

Life stories, fairy tales



A peaceful sea doesn't make a skillful sailor

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KulturNetz youth group

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Forewords

Migration has recently become a phenomenon of crucial importance for Europe, being it currently shaping its whole history. In fact, more than a million migrants and refugees crossed into Europe in 2015, sparking a crisis as countries struggled to cope with the influx and with integration issues.

By now, “the EU response to the refugee crisis has been chaotic and divisive, characterized by squabbling over sharing responsibility, cascading border closures and finger-pointing. (...) And recent events in Paris and Brussels have interjected fear of terrorism into the mix.” (J. Sunderland, Associate Director, Europe and Central Asia Division - Human Rights Watch) Historically, however, the EU has a long record of migrations and European societies have been dealing with increasing diversity for years, in such a way that we may all consider ourselves as “migrants”.

Yet, with the last year trends in migration flows, opinion and political debates all over Europe have been increasingly shaped by concerns about cultural identity, social cohesion, security, access to public services, crime and employment, always largely focusing on the (im)migrant population as a stereotyped and generalized “whole”. To make things worse, the European Union does not require any particular integration approach in its. The EU Common Basic Principles (2004) define integration as “a dynamic, two-way process of mutual accommodation by all immigrants and residents of Member States.

aspects of their identity are unlikely to succeed. Sustainable integration should aim at giving migrants a real stake in their new home, encouraging participation rather than exclusion, while requiring full adherence to laws and respect for the rights of others.” This perspective is included not only in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, but also in the European Charter of Fundamental Rights.

In this sense, guided by its principles and values, we believe that the starting point of any sustainable integration policy should be the respect for migrants and refugees as individuals, with their own stories, dreams and competences. We feel that youth organizations and European youth can have a great role in addressing this gap. By meeting the young refugees/migrants and collecting their stories (needs, dreams, fears, personal stories, journeys, expectations, goals, hopes, competences, skills, contributions), they can provide the host population with accurate and fair information about who refugees are and what are the benefits of welcoming them in the local community, promoting therefore an inclusive and tolerant society, able to recognize and value personal talents and to empower and integrate them.

“LIFE STORIES, FAIRY TALES”

PRESENTATION OF THE PROJECT

✓ OVERALL AIM:

The overall aim of our long-term training course was to develop and promote a new positive narrative of inclusion through creative and innovative youth work activities. To train youth workers and youth leaders giving the chance to young Europeans and young refugees and migrants to meet and share and explore their stories in order to match them with the needs of the communities they live in.

✓ OBJECTIVES

- To contribute to migrants and refugees integration;
- To promote intercultural dialogue and learning;
- To promote inclusion, tolerance and mutual understanding / fight generalization, racism and stereotypes;
- To promote a change of perception towards migration and refugees;
- To analyze the migrants' background, the migration flows and reasons behind it;
-
- To avoid generalization and promote “real life encounters” / to meet refugees and collect their stories;
- To raise awareness on the feelings, hopes, needs, fears, dreams, expectations,
- competences and skills of migrants/refugees and on their positive contribution to local communities;
- To develop strategies to match community needs and migrants' stories.

“Life stories – Fairy tales” is a long-term training project, which is starting in May 2019 and originally it was planned to be ended in 2020. However, Covid-19 had happened, and we needed to prolong our project till end of 2021. It had four phases.

✓ PHASE I

First training course to 02-10 December 2019, Berlin, Germany. Its main aim was to help youth workers, youth leaders to get a complete overview on the current situation, with an historical perspective on migrations in Europe and related data/figures. Participants had the chance to share perspectives and inputs from their own countries, but above all they were able to meet young refugees and migrants and get to know their stories, applying a storytelling approach in order to gather and "explore" the different stories. The experience and the gained knowledge and competences allowed participants to develop their action plans for local activities (i.e., meet refugees within their communities, gather data and stories, observe and discover the needs and features of the communities).

✓ PHASE II

Practice period January 2020 – June 2021 participants implemented the action plans they developed during the TC1 - the action plans included strategies and online and face to face activities aimed at meeting refugees and migrants and local young people in the local communities, to interview them and collect their stories together with and by local young people and to observe and analyze the local community in terms of gaps to be filled, needs, features and opportunities.

✓ PHASE III

2nd Training course in 01-09 October 2021 Antalya, Turkey
Its main aim was to step into the refugees' shoes for a week, through different simulations/role plays. Participants had the chance to better understand the stories they collected and how to match them with the needs and features of the local communities they live in. Through this activity, they had the chance to work on "everyday integration" processes based on the individual and personal stories of the refugees and migrants they met and to develop specific strategies to foster the concept of "community match" in their local realities. For this purpose, during the activity participants also worked on a social campaign and collected all the stories and experiences gathered through the project in order to produce this Booklet where the stories shared by refugees are reshaped as modern tales with different possible "finales" according to different matches within the local communities, so catching the dreams and put it into real and with tools and tips to foster the concept of "community match" within youth organizations.

✓ PHASE IV

Community matching from November 2021
Partners and participants will implement the follow up plans developed during TC2 - the plans will include strategies aimed at disseminating the publication and at implementing social campaign in order to promote a new positive narrative of inclusion and to foster the concept of "community matching".

TYPES OF MIGRATION

Some generally used migrant categories:

Temporary labour migrants (also known as guest workers)

Highly skilled and business migrants: professionals, who move within the internal labour markets of transnational corporations and international organisations.

Irregular (or undocumented, unauthorised) migrants: people who enter a country without the necessary documents and permits.

Forced migrants: refugees, asylum seekers, or people forced to move due to external factors, such as armed conflicts or environmental disasters.

Family members: who join their close relatives who have already migrated.

Return migrants: people who return to their countries of origin after a period in another country.

Refugees, asylum seekers and internally displaced persons enjoy special protection under international law. The UNHCR (The United National High Commissioner for Refugees) defines these groups as follows:

A refugee "is someone who is unable or unwilling to return to their country of origin owing to a well-founded fear of being persecuted for reasons of race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group, or political opinion."

Asylum-seekers are "individuals who have sought international protection and whose claims for formal refugee status have not yet been determined."



Internally displaced persons (IDPs) are people "who have been forced or obliged to flee or to leave their homes or places of habitual residence, in particular as a result of or in order to avoid the effects of armed conflict, situations of generalised violence, violations of human rights or natural or human-made disasters, and who have not crossed an internationally recognised state border."

COMPASS manual by Council of Europe
www.unhcr.org

HOW TO CREATE A FAIRY TALE



WAYS TO FRAME AN OPENING

Flashforward/flashback

Begin with a significant scene that takes your reader forwards or backwards in the timescale of the story

Dialogue

Hook your reader with a significant line of dialogue.

Shock

Grab the reader's attention with something dramatic and arresting.

Seduction

The softly-softly approach – draw the reader into your story by snaring them with a suggestion of what's to come.

In media res

Plunge straight into your story by starting in the middle of things, with a crucial situation linked to the rest of the narrative.

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INTRODUCE A MAIN CHARACTER

If you're writing a character-driven novel or short story, begin with the character. Let the reader see something about that character that will make them want to get to know them better. Think of it as being introduced to a real person. 'This is Emma and she works in HR' is dull. What are you going to talk to Emma about? Client confidentiality? 'This is Emma and she collects taxidermy frogs' is a conversation starter.

Don't try to shoehorn in a full description right at the beginning: 'Emma had yellow hair and blue eyes and was madly in love with her boyfriend Greg' is a terrible start because the reader doesn't know who Emma is or care about what she looks like or what she feels about her boyfriend. (You have to make them care). 'Emma had blue hair and yellow eyes and had just eaten her boyfriend Greg' is much more intriguing because it reverses conventional expectations. But better yet, make it something that relates to the rest of the novel or story. 'Emma watched the cars crash in the distance,' is the kind of line that suggests something about her (she's the kind of person who watches cars crash/she's a person who has just witnessed something dreadful). It also hints at what might be explained in the novel (why the cars crashed and why Emma watched them) and gives a clue to the writer's style and what kind of narrative might follow (detached, dystopian).

