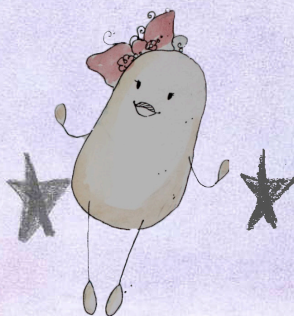


BACK TO OUR FUTURE

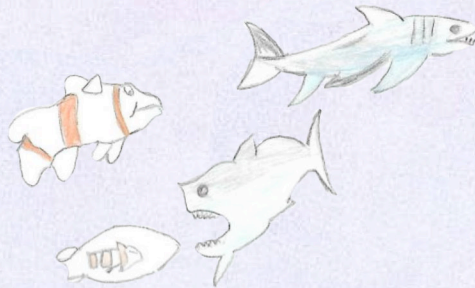
A book of European Fables and Stories



A special thanks to ...

Nadine Rahimtoola, who edited this book with love, to the printer and first address for stonepaper, Christian Göckes and his team, who supported the book project with ideas, material and the conviction that paper made of stone with a little recycled plastic but using up nearly no water is very valuable for our future environment.

We also want to thank all our supporters at the National Agencies in our countries, in our schools, teachers, parents and students, who took great interest in our work.



Copyright 2016 by

Co-ordinating school:

Grundschule im Beerwinkel, Berlin, Spandau

All rights reserved

Responsible under press law

U. Ondratschek , Grundschule im Beerwinkel , Berlin Spandau

Editing and layout design Nadine Rahimtoola

Druck/Print Aprintia

More under www.back-to-our-future.org

- TABLE OF CONTENTS -

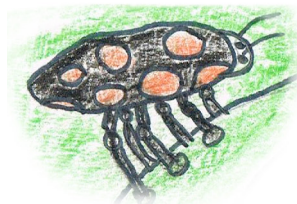
Das grüne Ding und die Tiere/ The Green Thing and the Animals	
Austria	p. 4
Золушка-Картошка/Cinderella-Potato	
Belarus	p. 6
Pajupulgad/Willow sticks	
Estonia	p. 10
Onkel Freds Garten/Uncle Fred's Garden	
Germany	p. 12
Ο Σοφοκλής και η Ηχώ/Sophocles and the Echo	
Greece	p. 19
Timmy e Carambola/Timmy and Carambola	
Italy	p. 23
Jak kosmita Krakiers chciał Ziemię zawojować/ How Cracker tried to conquer Earth	
Poland	p. 26
A róka és a macska/Vulpea și pisica/ The fox and the cat	
Romania	p. 33
Entertaining Ourselves with a Scottish Burns Supper	
Scotland	p. 37
Gum and Candy	
Spain	p. 40
Fırça ve Tekne/Brush and Tekne	
Turkey	p. 44

Das grüne Ding und die Tiere The Green Thing and the Animals

Eines Tages krabbelte die Assel-Familie ins Gebüsch. Eine Weile später trafen sie einen schwarzen Marienkäfer mit orangenen Punkten. Da fragte das Asselkind:

„Was frisst du denn da?“ Der Marienkäfer

antwortete: „Blattläuse – willst du auch einmal probieren?“ „Nein, danke!“, antwortete da das Asselkind



gegraut.
One day the Woodlouse family crawled into the undergrowth. A little while later they met a black ladybird with orange dots. The woodlouse child asked, "What on earth are you eating?" The ladybird answered, "Aphids – do you want to try them, too?" "No thanks!" replied the little woodlouse with a shudder.

Dann krabbelte die Familie in den Schulgarten. Dort sahen sie ein grünes Ding am Boden liegen, das zerbrochen war. Papa Assel meinte: „Das ist eine Glasscherbe!“ Doch da kamen auch schon die bunten Schmetterlinge und verwechselten die Glasscherbe, die in der Sonne glitzerte, mit einer Blume. Einer der drei Schmetterlinge sagte: „Au! Das ist ja gar keine Blume!“

Then the family crawled into the school garden. There they saw a green thing lying on the ground which was broken. Daddy woodlouse thought, "That must be a piece of broken glass. "Some colourful butterflies came and mistook the broken glass for a flower. One of the three butterflies said, "Ouch, that's not a flower at all!"

Da traf die Sonne mit ihrem Licht die Flasche und eine Pflanze fing an zu rauchen. Die Schmetterlinge flogen schnell zum Schulgartenbrunnen um mit ihrem schlauchförmigen Mund Wasser zu saugen. Schnell flogen sie über die brennende Blume und löschten die kleinen Flammen.

The light from the sun landed on the bottle and a plant began to smoke.

The butterflies flew quickly to the fountain in the school garden so that they could suck up water with their hose-shaped mouths. Quickly they flew over the burning flower and put out the small flames.

Am nächsten Tag setzte sie sich auf die Schultern von Eric und Jonas und erzählten ihnen, was geschehen war. Sofort machten die beiden Buben sich an die Arbeit und gestalteten eine wunderschönes Plakat, das sie dann an den Zaun des Schulgartens hängten. Darauf stand zu lesen:

**Liebe Leute!
Bitte haltet unseren Schulgarten sauber! Eure Glasscherben sind
gefährlich für uns!
Danke!
Die Kinder der Volksschule**

The next day they landed on Eric's and Jonas' shoulders and told them what had happened. At once the two boys set to work and put together a most wonderful poster, which they hung onto the school garden fence. On it was written:

**Dear Everyone,
Please keep our school garden tidy! Your bits of broken glass are
dangerous for us!
Thank you,
Children from the Primary School**



Золушка-Картошка Cinderella-Potato

В одном богатом царстве, в овощном государстве жила – была бедная крошка. А звали её картошка. Тяжело жилось картошечке, потому что жила она с мачехой-свёклой и её дочками: редькой и редиской. Мачеха заставляла картошку много работать: стирать, убирать, готовить. Картошка со всем этим справлялась едва, так как работы было очень много.

Once upon a time there lived a poor crumb. She lived in a rich kingdom, a vegetable state. Her name was Potato. She had a hard life because she lived with her stepmother Beet, and her stepsisters, Radish and Turnip. Her stepmother made Potato work hard. She had to cook, wash, clean and tidy up. Potato hardly managed to finish everything, because there was so much work.

Однажды она услышала, как мачеха-свёкла позвала редиску и редьку и сказала:

- Завтра в нашей урожайной стране будет торжественный бал. Министр-огурец принёс нам приглашение.

Редька и редиска запрыгали от радости и стали думать, в каком платье им идти на бал.

-Я хочу костюм морковки с длинной зелёной косой. Принц-перец будет без ума от меня! – сказала редька.

-А я хочу костюм тыквы, чтобы сиять и пленить своей красотой всех на балу! – сказала редиска.

One day she overheard her stepmother Beet talk to Radish and Turnip. "There's a ball in our country tomorrow. Minister Cucumber has brought us an invitation." Radish and Turnip jumped for joy and began to think about the dresses they would wear to the ball. "I want a carrot dress with a long green plait. Prince



Pepper will go crazy for me!" said Radish.

"And I want a pumpkin dress that will shine and fascinate everybody with my beauty," said Turnip

- Сёстры подошли к картошке, которая сидела в уголке и плакала, так как понимала, что на бал она не попадёт.

- Эй, ты, грязнуля! Поди-ка сюда. Сегодня за ночь ты должна пошить наши костюмы. И не плачь! Куда тебе идти на бал? Ты же всех перепачкаешь! Платье у тебя всё грязное, дырявое – сказала редька.

- Ты лучше перебери мешок зерна, вымой посуду, протри полы пока нас не будет. А сейчас принимайся за костюмы! – крикнула редиска.

Potato sat in the corner crying because she wasn't allowed to go to the ball. Her stepsisters came to her.

"There you are, Stinky! Come here! You have one night to sew our costumes. And stop crying! How can you expect to go to the ball? Everyone will laugh at you! Your dress is dirty and full of holes!" said Radish.

"You are better off sifting a sack of grain, washing the dishes and scrubbing the floor while we are away. And now get to our costumes!" cried Turnip.



Всю ночь картошка шила платья своим сёстрам. Наутро редиска и редька стали примерять свои костюмы. Платья им очень понравились, но сёстры не подавали вида. Когда вся семья уехала на бал, картошка принялась за другую работу. Ей было очень обидно, слёзы так и катились из её глаз.

Главный повар увидел картошку и ему стало жаль её.

- Ничего, не плачь! Будет и для тебя праздник! Ничего, что ты немножко испачкана. Ничего, что растёшь в земле. Зато какая ты вкусная на столе! Хрустящая, нежная! Просто –

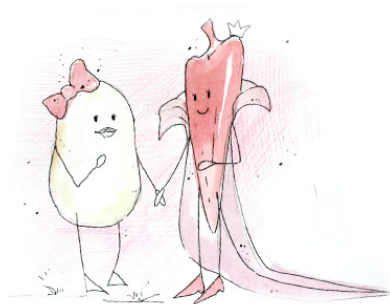
настоящая принцесса! Ведь у тебя под кожей спрятано белое платье. Мы сейчас эту кожуру уберём, и станешь ты очень нарядной. У тебя будет возможность побывать на балу!

