boldogan élt, míg meg nem halt. Mindig hálával gondoltak jóttevőjükre, Szent Péterre.



Le Fave del Paradiso



C'era una volta una famiglia molto povera e con tanti figli. Il marito Giovanni, era un buon uomo, ma veramente ingenuo. La moglie Vincenza, invece, era scorbatica e si lamentava spesso.



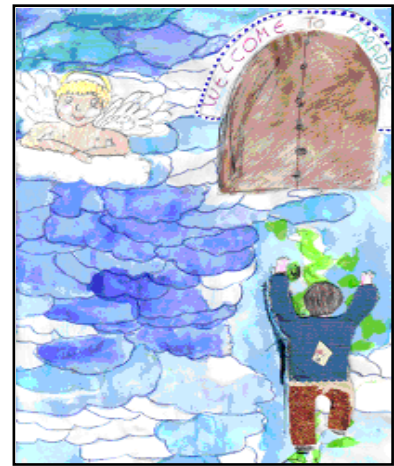
Vincenza si arrabbiava, perché mangiavano sempre pane e pesce, pesce e pane. Spesso minacciava di andarsene via per sempre.



Un giorno Giovanni trovò una fava e la piantò in un pezzo di terreno vicino a casa sua.



L'enorme pianta aveva superato le nuvole.
Giovanni notò che le foglie sembravano gradini di una scala.
Incuriosito, si arrampicò per scoprire cosa c'era lassù.



Arrivato in cima, Giovanni si trovò davanti ad una grande porta. Bussò. Apparve San Pietro. Giovanni gli chiese qualcosa da mangiare per la sua famiglia che stava morendo di fame.



San Pietro gli diede una bacchetta spiegandogli che doveva agitarla pronunciando una formula magica, così la tavola si sarebbe riempita di cibo.



Vincenza apparecchiò la tavola e Giovanni pronunciò la formula magica ...



... sul tavolo apparve ogni ben di Dio: bistecche, uova fritte, prosciutto, pancetta, pane, pollo arrosto...
Tutti in quella famiglia erano così felici che si sentivano le loro risate anche fuori dalla casa.



Un vicino ricco, ma invidioso, sentendo le risate della famiglia andò a vedere cosa stesse succedendo.
Giovanni, ingenuo, gli spiegò tutto.

Il vicino, quella stessa notte, mentre tutti dormivano rubò la bacchetta magica.
Il mattino seguente Vincenza, Giovanni e i bambini pensavano alla ricca colazione. Provarono ad usare la bacchetta, ma ... non accadde nulla.
Dopo tanti inutili tentativi, Vincenza arrabbiata cominciò ad insultare il marito.
Giovanni la ignorò, pensando, invece, a chi avesse sostituito la sua bacchetta. Salì ancora una volta sulla pianta di fave. San Pietro, prima lo sgridò, ma poi lo aiutò, regalandogli un asino.



Giovanni scese dalla pianta con l'asino. A casa, la moglie lo aggredì nuovamente, ma Giovanni, indifferente, le chiese di portare un foglio che distese sotto le zampe posteriori dell'asino.



Giovanni, dopo aver pronunciato la formula magica, vide una cascata di monete d'oro cadere dal posteriore dell'asino.

Tutti erano felici perché erano diventati molto ricchi. Cominciarono ad acquistare capi d'abbigliamento, scarpe e accessori. Ora, così ben vestiti, si pavoneggiavano passeggiando per il paese.



L'invidioso vicino riuscì a farsi raccontare dall'ingenuo Giovanni la causa di tanta ricchezza. La notte stessa andò a scambiare l'asino con uno dei suoi. Il mattino seguente Vincenza mise il foglio sotto il posteriore dell'asino, pronunciò la formula magica ...
... Nulla accadde. Vincenza, naturalmente si arrabbiò con il povero marito.

Giovanni salì di nuovo in Paradiso da San Pietro che lo rimproverò duramente, ma come al solito decise di aiutarlo. Questa volta gli diede un bastone per punire il vicino.



Giovanni, tornato a casa, chiamò il vicino, gli diede il bastone e pronunciò la formula magica. Il bastone cominciò a picchiare il vicino, su, giù, a destra e a sinistra ...
Il vicino restituì tutto, la bacchetta, l'asino ... ogni cosa.

La famiglia, da quel giorno, visse felicemente grazie a San Pietro.





Beans From Heaven

Many years ago, a man named Joan and his bad tempered wife named Vicenta, lived on a piece of land in the hills of Spain. They had a lot of children. Joan was a hard worker and was nice to everyone. Vicenta was always arguing with her husband because they only ever ate bread and fish. Joan was always ignoring her!

Joan found a bean one day and said to Vicenta, "I am going to plant this bean." Vicenta obviously argued back but Joan planted the bean anyway, in a small patch of land in front of his house.

The next morning Joan, who had been a little worried about the plant as it had rained heavily the night before, opened his curtains. When he looked out he saw the biggest and strangest tree ever. Its leaves were shaped like a stairway and were very stiff, strong enough to hold a man. As he was already dressed, he decided to leave a note for his wife and climb up the tree. It went all the way up to the clouds. He crept out of the house, silently closing the door behind him.



(Illustration by Jack Robinson)

Joan gathered up all his courage and went up the tree. When he got to the top, he went all shaky. At the top there was a big door, which looked a bit like a church door. Joan thought it must be heaven. He knocked on the door and waited for the sound of someone's footsteps. He had a shock because Saint Peter opened the door! Joan dropped to the floor and begged for food.

Saint Peter said, "Very well." He handed Joan a wand and told him what to do with it. Joan thanked him and ran down the leafy stairs. He commanded the table to be set. He waved the wand and shouted, "Work up wand!" All of a sudden their table was covered with all sorts of food they had never seen before.



(Illustration by Jasmine Turner)

Then their neighbour Miquel, who was rich, greedy and jealous, came over and said, "What's all the laughter for today, has something happened?" Then the nasty neighbour stole the wand and replaced it with a stick. The next morning Joan picked up the wand, but Vicenta was in her usual mood and snatched it off him.

"You're no good at anything," she moaned. She waved the wand and said, "Work up wand," but nothing happened at all. Joan took the wand and said, "Work up wand." Still nothing happened, so Joan went out of the house and back up the tree.

When he got to the top, Saint Peter was already waiting for him, and he was smartly dressed as if he was going somewhere important. Joan explained all that had happened with the wand. Saint Peter gave him a donkey and instructions about what he had to do. Joan listened, and then took the donkey down the tree. He laid a blanket out on the ground, then said, "Do it over here, donkey," in a sweet voice. The donkey screwed up its face and started 'pooing' golden coins! Joan and his family were delighted. They had lots of money so they bought loads of food and clothes.

The neighbour had been watching all this. He came up with a plan, which was obviously evil and nasty, to steal the donkey. That night the neighbour stole the donkey and replaced it with an ordinary donkey. The next morning, Joan went to the donkey and said, "Do it over here, donkey," in a sweet voice, but nothing happened.



(Illustration by Charlie Webb)

Joan went back up the tree to heaven. Saint Peter gave him a heavy club and said, "Invite your neighbour in and tell him you have something special. Hand him the club and say, 'Work up club' and let the club do its work.



(Illustration by Luke Gaskin)

Joan went back down the tree and said to his neighbour, "Here's something special. Hold it and say, 'Work up club'. He did so, and the club hit him and beat him until the neighbour said that he would give all the gifts back; the wand, the donkey, everything.

Joan and his family lived happily ever after.

Story retold by Sinead O'Sullivan



Infant & Junior School
Stanley
Falkland Islands

'The Legend of Frederick
Newman'



The Falkland Islands

Status

The Falkland Islands are an Independent Overseas Territory of the United Kingdom, financially independent for everything except Defence services - which are provided by the UK Ministry of Defence.

Time difference

GMT - 4 hours (FI winter)

GMT - 3 hours (FI summer)

In camp, sometimes the settlement or even a house may adopt 'camp time' which is local summer time to give the farmers more daylight to work in.

Capital city

Stanley is the capital city of the Falklands, located on East Falkland around picturesque Stanley Harbour.

GMT - 3 hours (FI summer)

Currency

The local currency is the Falkland Islands pound (£FK), which has the same value as the British pound (also acceptable as legal tender throughout the Falklands).

Population

According to 2006 Census figures, the Falklands population (excluding people affiliated with the military garrison) is 2,478. Of this number, 2,115 people live in Stanley, equivalent to 85% of the total population of the Falklands.

- 54% of the current population was born in the Falkland Islands
- 25% of the population are of British descent
- 14% of the population are of St Helenian descent
- 5% of the population are of Chilean descent

Geography & location

The Falkland Islands are a compact group of more than 740 islands situated 400 miles off the South Eastern tip of South America. The Islands have a total land area of 12,173 sq km (approx. the size half the size of Wales). Despite several large mountain ranges the Islands are relatively flat, rising no more than 705m above sea level at their highest point. The two main islands are East Falkland and West Falkland, linked by air and ferry services. The Islands lay between latitude 51° and 53 °S and longitude 57° and 62°W.

Flora & Fauna

More than 220 species of bird have been identified in the Falklands, including 5 species of penguin and over 60% of the world's black-browed albatross population. There are also 14 species of regularly occurring marine mammal, such as the southern elephant seal, southern sea lion, Commerson's dolphin, Peale's dolphin, and killer whale (orca). 350 species of plant have also been recorded in the Falklands, of which 13 are endemic and 173 are native.

Weather and climate

The Falklands are as close to the South Pole as London is to the North Pole. On average, the Falklands are cooler than London in the summer, but warmer in the winter. Summer is a wonderful time, with long daylight hours similar to England's southern coastal regions. East Falkland is generally wetter than West Falkland. Average summer temperature (max): 15.0°C

Average winter temperature (max): 4.9°C

Average annual rainfall: 573.6mm

Food

The Falklands boast some of the best seafood in the world. Depending on the season you can enjoy Falkland calamari, mussels, oysters, sea trout, kingclip, and Patagonian toothfish. Tender, naturally grown lamb, beef, and upland goose pate are also popular dishes in local eateries.





Hello and welcome to the Infant & Junior School here in Stanley. Stanley is the capital of the Falklands Islands in the southern Atlantic Ocean. Only 2,300 people live in Stanley.

The school is like those in England, we follow the same subjects although we do change what we teach in History, Geography and Environmental Studies to reflect where we live.

IJS was opened in 1955 and since then we have had 3 extensions to cope with the increasing numbers. There are now about 250 children in the school ranging from 3 years old to 11 years old. We have children from many different countries. As well as those from the Falklands we have children from Britain, St Helena, Chile, Canada, Argentina, Australia, Russia and Peru.

Nearly all our teachers have been trained in Britain including 3 teachers who were born in the Falkland Islands but we have one from Australia.

There is a lot to do both in and out of school. We have lots of clubs such as football, knitting, drama, newspaper club and cricket, as well as worldwide organisations like Brownies, Girl Guides, Cubs and Scouts. Lots of children also belong to the swimming club. We have a History club called Pastfinders and a conservation group called Watch Group. There is a youth club called The Shack which opens every Thursday.