If the narrator is first-person, show something intriguing through their eyes and let their voice speak. 'I'm watching the cars crash again. I got here just in time.'

START WITH ACTION

Starting with action in a dramatic first scene is a good way to create impact and can be a really effective opener. Begin in media res, literally in the middle of things: at dramatic point in your story. It might be the discovery of a body if it's a crime novel; the breakup with an unsatisfactory lover in a romcom. Put your reader in the middle of a scene rather than build up to it over pages and pages. Keep it active. 'Emma woke up, got out of bed, cleaned her teeth and put the kettle on' is humdrum. 'Emma jumped out of the helicopter' is dynamic. Use active verbs. But be careful here - if you want to start writing a novel with a dramatic scene you have to leave yourself somewhere to go throughout the rest of the story, so build up your story and hold your big guns in reserve for when you really need them later in the story, to create a dramatic showdown.

Hook them in

How you do this will have a lot to do with what kind of story you're writing. If it's literary, it'll be by creating a unique voice and a tantalising proposition that will make readers think 'I haven't read anything like this before.' If it's crime, your first task may well be to home in on the inciting incident – i.e., the crime that sparks the investigation. 'The stab wounds precisely corresponded to the positions of the stars in the constellation of The Plough,' might make you want to read on and discover about a serial killer with a penchant for astronomy. If it's horror, you'll be wanting to create a suggestion that all is not well: 'It always felt damp in that room'. If it's historical, you'll need to introduce setting and period as well as character: 'Abigail wished she had the freedoms permitted to her brother and was allowed to ride up front on the coachman's seat'. It's amazing what you can do in a sentence when you really think about it.

Have a distinctive voice

One of the most important elements at the start of a story is the voice in which it's told. Your opening is the first and most important opportunity for the reader to encounter your narrative style, or voice. So give them a taste of it. Think of the beginnings of stories you love, and how each one could only have been written by that particular writer, whether it's Stephen King, Charles Dickens, Zadie Smith or Virginia Woolf. Be like them, as in write those vital first lines in a voice that's unique to you. But don't try and copy them – find your own writing voice and showcase it to best effect right at the beginning of your story. If your story has a first-person narrator, you need to establish their voice right at the beginning, so make sure their first words create an impression, and evoke a sense of the person saying them.

Make it clear

Although you want to intrigue your reader, you also want to invite them to read on, which means putting them at their ease so they can comfortably carry on reading. If you can evoke the atmosphere of your novel in the first few lines, or suggest something about its storyline, or introduce a main character, you'll be giving readers a taste of what they can reasonably expect the rest of the book to be like. Readers will be looking for clues about what to expect right from the beginning so anything you mention at the start will assume a particular significance.

As readers are actively hoping to be invited in by the start of your work, you want them to be intrigued enough to carry on reading but not bewildered – even if you're conjuring a dark wood full of murderers you need to make your reader feel 'safe' – in the sense of understanding that you have created a fictional world that they can rely on to deliver a satisfying reading experience.

Make it dynamic

Drop readers straight into a scene; give them the impression that they have caught something really interesting as it's unfolding. Rather than build up to a climax, put the reader right in the middle of an event. Think cinematically. The opening scene of *The Handmaid's Tale* on TV showed a family being chased through the woods. At that point viewers didn't know who the family were or the significance of the chase, but it made for a gripping start to the series. You can replicate narrative style to dramatic effect in your writing by plunging the reader into the middle of a scene. No set-up, just action and impact. Later, you will need to make sense of it but this is a striking way to begin a story if you have an opening scene that justifies such impact (i.e., it might be a great way to launch a thriller, with a fight or chase, but less useful for a rural romcom, where the village knitting marathon will not lead to the same element of tension).

An arresting line of dialogue

Just as you can be stopped in your tracks by hearing someone say something – in real life, in a play, in a film – you can grab a reader's attention from the start with a great line of dialogue. Just make sure it's either really great or at the very least has dramatic impact. And remember to add context as soon as possible after the dialogue, to start to fill in the picture to give the reader a sense of the context in which the words are spoken. This does not mean starting with 'I want a divorce' and adding a mundane line like 'said Emma as she filled the kettle while her husband Ian ate his toast.' You'd need to show how the sight of Ian munching his way through yet another slice of wholemeal fills Emma with existential despair.

The start of your story is so important it's worth experimenting several different introductions to see what works best. It may be that you know exactly where your story begins, or it may be that you're looking for the best way in. As with everything with creative writing, there's no one-size-fits-all method, and you need to apply the best one for your particular story. Test it several ways. Be prepared to revise it when you've finished and refine it until it's perfect. We hope these story-starting tips will help you.

Good luck!

Collected and written by Kati, Iliyan and Julie

Kafiya Said Mahdi story

“A peaceful sea doesn't make a skillful sailor”



This is the story of a 14-year-old girl from Somalia. Now she is on the cover pages of Marie Claire and Elle. It has been a long journey, we would like to tell her story.

She was living with her family and three sisters, but not having sons the father left the family and started a new life. So did Kafiya's mother, because a woman in Somalia cannot live on her own. There were six children in the family, Kafiya was looking after her siblings, and they lived an everyday life Somalia. But suddenly his father appeared and announced that she had been sold to an old man and she had to live with him after that.

Being a brave, revolting and responsible mother, Kafiya's mum made a very hard decision to help her daughter out of this situation. At first, she hid Kafiya and then she found a human trafficker and paid him money to take her daughter out of the country. Kafiya would never forget her mum's words before leaving:

„Now You are leaving your family, but I hope with the help of God you will find the whole world as your new family”.

After that Kafiya Said started a long and difficult journey without knowing the destination. She knew that she wanted to flee, but she didn't know where to go. At first, she got to Iran with the help of this smuggler, but legally with passport. From Iran to Turkey, it became more difficult. She travelled with a group of migrants of 30 people in an ambulance car. She spent a month in Turkey waiting for a possibility to go further with other migrants who were headed to Austria. She crossed the Greek border successfully and they were travelling by car when they had an accident. The police came and she was registered and given documents valid for one month only. She met some Somalian refugees living in Greece and they made her work for them as a slave. The documents expired and she was arrested again and send to prison for four months. She was helpless and she got no information about anything. No one could help her. After spending four months in prison, she was suddenly released. What to do next?



In this helpless situation she could call only two persons: her mum and the human trafficker. She realized that her mother couldn't have done anything for her, so she chose calling this man. He told Kafiya to wait for a group of migrants going to Austria via the Balkans. This time they had to go there on foot. It made her really exhausted. She was out of energy mentally and physically as well. She had been on the road for a year at that time. This lack of energy made her stop in the middle of nowhere in Serbia. Fortunately, there was a girl who gave her a helping hand and she could gain her energy back to move forward. As they reached the Serbian / Hungarian border all of them were captured. The young girl was taken to a children's home for her safety and because she was travelling without parents. It was a turning point in her story because she was helped by teachers and tutors there. She could attend school and take her exams. She successfully got the refugee status in Hungary. She decided to stay there because she felt safe, and not to go on with in others. Then she met a group of Somali asylum seekers and offered them help. To her surprise those people from her homeland didn't want the help she was ready to give them. The reason for that was the tradition of the Somali society ruled by men. They didn't want to accept help from a single woman.

She arrived in Hungary before 2015, the big wave of the migration; she was totally accepted by the community. After 2015, when a lot of migrants arrived in Hungary, the attitude of the community changed towards Kafiya as well, she was told to go home.

In our days she works as a model, and she got the Hungarian citizenship. She is a confident young woman, not a helpless young girl anymore. She considers Hungary her new home now. Actually, Kafiya doesn't wear her traditional clothes anymore. She had also changed mentally, she got rid of all the fears. The only fear she still has is her mother's opinion of the way she is living recently. At first when she was video chatting with her mum she put on her traditional scarf, but later she confessed to her that she is not wearing it anymore and works as a model.

As a loving mother she accepted it as a new way of life seeing her daughter's happiness.

Kafiya Said Mahdi is 22 now and she is on social sites also with the message to tell everyone that life is nice, and you should trust yourself.