That night Potato sat sewing dresses for her sisters. In the morning Radish and Turnip tried them on. They loved their dresses but didn't show Potato any appreciation or give her any thanks. As soon as her stepmother and sisters left for the ball, Potato got back to work. But she was very sad and burst into tears. Chef saw Potato crying and felt sorry for her.

"Never mind! Don't cry! You'll also have a holiday! It doesn't matter that you're dirty. It doesn't matter that you grow in the ground. What matters is, that you are tasty! Crispy and delicious! You're just like a real princess! You have a marvelous white dress under your peel! Now we will remove this peel and you'll become gorgeous. Then you'll have a chance to go to the ball."

Картошка не верила, что это всё происходит с ней. Лук – волшебник принёс ей красивые башмачки. Картошка была готова идти на бал. Повар предупредил её, что пока не закипит суп, который он готовит, картошка может веселиться на балу. Как только суп закипит, всё волшебство исчезнет, и ей срочно нужно уходить.

Potato couldn't believe what was happening to her. The Onion-magician brought her a pair of beautiful shoes. Now Potato was ready to go to the ball. Cook warned her that she would have fun at the ball, but only until the soup that he was cooking, started to boil. As soon as the soup boiled, the magic would disappear and she would have to leave the ball immediately.



Когда картошка пришла на бал, принц - перец сразу обратил на неё внимание и пригласил картошку на танец.

- Какая же вы красивая! Я даже себе представить не мог!

Но тут картошке послышался голос повара, который

предупреждал её о том, что суп уже закипает. Картошка из всех сил стала бежать домой. А когда суп приготовился, и гости стали его пробовать, стало ясно, что в нем чего то не хватает. Принц-перец сказал: «Здесь не хватает моей любимой, нежной и полезной картошечки.

At the ball, Prince-Pepper noticed her at once and invited her to dance with him.

"You're so glorious, I couldn't even imagine!" said the Prince-Pepper. But soon Potato heard the voice of the cook who started to warn her that the soup was beginning to boil. Potato ran home as fast as she could. When the soup was ready and the guests began to try it, it became clear that something was missing in it. The Prince-Pepper said: "It's missing my favorite melting and wholesome Potato".

Все бросились искать картошку. Её нашли и пригласили во дворец. Мачеха и её дочки очень завидовали картошке. Но ничего не поделаешь! Они прекрасно понимали, что без картошки любое первое блюдо будет невкусным.

С тех пор картошку стали уважать и ценить в овощном государстве.

Everybody rushed to search for Potato. As soon as she was found she was invited to the palace. Her stepmother and her stepsisters were very jealous of her, but there was nothing to be done! They understood quite well that without Potato any dish would be un-tasty. Since then everybody began to respect and appreciate Potato in the Vegetable State.



Pajupulgad Willow sticks



Kobras Kolja oli hommikul vale jalaga voodist välja astunud ning purustas nüüd oma paha tuju leevendamiseks jõekäärus puid. Kolja oli langetanud kena sihvaka paju ja laamendas selle kalla nii, et laastud lendasid.

Kolja the beaver had got out of his bed on the wrong side in the morning and was chopping trees by oxbow lake in order to relieve his moodiness. Kolja had cut down a nice slim willow and was beavering away at it as the chips flew.

Kõrvulukustavat raginat juhtus kuulma hunt Henry, kes ligidal luusis. Selleks ajaks, kui hunt jõekääru jõudis, oli kobras Kolja suure paju juba pisikesteks pulkadeks lõhkunud. Metsaalune nägi välja nagu pliiatsivabrik. Hunti nähes hakkas Koljal tehtu pärast kangesti häbi ning ta tegi kiiresti minekut.

Henry the wolf, who was prowling nearby, happened to hear the deafening rattle. By the time the wolf got to the oxbow lake, Kolja had chopped the big willow into small sticks. The forest floor looked like a factory of pencils. As soon as Kolja noticed the wolf, he felt embarrassed by his actions and hurried off.

Henry otsustas pidada koosoleku. Sinna tulid siil Siim, jänes Jaan ja karu Kaarel. Kõigil oli oma aramus: Siim soovis lisada pajupulgad oma kuulsasse pajupulkade kogusse, Jaan tahtis pulgad jaanitules põletada, Kaarel arvas, et hoopis mõttekam oleks vaadata, kui kiiresti pulgad mädanevad.

Henry decided to call a meeting. Siim the hedgehog, Jaan the hare and Kaarel the bear showed up. Everyone had their own opinion: Siim wished to add



the willow sticks to his famous collection of willow sticks. Jaan wanted to burn the willow sticks in the bonfire on Midsummer's Eve and Kaarel thought it would be much wiser to watch how quickly the sticks would rot.

Hunt Henry arvates ei olnud ükski mõte piisavalt hea. Viimasel minutil jõudis kohale ahne vesirott Veiko, kes tegi ettepaneku, et võtab pulgad enda kätte hoiule, kuniks kellelgi parem mõte tuleb. Loomad leppisid kokku, et kohtuvad järgmisel aastal uuesti samas kohas.

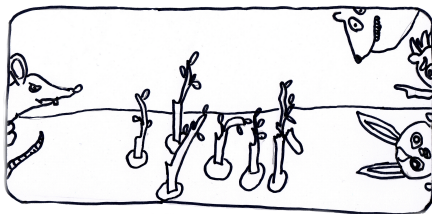
Wolf Henry didn't think any of the ideas were good enough. At the very last minute the greedy muskrat turned up, suggesting to keep the sticks himself until someone came up with a better idea. The animals agreed to meet up again the same place next year.

Vesirott Veiko püüdis tirida pulki oma urgudesse, kuid ükski neist polnud piisavalt pikk ega lai, et pulk üleni sisse mahuks. Pika-peale Veiko vihastas ja lükkas kõik pulgad otsapidi maa sisse. Järgmisel aastal, kui loomad taas kokku said, avastasid nad, et pulgad olid lehte läinud, neile olid juured alla kasvanud.

Muskrat Veiko tried to lug the sticks into his den but it was neither long nor wide enough to fit a whole stick through. Eventually Veiko got angry and pushed the sticks into the ground. Next year, when the animals got together again, they discovered that the sticks had exfoliated and they had grown roots.

Sellest ajast peale teab igaüks, et maa sisse torgatud pajuoks võtab juured alla, läheb õide ja kasvab suureks puuks.

Since then, everyone knows that once a willow stick is poked into the ground it grows roots, blooms and grows into a big, beautiful tree.



Onkel Freds Garten Uncle Fred's Garden

Es war einmal ein Gartenzwerg. Sein Name war Onkel Fred. Er wohnte in einem Gartenhaus. Alles war mit hellem Holz eingerichtet. Fred hatte schwarze Haare, seine Augenfarbe war blau und er war grün angezogen. Fred hatte früher Preise für den schönsten Garten und im Kürbiswettbewerb gewonnen. Nach einiger Zeit wurde Fred älter. Er kümmerte sich nicht mehr um den Garten und viele Pflanzen starben.

Once upon a time there was a garden gnome. His name was Uncle Fred. He lived in a garden shed. His furniture was made from pale wood. Fred's hair was black, his eyes were blue, and he wore green clothes. In the past he had won prizes for the most beautiful garden and the biggest pumpkins. After a while Fred grew older. He did not care for the garden anymore and a lot of plants died.

Die Tiere, die in Onkel Freds Garten lebten, waren traurig, weil Onkel Fred immer älter wurde und sich nicht mehr um den Garten kümmern konnte. Deshalb beschloss die Kommissarin der Ameisen - Umweltpolizei, ein Treffen einzuberufen, weil es in dem Garten schon aussah wie auf einer Müllhalde. Und wenn es so weitergehen würde, könnten die Tiere aus dem Garten nicht mehr überleben.

The animals who lived in Uncle Fred's garden were very sad because he became older and older and did not care for the garden any longer. The garden started to look like a waste dump! If it went on at that rate, all the animals and insects in the garden would also have died. So the day came when the head of the Environment Police, the Ant Commissioner, called all the garden animals and insects for a meeting.

Also versammelten sich die Spinnen, Ameisen und die anderen Insekten und Gartentiere, um die Angelegenheit zu diskutieren. Sie beschlossen, Terra Preta, die schwarze Erde der Indianer aus Südamerika zu produzieren, um Onkel Freds Garten gemein-





sam wieder schön zu machen. Eine zugewanderte Kreuzspinne hatte ihnen davon erzählt. Die Spinnen fertigten also aus ihren Netzen Tüten oder Beutel an, um das Laub aus Onkel Freds Garten zum auserwählten Platz zu transportieren.

