

Imagine... living together!



Participating countries



Turkey



Portugal



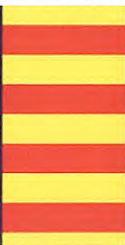
Finland



Hungary



Mallorca



Belgium



Croatia

This compilation book provides an insight into the Comenius project "Imagine living together", an international project involving seven countries: Turkey, Mallorca, Croatia, Hungary, Finland, Portugal and Belgium.

The theme was education in the 21st century, with innovative education, technology and social skills, without losing sight of the importance of cultural heritage.

For two years (2013-2015), these countries organized activities and meetings together.

The first year the cultural heritage of the different countries were put in the spotlight and processed with modern techniques.

The second year we have targeted social contacts and skills in the 21st century.



These are the mascots of all the participating countries.

The mascots travel with the teachers to all the different countries, where they remain until the next meeting. During their stay they participate in different classroom activities of the school. The mascot travels with his diary in which his experiences of his stay are recorded.

Finland

The Battle Song from the Kalevala

The Battle of Song is one of the most famous scenes from the Kalevala, the great national epic of Finland, compiled from folk sources in the late 1800s by a Finnish poet Elias Lönnrot.

Characters: Väinämöinen (an old magician), Joukahainen (a young man)

Vainamoinen, old magician, sang a sad song as his sleigh ran over the marsh, sped along the lake.

The wind blew his beard, the sun warmed him. Around the bend another sleigh raced, full speed down the trail the young man pressed. No time to stop, no time to turn aside. The horses swerved, the sleighs collided. The drivers nearly tumbled out. Astonished, they eyed each other, waited for words.

VAINAMOINEN: (angrily) Young man! Who are you who drives so recklessly?

JOUKAHAINEN: (arrogantly) I am Joukahainen, said the youth. Old man, who are you who got in my way?

VAINAMOINEN: I am Vainamoinen. Now move your sleigh and let me by, for youth must ever give way to age.

JOUKAHAINEN: That was in a time long past. Age must now make way for youth, for the young know more than the old!

VAINAMOINEN: (scoffing) Is this true? Say what you know, then. Share this great knowledge!

JOUKAHAINEN: (bragging) Yes, I know a thing or two. I know all the fish and the snakes.

VAINAMOINEN: (scornfully) A baby knows as much! What else can you offer?

JOUKAHAINEN: (agitated) If my knowledge does not impress you, my sword may do better. Old man, draw your blade!

VAINAMOINEN: My sword stays where it is. I would not dirty it on you.

JOUKAHAINEN: (shouting) You won't fight? Then I'll use great magic on you! I'll chant you to a pig, change you to a swine.

Then Vainamoinen got angry. He began to chant. The earth shook. Vainamoinen chanted. And the sword of Joukahainen became lightning bolts across the sky. Vainamoinen chanted. And the sleigh of Joukahainen became a log in the water. His horse turned to a boulder on the shore.

Vainamoinen chanted. And the coat of Joukahainen became a cloud in the sky. His hat turned to a water lily on the lake, his belt to a snake among the reeds. Vainamoinen chanted. And Joukahainen sank in the marshy ground,

JOUKAHAINEN: (desperately) Reverse your words, undo your spells! I will give you a hat full of silver, a helmet full of gold!

VAINAMOINEN: (disdainfully) Keep your wealth.

He chanted again. And Joukahainen sank to his chest.

JOUKAHAINEN: (more desperately) Reverse your words, undo your spells! I will give you fields!

VAINAMOINEN: Keep your land.

He chanted again. And Joukahainen sank to his chin.

JOUKAHAINEN: (most desperately) Reverse your words, undo your spells! I will tell you of the most beautiful woman, a pretty girl!

Vainamoinen stopped his chant.

JOUKAHAINEN: She is lovely Aino, maiden of Northland.

Then Vainamoinen chanted again. He reversed his words, undid his spells and Joukahainen got out of the marsh. The young man wept in shame. The old man raced for home.