Collected and written by Kati, Iliyan and Julie
Fairy tale made from Kafiya' story:

The Brave Little Princess and the Phoenix



Once upon a time there was a brave little princess living happily in a magical kingdom. She was tall and slim full of joy, she was kind-hearted. The princess especially liked animals and she always played outside in the garden of the palace. There she met a beautiful, big and colourful bird, but she did not know that it was a Phoenix. Her favourite cuddly toy Bunny was always by her side.

Our little princess had a really loving and caring mother and five little brothers. Her father was a powerful sultan.

All of a sudden, something terrible happened in the kingdom: a huge fire broke out. The peasants came to the sultan and asked for help. As the legend says, the evil dragon was living in a cave high in the mountains. It threatened people and the kingdom with destroying everything.

The sultan offered the dragon a lot of gold, but it wanted something else: his beautiful daughter. The sultan had to make a really hard decision: sacrificing his daughter. The sultan's wife wanted to save the little princess, because she loved her more than everything, even if the kingdom had to disappear. In the middle of the night, she woke her up suddenly and said:

My little sweetheart, you have to flee far from this land. Your uncle found someone who could help you, I gave him a lot of gold to take you to a safe place. You are leaving your family now, but with the help of God, I hope you will find the whole world as your new family.

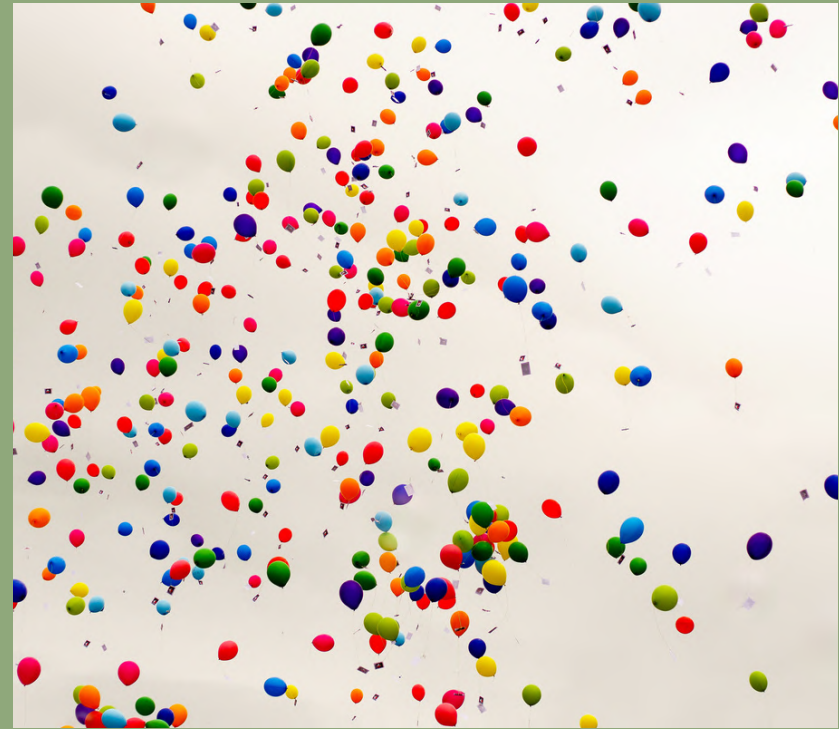
She gave her a little bag with her favorite cookies and said:

I made them for you. There are only three, use them wisely, just in case when you are in trouble.

The little princess was an obedient girl, she took Bunny with her and left the palace with this unknown man, not knowing where to go. At first, everything went smooth, they were travelling through different countries, forests, mountains and lakes. In the deep forest they were attacked by some scary, armed robbers and unfortunately, they threatened their lives and grabbed everything from them. She ran away from the thieves, but she lost the way back, she found herself alone in the middle of nowhere.

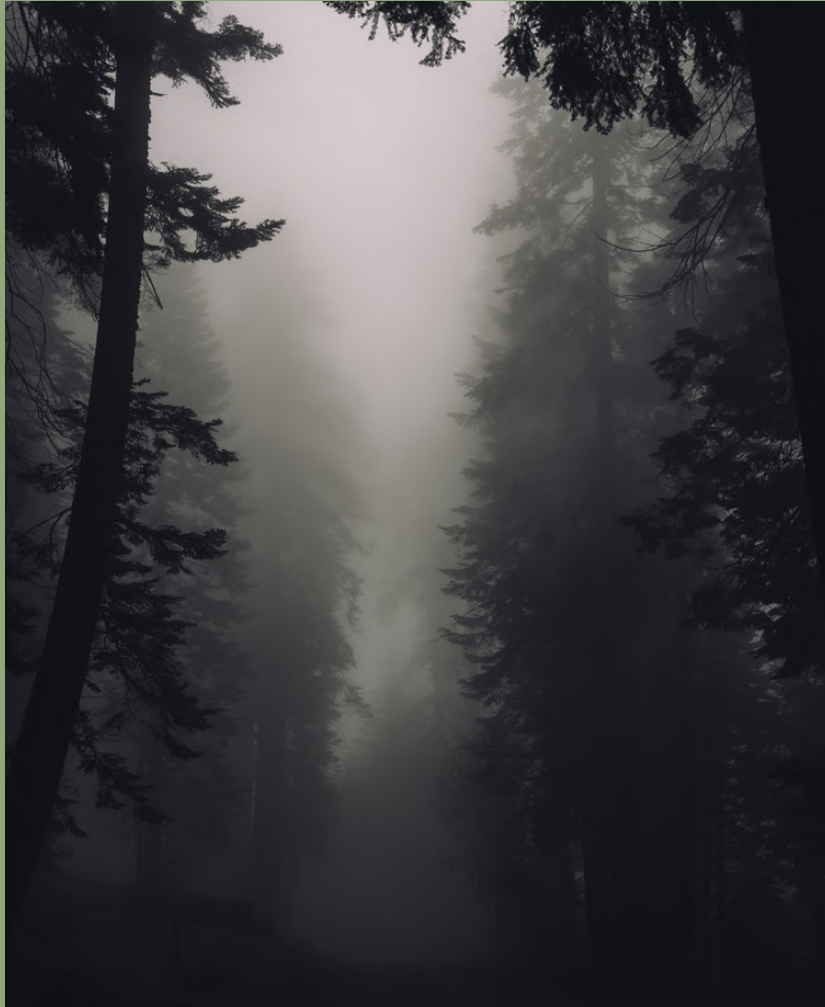
She was scared in the dark forest, feeling alone holding her bunny in her hands tightly, when she remembered her mom's cookies. She ate one of them and felt better, the sky became bright and suddenly her favourite bird, a Phoenix appeared. It warmed her hearth, and she continued her journey, two days later she found a beautiful big house with a good witch living in it, who had a magical power, and she gave shelter to her. After some years, she got good news from her mom, that the dragon was killed by handsome and courageous prince who she had met before in a ball. This fearless and handsome prince made a her a proposal to marry her. She did not accept it, she stayed in her new home, where she found a new family, people loved her so much, because she was very nice and kind to them, she brought some new traditions with her.

Her new community was really helpful, but there was a shortage of food, people suffered from famine, she did not know, how to help them. She had only two cookies left, unfortunately this amount of food was not enough to share with everybody, but again the Phoenix came to help her. The bird brought some seeds in her beak and spread them onto the ground. A day after it, big trees full of magical fruits grew from the land and the starvation was stopped. The little princess stayed in this land, and she became a queen of these people, having the Phoenix by her side all the time. They lived happy ever after.



Collected and written by Ruken, Elena, Steffi

Fairy tale made based on Xabat's story



Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Kushan, there lived a young boy named Xabat. He had never been the strongest of his brothers, but he had a beautiful, powerful voice that all the other children liked to listen to.

He lived a very quiet life, everyone around him was happy in their kingdom, because the flowers were blooming, the rivers were flowing, the forests were singing all day long. The people were very kind and they helped each other, and everywhere you turned you could see nothing but smiles and celebrations.