All the spiders, ants, other insects and animals got together and discussed the matter. They decided to produce "Terra Preta", the black soil of the South American natives, to make Uncle Fred's garden beautiful again. They had heard about Terra Preta from a visiting garden spider. The spiders started to make bags and pouches with their spider nets to transport leaves and grass to the chosen place in Uncle Fred's garden.

Die Ameisen holten heimlich in der Nacht die Essensreste aus der Küche und dem Mülleimer von Onkel Fred. Der Zug sah aus wie ein riesiger Tausendfüßler, aber es waren nur die Ameisen. Zusammen legten die fleißigen Tiere die Essensreste auf die erste Schicht des Beetes für die Terra Preta Herstellung.

The ants secretly entered Uncle Fred's house to fetch leftovers from the kitchen and the rubbish bin. Their procession looked like a giant centipede - but it was only the ants! Together the hard working animals put the leftovers on the bed for the Terra Preta production.

Onkel Fred hatte eine Kuh im Garten. Sie hieß Coolekotkuh und war braun und weiß gefleckt. Die Mistkäfer trafen sich und holten von Coolekotkuh den Mist und Urin ab. Sie rollten den Mist mit dem Urin zusammen zu Kugeln und brachten sie zurück in den Garten. Dann steckten sie die Kugeln in den Erdboden.

Uncle Fred had a cow in his garden. Her name was "Cool Caka Cow" and she was spotted brown and white. The dung beetles assembled and picked up dung and urine from Cool Caka Cow. They rolled it together into balls and brought them back into the garden. Then they buried the dung and urine balls into the earth.

In der Nacht schlichen sich die Marienkäfer ins Haus, um von Onkel Freds Kamin die Holzkohle zu holen. Sie wussten, dass Holzkohle eine sehr wichtige Zutat für Terra Preta war. Also krabbelten die Marienkäfer schnell heran und schnappten sich

die Kohle! Sie trugen die kostbaren Stückchen gemeinsam in den Garten.

At night the lady birds sneaked into Uncle Fred's house to fetch charcoal from the fire place. Charcoal is one of the most important ingredients for Terra Preta and the lady birds knew that. They quickly crawled to the fireplace and grabbed the coal. Together they carried the precious lumps into the garden.

Die Maulwürfe sammelten Gartenerde für die oberste Schicht, indem sie sich aufteilten und mit ihren Händen in der Erde herumwühlten. Schließlich kamen sie vor dem Terra Preta Beet an. Nun hatten sie genug Erde für das Beet.

The moles were to collect garden soil for the Terra Preta bed. They split the garden in parts and, using their paws, each mole dug tunnels into the earth. When they reached the Terra Preta bed they had enough garden soil to fill it up.

Dann kam endlich die Zeit für die letzte Zutat: Wasser. Das Wasser vom Himmel ist das leckerste und beste Wasser. Deswegen tanzten die Insekten einen ganz lauten Regentanz. Und als der Regen kam, waren sie alle fröhlich. Nun jubelten sie alle wirklich laut.

Then the time came for the last ingredient: Water! Rainwater from the sky is the best and most delicious water. Therefore all the the garden animals and insects danced a very long and noisy rain dance, and when the rain finally came, everyone was happy!

Sobald es regnete, kamen die Regenwürmer und freuten sich, dass sie wieder etwas Nahrhaftes zum Essen hatten. Es roch so schön, dass sie richtig rein hauten. Sie fraßen sich durch die Schichten, bis sie satt waren. Mit ihren Körpern wackelten sie so sehr, dass kleine schwarze Erdhäufchen herauskamen: Terra Preta, so heißt diese schwarze Erde. Sie ist feucht und sehr gut und nahrhaft für die Pflanzen.

As soon as it rained the earth worms came out and got very excited about the lovely nutritious soil. It smelled so sweet that they immediately dug in. They gorged through all layers until they were really full.

With their slim bodies they wiggled and wagged until small heaps of earth came out: They had produced Terra Preta and had enjoyed it! This soil was very good, moist and fertile for all plants.

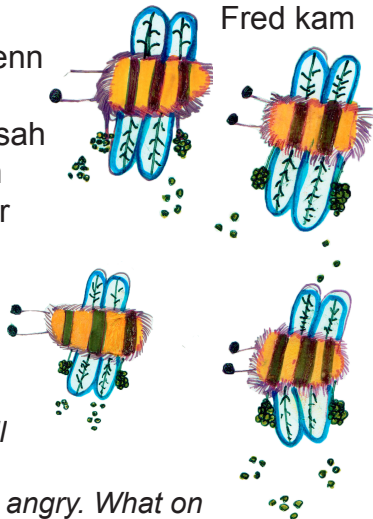
Endlich war die Erde von Onkel Freds Garten wieder fruchtbar geworden. Alles, was sie jetzt noch brauchten, war Samen, um das Leben zurück in den Garten zu bringen. Da kamen die Bienen! Eine rief: "Ran an die Arbeit!" und griff sich etwas Samen. Alle brummt im Takt. Sie sahen aus wie eine "Fliegende Rettungseinheit". Die Bienen flogen jetzt ganz nah über das Beet und ließen die Samen aus ihren Füßchen nach unten fallen. "Ein Wunder!" rief eine Biene. Die Samen stürzten in die Erde.

At last the soil in Uncle Fred's garden was fertile again. All what they needed now were some seeds to bring life back into the garden. That was the task of the bees. They swarmed around and cried: "Off to work!" Each bee grabbed some seeds. They all buzzed together and looked like a "Flying Rescue Unit". Now they flew really close over the bed and let the seeds fall down. "A miracle!" one bee cried. The seeds tumbled into the earth.

Nach wenigen Tagen erschienen kleine grüne Spitzen auf der neuen fruchtbaren Erde. Das machte die Insekten so glücklich, dass sie alle laut "Hurra" riefen. Onkel Fred kam aus seinem Haus und war ärgerlich, denn er fragte sich: "Was ist denn hier los? Warum sind die Insekten so laut?" Da sah er erstaunt, dass sein Garten so schön wie früher war und plötzlich war er sehr fröhlich. Er bedankte sich bei den Insekten und Gartentieren und feierte mit allen Helfern ein großes Fest!

Some days later little green sprouts appeared on the new fertile earth. The insects were so happy about it that they all shouted: "Hurrah".

Uncle Fred appeared in his door and was angry. What on earth was making that noise? Had everyone gone crazy?



All of a sudden he saw that his garden had become as beautiful as it had been in the past. He smiled and was suddenly very happy and not angry anymore. He thanked the garden animals and insects affectionately, and they all celebrated with a big garden party!



Ο Σοφοκλής και η Ηχώ Sophocles and the Echo

Μια μέρα, ένας νέος Έλληνας, ο Σοφοκλής, γεμάτος ενέργεια και πάθος για την αρχαία ελληνική ιστορία αποφάσισε να κάνει το πολυπόθητο ταξίδι στους αρχαιολογικούς χώρους των Μυκηνών και της Επιδαύρου.

One day, a young Greek called Sophocles who was full of energy and passion for ancient Greek history, decided to take a much desired trip to the archaeological sites of Mycenae and Epidaurus.

Ξεκίνησε λοιπόν από το σπίτι του στην Αθήνα ένα πρωί με μόνη του παρέα το φωτεινό ήλιο. Έμενε στο κέντρο της Αθήνας, κοντά στο αρχαίο θέατρο του Διονύσου, όπου γεννήθηκε το δράμα.

Sophocles lived in the centre of Athens, close to the ancient theatre of Dionysus, where the dramatic arts originated from. One morning, he left his home in Athens, with his only companion, the bright, warm sun.

Στην πορεία του προς τις Μυκήνες θαύμασε τους ελαιώνες και τα αμέτρητα πολύχρωμα αγριολούλουδα της ελληνικής γης, στοιχεία αναλλοίωτα στους αιώνες! Στ' αυτιά του ηχούσαν οι στίχοι του ποιητή Οδυσσέα Ελύτη που πρόσφατα είχε διαβάσει στο σχολείο:

Heading towards Mycenae he admired the olive groves and the countless colorful wildflowers of the Greek countryside, a breathtaking sight of the unchanged elements throughout the years! His ears recounted the verses of the poet Odysseus Elytis, that he had recently read at school:

Η Alfa Romeo

Θαύμασα τον Παρθενώνα
και στην κάθε του κολώνα
βρήκα τον χρυσό κανόνα

The Alfa Romeo

*I admired the Parthenon
And in every column
I found the golden rule.*

Όμως σήμερα το λέω
βρίσκω το καλό κι ωραίο
σε μια σπορ ALFA ROMEO.

*But today I say
I find good and nice
a sports ALFA ROMEO.*

Καλοκαίρια και χειμώνες
να' ναι γύρω μου ελαιώνες
πίσω μου όλοι οι αιώνες.

*Summers and winters
Whatever around me, groves
behind me all the centuries.*

Κι' όπου μπρος μου ο δρόμος
βγάζει
και σε πειρασμό με βάζει
δωσ'του να πατάω το γκάζι.