We can drive to military base at Mount Pleasant 56km away and use their cinema and 10 pin bowling alley.

There is also Camp Education which looks after all children who live outside of Stanley. There are 21 children and seven teachers! Some children go to very small schools in Goose Green and North Arm. Other children have a travelling teacher stay with them for 2 weeks and then have telephone lessons for 4 weeks. The teachers have to fly in the small FIGAS planes which can hold up to 9 passengers; one lucky teacher even gets a trip to a child living on a remote island by helicopter!

We have lots of visitors to our school. Princess Anne came to visit us earlier this year; everyone was very excited, and surprised that she didn't wear pink and a crown!

Nicholas Barrett
Head Teacher



The Story of Frederick Newman

Long ago there was a farmer called Frederick Newman; he was born in 1858 and lived at Teal Inlet. One day Frederick and his family, Hannah his wife and six children, decided they all had to move to Stanley but Frederick wanted to go in his boat. Frederick Newman and his nine year old son Fred had built a boat from planks of old wood. Frederick was 48 and keen to sail alone with his son Fred all the way from Teal Inlet to Stanley. In 1901 5th May Frederick Newman and Fred set out to sea in their 8 meter by 2 meter cutter boat. Hoping to reach Stanley by sunset the same day; things went wrong...

There were awful Westerly winds on the sea. A day later Frederick found out him, his son and the boat were nowhere near Stanley and sailing West towards Argentina! The days went past slowly.

Frederick had bought lots of food such as a dead sheep, salted pig, bread, flour and loads of vegetables! On






the 6th of July they had been sailing for 62 days in horrible conditions. A boat found them drifting to the coast of

Buenos Aires. After they were found

they were taken back to Stanley. It was a journey so far, and long it has become a legend.

Frederick Newman Story

Retold by Shannon Alvaria

		
<p>1. Frederick Newman wanted to sail from Teal Inlet. His wife, children and furniture in one and Frederick Newman, Frederick John and supplies.</p>	<p>2. Frederick Newman started his journey and reached Cape Pembroke but then the wind started to take him south and then north.</p>	<p>3. Frederick Newman and Frederick John drift out to sea and used the turnip for winter when they ran out of the 7 gallons of water.</p>
		
<p>4. Frederick Newman and Frederick John noticed that they are close to south of America and head to the coast of Argentina.</p>	<p>5. Frederick Newman and Frederick John are rescued by the artist Elsa Gaudin Macinal and was taken to Buenos Aires.</p>	<p>6. Frederick Newman and Frederick John returned to Stanley in August to find his family and his new baby daughter.</p>



Frederick Newman

(1853-1938)

Frederick nació el 13 de abril de 1853 en Hampshire, Reino Unido.



El 31 de Mayo se casó con Harriah Holten hija de un lechero alemán.



En Mayo de 1901 la familia se mudó a Stanley desde Teal Inlet donde Fred había estado trabajando durante unos años. El cargero Shamrock se encargaba de llevar a la familia y sus muebles a Stanley.



Fred había construido un velero y quería llevarlo también. Decidieron navegar 35-40 millas con su hijo de 9 años, Frederick John.



El domingo 5 de Mayo a las 9:30 de la mañana partieron antes de que lo hiciera Shamrock que llevaba a bordo a su mujer y a los otros 5 hijos.



Fred y su hijo fueron vistos por última vez desde Puerto Johnson el lunes por la tarde.



El martes por la mañana el pequeño barco se había alejado de la costa y Fred tan solo podía ver el faro del cabo de Pembroke.



Fred llevaba consigo una pequeña cantidad de carne cocinada, un cordero, un cerdo salado...



Al advertir por el cambio de temperatura que estaban al norte de Real Inlet Fred decidió dirigirse hacia la costa de la Patagonia.



Finalmente, el 6 de julio, al cabo de 62 días en altamar avistaron la costa y en Elchebaf fueron divisados y rescatados por la Guardia Nacional de Argentin.



El 10 de Agosto Fred y su hijo regresaron a Stanley donde se encontraron con su familia.



En la revista de la Iglesia se informó de la siguiente noticia. "A qui le tenemos sano y salvo."



Irene Sánchez Moro
Aitana García García
6°C

FIN



Fredrick Newman's story

Play

Fredrick Newman is now a grandpa and he is sitting among his grandchildren with a photo album in his hands.

Grandson 1: Grandpa, the weather is so terrible, and we're bored. Please, tell us a tale.

Your tales are so exciting.

Grandpa: All right. But now it won't be a fairy tale. It will be a true story about me and your grandmother, and of course about your fathers and mothers. Would you like to hear this story?



Grandchildren: Yes! Yes! Yes!

Grandpa: I was born on the 13th (of) April 1853 in Hampshire in the United Kingdom. I was 27 years old when I decided to come here to the Falklands to work.

Fredrick's arriving

His and Hannah's meeting and their wedding. (dance)
The birth of the children (dance)

Grandpa: A little bit later I met your grandmother, Hannah, whose father was a German dairy man.



Then we got married. We lived in Teal Inlet because I worked there. While we lived there I built a small boat in my free time. In 1901 (nineteen hundred and one) we decided to move to Stanley.

As we had six children we could just move with the help of the cutter Shamrock of Stanley. And it also had to carry our furniture. But I didn't want to leave my boat there so I decided to sail the 35-40 miles with my son, Fredrick John, who was then 9 years old. In fine weather we could expect to complete this voyage in nine hours.

Grandson 2 : And could you complete it?

Grandpa : No, we couldn't. Young Fred and I left Teal Inlet on the 5th (of) May before the Shamrock. Later the weather changed for the worse.

Their sailing in the storm (dance)



Grandpa : Finally on (the) 6th (of) July after 62 days on the stormy seas we were rescued by the Argentine transport Guardia Nacional which took us to Buenos Aires.

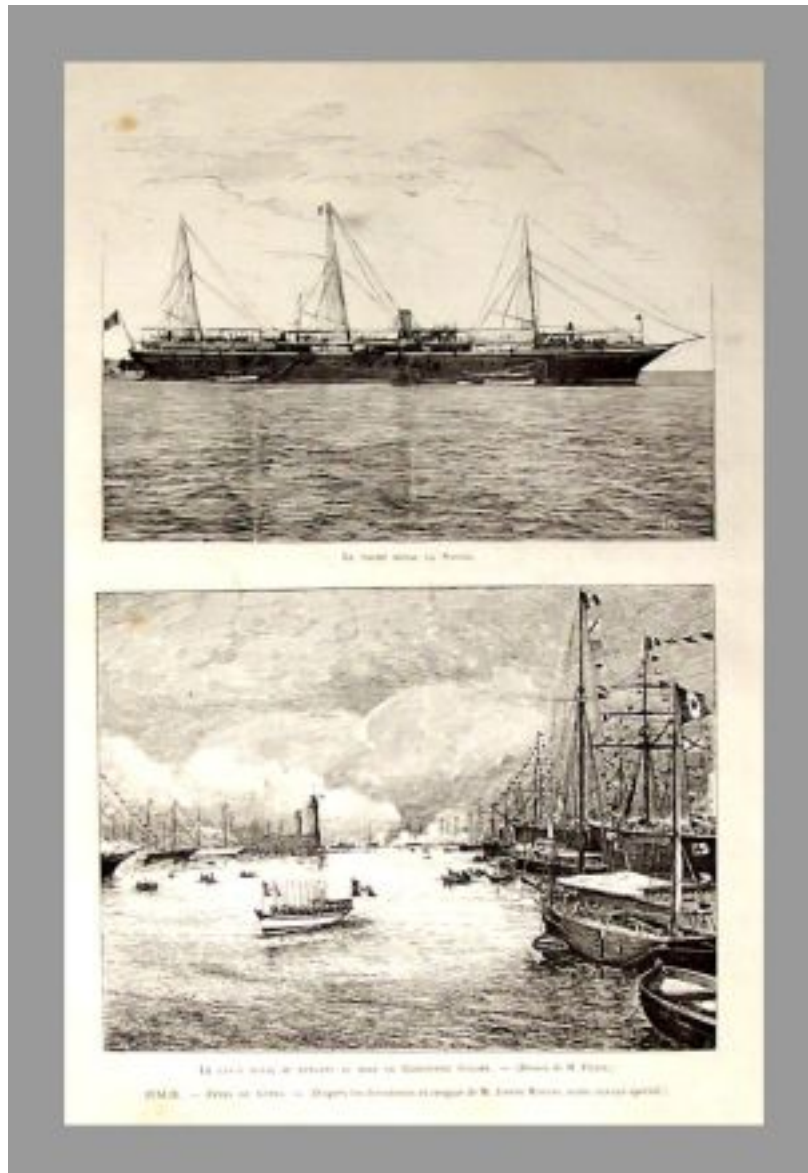


Grandson 3 : Did you get home that day?

Grandpa : No, we didn't. We could return to Stanley on (the) 10th (of) August. By the time we arrived home our new daughter was already three months old. She was born while we were at sea.

Grandson 4 : What did you do after that, Grandpa?
Grandpa : I continued my daily work. Our adventure was a little bit frightening but wonderful.

The reunion of the family (dance)





L'avventura di Fred



Il giovane Fred si sposò con la figlia di un allevatore tedesco nelle Isole Falkland. Era arrivato nelle Isole dal Regno Unito per lavorare.



Fred era appassionato di barche e nel tempo libero ne aveva costruito una.



Un giorno decise di trasferirsi con la sua famiglia a Stanley. Nel cutter Shamrock fece salire la moglie, i cinque figli e caricò i mobili. Poi partirono.

Nella sua barca, che era più piccola, lui e il figlio maggiore, di nove anni, caricarono: carne cucinata, maiale salato, pane, farina, the, rape, patate, sette galloni di acqua e una pecora.



Finalmente il 6 luglio, Fred e suo figlio vennero salvati dalla Guardia Nazionale Argentina che li portò a Buenos Aires e dopo a Stanley.



Qui poterono riabbracciare la loro famiglia che nel frattempo era aumentata: era nata, infatti, una piccola mentre si trovavano in alto mare.

Fred, a Stanley riprese ad occuparsi del suo lavoro quotidiano come se non l'avesse mai interrotto.



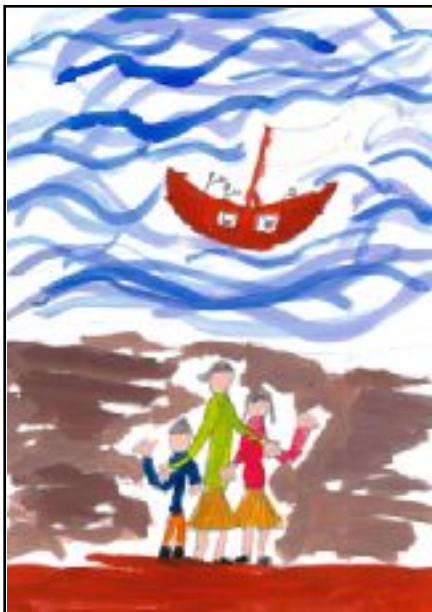
The Story of Fred Newman - Lost in the Sea

Fred Newman was born over one hundred years ago. When he was older he came to work in the Falkland Islands and married Hannah Holland, the daughter of Davis Holland, who was a German dairyman.