Translation by Leila Halpin on the basis of Aaron Shepard. Script copyright © 1996, 2002, 2006, 2007 Aaron Shepard.



Impressions and photos of the local legend and classroom activities of Finland



Project meeting Finland in February 2014



Belgium - The paper hats

Short summary of Lange Wapper:

Lange Wapper was born out of cabbage on a farm.

Its a boy with a special charm.

He lives in Antwerp City

A place in Belgium, very pretty!

He can be as big as a house,
or just as tiny as a mouse.

Whenever he needs to punish the bad,
It makes him very sad.

He wants to do nothing but good
and make Antwerp into a good neighborhood.

Come and read his story,

So you too, can relive his glory!



Impressions and photos of the local legend and classroom activities of Belgium





Project meeting in Belgium in November 2014



Mallorca

The legend of the Greek genie

Once upon a time a ship full of greeks landed on the mallorcan coast. Amongst them was a youg singer of rhapsod called Melasigeni with his lira.

A small group of them lost themselves in the woods on the island while exploring it.

The Alzina tribe, who were islands inhabitants, imprisoned them. Continuing with their savage custom of killing those who arrive on the island, they decided to sacrifice them.

Melasigeni , on seeing his fatal destiny, took his lira and started singing.

Nureddunna, the daughter of the tribe's chief and priercheress of tribe was astonished with music and voice. She fell madly in love with the young rhapsody singer but the young maiden did not know his fatal death could be avoided.

Nureddunna is firmly against the death of melasigeni, and declares that an artist like him cannot die like the rest. She proposed that he should be offered straight to the great God of the tribe who lived in the dephts of a large cave.

The warriors didn't agree and disagreed with decission

After many arguments, Nureddunna convinces the older members of the tribe. After seeing his friends die, Melasigeni was taken into the cave. There he was tied up and left awaiting death.

During the night, Nureddunna returned secretly to the cave and set Melasigeni free, surprised he scaped. He ran towards towards the coast to meet his friends who who were waiting at the ship and wained them to scape.

The tribal warriors discovered the betrayal and were furious. They stoned Nureddunna who ran into the depths of the cave. However the greeks returned with more men and attacked the tribe. Frightned, the older men scaped and ran towards the cave when they saw the destruction of village.

In the cave they found Nureddunna's body embracing Melasigeni's lira.

The lira simbolized the new wisdom and culture, against the violence and wildness of the tribe.

The legend tells us that Melasigeni became the great Homer.





Projectmeeting in Mallorca in May 2015



Portugal

Valentim, the Cat

I am Valentim, a cat and I live in a very big house in Vila de Frades, in Portugal. My hair is yellow with brown stripes. My tail and my feet are colourful. I can see very well in the distance, I'm very brave and friendly to other animals. Some people think I'm a hero, others think I'm very smooth. People in the village really love me because I'm not afraid of coming near so that I can have some caress on my soft hair. I lived on the street, so I was a street cat. At Easter time I went to St. Anthony hermitage, where the people from the village used to make picnics to celebrate Jesus Christ Resurrection, and I took advantage to take a bite here and there. One day a man called José Valentim Fialho de Almeida met me at the church staircase. He liked me very much and took me to his house, looked after me very carefully and named me Valentim. Everyday we used to have breakfast together and then my master went out to work. He was a doctor, a writer and a journalist. On cold days I stayed by the fireplace sleeping but when summer came I enjoyed going out to the streets. I didn't really get lost and I used to help other animals in danger. Every year in Portugal people celebrate a Thursday, called Assumption Thursday. On this day my master and mistress went out and took me with them for a walk in the countryside to pick up a wheat ear, which was to hang on in each family house. This tradition is based on the belief that the wheat ear will bring luck to the family the whole year. On this walking we went to S. Cucufate, that is the name of a Roman villa, two kilometres from the village, which has a great architectonic interest as it is unique in all the Iberian Peninsula and dates back to the Roman times. Throughout the year whenever my master needed to travel, I usually joined him. Sometimes we even went to other countries, visited schools, went to museums, exhibitions. I met new people with different customs and traditions. I was always very welcome, behaved well and everybody loved me. My master was very proud and I was so special that when he founded a magazine he gave it the name Cats. My master was a very famous person in Portugal and now I became the mascot Valentim because the children from the kindergarten in Vila de Frades made me with recycled material. I live in the school. I help the pupils and the teachers carrying out different works and projects. At the beginning of December, there is a wine festivity, called Vitifrades, to promote homemade special wines that are still produced locally, as well as different regional arts and crafts. The school participates with lots of works displayed on a stall. I am always there as a way to help children and their families to show the works made by the pupils. All the children are my friends, they kiss me and sing me a song. Sometimes they take me to the park and I watch them on the swing and on the slide.