But trouble was right around the corner. The Buyos came to Xabat's land, led by their chief, Intuneric the Obscure. They were dark creatures and the sun did not sit well with them, so everywhere they went, they brought their dark clouds.

Xabat's people could plant nothing anymore, the trees were losing their leaves and the people were too sad and afraid to leave their houses.

One day, Xabat decided to solve the problem. He talked to his brothers and sisters, for he was the oldest one, but they all told him there's nothing he can do.

Discouraged, he decided to go and sit by his favourite tree in the middle of the forest. He had always played next to that tree as a child. As he grew up, the tree became like a confidant of his, he got comfort from laying in its shadow. He had not been there since the Buyos came to his land, because he was afraid of going outside for long; but this time, he felt like he could only get answers there.

When he got to the forest, he saw that his favourite tree was the only one still alive. He felt like he could not say a word, so he started to cry. With the leaves rustling all around him, he felt like he could hear something he had never heard before - it was as if the tree was talking to him.

He looked up at the tree and the little sunlight there was from behind the clouds was falling on three parts of the tree: a beautiful leaf, a golden ball of resin and a vibrant green branch.



Seeing this, Xabat decided then and there that he would do anything in his power to save his people. He grabbed the three gifts and looked at the tree with gratitude. At that moment, the wind started blowing and all of the tree's leaves pointed into one direction. It was decided: he was heading towards the kingdom of Dobra. Their wise king was the only one the Buyos were afraid of, so Xabat knew he would be the only one who could save them from the darkness.

Before he even knew it, Xabat was walking through the kingdom. He saw the devastation brought to his land by the Buyos and that only made him want to save his people more. He had thought his village had been the worst hit, but everywhere he went, he saw the same story over and over again.

One day, when he was nearing the biggest river in his kingdom, he met with a group of four people. They were also trying to reach the kingdom of Dobra, so Xabat went with them. They were good people, two women and two men who liked to sing and dance, but whose joy had been taken away.

One day, when he was nearing the biggest river in his kingdom, he met with a group of four people. They were also trying to reach the kingdom of Dobra, so Xabat went with them. They were good people, two women and two men who liked to sing and dance, but whose joy had been taken away.

After a while they reached a big bridge and they were getting ready to cross it when a huge mountain troll appeared out of nowhere.

"Welcome to my bridge. This is my house." he said. "Have you brought me my gifts?"

"Mighty troll, we do not wish to rest in your house. Let us pass and we will be on our way." was Xabat's reply.

But the troll was not so easily fooled. He pointed at Juma, one of the two women and said "I will take her as a gift and make her my princess."

Xabat looked in Juma's beautiful gray fearless eyes and her courage moved him into action. He remembered the gifts he had received from the tree. He put his hand in his pocket and felt the resin heating up.

"I have a much better gift for you." he pulled the glowing ball of resin out of his pocket and showed it to the troll "This is the golden sphere of Kushan. It is my kingdom's most precious gift, especially for you."

Transfixed, the troll took a step forward and allowed Xabat to throw him the ball. This had been heating up in Xabat's hand, so by the time it reached the troll's hands, it was already melting. When he found himself trapped with his hands glued together by the resin ball, the troll gave a mighty roar, but there was nothing for him to do. He was still trying to pull his hands apart when Xabat, Juma and their friends ran away.

The more they neared the kingdom of Dobra, the more light and heat they felt. But it was not a natural heat from the sun.

Xabat and Juma were becoming great friends, so he showed her the two remaining gifts from the tree. He was beginning to feel the heavy burden of responsibility, so confiding in Juma helped him.



They were nearing the kingdom of Dobra when the heat became unbearable and they finally understood where it came from: as far as their eyes could see, there was a wall of fire blocking their paths.

Xabat fell to the ground and looked at the wall discouraged, but Juma's determination could not be stopped. She turned to him and reminded him of the two gifts he still had: the leaf and the little branch.

Putting his hand in his pocket again, Xabat felt the leaf heating up. He took it out, but did not know what to do with it.

Juma's face lit up - she was a musician and had used that exact leaf many times before. She put it to her mouth and started playing. At that moment, the fire started moving as if it was hypnotised by Juma's music. All five of them passed, but the moment she did, the leaf caught on fire and she had to run to save herself.

They got to the kingdom of Dobra, tired and missing their home, but hopeful that they could help their people.

The king received them and listened to their story. His people had fought and defeated the Buyos in ages long forgotten, but he also had a problem.

Being afraid of the constant threat, the king had had his people look far and wide for help and had been given an incantation that would banish the Buyos for good.

The king's problem was that this incantation needed to be written down and read aloud by a brave soul. He had looked all over the kingdom for someone who could write down the incantation, but nothing he had tried worked. Ink became water and pencils simply did not write down a word.

Xabat felt discouraged, but he knew he had not made this journey in vain. He had learned that he could solve issues only with the help of others around him, so he was now ready to give the help himself.

With Juma by his side, he tried to use the last gift he had received from the tree - where nothing else worked, the vibrant little branch could inscribe words on paper. Taking the incantation, he read it out loud with Juma's help and the moment he said the last word, he felt a weight being lifted off his chest.

He felt in his heart that his people were now free to live their lives in peace and happiness.

The end...

Fairy tale made from Ibrahim' story
Collected and written by Goncalo, Angele and Linda

The fate of a chubby turkey



Once upon a time there was a chubby turkey called Abbu Gump. He lived in a magical land called Kennel Valley in a house made of carrots with his wife Abbudina and their little son Abudin. In that land there was a squint dragon called Thano who rules everything.

One day Thano forced him to fight against some trolls, or else he was going to burn his house, like he made to Abbu' cousin.

Abbu was afraid of the trolls, and not ready to face such terrible monsters. He was helpless and then he remembered that he had an older brother called Ocean Gump living in a sunny Garden of Gurplebridge, in a big house made of beetroot, and his brother would be able to help him and take his family out from the land of the evil dragon.

A Family of Ducks who lived nearby decided to help him, and they took Him to the big forest of Spittleton woods. The Spittleton woods forest is a magic land, and the ducks could not cross the limit, so they decided to leave Abbu alone in this land keeping his Journey, but they promised they would take care of his family.

It wasn't long before Abbu got lost. He looked around, but all he could see were trees. Unexpectedly, he saw an old witch, who offers him help to get out of that dark and dangerous forest. The witch only asked him in return his coat, his favourite coat that Abbudina had made.

He accepted the trade, and the witch took him to her house, an old wood house full of empty bottles. The witch offers him a tea and he started to shrink and shrink until he gets the size of a grape. Abbu was very worried and frightened. The witch grabbed him and put him in a bottle. That bottle was full of different scared ducks, geese, turkeys, and chickens. Then, the witch put the bottle in a bag and threw it into a river. They have been floating in the river for days, without water and food until a big eagle appeared. This eagle didn't have bad intentions and carried the bottle to the Shore of Awful Pool Mountain. Awful Pool was really full of little scary ducks, geese, chickens and turkeys. The houses were made of termite mound and there was no space for Abbu. Abbu knew what he wanted, and he wasn't going to stay there. His destination was the garden of Gurplebridge, where he will find his brother, returns to his normal size and saves his family. A white dove, used to help some of her relatives birds by taking them to their house. The dove told him that he could call his brother from his house. So Abbu went with the dove.



Finally, Abbu managed to call his brother. As he was shrunk and there are a lot of wild wolves outside, the best solution was his brother with the family taking him up.

Abbu spent three days and three nights at the dove's house and at the end of the third day, his brother Ocean arrived with his family. As soon as the Abu saw his brother, he felt safe again. They took him to the Gurglebridge Garden very carefully so as not get caught by the wolves.

In Gurglebridge Abu was finally safe, but he was still the size of a grape. His sister-in-law, a soup specialist, decided to start making potions. She tried so hard that she ended up discovering the right potion.

It took almost a year, but finally Abbu has its normal size, and its shiny feathers. Now his wife and his son has joined him in Gurglebridge Garden, they live in a house made of broccoli, they had 2 more little turkeys and being near to his brother is always a great support.