Fred, Hannah and their six children decided to move back to Stanley from Teal Inlet, where Fred had been working. On the day that they were moving, the cutter 'The Shamrock' of Stanley that was as fast as lightning, had come to collect the family and all of their furniture and belongings. During Fred's free time he had been working on a boat. He had built a small but magnificent boat and was planning to sail the thirty or forty miles to Stanley with his nine year old son, Frederick John. Fred expected to complete the voyage in nine hours.



(Illustration by Dorota Wrosek)



(Illustration by Darcey Jarman)

The next day, Sunday 5th May, they set off a few hours before the Shamrock, so that they would get a good head start. As he and his son passed Volunteer Rocks 'The Shamrock', carrying his wife and five other children, passed them. Fred and his son were last seen from Johnson Harbour on the Monday afternoon, about three miles north of Volunteer Rocks. There was a great storm that night and by Tuesday morning the small boat was well out of sight of land. As they looked around, all they could see was the great ocean and Cape Pembroke Lighthouse. During the storm the rain had been too strong for the weak sail and had torn it to shreds.

For the next few days the boat drifted around the sea. Little Frederick and his father were lost and did not know where they were. They soon got hungry, but luckily had packed some vegetables, flour, bread, tea and cooked meat. They also had seven gallons of water, but once that ran out they had to use the moisture from the potatoes.

They soon realised there was a change in temperature and discovered that they were well north of the Falkland Islands. For the next few weeks they headed in the direction of what they thought was westward but was in fact the exact opposite. They eventually went

in a different direction, as heading west was getting them nowhere. By now both had swollen limbs and little Fred's feet and ankles were only saved by his father rubbing them with turpentine.

Fred's son was the first to spot the grey, pointy fin swimming around in the ocean. They instantly knew it was a shark; their hearts beat faster and faster. They sat tense, waiting for the shark to swim away - he didn't. They tried beating him away with an oar but it did not work. Frederick John threw a stick to distract the fast-moving shark. Luckily the shark swam away thinking the stick was a fish. When Fred and his son were sure that the shark had gone, they quietly and cautiously rowed away.



(Illustration by Alice Hope)

That night they were very hungry. They had already eaten all of the food. They were unable to catch any fish as it was dark so they sat, hungry and cold in the boat. For the weeks that followed they had to catch fish for food. They caught one big fish that served them for seven days. One night they had a big rainfall. They found a medium sized bucket to catch the water and left it outside all night. In the morning they collected the water in the bucket and stored it in the cabin.

A few days later, they felt the boat slow down. It was trickier to move through the water and they noticed the change of colour in the water. Fred later realised there was oil in the water. His son was worried about the animals in the ocean, even though some were dangerous. Then they saw the massive ship with the oil tank in the sea next to it. The men in the ship saw the little sailing boat and blew a whistle. A life boat was launched and quickly arrived at Fred and his son's safety. They left the boat in the ocean and jumped into the life boat. They were told that the ship was bringing oil to Stanley; exactly where Fred and Frederick John were travelling to.



(Illustration by Rachel Bailey)

On the ship they fell asleep (as they had hardly any sleep on the boat). When they arrived at Stanley, Fred and his son rejoined their family and his new baby daughter, who had been born whilst he and his son were at sea.

Story retold by Lottie Price



Szlovák Általános Iskola
Óvoda És Diákotthon
Szarvas
Hungary

'Rege a Csodaszarvasról'
'The Mythical Stag'



Hungary



Hungary is in Central Europe and it is part of the European Union.

It has a population of about 10 million people.

Hungary has been a republic since 23 October 1989.

Most of the country is flat. (Great and Small Hungarian Plains)

The highest point is a peak called Kékestető, which is in the Mátra Mountains.

The biggest river is the Danube which is 470 km long in Hungary.

Lake Balaton is the largest lake in Central Europe.

Visitors can enjoy the wonderful sights of Budapest, Pécs, Szeged, Debrecen, relax on the beaches of Lake Balaton, go and see the lovely Hungarian villages or visit some of the smaller but beautiful towns like Veszprém, Kőszeg, Eger or Szentendre. They can also go on outings in the romantic 'Pusztá', the Great Hungarian Plain.

The capital of Hungary is Budapest, with 2 million inhabitants.

It lies on the two banks of the River Danube. Budapest is the political and cultural centre of the country.



Békés county

The endless flat region in the south-eastern corner of the Great Hungarian Plain is crossed by several rivers (the rivers Körös, Maros, and Berettyó). The settlements are mostly established on the banks of these rivers. In the almost perfectly flat areas of county Békés a number of towns await visitors. The capital of the county is Békéscsaba.

Szarvas

Szarvas is situated in Békés county. Our town has 18000 inhabitants now. In the development of this town some outstanding personalities played an important role. In the 19th century Bolza family had palaces and parks built. They founded the botanical garden called Arboretum, which is well-known all over Europe. Here you can find different kinds of trees, bushes and plants from all over the world and these rare plants are worth a visit in every season. The building of the old Tessedik-school house is a museum with a rich collection. Constant and temporary exhibitions are held here. In Erzsébet Park the painter György Ruzicskay's Studio House is to be seen. On the riverbank you can find the Historical Memorial Path and on this path you can get to the geometrical centre of the historical Hungary which is a windmill-shaped monument.

There are a lot of pubs, restaurants, cafes, clubs and confectioner's shops. You can eat, have a drink, listen to music or play for example darts, cards or billiards at these places. There are also some supermarkets, bookshops, clothes shops, shoe shops.



THE HISTORY OF OUR SCHOOL

Our school Slovak Primary School and Students' Hostel was established in 1949, so it will be 60 years old this year. It was very important for people living in our town Szarvas at that time because children of Slovak minority could go to school where they could learn their own language.

First the circumstances were not too good and there were not enough teachers who spoke good Slovak.

From 1960 the school has been in its present place and the building was modernized in 1990 and it was rebuilt in 2003.

From 1991 we have had opportunity to employ native teachers from Slovakia so this fact gives us a chance to practice the language with native speakers.

It is a large building and you can find our nursery school, primary school and the students' hostel in it.

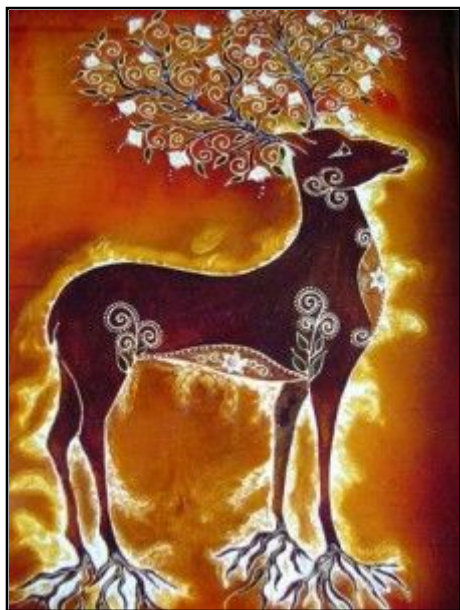
There is a big assembly hall where we also have lunch. There is a library, a computer room, a science lab, a gym and there are two language labs and a lot of classrooms. The school is nice, light and cosy.

We have a big school yard with a playground. There's an outdoor oven in the yard. In the yard there are also some trees, bushes, plants, roses and benches with tables. In the yard we can play ball, football, basketball, volleyball, hide-and-seek or badminton.





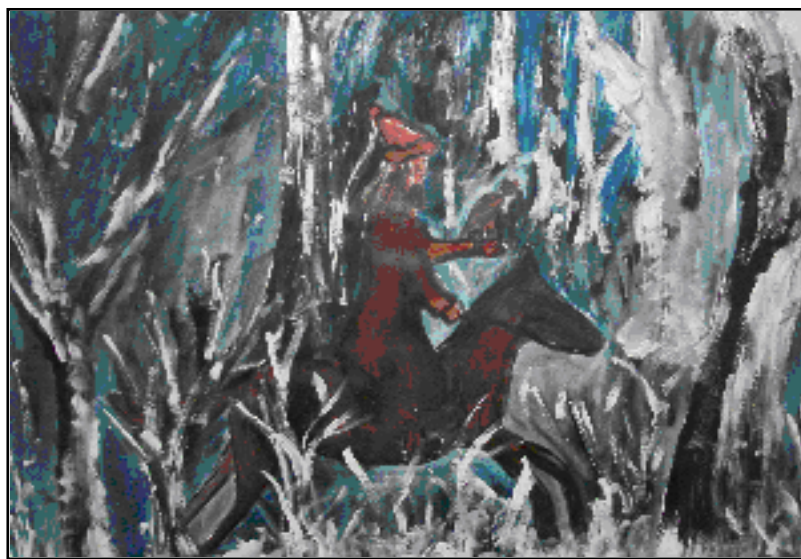
Rege a Csodaszarvasról



Ennek előtte sok ezer esztendővel, messze keleten élt egy híres hatalmas fejedelem, Nimród volt a neve. Ez a Nimród volt az apja Hunornak és Magyarnak, annak a két dali vitéznek, akiknek maradékai a hunok és a magyarok.

Amíg nagy legénnyé serdültek, együtt vadásztak édesapjukkal, majd hogy Nimród leöregedett, ketten kalandozták be hazájuk földjét: minden zegét-zugát ismerték annak.

Egyszerre csak elfogta a vágy mindkettőnek a szívét: túlmenni az ország határán, had' lássák mi van ott. Fölkerekedtek ötven-ötven válogatott vitézzel, s vadászgatás közben elkalandoztak messze, messze az országuk határán túl...



Szemük, szívük eltelt gyönyörűséggel. Rengeteg erdők, végtelen rónaságok, amerre mentek. Nagy csordákban csatangoltak a mindenféle vadak. Külön-külön fogtak egy-egy vadat, s úgy vették üldözőbe. Egyszer aztán egy szarvason akadt meg a szemük: csodaszép állat volt, nem láttak még ehhez hasonlatost...

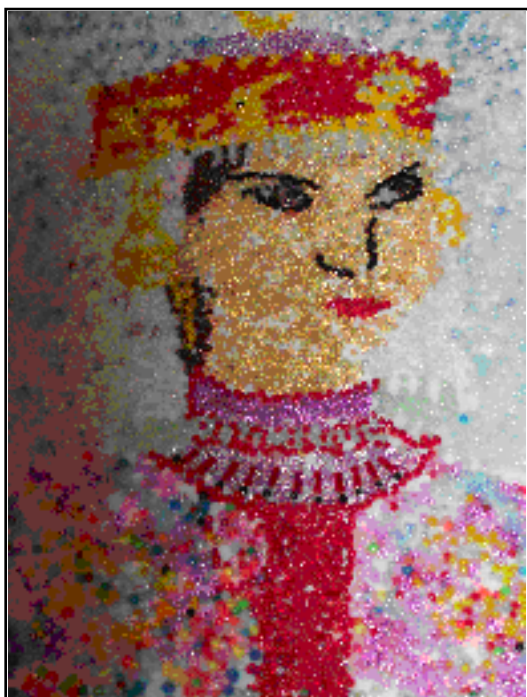
A két ágas-bogas szarva össze volt fonódva, s lebegett a feje fölött, mint egy koszorú. A két szeme feketéllett, ragyogott, mint a fekete gyémánt. A dereka karcsú, hajlékony,

mint a lengő nádszál; a lába vékony, s szaladván nem látszott érinteni a földet. Űzőbe vették ezt a csodaszép szarvast, vágattak utána, mint a sebes szél, nyomukban a vitézek. Hol eltűnt, hol felbukkant a csodaszép szarvas: csalta, csalogatta Hunort és Magyart.

