

HERO'S JOURNEY: THE POWER OF STORYTELLING FOR WELLBEING

Training Course

NETHERLANDS

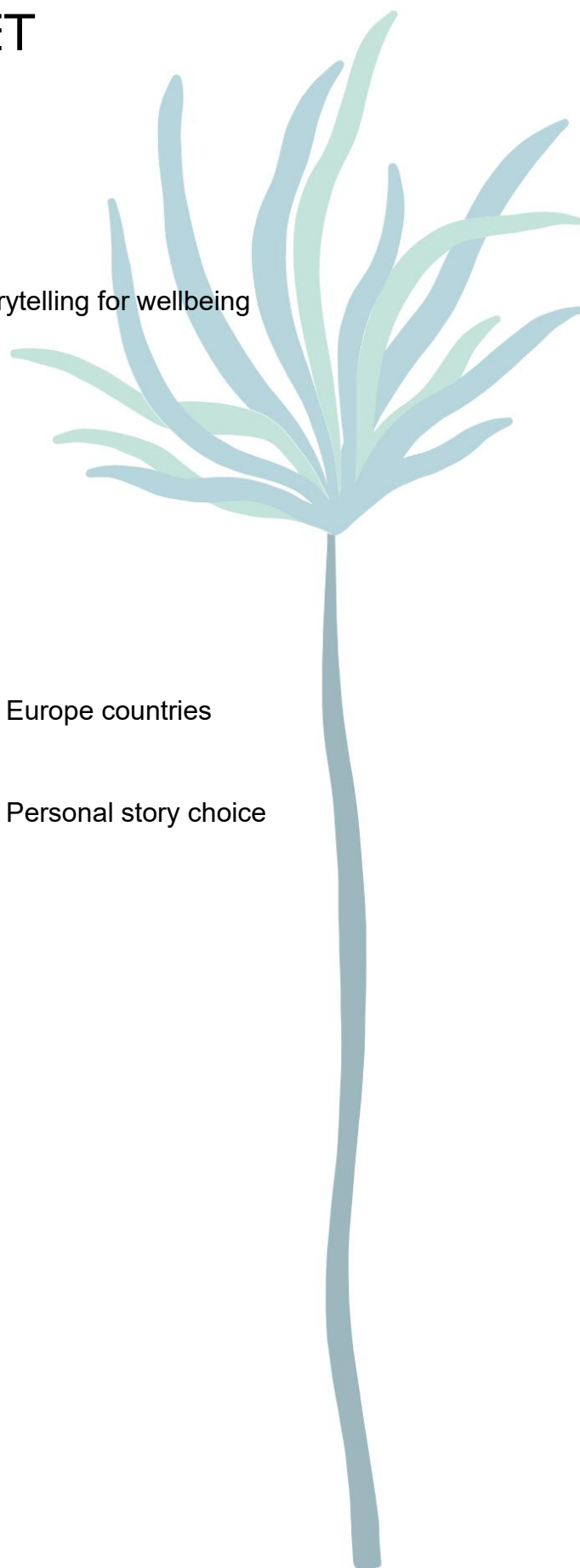
MAY 2022



WELCOME BOOKLET

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Project Hero's Journey: the power of storytelling for wellbeing

KA1 Erasmus+

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With special thanks to our partners:

Noesis - Spain

Active Rainbow - Latvia

ROES - Greece

CYA KRIK - North Macedonia

Be on board - Bulgaria

Wilderness association - Cz Republic



Erasmus+

The European Union's Erasmus+ programme is a funding scheme to support activities in the fields of Education, Training, Youth and Sport.

Erasmus+ Erasmus+ is a subsidy program of the European Union that supports education, training, youth and sport in Europe. The program aims at offering young Europeans the opportunity to study, train, and gain experience abroad.

The program is offering support and funds to a variety of European institutions that are working with young people and their development, personal and professional.

Erasmus+ Youth is open to all young people, not just those involved in education or training. With Erasmus+, participate in a youth exchange abroad.

Erasmus+ Mobility of Youth Workers Among the other activities of this section fall the Mobility of Youth Workers. This section supports the development and increase of the quality of youth work activities in Europe. Therefore it offers a range variety of Training Courses for Youth Workers and relevant professionals to develop their skills, as well as to acquire new ones.

National Agency Each European and partner country has a National Agency, who is taking care of the distribution and monitoring of the funds of the European Union regarding the Erasmus+ program. For the Netherlands this is a role taken care of from the NJI.

NJI The Nationale Jeugd Instituut is the National Institute for Youth in the Netherlands. The institute is not only taking care of the funds of the European Union for youth, but also the national funds regarding education, youth participation and the improvement of the lives of children, young people and their educators.

For more information and inspiration:

<https://www.erasmusplus.nl/english>

https://ec.europa.eu/programmes/erasmus-plus/about_en



"EVERY FAIRY TALE IS A
MAGIC MIRROR THAT
REFLECTS SOME
ASPECTS OF OUR
INTERNAL WORLD AND
THE STAGES
NECESSARY TO GO
FROM IMMATURITY TO
FULL MATURITY".

The Uses of Enchantment,
Bettelheim, Bruno

Hero's Journey: the power of storytelling for wellbeing

The story behind

Social issue

“Fear, worry, and stress are normal responses to perceived or real threats, and at times when we are faced with uncertainty or the unknown. Added to the fear of contracting the virus in a pandemic such as COVID-19 are the significant changes to our daily lives as our movements are restricted in support of efforts to contain and slow down the spread of the virus. Faced with new realities of working from home, temporary unemployment, home-schooling of children, and lack of physical contact with other family members, friends and colleagues, it is important that we look after our mental, as well as our physical, health.” WHO

Covid-19 put the whole world into a difficult situation. It is a challenge for politics, economy, social situation. It is threatening the physical health of the infected and psychological health of all others.

The number of adults reporting Symptoms of Anxiety Disorder and/or Depressive Disorder is four times bigger than it was in 2019, and many elements are adding to it. Fear for your life and the lives of your beloved ones. Restricted social contact and the possibility to release any stress and tension. Prolonging lockdown. Submarine disease for people living in the same place. Income-connected worries. The list could continue endlessly.

Hero's Journey: The power of storytelling for wellbeing is a KA1 Erasmus+ Training Course project funded by the Dutch National Agency. It brought together seven partners from Netherlands, Spain, Greece, Bulgaria, CZ Republic, North Macedonia and Latvia.

AIM and OBJECTIVES

The AIM of the project was “To equip organizations with the storytelling method for educating the youth at risk on how to take care of their mental health & well-being.”

The objectives were:

- To equip 26 youth workers with the storytelling competence and its usage for educating on how to take care of their mental health & well-being.
- To discover effective strategies for educating on mental health & well-being both offline & online.
- To design and implement workshops using storytelling methods for educating youth at risk on how to take care of their mental health & well-being.
- To identify, publish and promote stories that can be used for fostering empathy, understanding, and self-reflection to promote mental health & well-being.
- To promote the importance of mental health & well-being in a way it reaches at least 10 000+ people.

Approaches

We work with EXPERIENTIAL LEARNING: learning by doing & leaning by experiencing.

The learning is a collective process. During the training we offered the foundations for the group to work together and learn from each other, common sharing and reflections.

The participants experience was supported by intercultural learning and embodiment of the activities.



THE METHOD

Human civilization has been evolving around stories and narratives which constitute our identity and seeing of the world since prehistoric times. Stories have an enormous influence on the human mind and perception.



With the tales we are using an ancient instrument that was transmitted to us from the world of the ancestors, our parents and grandparents teaching things and preventing emotional problems and showing us maps of consciousness. Stories talk from our past, fears for our future, and high and low moments from our lives. We're all more than just one dimension or one story. Simply listening to and acknowledging others' stories, helps to create a greater sense of wellbeing, reducing the risk of loneliness and stress. [1]

For that reason, stories are a brilliant tool to work with human health and well-being, and working through storytelling provides an opportunity to shift these inner narratives to a more positive and empowering one.

According to Pamela Rutledge [2] stories are at the center of everything we do. How we tell our stories controls our mood, self-image, and the influence we have on others. Our stories can also dictate our future paths and successes. Therefore, understanding storytelling is not only key to how we feel about ourselves and how we interact with others, but it gives us valuable tools we can use to make change.

The stories have different functions [AICUENT]:

- Cultural Function: collects the cycles of the harvests and the stars. It reflects customs, rituals and superstitions.
- Attentional function: Captures motivation and eliminates distraction.
- Symbolic function: Works emotions, desires, fears,...
- Normative function: Remember and at the same time download the rules of daily life.
- Creative Function: Stimulates fantasy and the creation of images and concepts.

Stories, storytelling and mental health

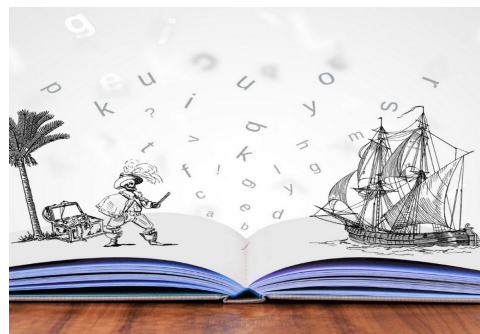
WHAT IS A STORY?

A narrative, story or tale is any account of a series of related events or experiences, whether nonfictional (memoir, biography, news report, documentary, travelogue, etc.) or fictional (fairy tale, fable, legend, thriller, novel, etc.). Narratives can be presented through a sequence of written or spoken words, still or moving images, or any combination of these. The word derives from the Latin verb *narrare* (to tell), which is derived from the adjective *gnarus* (knowing or skilled). Along with argumentation, description, and exposition, narration, broadly defined, is one of four rhetorical modes of discourse. [3]

Oral storytelling is the earliest method for sharing narratives. During most people's childhoods, narratives are used to guide them on proper behavior, cultural history, formation of a communal identity and values, as especially studied in anthropology today among traditional indigenous peoples.

Stories are a vehicle for growth because they help, to grow and increase our "being ourselves", since all stories reflect aspects of ourselves. They are the screen in which we see ourselves reflected in the most intimate aspects, since the story has a complete register of emotions, containing fundamental truths and basic human conflicts.

Understood in this way, the stories are an outline of the possible adventures that can happen to us in our lives. They are in this way, the path that leads to the beginning, to the middle and to the end and provides us through the positive characters what is the correct attitude and what is the path to take at each crossroads. And how to fight against the negative parts responsible for making us stumble on our way.



The stories are an outline of the possible incidents that can happen to us in our lives.

- They are the path that leads from the beginning, to the middle and to the end,
- Through the positive characters they provide us with the correct attitude and the path to take at each crossroads.
- Through the characters in disregard, how to fight against the negative parts responsible for making us stumble on our way.

WHAT IS STORYTELLING?

Storytelling is the act of telling stories, which are narratives with a beginning, middle, and end. Storytelling is universal to the human experience. Indeed, although it is likely impossible to prove, it has been suggested that storytelling developed not long after the development of language itself.

Oral storytelling is telling a story through voice and gestures. Like storytelling itself, the tradition of oral storytelling is ancient and crosses cultures. The oral tradition can take many forms: epic poems, chants, rhymes, songs, and more. It can encompass myths, legends, fables, religion, prayers, proverbs, and instructions.

Storytelling is as old as culture. Many societies have long-established storytelling traditions. The stories, and performances thereof, function to entertain as well as educate. Storytelling is universal and is as ancient as humankind. Before there was writing, there was storytelling. It occurs in every culture and from every age. It exists (and existed) to entertain, to inform, and to promulgate cultural traditions and values. [4]

Stories can be used to explain and illustrate abstract ideas or concepts in a way that makes them accessible and attainable. Stories bring facts to life, make the abstract concrete and, through meaning making, walk the listener through the mind of the scientist or mathematician (Ellis, 2005) to understand the value and application of such concepts. Wells (1986) argued that storytelling is a fundamental means of meaning making. Teachers are experts in their field and, as a result, are accustomed to using sophisticated language that can intimidate and overload a novice. Storytelling breaks down the communication barriers between experts and novices and forms an accessible bridge for both to meet intellectually. [2]

Stories, storytelling and mental health

We do know that all cultures have told stories. In 2018, researchers announced the discovery of the oldest known cave paintings, made by Neanderthals at least 64,000 years ago, in the Spanish caves of La Pasiega, Maltravieso and Ardales. Like some other early cave art, it was abstract. Archaeologists who study these caves have discovered drawings of ladder-like lines, hand stencils and a stalagmite structure decorated with ochre. [4]

Over time, cave art began to feature human and animal figures. The earliest known cave painting of an animal, believed to be at least 45,500 years old, shows a Sulawesi warty pig. Sulawesi also has the first known cave painting of a hunting scene, believed to be at least 43,900 years old.

In Europe, some of the earliest evidence of stories with human and animal figures comes from the cave drawings in Lascaux and Chauvax, France. The drawings, which date as far back as 30,000 years ago, depict animals, humans, and other objects. Some of them appear to represent visual stories. It is even possible that the scenes depicted on those cave walls were associated with some kind of oral storytelling. [5]



USING STORIES FOR MENTAL HEALTH AND WELLBEING

Folk tales are food for the child's soul, they stimulate their fantasy and fulfill a therapeutic function: first, because they reflect their experiences, thoughts and feelings, and second, because they help them to overcome their emotional ties through symbolic language, emphasizing all the stages - periods or phases - that the children go through throughout their childhood. [5]

According to the storytherapy organization in Spain AICUENT [1] some emotional states and values that we can work/attend/manage through stories are:

- Emotional contagion/ Relationships with parents
- Security and parental/maternal support: complicity and tenderness
- Selfishness and cooperation.
- Fraternal relations: collaboration and rivalry, jealousy.
- Sexual identity and puberty.
- The fears. The duels. Aging and death.
- What enslaves us: additions/dependencies
- Self-esteem and self-acceptance
- Autonomy from the experience of separation – abandonment & loneliness.
- Internal strength and personal criteria.

In Spain, the director of the organization AICUENT, Lorenzo Pallarés, started using the word **Storytherapy** in 2002.

Definition: Storytherapy consists of the use of stories as therapy. Etymologically, it would be the use of stories as a remedy for the treatment of diseases. For him, storytherapy definition is more accurate as virtuosity or the art of healing through stories.

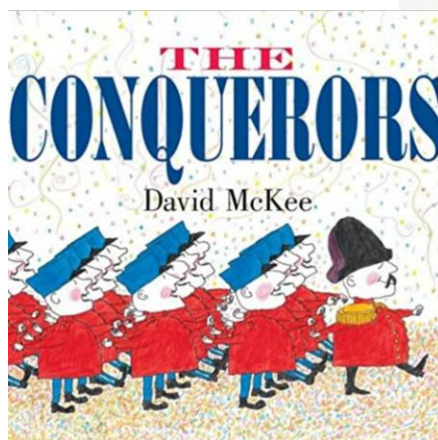
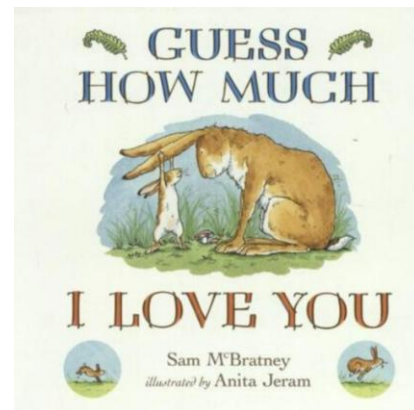
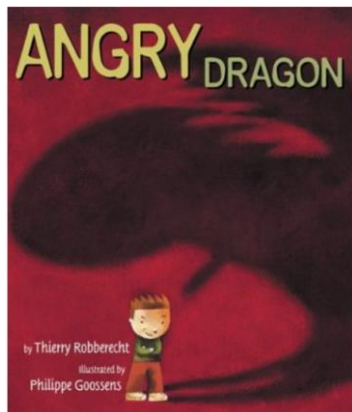
Origin: the use of stories for therapeutic and healing purposes is something as old as humanity itself, regardless of the way this tool was called.

Concept: There has always been the use of stories with the purpose of healing or teaching moral aspects and reflection, growth and maturation of human beings.

AICUENT has created a simple classification of the stories by significance;

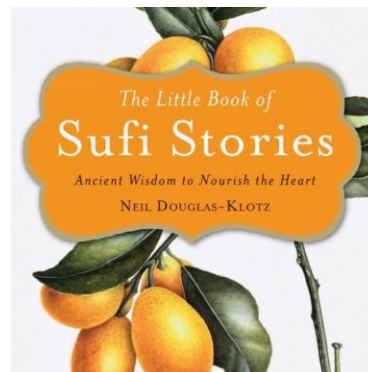
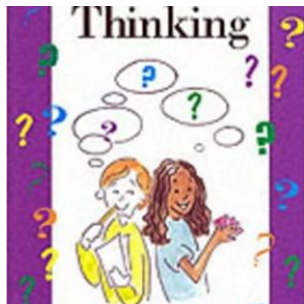
1. Sensitive tales “Emosemics”

- They are simple and they go directly to the world of feelings.
- They are mainly illustrated and the message is given by the combination of the image and text.
- They create an emotional state.
- Creates a change of vision or inner state.



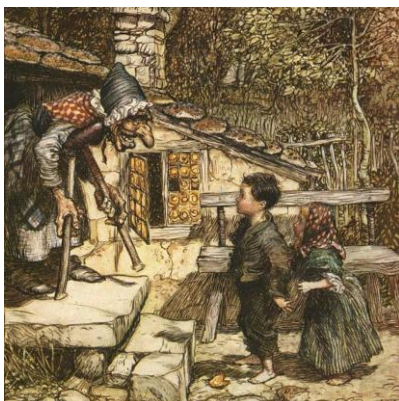
Monosemic tales; "Message stories".

- The story has only one meaning.
- Its purpose is usually exemplary.
- It seeks to educate in one aspect.
- They introduce a shift of attention from the expected to the unexpected.
- To access the unconscious they usually use the paradox, allegory or metaphor.

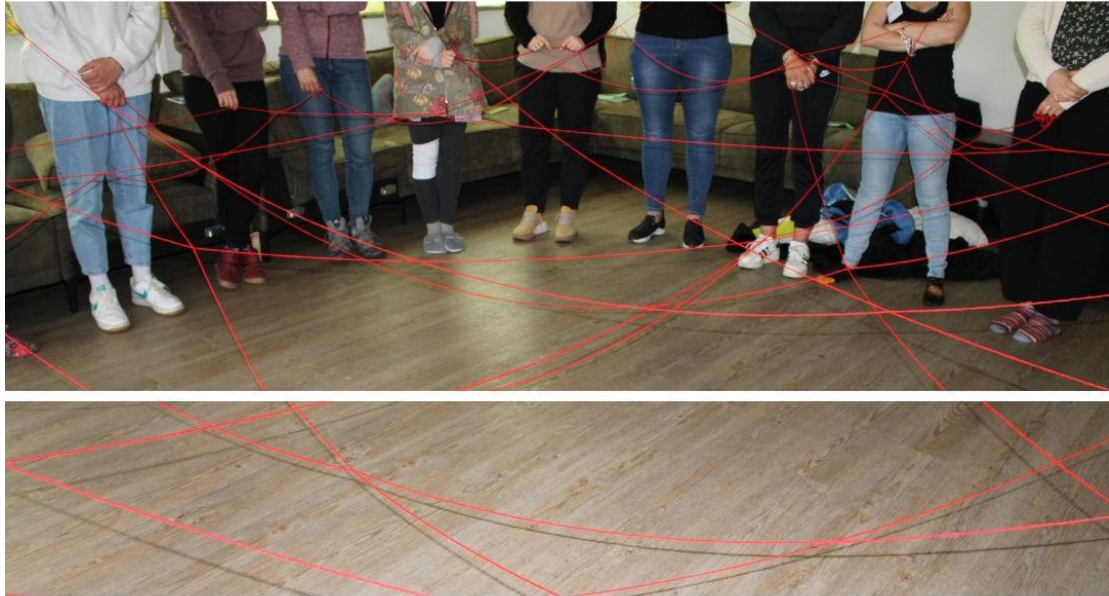


2. Polysemic tales:

- They have a plurality of meanings
- They use images, symbols or motives.
- There are "wonderful" characters, objects or situations that belong to a magical-symbolic world.
- There is a rite of entry and exit that allows us to place ourselves outside the rational world.
- The characters are archetypal and stereotyped, that is, with few nuances
- They are anonymous.
- They have a superficial plot and a deep plot.
- They all follow the same structure.