Impressions and photos of the local legend and classroom activities of Portugal



Project meeting in Portugal in May 2014



Turkey

THE CAULDRON GAVE A BIRTH TO -

One day Nasreddin Hodja needed a cauldron. He went to a neighbor of his and wanted a cauldron.

His neighbor gave it to him. After a few days his neighbor came to Hodja's house. And wanted to get the cauldron.

Hodja put a small cauldron in the big cauldron. He gave it to his neighbor. When he saw two cauldrons he was very surprised. And asked him:

Dear Hodja what is that in the cauldron. There are two cauldrons here.

Hodja answered:

Your cauldron has given birth to another cauldron.

Hodja's neighbor was surprised and very pleased. But he didn't say anything and went to his house.

After a few days Hodja wanted to borrow the cauldron from his neighbor. This time Hodja didn't take the cauldron. His neighbor was worried about it. So he went to Hodja's house and knocked on the door.

Hodja opened the door. His neighbor asked:

Dear Hodja where is my cauldron.

Your cauldron has died. answered Hodja.

The man was very surprised and asked:

Hodja, does a cauldron die?

Hodja laughed at him and said:

My dear neighbor, you believe that your cauldron. Why don't you believe it has died.

Impressions and photos of the local legend and classroom activities of Turkey







Project meeting in Turkey in March 2015

Hungary

The little shack

Hungary story

In the forrest, there is a nice little shack. A mouse goes around and sees the shack. She likes it and finds it so beautiful that she likes to live in it. After a while a lot of other animals see the shack and they also want to live in it.

The moue is very friendly and let everyone come inside.

But all the animals of the forrest , a frog, a hare, a doe, a quirrel, a hedgehog, a badger, a goat, a duck, a tortoise, a boar, a butterfly, a dog and a beer, come to this beautiful little shack and want to live together.

The bear pushes into the shack, he is too big and the shack breaks up.

All the animals run away and they are o sad that they decide to build a new bigger little shack as beautifula as before.



Impressions and photos of local legend and classroom activities in Hungary



Project meeting in Hungary in October 2013



Belgium - The Butterfly tree

The giants of Borgerhout

Long ago there was nothing in Borgerhout, no wheels, no trams, no parking, no buses, no taxis, no cars, almost nothing. But there was a river with giant fish. There was a giant forest with giant oaks, three meters wide at the roots and eighty meters high. And in those old giant oak lived the giants, gentle giants. They helped people when he wanted to pick berries high in the trees, and when they started to carry heavy stones to build houses.

In the tallest oak in the village of Antwerp, close to Borgerhout, lived the Lange Wapper, who was three times as big as an ordinary man and six times as large as a child. Every Monday, in the middle of the night, the Lange Wapper came to Borgerhout to tease everyone.

One day, Lange Wapper fell in love with a beautiful woman and together they had four giant children. The children Reus, Giantess, Dolphin and Kinne Baba were very little and Lange Wapper shouted always: 'You are too small to be a giant!'