Reggeltől estig kergették a szarvast, de hiába, alkonyatkor eltűnt egy ingoványos helyen, sűrű nádas rejtekébe. Soha többet nem látták,



De ha a csodaszép szarvast meg sem is foghatták, elvezette őket olyan szép földre, amilyent még nem láttak. Gyönyörű sziget volt ez: köröskörül rengeteg erdő és folyóvizek. Övig gázoltak fűben, virágban. Már több napja voltak a szép szigeten, s csodálkoztak, hogy a maguk emberein kívül más embert nem láttak. Fölkerekedtek hát, hogy nézzenek széjjel. Velük a száz vitéz. S ím, amint bolyonganak a nagy rónaságon, egyszerre csak szemük, szájuk elállott a nagy csodálkozástól... Egy nagy csapat leány táncolt karikákba körbe – lehettek százan, hanem többen – s úgy keringtek körbe, a kör közepén pedig két lány lejtett, de olyan szép mindkettő, hogy a napra lehetett nézni, de rájuk nem.



Összenézett Hunor és Magyar, a többi vitéz is, semmit sem szóltak, de egyet gondoltak: hirtelen közrefogták a leányokat, ki-ki egy leányt felkapott a nyergébe, s azzal elvágattak sebes szélnél sebesebben. Hunor és Magyar azt a két leányt kapták fel a nyergükbe, akik a kör közepén táncoltak; az alánok fejedelmének, Dulnak a leányai voltak ezek. Reszkettek a félelemtől, de Hunor és Magyar olyan szép szavakkal engesztelték, vigasztalták, hogy lassanként neki bátorodtak s nem is bánták, hogy elrabolta őket az a két dali fiú. Nem bánta a többi leány sem.

Még aznap nagy lakodalmat látkak; egyszerre volt lakodalma Hunornak, Magyarinak és a száz vitéznek. Szaporodtak ivadékról, ivadékra. És telt, múlt az idő, eltelt vagy száz esztendő s Hunor és Magyar nemzetsége úgy megsaporodtak, hogy nem volt elég tágas a szép sziget.

Új hazát kellett keresniök...





EL CIERVO MITICO



Hunor y Magyar, los hijos del rey Nimrod se van de cacería con 100 hombres.



Ven un ciervo magnífico que desaparece en un pantano. Van tras él y se encuentran un lugar maravilloso lleno de flores y animales.



Se encuentran a un grupo de mujeres y se casan con ellas, formando una gran familia.



The Mythical Stag

A long time ago
in a kingdom,
there was a king
named Nimrod
and his two
sons named Hunor and Magyar.
There father was very ill, in honor
of his life the boys tried to
complete the family tradition.
On one particular morning Hunor
and Magyar left to go beyond
their border with a hundred
younger men. They rode through
creaky forest and astonishing
meadows and
chased
amusing
animals.

They saw a mythical
deer and chased it for a
long time. The deer led them
to a beautiful Island.
They found a meadow
where lots of pretty girls
were dancing.
The next day they had
a big white wedding, they
had lots of
children so they
all had to
move.

by
Sashia
Williams



La leggenda del mitico cervo

C'era una
volta un re di
nome Nimrod che
aveva

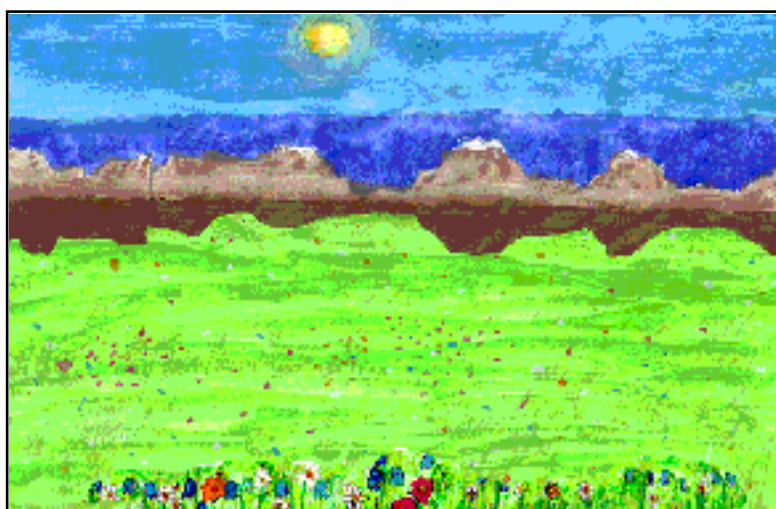


I principi
accompagnava
no il loro padre



Sul loro cammino videro
ricche foreste ...

sterminate praterie e ...

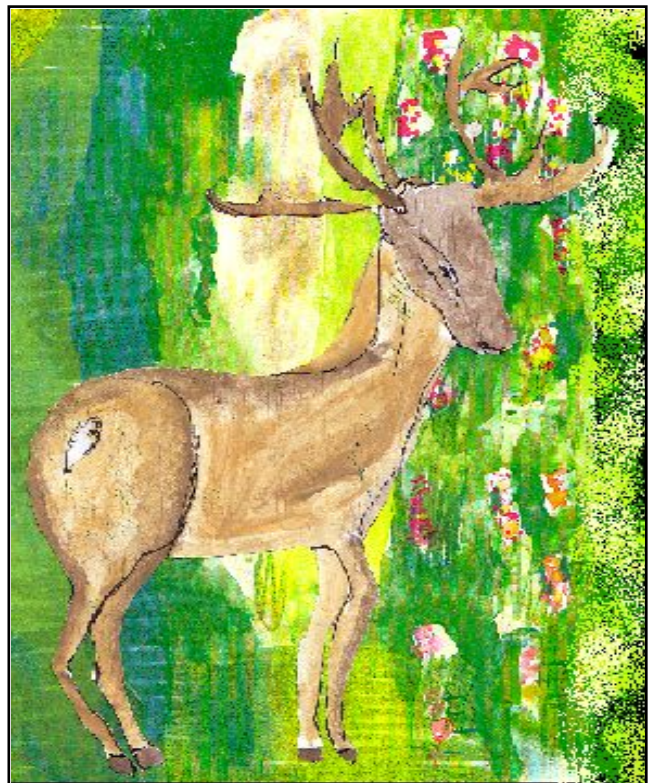


...numerosi branchi di
animali.



Un giorno i due fratelli, durante la caccia s'imbatterono in un meraviglioso cervo.

Il suo magnifico aspetto attirò l'attenzione dei principi e dei loro uomini che iniziarono ad inseguirlo.





L'animalç li condusse
ad una paludç, dovç

Hunor, Magyar ç i
loro uomini
insçguendo il
cervo, giunsero in



... ricca di prati,

boschi, foreste e ...



... fiumi.



In questo luogo bellissimo videro due principesse ed un centinaio di fanciulle che danzavano.



I due principi rapirono le principesse ed ogni uomo scelse per sé una fanciulla. Le fanciulle e gli uomini si sposarono e diedero origine ad una numerosa discendenza che costrinse il popolo ungherese a cercare una nuova patria



The Mythical Golden Stag

A long time ago, in the east, there was a kingdom ruled by King Nimrod. He had two sons called Hunor and Magyar. I was just a young fawn at this time, but when I grew up, the brothers started to hunt deer, foxes and birds. I always tried not to be seen by them.

One hot summer's day, all the animals in the forest were tired and thirsty. I had just finished my drink and was resting in the woods when I heard them. I heard hooves galloping towards me. I knew they were horses, with men riding them. They spotted my branching antlers, which were gleaming in the sun, and my distinctive golden fur, easily.



(Illustration by Jodie Balfour)

I started running. I ran as fast as I could, crossing rivers, mud and water, before disappearing into the swamp. I waited until I could no longer hear the horses' hooves. I quietly left the swamp, following the horse tracks in the mud towards an island covered in trees. Then I saw them.



(Illustration by Jamie Britt)

They were gazing at the girls round the fire. There must have been a hundred of them, all dancing. The brothers and their men tethered their horses and quietly went towards the girls. Suddenly the men each grabbed a girl and placed her in their saddle. Hunor and Magyar took the two beautiful sisters who were dancing in the middle. I was shocked at the scene before my eyes.

They rode off into the distance and I slowly followed them. The girls were wearing white dresses with exotic flowers in their hair. The men and their horses were in their battle gear. They were instantly married before me.

Soon the beautiful island was no longer big enough for all the couples and their children. Before long, the two brothers, with their wives and many of their men, set off to found a new homeland, which later became Hungary.

Story retold by Jodie Balfour



Istituto Comprensivo
'Padre Agostino Gemelli',
Torino, Italia

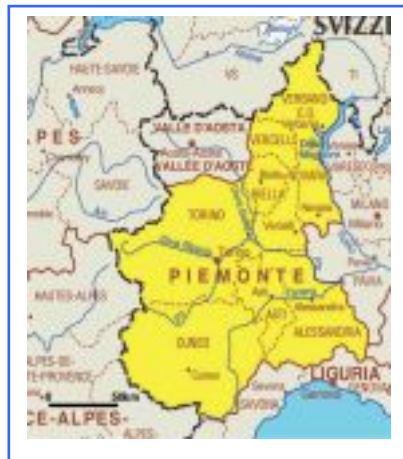
'La Leggenda del Toro'
'The Bull of Turin'



Italia - Torino

L'Italia è costituita da venti regioni. Cinque di queste sono dotate di uno statuto speciale: Friuli-Venezia Giulia, la Sardegna, la Sicilia, il Trentino-Alto Adige e la Valle d'Aosta.

Torino è il capoluogo del Piemonte, una regione a nord-ovest dell'Italia.



Bandiera del Piemonte



Bandiera di Torino

Piemonte

Il nome della regione significa " **Ai piedi del monte** ".

Confina con la Francia, la Valle d'Aosta, la Svizzera, la Lombardia, l'Emilia-Romagna e la Liguria.

Il territorio piemontese è prevalentemente montuoso e ricco di corsi d'acqua. Al centro della regione si trova un'ampia area pianeggiante interrotta da zone collinari coltivate a vigneti, quali le Langhe e il Monferrato.

L'economia piemontese è soprattutto industriale. Il settore più sviluppato è quello meccanico, di cui fanno parte le fabbriche automobilistiche come la FIAT di Torino.

Di rilievo sono anche i settori chimico, alimentare (la regione è la prima d'Italia per produzione di cioccolato, Ferrero), tessile e dell'abbigliamento.