TRAINING COURSE ACTIVITIES



EXTRA YARN

Purpose: To get to know each other

Indoors: ✓ Outdoors: ✓

Materials Needed:

- ✓ Red thread Book
- ✓ Extra Yarn
- ✓ Open space for all the participants to make a circle

Duration: 2 min per participant + 5 min explanation.

Instructions: The facilitator tells the story Extra yarn.

All the participants are asked to make a circle in the room.

Then the facilitator takes the red thread. The first person with the red thread (the facilitator can start) tells their name and what do they bring to the TC / what is their motivation...

When the person is done, keeps a bit of the thread and then throws the rest to another person in the room. One by one, each participants present themselves to the group creating a spider web.



PRIVILEGE WALK

Purpose: Raise awareness of the privilege of mental health and wellbeing.

Indoors: ✓ Outdoors: ✓

Materials Needed: Space to move forward and backwards.

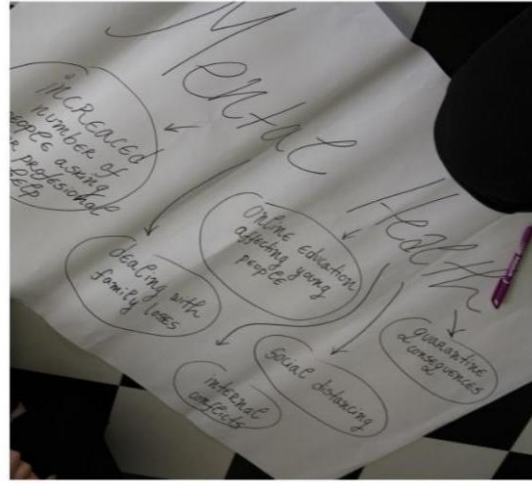
Duration: 45 min

Instructions:

Everyone will stand in a horizontal line in the middle of the room. The participants can have their eyes closed until the end of the exercise.

As the facilitator reads a statement or question, the participant will step forward or step back if it applies to them. If anyone feels too uncomfortable to take a step, they have the option to remain still.

The questions for the mental health and wellbeing they are focused in the following areas: Economical situation, healthy life style/habits, such as diet, physical activity, and substance use, life experiences, such as trauma or abuse, family history of mental health problems and social / community context.



MAP OF EUROPE

Purpose: This activity is aiming at mapping the common knowledge among the group on the specific topic.

Indoors: ✓ Outdoors: ✓

Materials Needed:

- ✓ 1 flip chart per group
- ✓ Markers

Duration: 75 min.

Instructions:

The participants from all 7 different countries, went into their national groups and collected the information regarding the COVID-19 effects in mental health and wellbeing and presented them to the rest of the group.

Each country present one of the following areas:

1. Physical activity
2. Social contact
3. Diet habits
4. Economy & work
5. Mental health
6. Alcohol & drug abusing
7. Social media



WORLD CAFE

Purpose: To get to know the common elements of the countries culture through tales/ stories.

Indoors: ✓ Outdoors: ✓

Materials Needed:

- ✓ Flip chart
- ✓ Markers

Duration: 75 min

Instructions:

The national teams gathered together and prepare a presentation of a representative tale from their country.

Then each group presents (in a flip chart or a a performance) the tale they have chosen. Every group have to write down the common elements they have found with their story/tale.

After all the presentations, each group has 10 minutes to write down the common elements all the stories' have.

Finally every group shares what they have found in common with their own story.



HUMAN LIBRARY & TALES

Purpose: Share personal stories through stories or marvelous stories.

Indoors: ✓ Outdoors: ✓

Materials Needed:

- ✓ A tale which represents you
- ✓ Bell

Duration: 75 min

Instructions:

Each participant brings a tale or a story that represents them. The participants they create groups of 5. Each participant has 5 minutes to share the story / tale.

After sharing the story / tale, each participant share with the group the following questions:

- Why did I choose that story?
- Why is it important for me?
- How makes me feel?
- How does it relate to my current situation/life event?

In total each person has 10 min. every 10 min the facilitator rings the bell and next participant can start.

BLIND GUIDE

Purpose: To reflect on how we see the difference between help and support, and how do we support people around us, or people we work with.

Outdoors: ✓

Materials Needed:

- ✓ Blind fold
- ✓ Chronometer
- ✓ Bell
- ✓ Storybook The rabbit listened

Duration: 40 min (10 min per participant to be blinded and 20 min for reflection)

Instructions: In the first round (10 min) A will be blindfolded and B will guide A around the place. Then the participants change the role. After 20 minutes, they reflect.

Reflection:

For the guide:

· *Did I ask where my partner wanted to go?* · *Did I ask how my partner wants to be supported?* · *Did I make agreements with my partner?* · *Did I limit my partner in his/her movements, speed of walking...?* · *How did I feel as a guide?*

For the blindfolded:

· *Did I communicate with my guide where I wanted to go?* · *Did I tell to my partner how I wanted to be supported?* · *Did I make agreements with my guide?* · *Did I feel limited by my partner?* · *How did I feel blindfolded?*

For both:

· *Who is the responsible of his/her actions? and why?*

Finish with the lecture of the tale: **The rabbit listened**

THE RABBIT LISTENED

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

CORI DOERRFELD



AUTOMATIC WRITING

Purpose: The goal of the exercise is simply to start writing.

Indoors: ✓ Outdoors: ✓

Materials Needed:

- ✓ Notebook and pen
- ✓ 3 bags with different elements of story: one bag only with protagonist characters, another bag with villain characters and the 3rd one with a magical objects written.

Duration: 25 min (5 min explanation + 5 min to take the papers of the bags + 10 min writing + 5 min sharing the stories).

Instructions: The facilitator gives the bags with the three elements, and each participant grabs one piece of paper from each bag.

The Story has to have an introduction, development and conclusion.

When all the participants have three elements, the facilitator rings the bell and every participant has 10 min to write an story. When the time is finished the participants in couples they share their stories.

TRAINING COURSE WORKSHOPS



During the Training Course, the participants implemented different workshops.

In order to create the workshops, the team of the project gave different topics to work on. According to the *Asociación Iberoamericana de cuentoterapia* (organisation based in Spain who they work throughout the tales and stories) the crises and key themes that the stories work on could be summarized in the following topics: Sexual identity, jealousy and envy, relationships with parents, separation and abandonment, friendships, the power of small, limits, acceptance, fears, death, the instinctive, the encounter with the natural in us, the individuation. passions and virtues, collaboration and trust, and destiny.

The topics to choose from were: Assertiveness, jealousy and envy, fears, Connect with instinct, Autonomy and overcoming abandonment, mourning and grieve, addictions, sexual identity, selfishness and cooperation and shame and pride.

In total were 10 topics & 10 teams.

The participants they first created the teams and then they had time to plan and design the workshops in order to implement the gained knowledge from previous days.



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by: Hande & Baiana

Adapted by: Beatriz Aroca

➤ **The storytelling of “Where the wild things are”.**

Introduce the topic of addictions from the narrative perspective.

➤ **What is my addiction?**

Each participant is getting a post-it on their front with only one addiction written on it, and a paper on their back where the rest of the participants have to write their first thoughts about that specific addiction, in order to see the stereotypes and preconceptions around them.

After that, reading the paper on their backs each participant has to guess which is their addiction and reflect on how they feel reading how the rest of the group think about theirs.

➤ **Common sharing.**

In small groups, give to the participants the following question to trigger the discussion/sharing about addictions:

- *What stereotype you have discovered in this game?*
- *Would you share, recognise any of them as an addiction?*
- *Do you have any addiction that you want to share?*
- *Can you recognise anything that triggers you to have this impulsive behaviour?*

TITLE:

WE ALL HAVE WILD THINGS IN US!

Learning topics: Triggers that provoke to do a certain action. Social judgment. Self-care. Emotional management. Addiction prevention and rehabilitation.

Objectives: Make visible different kinds of addictions and bring awareness about them. Discover common labels and prejudice we put to the addicted people in general and the different stereotypes related to addictions.

Experiment the “weight” of labels.

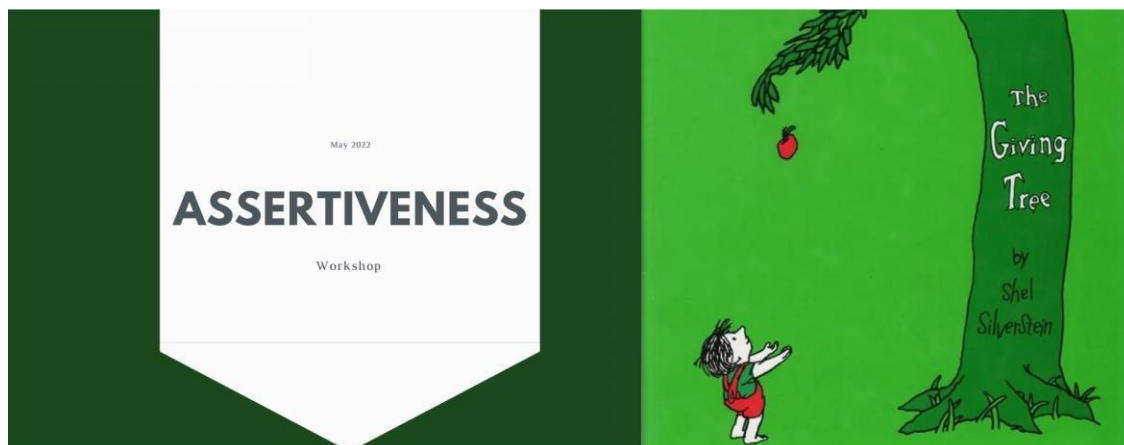
Duration: 30 min

Group size: 10-20 people

Participant’s age: from age 14

Material: post it, pens, colorful paper, markers, tape, speakers, calm music.

Story: Where the wild things are (Maurice Sendak)



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by: Alex, Ned & Andra
Adapted by: Beatriz Aroca

- **The storytelling of "The giving tree"**
The story's goal was to narratively illustrate the lack of assertiveness and the consequences for ourselves and the impact on others.
- Participants brainstorming & definition of assertiveness.
- Theoretical explanation and practice of the following types of assertiveness:
 - ✧ Basic assertion: expressing my needs.
 - ✧ Empathic assertion: talking taking into account both speaker's needs.
 - ✧ Escalating assertion: clarify yourself when the other person doesn't respond to your initial assertion.
 - ✧ I-language assertion: express yourself talking in first person.
 - ✧ Positive assertion: recognize others' strengths and needs.
- Common sharing. Do you tend to be passive or aggressive when you are in a conflict? Do you use some of that skills to express yourself? How could you improve your assertiveness skills?

TITLE: SPEAK UP FOR YOURSELF!

Learning topics: understanding what is assertiveness, what are the types of assertiveness, and discovering assertiveness skills.

Objectives: show people the importance and the need of being assertive are important and positive. To define assertiveness and to learn different techniques to practice it. To be able to apply the different techniques to daily life. To develop communicational skills and to learn healthier ways for conflict resolution.

Duration: 30 min Group size: 10-20 people

Participant's age: from age 12

Material: ppt, screen, laptop

Story: The Giving Tree by Shel Silverstein



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by: Lorena & Alexandra
Adapted by: Beatriz Aroca

- The Space Between Autonomy and Abandonment.
 - ✧ Participants brainstormed about both concepts.
 - ✧ Introduction about how and why both concepts are related, needed, and how we can manage them in a healthy way.
- The storytelling of “Hansel & Gretel”.
The story’s goals was to introduce the topic of autonomy and abandonment and the relationship with our parents in the process of becoming adults. After sharing the story, ask the participants if they would like to share any personal situation related to the feeling of autonomy and abandonment related to their parents.

Common sharing:

- How the kind of abandonment and autonomy given by our parents is related to the process of becoming independent adults?
- What is the balance between being independent but also being able to create healthy ties?

TITLE:

THE CHALLENGES OF BECOMING AN ADULT

Learning topics: To define the concept of autonomy. To explore different types of abandonment. To learn the consequences of abandonment on our mental health. The balance between autonomy and abandonment.

Objectives: To gain self-determination. To validate the right to take your own decisions. To be able to get accountability without having to obey. To identify healthy patterns to face feelings related to abandonment. To develop personal autonomy as self-determination through informed and rational decisions that reflect your authentic values.

Duration: 30 min Group size: 10-20 people

Participant’s age: from age 12

Material: flip chart, markers, post it

Story: Hansel and Gretel (Grimm’s version)



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by: Brona & Jane

Adapted by: Beatriz Aroca

- Approaching your hero.
Put papers and crayons in the middle of the circle. Ask the participants to bend the paper in the half.
 - ✧ On the left side, they draw their favourite hero (who they like and who with they find some similarities).
 - ✧ On the right side draw fears of your hero.

- Find your fear.
Walking around the room with closed eyes and calm music. Visualization exercise where you become your hero and after that, you have to meet your hero's fear. Realize where I feel the fear Using colourful crayons to express fear and ask the participants to paint the fear on the body of their hero, trying to identify the parts of the body where the hero felt the fear.

- Couple sharing:
 - ✧ how was to find your fear?
 - ✧ how it was to face it?
 - ✧ how do you feel after that?

TITLE:

FINDING YOUR INNER HERO

Learning topics: Unlock the psychology of fear: understand and manage the emotion of fear.

Objectives: Mapping your fear, marking and awareness of fear on the body. Overcome fear and anxiety. Increase the managing of emotions. Identify symptoms of fears.

Duration: 30 min

Group size: 10-20 people

Participant's age: from age 12

Material: crayons, markers, papers, speakers, music for meditation.



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by: Klara, Minke & Kay
Adapted by: Beatriz Aroca

- The storytelling of "Owl at home"
The story's goal was narratively illustrate and to set the mindset for the workshop.
- Guided meditation
Play calm music and help the participants to become aware of their bodies. Start asking everyone to walk around the space, becoming gradually aware of themselves. Ask them the following questions: When was the last time I mourned? Because of what? How does that make me feel? Do we repeat the same thing with good feelings, joy, and happiness? How does it feel? What difference does it make? Gradually guide them to come back to the room, to connect with the rest of the group, and the music slowly ends
- Tea sharing.
Making a simile with the Tear water tea story, each participant receives a tea bag and a cup of hot water. During the sharing turn, the participant dips the tea bag into the water and prepares their tea. At the moment of finishing the sharing, the participant can begin to drink it's own tea.
- Closing text reading together:
"We're in the same boat under the same sky. We need the same sun beating down. Going nowhere, slowly disappearing. By and by, by and by."

TITLE:

SHARING YOUR LOSS

Learning topics: How to work with mourning. Awareness, the celebration of joy. To understand Grief and mourning are natural parts of healing after the loss of a loved one or something.

Objectives: to explore whether there are emotional, physical, and/or social symptoms of grief. To help participants cope emotionally with grief and mourning.

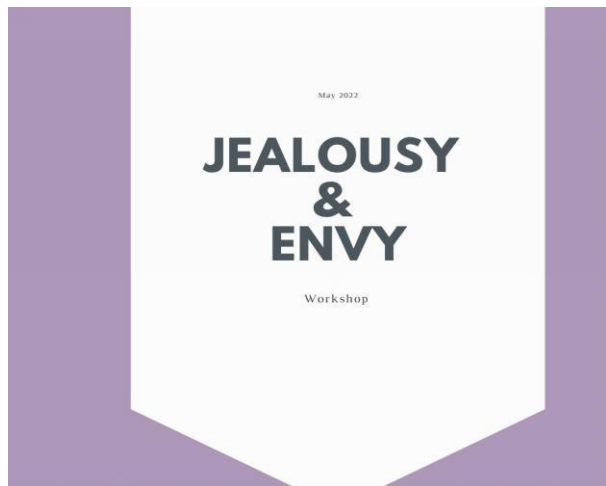
Duration: 30 min

Group size: 10-20 people

Participant's age: from age 14

Material: cups, hot water in a thermos, ukelele, online books (projector), laptop with playlist, loudspeaker, papers with song words.

Story: Arnold Lobel Book: Owl at Home Story: Tear-Water Tea



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by: Sonia, Ruzica & Sandra
Adapted by: Beatriz Aroca

- The storytelling of "The two towers"
The story's goal was to introduce the topic of envy.
- Questionnaire "Be honest with yourself"
Ask the participants some questions related to envy feelings and how they react in those situations.
- The storytelling of "Baby brother surprise"
The story's goal was to introduce the topic of jealousy.
- Common sharing:
Did I have any similar situation in my family?
Do I recognize in myself those feelings in other contexts? Participants brainstorm about jealousy and envy. Common sharing/debate about the differences and similitudes between these two emotions.
- Closing:
What can help me to stop comparing myself with others? Which strategies can I use when I feel insecure? How is related envy and jealousy to self-esteem?

TITLE:

STOP COMPARING YOURSELF!

Learning topics: To learn to appreciate what others possess, and be happy for others. To understand family relationships.

Objectives: To improve the emotional and cognitive development related to jealousy and envy. To understand the difference between jealousy and envy. To develop emotional intelligence through stories.

Duration: 30 min **Group size:** 10-20 people

Participant's age: from age 8

Material: flip chart and markers

Story about envy: The two towers ([HTTP://freestoriesforkids.com/children/stories-and-tales/two-towers](http://freestoriesforkids.com/children/stories-and-tales/two-towers))

Story about jealousy: Baby Brother Surprise (Olivia Sam)



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by: Luna & Yvana
Adapted by: Beatriz Aroca

- Short common introduction with open questions:
 - What is selfishness? What is cooperation? Are both of them necessary? Why?
- The war game.
Imagine there is a third world war and you are the only people who can survive. The good news is that there is a bunker where you can hide. The bad news is that you are 8 people and there is enough space only for 7. You have to choose which of you will have to go out. Then they take one sticker where is written who they are in that situation (their role in society, someone is a mother, someone is a child, someone is a doctor, etc.) Every gives arguments about who should go out, and who should stay there.
- Common discussion.
Who did you choose? How did you make that decision? Why? What did you feel when you had to decide who has to go out? How did you feel when someone said that you should go out? Did you fight for yourself? Did you try to find another solution?
- Storytelling closing:
"This is me" a tale about self-love but also the necessity to be supported and loved by others.

TITLE:

AM I THE BEST?

Learning topics: To learn the importance of the balance between selfishness and cooperation. To understand what is healthy selfishness. To validate the right to be selfish. To increase your accountability.

Objectives: To engage cooperation among participants, to be able to think about yourself and defend your boundaries, to create a safe space to exchange opinions, to practice communicational skills, to reflect on roles and responsibilities, to face conflict resolution situations.

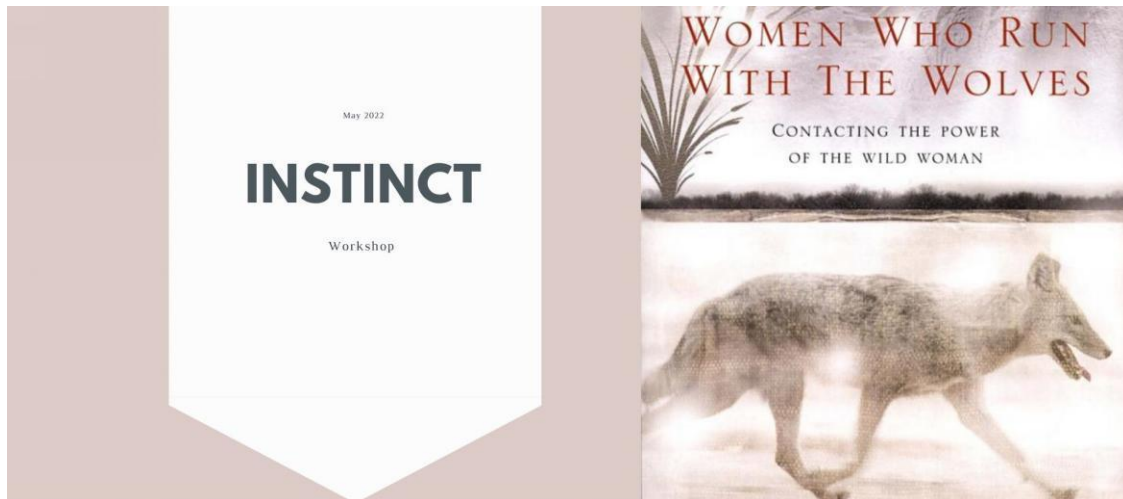
Duration: 30 min

Group size: 10-20 people

Participant's age: from age 12

Material: stickers, pens.