*And where the road in front
of me starts
and puts me into temptation
I can't help pressing the accelerator.*

Με τη δύναμη του λιόντα
και με του πουλιού τα φόντα
πιάνω τα εκατόν ογδόντα.

*With the power of the lion
and the bird backgrounds
I go at full speed.*

Γεια σας θάλασσες και όρη.
Γεια σας κι έχω βάλει πλώρη
για της Αστραπής την κόρη. f

*Hello seas and mountains.
Hello and I set sail
or the Lightning's daughter.*

Τα ρω του έρωτα
εκδ.ύψιλον, 1986

The ro of love,
ypsilon publications, 1986



Όταν πια φτάνοντας στις Μυκήνες αντίκρισε την Πύλη των Λεόντων, ένωσε ρίγος, συγκίνηση και υπερηφάνεια καθώς αναλογίστηκε τη διαχρονικότητα του ελληνικού πολιτισμού. Γεμάτος θαυμασμό για το μεγαλείο του μυκηναϊκού κόσμου συνέχισε το ταξίδι του για τον αρχαιολογικό χώρο της Επιδαύρου.
When arriving in Mycenae Sophocles saw the Lion Gate. He felt chills, emotion and pride as he contemplated on the timelessness of Greek civilization. Full of admiration for the greatness of the Mycenaean world he continued his trip to the archaeological site of Epidaurus.

Κάποια στιγμή τα συναισθήματά του αλλάζουν, τη χαρά και το θαυμασμό διαδέχονται η θλίψη και ο θυμός για την αντικατάσταση των όμορφων τοπίων από εργοστάσια και κάποιες χωματερές. Όλα αυτά τα αρνητικά συναισθήματα τον οδηγούν σε μια απόφαση: να διαθέσει όλες του τις δυνάμεις στην προστασία του περιβάλλοντος πείθοντας όλους του τους φίλους μέσω των κοινωνικών μέσων δικτύωσης, ώστε να ανακυκλώνουν κάθε χαρτάκι, κάθε πλαστικό αντικείμενο, κάθε ανακυκλώσιμο υλικό, ώστε να μην εξαντληθούν οι πόροι της γης.

There his feelings changed. Grief and anger overtook his feelings of joy and admiration. The beautiful landscape had been replaced by factories and some landfills. All these negative feelings lead him to a decision: to devote all his energy to protect the environment by getting all his friends via social media to recycle every piece of paper, every plastic object, every recyclable material, to ensure that the resources of the earth would not be exhausted.

Έτσι με ανάμεικτα συναισθήματα έφτασε στην Επίδαυρο και περιπλανήθηκε στο Ασκληπιείο και στο θέατρο, όπου εδώ και 2.500 χρόνια δίνονται παραστάσεις αρχαίου δράματος. Καθώς στάθηκε στη σκηνή, έβαλε μία κραυγή! Από απέναντι, η ηχώ της κραυγής τού αποκρίθηκε:

«Εγώ, η ηχώ, μπορώ να είμαι ακόμα εδώ, όσο είστε και εσείς εδώ. Οι ρίζες σας θα είναι πάντα γερές, αρκεί να μην τις ξεχνάτε».

With mixed feelings he arrived at Epidaurus and wandered through

Asklepion and the theatre where ancient dramas had been performed 2500 years ago. As he stood on the stage, he gave a shout! On the opposite end, the echo responded:

"I, the echo, am still here, just as you are here. Your roots will always be strong, don't ever forget."

Και πάλι οι στίχοι ενός άλλου ποιητή, του Γ.Ρίτσου αντήχησαν στο μυαλό του:

«Απέναντι, πάνω από τα κάθετα βουνά η ηχώ αποκρίθηκε - η ελληνική ηχώ που δε μιμείται ούτε επαναλαμβάνει, μα συνεχίζει απλώς σε ένα ύψος απροσμέτρητο την αιώνια ιαχή του διθυράμβου. »

Again the verses of another poet, Yiannis Ritsos reverberated in his mind:

*"Opposite, above the vertical mountains the echo responded - the Greek echo that doesn't imitate nor repeats, but continues at an immeasurable height the eternal cry of dithyramb *".*

Διθύραμβος: ύμνος προς τιμήν του θεού Διονύσου, λυρικό-χορικό τραγούδι

** Dithyramb: hymn in honor of the god Dionysus, lyrical - choral singing*



Timmy e Carambola Timmy and Carambola

Un giorno un pesciolino pagliaccio, a righe bianche e arancioni, di nome Timmy, mentre tornava da scuola incontrò il bullo dell'ultimo anno, Carambola, uno squalo molto violento e sicuro di sé, che non rispettava gli altri.

Timmy vide però che il bullo era molto triste, così decise di invitarlo a casa sua dove il mare era più pulito. Lo squalo accettò e si incamminarono verso casa.

One day an orange and white striped clown fish, called Timmy, was returning home from school. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, he encountered a final year bully, a shark called Carambola. He was a very violent, proud shark who showed no respect for others.

Timmy, surprisingly, started to feel sorry for Carambola because he could see that the bully was very sad, so he decided to invite him to his home, where the sea was very clean. Carambola accepted, so off they swam.



Timmy si accorse che Carambola non era così cattivo come sembrava, ma era dolce, emotivo e affettuoso.

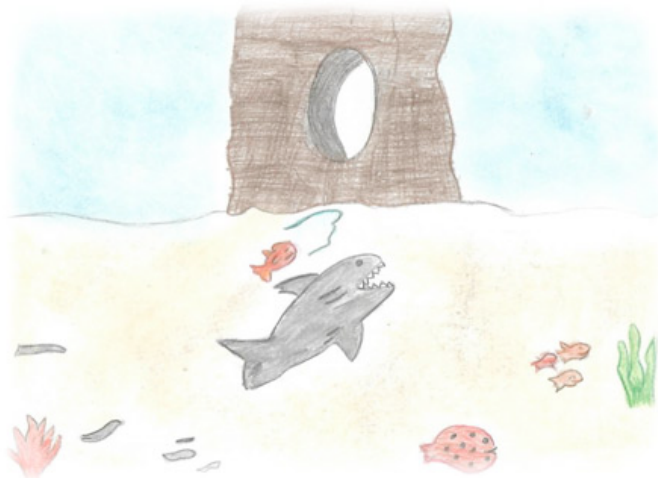
Arrivati davanti a casa il pesciolino non vide un grande sacchetto di plastica trasparente che fluttuava lì intorno e vi rimase dentro. Probabilmente quel tratto di mare che Timmy credeva non fosse inquinato, in realtà era sporco e non rispettato dagli uomini che vi gettavano ogni sorta di rifiuti.

Per fortuna Carambola se ne accorse e lo aiutò ad uscire bucando il sacchetto con i suoi denti affilati e appuntiti.

On the journey, Timmy and the shark started to chat and get to know one another better. Timmy realised that Carambola wasn't as bad as he seemed; he was actually gentle and affectionate, for a shark!

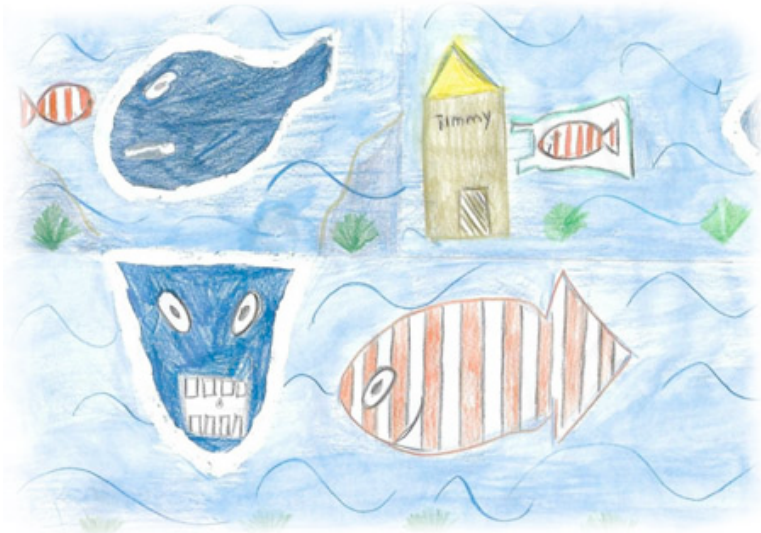
When they reached Timmy's home the little clown fish suddenly got caught up in a floating plastic bag which he hadn't seen. He was trapped! The area of sea that Timmy had thought unpolluted was actually dirty and spoilt by human beings who had thrown their rubbish into the water.

Luckily Carambola saw Timmy's predicament and helped him escape from the plastic bag by biting a hole with his shark's teeth.



Da quel momento Carambola si accorse del gesto amorevole che aveva compiuto e ringraziò Timmy per avergli fatto capire quanto sia importante aiutare gli altri e quali pericoli si corrono a causa dell'inquinamento prodotto dall'uomo.

Carambola felt good about helping Timmy, and thanked him for making him realise how important it is to help others. It also made both Carambola and Timmy aware of the dangers to other creatures caused by man-made pollution.