Lange Wapper kept the children imprisoned in the old oak, but they managed to escape and took a trip around the world where they made many giant friends.

After a year the little Giants of Borgerhout returned home and Lange Wapper was very angry and jealous. But after a while Lange Wapper became friendly and he was very happy with his giant close friends.





Impressions and photos of the local legend and classroom activities of Belgium



Project meeting in Belgium - Welcome at the City Hall of Antwerp



Croatia

The story is about a magic forest. A man went into the forest to cut wood, and there he found a beautiful snake. He was a good soul, but the snake was an enchanted and evil woman. She saw that the man was good and she turned into a beautiful girl.

A good man liked her, but he was naïve, as well. They got married. The man lived with his old mother. The snake-woman still had a snake tongue in her mouth. The Mans mother saw that and warned her son. He got scared and started hating his mother. He thought she was a witch because she knew that and nobody told her.

The snake-woman was constantly trying to get rid of the mother. She sent the mother on a high mountain to get her fresh snow, so the snake-woman could wash her face in the morning. She was hoping the mother would die on the mountain, but the mother survived.

Next, the snake-woman sent the mother on the lake with thin ice to catch her fish for lunch. Mother survived that, too. When mother wanted to sew her sons shirt, the snake-woman wouldnt let her. Mother went in front of the house and cried. While she was crying, a poor young girl with sticks for fire came. She tried to sell the sticks to the mother. Mother sewed her ripped sleeve instead of paying for the sticks. The son and the snake-woman went to neighbors house for a visit, and the snake-woman told the mother to heat up some water while she comes back. Mother started the fire with the sticks she bought from the poor girl. She heard crackling noises. They were the Homenies (Domai) little spirits. They were cheerful and started dancing. The mother forgot about her sorrow for a while and danced with them. But, the Domai felt her sadness. She told them about her daughter-in-law. The brightest of Domai, named Malik Tintilini, had an idea. They promised to bring magpie eggs to the old mother. When the little birds would come out of the egg, snake-woman wouldnt resist. She would show her tongue to the son. They brought the eggs and put them under the chicken. The snake-woman wanted to brag to the whole village how she has little chickens for Christmas, when nobody else does. When the little magpies hatched, the snake-woman couldnt resist and wanted to eat them. The whole village saw her snake tongue. Instead of kicking the snake-woman out of the house, the son got angry at mother. He told her she was a witch how else would she get magpie eggs this time of year? When mother left the house, the darkness fell. The son realized he made a mistake, but was too afraid of his wife. So, he pretended to be evil. He told his wife they should go and see how mother dies in the forest because of the cold.

Mother was walking through the snow. She got tired and started the fire with those sticks she bought from the poor girl. Once again, Domai came out of the fire. They decided to help the old woman. Malik called for a deer and 12 squirrels, because there were 12 Domai spirits. They all went to Stribor, the magical forest head. The snake-woman and the son followed. The snake-woman saw it was the magical forest, but instead of being scared, she was happy thinking the old woman will die there. Stribor had a solution for the old woman. He told her he could let her go to her village, where she grew up. If she clapped her hands, she would become young again. She would also forget all about her son. But, the old woman couldnt do that. She preferred being unhappy and knowing she had a son, then being young and happy and forget all about her son. The magical forest would disappear if there was a person who preferred her sadness than all the happiness in the world. When the old woman decided to refuse Stribors offer, the magic disappeared. The snake-woman turned into a snake again.

The son and the mother made peace. The son later married the poor girl who sold the mother those sticks for fire. Malik Tintilini would visit them every winter night, and everyone lived happily ever after.



Impressions and photos of the local legend and classroom activities of Croatia



Project meeting in Croatia in November 2013



During this Comenius Project, all our children and teachers learned a lot from the habits, culture and countries of all our partners.

We laughed a lot and made many new nice friends.

We hope that these international projects will stay forever!