Story: This is Me! Philip Waechter



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by: Antonia, Elmer & Ilze Adapted by: Beatriz Aroca

- Silent walk
To invite people to take their time to connect with their present moment and their actual state.
- The storytelling of "The she-wolf".
An inspirational story for creating a context about the topic.
- Small meditation. Meditation to connect with our natural force / animal / instinctive part:
 - ✧ If you were an animal...How would I move? How do I smell? How I would see the world? What sound would I make?
- Finding a Talisman
Choose a "magical object" from nature that reminds you of your instinctive side and that can help you to connect with your instincts.
 - ✧ Embodiment exercise using natural music. Move and turn yourselves into the animal you choose during meditation.

Common sharing.

- ✧ How do I feel during the process?
- ✧ Was easy to connect with my animal?
- ✧ Which struggles did I experience?

TITLE:

RESURRECT THE INSTINCT

Learning topics: Reconnecting with instinct, finding inner nature, wilding our instinctive part.

Objectives: To give the experiential space for the participants in order to connect or reconnect with their instinctive nature and their animal side, to empower people by finding their instinctive part, and to increase passion and creativity.

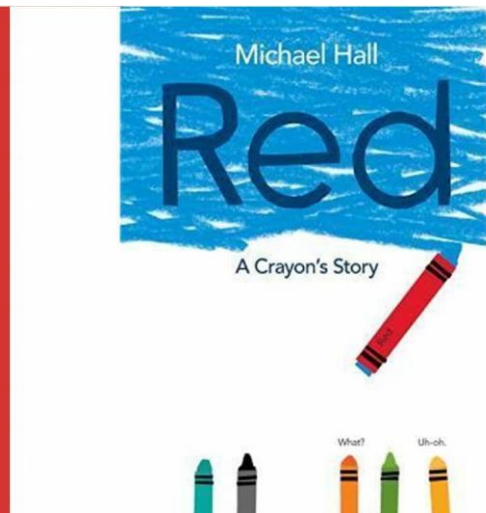
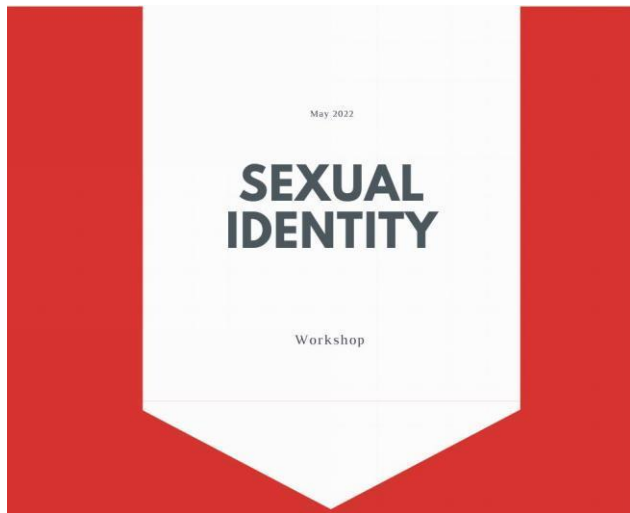
Duration: 30 min

Group size: 10-20 people

Participant's age: from age 15

Material: tribal or natural music (drums)

Story: "The she-wolf" from the book Women who run with the wolves, by Clarissa Pinkola



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by: Tereza & Kyriakos Adapted by: Beatriz Aroca

- Pink or Blue poem by Hollie McNish
Introduction to gender stereotypes and gender construction through the video poem (youtube).
- Definition of sexual orientation and gender.
Explanation and reflection on the diversity of personal relationships knowing different sexual orientations and gender identities.
Explanation of the non-binary concept to understand the broad continuum of this topic.
- The storytelling of "Red, a crayon's story".
The story's goal is to identify situations of LGBTQIA+ phobia, how people judge, the lack of information in the society, and the different challenges that this community has to face.
- Common sharing.
Sharing of participants' personal experiences
Create a debate about the main challenges that people may face in the case of non-recognition of their sexual identity/orientation. Persona What are my prejudices? How can affect me and how can affect others?

TITLE:

PINK OR BLUE

Learning topics: inclusion, empowerment, gender construct, sexual identity.

Objectives: Break down prejudices rooted in the culture about gender stereotypes. Review sex and gender stereotypes through stories, analyzing their different possibilities. Analyze social behaviours in the face of these stereotypes, evidencing them to avoid discrimination. Reflect on the models that today's society offers us, avoiding stereotypes to generate equal relationships.

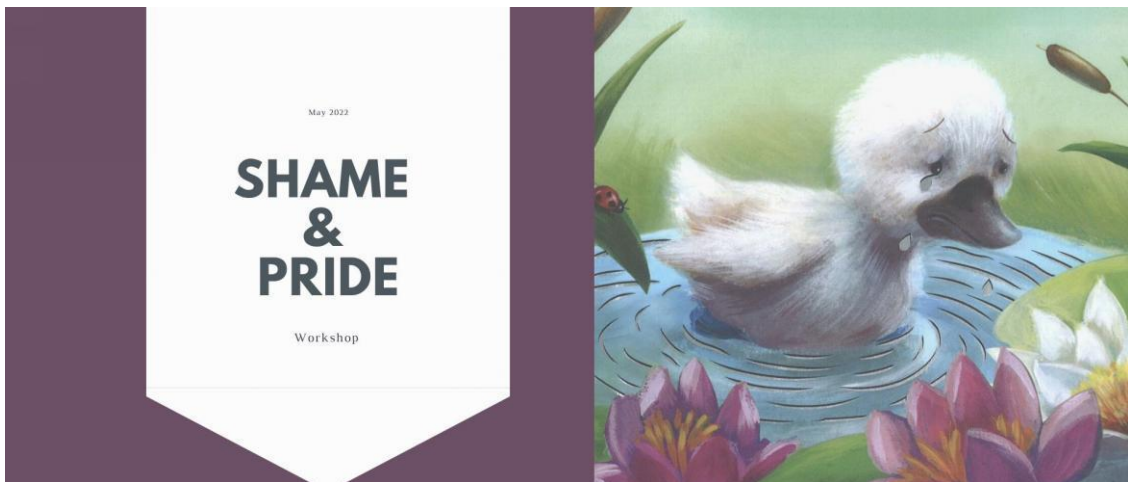
Duration: 30 min

Group size: 10-20 people

Participant's age: from age 14

Material: computer and speaker

Story: Red, a crayon's story by Michael hall



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by: Dimitar, Annali & Aris
Adapted by: Beatriz Aroca

- Brainstorming ideas related to emotions, shame, pride, etc.
To set up a theoretical framework for the telling of the story and its goal.
- The storytelling of “The ugly duckling” adapted.
The story’s goal was to narratively illustrate the previously spoken abstract ideas. Each scene with an action in the story (e.g. Ugly duckling is bullied by siblings) involved a choice in the reaction of the “Ugly duckling” in either a “prideful” or “shameful” manner. A coin (metaphorically representing the relationship between the two emotions of shame and pride) was tossed to one participant and flipped in order to make the choice of the protagonist's reaction.
- Common sharing.
Do I react in similar ways than the ugly duckling? When? Why? How can I improve my self-esteem?

TITLE:

UNDERSTANDING SELF-ESTEEM

Learning topics: Dual nature of emotions in regards to their usefulness and potential for destruction; Common origins of Shame and pride; Overcoming shame and pride with humility and a sense of the sardonic

Objectives: To energize the participants physically while at the same time activating their associative cognitive systems; To make clear the transient nature of feelings and emotions in relation to the Self; To give knowledge about the nature of the relationship between shame and pride and thus aid in the regulation of dysfunctional patterns.

Duration: 30 min

Group size: 10-20 people

Participant’s age: from age 5

Material: flip chart, markers, coin

Story: The ugly duckling

Stories, tales, fables, and myths

Europe countries

In this section we present you the tales, stories, fables and myths our participants brought from their countries and also the personal ones they choose to bring to the project. We used these stories for the activity of world cafe.

BULGARIA

THE LEGEND OF THE FIRST MUMMER (KUKER)

Source: Легенда за първия кукер - Късометражен филм от света на "Златната ябълка" - YouTube

Shared by: Ned Panayotov

A hundred years ago, all the inhabitants of Kukerovo (a mountain with mummers) used to live in fear of demons, nightmares and goblins that used to wander restlessly through the mountains and harass people. The evil energies were led by the plague, the most ancient and terrible of all diseases. The only opponents of the plague were the Samodivas who are believed to be very beautiful women with an affinity for fire and music. The word Samodiva literally means pure, real and wild with the meaning of divinity. The Samodivas were meant to be also healers and they were able to help people get rid of these evil energies. When they saw the suffering of the people, they decided to attract a skilled master blacksmith to one of their gatherings. But when it happened the blacksmith was so fascinated by the magical melody of the Samodiva that he could not sleep or eat, he almost lost his mind; he was able to hear only the magical melody. Only the sound of the hammer and the anvil could draw the song out of his head and bring him sanity again. He worked for many days and nights, for weeks and months, until he created hundreds of magical bells, each different in size, shape and sound. The ringing sound of the magical bells has made the blacksmith free from the Samodiva's song forever, but this was not the only miraculous thing that happened this day.

The sound of magic bells drove all evil spirits back into the woods and the blacksmith became the first mummer fighter. He diligently recorded how the magic bells were made and used, every step, every sound and its effect on evil spirits. This book became known as a guide of the mummer and in every town in the Mummer Mountains there is a group of mummers to protect it from evil spirits.

In Bulgaria, and not only, the day on that we celebrate Kukeri is an ancient practice (custom), recognized as the oldest manifestation of the Thracian god Dionysus. Actually, the ritual symbolizes the passing of winter and the onset of spring. Mummers perform ritual actions such as harvest, sowing, wedding for health and fertility. Putting scary masks on their heads, dressed in sheep or goat skins, hanging bells and bells, their goal is to drive away all the evil spirits.

And there are many people in many places in Bulgaria who still do this very ancient practice. With the onset of spring, they gather, celebrate and drive away the evil spirits.

WISE WORDS

Popular folk

Source: <https://bit.ly/3dKu2aS>

Shared by: Dimitar Todorov

A poor villager decided he will start an apprenticeship with a blacksmith and leave his wife so that he can provide a better life for his family when he returns. It happened so the blacksmith really liked him and the man ended up staying 20 years. At long last he decided to leave and told the blacksmith:

- 'Let us be even in our dealings for I need to get back home and see what has become of my wife.'

But the blacksmith pleaded 'I have come to like you and have gotten used to your presence, stay another year with me. You were my right hand for so many years !'

- 'I can't' said the man 'When I left my village I also left my young bride. She swore to wait for me for 20 years. I need to go for if I stay another year she might leave our home.' 'If it is so then leave, but let me first pay you out your due'

He then took the man to a secret room with a chest in it, he unlocked the chest and took out 3 gold coins.

- 'You were a faithful and hardworking apprentice and for that I wish to pay you well, but I am not rich. One cannot earn a lot with the hammer and anvil. I've saved up these 3 gold coins take them all, it is not a lot but it is all I have and I'm giving them away from the heart. If you ever need to work again come back, I would even give my forge for you to take over.'

The man took the gold coins, said his farewell to the smith and set his way towards his village. As he was walking there three travelers caught up to him- two young lads with moccasins on their feet and an old man with a white crown of hair slowly tiptoeing in his slippers. The young lads and the man started talking about where the man came from, what did he do, where is he going and so on. The old man didn't say a word the whole time, he would only listen to the songs of the birds and smile slightly on occasion.

- 'Who is this old man ?' asked the smith apprentice

'He's our father' replied the two lads

- 'And why is he just smiling to himself like that ?'

- 'He understands the language of the birds and is probably listening to the funny things that they're gossiping about.

- 'But why is he silent ?'

- 'Because he needs to be payed for each time he opens his mouth'

- 'How much ?' Asked the man

- 'He takes a gold coin for a few words'

Upon hearing this, the man thought to himself 'I'm not a rich person, I won't become much poorer if I give this old man a gold coin to hear what he has to say'

He took a gold coin out of his pocket and gave it to the old man. As soon as he did that the old man opened his mouth saying 'Don't thread murky waters !' and immediately shut it again.

They kept on walking and the man kept looking at the old man as he was resting his weight on a scraggly stick. He thought to himself 'What a strange old man.

He understands the language of the birds and charges gold coins for a few words. I wonder what he would say if I gave him a second coin ?'

He reached into his pocket and took out the second gold coin giving it to the old man.

The old man spoke 'See you eagles circling something, go see what is there !.' and became silent again.

The apprentice scratched his neck and thought 'What fascinating things this old man is saying. I've seen eagles circling places so many times and I've never bothered to go see what's there. Let's give him the third coin with or without it there's no much difference.' And he took out the last coin and gave it to the old man.

The old man took it and said 'Before you act, count to twenty five.'

They kept on walking together for a while until they reached a crossroads, there they parted ways the three men took the high road and the lone man went down towards his village. The man got to a river. It was deep and murky. It was carrying shrubbery, dead wood and made ugly sounds with it's violent flow.

The man remembered the first words out of the old man's mouth and dared not thread the river. He sat down and tool out a piece of bread from his bag. He sat down and ate. 'I'll look for a bridge when I've eaten.' he thought.

As he was sitting a merchant riding on a white horse came galloping. The merchant spoke loudly:

- 'Hey brother why aren't you crossing to the other side?'

- 'I dare not thread the murky waters' answered the man.

'What a peasant' thought the merchant and poked the sides of his horse urging him onwards to the river.

The horse leapt into the waters and the current dragged them both downstream. In a whirlwind the merchant sank and drowned and as the horse felt his burden lighten it turned around and came out of the waters soaked through.

The man seeing all that went up to the horse, grabbed his reins climbed on and started riding alongside the river. When he found a bridge they crossed and headed towards the village once more. As the man was riding he spotted three large eagles circling around a foliage covered valley .

'Let's see what is there.' Said the man to himself and he urged his horse out of the path.-

In a shady secret spot he saw two bodies of mustached men by the side of them lay a leather bag full with gold coins. The men were thieves, who earlier that night had robbed someone, came to this hidden place to share the bounty but fought among each other over the gold and when they couldn't reach an agreement took out their pistols and shot themselves dead.

Our traveler took the leather bag, slipped one of the guns in his sash and set on his path once again. In the twilight of early nighttime he reached his house. He got off his horse and tied him up under the vines and as he was walking through the yard door he saw that the window of the house was open. He said to himself 'Let me see what my wife is up to through the window.

As he peered inside he saw the well lit room and the table was set with food and on it sat two people- his wife and a strange man with their backs to the window. As the apprentice saw the man his stomach turned and he thought 'What a unfaithful woman I have, she gave me her word to wait for me until I come back but she has taken in another man in my house!'

In his anger he took out the gun he had gotten and pointed it at their backs to shoot them both. But just as he was about to pull the trigger the old man's words called out to him. 'Before you act, count to twenty five.'

'I'll count to twenty five' he said to himself 'then I'll shoot them both, they're not going anywhere.'

He started counting. As he stood there the other man turned to his unfaithful wife and spoke:

- 'Mother tomorrow I'm setting to go and find Father. I miss him. How long has it been since he left?'

- 'It has been twenty years son. Your father left when you were still 3 months old.'

'Lord what was I going to do if I hadn't counted to twenty five?' The man thought as he bit his lips and he yelled through the window pane. - 'Son, Wife come and greets me, for I've returned!'

CZECH REPUBLIC

LEGEND OF THE FOREFATHER ČECH

Author: Alois Jirásek

Shared by: Broňa Eichlerová

In the land of Charvát, which was native to Bohemia and his brother Lech, bloody battles broke out and these led the Czech to the idea of leaving this country and looking for a new one for his people. When people had packed their belongings, they set out in search of a new country to settle. They walked for many days until they reached a high mountain, Mount Říp. When everyone was still asleep in the morning, the Czech climbed the mountain and looked around. Then he proclaimed to his people what he had seen, and asked them what they would call this land. Everyone called to call her by Čech's name. Then they began to cultivate the land, build houses, dig meadows and floodplains, and plow the soil. After a few years, when the population of Czechs had grown in abundance, Lech decided to leave the other people of the tribe and build his own castle and village. He said goodbye to his brother and the people, and before the sun rose the next day, he left. But he promised them that when he did not come to the right place to settle, he would light a great fire so that others would know about him. As he said, he did. And in the place where Lech settled, he immediately began to build a castle, which they called Kouřim.

When about 30 years had passed since the voivode of Bohemia had ascended to the Czech lands, he had already passed 86 years and the Czech had died. Everyone mourned him and mourned for him. His body was burned at the stake, ashes and bones were placed in a garbage can, and his grave was placed. Long after that they went to his grave, weeping and bowing to the voivode Čech, and his name went from generation to generation.

REASON AND HAPPINESS

ERBEN, Karel Jaromír. Rozum a štěstí. Ilustroval Zdenka KABÁTOVÁ-TÁBORSKÁ.

Praha: Albatros, 1979. Korálky (Albatros).

Shared by: Jana Peterková

Happiness once met mind on a bridge. "Avoid me!" Said Happiness. The mind was still inexperienced at the time, not knowing who to avoid; and he said, "Why would I avoid you? You're not better than me."

"The one who can do it better is better," Luck replied. If you see the peasant son there, what is the plow in the field? Accompany him; and if he walks with you better than with me, I will always politely avoid you whenever and wherever we meet. "

Reason agreed and immediately entered the plowman's head. As soon as the plowman felt that he had reason in his head, he began to understand, "Do I have to go to the plow until death? I can get rich differently and it can be easier." He stopped plowing, lowered the plow and drove home. "Daddy," he says, "I don't like the saddle; I'd rather learn to be a gardener. "

Dad said, "What, you Vanek, have you lost your mind?" But then he changed his mind and said, "Well, if you want to learn, Goodbye, your brother will get the cottage after me."

Vanek lost the cottage; but he neglected nothing, went and went to the royal gardener to learn. The gardener showed him a few, and Vanek understood this all the more. Soon after, he didn't even listen to the gardener, and he did everything in his own way. At first the gardener was sorry, but then, seeing that things were going better, he was satisfied. "I see that you have more sense than I do," he said, and then let Vanek garden as he wished. he was walking through his only daughter.

The royal daughter was a very beautiful virgin, but from the age of twelve no one stopped speaking or hearing a word from her. And the king was exceeding sorrowful, and said, Whosoever shall cause her to speak, that she shall be her husband. And many young kings, princes, and other great lords, one by one; but when they came, they left again: no one was able to cause her to speak. "And why wouldn't I try my luck too?" Vanek thought. "Who knows if I can't get her to answer when I ask?"

And straightway he was brought before the king; and the king and his council brought him into the chamber where his daughter stayed. The daughter had a nice dog and loved him very much because he was very smart: he understood everything she wanted.

When Vanek entered the room with the king and the councils, he acted as if he had not even seen the queen; before he turned to the little dog and said, "I heard, little dog, that you are very smart, and I come to you for advice. We were three companions: one a carver, the other a tailor, and I. Once we went through the woods and we had to stay in it overnight. To be safe from the wolves, we made a fire and agreed to watch one by one. At first the carver guarded and to shorten the moment he took a block and carved a pretty virgin out of it. When she was done, he woke the tailor to watch again. The tailor, seeing the wooden maiden, asked what it was.