Morale:

Non bisogna buttare rifiuti negli ambienti perchè possono causare gravi danni agli animali e alla natura.

Moral:

Don't throw rubbish away carelessly into the environment, because it can cause serious damage to animals and nature.

Jak kosmita Krakers chciał Ziemię zawojować How Cracker tried to conquer Earth

Bardzo, bardzo niedawno temu w odległej przestrzeni istniała planeta, na której rządził Kosmita Krakers. Ulice planety pełne były śmieci i kolorowych, krzyczących reklamami marketów i straganów. Otyli i znudzeni mieszkańcy nie uprawiali sportu a czas najczęściej spędzali leżąc przed telewizorem i objadając się słodyczami oraz niezdrowym, śmieciowym jedzeniem. Handlarze się bogacili a najbogatszym był Kosmita Krakers. Marzył on by zostać najbogatszą osobą w całej galaktyce. Postanowił powiększyć swoje imperium o Ziemię.

In the distant space, not so long ago, there was a planet that was governed by the extraterrestrial being called Cracker. The planets streets were filled with rubbish and screaming colourful commercials of the markets. The obese residents of this planet didn't do any sports. They spent most of their time lying in front of their TVs, stuffing themselves with sweets and unhealthy junk food. The merchants were becoming richer and richer and Cracker was the richest of them all. His dream was to become the richest being in the entire galaxy, that's why he wanted to expended his empire to the Earth.

Tymczasem w małym miasteczku na Ziemi trwały przygotowania do rocznego, rodzinnego, Zielonego Pikniku. Rodzice wraz z dziećmi przygotowywali stragany z wyhodowanymi w swoich ogródkach warzywami i owocami. Każdy stragan był jedyny w swoim rodzaju np. stragan rodziny Barlineckich prezentował ogromną dynię, a stragan ich sąsiadów dorodne marchewki i kalafiory. Na straganie szkolnym pyszniło się wspaniałe, upieczone przez dzieci ciasto drożdżowe, rumiane bochenki chleba również upieczone własnoręcznie przez uczniów oraz jabłkowy kompot. Świergot ptaków z pobliskich ogródków mieszał się z radosnym śmiechem dzieciaków, które buszowały pomiędzy straganami i podkrażały co dorodniejsze owoce. Oczekiwanie na wyniki konkursów na najładniejszy ogródek i największą dynię wypełniały wspólne zabawy, a także rajd nordic - walking,



w którym brały udział wszystkie rodziny z miasteczka.

In the meantime on Earth, preparations were under way for the Green Picnic festival. Parents along with their children were setting up the market stalls with fruit and vegetables grown in their backyards. Every market stall was very unique. For instance the Barlinek family displayed their enormous pumpkin, their neighbours had baby carrots and cauliflower. A wonderful scent of yeast cake, golden-brown and homemade apple bread baked by the pupils wafted over the school stall. Children were rummaging around the stalls, picking the smallest fruits, and their laughter blended with the sound of singing birds in the nearest gardens. While everybody was waiting for the results of the competition for the most beautiful garden and the biggest pumpkin, children were playing and the town's families were participating in the Nordic-walking rally.

Na jednym ze straganów swoje owoce i warzywa rozłożył znany wynalazca Jan wraz ze swoimi wnukami - Jędrkiem i Kasią. Poprosił swoje wnuki, aby pobiegły na pole i przyniosły trochę kwiatów do udekorowania straganu, a on tymczasem kręcił film z całej imprezy. Kiedy dzieci z naręczami maków wracały do miasta spostrzegły na skraju pobliskiego lasu dziwny obiekt. Była to srebrna kapsuła, z której po chwili wyszedł dziwacznie ubrany osobnik.

A well-known inventor, Jan with his grand-children, Jedrek and Kasia presented fruit and vegetables in one of the stalls, too.

Jan asked his grand-children to run to the field to bring some flowers to decorate the stall. In the meantime he was filming the entire event. On their way back from the field, the children spotted a strange object near the woods. It was a silver capsule. Seconds later, a strangely dressed man came out of it.

-Kim jesteś? - Spytał Jędrrek.

-Jestem Kosmita Krakers. Przyleciałem z odległej planety i chciałbym wziąć udział w waszym Zielonym Pikniku.

-Jasne – powiedziała Kasia – zawsze bardzo serdecznie witamy u nas gości.

Nagle Krakers wytoczył z kapsuły wielki, kolorowy i ruchomy

stragan. Zaprosił zaskoczone dzieci do niezwykłego pojazdu i razem wrócili na piknik.

"Who are you?" asked Jedrek.

"I am Cracker, the extraterrestrial. I came here from another planet and I would like to join your Green Picnic."

"Sure," said Kasia. "Be our guest."

Suddenly, Cracker pulled out a colorful, mobile stall from his capsule and they all went to the picnic.



Krakers ustawił się w samym środku miasteczka i natychmiast przyciągnął do siebie mieszkańców. Puszczając głośną muzykę rozdawał słodycze i krakersy, a także puszki ze słodkimi napojami. Tak mu się spodobało na Ziemi, a i zyski miał ogromne, ponieważ coraz więcej ludzi kupowało jego produkty, że wcale nie myślał o powrocie do siebie.

Once Cracker placed his stall in the centre of the town, all residents gathered around it. He was playing loud music and he was giving away sweets, crackers and cans with sweet beverage. He enjoyed Earth so much that he didn't even think of going back to his planet. More and more people were buying his products. Cracker was happy that his profit was rising.

I tak minął rok od jego przybycia i zbliżał się termin dorocznego, Zielonego Pikniku. Niestety mieszkańcy zaniedbali swoje ogródki i samych siebie. Tam, gdzie kiedyś rosły dorodne warzywa i kwiaty pojawiły się automaty z niezdrową żywnością, a w parkach zaczęły królować krzykliwe reklamy „krakersowych” towarów. Skończyły się wspólne zabawy, spacer i rodzinne przygotowywanie posiłków.

A year past by and the time of another annual Green Picnic was approaching. Unfortunately, the residents had neglected their gardens and themselves. Junk food vending machines had been replaced where flowers and vegetables had once grown in the past. Parks were filled with screaming commercials of Cracker's goods. Community fun,

playing together and mutual food preparations had come to an end.

-Dziadku, jak my zorganizujemy nasz piknik – martwiła się Kasia.

-Skąd weźmiemy warzywa i owoce – zapytał Jędrrek – w szkole nie ma żadnych chętnych do udziału w sportowych zawodach.

-Też o tym myślę, ale wydaje mi się, że mam pomysł - powiedział dziadek Jan. -Chodźmy szybko do mojej pracowni, gdzie właśnie ukończyłem budowę wehikułu czasoprzestrzeni.

- Dziadku, co ty kombinujesz ? - spytał zaintrygowany Jędrrek .

- Lecimy na planetę Krakersa, zobaczymy jakie są efekty jego rządzenia. I nie zapomnijcie wziąć kamery, może się nam przyda.

“Grandpa, how do we organize our picnic?” asked Kasia, worried.

“Where do we get fruit and vegetable from?” asked Jedrek.

“There aren’t any volunteers for the sport competitions at school.”

“I’ve been thinking about it as well and I figured something out.”

said grandpa Jan. “Let’s go to my workshop, I just finished building a time-machine.”

“Grandpa, what have you been up to?” asked Jedrek intrigued.

“We are going to Cracker’s planet. Let’s see what the outcome of his governing is. Don’t forget to take the camera, it might come in handy.”

Tak też zrobili i wkrótce wylądowali na tajemniczej planecie. To co tam zobaczyli bardzo ich przerażyło, ponieważ zrozumieli, że jeśli nic nie zrobią taki sam los czeka ich ziemię.

-Dziadku co teraz zrobimy? –spytała Kasia.

-Szkoda, że nasi mieszkańcy tego nie widzą - dodał Jędrrek.

-Ale zobaczą - powiedział dziadek Jan – mamy przecież kamerę.
Soon they all landed on the mysterious planet. What they saw simply terrified them. They realised that if they didn’t do anything, they would face the same future on the Earth.

“Grandpa, what are we going to do now?” asked Kasia.

“What a pity that our residents aren’t able to see it.” added Jedrek.

“But they will!” said Grandpa Jan, “we have our camera.”



Po nakręceniu filmu wrócili na ziemię. Dziadek Jan w dniu pikniku zaprosił wszystkich mieszkańców na rynek, gdzie stał wielki telebim. Dotąd służył on Krakersowi do reklamowania jego produktów, a teraz zostały na nim wyświetlone dwa filmy: na jednym były fragmenty ubiegłorocznego pikniku, które wywołały u mieszkańców miłe wspomnienia wspólnych, radosnych chwil. Drugi film, ten z planety Krakersa, wywołał ogromny niepokój, a nawet przerażenie. Mieszkańcy zaczęli szukać wzrokiem Krakersa i ruszyli w jego kierunku. Ten w popłochu pociągnął swój największy stragan, wsiadł do kapsuły i odleciał na swoją planetę.