Fairy tale collected and written by Azad, Ibrahim, Georgina

The Magical Mountain Zagros



There was once a King who ruled Skotathi. This King, Kutjar, was poisoned by greed, injustice and cruelty. Kutjar wanted to grow stronger and the only way he could do this was by eating the brains of the kids of Skotathi. People were fearful of having children but if they didn't, they would be punished by death. The people lived in fear every day that their kid would be the next to be chosen. They had lost all hope. Some stopped resisting and gave into Kutjar in order to stop further suffering. However, not all families were ready to give up and started to resist against Kutjar. Roj was part of one of those families.

Roj had an unordinary childhood. He grew up in Skotathi where there was no sound of a child laughing, no sound of a bird singing, no sight of a butterfly fluttering, just mist, creeks and darkness all around. Roj's family was part of a resistance against Kutjar. Growing up, he was participating in gatherings with his family and became more conscious of the problems affecting the people of Skotathi. In one of the gatherings, an old wise man named Xane, mentioned this place call Zagros, which was known as the magical mountain. This mountain held the power to defeat any enemy. Many people had tried in the past to acquire this power but failed. Roj was very intrigued by this mountain and went to obtain some answers from the old man. "The mountain is located in the heart of Skotathi. In order to reach the top of the mountain and obtain this power, you must survive all obstacles." said the wise man.

That night Roj packed his bags and left for his journey to the magical mountain without a word. He walked for months while seasons passed until he finally reached the magical mountain Zagros. When he arrived, there was no one in sight. Suddenly, he heard a strange voice coming from the mountain. "You have shown great courage by taking this journey to reach Zagros". Roj looked around to see where the voice was coming from. He didn't see anyone but noticed a blanket glowing. He opened it up to find a variety of tools which included a sword. Roj put the tools in his bag and continued. As he went up the mountain, things became harder for him to see. The mist grew stronger and thicker. He was very tired, but he kept walking. He was very hungry as he hadn't eaten for days, but he kept walking. He couldn't see what was in front of him when he heard a screaming sound in the distance. With every step the scream got louder, until he saw in front of him a goat laying on the ground. It was bleeding.

. Roj looked at the suffering goat. Two thoughts ran through him. His mind thought "I haven't eaten for days, this goat could give me the strength to continue", however, his heart felt that he needed to help the goat. He decided to follow his heart. Using the tools that he had found earlier in the mountain, he performed a surgery to save the goat. He decided to rest near the goat in order to recuperate his strength when he started to hear a familiar voice. One that he had heard earlier in his journey in the mountain. "You did the right thing by saving the goat", said the voice, "this shows selflessness and thus you have completed another obstacle. Your reward is three tears from this goat. It has healing powers, use it wisely." Roj saw the glowing bottle of tears, picked it up and resumed his journey up the mountain. After a few hours of walking in pure darkness, he started hearing some growling. He looked around and noticed glowing eyes approaching him. A big pack of wolves was surrounding him. He stopped moving and pulled out the sword he had found in the blanket full of tools. The wolves attacked savagely and ruthlessly. He fell to the ground bleeding through the scratches and bites. He was losing a lot of blood but found the strength to defend himself and get rid of the wolves. Roj remembered the tear drops he had received and used them to heal himself. He rested for a few days to recover before arriving to the final stage. At the summit of the mountain, he encountered a wise woman, Haje, a spirit with the voice that had followed him on his journey. "Roj, you have shown great courage, selflessness, patience and resilience.", she said. "You are a wise man who is deserving of the power of this mountain. Take it with you and do what is right."

On his return, he realised everything that had happened during his absences. His parents explained to him that since he had been gone, Kujtar had eating a lot of children's brains despite their resistance. This made Roj very angry and sad. He decided to use the abilities he has gained through his struggles and experiences up the mountain to resist against Kujtar and his empire. Day by day, Roj, his family and friends put their forces together to save as many children as possible from getting their brains eaten. The children and their families were all very grateful for this and he was known as the saviour of Skotathi.

However, during this time, Kutjar had ordered spies to monitor the behaviour of the people and noticed the activities of the resistance. They were alarmed by Roj's role in this. One night Roj's house was invaded and he was arrested by the troops of King Kutjar. Roj was taken to a dungeon. He suffered a lot and started to lose hope but stayed strong. Years went by.

Roj woke up one night to the sound of a shovel in dirt and people mumbling. He was shocked when he saw who was there. It was a group of young men that were there to save him, to free him from this dungeon. Some of them he remembered as young boys that he had one day saved from Kutjar. When he got out of the dungeon, he noticed all the thousands of people that had gathered to help him. They all started marching towards the palace where Kutjar was staying. There was a brutal fight between the people of the resistance and the troops of the king. In the end, the people were victorious, although they had lost many people in this fight. The only person left now was Kujtar. Roj headed towards Kujtar who was waiting for him on his throne. "This is the day you will pay for all the suffering you have put our people through."- yelled Roj. The battle was a heroic battle in which Roj stood victorious. He held the head of Kutjar in his hand, showing it to his people. "This is the end of this oppressor who stood between us and our freedom. Never lose hope, never stop fighting for what you believe in because in the end everything will work out if you believe", shouted Roj.

From that day, the people of Skotathi have lived by Roj. They continue to live on a peaceful and free land. Roj has started a new journey to another land to help people who are in need. He encourages people to fight for their rights and beliefs in order to restore harmony and peace.

Collected and written by Darius, Hanan and Martina

Fairy tale from Qadar's story



Qadar was a very wanted child. His mother's womb couldn't hold life, as much as she tried. She prayed every night and every day. One day Allah heard her prayers and blessed her with a child that brought her hope again, so she named him Qadar. That stands for faith.

They lived in the white pearl of Africa, where there was beauty everywhere the trees, the people, the ground, everything breathed abundance and prosperity. Qadar's mom taught him to be kind and compassionate, he grew up next to her by those values, and when she died he kept honoring her by keeping to those teaching. After his mother's death, he started to have nightmares of being alone in the middle of his town and buildings were falling. He would wake up scared every morning and find a seed under his pillow, because these dreams were so frightening, Qadar would take these seeds every morning and bury them away from his sight and that way wished for them to be out of his mind. However, every morning there was a new seed. One morning he, while he was burying yet another seed, he saw a girl walking by the gates of his backyard.

Seeing her beauty and light, Qadar was inspired, and before he knew it he was no longer trying to hide the seed but instead planted it with intentions; hoping to see her again. That night Qadar slept in peace and there was no seed to be found in the morning. He was so happy that he went to the market without even passing by his backyard.

He was carefully picking Zeytun from the fruit stall and there was one in particular that caught his attention but when he reached for it, another hand got to it before he did, he looked up to see the face of the hand, and he was not surprised to see that it was the same girl he saw at his backyard the day before. Qadar did not believe in coincidences. He needed no more proof to know it was written, so he stepped ahead and told her: "Full of loneliness /This garden bloomed /Full of thorns/I bind myself in this sand castle". The girl smiled and answered him back: "What is your name/Do you have a place to go /Oh could you tell me/I saw you hiding in this garden." Qadar told her his name and she introduced herself as Nur, divine light.

When he got home, he noticed there was a sprout in the place he planted the seed the day before. That sprout grew together with their love, they got married, had 4 children but, when they were expecting the fifth child the tree (by that time) stopped growing.

Qadar had a nightmare once again, for the first time in 11 years. He dreamt two hyenas fighting each other and then one feasted on the body of its own kind.

Qadar woke up confused, 'what could that mean?'. It didn't take much time for him to receive the notice that a new war had sprung. The ruler of the white pearl got consumed by his greed and corrupted by his pride invaded a former territory of the white pearl.

Death entered the doors of Mahadallah, our hearts fell into unimaginable despair. The war never took rest. Every day the bombs took the place of our prosper rains and the sound of the birds. In our homes the doors that were before open were now closed just like our hearts. You could see despair and fear making its way to people's mind. There was no longer a future nor hope for him and his family. But then a beacon of light came to Qadar in the form of his uncle with news of a better life in a Promised Land that was enough for Qadar to get back on his feet. So together with his family they got enough money for him to start his tahrib, the dangerous journey through the red sea to the Promised Land. But they also trusted him with their hopes and dreams.