'As you can see,' said the carver, 'it took me a long time to carve a virgin out of a block; rej The tailor immediately took out the scissors, the needle and the thread, cut into clothes, and sewed; and when the dress was done, he dressed the virgin. Then he called me to go watch. I also ask him what he has.

'As you can see,' said the tailor, 'the carvers took a long time to carve a virgin out of a block, and I dressed her for a long time; and if you have a long time, you can teach her to speak. "I really taught her to speak until morning. But in the morning, when my companions woke up, everyone wanted to have the maiden. The carver says, 'I made it.' The tailor said, 'I made her.' So tell me, little dog, to which of us the maiden belongs. "

The dog was silent; but instead of a dog, the king's daughter replied, "Who else would it belong to you? What about the carver's virgin without life? What about tailor's dress without speech? You gave her the best gift; life and speech, and therefore rightfully belongs to you. "

"You had decide for yourself," said Vanek, "I have given you a speech and a new life again, and that is why you are rightfully mine."

At that time the one royal council said: "His Royal Grace will give you a great reward that you have succeeded in untying his daughter's tongue; but you can't marry her, you're a simple family. "

And the king said, "You are a simple family, and I will give you a great reward instead of my daughter."

But Vanek did not want to hear about any other reward and said: "The king promised without exception: who will cause his daughter to speak again that she will be her husband. The royal word law; and if the king wants others to keep his laws, he must keep them first. And that's why the king has to give me his daughter. "

"Understand, tie him up!" The council called. "Whoever says that a king must do something offends the Royal Grace and is worthy of death. Your Royal Grace should order the criminal to be sent by the sword. "

And the king said, Let him be sent away by the sword.

They immediately tied Vanek and led him to execution. When they arrived at the execution site, Happiness was already waiting for them there, and he said secretly to Reason: Retreat, let me enter your place! "As soon as Luck entered Vanek, the executioner's sword broke at the hilt, as if someone had cut it; and before they brought him another, a trumpeter came on horseback from the city as he flew, trumpeted merrily and spun a white weather vane, and a royal carriage came for him for Vanek.

And so it was: the royal daughter then told her father at home that Vanek had spoken the truth and that the royal word should not be disturbed, and if Vanek was of simple lineage, that the king could easily make him prince. And the king said, "You are right, let him be the prince!"

And then when Vanek and the royal daughter went together from the marriages, Reason somehow threw himself on that path; and seeing that he would have to meet Happiness, he lowered his head and ran aside as he would water it. And since then, Reason has come away from Happiness whenever it is to meet Happiness.

SALT OVER GOLD

Traditional Slovak folktale Collected by Pavol Dobšinský

Shared by: Klára Martináková

A king had three daughters. He protected them like eyes in his head. When his limbs grew weak and his head looked like snow, he often wondered which of his daughters would be queen when he died. It was hard for him to choose, for all three of them were daughters, and he liked to see them all equally. At last it occurred to him to make the one he liked best queen. He called his daughters to him, and thus he said to them: "My daughters, I am old, you see, and I do not know whether I shall be with you much longer. So I want to determine which of you will be queen after my death. But rather I would like to know, my children, how any of you likes me.

"Tell me first, my eldest, how you like your father." "Oh, my father, you are dearer to me than gold!" replied the eldest, kissing her father's hand. "Very well. And you, middle one, how do you love your father?" "My dear father, I love you as much as I love my green peach!" The middle one said, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Very well. And you, youngest daughter, how do you love me?" "I love you, Daddy, as much as salt!" Marushka said, looking at her father sweetly. "Eh, you ninny, do you like papa as much as salt?" the elder sisters exclaimed. "Verily I love him as much as that salt." Marushka testified,

looking at her father even more fondly. But she didn't even look at her father. He was thoroughly annoyed, if a child should only have a father of her own so much as that vain salt which everybody takes between their fingers and scatters! "Go, get out of my sight," he cried to her, "if you value me no more than salt. When the time comes that salt shall be worth more than gold, then declare thyself, thou shalt be queen!"

Marushka could not utter a word of pity at her father's thus marking her love. She was accustomed to obey her father's word, and she knew that she could not stand before her sisters in the house, so she took her dolls and went away. She made her way over mountains and downs until she came far into the dark woods. Suddenly an old woman appeared in front of her.

"Marushka, Marushka, tell me where you are going, and why are you so weepy." "Oh, my old woman, what have I to tell you, when you won't help me anyway!" "Hey, my maid, just tell me your business, perhaps you'll find some advice. Knowest thou not that where the shadows are, there are also the sciences?" Marushka told her all her sorrows, and this was all she wished to live to see, so that her father might be convinced that she really loved him. The old woman knew what Marushka would tell her, she was a wise woman, and a fortune-teller. Therefore she swore to Marushka on everything and called her to come to her service. Marushka gratefully went with the old woman, who lived in a small hut under the forest crickets. What they have, they give. The old woman also found Marushka what she could, and she could really do with a little refreshment, for she was both hungry and thirsty. "And now," said the old woman, "let's get to work. Only can you spin, twist, coil, weave? Will you feed the sheep and milk them for me?" "I don't know yet, but I will learn if you show me," said Marushka. "Well, after all, I am showing you all this. When the time comes, you shall have it all."

Marushka was off to work like a wasp. Though she did not yet know how things were with the poor, she had got used to everything. The puffed sleeves and white apron suited her, almost a joy to be hold.

At home for that time it was a sister's world to live in. They stroked their father once, wrapped their arms around his neck. They might have eaten him up with sheer love, for he gave whatever they asked. The eldest dressed herself in more and more expensive clothes, and draped herself in gold. The middle one was giving feasts and dances. They both chose as they pleased. The father soon discovered that the eldest daughter liked gold better than her father. And when the middle one told him that she wanted to marry, he knew that her love for her father would wither with the green dowry. Marushka had often crossed his mind, but what the hell! She was no longer to be heard of. "Eh, what!" he chased away the memory of her. "After all, she was only as fond of me as vain salt!"

One day, there was to be a great feast in the castle again. Suddenly the cook ran to the king, "Your Majesty, all the salt has disappeared. How can I cook?" "What is the matter with thee, hast thou lost thy mind?" says the king. "This, this, my lord king, my reason stands over me. All the salt that we had, whether it be already wet, or whether it be sunk into the ground, yet there is not a grain of it. What shall I salt with?" "But you are a fool! Well, send for another!" "Where shall I send, when it has happened in every house! The whole country is without salt!" "Then I'll send salt to others, or cook such dishes that don't need salt!" the surly king retorted at last.

The chef thought: as the master preaches, so it must be. And he cooked meals without salt. First what he liked, then all sweet. It was a strange feast! And the guests slowly went

away from the king, and no more came. Why should they, when here they had not even that which the poorest else where had - bread with salt and good will.

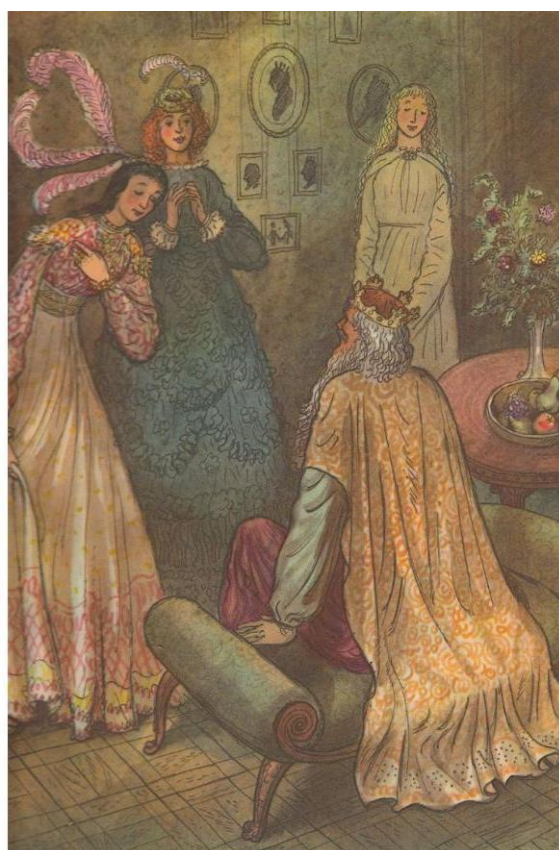
The king walked about frowning, and the daughters were as if scalded. Where had their golden days gone? Behold, gold enough, but not a crumb of salt to send the ends of the world for it. She is gone and gone!

Slowly the appetite of the people fell away. Only that salt, at least as a vain poppy, was no longer desired on the tongue. Yet even the farm was suffering. The cows and sheep stopped milking because they had no salt. The people walked about as if in a daze and fell into sickness. The king and his daughters no longer looked like mere shadows. It was a punishment on the whole country. They would weigh with gold whoever brought them a pinch of salt. Now the king recognized what a precious gift salt was. But he would still have endured this torment, if only his conscience had not bitten him for Marushka, that he had wronged her so.

Our Marushka had done very well during that time. There was no work that she had not learned and to which she had not become accustomed. She did not know about poverty. Nor did she know about what had happened in her father's house and in his country. But the wise old woman knew about everything, even when it was time for what.

Therefore she called Marushka one day, and thus she says to her: "My girl, I told you that time will find what the whole world will pass. Now it is time for you to come home." "Ah, my good old woman, how shall I go home if father does not want me?" Marushka said, and burst into tears. "But don't cry, my maid, all will be well yet. Salt has become dearer than gold there, so you may go to your father." The fortune-teller told all that Marushka did not yet know, and proved the rest: "Thou hast served me bravely, now tell me what thou askest for thy faithful service." "You have taught me well and protected me from harm! I thank you for everything. I ask for nothing but a handful of salt, which I would bring to father as a present." "You ask for nothing else? Don't you know that I can grant you anything?"

The wise woman asked once more. "I ask for nothing but that salt!" Marushka answered. "Well, if you value salt so much, may you never lack it," said the fortune-teller at last.



Jan Herink (Jana Herinka), illustrator

"Nor will I give you anything more than this wand. When the wind first blows from noon, go downwind, go through three valleys and over three hills. Then stand still and whip the earth with that wand. Where you whip, the earth opens and you go in! Whatever you find there is all yours. This shall be thy wedding present."

Marushka thanked her for everything, took the golden wand and the bag of salt with her, and sadly went away. Sadly indeed, for she had always been well with her grandmother. The old woman only smiled and said: "Stay thou only, my maid, good and brave, and thou shalt be well for ever. Do not worry about me in the least!" In between the talk they reached the edge of the forest. Marushka wanted to thank the good old woman once more, but she disappeared.

It was all the harder for her now to sigh for her father, even as she took a step in that direction towards her father's castle. She reached among her own. But whether because they had not seen her for a long time, or because she had her head wrapped in a shawl, they did not know her and would not let her go before the king. "Hey, let me go," Marushka insisted, "for I am bringing a gift to the king that is worth more than gold. Such a medicine as will surely be cut off from him." They told the king, and he at once commanded that she should be let go to him. When she came to him, she asked to be given bread.

The king caused it to be brought, but sighed deeply: "We have bread, but no salt!" "What we have not, we may have!" Marushka said, untied the bag, cut off a slice, sprinkled it, and handed it to the king. "Salt!" the king rejoiced.

"Hey, little woman, this is a precious gift, how shall I reward you? Ask what thou wilt, thou shalt have it all!"

"I ask for nothing, papa, only that you love me like that salt!" Marushka said in the kind voice she used to speak to her father, and uncovered her head.

The King only just did not faint with joy when he recognized his dear Marushka. He begged her to forgive him for what had happened. She fondled and hugged her father, and never took her kindness off him. She said that whatever had happened, everything had gone well. Word spread at once through the castle and the town that the king's youngest daughter had come and brought salt. Everyone rejoiced at this. Marushka's sisters rejoiced too, not so much for the sister as for the salt, that they would at least get a lick. And Marushka forgot all about the trouble her sisters were making and welcomed them with a salted loaf of bread as well. She gave salt from her bag to everyone who came. Her father, fearing lest they should be left without salt again, admonished her not to give it all away. He said to be slow with the good. But each time she just said so: "Enough is enough, Daddy!" And indeed, no matter how much she took from it, she always still had enough for everyone. Not a thing would ever come out of that bag.

All sickness fell from the king, as if he had taken it away with his hand. And with joy he called the elders of the city and of the country, and made Marushka queen. Just as he proclaimed her queen under the high sky, she felt a warm breeze blow across her face. It had been blowing since noon.

She confided at once to her father what and how the wise woman had disturbed her. She set out downwind, and when she had crossed three valleys and three hills, she stopped with her wand and scratched the ground. The earth parted, and Marushka went straight in. Suddenly-she did not even know where she had come from-she came to a great flare that was all ice. It was burning, the walls and the floor, all of it pressing and shimmering as if sparks were showering down. There were shafts glistening at the sides, and from them little people came running with burning faggots: "Welcome to us, welcome, Queen, we've been waiting for you. Our mistress bade us lead thee everywhere and show thee everything, for that all this is thine!" So around her they chattered, swatted and swirled,

climbed up and down the walls like flies. And the walls glittered round and round, not even precious stones. Marushka walked as if blinded by so much beauty. The Ludwigs led her through the corridors and tunnels, where icy cenballs hung from the lofts, glittering like that silver. They also led her into the garden where there were red ice roses, daisies and all sorts of flowers for the wonder of the world. The Luddites plucked the most beautiful rose and handed it to their new queen. She smelled it, but the rose was scentless. "What is this?" She asked, "for I have never seen such beauty!" "It is all salt!" replied her folk. "But is it really? Does salt grow here?" Wondered the queen, thinking that it would be a pity totakeeven the smallest part of that beauty. The folk guessed what she was thinking of, and cried out: "Take, Marushka, take as much as you like! Don't you ever take it! You shall never miss it again."

Marushka thanked the people nicely, bade them goodbye, and went out of the country. But the ground remained open behind her.

When she returned home, she showed her father the rose and told him everything. Here the king saw that verily the old woman of the hut had given her daughter a richer dowry than he could. But Marushka had not forgotten the old woman. She had the beautiful carriage harnessed, and she and her father set out, saying that they would seek the old woman and never let her go from them again. Marushka knew the way well, she knew every path in the mountain. But after they had crossed the mountain a hundred times, they looked on all sides like poppy seeds, there was no sign of the hut, no trace of the old woman. Only now did they guess who the old woman was, and that all the searching was useless. They returned home.

There was no more salt in the gift bag, but Marushka already knew where the salt grew: they had taken it there and taken it there, never running out and never missing it again.

GREECE

PUSS IN BOOTS

Traditional fairytale (greek version)

Shared by: Aree Plios

Once upon a time there was a father who had three children... Once he became seriously ill and realized that he was going to die, he called out to grant them his wish and divide them their inheritance. To the big one he gave the mill, to the middle one he gave the horse, and to the little one, he gave, the Gatto. The wheat was being given to the elder to be ground and thus the elder made his bread. The middleman carried loads from village to village and thus earned his living... only the little one didn't know what to do with the cat his father gave him.

"My older brother has the mill, they give him the wheat, he grinds it and makes his bread, my other brother has the horse, he carries loads from village to village and he makes his bread.

Only me, I don't know what to do with you the Gatto, that you want me give you bread!... "Don't be bitter, my master", the cat told him then, "and you will see a lot of good from me!!!"

The next morning Gatto put on his boots and took a shuttle and a sack and went up very high into the unfathomable mountains, where the birds live. He set a trap for sleeping birds and then he went and offered them to the king. He told him “these are brought by my master to you my great King”.

The next morning Gatto again put on his boots and took the shuttle and the sack and the nets and went up to the high treacherous mountains where the birds live, and again he collected the birds and went and offered them to the king saying that they are from his master.

The same also Gatto did on the 3rd day and the king was surprised and ordered his master to be brought before him. And then Gatto showed the king the wild dragon's castle and told him that his master's house was that!!! And he left to go and find his master in their poor house.

On the way he was going, he passed by the dragon's palace. The dragon was enjoying by himself. He was being transformed into a lion, he was being transformed into an eagle, he was being transformed into a cat. Gatto secretly watched him through the window and laughed at the dragon's transformations. He was having a great time!!

Gatto said to the dragon, “what nice transformations you do, Mr. Dragon, but you don't have the power to turn into any small animal”. “I don't have the power???” says the dragon. “Of course not”, the cat tells him. “What do you want me to be like”? - “ a mouse for example!!” said gatto!! and then straightway the dragon is transformed into a little mouse, and Gatto makes a gesture and seizes it and swallows it, and leaves happy go lucky!!!



**Illustration for Puss in Boots by Charles Perrault
Little, Dial Books for Young Readers**

Then he starts to go to his master's house. “Come my master” says to him “and I have news for you...”. “ah what news do you have for me???” you poor cat I have not even bread to give you”. “Come and our new home is the palace of the dragon who became a mouse and I ate him”. “Ah, poor cat”, his master then tells him. “What fairy tales are these?” and follows him.

Gatto leads his master to the dragon's palace. At the same time, the king also comes to the palace!!! seeing the gold walls, the gorgeous mirrors and the huge palace, he lost his mind! ... and demanded the master of this palace to stand before him! and to make him his son-in-law! and so the third son marries the king's child and there were weddings and rejoicings and if the food did not run out, they would still eat! I was there too! for brunch! wearing my red pants!!!

THE STORY OF ICARUS

Greek mythology

Shared by: Annalie Vamvoura

Icarus was the son of the most intelligent architect and sculptor Daedalus. Having heard about the work and works of Daedalus, the king of Crete, Minos, invited him to his kingdom. Minos had Daedalus build a labyrinth to punish his enemies. Indeed, Daedalus built a maze that really no one could find the way out. Minos was so satisfied that in order to keep Daedalus close to him, he imprisoned him with Icarus in a room, with a window as the only way out. Trying to regain their freedom, Daedalus asked Minos's servants for a candle, light wood and feathers, saying that he was preparing a construction for the king.

Daedalus, therefore, made two pairs of wings from light wood and feathers.

He stuck them with a candle, intending to fly with Icarus away from Crete. Before they started flying, he gave Icarus a piece of advice: "Do not fly too high because the sun will melt the candle and the wings will dissolve".

The escape was a success and the two of them managed to escape. Icarus, with his wings on his back, felt free! He looked at the birds and boasted "I'm like you, except I have a mind". He was thinking about all this and did not notice that he had reached the height of the sun. The sun melted the candle and its wings were destroyed. It began to fall and was lost forever in the sea. The sea in which it fell was named Ikarios Pelagos.

THE ARTA BRIDGE

Greek folk poem

Shared by: Kyriakos Papadopoulos

Forty-five masters and sixty journeymen
built a bridge over the river from Arta.
They built all day, but everything collapsed again at night.
The bricklayers wailed and the helpers cried:
"A shame for all our efforts, all the work in vain.
Everything we build up during the day collapses at night. "
A little bird came and sat over to the river,
it did not sing like a bird, nor like a swallow,
but it sang and spoke in a human voice:
" If you are not a human walled up, there will be no bridge
and no orphans, no strangers and no travelers walled up,
but only the master master's pretty wife who
comes by too early in the morning and too late in the evening. "
The master master heard this and he was overcome with fear.
He grabs, he sends his slim woman with the bird with the nightingale a message:
Slowly she should change, slowly she should get dressed, slowly she should go in the
evening,
late she should go and cross the bridge from Arta.
And the bird listened and said:
"Get dressed quickly, change your clothes quickly, bring the food
quickly, you must go quickly and cross the bridge of Arta."