They filmed everything they saw and went straight back to Earth.

Grandpa Jan had invited everyone to the square for the picnic day.

There was a huge outdoor screen. Cracker used to use it to advertise his products but now there were two films being screened simultaneously on it. One of them was showing fragments of last year's picnic which brought back wonderful memories of times spent together and the other one was showing life from Cracker's planet. The one from Cracker's planet provoked anxiety and fear. The residents turned their eyes on Cracker and they started moving towards him. Seeing this, Cracker in a panic, wheeled his stall, which was the biggest of all, got onto his capsule and flew away towards his planet.

Dziadek Jan odetchnął z ulgą, a mieszkańcy wrócili do ratowania swoich ogródków i parków, a na telebimie zamieścili oświadczenie, że już nigdy, ale to nigdy nie pozwolą się zaczarować fałszywym, kolorowym reklamom i sztucznemu niezdrowemu jedzeniu.

Grandpa Jan heaved a sigh of a relief and the residents returned home and started attending to their gardens and parks. They made up a new town saying. The saying went like this: Never again would they let the colourful commercials of artificial and unhealthy food put a spell on them!

A róka és a macska **Vulpea și pisica** **The fox and the cat**

Volt egyszer egy kis falu, ahol sok-sok eper termett. Úgy is nevezték a falut, hogy Epresd. Itt élt nagy barátságban a róka és a macska. Epertermesztéssel foglalkoztak.



Undeva într-un sat mic s-au cultivat căpșuni, motiv pentru care satul a primit numele de Căpșunești. În acest sat își trăiau viața, în prietenie, o vulpe și o pisică. Se ocupau cu cultivarea căpșunilor.

Somewhere in a small village called Strawberryvill, strawberries were grown. In this village lived two great friends, a fox and a cat. Their main occupation was to grow the strawberries.

Egyszer, a mi ravasz rókánk kigondolta, hogy márpedig neki lesznek a legszebb eprei, és jól meggazdagodik.

Odată, vulpea s-a gândit să aibă ea cele mai frumoase căpșuni, de pe urma cărora poate să se îmbogățească.

One day the fox decided he wanted to have the most beautiful strawberries, so he could get as rich as possible.

“Hát barátom, macska koma, nekem szebb epreim lesznek, mint bárkinek, - mondta a róka - és jó sok kerast fogok ezzel keresni!”

“Ei dragul meu prieten, eu voi avea mai frumoase căpșuni ca oricine - zise vulpea - și voi câștiga foarte mulți kerasi!”

“Well my dear cat, if I have the most beautiful strawberries of all,” said the fox, “I will earn a lot of kerasi!”

“Ugyan miért lennének neked szebb epreid, róka komám? “

“De ce ai avea tu căpșuni mai frumoase?”

“How will you have the most beautiful strawberries, my dear fox?”

“Azért, mert én műtrágyázni fogom!”

“Pentru că voi folosi îngrășăminte chimice!”

“By using a chemical fertilizer!”

“Az igaz, hogy a növények nagyobbak, szebbek lesznek, de a sok műtrágyázás szennyezi a talajt, a vizet, még meg is betegíthet!”

“Într-adevăr plantele cresc mai mari, devin mai frumoase, dar utilizarea excesivă a îngrășămintelor chimice poluează solul și apa, și pot provoca diferite boli.”

“You are right, plants do grow bigger, so they look more beautiful. But by using chemical fertilizer excessively, you pollute the soil and the water which will make us all sick.”

“Az már nem az én gondom. Engem csak a haszon érdekel!”

“Pe mine mă interesează numai profitul!”

“I don’t care, I just want to be RICH!”

“Nem lesz ennek jó vége! “– mondta aggódva a macska.

“Nu va fi bine așa!” – zise pisica îngrijorată.

“This will not end well!” said the cat, worried.

Hiába figyelmeztette, a róka egyre csak műtrágyázott és műtrágyázott. Az eperszemek egyre csak nőttek, növekedtek. A róka alig győzte leszedni meg eladni a sok epret, és számolni a rengeteg pénzt, amit cserébe kapott. Jól meggazdagodott.



În zadar a fost avertizată, vulpea a folosit din ce în ce mai multe îngrășăminte chimice. Căpșunii au crescut de la o zi la alta. Vulpea abia răzbea să culeagă și să vândă căpșunile, și să numere banii câștigați. A devenit foarte bogată.



The fox was warned, but in vain. He continued to fertilize using chemicals. The strawberries continued to grow and grow from one day to another. The fox had a difficult time gathering the big amount of strawberries, to sell them and to count all the money that he made from them. But, he did get very rich.

Az persze észébe sem jutott, hogy miközben neki pénz-zel telik meg a zsebe, addig az eperföld melletti kút vize mérgező anyagokkal telik meg a sok műtrágyától.

Nici prin gând nu i-a trecut că, în timp ce își umplea buzunarele cu bani, apa fântânii de lângă terenul cultivat se umplea cu substanțe toxice.

He didn't realise, though, that while his pockets filled up with money, the water from his well was being filled up with chemical substances from his chemical fertilizer.

Egy nap aztán a róka egyetlen kislánya hirtelen rosszul lett, levegőért kapkodott, bőre lilássá vált. Gyorsan bevitték a kórházba, ahol megállapították, hogy műtrágyamérgezést szenvedett.

Într-o bună zi, unicul său pui s-a îmbolnăvit, avea dificultăți de respirație, i se colora pielea în violet. A fost dus repede la spital unde a fost diagnosticat cu intoxicație cu nitrați.

One day the fox's only daughter suddenly got sick. She was gasping for air and her skin turned purple. She was rushed to the hospital where she was diagnosed with chemical fertilizer poisoning.

A kórház tele volt betegekkel.

**“Jaj, mit tettem! Akik megvették az epremet mind meg-
betegedtek, mint a kislányom.”**

Spitalul era plin de bolnavi.

“Vai, ce-am făcut! Toți cei care au cumpărat căpșuni de la mine
s-au îmbolnăvit ca și fetița mea.”

*The hospital was full with sick people.”What have I done! Everybody
who bought strawberries from me will get sick, just like my daughter.”*

**Ekkor döbbsent rá a róka, hogy milyen kárt okozott a mérték-
telen műtrágyázással.**

Vulpea și-a dat seama ce dăunătoare și periculoasă este utiliza-
rea excesivă a îngrășămintelor chimice.

*Then the fox realized the damage he had done by using chemical ferti-
lizers excessively.*

Szerencsére végül mindenki meggyógyult.

În cele din urmă toată lumea s-a vindecat.

Thankfully, in the end, everybody got better.

A róka pedig áttért a környezetbarát gazdálkodásra.

Vulpea, de atunci, practică agricultura ecologică.

The fox decided to practice only natural ways of growing his plants.



Entertaining Ourselves with a Scottish Burns Supper

It was the middle of January. Christmas was long past and everyone was bored. Norman, the owl, was perched on an oak tree twig, asleep, his ipod plugged in. Susie, the squirrel, was playing Fifa 16 on her Play Station, non-stop. Sophie, the duck, was skating down some of the exposed tree roots for the 50th time, and Timmy, the mouse, was nowhere to be seen.

Sophie stopped skating to watch Susie, as she finished playing her Play Station game, and tried, unsuccessfully, to put on her jacket.

"Eh, Susie, no offence, but I think you need to go on a diet," said Sophie.

"I know," sighed Susie, "I haven't been able to fasten my jacket for weeks."

Suddenly, with a loud squeak, Timmy, the mouse, appeared.

"I've had a great idea!" he announced. "Gather round the foot of the oak tree!"

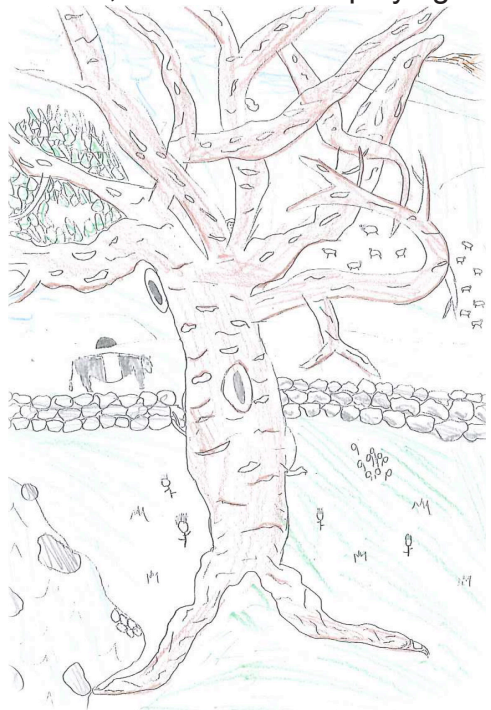
Norman, the owl, fluttered down onto a low branch. The others sat on the warm leaves that lay under the grand tree.