Il Piemonte è una meta importante anche per il turismo d'arte e per quello sportivo, grazie alle sue bellezze naturali e artistiche.



Torino



Sorge sulla riva sinistra del Po, nel punto di confluenza dei fiumi Stura di Lanzo, Dora Riparia e Sangone, in una posizione geografica privilegiata, al centro delle vie di comunicazione che scendono dai valichi alpini.

Ha ereditato la sua pianta a scacchiera dai Romani, che l'avevano costruita come accampamento militare.

Torino, città romana e barocca, ospita uno dei più grandi patrimoni artistici di tutta Italia. Vi sono numerosi musei di rilevanza nazionale e internazionale, come il Museo del Cinema che si trova all'interno della Mole Antonelliana, simbolo della città, il Museo dell'Automobile e il Museo Egizio, il più importante del mondo dopo quello del Cairo.

Torino è un'importante centro europeo per la produzione di cioccolato. Tipico cioccolatino simbolo di Torino è il Gianduiotto, inventato dalla Caffarel nel 1852.

È stata sede, nel 2006, della XX edizione dei Giochi olimpici invernali.



Il braciere olimpico
di Torino 2006



Italy - Turin

Italy is made up of twenty regions. Five of these have a special statute: Friuli-Venezia Giulia, Sicily, Sardinia, Trentino-Alto Adige and Valle d'Aosta. **Turin** is the capital of Piedmont, a region in the north-west of Italy.



Piedmont flag



Turin flag

Piedmont

The name of the region means " **at the foot of the mountain**".

It borders with France, Valle d'Aosta, Switzerland, Lombardy, Emilia-Romagna and Liguria.

The Piemontese territory is mainly mountainous and has abundant watercourses.

In the center of the region there are open plains dotted by hilly areas cultivated with vineyards all of which are known as the Langhe and the Monferrato lands.

The industrial sector has grown considerably especially the automobile industry belonging to the FIAT company. The chemical, food (this region is first in the production of chocolate by Ferrero), textile and clothing industrial sectors are also of major emphasis.

Piemonte has abundant natural and artistic attractions that attract many tourists throughout all the seasons of the year.

Turin



The city rises not far from the mountains and is surrounded by hills. It has many parks and the rivers Po and Dora Riparia flow across it. It inherited its checkerboard city plant from the Romans who had built it as a military camp.

Turin is a Baroque Roman city and has one of the greatest artistic inheritances in all of Italy. There are plenty of museums of national and international importance like the Cinema Museum which is located inside the Mole Antonelliana and is symbol of the city, the Automobile Museum and, last but not least, the Egyptian Museum, second in importance only to the one in Cairo.

Turin is an important European centre in the production of chocolate. The Gianduiotto, which was invented by Caffarelli in 1852, is the typical tiny bar of chocolate, symbol of Turin.

In the year 2006 the Olympic winter games were held in Turin.



Olympic Torch
Turin 2006



Istituto Comprensivo " Padre Agostino Gemelli" Torino, Italia

L'Istituto Comprensivo " Padre Agostino Gemelli ", si è costituito a partire dal 1° settembre 2008.

La nuova istituzione scolastica comprende 5 plessi, di cui due Scuole dell'Infanzia, due Scuole Primarie e una Scuola Secondaria di 1° grado.



Tutte le scuole sono situate nel quartiere Lucento della città di Torino, a breve distanza l'una dall'altra; ciò facilita le comunicazioni, gli scambi, la collaborazione e l'interazione operativa tra i plessi.

Complessivamente, il nostro istituto accoglie 1335 alunni, dei quali 250 nelle scuole dell'infanzia suddivisi in 6 sezioni, 800 nelle scuole primarie suddivisi in 31 classi e 285 nella scuola secondaria di 1° grado suddivisi in 14 classi.

L'organico è composto da 135 docenti, 1 dirigente scolastico, 1 collaboratore vicario, 5 referenti di plesso, 10 assistenti amministrativi e 1 Direttore dei Servizi Generali Amministrativi.

I bambini che frequentano le nostre scuole sono eterogenei per nazionalità ed estrazione socio-culturale e sia loro, sia le loro famiglie sono coinvolti in diversi progetti di integrazione.

Nell'elaborazione delle finalità formative e degli obiettivi di apprendimento si fa riferimento alle Indicazioni Nazionali per il Curricolo. L'Autonomia scolastica consente una certa flessibilità organizzativa, grazie alla quale è possibile offrire ai bambini e ai ragazzi percorsi educativi e didattici diversificati volti al potenziamento delle abilità, alla valorizzazione delle differenze individuali di apprendimento e alla promozione del "ben essere". Prevede inoltre la scelta, l'adozione e l'utilizzazione dei libri di testo che devono essere coerenti con il Piano dell'Offerta Formativa.

Ogni edificio scolastico ha un ampio cortile con una zona giardino coltivata dai bambini stessi. Un'ampia e attrezzata palestra, viene utilizzata per attività motorie e per iniziative che coinvolgono più classi.

La biblioteca è fornita di libri per ragazzi (narrativa e testi di consultazione) e di libri e di testi di pedagogia per gli insegnanti.

Tutti i plessi sono anche dotati di vari laboratori: informatica, scienze, pittura, falegnameria, tessitura e psicomotricità per rispondere meglio agli interessi degli alunni.



Istituto Comprensivo " Padre Agostino Gemelli" Torino, Italia

The Comprehensive School was founded on September 1st, 2008.

This new teaching institution has 5 divisions: two of which are Nursery Schools, another two are Primary schools and one is a Secondary school (Junior High School).



All these schools are situated in the Lucento neighbourhood of Turin, a short distance one from the other; thus facilitating communication, interchange, cooperation and interaction among the sections.

On the whole, our institution has welcomed 1335 pupils, of which 250 belong to the 6 Nursery School sections, 800 to the 31 classes of the Primary Schools and 285 belong to the 14 classes of the Secondary School:

The staff is made up of 135 teachers, 1 headmistress, 1 vice headmistress, 5 division representatives, 10 secretaries and 1 school office head.

The children that attend our schools are of mixed nationality and sociocultural walk of life and both their families and them are involved in numerous integration projects.

In the making of educational purposes and learning goals reference is made to the National Curriculum. School Autonomy allows a certain flexibility of the organization and thanks to this it is possible to offer children and young teenagers broad-based educational and teaching methods aimed at enhancing abilities, increasing the value of individual learning differences, and encouraging their well being.

It allows the teachers to choose, order and use text books that have to be consistent with the Educational Offer Plan.

Each building has a courtyard with areas for vegetable gardens that the children can grow plants in.

A large and well equipped gymnasium can be used for physical activities and for initiatives involving other classes.

The library is supplied with books for the young (fiction and reference books) and with educational books and texts for the teachers.

All the schools are also all provided with laboratories: Information Technology, Science, Art, Woodwork, Weaving, Physical and Mental Health in order to meet the requirements of the pupils at their best.



La Leggenda del Toro



C'era una volta un enorme e feroce drago che viveva nelle campagne di Taurasia, antico nome della città di Torino.



Tutti gli abitanti della zona avevano paura di lui ; infatti alcuni venivano catturati e mangiati.



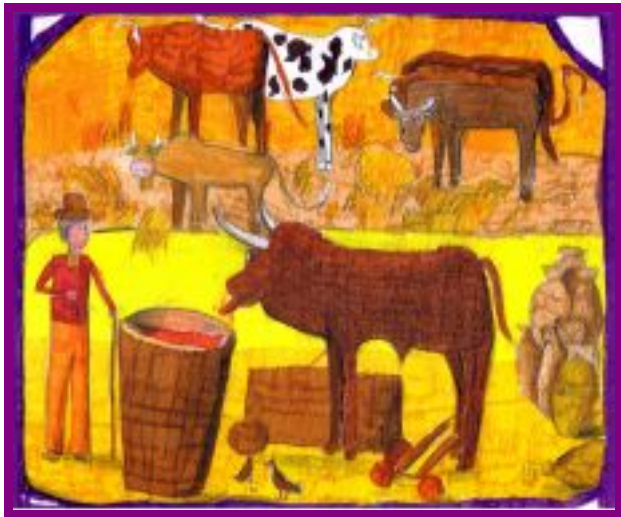
I contadini, spaventati, si rifugiavano nelle proprie case e non osavano più uscirne;



quindi non coltivavano i loro campi che, non venendo più curati, non davano frutti e tutti cominciarono a soffrire la fame.

I più coraggiosi provarono ad affrontare la terribile belva, ma non riuscirono, nonostante lance e frecce, neppure a scalfire il petto del drago, che era diventato ancora più aggressivo e incuteva sempre più terrore.

Un contadino, che aveva tante mucche e un grosso e forte toro, ebbe un'idea.



Egli chiuse le mucche nella stalla, al sicuro e diede da bere tanto vino al toro.



Eccitato da tutto quel vino, l'animale divenne aggressivo e desideroso di combattere.



Si mise a correre alla ricerca di qualcuno da affrontare e, uscito dal villaggio, incontrò proprio il feroce drago, in aperta campagna.



I due si guardarono con aria di sfida e partirono all'attacco: il toro colpì nel torace il drago e non ebbe affatto paura quando il drago lo attaccò.



La lotta continuò, ferocemente, per tutto il giorno. Quando giunse la sera, i contadini andarono a vedere che cosa fosse successo e trovarono sia il toro che il drago stesi a terra, morti.



Per ricordare quella battaglia e per ringraziare del nobile gesto l'animale che aveva perso la sua vita per salvarli dal drago ...



*...i Taurini scelsero il **toro rampante** come simbolo del loro villaggio.*



TORINO Y SU LEYENDA

Hace muchos años en Taorasia...

Allí había un terrible dragón...



No puedo salir de los alrededores



La gente no cultiva por el miedo



365 días = 100% desesperación
Su desesperación crecía día tras día.

HABÍAN MUCHAS QUESTIONES...



Un campesino tenía un



Ni las flechas ni las lanzas...
El toro se puso furioso.

Entró a la zona y le dio vino...
El pueblo estaba desalentado.

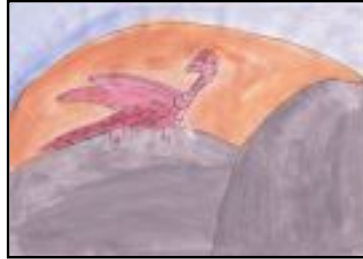






The Torino Bull

Once in the mountains outside Taurasia, the village in Italy where I have lived since I was a child, there lived a huge, fierce dragon. The beast had terrified our village for many years. I remember the awful day when it had captured and killed many of our villagers.



Chloe Knipe

We had been trapped in our houses for weeks on end. The terrifying beast that lived on the other side of the valley had already eaten dozens and dozens of our companions and children. If the children had not been taken, they would have starved, as the farmers were too scared to plough the land and provide our village with food. We were starving, thirsty and miserable and willing to do anything to kill the beast.