Then she appeared in front of the white path.
The headmaster saw her and it broke his heart.
"Good afternoon and all the best to you masters and journeymen,
but what has the chief master to make him so sad?"
"His ring fell under the first pillar,
and who should go down there to find the ring?
" Master don't be sad, I'll bring it back to you,
I'll go down to find the ring. "
Neither deep down nor to the middle she came,
" Pull the chain my dear, pull the chains up,
I've searched everything but I found it nothing. "

One swings the trowel, the next the lime,
the chief master takes a large stone and lets it fall down.
"Oh, that's our lot, what a shame for our fate!
We were three sisters and calamity came upon all three of us,
one walled in over the Danube, the other over the Euphrates,
and I the youngest in the bridge of Arta.
Just as the carnation trembles, the bridge should tremble
and just as the leaves fall from the trees, the passers-by should fall. "

" Daughter, change your words, give another curse,
you only have one brother who could accidentally cross it. "
And she changed her words and uttered a new curse:
"When the wild hills tremble, then the bridge trembles too,
and when the wild birds fall, the passers-by should also fall,
because I have a brother abroad who is them afterwards she added:
"A bear only signs every 7 years and if a mother is given birth on the same day as the bear
then she will not give birth again until after 7 years!"

THE LIAR SHEPHERD

Aesop's Fables by Aesop

Shared by: Alexandra Antoniadou

Once upon a time there was a shepherd who every night went to the side of a mountain and grazed his sheep while most of the time he was bored and sitting at the root of a tree playing his flute. One night, where he was sitting and looking from far the village, he thought it's unfair for him to not get sleep like them so he wanted to let them stay awake one night. Then he got up and started shouting as much as he could stronger:

- Wolves! Wolves! Run villagers! ...

The villagers woke up frightened by the loud noises and ran to the side of the mountain, holding rifles and pickaxes to chase the wolves, before eating their sheep. When they arrived at slope, they found the sheep grazing and the shepherd standing and waiting for them.

-What happened? Where are the wolves? (They asked him panting from running)

- They got afraid of the voices and hid inside the forest but I'm afraid they will return...

-We will stay with you until the morning.

They spent the night with him, but without seeing any wolves. After a few days, the shepherd, one night, started again the shouts.

- Wolves! Wolves! Run, villagers!

His fellow villagers ran again and again and found no wolf. The shepherd was happy with his game. One night, however, two wolves actually appeared and then he made louder voices:

- Help! Run! Wolves! Wolves!

But the villagers, as soon as they heard him, preferred to continue sleeping, rather than doing that unjustly, because they suspected that the shepherd was making fun of them! The wolves killed about fifteen sheep, the others were scattered and the shepherd returned trembling and all alone in the village.

- Where are the sheep? (The villagers asked him)

- The wolves ate them, I was calling you, but you did not come to persecute them.

- It's your fault! You lied to us many times, so once you told the truth, we could not believe you.

LATVIA

SPRĪDĪTIS

Author: Anna Brigadere

Shared by: Andra Štāle

At the heart of the story is the story of Sprīdīte, a little boy who lives with Vecomata, Lienite and Stepmother. When the conflict with Pamamata escalates, Sprīdītis decides to leave home and go in search of happiness in the world. The play reveals the difficulties he faces, as well as Sprīdītis' path of mental and physical growth. The most important crossroads are the meeting with the Mother of the Wind, whose four sons Sprīdītis tries in vain to control, but the mother of the Wind appreciates the boy's determination and good will; fight with Lutaus; the responsiveness that Sprīdītis shows to the Old Man, looking to give him shelter and protect him from the wrath of Sikstuulis; getting to the King 's castle and successfully fighting with Nelabo himself. After the Evil One is defeated, Sprīdītis is entitled to the promised half of the King's state, as well as Princess Zeltīte for his wife; however, seeing that the princess is nasty and quarrelsome, Sprīdītis decides to leave the castle for the Happy Land and thus returns home, where she meets Vecomata and Lienite again.

THE TALE OF FERDING

Author: Kārlis Skalbe, 1912

Source: <https://latvianliteraryclassics.wordpress.com/2021/09/03/karlis-skalbe-the-tale-of-the-ferding/>

Shared by: Tereza Korsaka

A poor bathhouse attendant Ansis finds a ferding, which, whenever spent, returns to its owner's pocket. Overcome by greed, Ansis lives out his life, spending and respending the miracle coin. Having accumulated fabulous wealth and being envied by all, he has become so selfish that he does not even help his destitute mother. The ferding does not bring satisfaction to Ansis and, in the end, it is the Devil, the true owner of the coin, who reclaims it.

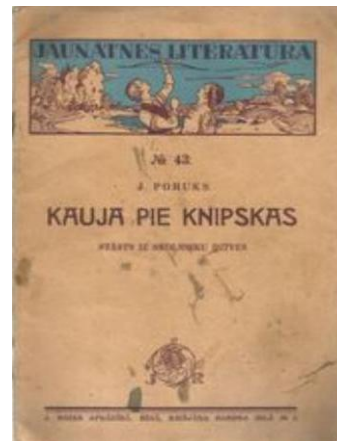
THE BATTLE OF KNIPSKA

Author: Jānis Poruks, 1987

Shared by: Ilze Vēze-Balode

Source: <https://latvianliteraryclassics.wordpress.com/2021/08/19/janis-poruks-the-battle-of-knipska/>

'The Battle of Knipska' is a story about the social differences within a 19th century Latvian school. The tale narrates of Cibiņš who is a character representing both the Romanticism and the Realism literary traditions. Poruks emphasizes the prevalence of the spiritual prosperity over the 1929. material possessions and delights – which is ever so harder-attained in the face of perpetual and inescapable hunger. 1929.



**Riga. Publisher "J. Roze".
The story from the lives
of students.
Author Jānis Poruks.
Artist Indriķis Zeberiņš.**

HOUSE MOUSE AND FIELD MOUSE

Traditional story collected in the book: *Trīs vēja mežgli: (Pasakas)*. Sast. un koment. aut. K. Arājs. Rīga: Liesma, 1988. lpp. 43
Shared by: Jekaterina Neija

One warm day, a house mouse crawls out of her burrow and goes to Sildruva to visit her relative, a field mouse.

"Well! Do you still remember your family? "

"Hello, hello! How come I wouldn't know my sister? Oh, joy that you came to me. But did you know the way well, did you not go astray? "

"Where will I go wrong? But tell me, sister, what's the point of such a convex cocoon? "

"These are the sprouted grains, my only food, my only bread!" The field mouse sadly replied.

"Oh God, such bread!" the house mouse is astonished; "I should starve to death with such bread.

Sister, my food is so much different: meat in the morning, fat for lunch, cream for dinner. And all this within the paws reach. My life is gold compared to yours. Come to my house and let's live together."

"Okay, I'll go!"

At night, both sisters pour out of the underground and ask the cricket: "Cricket, cricket! Is the cat in the house? "

"No, he left for Riga with mouse skins!" the cricket responds.

"Well, then it's time!" mice rejoiced. "Stay, sister, right here at the hole; I will bring food to you, and you will carry it to the burrow."

But as soon as the house mouse walked two steps away, the cat scratched at her. Fortunately, this time she managed to sneak back to the burrow; otherwise it would have been the end of a golden life for good.

"Never mind!" The house mouse reassures the sister, "we are out of luck here, but we may get lucky elsewhere - let's go through the main hole to eat the bacon in the barn."

They came to the barn, but, alas, another misfortune waited: the farmer saw them and promised to burn them. Seeing this, the field mouse immediately turned back to her house, saying, "It is better for me to have my sprouted grains than your delicacies in eternal fear. I store my own grain, but you just want to steal from others. Goodbye!"

REPUBLIC OF NORTH MACEDONIA

THE LEGEND OF CAVE PESHNA

Local legend

Source: <https://bit.ly/3Rh2E29>

Shared by: Sonja Jarcev

The cave Peshna is located at 6 km from MakedonskiBrod, it is one of the most attractive natural beauties that unfortunately are not discovered and known not only for the foreign tourists, but also for the inhabitants of Macedonia. This cave that is known only by few people, it is an undiscovered treasure and completely unused tourist attraction, although it was proclaimed as a natural monument. According to the speleologists, Peshna is a cave with biggest cave entrance on the Balkan – the flooring of the opening is 30 m high.

From the final northern part of the cave, after heavy rains and melting of the snow, flows a strong spring that dries up completely in the dry periods of the year. At the entrance of the cave there is a middle age fortress. According to the local inhabitants, the spring is the river Peshna, which according to some sources is the river Krapa that forms several lakes and waterfalls at "the biggest cave system in Macedonia" for which is assuming that is 10 km long. The remains from the fortress in the cave are related with the place called "Devinikuli" ("Deva's fortress") that can be seen from the inside of the cave. According to the local legends, at the two fortresses had lived the sisters of King Marko. As the promoters of the brand of King Marko claimed "the legend says that at the entrance and deep in was built the fortress of the second sister of the King Marko". Peshna is registered as cave from the period of the late ancient time in Macedonia. Near the village of Slatina, before the entrance of the cave is discovered a crypt with an arch of bricks and lateral entrance from the west side.

Legend about Cave Peshna

Peshna cave is 4km away from Deva's Fortress. Legend says that both Deva and Peshna (Krali Marko's sisters) lived in this region after they were married. As in those days women were not allowed to go out unaccompanied, and in order for the sisters to still be able to communicate, Krali Marko built a castle for Deva opposite the one of Peshna (which was at the entrance of the large cave named after her). Thus, the sisters communicated every morning by utilizing the echo produced by the interior of the cave.

THE CREATION OF LAKE OHRID

National Legend

Shared by: Ruzhica Stojanovska

Source: <https://www.itinari.com/ohrid-legend-of-its-lake-d48x>

According to this legend, Back then, where Ohrid Lake peacefully existed, there were beautiful flower fields where everyone around was proud. Ohrid people took special care of their fields by watering them with a special water. This water was coming from the water well and everyone in the town had to be very careful while using it. After use, one should cover the well with a stone slab, so that the water will not tip over in a huge amount and drown the flowers. People believed that when a young girl is watering the field, the flowers became even more beautiful. That was a tradition- every day a different girl gets "the honor" or the task to water the field. The instructions were strict and constantly repeated. After a certain amount of water, the girl had to cover the well. One girl got amazed by a boy who came and simply forgot to cover the well, as we can all expect. During the night the water came out and covered the beautiful flowers. Today, if you are lucky to be near the surface of this beautiful lake, you can have exactly the feeling of drowning in an infinite flower field which is gardened with beauty and youth while it's covered with water because of love sparks.

THE STORY OF THE DOLL FIELD

Local Legend

Shared by: Sandra Nikolovska

It says that a long time ago in the village happened big tragedy. The boy in whom one girl was endlessly in love, married another one. Because of that, the disappointed girl cursed the newlyweds. When the wedding day has come, it seemed that everything is in order. Everyone has gathered: the bride and groom, the other guests arrived and the wedding had begun. The moment the newlyweds kissed, the curse came true and all the wedding guests were transformed into stones. The stone dolls are proof to the anger and pain of the unhappy girl from that day till today. Villagers call the place "Merry Wedding" because the wedding guests remained smiling and the newlyweds froze in a gentle hug. Because of these stone "dolls" the place got its name – Doll field.

This story it's about a village in my country that is called "Kuklica" which would be translated something as Dollfield. It is based in the city of Kratovo and is characterized with forest and fields. However the most interesting part about this place is the legend about the stone dolls. With a little imagination, every visitor can fill in the gaps in the story, because it is not known what happened to the girl who threw the curse.



Locals say that their ancestors tried to break the curse of the girl in love, but failed.

However, scientists sat that the stone figures were created 10 million years ago, when there were still no people on the planet. Vertical erosion of volcanic rocks has created "puppets" ten meters high, which still dominate the environment. Over time, nature has sculpted rare masterpieces from them. However, such a "wedding" is nowhere in the world and this place is protected by the Ministry of natural environment.

SILJAN THE STORK

Marko Cepenkov Version

Shared by: Ivana Lembovska

The action of the story begins in the village of small Konjari, in a typical Macedonian village, with a typical Macedonian Family. It consists of father Bozin, mother Stojna, son Siljan and daughter Bosilka. The son, the only male child in the family married Neda at the age of 16 and at 17 his son Velko was born. Siljan's parents pampered him so much that they allow him to do nothing and constantly to go to Prilep (the nearest town) ostensibly to the market and in fact to the tavern. The father is not happy that his son is behaving unkindly, so he often nicely tries to point out his mistakes. He tells him to point out his mistakes. He tells him the story of the sparrows Sive and Chule, who were actually people, brother and sister, but who did not listen to their parents and were spoiled.

That is why the mother cursed them saying: Son Sive and you daughter Chule to be chickens and to fly from our house, to go to the fields, to stand on the thorns and to look for each other, so that you can never find each other. So let us be saved from you and from the torments you are doing to us.

But Siljan did not listen at all and could not wait to go as far away from home as possible. His father's stories were boring, the lessons even more so, and to obey did not occur to him. Therefore he went to Prilep again where the meandering man found the right thing for him-to accompany the clergyman to all surrounding villages (that is to walk, and do nothing). Thus, Siljan spent the whole year walking and not thinking about home and his family, and when the clergyman went to the tomb of God and Siljanstil did not want to return home, he asked him to go with him. Then, „unintelligent” and after a year of not coming home-the misfortune befalls him, that is a parent curse is fulfilled. The ship they were travelling in is caught in a storm and fortunately only Siljan remains alive. But happiness is not complete because he found himself in a strange country with strange people with long noses and legs, a country from which he could not leave except by flying. The people who lived there welcomed Siljan, as a dear guest, knew him and his whole family well and told him their destiny to be cursed.

They long ago because of the bad attitude of their children were cursed by an old man to lose whole birth and never be able to have children. Later, their punishment was reduced so that they could only disguise themselves as storks and in a distant land-in Prilep's field they gave birth. Because of that they flew to and from Siljan's hometown every spring, so they got to know all the people there. Having no other choice, Siljan spends the whole year in a strange country, working in the fields, helping the host and waiting for the time to fly. There, he becomes a different person hard working conscientious which was strange even to stork people. The year passed, the people with the stork water became storks together with them and Siljan, but he tied a bottle of human water around his neck, so that he could become a man when they come to Prilep's field. After a long flight, when they arrived at Pletvar, Siljan was overjoyed to see the Marko Towers and Treskavec Monastery so due to carelessness and haste to become a man as soon as possible, he landed badly on the rocks and broke the bottle. The punishment of a whole year of working in a strange country was not enough, he had to wait a whole year now and what is even worse to look at his relatives and not to be able to call them or approach. He made a nest in his house and watched his parents, his wife, his son, his sister everyday. He was in pain because he could not touch them and talk to them, so he approached

them dangerously several times and they persecuted him and mistreated him, not knowing that he was their son like a stork, Siljan also had to watch his sister's wedding as they could no longer wait for him to return. The family lived their lives without him

The following year, in the land of storks Siljan worked hard, changed completely became serious and hardworking and could not wait for the time to go home. This time he put the human water in a pot and decided to be very careful and not to hurry. Before arriving, there is a big fight between the storks and the eagles, but fortunately Siljan has a good time and finally sprinkles with water and becomes human again. They welcomed him home with joy but also with distrust. Knowing all Siljan, everyone thinks that he is inventing the story of the storks, but he tells them all the things that happened in the house last summer and finally shows them that is speaking the truth.

SPAIN

THE BOATMAN AND THE SCHOLAR

A Sufi tale found in Rumi's Mathnawi I: 2829-2847

Shared by: Alex Blankenstein

There once lived a scholar of languages and grammar who had to journey across a huge river. It was a long, slow trip and the scholar soon got bored. He called out to the boatman. "Let's talk, boatman. What languages have you studied? Do you know about grammar and phonetics?" he asked, introducing the subject that was closest to his heart. The boatman shook his head. "No sir," he replied politely, "I have no use for such tools."

"What a pity," said the scholar rather condescendingly. "You have wasted half of your life." The boatman felt his heart sink.

Later, a storm broke out. The wind whipped the water into turbulence. The small boat was flung about and in the chaos, the boatman shouted out to the terrified scholar, "Forgive the question, sir, but do you know how to swim."

The scholar shook his head. "I'm afraid not, boatman. I have always been immersed in thinking and have had not use for such a tool."

"In that case, sir, you have wasted half your life, for this boat is soon to sink."

And with that, the boatman dove into the water, leaving the scholar to his fate.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE FISH

Spanish Tale version collected by Fernán Caballero in the book "Cuentos, oraciones, adivinas y refranes populares e infantiles"

Shared by: Antonia Gruener

ONCE upon a time there was a poor cobbler, who, being unable to live my mending shoes, determined to buy a net and turn fisherman. He went fishing for several days, but drew nothing in his net but old boots and shoes. At last he thought:

"This is the very last day I will go fishing. If I catch nothing, I will go and hang myself."

He cast his net once more, and this time he caught a fine fish. When he took the fish in his hand, it opened its mouth and said:

“Take me home with you; cut me in six pieces and stew me with salt and pepper, cinnamon and cloves, laurel leaves and mint. Give two of the pieces to your wife, two to your mare, and the other two to the plant in your garden.”

The cobbler did exactly what the fish told him to do, and he was duly rewarded, for several months after his wife presented him with two fine boys, and his mare with two colts, whilst the plant in his garden produced two lances, which, instead of blossoms, bore two shields, on which were to be seen a silver fish on an azure ground.

Everything prospered with the cobbler, and in course of time on one fine day two gallant youths were seen issuing from his house mounted on two superb chargers and bearing slender lances and brilliant shields.

These two brothers were so muck alike that they were known as The Double Knight; but each of them wished to preserve his individuality and seek his own fortune. After embracing each other with great affection, one took his way towards the West, and the other towards the East.

After travelling for some days, the first arrived at Madrid, and found the royal city pouring bitter tears into the pure sweet waters of her cherished river, the Manzanares. Everybody was weeping when our gallant youth arrived at the Spanish capital. He inquired the cause of this universal lamentation, and was told that every year a fiery dragon came and carried off a beautiful maiden, and that this year the lot had fallen upon their King’s good and peerless daughter.

The Knight immediately asked where the Princess was to be found, and was informed that she was about a quarter of a league distant, expecting the fiery monster to appear at any moment and carry her away to his den. The Knight started off without delay, and found the Princess in tears and trembling from head to foot.

“Fly away!” she cried when she saw the Knight of the Fish approaching; “fly away, rash one! The monster is coming and if he should see you, Heaven help you!”

“I will not go,” replied the gallant youth “because I have come to save you.”

“To save me! Can that be possible?”

“I am going to see,” replied the valiant champion. “Are there any German merchants in the city?”

“Yes,” answered the astonished Princess, “but why do you ask?”



Fernan Caballero, Tomo 4.
Illustration: Maria Pascual

“You will see,” replied the Knight, and he galloped off to the sorrowful city. Speedily he returned with an immense mirror which he had bought from a German dealer. He leaned this against the trunk of a tree, and, covering it with the Princess’s veil,

placed her in front of it, instructing her to pull off the veil and slip behind the glass when the dragon approached. Then he hid behind a neighboring wall.

In a little while the fiery dragon appeared, and gradually drew near the fair one, eyeing her with all the insolence and effrontery possible. When he was quite close, the Princess, obeying the Knight's instructions, drew the veil aside, and, slipping behind the mirror, disappeared from the eyes of the fiery dragon, who remained stupefied at finding his amorous glances directed at a dragon like himself. He made a movement; the other dragon did the same. His brilliant red eyes sparkled like two rubies; those of his opponent gleamed like two carbuncles. This increased his fury; he erected his scales as a porcupine does his quills; those of his rival stood up likewise. He opened his tremendous mouth, which would have been without a parallel but for that of his opponent, who opened one just like it. The dragon dashed furiously against his enemy, giving his head such a powerful blow against the mirror that he was completely stunned; and, as he had broken the glass, he fancied that he had killed his rival.

The Knight availed himself of this moment to dart forth from his hiding-place, and, plunging his lance into the dragon, deprived him of his life.

The delight of the Madrid people may be imagined when they beheld the Knight of the Fish bearing on his saddle the beautiful Princess, quite unharmed and as lively as a cricket, and the dead dragon fastened by the neck to his noble steed. It may be believed that after such an achievement that they were unable to reward the Knight with anything but the fair hand of the Princess, and that they had wedding festivities and banquets and bull-fights, and tilting matches, and all sorts of good things.