"OK, so I was creeping about under the school children's desks and I overheard them planning a Burns Supper!" Timmy exclaimed,

"What's a Burns Supper?" asked the other animals.

"It's when everyone gathers round to celebrate the poet, Robert Burns, and they enjoy a delicious meal."

"But why?" asked Susie.



“Because Robert Burns is such an important Scottish figure. He’s our national poet – his most famous works include ‘My Love is like a Red, Red Rose’, and ‘Auld Lang Syne’, which is sung all over the world!” Timmy explained. “He is celebrated at Burns



Suppers every January 25th, when people eat haggis, neeps and tatties,” he added.

“Eh, what on earth are neeps and tatties?”

Norman hooted.

“Calm down, they’re only mashed turnip and potatoes,” Timmy explained, with a chuckle.

“Oh, good,” Norman said, a wee bit embarrassed.

“I’m a bit worried about the haggis, you know, with all the fat in it,” remarked Susie.

“Don’t worry, you’ll be doing so much Scottish dancing you’ll be able to fasten your jacket again!” replied Sophie.

So the animals decided that they should start planning roles for the Burns supper, and decided that Norman would do The Immortal Memory.

“What’s that?” asked Sophie.

Norman explained that an immortal memory is a memory that never fades and never dies.

“In Scotland we celebrate Robert Burns’ day every year, so that he isn’t forgotten. He wrote a poem about a mouse just like me!” Timmy said, proudly.

“What’s it called?” asked Norman, puzzled.

“TO A MOUSE!” exclaimed Timmy, excitedly.

The animals agreed that Timmy would do the toast to the lassies and that Susie would reply.

“I’m sure Mrs Badger would cook for the meal,” said Susie, “Oh, and Norman, would you play your carrot whistle, please?”

“No problem,” Norman replied. The others agreed to prepare musical instruments and Sophie said she’d organise the dancing. Finally the great day arrived. Sophie waddled around, trying to get everything ready, until 5 o’clock arrived, and it was getting dark. The supper started with Norman whistling on the carrot

whistle, Susie playing drums, which were nuts with twigs for drumsticks and Timmy singing with his rolled up docken leaf microphone. At last Mrs Badger came out with the lovely meal and the animals settled down to enjoy it.

Afterwards everyone laughed at the speeches. When the dancing started Norman gave Susie a whirl in the Gay Gordons and Timmy took Sophie's webbed foot for the Flying Scotsman. Everyone joined in. Susie remarked that she hadn't had that much exercise since the previous summer, and that she thought her jacket would button up from now on. Everyone laughed and said they'd definitely hold a Burns Supper next year.

Moral

Teams working together can accomplish big things, and getting together to celebrate in a traditional way can be a lot more interesting than sitting around playing on electronic devices all day.



Chicle y Chuche Gum and Candy

Chicle y cuche eran dos ratoncitos muy divertidos, siempre estaban de buen humor, pasaban largas horas jugando y disfrutando de la vida. Sus amigos siempre decían que vivían despreocupados, que debían madurar y hacerse unos ratones de provecho. Ellos se reían y disfrutaban.

Gum and Candy were two very funny mice. They were always in a good mood, spending long hours playing and enjoying life. Their friends always said because of their carefree attitude, they would grow up and become useful mice.

Una mañana un gato con aspecto de vagabundo empezó a merodear por el barrio de los ratones. Al principio el gato estaba bastante asustado y solo corría detrás de ellos, pero según fueron pasando los días los tenía totalmente atemorizados. Tanto fue así, que decidieron hacer una asamblea para decidir entre todos los ratones como solucionaban el grave problema del gato:

One morning a cat who looked like a wanderer began to prowl their neighbourhood. At first the cat was just a little scary and ran after them. But as the days went by he became very frightening. He was so frightening that the mice decided to have a meeting to discuss how to solve the serious problem.

-Deberíamos comprar una trampa para gatos- dijo uno de los ratones



más anciano.

-Pero no tendremos fuerzas para traerla hasta aquí ¡Eso no puede ser!- replicó otro.

-Ya sé, podemos hacer carreras de relevos para cansarle muchísimo- dijo el ratón atleta.

-Eso tampoco dará resultado porque cuando descanse el gato nosotros estaremos aún agotados y nos comerá. Deberíamos saber cuándo viene y estar así alerta sólo cuando le oigamos.

-Ya lo sé, ¡deberíamos ponerle un cascabel al gato!

Todos se miraron asombrados, la idea era magnífica pero la forma de llevarla a cabo era muy muy complicada...

"We should buy a cat trap", said one of the oldest mice.

"But we are not strong enough to bring it here! That won't work!" replied another one.

"I know, we can do relay races while the cat is chasing us, then he will get very tired", said an athletic mouse.

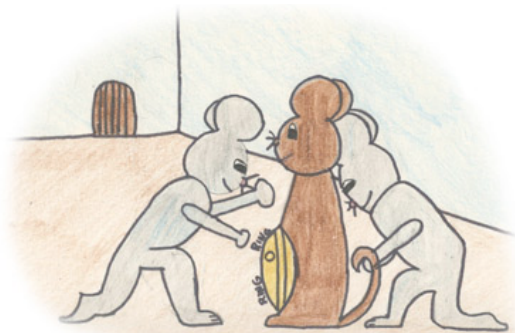
"That will not work either because when the cat rests we will still be exhausted and he will get the chance to eat us. We should know when he comes and this way we will stay alert only when we hear him."

"I know, we should put a bell on the cat !!!"

Everyone looked at each other astonished, the idea was brilliant but how would they carry it out? That was the difficult part...



De repente Chicle empezó a cuchichear al oído algo a Chuche, y dijeron a la vez ¡Lo tenemos, sabemos cómo poner el cascabel al gato! Nadie les hizo el menor caso, tenían fama de ser unos irresponsables y la gente no les tomaba en serio. La asamblea se disolvió sin llegar a ningún acu



do, pero Chicle y Chuche si tenían claro su plan.

Gum suddenly began to whisper something in Candy's ear and they said all at once "We've got it! We know how to bell the cat!"

Nobody paid any attention to them, they had the reputation of being irresponsible and people did not take them seriously.

The meeting ended without reaching any agreement, but Gum and Candy knew exactly what to do.

Se levantaron de madrugada y fueron a visitar al pastelero que comenzaba su jornada a eso de las 5 de la mañana. Le pidieron que realizase en chocolate un ratón de tamaño natural y hueco por dentro.

El pastelero quedó sorprendido por la petición, pero lo hizo sin rechistar.

The next day they got up at dawn and went to see the pastry chef who started work at 5 a.m. He was asked to make a realistic sized chocolate mouse, which was empty inside. The baker was surprised by the request, but he made it without question.

A la mañana siguiente Chiche y Chuche recogieron la estatua y se la llevaron a su casa. Con mucho cuidado hicieron un agujero en la tripa del ratón de chocolate e introdujeron un cascabel.

Next morning Gum and Candy picked up the chocolate statue of the mouse and took it home. They carefully made a hole in the chocolate mouse belly and put a bell inside of it.

El gato empezó a acercarse, el olor a chocolate lo tenía hipno-

tizado y sin pensárselo dos veces se abalanzó sobre el ratón de chocolate y se lo zampó de un solo bocado.

Comenzó a correr, buscando más ratones deliciosos como ese, pero algo pasaba, mientras corría ¡algo dentro de él sonaba sin cesar!

The cat began to get closer, the smell of chocolate had hypnotized him and without thinking about it twice, he jumped on the chocolate mouse and scooped it down in one go.

He started running, looking for more delicious looking mice like the one he just ate, but something happened. While he was running, something inside him kept on ringing!

El gato se quedó ojiplático, comenzó a sentir vergüenza y decidió marcharse de aquel lugar.

Desde ese día los ratones ya no tienen miedo a salir a la calle porque el problema estaba solucionado gracias al ingenio de Chicle y Chuche.

The cat was very surprised and confused. He became very ashamed and decided to leave the place where the mice lived.

From that day on the mice were no longer afraid to go out because the problem was solved thanks to the cleverness of Gum and Candy.

Moraleja

No debemos juzgar a las personas por su apariencia ni carácter. Todos somos capaces de hacer lo que nos propongamos

Moral

We should not judge people by their appearance or character.

We are all capable of doing what we set ourselves as a challenge.



Fırça ve Tekne Brush and Tekne

Çevedo ormanının muhteşem Erub Gölü'nün kenarında bulunan atölyede, ne-sillerdir ebru sanatı yapan bir kaplumbağa vardı. Atölyenin Adı Ebruli İşler Atölyesiydi. Bu kaplumbağa meşe ağacının dallarından yapılan fırçayı, doğaya zarar vermeden kendi bahçesinde ürettiği özel bitkinin gövdesinden elde ediyordu.



In the Çevedo forest by the magnificent Lake Erub, there was a little workshop called "The Workshop of Ebruli Art" . That workshop belonged to a turtle who had created Ebru Art for many years. The turtle grew a special "oak tree" which, without harming nature, he was able to make his brushes from.