Nikita Whistler



Meghan Smith

One day, one brave farmer had a plan that we hoped would defeat the dragon. He owned a herd of cows and a bull. He put the cows in the stable and gave the bull a box full of strong, red wine. The bull slurped down the wine. As the bull lapped the last drop, his eyes turned red and his nostrils flared as anger raged all over his body. We watched nervously as he raced around the field, looking for someone to fight.



Jessica Cooper



Nicole Socodo

Soon he realised the village was empty, with no one to fight. So the bull sniffed the air and crashed through the gate, before charging towards the mountains where the dragon stirred in its blood soaked lair.

The beast terrified us villagers and our animals, but it didn't frighten the fearless bull, with its body full of wine. We waited nervously, as a loud groan echoed from the mountains. Smoke puffed from the distant mountain like a volcano about to erupt. No one knew what was happening.

I was a young boy of eight at the time. My friend and I couldn't help ourselves. Our curiosity got the better of us. We sneaked out of the back door and ran to the secret hidden tree house overlooking the dragon's den. We watched nervously as the bull stamped its hooves, lowered its head and charged at full speed, knocking the red dragon over with his sharp horns.

The dragon jumped up and hovered over the bull. He lashed out, ripping the bulls tough hide with his razor sharp claws. The determined bull leapt up, daggering his horns into the huge, blubbery stomach of the dragon.

After hours of struggling, the bull gasped for breath and summoned the energy for one final attack. He groaned and charged into the dragon with the force of a tornado. The bull's horns pierced the dragon's thick, scaly skin and punctured his heart. But as the dragon took his final breath, he forced open his powerful jaws and bit off the bulls head with a snap of his knife blade teeth. The two adversaries fell in silence to their death beds.

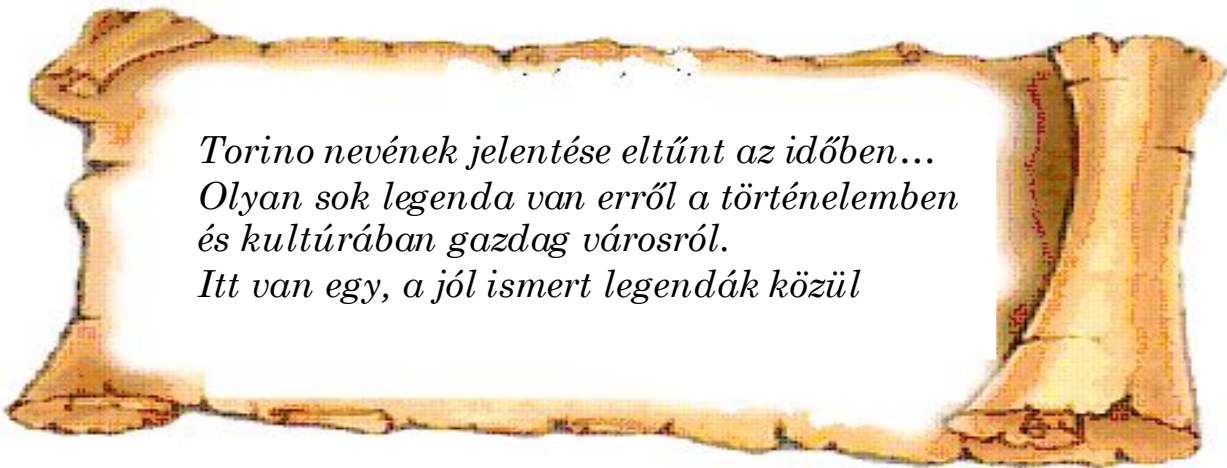
The villagers began to appear as the sudden silence enveloped the village. In the distance, two little boys appeared. It was us, me and my friend. We ran back and described the scene we had witnessed.

Soon afterwards, the villagers cautiously approached the scene of the dragon's den. They stared in silence at the still bodies of the two beasts. The bull had saved the village, but the price of our victory was the bull's life. For this we were eternally grateful. This is why we chose the image of the courageous bull to use on our coat of arms. Our small village has grown into the city of Turin. But the symbol of the bull is still used to this day.



Max Rowlands

(Retold by Chloe Knipe, Nicole Socodo, Igan Kennedy, Max Rowlands, Meghan Smith, Nikita Whistler, Chris Stenning, Jessica Cooper, Carly East, Rebecca Harris, Ashley Reeves & Laura Lazo - Year 4, IJS, Stanley)



*Torino nevének jelentése eltűnt az időben...
Olyan sok legenda van erről a történelemben
és kultúrában gazdag városról.
Itt van egy, a jól ismert legendák közül*

*Valamikor régen egy hatalmas sárkány élt Taurasia környékén
(Taurasia Torinó ókori elnevezése volt).
A lakosok rettegtek tőle, mivel sokukat foglyul ejtette és megölte.
A farmerek megijedtek ettől a vadállattól és nem művelték tovább földjeiket.
Emiatt kevés volt az étel, a falu lakosai éhesek és szomjasak voltak, házaikban
kellett megbújniuk.
Kétségbeesésük napról napra nőtt.
Hogyan menthetnék meg falujuk? Ki lenne képes szembeszállni a vadállattal
egy véres küzdelemben?
A legenda szerint a nyilak és dárdák nem tudták átszúrni a borzasztó szörny
szarupáncélját.
Csak egy, a sárkány erejével megegyező, nem emberi lény tudná legyőzni.
A torinói emberek féltek ettől a rettenetes szörnytől és nem mertek szembenézni
vele.
Milyen szörnyű!
Egy szép napon egy farmer, akinek volt egy tehéncsordája és egy erős bikája, úgy
döntött, cselhez folyamodik, hogy megoldja ezt a problémát.
Mit tett a farmer?
Istállóba zárta a teheneket és a bikának egy fadobozban furcsa vörös folyadékot
adott inni: bort.
A mohó bika, miután az utolsó cseppig megitta a „furcsa, habzó, piros vizet”,
dühös lett. Felemelte nedves orrát, agresszívan bögött, patájával a földet
kapálta.
Elkezdett körbe szaladgálni, ellenfelet keresve, akivel harcba szállhatna. A falu
üres volt, talán a környéken találhat ellenséget.*

A bika elszökött a faluból és találkozott a sárkánnyal. A szörny, amely mindenkit megrémített, az embereket és az állatokat is, a bikát nem. Sőt, ellenkezőleg: a sárkány vad szaga feltüzeltelte őt.

A bika mellkason szúrta a sárkányt hegyes szarvaival.

Egyáltalán nem félt, amikor a sárkány ellentámadást indított.

A küzdelem hősi csatává alakult, amely a dinoszaunuszok harcára emlékeztetett. Amint a bika megérezte a sárkány vérének a szagát, fokozta a támadást. Mialatt a sárkány a bika húsát fejtette le, azt gondolta, hogy ez igazán bőséges étel.

A küzdelem hosszú volt, borzasztó... legendás.

A nap eltűnt a látóhatár alatt, a magas és fehér hegycsúcsok mögött.

A farmerek elmentek, hogy megnézzék mi történt, és amikor odaértek, a két ellenfél élettelenül feküdt a földön.

A bika megmentette a lakosokat a szörnyű pusztítótól, de saját életével fizetett a győzelemért.

Taurasia lakói, a torinóiak kitüntették "megmentőjüket". Hálából, és hogy ne felejtse el ezt az eseményt, úgy döntöttek, hogy a falujuk jelképe a hősi bika képe legyen.

Ezért került Torinó címerére a hátsó lábain álló bika.





The Bull of Turin

A long time ago, in village called Taurasia, a violent, beastly dragon that lived in the countryside, troubled the people. Nobody dared to face the beast, which had strong, fiery breath. The villagers, who were very frightened, stayed inside all day.

Because of the foul beast, not many people ventured out for the dragon could consume them. However I, a humble farmer, decided one morning to go outside to see my animals.

I went to see my bull. He was thirsty, but instead of giving him water, I gave him a blood red liquid. It was wine! The bull drank it normally, as if it was water. He seemed to like it, but he became very drunk and very angry! He jumped up, charging around, looking for someone to fight.

He charged off into the countryside. Within an hour he had found the dragon, but the bull wasn't scared of the dragon. I took cover behind some logs, and watched the fight for a while. The bull charged at the dragon, plunging his horns into the dragon's chest. Blood spurted on to the floor.



(Illustration by Josh Lindo)



(Illustration by Millie Sutherland-O'Gara)

The dragon didn't think twice. It charged at the bull, driving it back. The dragon flapped its gigantic wings and swiftly landed behind the bull. The dragon jumped on its back, stripping back its flesh. The bull roared with anger. At the smell of blood, the bull fought back. The fight was long and violent. The two fought until dawn and death.

The following morning I went out. I saw the two beasts lifeless on the ground. The dragon was finally gone but the bull had paid with its life for the happiness of the village. To honour the bull, the villagers decided to put it onto the coat of arms of the village, where it remains to this day, only now that village has become the great city of Turin.

Story retold by Samuel Symons



St. Mary's C. of E. Primary
School, Bideford
UK

'The Mousehole Cat'



UK - BIDEFORD

The United Kingdom consists of four countries; England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Each country is divided into areas called counties.

Bideford is in the county of Devon, which is in the South West region of England. Devon and its neighbouring county Cornwall are popular tourist areas.

South West
England



Devon flag



Cornwall flag

South West Region

South West England has a huge range of scenery. There are rocky coastlines, wide, sandy bays and harbours, big and small. There are busy towns, small villages, seaside towns and fishing villages.

Devon and Cornwall are steeped in history, myths and legends. The earliest remains of man are widespread, from the hill forts and clapper bridges of Dartmoor to the barrows and ancient mine workings of Cornwall and Exmoor.

Bideford



Bideford is a small port on the River Torridge, near the north coast of Devon. In the 16th and 17th centuries Bideford was one of the busiest ports in England, but now it is mainly used by local fishing boats landing their catch, or a small collection of cargo boats. Appledore, a village just

down the river from Bideford, is still an important ship building centre.

Bideford's famous Long Bridge dates from medieval times. It was originally made of oak but in 1474 it was rebuilt in stone. Henry Williamson set his well known book, 'Tarka the Otter', on the River Torridge.





St. Mary's C. of E. Primary School Bideford, UK

St. Mary's Primary School serves the community of the estuary town of Bideford (population approximately 30,000) in north Devon. The children in the school come from the central area of the town and live in a mixture of housing types ranging from flats, to terraced houses to detached properties.



The school has 340 pupils divided into 12 groups (classes) each under the direction of a qualified teacher. The groups are allocated to a team which is led by a senior member of staff (team leader).

We employ about 40 staff, of whom 13 are qualified teachers. The others are made up of Teaching Assistants, Learning Support Assistants, Meal time Assistants and Administrators.

We take all children regardless of ability, and therefore the range in each class can be considerable, ranging from very able to those who have a special educational need and qualify for extra support. All children have full access to the curriculum and any activities on offer.

There are also a number of after school clubs run by staff. The school is currently setting up an after school child care facility which will be used by the children of working parents.

Children start at St. Mary's the September following their 4th birthday and leave to go to secondary school the July after they are 11 years old.

We follow the National Curriculum as laid down by law, but within that teachers are encouraged to be imaginative in the way that the curriculum is delivered. The result is that we use relatively few text books and the children generally enjoy their education at St. Mary's.