So he did.

He kissed the love of his life but not as a way of saying goodbye but a promise that they would both survive and find each other again, she with their children and him with their future. The day he had to leave his wife gave him a seed from the flower of the tree that he had planted for her. She told him to keep it close to his heart and to never lose hope.

The journey was about to start. Just at the door of his town, Qadar couldn't help to contemplate all the destruction surrounding him. How the enemy was taking command of everyone's actions. He witnessed a former friend who was now a smuggler tear apart a family who didn't have enough for everyone, a family that he grew up with. Fear and chaos can freeze the heart of kindest man. Qadar saw this and sent a prayer to his lord to protect his country and his people, to never allow the roots of fear to take hold in their chest.

Within a week they arrived at the northern coast of the White Pearl. There they were to take a boat through the Red Sea but the "boat" was actually a small raft made to carry 10 people, that was only 1/3 of the people there.

They say words are like spells and like his name, he chooses to accept whatever faith had in store for him. It took a deep breath in and carried on into the sea.

Nothing could have prepared him for what was to come. Death was once again all around him, people he recognized as companions and friends were now empty bodies in the bottom of the sea; May Allah care for their souls.

The sea was very dark and empty. During the day they had no protection from the unbearable heat of the sun. At night the anger of the sea frightening but not as frightening as what he had to witness. As each day went by, Qadar saw fear taking hold of his companions and how their eyes were slowly turning darker, emptier. One of the many sleepless nights, the same looming darkness that invaded his hometown, took the form of a fog and took over a more vulnerable companion and lead him to kill an elder that couldn't fight back, to get the life vest he was wearing. Finding himself in this situation Qadar held on to his seed and remember his family and everything it meant to survive this. The seed started to shine and suddenly the waves calmed down and peoples mind seemed to become clear as if they too remembered why they were there.

During this time, Qadar, had retreated into himself to escape the horrors of his reality and lived in the memories of his life that now seemed so far away. His prayers kept him save.

When they finally arrived at their first destination, the people who got off the raft were much less than those who got on it. For several days, they made their journey through this foreign land and into the desert. Under the scorching sun Qadar glanced at a distance and saw fog closing in on them once again. The fog surrounded them, and people started seeing water among them. He started running and before he knew everyone else was running to. They ran and ran and the water got further away, people started pushing one another to reach the eater first and soon a fight broke out. Qadar lost to the tricks that the fog was playing on him. Qadar had to witness the brutal nature of humans that was also inside him, but he started feeling the heat of the seed in his pouch. That got him out of the trance, and he held on to it very hard and the seed saved them once again. He continued to do this time and time again, without losing hope until he reached his goals.

Collected and written by Vasilis, Johana and Francisco

Fairytale from Abdel's story



Abdel is a football player who lives in Adra. He plays for his childhood club. He is very social and loves adventures. Also, he has many people around him, family, friends, and his girlfriend Meriem. He had an ordinary life up until everything changed.

Suddenly, one starry night, a big noise was heard, and people were not sure from where it was coming from. The noise was like a thunder. Everyone was shocked and a sense of fear took over them. A few minutes passed and a huge fire came from the sky. Nobody knew how this happened, it was something extraordinary. Nobody knew which the source of the fire was. They were curious to know. There was legend of a dragon that if he was awoken, he would burn the entire city like he did 1000 years ago. His fire would burn everything to the ground and give space for a new beginning. For so many years, the dragon was asleep. A witch had put a spell to keep him under control. Then the dragon was put in a cave which was sealed by a magic sapphire stone. The curse was difficult, almost impossible to break.

The people were terrified. They hoped that's just an urban legend, so they tried to calm themselves. The fire destroyed many shops, houses, parks, and public buildings. For days, they were trying to find the reason why the fire broke out, but there was nothing. They tried to put the incident behind them and move forward.

Weeks passed by. Everything was back to normal. They had almost forgotten that this even happened, up until... A fire came again at night once again. This time it was even bigger and spread very quickly everywhere. People were running in the streets, trying to save themselves. Inside the chaos, suddenly a giant dragon appeared. He was green with some golden highlights on his tail. He had big teeth and fire came out of his mouth. His wings were constantly moving, taking him from one place to another. Everybody lived in wooden houses with straw roofs, so everything was burnt, the only thing that was left was ash, smoke and broken dreams.

A lot of people wanted to do something, to stop the dragon who was terrorizing them, though they didn't know what. Some of the brave ones tried to kill him, but they failed miserably. Abdel was scared. He knew he have to do something. The fear kept him back. One day, the dragon attacked his neighborhood and burned everything to the ground. His childhood home was now just ashes.



With time the dragon got even more violent and cruel. He started abducting people and taking him to his cave. Nobody saw them ever since. Unfortunately, Abdel's family was taken too. He knew that after this he had to fight him. Otherwise, he would lose his friends and girlfriend too.

Abdel started training. He found a blacksmith who would make a special sword for him. As the legend says, a dragon can be killed by a bog iron sword. This kind of metal could only be found in Greece, in an ancient temple, where people would worship Aris, the God of War. He had to start his journey as fast as possible, but the route was difficult. He would have to pass from areas that the dragon would burn often. He had to be extra careful not to be his next target. A guy he met at the market promised to help him. Abdel decided to trust him, even though something seemed off.

The morning came, Abdel had to set off. He got in a carriage that took him to Zogrva, an East country. After that he had to be careful, because people found there would be returned to Adra. He reached the port of Zogrva, where he took a small boat that would lead him there. In his journey he was accompanied by his close friend Ismail. Ismail was already in Zogrva and was a bit more prepared than Abdel. While at the sea, the boat was hit by a huge wave and the boat was broken. Both had to swim for their lives. The sea was scary and dangerous. Abdel was constantly hit by the waves, but he kept fighting. Unfortunately, Ismail wasn't, and the deep blue of the sea swallowed him.

Abdel was washed off at the shore of Escus and receive help from a family of fisherman's that gave him food and clothes and a roof where he could recover. Abdel learned that people are not so different, and that kind people exist everywhere. The fisherman was a wise guy, and he knew a lot about dragons, when they still exist in his country and explained to Abdel that you could never kill a dragon with a sword, the only way to do it was if everybody united regardless of race, religion, and country of origin.

At the end, Abdel started a new life, with no dragons passing by, found a job, and he started studying, so he can return and educate the people, so they can be able to kill the dragon with other means.

Collected and written by Márta, Edit and Timi

The Others



CHAPTER I

Once upon a time in a tiny village somewhere in the world, there was a little girl called Honey. She is 10 years old and loves Honey that's why her parents call her honey.

Honey has curly, long, blond hair. Her eyes are so blue like the ocean, that's why she is a good swimmer.

Honey goes to school every day, learns a lot, and has many friends. Her biggest passion is reading books. And even though she never travelled somewhere, she read a lot about the world.

Chapter II

One day her parents tell her that they have to leave the village, because the father found another job in the neighbor village.

Because she read a lot about this village, first she was really excited to see the mountains and the river, but she knew that both villages are in conflict together, cause of the old history. The day came and they packed everything they had and moved to the other village.

In her first day of school, she was so eager to find new friends.

She was sitting to a brown-haired girl, wearing a beautiful dress, what was painting a picture of a white castle.

Honey started to introduce her, but the brown-haired girl was rejecting her.

So, she thought: „Is it real what I read in the book, it was not just a fairy-tale? Maybe is not real! Maybe she just has a bad day. I will let her be.”

In the break time she saw a group of kids playing in the yard and she went to them to ask if she can play too. They answered:

-No! You cannot play with us! You are not one of us! You are one of the others.

When she came back home she asked her parents:
Who are 'The others'?

- Come on Honey, let's sit down. We have to talk to you! It's time you knew.

And then they explained to her that all she ever read about this conflict between the two villages is true and that people are rude to each other's just because of the bad blood from ancient history. She was just a kid and could not understand why children like her couldn't play together.