Some days after his marriage the Knight of the Fish said to his wife, that he would like to explore the palace, which was so extensive that it covered a league of ground. They went over it together, and it took them four whole days to see it all. On the fourth day they went up on the roof, and the Knight was struck with amazement at the view. He had never seen anything like it, nor could he have found its equal if he had visited all Spain and the Empire of Morocco as well.

"What castle is that which I see standing in the distance so solitary and sombre?" asked the Knight of the Fish.

"That," replied the Princess, "is the castle of Albastretch; it is enchanted, and no one is able to undo the enchantment; and no one of all those who have gone there has ever been known to return."

The Knight listened intently, and, as he was valiant and adventurous, on the following morning, without letting any one know his intention, he seized his lance, mounted his horse, and set out for the castle.

The castle was enough to make one's hair stand on end with fright just to look at it; for it was darker than a thunder-cloud and as silent as death. But the Knight of the Fish knew nothing of fear, and never turned his back upon a foe until he had conquered; so he lifted his horn and blew lustily. The sound awoke all the slumbering echoes of the castle, so that they repeated it, now nearer, now farther, sometimes softer and then louder; but no one stirred in the castle.

"Ah! what a castle!" exclaimed the Knight in a loud voice. "Is there no one to welcome a knight who craves shelter? Is there no governor, nor squire, nor even a groom to take my horse away?"

"Away! Away! Away!" clamoured the echoes.

"Why should I go away?" said the Knight of the Fish. "I shall not go back for all you may say!"

“Aye! Aye! Aye!” (Alas! Alas! Alas!) groaned the echoes.
The Knight grasped his spear and struck it loudly on the door.
Then the portcullis was raised, and in the opening appeared the tip of an enormous nose, placed between the sunken eyes and fallen-in mouth of an old woman, uglier than sin.
“What do you want, impudent disturber?” she inquired in a cracked voice.
“To enter,” replied the Knight. “Are you not able to afford me the enjoyment of some rest at this hour of the night? Yes or no?”
“No! No! No!” said the echoes.
Here the Knight lifted his visor because he was warm; and the old woman, seeing how handsome he was, said to him:
“Come in, handsome youth; you shall be cared for and well looked after.”
“After! After!” warned the echoes; but the Knight was fearless, and entered. The old woman promised that he should fare well.
“Farewell! Farewell!” sighed the echoes.
“Go on, old lady,” said the Knight.
“I am called Lady Berberisca,” the old woman remarked very crossly, “and I am the mistress of Albastretch.”
“Wretch! Wretch!” groaned the echoes.
“Won’t you be silent, cursed chatterers?” exclaimed Lady Berberisca. “I am your humble servant,” she continued, making a deep courtesy to the Knight, “and if you like I will be your wife, and you shall live with me here as grand as a Pacha.”
“Ha! Ha!” laughed the echoes.
“Would you have me marry you? You must be a hundred. You are foolish and mad as well.”
“Well! Well!” said the echoes.
“What I want,” said the Knight, “is the register of the castle to examine.”
“Amen! Amen!” sighed the echoes.

Lady Berberisca’s pride was deeply wounded, she gave a hasty glance at the Knight of the Fish, and, intimating to him that he should follow her, she showed him all over the castle, where he beheld many strange things, but she did not give him any opportunity to talk about them. Finally the wicked old woman took him through an obscure corridor where there was a trap-door, into which he fell, to disappear in an abyss where his voice was added to the echoes; for these were the voices of the many gallant and accomplished knights whom the wicked old Berberisca had punished in the same manner for having despised her venerable charms.

Let us now turn to the other Knight of the Fish, who, after long travels, arrived at Madrid. As he entered the city gates the sentinels presented arms, the drums beat the royal march, and several of the palace servitors surrounded him, saying that the Prince was in tears owing to his long absence, fearing that some misfortune had happened to him in the enchanted castle of Albastretch.

“They seem to take me for my brother,” the Knight said to himself, “to whom it seems some good fortune has happened. I will keep quiet and see what will come to pass.”

The people carried him in triumph to the castle, where he was met with caresses and congratulations from the King as well as the Princess. They were eager to learn about his adventures, and what he had seen at the enchanted castle. To the Princess’s questions he replied:

“I am not permitted to say one word about it till I have been there once more.”

“Will you go again to that cursed place?” she asked. “You are the only one who has ever yet returned.”

“It is unavoidable; I must go there once more.”

When they went to rest the Knight placed his sword in the bed.

“Why do you do that?” asked the Princess.

“Because I have sworn not to sleep in a bed until after I have revisited Albastretch.”

On the following day he mounted his steed and took the road to the enchanted castle, fearing that some misfortune had happened to his brother there. When he arrived at the castle he saw the old woman’s fiery nose through the portcullis.

As soon as she saw the Knight she became livid with fright, for she thought he was the dead knight come to life again. She called loudly to Beelzebub, and promised him all kinds of gifts if he would take away that vision of life and blood.

“Ancient lady,” cried the Knight, “I have come to ask where a knight is who recently came here.”

“Here! Here! Here!” responded the echoes.

“And what have you done with this knight, so accomplished in everything, and so skilled?”

“Killed! Killed!” groaned the echoes.

On hearing this, and seeing the old hag running away, the Knight of the Fish, beside himself with rage, ran after her and pierced her through with his sword, which stuck so fast in her body that she jumped about like a pea in a frying-pan.

“Where is my brother, ugly old traitress?” demanded the Knight.

“I can tell you,” replied the witch; “but as I am at death’s door I will not let you know until you have resuscitated me.”

“But how can I do this, perfidious witch?”

“Go to the garden,” replied the old witch, “cut some evergreens, everlastings, and dragon’s blood; boil these plants in a cauldron and then sprinkle some of the decoction over me.”

On saying this the old woman died without uttering a prayer. The Knight did what the old witch had requested, and brought her back to life; but she was uglier than ever, for her nose remained deadly white and looked like an elephant’s tusk. Then the Knight made her tell him where his brother was; and down in the abyss he not only found him, but many other victims of the wicked Berberisca. He sprinkled them all with the decoction he had made in the cauldron, and they all came back to life. Their voices, which had been heard in the echoes, all returned, and the first words they all uttered were:

“Accursed witch! Merciless Berberisca!”

Then all those gallant knights, and many beautiful ladies whom the fiery dragon — who was Berberisca’s son — had carried there, thanked the Knight of the Fish; and one of the most beautiful of the ladies gave him her hand; and, on seeing this, the wicked old witch died again from envy and spite.

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL

Traditional Story

Shared by: Hande Demir

Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived with her parents on a farm. She was a good girl who helped with the housework and took care of the animals.

One day, her mother said to her:

- My daughter, this morning the cows gave a lot of milk and I don't feel very well. I have a fever and I don't feel like going out of the house. You're a big girl now, so today you're going to sell the milk at the market.

The little girl, who was very helpful and responsible, answered her mother:

- Sure, mommy, I'll go so you can rest.

The good woman, seeing that her daughter was so willing, gave her a kiss on the cheek and promised her that all the money she collected would go to her.

How happy she was! She took the pitcher full of freshly milked milk and left the farm taking the shortest way to town.

She walked briskly and her mind was racing. He kept thinking about how he would invest the coins he was going to get from the sale of the milk.



- I know what I'll do! - she said to herself, "With the coins I get for the milk, I will buy a dozen eggs; I will take them to the farm, my hens will incubate them, and when the twelve chicks are born, I will exchange them for a beautiful piglet. Once raised, it will be a huge pig. Then I'll go back to the market and trade it for a heifer that when it grows up will give me lots of milk every day that I can sell for a lot of money.

The girl was absorbed in her thoughts. As she was planning it, the milk she was carrying in the jug would allow her to become rich and live comfortably all her life.

So engrossed was she that she got lost and did not notice that there was a stone in the middle of the road. She stumbled and wham! ... The poor girl fell face first to the

ground. She only got a few scratches on her knees but her pitcher flew through the air and broke into a thousand pieces. The milk spilled everywhere and her dreams vanished. There was no more milk to sell and so it was all over.

- What a misfortune! Goodbye to my eggs, my chicks, my piglet and my calf - the girl lamented in tears - That's what I get for being ambitious.

With bitterness, she picked up the pieces of the jar and returned to her family, reflecting on what had happened.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Traditional Story

Shared by: Luna Barrera

Once upon a time there were three little pigs who lived with their mother. One day their mother told them they were old enough to go out into the world and make a living for themselves. She said "Watch out for the big bad wolf, because he will eat you." She also

told them "Build your houses nice and strong so that you will be safe from the wolf. Then she said "Good-bye my sons and good luck!"

The three little pigs then went their separate ways. The first little pig saw a man stacking straw. The first little pig asked the man "May I have some of that straw to build a house?" The man agreed and the first little pig built his house very quickly. It wasn't a very strong house.

One day the big bad wolf came and knocked on the first little pig's door and said "Little pig, little pig, let me come in." And the little pig answered "No, no, I won't let you come in, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin.

"Well," said the wolf" then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in. So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down and ate the little pig.

The second little pig was going along the road when he met a man stacking a big pile of sticks. The second little pig asked the man "May I have some of those sticks to build myself a house?" The man gave them to him and the second little pig built his house of sticks. Then one day the second little pig heard a knock at the door. It was the wolf, and he said "Little pig, little pig, let me come in." The little pig said "No, no, I won't let you in, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin." The wolf answered "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in." Then he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and then he blew the house down and ate the little pig.

The third little pig was walking on the road when he met a man with a load of bricks. The little pig asked him for enough to build a house. The man agreed and the third little pig built a strong house of bricks.

The wolf came and knocked at his door and said "Little pig, little pig, let me come in" and the pig said "No, no, I won't let you in, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin. "Well," said the wolf "then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in." So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed, but he couldn't blow the house down!

The frustrated wolf said "Little pig, little pig, I know where there's a nice field of turnips." The little pig asked "Where?" The wolf answered "At Mrs. Smith's farm, we can go there together tomorrow at nine o'clock." The little pig nodded and said "Nine o'clock, I'll be ready!" The next morning the pig got up earlier, at eight o'clock, and went to Mrs. Smith's farm and got all the turnips he could carry and was home again before nine.

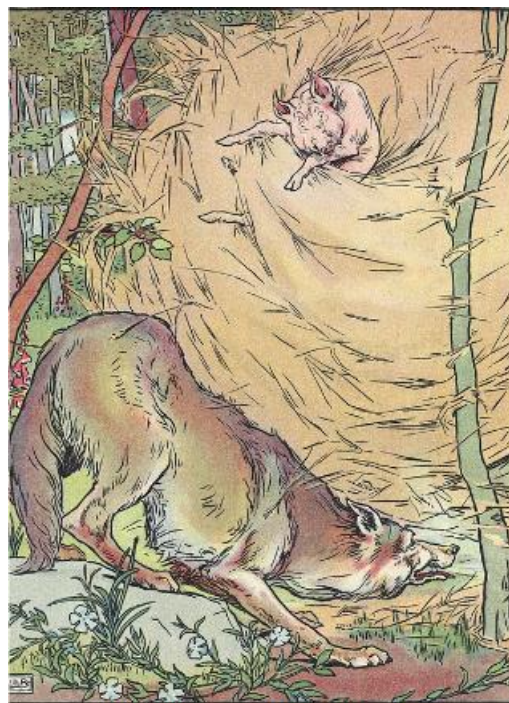


Illustration by Leonard Leslie Brooke.

The big bad wolf came around at nine o'clock sharp and asked "Little pig, little pig, are you ready?" but the little pig said "I've already gone to the field and gotten some turnips, but thanks anyway." This made the wolf very mad, but in a calm voice he said "Very well then. By the way, I know where there is a nice, ripe apple tree." The little pig asked

"Where is it?" The wolf answered "It's in the orchard across the field. I will come tomorrow at eight o'clock and we can go together to pick some juicy sweet apples" The little pig then said "Eight o'clock, I'll be ready."

The next morning the little pig got up at seven o'clock, ran to the apple tree across the field in the orchard, climbed up the tree and started picking apples. Suddenly, he saw the big bad wolf coming. The sneaky wolf said "How are those apples?" The pig answered "Great, here catch one!" and he threw it so far away that while the wolf was going after it the pig jumped out of the tree and ran all the way home.

Later on the wolf came knocking and said "Little pig, little pig, there is a fair in town, can I come by tomorrow at seven o'clock and we can go there together?" The pig replied "Seven o'clock, I'll be ready!" But the pig went to the fair earlier and bought a butter churn barrel. On his way home from the fair he saw the big bad wolf coming up a hill. The little pig hid himself in the barrel, which accidentally fell over and rolled down the hill. It rolled so fast that it scared the wolf into running away; he didn't even get to go to the fair. The little pig ran home with his churn and was safe.

Later on the wolf went to the pig's house and told him about the fast rolling barrel which had scared him. The little pig laughed out loud and said "I bought that barrel at the fair and I was inside it when it came down the hill." This made the wolf furious and he said "LITTLE PIG, THAT'S IT, I'M GOING TO COME THROUGH YOUR CHIMNEY AND EAT YOU!"

But the pig made a giant fire in the fireplace and put a big pot of water on it. Just as the water started to boil, the wolf started coming down the chimney and the little pig took the cover off of the pot and the wolf fell in. The little pig cooked him, ate him for dinner, and thought to himself "I'm not so little any more!" and the pig lived happily ever after.

THE NETHERLANDS

THE WHITE WOMEN OF LOCHEM

Dutch Folktale

Source: https://www.beleven.org/verhaal/de_witte_wieven_van_lochem

Shared by: Elmer Mik

In a deep pit, just beyond Lochem, near the Koerbelt, lived three white women who were sisters in ugliness, with their fleshless arms and long, grey, thin hair. Their eyes were deep and their teeth stuck out like a skeleton. The eldest was the mistress of all white women in the area, even the Veluwe. However, she had no name. During the day they lay in the sand, they were one with the sand. It was not until evening that they usually rose high into the sky. Sometimes they stayed on earth and then ran across the plain, the sharp nails looming ahead, the mouth wide open. Sometimes there was also a cry, screaming through the air, wilder than the storm wind.

Herbert and his sister Aleid were not afraid of the white women. As children, they often passed the den at night to run another errand for their mother, and when they passed the Kurbelt, and saw the mists rise and fall in the distance, their little fingers would point to it without fear.

For as much as the white wives liked to rob young men, they knew that none of them would harm them. Sometimes they even descended into the pit and picked flowers. Then several times the eldest of the white women would sneak past them, its claws stretched out like a cat being attacked, but when the children laughed, the white woman flew on again. They saw her mist disappear in the twinkling of an eye, and as they went home, the white woman raced screeching along the horizon, faster than a horse. That is why Herbert and his sister Aleid had no fear of the white women, although their girl next door Johanna, Scholte Lodink's daughter, warned them for their courage.

"Don't go into the pit, Herbert," she said, "for no good ever came of the white women." He laughed. "Who knows... maybe they'll throw gold in my hand one day."

"No, no Herbert, never go back to the pit. They're bad, the white wives."

From then on he followed her sentence. When he passed the pit in the evening, he walked straight home.

He was not yet acquainted with love. Still, his parents and hers—they confessed with a smile—thought Herbert and Johanna would become a couple.

Scholte Lodink, a former soldier, joked, while he banged his fist on the table: "If that were true - that they became husband and wife - not two with more wealth would be found in Barchem."

"But," Scholte Lodink once exclaimed, "they must not be forced. Even though my daughter Johanna wants to marry a small farmer, my saying is: you may not separate two youngsters."

Then Miss Christine stopped smiling. She thought to herself, It's good that Herbert and Johanna are together, because my daughter won't marry a poor boy, I'll take care of that. She didn't speak her mind. She watched frugally, her mouth shut tight.

"Love, I say, before everything," continued rich Scholte, "if there is no love, money can do nothing for you. Herbert and Johanna will become a couple, even if he had no money."

Some years later he was able to live up to his words, because Herbert's parents won a lawsuit, but they lost their savings. Then Mother Christine's thoughts were filled with worry about her daughter's future. Wasn't she the wife of Scholte Lodink and did Johanna have to marry such a poor man who could only earn a living with his hands? She sat down in front of the fireplace and pondered. The flames played high and glowed past the cauldron. Sparks flew from the dry wood that kept turning itself. Mother Christine held out her hands so that all the warmth passed over the fingertips. She always said that was the best way to think.

What came to her mind was not happy for Herbert and Johanna. For as she bent over to make a passage greater for a piece of wood than it had hitherto had, she discovered that she knew of another suitor for Johanna than Herbert: Albrecht! Albrecht had everything you would expect from a suitor, she thought; he was a well-built man and he was richer than anyone else in the Achterhoek. How could she pair them without Johanna noticing

the cunning intent?
No better matchmaker than chance!

Once mother met Christine Albrecht, when she was actually the least suspicious of it. She stopped him and immediately started a conversation. "Well Albrecht," she said, "how little I see you these days."

"We keep missing each other, Miss Christine," the young man laughed.

"It seems so. You should come to us one evening, then you can talk about politics with Scholte."

Everyone can easily understand that her daughter would be home when politics were discussed. And see! Mother Christine played her best cards: for Johanna was at her most ruddy and fair that evening, and as if the wind played with it, so frisky were her curls over the white forehead. All the secrets of her youth, otherwise so hidden behind the mists of her eyes, now read freely on her cheerful face, as if she were a child and not a girl who knew love.

Mother Christine could not have imagined that she had seen Herbert that day and that she was looking past Albrecht as if he were just a lifeless thing. Mother Christine, clever as she was, didn't know there was any reason why Johanna had stood on the doorstep with her hands over her eyes. It wasn't for the rays of the evening sun, it was for a better view of Herbert. Mothers, who want to couple, are smart and stupid at the same time. She couldn't help it that there was little talk about politics that evening. Because something strange had happened to Herbert, and Scholte Lodink knew how to tell it. Herbert's name was mentioned more than Scholte's wife liked, and her daughter sat listening for angelic music. It had only now become known, though it had happened a few months earlier.

One summer evening Herbert came on horseback from the farrier. He passed a vortex on the narrow road. Suddenly a water bird flew up with a loud scream. The horse was startled, and ran straight to the white wives' pit. "No, no," Johanna wanted to shout, but at the same moment she remembered that she had seen Herbert safe and sound that evening, and she smiled to herself. De Scholte had stopped his narration for a moment. Then he went on, his voice thoughtful, speaking very slowly, looking at Albrecht as he went.

"Certainly Herbert would have plunged into the pit, had not an old friend come to his aid, the eldest of the white women. She sprang to her feet, her claws gripped the beast's mane, and her knees plunged it into the side. the horse trembled. Herbert patted it on the neck, stroked it, and quietly turned it around. At a walking pace it rode home."

All this the old Scholte thought



Witte wieven die, volgens Johan Picardt, grafheuvels bewonen op een ets uit 1660

fortunate for the young man. But he had been a soldier for a reason: he admired Herbert for his courage. Johanna moved a little closer to hear better. Albrecht opened his mouth wide in surprise. Mother Christine shifted restlessly in her chair. Yeah, what had the bum boy done?

Lodink's voice grew soft: "The moment he was in danger of being crushed, Herbert could have looked into the pit and seen what the white women were doing. They sat before a fire, and above it was a green tree branch with a bird on it. hung, neatly plucked as if it had been done by human hands. They roasted the meat, the white women. It was a good thing that Herbert had given his eyes a living. Because that would have enabled him to show his gratitude later. He had come home and had told his sister Aleid, with whom he had so often fallen into the pit in the past, privately, he had asked her if she would bake for the white women a cake of the three kings, brown in crust and sweet inside, and that he wanted to bring before sunset.

Aleid had smiled. Was that all? She wanted to do even more for him. And when he'd asked her to get everything ready for him, she'd looked at him and said, "Of course I'll do that, but under one condition."

"And who is?"

"That I may go to the white wine pit."

"Aleid," he cried anxiously, "not that."

"Would the white women harm you?" she had asked. "Then I want to share the danger with you. We used to pick flowers there, Herbert, until Johanna asked you not to go anymore. Did you think I was scared now?"