The buildings are far from satisfactory. The original school houses the children aged 4 - 7 with the ICT suite and Library. The older children are housed in 'temporary' classrooms, which although larger than those in the main building, have fewer facilities.



The grounds consist of 2 hard surfaces and grassed areas which are used for sports and play when the weather is good. We have tried to make the play areas stimulating so that they provide a range of activities for children.

The Mousehole Cat



(Illustration by Jaylei-Rose Scholz)

I am the Storm Cat.

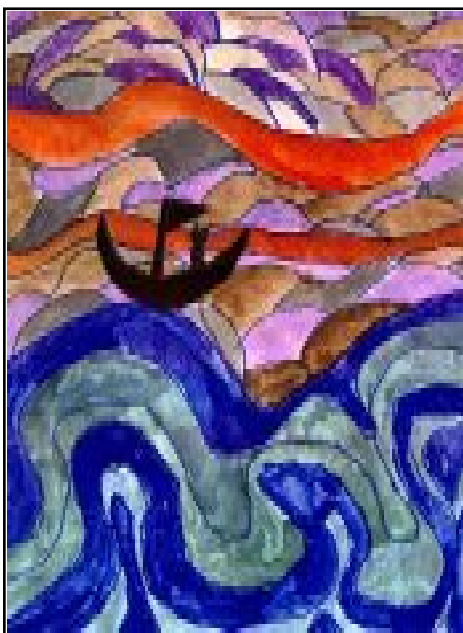
My paws are a dark wash of foam, my mouth is a whirlpool of water and I control the sea!

I had yet to meet my match when I came to the tiny village of Mousehole. The men were no more than mice, their pet cats little more than a mouse's leavings, but I decided to take root there for a while. The mice men were valiant and that was useful when I was at my play.

But then they started to hide. In a small harbour, safe from my wrath! I tried many times to jump their wall, many times I failed. I wanted to come crashing down on their puny, unguarded boats but I could not. I felt my anger rising. The sky turned black.



(Illustration by Millie Brimfield)



(Illustration by Megan Souster)

In fact, I was thinking of leaving when a small, blue boat came sailing towards me. The seagulls, for I know their speak, wailed from the skies; "Old Tom! Mowzer! We're safe from the Storm Cat once more!" Old Tom and Mowzer did not hear.

I batted a paw at them and a small flood washed them back. Then the cat, whom the gulls called Old Tom or Mowzer (I'm not sure which), opened its mouth and began to sing. I drew back my paw, caught off guard, then quickly gave a drowsy swipe - and missed! I swam swiftly after them, tossing the boat back and forth, immersed in my play. Then the cat sang louder, drowning out my forceful wail.

I stopped and wailed and watched, amazed. They cast out their nets to catch hoards of fish from the deepest belly of the sea. I couldn't be bothered to stop them. I would catch them on their way home. It would be their feast or mine; they wouldn't escape.

They took nearly all day and I kept the storm in the sky going, scaring the seagulls, sending gusts of wind to blow them out of the sky. Then the old man and the cat pulled in the last of the nets. I drew back; ready to pounce, dark green water swirling around me. The black and white cat saw me and started to purr!

I froze! How could a cat purr when a deadly Storm Cat is about to strike? It seemed unfazed by the dark and daunting waves. A sense of respect washed over me like churned up silt. Then I began to purr as well, sinking into the dark seas, a shadow of my former self.



(Illustrated by Rachel Bailey)

I let them go. They rowed off towards the lights of their harbour. I smiled - something I had not done in centuries.

The legendary Storm Cat had been transformed. I became a Storm Kitten!

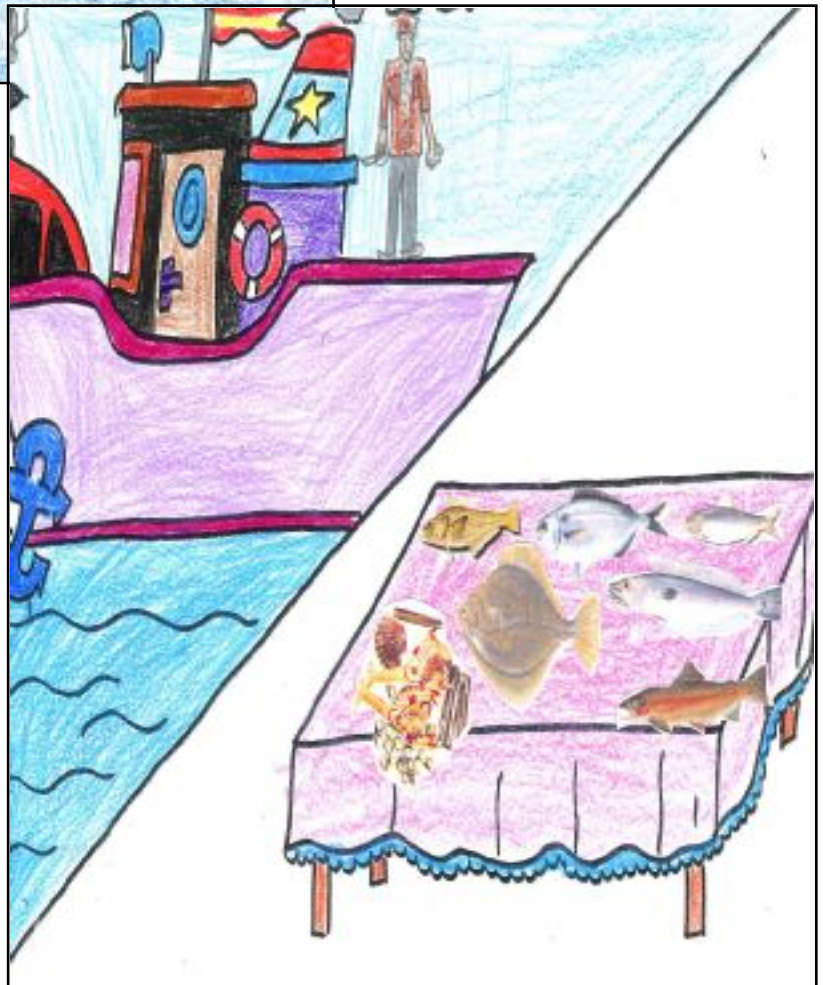
Story retold by Millie Sutherland-O'Gara



El Gat Di La Mousehole









The Mousehole Cat

In Cornwall, there is a small fishing village called Mousehole; it is called this because of the entrance to the village harbour is so small and narrow, it looked like a Mousehole. The villagers here call it Mowzel for this is the Cornish name for the village.

In this village, there once lived an old man called Tom; Tom was very friendly to the other members of the community, they nicknamed him Old Tom. Old Tom lived with a cat; her name was Mowzer. Tom loved Mowzer and cared for her with things that always made Mowzer happy. When he was not caring for her, Tom would go out fishing for their tea, even though he was very old.

One year, a few days before Christmas Eve, a terrible storm hit Mowzel; it was too dangerous to go fishing, if anyone tried, they were lucky to get back with their lives! Mowzer knew that it was the Great-Storm cat and she watched him every day. Fortunately, the Mousehole didn't let the storm in. The only foods they had were vegetables and salted pilchards; Mowzer didn't like either of these, so she went hungry. Soon there was no food in Mowzel and everyone was starving!

The day before Christmas Eve, Tom told Mowzer a plan; Tom was so upset with everyone so miserable and it was nearly Christmas! He told Mowzer he was going fishing tomorrow so this Christmas would be happy, after so many days of sadness. Mowzer told him she was going with him for she would not survive for very long if Tom never came back.

Early next morning, they set off leaving a lantern in Tom's window. It was not long until they were at the best fishing spot Tom knew. Tom fished while Mowzer tried to calm the Great-Storm Cat; Mowzer was a great singer (for a cat) and sang for the storm. She sang all day until it became pitch-black.

Mowzer was amazed that her singing calmed the Great-Storm cat, so she started purring. The Great-Storm Cat suddenly did something strange. The Great-Storm Cat started purring with Mowzer! The wind died and the water

was calm; the storm had gone. Tom couldn't hold anymore fish so he turned the boat around and headed back home.

When the village came into view, Tom and Mowzer saw the villagers standing in line, holding lanterns. As soon as Tom got off the boat, people grabbed the fish and went home to cook a feast; the fish was superb!

Every year now, a fish feast is eaten on Christmas Eve, in memory of Tom and Mowzer's exciting adventure. The village is also covered in dazzling lights.

Hannah





Az "Egérlyuk" macska

Messze, dél-nyugat Angliában van egy sziklás, mocsaras terület, amely kinyúlik a kékeszöld tengerbe. Magas hegyfokai között kicsi kikötők fekszenek. Amikor téli viharok söpörnek végig ezen a részen, horgászcsónakok rejtőznek itt. Az egyik kikötő annyira kicsi, és a bejárata annyira szűk, hogy a halászok 'egérlyuknak' nevezték el. A falu lakosai büszkék lettek erre a névre és a falujukat 'Egérlyuknak' (Mousehole) nevezik a mai napig is. (bár a 'Mousehole' nevet 'Mowzel'-nek ejtik)

A faluban, egy kikötőre néző házikóban lakott egy halász, akit Öreg Tomnak hívtak. Macskájával, Mowzerrel élt együtt. Mowzernek valaha sok kölyke volt. A legidősebb fia a fogadóban élt a rakparton. Zajos és füstös hely volt, ezért Mowzer nem járt oda nagyon gyakran.



Az egyik lánya a zöldségboltban lakott. Forgalmas, zsúfolt hely volt, tehát Mowzer oda sem járt gyakran.

Boldog volt, hogy Öreg Tommal élt. Tom soha nem lötytyentette ki a tejszínt, amikor Mowzer edényébe töltötte. Mindig gyönyörű meleg parazsat varázsolt a tűzből. A hintaszékén pont a megfelelő sebességgel hintázott, és ismerte azt a bizonyos pontot Mowzer füle mögött, amelynek a cirógatása jól esett neki. Amikor nem Mowzerről gondoskodott, beült a kicsi halászcsonakjába, és kihajózott a szűk kijáraton keresztül, hogy Mowzernek halat fogjon vacsorára.

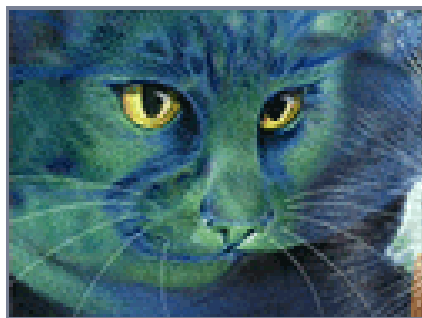
Mowzer szerette a halat. Soha nem evett semmi mást, de szerette a változatosságot. Hétfőnként 'morgy broth'-t készítettek, ez volt a kedvenc halpörköltje. Keddenként tőkehalat sütöttek és aranyló krumplipürét ettek hozzá. Szerdánként rizst főztek tojással és füstölt gadóchallal. Csütörtökönként 'fairmaid'-eket grilleztek, ami nyálcsorgató étel volt. Péntekenként 'launc'-okat sütöttek vajban és citromot facsartak rá. Szombatonként ecettel és hagymával pácolt halat készítettek.