Chapter III

While staying alone on the side of the river thinking about her day something caught her attention. A child was screaming from the bottom of his lungs for help. When she turned her head around, she saw that her classmate was drowning in the river. without thinking she went and grabbed a branch and handed it to him and pulled him out of the river...

work in progress

hapter IV

Now Honey is a doctor and her passion remained helping people. She opened a free practice in order to help people from both sides. The name of the practice is 'The Others'.



Collected and written by Eyad

Princess' memory



Once upon a time, in a very distant village, where the sun hides up shy in the sky and there is no time for sleep, a young girl of unmistakable strength, passionate curiosity and enchanting presence came to face an experience that would change her life forever. This quest of excellent importance would mark a different chapter in her life, worthy of respect not only for her but also for the other villagers. What inspired her was the search for meaning, the search to achieve an objective and to broaden her horizons, of knowing she was trying her best and facing some of her biggest fears that motivated her to make this decision.

On the other side of the mountain lives the ancestor tribe, that no villager is allowed to cross, where the sun is always shining, and time has no meaning because of the slave hand of labour. No villager had ever had the privilege of swimming in their sea or wander in their gardens. The prophecy says if a poor village works hard enough, one day a door might open up and they might ascend into the grandiosity of the mountain kingdom but there is no knowledge of someone ever achieving it.

As she was growing up, there was map planning out how she and the other kids in her continent should go and their lives. As a young adult, she finally had the possibility to make some decisions but even then, the opportunities were limited and without a certificate you would not go far. It was necessary, the same way a sword or a shield are in times of war.

Before leaving on her journey, she had to take a test which would avail if she was reliable to represent her community. Her skills were put on stake, such as fighting magical lexical beasts, learning how to do taxes by heart, prove her worth, motivation and capacity to lose days and nights of sleep for the sake of this project and engage in multiple mind games with the eldest of the vampires.

Having surpassed the first tests, she was now to head to the forest to face the real monsters. She was frightened and unsure since she was representing her village, there was the sense of responsibility on her back and the pressure on her lids. She expected a 9-hour direct route ahead of her. However, times had changed and the queues at the border were huge, and she had only enough goods to exchange for a low-class journey, with 5 stopovers, and no food included.

There was no way to predict the challenges to be faced when arriving at the forest. All types of different creatures could be found roaming around - from the darkest witches to the dwarves' communities and the zombies who never left the mall, turtles with elephants on their backs, women pregnant with lizards.

Upon arrival, all she had ever come across before was now slowly changing. The fear was immense, but if there's anything to be learnt is that fears are made to be destroyed and faced. So, it went. She engaged in all the dangerous games and challenges this forest had prepared for her, many unexpected - avoiding all the poisoned apples from old witches, avoiding all the wrong apples by snakes, not letting old mules take over your chance to speak up, not letting the spiteful mermaids take away your voice, fitting in all the right shoes and avoiding the wrong ones.

It was not easy. There were many days of darkness, rain, doubt, regret, thinking about going back to the safety and comfort of the little cottage back in the village. The journey was hard but toughened her up. The too strict dragons, indestructible in theory, constantly doubting her decisions, softened and together everyone learnt how to negotiate and stand up for their values in a respectful way. It also represented a big opportunity to make contact with far away kingdoms, such folk to whom she writes letters still to this day. She faced the fear and is now stronger for it. She realized what matters is not the competition but the conscience of doing her best and facing new challenges. Concerning the respect for her own body and mind, she realized it is important to work and focus on your goals, but it is equally important to know when to rest as well. We can't all be sleeping beauties. She became stronger not only individually, but her experiences will be spread onto her village where she will be able to share her learnings with other youngsters and share points of view related to her experience.



Collected and written by Mariana, Najma, Najmo

Aurora's fairy tale



Once upon a time there was a peasant girl called Aurora. She had big brown eyes and a caramel skin tone along with a compassionate and energetic soul. She had dreams and hopes of becoming something big. Her grandmother told her stories about the land of Khisfire before the evil witch took over and in her thoughts, it sounded like a fairy-tale. It was beautiful. She told her about those beautiful rivers and very tall palm trees. The land was safe. After the evil witch came to power, the land of Khisfire became fragmented and now is divided into five different kingdoms - Briony, Elysian, Sarichia, Zariya and Meira. Aurora lives in the capital of Khisfire, Briony - the land of One Fire - with her old parents.

Aurora was going to the market and found a drawing. It was made with bluestone, a rock that is in the top of a mountain in Sarichia, that, when in contact with water, creates this beautiful shade of blue with which priests used to write the songs of the trees. This was a drawing of a river, and it said "Elysian" at the bottom. She became instantly connected to it, dreaming of what would be in that water, how fresh it would be, how warm the sun would caress her skin, and she kept it in a secret pocket of her dress. On her way, two guards of the evil witch stopped her for a random check-up in order to see if she had any kind of magic stuff on her. As soon as she saw them, she remembered her mother's warning and that she forgot to hide her magical amulet. They asked her, "What is this?" and tried to take it without explanation, but they couldn't because it burned their hands. Aurora felt helpless and like she couldn't do anything. She saw how other people were getting stopped and harassed by the guards. One of the men who got stopped was Bruvis, the owner of a fabric shop that she went to ever since she was a little child. She saw that they took him somewhere.

The land was becoming too dangerous for someone who was able to perform magic, like her. She talked to her parents, who sadly agreed. They cried but desired the best for her daughter.

Aurora's mother helped her to sneak out of the city to catch the only caravan that left the kingdom. They hugged like they didn't know when the next hug would be, because that was the case. Aurora's mother saw her daughter disappear in the darkness, while she went to the hidden woods from where the caravan left. It was totally forbidden to leave the kingdom without the evil witch's approval. The thing is the evil witch didn't approve anything or anyone that was magical except from her. So, in these woods, with the lights of candles and torches, you could see every sort of magical creatures - dwarves, elves, witches, wizards, old spirits, new spirits, leprechauns, elves, dragons... All were forced to leave their homes because of the dangers that came with being themselves. Aurora held on to her necklace as the caravan began to move. Her mother told her to never take it off, because it brought protection and clear sight - which meant she could see things as they are, not how they appear to be.

The next two days of the trip went smoothly and nostalgic. Aurora didn't talk to anyone except when it was extremely necessary. She fell asleep looking at the drawing she found on the market, daydreaming and nightdreaming. She was still processing what happened. Aurora had this weird feeling in her skin and in her heart. A feeling one feels when they don't feel like they belong. She needed to run away because what she was considered wrong in her own homeland. Was she less of a person? Was she evil? She fell asleep.

In the first stop they did, after some moons, they arrived in a small village where it was raining. As soon as the car stopped everyone ran to a puddle so they could have something to drink. People stepped on each other, thrumbled, pushed, grabbed, choked. That is one of the effects of despair on humans.

After that they walked through a cornfield, but it was all dry. Aurora made corn appear magically and everyone thanked her and greeted her with a tired smile. That was something she had never experienced - appreciation for her magic.

After many moons, they finally arrived in a desert. The group was divided into different small groups so that they could cross the border without getting caught. Her magical intuition told her something bad was coming so she started to run, as fast as she could, but the horizon was not coming closer. She looked down and she actually was in the same place after wasting all her energy trying to escape whatever was coming. She touched her necklace, and a thought came to her head. Witchcraft. Powerful one. A tall man dressed in red appear in front of her. He was Chel. Aurora had heard of him. A powerful wizard that took people that tried to escape the evil witch as slaves. She stopped fighting at the sight of him. All was doomed. No one ever escapes Chel and his blood cloak.

Chel made a whole appear in the ground and took Aurora and all the magical creatures through it. There was a stone staircase that seemed to never end. While going down that staircase they heard many noises. Scary noises, of people being tortured, begging for mercy, praying, singing lullabies to put themselves to sleep. When Aurora arrived there, she could see the bruises on people's faces. Some were wearing ripped clothes with blood on them. Some had marks on their backs because of the whips that the guards used as a tool to punish them. Some had no eyes, or no tongue, or no legs. The darkness was consuming her. Her necklace was losing its shine and Aurora was losing hope.