They had known days of self-sacrificing struggle. Aleid had conquered. She baked the fragrant Epiphany Cake, and put it in an earthen dish. She covered the cake with ivy, which covered the earthen dish, so that it seemed as if she were offering her gift in a wreath of green leaves. She wanted to carry the cake to the quarry: Herbert brought it down. Her heart throbbed with terror when she saw that close by, from under a bush, a great head slid forward, and a green eye stared at her, but she held herself bravely; and quietly, after Herbert had come up again, she strode home beside him. The next day Herbert had gone to the pit. In the depths he had seen the earthen dish. The ivy leaves were next to it."

Then Scholte Lodink was silent. He nodded briefly to his daughter, then turned to Albrecht. Did he want to say something to the young man? He had raised his thick eyebrows high, there were wrinkles in the forehead, and deep furrows about the mouth. After his story, the conversation between Mother Christine, Johanna and Albrecht was only slow. There was one word in their brains—though how different in sound—that curbed their desire to talk: Herbert. Mother Christine thought it with anger. Her husband - de Scholte - had heard the story before, but he had waited for a good opportunity to share it. He had again truly shown that he was an old soldier, using his weapons at the right time, not too early and not too late. She had to admit to herself that he had been the strongest. She would have a look later, she decided quietly. The game was not yet

won for him.

Johanna felt the sound of the word 'Herbert' as a sweet comfort. She had just seen him. He crossed the road vigorously. He had greeted her with a confident smile. Who could resist him? There were no dangers for him. Even in the White Wieven pit he had fallen, and why? To show his gratitude. He was good and brave at heart. What girl didn't long to be protected by him? Albrecht sat beside her, and the word 'Herbert' was like a curse in his consciousness, as he looked at the beautiful young girl. He hated the bravery. It seemed to him that Scholte Lodink despised him, as he praised Herbert. Was he actually less than Herbert? He could buy what he wanted with his money - and what was Herbert? Deep in him burned the lust for revenge and the certainty, that he could have Herbert as his day laborer, and that he could make him slaves. Herbert was a servant, and he the master! He wanted to make that clear to Johanna. He balled his hands into fists. If he wished, he could ask Johanna to wife, and he could make Herbert toil for him and her. And if Herbert were to marry Johanna - Albrecht knew a good move. Then he would make the man work for him, and he would make his life miserable.

His plans were set when he said goodbye. But he showed nothing. Even Scholte Lodink didn't know what he was up to. Poor Scholte Lodink! That night he had to endure more from Miss Christine than during his entire marriage. He had never heard such a sermon. The woman's tongue knew no rest—it chattered on and on, without his being able to get a word in. As an old soldier he would not otherwise have been afraid of a little rumor - he had fought against many kinds of enemies, but such infernal fire had never been poured upon him. Did he imagine that she, Christine, would consent to Herbert's marriage to her daughter? Did he not know what Albrecht owned, and what he would inherit? what did it matter, whether someone descended into the Wittewieven pit—Albrecht dared to do that too. If that's why it could be done - if there wasn't a whole lot more to look at in life! She rattled on for two hours, from one thing to another, from another to one, and it seemed to Scholte Lodink as if he was getting out of breath himself. Finally he managed to stop her. Was Albrecht as brave as Herbert! He had to prove that... Above the money was man's courage. A man who was not brave would not have his daughter. There are all kinds of dangers lurking for the girl, who is not sheltered. A strong mind and a strong arm would help her, better than all the gold on earth. If Albrecht dared, which Herbert dared, he could have Johanna. He, as an old soldier, wouldn't have it any other way... and sabers and bullets!

"Do you think Albrecht dares not go to the white wives' den?" his wife asked him. "No, he doesn't dare." - "I don't know what a daring thing there was." She pursed her lips until her mouth resembled the narrow slit of a piggy bank: it could hold some, but nothing came out. Her words had given Scholte Lodink an idea. The next day, when he went out into the field with Johanna, he asked her plainly, "Which do you like better, Herbert or Albrecht?" She blushed at the sudden question. How could her father be so stupid. She grabbed her apron by the tips, prepared for all events. In any case - in sorrow and in joy - there were tears to hide here. She knew her father well enough to know that he meant no harm to her; but at the same time she had heard that the conversation between her father and mother had lasted a long time the previous evening, and that her father's humming voice had lost out to her mother's whistling voice. What would happen? Her apron was ready. Scholte Lodink's question sounded again, and she had to finally give an answer. "Who do you like better, Herbert or Albrecht?" Anxiously she said, "Herbert,

father." - "I thought so," he said happily.

That was good tidings! A few pithy curses were still cracked into Albrecht's character. At that moment Johanna lifted her apron and wiped her tears of joy. She knew now how strong her father was for Herbert and against Albrecht. She dropped her apron again—she didn't take the time to smooth out the wrinkles—she laid her cheek, wet and well, against Scholte's hairy face, and begged, "Father! help me." - "I will, my child." How simple were her words, with which she told him how she loved Herbert. Like a bird in the May - (simple is his song - deep the love with which he sings) - less be. It was all surrender and expectation. For the very first thing of love is that it expects more than it desires. Then old Scholte threw his arms around her, and they both felt, father and daughter, as if they were children. Was life anything but a light game? Money had no power, the world was like a meadow on which one had only to weave wreaths. Those who were bad were not allowed to play. Suddenly they both understood that it was only a dream. Life was cruel, and Mother Christine had something to say too!

Scholte Lodink came up with his plan. Mother Christine had said that Albrecht was as brave as Herbert. He would have to prove that. This is what he would demand of the two lovers: at midnight the two of them would ride to the Wittenwievekuil—Herbert van de Westkant, Albrecht van de Zuid. When they had approached the quarry, they both had to throw a hairspit into the pit, and whoever arrived first at Scholte's farm - each chased by a white wive, of course - became Johanna's husband. Now Mother Christine could show that Albrecht was as dazed as Herbert. Both Herbert and Albrecht listened calmly to his decision. They understood that Scholte was right, they said. For in those days many evil scum roamed the road, and it would be well,

Albrecht thought to himself that it would be easier than he had imagined. He didn't have to descend into the pit. He could buy a noble horse for his money, and Herbert had only one old blaze. Only once in his life did he have to force himself into a big act and after all it didn't mean much. He bought the very best horse from a merchant. He decided quietly and slyly to himself to hurl the hair-spit from afar—then he wished to see whether the white woman would catch him, and whether he would not first arrive at Scholte's farm.

Herbert didn't think that far. He had only one old knucklehead, and he understood very well that he had to ride with all his might, so as not to fall into the power of the white woman. Yet he wanted to accomplish everything for Johanna, and calmly drove from the west side to the pit on the particular evening. In the distance he heard hoofbeats. So Albrecht's horse was approaching too? He fired the blaze with short word until it was just in front of the quarry. Albrecht hadn't arrived yet. With daring force he threw the spit down, and cried in a loud voice, "White, white, white. Here comes an iron spit."

Fiercely Bles rushed down the mountain. Out of the pit rose the white female, her claws spread out, mouth wide open, and immediately she was behind the rider. The gale-wind rose and knocked the grain down; the branches of the trees creaked. The white woman was so close to Herbert that he felt her breath. O! as her sharp claws seized him. He spurred the horse into increased rage. "Ha ha ha," howled the white woman, "Herbert, you cannot escape me. Before the house of Scholte my claws will have you. I will avenge myself, as I have never avenged myself on a human soul. Stand still with your horse. That is too old for such a race. Albrecht, who has bought a fiery steed, has not even dared to

compete with me. Halfway through he has turned."

If the white woman believed that she would stop him with these words, she was mistaken. No, on the contrary... that Herbert heard how Albrecht had failed, already gave him the power of the victor. Was his horse old? In the master there was courage, in the animal fear. Come on... He felt her claws along his neck for a moment—grazing—as he pulled into the yard of Lodink's farm. A hard object whizzed after him. The white wife ran back to the pit. "Howdy!" shouted Scholte. Mother Christine said nothing, her forehead was just wrinkles. Johanna fell on the brave rider's neck. "And the wedding will be in a few days," shouted the happy father, "and I'll dance a hornbeep, as only a soldier can."

"Didn't she hit you?" asked Johanna anxiously.

"A light scratch, and then she threw me some more."

"Thrown after?" asked Scholte.

"Let's see." They went to the yard.

Herbert laughed. "The white woman doesn't want to keep anything either... It's a piece of the earthen dish we gave her."

"Strange that it hasn't fallen to pieces," Scholte mused, and he picked up the shard and held it in his hand. "How heavy it is."

Johanna pulled him by the sleeve. "Come, father, let's go back into the house. It's cold outside."

The lamp was burning. Scholte had the shard in his hand. Suddenly he started laughing. "That earthen dish... that earthen dish... is made of gold. That is the wedding gift of the white woman. She wanted to frighten you, but that was her revenge. Boy, Herbert... you are richer than Scholte Lodink... and richer than Albrecht."

This said the old man, and with this he looked impishly at his wife. Then Miss Christine smiled too and spread her arms out. But Johanna - yes, Johanna - was already resting against the shoulder of another, a young man. And she no longer needed her mother's arms.

FROG IS FROG

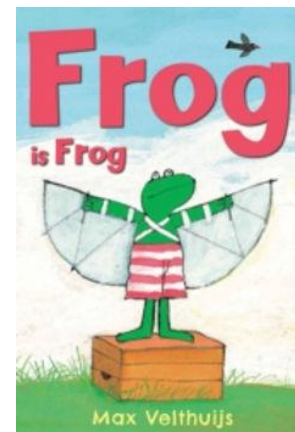
Author: Max Velthuijs

Shared by: Minke Sijbrandij

"Frog is not content to be just a plain green frog, he wants to do the things his friends can do.

He tries to fly like Duck, to bake cakes like Pig and to read like Hare.

But all his attempts are doomed to failure, and Frog is disconsolate, until Hare points out that his friends love him just the way he is. And in any case, he can swim and leap better than any of them!"Frog is an inspired creation - a masterpiece of graphic simplicity." - Guardian



THE LEGEND OF THE WOODEN SHOE

Collected in the book: Dutch fairy tales for young folks by Griffis, William Elliot.

Shared by: Baiana Novello

In years long gone, too many for the almanac to tell of, or for clocks and watches to measure, millions of good fairies came down from the sun and went into the earth. There, they changed themselves into roots and leaves, and became trees. There were many kinds of these, as they covered the earth, but the pine and birch, ash and oak, were the chief ones that made Holland. The fairies that lived in the trees bore the name of Moss Maidens, or Tree "Trintjes," which is the Dutch pet name for Kate, or Katharine.

The oak was the favorite tree, for people lived then on acorns, which they ate roasted, boiled or mashed, or made into meal, from which something like bread was kneaded and baked. With oak bark, men tanned hides and made leather, and, from its timber, boats and houses. Under its branches, near the trunk, people laid their sick, hoping for help from the gods. Beneath the oak boughs, also, warriors took oaths to be faithful to their lords, women made promises, or wives joined hand in hand around its girth, hoping to have beautiful children. Up among its leafy branches the new babies lay, before they were found in the cradle by the other children. To make a young child grow up to be strong and healthy, mothers drew them through a split sapling or young tree. Even more wonderful, as medicine for the country itself, the oak had power to heal. The new land sometimes suffered from disease called the val (or fall). When sick with the val, the ground sunk. Then people, houses, churches, barns and cattle all went down, out of sight, and were lost forever, in a flood of water.

But the oak, with its mighty roots, held the soil firm. Stories of dead cities, that had tumbled beneath the waves, and of the famous Forest of Reeds, covering a hundred villages, which disappeared in one night, were known only too well.

Under the birch tree, lovers met to plight their vows, and on its smooth bark was often cut the figure of two hearts joined in one. In summer, the forest furnished shade, and in winter warmth from the fire. In the spring time, the new leaves were a wonder, and in autumn the pigs grew fat on the mast, or the acorns, that had dropped on the ground.

So, for thousands of years, when men made their home in the forest, and wanted nothing else, the trees were sacred.

But by and by, when cows came into the land and sheep and horses multiplied, more open ground was needed for pasture, grain fields and meadows. Fruit trees, bearing apples and pears, peaches and cherries, were planted, and grass, wheat, rye and barley were grown. Then, instead of the dark woods, men liked to have their gardens and orchards open to the sunlight. Still, the people were very rude, and all they had on their bare feet were rough bits of hard leather, tied on through their toes; though most of them went barefooted.

The forests had to be cut down. Men were so busy with the axe, that in a few years, the Wood Land was gone. Then the new "Holland," with its people and red roofed houses, with its chimneys and windmills, and dykes and storks, took the place of the old Holt Land of many trees.

Now there was a good man, a carpenter and very skilful with his tools, who so loved the oak that he gave himself, and his children after him, the name of Eyck, which is pronounced like, and is Dutch for oak. When, before his neighbors and friends, according to the beautiful Dutch custom, he called his youngest born child, to lay the corner-stone of his new house, he bestowed upon her, before them all, the name of Neeltje (or Nellie) Van Eyck.

The carpenter daddy continued to mourn over the loss of the forests. He even shed tears, fearing lest, by and by, there should not one oak tree be left in the country. Moreover, he was frightened at the thought that the new land, made by pushing back the ocean and building dykes, might sink down again and go back to the fishes. In such a case, all the people, the babies and their mothers, men, women, horses and cattle, would be drowned. The Dutch folks were a little too fast, he thought, in winning their acres from the sea. One day, while sitting on his door-step, brooding sorrowfully, a Moss Maiden and a Tree Elf appeared, skipping along, hand in hand. They came up to him and told him that his ancestral oak had a message for him. Then they laughed and ran away. Van Eyck, which was now the man's full family name, went into the forest and stood under the grand old oak tree, which his fathers loved, and which he would allow none to cut down.

Looking up, the leaves of the tree rustled, and one big branch seemed to sweep near him. Then it whispered in his ear:

"Do not mourn, for your descendants, even many generations hence, shall see greater things than you have witnessed. I and my fellow oak trees shall pass away, but the sunshine shall be spread over the land and make it dry. Then, instead of its falling down, like acorns from the trees, more and better food shall come up from out of the earth. Where green fields now spread, and the cities grow where forests were, we shall come to life again, but in another form. When most needed, we shall furnish you and your children and children's children, with warmth, comfort, fire, light, and wealth. Nor need you fear for the land, that it will fall; for, even while living we, and all the oak trees that are left, and all the birch, beech, and pine trees shall stand on our heads for you. We shall hold up your houses, lest they fall into the ooze and you shall walk and run over our heads. As truly as when rooted in the soil, will we do this. Believe what we tell you, and be happy. We shall turn ourselves upside down for you."



"I cannot see how all these things can be," said Van Eyck. "Fear not, my promise will endure."

The leaves of the branch rustled for another moment. Then, all was still, until the Moss Maiden and Trintje, the Tree Elf, again, hand in hand, as they tripped along merrily, appeared to him.

"We shall help you and get our friends, the elves, to do the same. Now, do you take some oak wood and saw off two pieces, each a foot long. See that they are well dried. Then set

them on the kitchen table to-night, when you go to bed." After saying this, and looking at each other and laughing, just as girls do, they disappeared.

Pondering on what all this might mean, Van Eyck went to his wood-shed and sawed off the oak timber. At night, after his wife had cleared off the supper table, he laid the foot-long pieces in their place.

When Van Eyck woke up in the morning, he recalled his dream, and, before he was dressed, hurried to the kitchen. There, on the table, lay a pair of neatly made wooden shoes. Not a sign of tools, or shavings could be seen, but the clean wood and pleasant odor made him glad. When he glanced again at the wooden shoes, he found them perfectly smooth, both inside and out. They had heels at the bottom and were nicely pointed at the toes, and, altogether, were very inviting to the foot. He tried them on, and found that they fitted him exactly. He tried to walk on the kitchen floor, which his wife kept scrubbed and polished, and then sprinkled with clean white sand, with broomstick ripples scored in the layers, but for Van Eyck it was like walking on ice. After slipping and balancing himself, as if on a tight rope, and nearly breaking his nose against the wall, he took off the wooden shoes, and kept them off, while inside the house. However, when he went outdoors, he found his new shoes very light, pleasant to the feet and easy to walk in. It was not so much like trying to skate, as it had been in the kitchen.

At night, in his dreams, he saw two elves come through the window into the kitchen. One, a kabouter, dark and ugly, had a box of tools. The other, a light-faced elf, seemed to be the guide. The kabouter at once got out his saw, hatchet, auger, long, chisel-like knife, and smoothing plane. At first, the two elves seemed to be quarrelling, as to who should be boss. Then they settled down quietly to work. The kabouter took the wood and shaped it on the outside. Then he hollowed out, from inside of it, a pair of shoes, which the elf smoothed and polished. Then one elf put his little feet in them and tried to dance, but he only slipped on the smooth floor and flattened his nose; but the other fellow pulled the nose straight again, so it was all right. They waltzed together upon the wooden shoes, then took them off, jumped out the window, and ran away.

When Van Eyck put the wooden shoes on, he found that out in the fields, in the mud, and on the soft soil, and in sloppy places, this sort of foot gear was just the thing. They did not sink in the mud and the man's feet were comfortable, even after hours of labor. They did not "draw" his feet, and they kept out the water far better than leather possibly could.

When the Van Eyck vrouw and the children saw how happy Daddy was, they each one wanted a pair. Then they asked him what he called them.

"Klompfen," said he, in good Dutch, and klompfen, or klomps, they are to this day.

"I'll make a fortune out of this," said Van Eyck. "I'll set up a klomp-winkel (shop for wooden shoes) at once."

So, going out to the blacksmith's shop, in the village, he had the man who pounded iron fashion for him on his anvil, a set of tools, exactly like those used by the kabouter and the elf, which he had seen in his dream. Then he hung out a sign, marked "Wooden blocks for shoes." He made klomps for the little folks just out of the nursery, for boys and girls, for grown men and women, and for all who walked out-of-doors, in the street or on the fields.

Soon klomps came to be the fashion in all the country places. It was good manners, when you went into a house, to take off your wooden shoes and leave them at the door. Even in the towns and cities, ladies wore wooden slippers, especially when walking or working in the garden.

Klomps also set the fashion for soft, warm socks, and stockings made from sheep's wool. Soon, a thousand needles were clicking, to put a soft cushion between one's soles and toes and the wood. Women knitted, even while they walked to market, or gossiped on the streets. The klomp-winkels, or shops of the shoe carpenters, were seen in every village.

When rich beyond his day-dreams, Van Eyck had another joyful night vision. The next day, he wore a smiling countenance. Everybody, who met him on the street, saluted him and asked, in a neighborly way:

- "Good-morning, Mynheer Bly-moe-dig (Mr. Cheerful). How do you sail to-day?"
- That's the way the Dutch talk—not "how do you do," but, in their watery country, it is this, "How do you sail?" or else, "Hoe gat het u al?" (How goes it with you, already?)

Then Van Eyck told his dream. It was this: The Moss Maiden and Trintje, the wood elf, came to him again at night and danced. They were lively and happy.

- "What now?" asked the dreamer, smilingly, of his two visitors. [Illustration: The kabouter took the wood and shaped it on the inside.]

He had hardly got the question out of his mouth, when in walked a kabouter, all smutty with blacksmith work. In one hand, he grasped his tool box. In the other, he held a curious looking machine. It was a big lump of iron, set in a frame, with ropes to pull it up and let it fall down with a thump.

- "What is it?" asked Van Eyck.
- "It's a Hey" (a pile driver), said the kabouter, showing him how to use it. "When men say to you, on the street, to-morrow, 'How do you sail?' laugh at them," said the Moss Maiden, herself laughing.
- "Yes, and now you can tell the people how to build cities, with mighty churches with lofty towers, and with high houses like those in other lands. Take the trees, trim the branches off, sharpen the tops, turn them upside down and pound them deep in the ground. Did not the ancient oak promise that the trees would be turned upside down for you? Did they not say you could walk on top of them?"

By this time, Van Eyck had asked so many questions, and kept the elves so long, that the Moss Maiden peeped anxiously through the window. Seeing the day breaking, she and Trintje and the kabouter flew away, so as not to be petrified by the sunrise.

"I'll make another fortune out of this, also," said the happy man, who, next morning, was saluted as Mynheer Blyd-schap (Mr. Joyful).