Ertesi gün atölyeye gelen kaplumbağa, ebru sanatının malzemelerini hazırlamaya başladı. Önce at kılından ve meşe ağacının gövdesinden yapılan fırçaları hazırladı, sonra tekne ve boya malzemelerini masanın üzerine koydu, son olarak kitre ile yapılan sıvıyı hazırladı ve ışıkları kapatıp atölyeden ayrıldı.

At the begining of every week, the turtle came to the workshop and began his preparations to start his Ebru art. First of all , he prepared the brushes which were made of horse tail and the body of oak tree. Then he put the paints and Tekne, a special kind of material to put liquid and paints in, on the table. Finally, he prepared the liquid that is made with "kitre". Then he would turn off the lights and leave the workshop.

O gece Ay Dede sihirli tozlarını malzemelerin üzerine serpti ve bir anda bütün malzemeler canlandı. Hepsi gözlerini açarak şaşkınlıkla birbirlerine baktılar ve kısa zamanda arkadaş oldular.

That night, the moon sprinkled its magic powder on all the art materials, which suddenly, in the light of the moon, came to life. All of them opened their eyes and looked at each other. That night, they became

good friends.

Ertesi gün kaplumbağa geldi ve malzemelerle ebru sanatını yapmaya başladı bir süre böyle devam ederken malzemeler kendilerini üstün görmeye başladılar. Bir gün Fırça öne çıkarak Tekne'ye "Sana ihtiyacımız yok, burada en gereksiz malzeme sensin!" dedi. Bunu duyan Tekne ağlayarak atölyeden ayrıldı.

The next day, the turtle came and he started to work. For the next days the materials worked very well together. But then they started to boast about themselves. One day, Brush said to Tekne, "We don't need you, you are the most useless material here." When Tekne heard that, he cried and left the workshop.

Ertesi gün kaplumbağa geldi ve Tekne'nin orada olmadığını görünce ebru yapmaktan vazgeçti, sonra da atölyeyi terk etti. Malzemeler şaşırılmıştı ama Fırça hiç bozuntuya vermeden bir adım öne çıktı ve dedi ki:

-Onlara ihtiyacımız yok, yıllardır ebru yapıyoruz. Bunu yine yapabiliriz, dedi. Boyalar:

- Evet ne olabilir ki, zaten başından beri onlara ihtiyacımız yoktu, dediler.

The following day the turtle came to the workshop and noticed that Tekne wasn't there. Frustrated, he gave up doing Ebru Art and left the workshop. All the materials were shocked, but Brush wasn't demoralized and said "We don't need them, we've been doing Ebru art for many years and we can keep on doing this without their help." The paints added, "Yes of course we can. Actually, we've never needed them," they said.



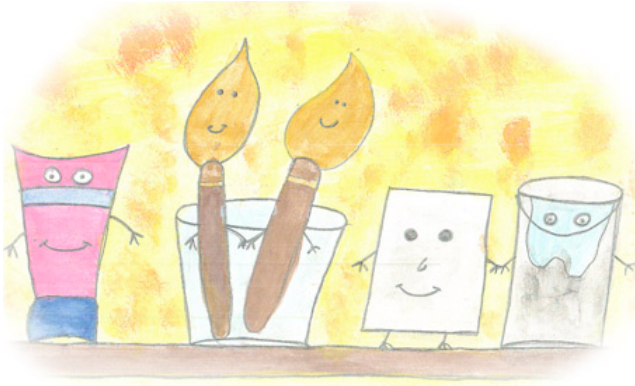
Bir süre sonra işe koyuldular. Önce sıvı masadan aşağıya atıldı ve yere çakıldı. Sonra Fırça boyaları sıvıya fırlattı ama boyalar hiç güzel gözüküyordu ve anladılar ki Tekne olmadan hiçbir şey yapamayacaklar.

Çünkü Tekne onları bir arada tutan malzemeydi.

After a while, they started to work. First the liquid leaped from the table but fell to the floor and was injured. Then the brush threw the paints into the liquid but the paints didn't look well. After a while they understood that they couldn't do anything without Tekne. Because Tekne was a material that make them all come together.

Bir anda kaplumbağa ile birlikte Tekne içeri girdi ve malzemelerin yanına giderek “ Şimdi anladınız mı? “ dedi. Ardından Fırça atılarak “ Haklısın, çok özür dilerim, sen olmayınca hiçbir şey yapamıyoruz. Bizim aramıza yeniden katılmak ister misin?” dedi. Tekne sevinçle “ Evet ” diye bağırdı ve hepsi mutlulukla ebru yapmaya başladılar. Bütün bu olanlar sonucunda herkesin özel bir yeri olduğunu öğrenmişlerdi.

Suddenly the turtle came into the workshop with Tekne. Tekne saw the materials and said to them, “Do you understand now? Without me you can't do this work.” Then Brush said, “You are right, Tekne, I'm really very sorry. We can't do anything without you. Would you like to join us again?” Tekne was very happy and shouted, “Yes, of course!” They started to do Ebru art with so much more joy. After this they learnt that everybody has a special place in the workspace.



**The fables that are published in this book have been written by
the following pupils who were involved in the
Erasmus+ project 2014-2016 'Back to Our Future':**

Eric Fink und Jonas Thurner from Volksschule Mils, Austria

Bialiayeva Palina, Pronina Sofiya, Hruntou Hleb, Haroshka Krystsina,
Liskovich Rastsislau, Krytskaya Uladzislava, Tunchyk Pavel, Dzenisiuk Katsiaryna,
Pruzhanets Darya, Radzivinovich Iryna, Kuzich Aryna,
Kashtelianchyk Yuliya, Stsepaniuk Aliaksandra, Lemiasheuski Tsimur, Markovich
Kiryl from 2nd School, Kobrin, Belarus

Henri Poolak from J.V. Veskinim Maarja Pohilkool, in Maarja Magdalena, Estonia

Paul Beeker, Angelina Theil, Elias Bentler, Berkan Andac, Paul Bauer, Pia Bredow,
Elina Root, Amal Saleh, Damon Stein, Marie Semmelroth and
Fiona Hind from Grundschule im Beerwinkel, Berlin, Germany

Nikos Argyros, Eva Karyotaki, Alexandra Bisylla, Anastasis Patiridis, Rania
Stoido, Νίκος Αργυρός, Εύα Καρυωτάκη, Αλεξάνδρα Μπίσυλλα, Αναστάσης
Πατηριδης, Ράνια Στοϊδου, Agapi Kefaloniti, Christina Karpouza, Αγάπη Κεφαλονίτη
and Χριστίνα Καπούζα from 13th Highschool of Kallithea "Sokrates", Kallithea,
Greece

all the Italian Erasmus+ Pupils from "Chiara e Francesco d'Assisi", Cantù, Italy

all the Polish Erasmus+ Pupils from Szkoła Podstawowa Nr.1, Barlinek, Poland

all the Romanian Erasmus+ Pupils from Școala Gimnazială, Porumbăști

Draven Kirk, Nyah Notman, Kirsty Scott, Kirsty Thorburn, Kyan Clydesdale, Faith
Kirk, Millie Robson, Faye Sloan, Lennon Wilson, Emma Coull, Georgie McLelland,
Charlie-George Clydesdale and Redd Grieve from Johnstonebridge Primary School,
Scotland

all the Spanish Erasmus+ Pupils from Colegio Torrente Ballester, Parla, Spain

all the Turkish Erasmus+ Pupils from Resat Turhan Ortaokulu, Bornova, Izmir,
Turkey

Illustrations

created by very talented pupils from the European countries involved in the
Erasmus+ project 2014-2016 'Back to Our Future'

"Back to our Future"

that is the title of an Erasmus+ project running from 2014 to 2016. The 11 participating schools from Austria, Belarus (associated), Estonia, Germany, Greece, Italy, Poland, Romania, Scotland, Spain and Turkey worked together on the idea, about what we can learn from the past and what we can take with us into our future. Topics like entertaining ourselves with games, gardening and agriculture, ecology, economy and recycling things have been brought into practical life. In their fables and stories the children reflect on what they have learnt and how their lives will be or could be in the future.

Printed on

STEIN  PAPIER

Stonepaper is a symbol of Mother Earth and a representative for the opinion that our planet and all humans exist in a symbiotic way. Stonepaper is a tree free paper, a natural product manufactured from calcium carbonate and CaCO_3 powder, using proprietary additives as a bonding agent. The calcium carbonate is collected as waste material at existing limestone quarries and is ground up into a fine white chalk powder. A small quantity of non-toxic resin is then added and together these materials are converted into a printable substrate. The production does not need water, acids or bleach, and therefore there are no toxic elements in it or sewage left over. Stonepaper is water resistant and has no fibres. Therefore it does not absorb ink and the resulting pictures are extraordinary clear and full of contrast.

This project has been funded with support from the European Commission. This publication reflects the views only of the author, and the Commission cannot be held responsible for any use which may be made of the information contained therein.



Erasmus+