Then Aurora met Ayra, from Meira, the land of Three Winds. She was taller than Aurora, but carried herself as she was very little, curved, and scared. She was younger. As the time passed, they created a bond telling stories to each other - about their past lives, about lives that never existed, about what could happen in the future. Those stories kept their fire alive. Aurora felt she needed to be strong for her, her little sister. She tried to find the drawing to show Ayra, because it was something that had brought her peace all this time since she found it in the market. She searched everywhere, but she concluded it was probably lost in the journey.

One night as they were talking, very quietly, Ayra told Aurora that her family would meet her in the first stop of the boat and then she would travel to another place, and she could come with her. Aurora's eyes sparkled. At the moment she was about to tell Aurora more about this place that could be their home, they heard that four men were planning their escape. Aurora went to them and said, "I would like to go with you", but the men answered abruptly "No. You are a girl and will slow us down". Seeing her eyes so sad, one of the men, Riu, felt bad and didn't want to leave someone behind. He went to Aurora before their escape and said "Come, you can go with us. I will convince the rest". Aurora answered with "I can't leave without Ayra". He agreed to it, and said "Be ready in one hour". Aurora went to Ayra with excitement and gave her the good news. The girls got ready and met Riu at the meeting point. Riu told them that they had to run and jump over a fence before the guards realized they were missing and that they had to catch up with the others before the boat left. They started to run and when they got at the fence, Riu helped the girls to cross over the fence. Aurora went first. When it was Ayra's turn, her skirt got stuck in the barbed wire of the fence. She fell on the floor and started screaming "My ankle! My ankle!". Riu and Aurora went to Ayra to check her leg and they saw that her ankle was sprained. They said to Ayra to try to stand up to see if she could walk. Ayra couldn't stand up and said to them "Guys, go on, I won't be able to finish the journey with you" to which Aurora answered "No way, you're coming with us. Take this necklace and wrap it around your leg. It will heal you and protect you". Ayra did it and Aurora and Riu grabbed her by the shoulder. They started walking slowly in the beginning but gradually got faster because Ayra's ankle regenerated completely and there was no time to waste. If they lost the boat, they would never leave that place again, and probably with no eyes. After a while Ayra said to Aurora "What is this necklace that you gave me?". Aurora just smiled. They arrived at the boat just in time for the departure.

They went on a small wooden boat that had the capacity for 15 people but held 40 people and beings from different countries from different species, pasts and dreams. After one day they saw how people were being thrown out of the boat. Even with the magic, it was too heavy to carry that many people and the boat started to sink. Ayra looked at Aurora and said "It seems that the boat will sink before we arrive, but I had a dream this night and I'm holding onto it". Aurora asked what the dream was, and Ayra answered: "We were sitting next to a river in Elysian, on a Sunday, just speaking, laughing, and at peace". Aurora was in shock. She couldn't speak out of excitement. Ayra realized this and tried to get some words out of her. All she could get was "No way! Wait... You're going with your family to Elysian after we arrive!?". Ayra answered, perplex: "Well, yes... Why? Didn't I tell you that before?". Aurora just stuttered "No!". At that moment, she felt the urge to check on her shoe, because she felt something there. It was the drawing! Aurora was ecstatic: "Ayra! You won't believe this! I never told you this but at the market in my hometown, I found this drawing. It is of a river in Elysian.". Aurora gave the drawing to Ayra and she screamed "That's the river of my dream! I don't believe this! We have to go there on a Sunday!" and they start laughing. The people and beings in the boat didn't understand this sudden excitement. They were depressed, wet, cold, hungry, tired. Riu, who was always very quiet and polite, asked them "What are you laughing at? I want to laugh too" so they told him about their river and he was excited for them. Seeing them happy gave him hope.

After a while, Ayra whispers to Aurora "Do you see that big and beautiful boat over there? A fishermen boat?". Aurora laughs at her "You are starting to hallucinate! Put something around your head or your brain will fry". Ayra looked at her and shrugged, looking at the distance, probably at the boat only she could see.

On the second day, the smuggler pointed out people to throw randomly out of the boat. Ayra was one of the chosen ones. Aurora couldn't believe it. No. She wouldn't accept it. Tears rolled over her face as she declared "Either we survive together or die together." Ayra was brave. She would accept her destiny with grace. "At least one of us has to live and fulfill our dreams". Aurora had no answer for that. She saw her grow up to become this courageous woman. "Don't forget about our river" Ayra said "I will meet you there. The fishermen on the boat are calling me.". So she went.

Aurora broke down and fell into the loneliness pit she thought she would never feel again after she met her little sister. She got confused by what Ayra said before she was thrown out. What boat was she talking about? Was she seeing angels? She couldn't even think about it. She got anxious and she touched her neck to check if the necklace was there. Luckily, it was with Ayra. Just where it should be. The rest of the trip was very hard for Aurora.

dead, Ayra". "You remember the boat I was telling you about?". Aurora remembered then. "They weren't angels?". Ayra smiled "Better, they were jinn's! I think your necklace made me able to see them. They have a house of glass in the ocean. They asked me where I was going, and I told them - a river I saw once in a dream".

On the last day, she was thanking Riu for everything he did for them. She praised his kindness and the fact that he was willing to help them even though the risk of getting caught was high. She asked, "Where are you going after we arrive?". Riu said "My wife lives there, in a farm where she cultivates food and raises animals, so I will join her. We're going to settle down and create a family. What about you?". Aurora realized that she had no plan now that Ayra was gone.

She decided to leave with Riu to see his wife. He ran to her and after a warm embrace from the couple, he introduced them "Aurora, this is my wife". Aurora and the wife greeted each other. She was very kind and worried about the trip. She was saying something about Aurora staying with them, but Aurora couldn't take her eyes off a family that was standing in front of her. The family came closer and approached them. They asked about a girl named Ayra. Aurora threw herself on the floor, sobbing, crying, screaming, and moaning. In this moment, Riu explained everything that happened to Ayra's family and the sister bond they created during the journey. The family was happy to know that Ayra had someone like Aurora on this journey, that she was not alone and didn't die alone. In exchange for her kindness, they offered her help - they would take her to Elysian with them.

Aurora went to Elysian and when she arrived there, the guard took her to the palace where she met the queen and formally asked to be part of the people of Elysian. It was granted. She stayed with Ayra's family for a while, but after the word spread about Aurora having magical abilities, she became one of the most important healers of the Elysian people.

There was only one thing missing. Ever since Aurora moved there, she had been going to the river every Sunday to honour their dream. Ayra's dream. There was a whole in her, that she was beginning to accept would be a part of her life from then on.

In a beautiful Sunday, she was sipping a tea she made, looking at this view in the river, remembering all she went through so that she could be there, when she sees the reflection of a familiar figure. She couldn't believe her eyes. It was Ayra, in a beautiful blue dress. How? They ran to each other and hugged so tightly their souls became one, as they had always been. Aurora thought she was dreaming; she couldn't believe her eyes. She finally asked her after a while of being silent in the state of surprise "How did you survive? I thought you were dead, Ayra". "You remember the boat I was telling you about?". Aurora remembered then. "They weren't angels?". Ayra smiled "Better, they were jinn's! I think your necklace made me able to see them. They have a house of glass in the ocean. They asked me where I was going, and I told them - a river I saw once in a dream".

This booklet is a product of the Erasmus+ Long Term Training Course on social integration of young refugees and migrants into the local communities through fairy tales by storytelling and community matching "Life stories, Fairy tales" implemented by KulturNetz youth group between December 2019 and October 2021 in Germany and Turkey, in partnership with YOPA from Hungary, Greek Youth Mobility from Greece, Nordic European Mobility from Sweden, ASOCIATIA GEYC from Romania, Associação Academia Cidadã from Portugal, Asociación IMAGINA from Spain, Iniziativa Democratica from Italy, Eurocircle rhone alpes from France, WALK TOGETHER from Bulgaria and Kultur Bahcesi Dernegi from Turkey. It provides a collection of fairy tales created by the participants based on real life stories of migrants during the project time.

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In memoriam Márta Bertalan...

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