Vasárnaponként csillag formájú pite volt a menü, amely elsőrendű szardínia volt édes tésztában.

Egészeiben véve, Mowzer napjai nagyon kellemesen teltek.

Hamarosan szörnyű tél következett. A kékeszöld tenger szürke és fekete lett. Mowzer tudta, hogy 'A Nagy Viharmacska' serénykedik. Végig a délnyugati parton a szél siránkozott, mint egy vadállat és a hullámok átcsaptak a kikötő falain. A hullámok sok halászcsonakot süllyesztettek el a kikötőhelyükön, de a vihar a faluba nem jutott be az 'egérlyukon' keresztül. A csónakok olyan biztonságban voltak, mint az egerek, bent ragadtak, a halászok nem tudtak horgászni, tehát nem volt étel. Megettek már minden zöldséget viharvert kertjeikből. Megették a sózott szardíniát, amelyet régen a pincében felejtettek. Hamarosan semmi nem maradt, és az emberek, valamint a macskáik, nagyon éhesek lettek. Egyetlen halász sem tudott kimenni horgászni, mert 'A Nagy Viharmacska' ott feküdt, rájuk várva. Ha mégis megpróbálták, szerencsájük volt, ha élve megmenekültek.

Azután egy este, éppen Karácsony előtt, amint Öreg Tom ült Mowzerrel a térdén, Mowzer érezte, hogy Tom mélyet lélegzett. Tom elmondta neki, hogy ő fog halat fogni a falunak. Nem tudta volna végignézni, hogy karácsonykor éheznek a gyerekek. A fiatal férfiaknak feleségeik és gyermekeik vannak, akik sírnának utánuk, ha nem térnének vissza. De az ő felesége már meghalt, a gyermekei felnőttek, és elköltöztek. Mowzer hangosan dorombolt, hogy jelezze, ő is hasonló helyzetben van, ő is vele menne. Tudta, hogy Tom nem tud egyedül szembeszállni 'A Nagy Viharmacskával'.



Másnap korán reggel elindultak, egy lámpást hagytak a házikó ablakában, hogy mutassa a hazafele vezető utat. Amint a csónakjuk áthaladt a kikötőn az 'egérlyuk' felé, mindenütt 'A Nagy Viharmacska' hangját hallották. Mowzer hirtelen megérezte, hogy Tom mennyire magányos lehet, és elkezdett hangosan énekelni 'A Nagy Viharmacskával' együtt. És ekkor 'A Nagy Viharmacska' elővigyázatlan volt. Egy pillanatra megtorpant a portyázásban és a kicsi csónak fürgén átsurranva az 'egérlyukon', kijutott a nyílt tengerre.

'A Nagy Viharmacska' egész nap úgy játszott velük, mint egy igazi macska az egérrel. Kicsit elengedte őket, majd lecsapott a mancsával és vízáradatot okozott. Vigyázott arra, hogy ne süllyesse el őket, mert akkor elrontotta volna saját játékát. Minden alkalommal, amikor a

tenger túl haragos lett, Mowzer énekelt. Borzalmas lármát csapott. 'A Nagy Viharmacska' ilyenkor szüneteltette játékát, és együtt énekelt Mowzerrel, a tenger így egy kicsit nyugodtabb lett.

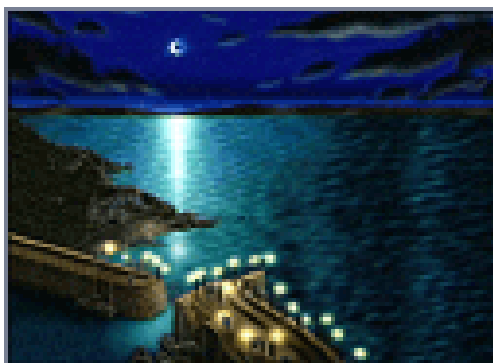
Este kihúzták a hálót. A csónakban különböző halak hánykolódtak. Elegendő volt az egész falunak. - „Mindannyian megmenekülünk,”- mondta Öreg Tom, - „ha haza tudjuk vinni a kifogott halat a kikötőbe.” Mowzer tudta, hogy 'A Nagy Viharmacska' megtámadja őket, amikor megpróbálnak bemenekülni az 'egérlyukon' keresztül, de a halak látványától összeszaladt a nyál a szájában. Ránézett a kéken, zölden, ezüstösen ragyogó halakra és elkezdett dorombolni.

Dorombolásának hangja eljutott 'A Nagy Viharmacska' füleibe. Ilyen hangot nem hallott hajnal óta. Mióta dorombolnak a macskák szélben és sötétben? -töprengett. Abbahagyta dühöngését és hallgatózott. Úgy rémlett neki, hogy valaha egyszer már hallott ilyen dalt régen, amikor csak egy 'Vihar macskakölyök' volt. Vadászéhsége elmúlt, és elkezdett dorombolni Mowzerrel. Ahogy lágyabb lett a hangja, a szél elállt és a viharos tenger lecsendesedett.

Amint Öreg Tom és Mowzer közeledtek haza, különös látvány fogadta őket. 'Egérlyuk' teljes fényárban úszott, lámpások világítottak a kikötő mindkét oldalán. Amikor a falu lakói felébredtek, és nem látták Öreg Tom csónakját, tudták, hogy elment halat fogni nekik. Féltették, hogy elpusztulhat a viharos tengeren. Figyelték, és várták egész nap. Amint besötétedett, a nők gyertyát tettek minden ablakba, a férfiak pedig lámpásokat a kikötőbe.

Öreg Tom szerencsés hazaérkezése után nagy főzést rendeztek a faluban. Hatalmas üstben halpapríkást főztek. Tőkehalat sütöttek, valamint sokféle halételt készítettek. Sütöttek 50 darab csillag formájú pitét, majd az emberek a macskákkal együtt lakomáztak addig, amíg az éhségük már csak emlék volt.

Azóta minden évben hallakomát tartanak „Egérlyuk” falujában karácsony előtti estén. A falut több ezer égővel világítják ki, és az emberek Öreg Tom és macskája, Mowzer, emlékére ürítik poharaikat.





La Gatta di Mousehole

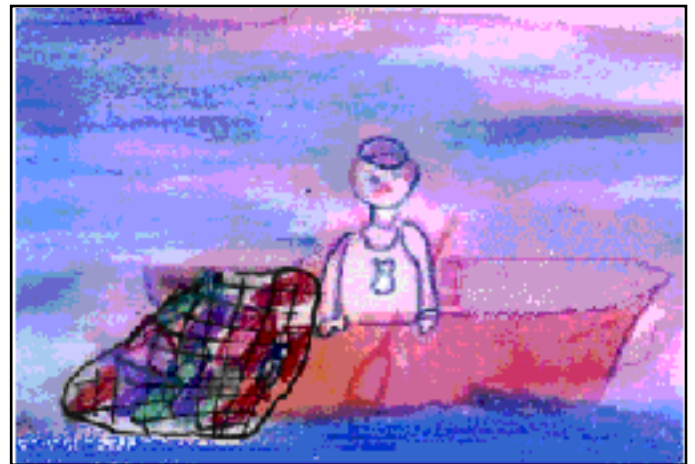




Nel lontano sud-ovest dell'Inghilterra c'è un paesino di mare con un porto così piccolo che i pescatori lo chiamano, ancora oggi "The Mousehole".



Nel villaggio abitava un vecchio pescatore di nome Tom e la sua gatta Mowzer. I due vivevano bene insieme, Tom prestava molte attenzioni a Mowzer che dimostrava di apprezzare questo suo affetto.



Quando Tom non era con la gatta, andava a pescare in mare aperto il pesce per la sua cena.

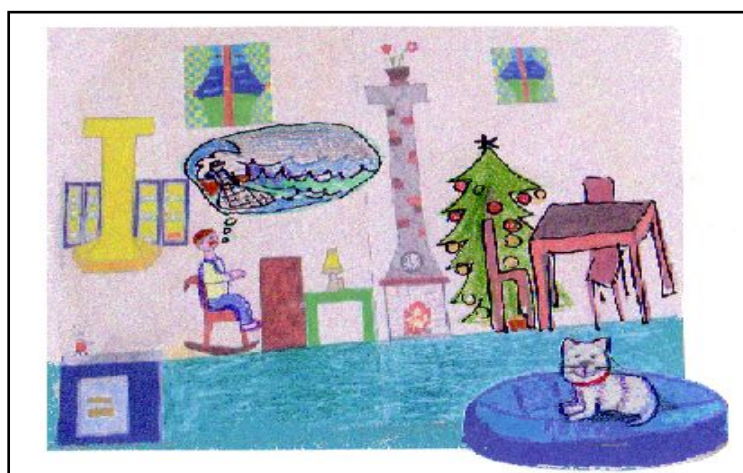
Mowzer adorava il pesce e le piaceva variare.



Giunto l'inverno, si scatenò una terribile tempesta chiamata **Great Storm Cat** ...

... che affondò molti pescherecci ormeggiati, ma non poteva entrare a Mousehole dove le barche erano al sicuro, anche se non potevano uscire in mare aperto.

Così gli abitanti cominciarono a finire le provviste e a patire la fame.



Una sera, il Vecchio Tom pensò a lungo sul da farsi; non poteva sopportare che i bambini soffrissero la fame, proprio a Natale.

Decise di affrontare la tempesta e pescare il pesce per il villaggio.

Mowzer fece capire al Vecchio Tom che voleva andare con lui perché da solo non ce l'avrebbe fatta.



Il mattino seguente partirono presto
Attraversarono la stretta apertura del porto
e furono rapidamente in mare aperto.

Quando Mowzer sentì la voce
della **Great Storm Cat**, le venne un'idea.
Cominciò a cantare con la tempesta,
che ascoltando la sua voce si calmò.



Arrivata la sera, Tom tirò in barca le reti
piene di pesce da sfamare l'intero villaggio,
ma bisognava cercare di portare quella pesca
nel porto.

Mowzer, vedendo tutti quei pesci luccicare,
cominciò a fare le fusa.

Questo suono melodioso giunse alle orecchie della **Great Storm Cat** e placò la sua rabbia: il vento dolcemente cominciò a calare e il mare lentamente diventò calmo.



Il Vecchio Tom e Mowzer cominciarono a vedere il loro villaggio stranamente illuminato.

La gente di Mousehole si era accorta che la barca di Tom mancava e che sulla finestra del suo cottage c'era una lanterna; preoccupati aspettarono il suo ritorno per tutto il giorno e quando calò il sole misero delle candele su tutte le finestre delle case e lungo il porto.

Tornati a Mousehole con la ricca pesca, ci fu una grande festa del pesce che sfamò tutto il villaggio.

Ancora oggi, ogni anno, la sera prima della vigilia di Natale, in Cornovaglia, si festeggia con migliaia di luci per ricordare la coraggiosa impresa del Vecchio Tom e della sua gatta Mowzer.





the end

fin

vége

fine

the end