At once, Van Eyck set up a factory for making pile drivers. Sending men into the woods, who chose the tall, straight trees, he had their branches cut off. Then he sharpened the trunks at one end, and these were driven, by the pile driver, down, far and deep, into the ground. So a foundation, as good as stone, was made in the soft and spongy soil, and well

built houses uprose by the thousands. Even the lofty walls of churches stood firm. The spires were unshaken in the storm.

Old Holland had not fertile soil like France, or vast flocks of sheep, producing wool, like England, or armies of weavers, as in the Belgic lands. Yet, soon there rose large cities, with splendid mansions and town halls. As high towards heaven as the cathedrals and towers in other lands, which had rock for foundation, her brick churches rose in the air. On top of the forest trees, driven deep into the sand and clay, dams and dykes were built, that kept out the ocean. So, instead of the old two thousand square miles, there were, in the realm, in the course of years, twelve thousand, rich in green fields and cattle. Then, for all the boys and girls that travel in this land of quaint customs, Holland was a delight

The Kabouters and the Bells

Dutch Folktale

Dutch Fairy Tales for Young Folks by William Elliot Griffis, 1918.

Source: <https://fairytalez.com/kabouters-bells/>

Shared by: Lorena Cembellin

The Kabouters are short, thick, hearty elves who live in the deepest parts of the forest. Thousands of years ago, when there were no church spires or bells in the Netherlands, people came from the south to spread their wisdom. When the chief Kabouter heard strangers were coming to his land, he gathered all his elves together and they agreed: They would help the good and kind teachers, but they would punish anyone who was rough or cruel.

And sure enough, some of the newcomers behaved rudely, destroying sacred landmarks, laughing at the people's rituals and swimming in holy waters. The Kabouters punished them, turning their milk and bread sour, overturning their beds and tossing rocks down their fireplaces. Hats and coats and shoes went missing; fisherman found their nets torn; pots and pans tumbled out of the cupboards; cows wandered away.

But kind and gentle teachers never had trouble. Their bread and milk were always sweet, their beds made up, their clothes clean. Sometimes they found their gardens had been plowed and planted overnight, and when they gathered to build a church or meeting hall, they would find the beams cut and ready before they'd begun. In the morning, they found porridge cooking on the stove and biscuits baking in the hearth.

One day, the good teachers built a beautiful church. They wished to hang a concert of bells, a carillon or glockenspiel made up of dozens of bronze, cup-shaped bells to call to all the people — this would be a way to notify everyone near and far of floods and storms, of wars and fires. This would be a way to call everyone together. The Kabouters learned of the people's desire.

Usually the Kabouters did not like to give people metal they dug from the mines; they feared people would use it to make spears and swords and other instruments of war. But when they learned about the carillon, they knew the people would need plenty of metal, and so they set to work.

They began to work night and day with their picks and their shovels, their chisels and crowbars, their mallets and hammers. They dug up copper and tin and built great fires where the ore was smelted into ingots. Before long, anyone who happened to visit the

mines would see all these short-legged fellows with their long white beards and tiny coats dashing here and there — up and down into the mines.

When the fire grew too hot, they threw off their little red caps and their long coats and kept working. They worked harder and longer than any man could, and they were proud of the work they did. They might not have been as pretty and delicate as the fairies. They might not have possessed wands and other magical powers. But they had all the tools they needed, and they had all the strength and will to make the carillon.

As the days passed, the Kabouters grew tired, of course, and they were filthy with sweat running down their faces. While the Kabouter fathers worked the fires, the mothers took care of the babies. On they toiled, for weeks and weeks until they were as sooty as the soil itself. But when they had finished, they invited the gnomes into the mines to inspect the work they had completed. What a sight!

There in the mines there were bells of all sizes — bells so big they wouldn't fit inside a barn, and bells the size of barrels, and small ones, too. Beside these were stacks of iron rods, bars, bolts, nuts, screws, wires and yokes from which to hang those bells.

In Dutch, the name for bell is “klok,” and a wise gnome was chosen to be the “klokken-spieler,” or bell player who would test the bells.

The Kabouters hung those bells, and they all lined up to sing along with the sound.



The klokken-spieler hummed a moment and started to play a tune, and all those Kabouters began to sing — some of them booming, some twanging, even some squeaking. It was quite a sound at first. But gnomes and Kabouters do not give up, and when the klokken-spieler frowned, they paid closer attention to their conductor. Soon, to everyone's delight, the sound that came out of that church was a beautiful, ringing harmony.

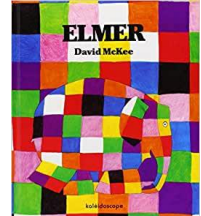
The bishop of a great church heard that music ringing through the air, and he felt chills run down his spine. He had traveled the world, but he had never heard such a beautiful sound — it was the richest, loveliest music he had ever heard. “It's a choir of angels!” he cried.

After that, carillon bells spread far and wide, from the forests of Ardennes to the islands in the North Sea, and everywhere people celebrated and gave thanks to the Kabouters for the beautiful sound they produced.

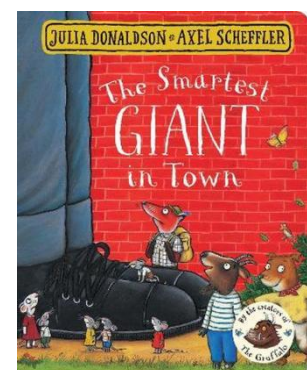
Stories, tales, fables, and myths

Personal story choice

The participants brought stories that choose as a personal story for the activity of human library. Here we give you some of the books you can check in libraries, internet, etc.



- ◆ The beauty and the beast (Leprince de Beaumont, Jeanne-Marie)
- ◆ Chickamauga (Ambrose Bierce)
- ◆ Cain murders Abel (Genesis 4:1–18)
- ◆ Elmer (David McKee)
- ◆ Father, son and donkey (Aesop's Fables)
- ◆ Filling a sieve with water (Traditional parable by Neale Donald Walsch)
- ◆ Hedgehog in the fog (Soviet animated film directed by Yuri Norstein)
- ◆ Heidi (Johanna Spyri)
- ◆ Three nuts for Cinderella (BOŽENA NĚMCOVÁ)
- ◆ Mouse and it's daughter (A Japanese folktale. By Rohini Chowdhury)
- ◆ Rooster and the golden comb (Folk Russian fairy tale)
- ◆ Selfish giant (Oscar Wilde)
- ◆ The myth of Orestes (traditional myth from the ancient greek mythology)
- ◆ The old rabiya (Buddhist fable)
- ◆ The owl and little boy (written by Tereza Korsaka)
- ◆ The poorest man (Flowers for the soul – Bruno Ferrero)
- ◆ The rabbit listened (Cory Doerrfeld)
- ◆ The smartest giant (Julia Donaldson / Axel Scheffler)
- ◆ The ugly fairy (Pedro Pablo Sacristán)
- ◆ You learn (Jorge Luis Borges)



DISEMINATION

Follow-up activities



Our participants, they planned, organize and delivered workshops back in their countries. Some of the countries they did the follow up activities in groups, other they have created workshops individually with their target group.

Below, you can find some of the follow-up activities of our participants.

**FOLLOW YOUR
HERO!
FIND POSITIVE
IN ZERO!**



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by Greek team: Aris, Kyriakos, Alexandra.

- Warm up activity. "react to the key word: I agree". Empowers the focus of the team and makes the team familiar with the first technique.
- Giving context: Introduction and examples of the terms "attitude", "wellbeing", "positive thinking", "hero's journey". Team in a circle, instructor first asked for brainstorming for the definition of the terms.
- Group narration of the 3 stories: Orestis, Cinderella and Snow White. Split into 3 groups, each group took one of the three stories. Each group, read loudly the fairy tale. Then, they discussed on the attitude of the hero in order to estimate for the events of the story, if there had been a positive attitude by the hero or not. All the groups worked with the 3 stories. Finally, each group shared with the rest, their outcomes in terms of the attitude / positive thinking facts of the heroes.
- "YES AND" narration activity. Activity in pairs. One is A and the other one B role. 1st Round: A starts narrating a story and B, when feels ready, continues the story starting with the phrase (Yes, I agree, And...). 2nd Round: instructor asked participant A to narrate a real story that is in a process in life, where the hero is facing an obstacle as in hero's journey theory, so the other member, B, can continue it based on the rule "YES AND" and in this way, give a positive contribution of it. When the whole story ended, participant B started a story from real life where the hero is facing an obstacle as in hero's journey theory.
- Common sharing.

Learning topics: Wellbeing, Positive thinking, Attitude, Hero's journey.

Objectives: The main goal for the participants was to improve their wellbeing status, by implementing positive thinking in everyday life. In detail, our goal was participants to achieve empathy, concentration focus, communication, active listening, creativity and positive thinking.

Duration: 3 hours

Group size: 40+ people

Participant's age: from age 16-51 years old

Material: Presentation equipment. Zoom app. Rest was just body. Methods were based on embodiment.

Stories: 1. "Orestis" myth, Greek Mythology. 2. "Cinderella", traditional fairytale, recorded by Grimms. 3. "Snow White" traditional fairytale, recorded by Grimms.

Setting: The activity hall of the NGO "Connect Your City" which collaborates with the NGO "Roes Cooperativa". °Zoom meeting platform.



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by North Macedonian team: Sonja, Sandra Ruzhica.

- Short introduction from each one of us, so the participants can feel free and calm while we talk. Short introduction on what they can expect from the activities.
- Game "Raise a hand if". The facilitator reads some statements to the group and let them raise a hand or the emoji on zoom app (for online meeting) if they have experienced the situation that was read to them.
- Discussion in couples or trios (if not a pair number of participants). The facilitator gives 15 minutes, to discuss about some important questions about discrimination and sharing some experiences and ideas about fighting against it. The 2 questions to discuss are:
 - ✧ Have you or someone close to you ever been in a situation where you've been discriminated? Explain to your partner how did you feel in that situation.
 - ✧ What would be your move if you take part in a situation where someone is being discriminated by someone else? Would you help? How?
- Reading a story: "The girl on the hill" by Ida Manton. The facilitator reads a story about a girl with Down syndrome who was considered strange at first, but then was given a chance and got accepted, loved and supported by her friends.
- Common sharing.

Learning topics: Preventing and stopping discrimination.

Objectives:

1. To open a discussion about different situations of discrimination in our country, since that is still a big problem for us
2. Participants got a chance to get to know each other better, be honest with themselves about different situations where they weren't fair to someone else and discuss why they think they behaved like that.
3. To learn how to prevent discrimination.

Duration: 45 min

Group size: 39 people
Participant's age: from age 14 - 45 years old

Material: Presentation equipment. Zoom app. Paper.

Stories: The girl on the hill, by Ida Manton.

Setting: Outdoor and online.



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by Kay from Latvia

- Introducing a brief overview of the history of kites, their main uses and festivals happening around the world. Asking participants questions thus encourages them to be more active, share their own experiences, and feel more comfortable with approaching us and each other later.
- Guessing game: There is an object hidden in a box. Each participant can ask questions about this object and make a guess on what it is.
- Reading a story in two languages (Latvian and Russian): "Vardes un Krupja piedzīvojumi" To inspire participants to create and not to be discouraged by failures
- Speed drawing: Each participant has 30 seconds to draw something. After 30 seconds participants exchange their drawings with each other and draw for 30 seconds again. Repeat until every person has drawn something on every paper.
- Making a kite: explaining to participants how to make a kite (in some cases teaching younger participants how to do certain things like tying a knot, using scissors etc.), giving them different choices on how to decorate it.
- Flying test: going outside to see if the kites participants made can fly.
- Common sharing.

Learning topics: Self-esteem and creativity

Objectives:

1. To inspire participants to trust themselves and their artistic abilities and be creative.
2. To familiarize participants with the history and main information about kites.
3. To create a safe space and establish a dialog.
4. To encourage critical thinking

Duration: 120 min

Group size: 17 people

Participant's age: from age 4 - 60 years old

Material: colourful and regular paper, glue, scissors, duct tape, wooden sticks, yarn, pencils, markers

Stories: Vardes un Krupja piedzīvojumi
Story: Pūķis
Author: Ārnolds Lobels

Setting: Outdoor and online.



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by Baiana from The Netherlands

- Brainstorming about what Are Boundaries? They may shift between the three main types:
 - ◆ Clear boundaries: Clear boundaries are clearly stated, flexible, and adaptable.
 - ◆ Rigid boundaries: Rigid boundaries are closed and inflexible, much like a wall that doesn't let anything in or out.
 - ◆ Open boundaries: Open boundaries are not as clear, and might even be fuzzy or loose.
- Healthy vs. Unhealthy Boundaries. Which signs can help you distinguish them? Group debate.
- Storytelling "Mister Yes". Common sharing: *How difficult is for me to say no? How do I feel when I say no? How do I feel when somebody says no to something I want? In which situation do I feel that somebody is not respecting my boundaries? What do I do when this happens to me?*
- Decide what your personal boundaries are. Ask participants to decide and to write one boundary in a post-it that they need and want from other people .
- Practicing how to set boundaries: Goal-setting, Starting small, being clear, keeping it simple. Practicing in pairs the statement that they wrote before using what they learnt.
 - ◆ Try using I-statements when setting boundaries.
 - ◆ You-statements, such as "You always..." or "You never..." can come across as attacking or aggressive. I-statements might seem less confrontational.
 - ◆ Show empathy for the other person to show that you value their point of view and ideas.
- Questions and common sharing.

Learning

Assertiveness, and relationships.

topics:

boundaries

Objectives:

1. To learn what are boundaries and why they are important.
2. To learn different kinds of boundaries (physical, sexual, emotional, economic, mental, time...)
3. To practice how to set boundaries.
4. To manage situations when people don't respect your boundaries.

Duration: 45 min

Group size: 20

Participant's age: from age 26 -40 years old

Material: post-it

Stories: Mister Yes by Carmen Gil.

Setting: Outdoor and online.



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by Klara from Czech Republic .

- Winking:
 - ◆ The children are in a circle. One child is peeping and the other is standing behind him. The ones who are squatting wink at each other and try to change places between each other.
 - ◆ Those standing are trying to find out who is winking and stop them from changing places.
- Reading a story to discover the magic of nature, that it is like a miracle for us and we should protect it to feel good in it.
- Getting to know the elements of nature:
 - ◆ One by one, we will show the elements that make up nature and help us (water, air, plants,...)
 - ◆ We will stop at each one and take 5 deep breaths together. Then we can touch them, smell them, taste them,...
- Connecting with our feelings: each of us chooses one element and thinks about how it makes us feel. If possible, bring it into the circle or illustrate it (for example, take a deep breath). Show it to others and talk about your feelings.
- Closing: sing together a song about nature.
- Common sharing.

Learning topics: Nature as a space for wellbeing

Objectives:

1. To realise that nature needs to be protected in order for us to have it.
2. To feel nature like a place where we can relax, play, recharge our batteries and regain new energy and strength

Duration: 60 min

Group size: 15 people

Participant's age: from age 8 - 12 years old

Material: Book

Stories: For me, you are a miracle! (Pre mňasizázrak- Iryna Zelyk)

Setting: Outdoor.

MORE STORYTELLING FOR YOUTH WORK



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by Hande from Spain

- Reading extra yarn (Mac Barnett) story and later stand up in a circle to play with yarn.
 - ◆ One person says his/her/their name and topics she/he/they working, roll the rope in the elbow and throw the yarn to another person.
 - ◆ Another person catches the yarn and say the name and topic then throw the rope to another person.
 - ◆ At the end when all the names are told, we look the spider web in the middle and say this is our connection with stories, each of us might understand the story from different perspectives but we are all connected and here in this workshop we want to remind this connection again.
- Training Course shortly introduced and my experience. Later, we continue with what is storytelling method and how we can use it in our activities.
- Other 2 stories read: I'll Always Love You (Hans Wilhelm) and Red, a crayon story (Michael Hall).
 - ◆ Ask to the group what theme they feel by the stories and as a second question if they think these stories can be useful for their work. Ask people to choose Dixit cards from the middle. They should choose the card which represents the answer of the first question.
- Sharing in a big group by showing the Dixit cards.
- Sharing the list of the books and closing. (names of the stories that can help us to work with different themes shared by all of them).

Learning topics: which subject related to well-being or mental health have you worked on?

Objectives:

1. To define what competencies the learners have to achieve.
2. To introduce storytelling method to NGO workers for well-being of young people that we are working for.
3. To give the participants the experience to connect with stories and discuss the feeling that occurs while listening.
4. To share stories names and authors shared with NGO workers, so we can use this method as a tool to give stronger meaning to our activities.

Duration: 75 min

Group size: 17 people

Participant's age: from age 20 -51 years old
Material: Projector, computer, seats or chair, dixit cards.

Stories: I'll Always Love You (Hans Wilhelm) Extra Yarn (Mac Barnett) Red, a crayon story (Michael Hall)

Setting: Indoor.

KNOWING YOURSELF



Workshop IMPLEMENTATION

Implemented by Bulgarian team: Dimitar and Ned

- Overview of the workshop “The hero’s journey: The power of storytelling for wellbeing”. Explain what is the structure of The hero’s journey as laid out by Joseph Campbell and how although there are many elements in the hero’s journey, focusing on the self-discovery and knowledge gained by diving into the adventure willingly.
- A short allegorical story called “This is water” adapted from a commencement speech given by David Foster Wallace.
 - ◆ To illustrate how often the most obvious and banal day-to-day realities are most difficult to see and talk about, stressing on the innate self-centeredness of people and the contrast between our own thoughts and feelings which are immediate and implicitly accepted (often as facts) whereas others must be communicated often many times until understood and possibly accepted a reality which does not promote empathy for others.
- Another short story from the same speech about two men in an Alaskan bar.
 - ◆ The story illustrates how the exact same situation might and often is interpreted in wildly different ways by different people with different perspectives.
- Presentation slide with a quote from Carl Jung and 2 stock illustrations depicting the concepts of “Persona” and “Society”
- Common sharing.

Learning topics: Self-knowledge, Basics of the hero’s journey, Basics of story therapy

Objectives:

1. To break down pride and arrogance which are obstacles to self-learning through humility,
2. To learn to think about the most obvious elements of day-to-day life (interactions with others, default self-centeredness, non-conscious ideas of the self and others)

Duration: 45 min

Group size: 24 people

Participant’s age: from age 16 -57 years old

Material: PowerPoint presentation, black and white mask templates, colored pencils

Stories: The girl on the hill, by Ida Manton.

Setting: Indoor, formal, lecture style

Testimonials

HANDE (SPAIN) Youth worker

Learning that stories&fairytles are for everyone and it has their magic.
I will definetelly read more and use it in my activities in the future



LORE (NETHERLANDS) Childcare Teacher

I feel very strong to face things again. It was what I needed when I needed it. You do magic

ALEXANDRA (GREECE) Educator

Beatriz is a godmother who wants to share beautiful stories with those around her having a great love for it. A good fairy with a hug for and a huge healing smile to give to everyone I´m very thankfull I had the chance to have a trainer like that!

NED (BULGARIA) Activist & Volunteer

The activities related to unfolding some of our traumas and shadows definitely made me think a lot and the consequences of this were useful for me. I realized what probably is stopping me from certain things and now I'm discovering all the tools I could use to change this.



KAY (LATVIA) Activist & Volunteer

This Training Course provided me with a new perspective on storytelling practices and showed me that there are a lot of different ways to approach mental wellbeing issues. During this course I had a chance to connect with myself and discover several things that are holding me back.

JANE (CZECH REPUBLIC) Mental health worker

Each fairy tale presented was a benefit for me for my professional life. I work with people with mental disabilities and I know that this would interest my clients and help them become aware of everyday things

RUZHICA (N. MACEDONIA) Social work Student

Most useful for me was the exercise for exposing and forgiving the shadow, because it helped me realise a lot of things I've been hiding.



TEREZA (LATVIA) Educator

Itsaso is a trainer who was very careful not only to keep the activities going well, but also always kept her hands on the pulse on organizational issues. Thank her.



ALEXANDRA (SPAIN)

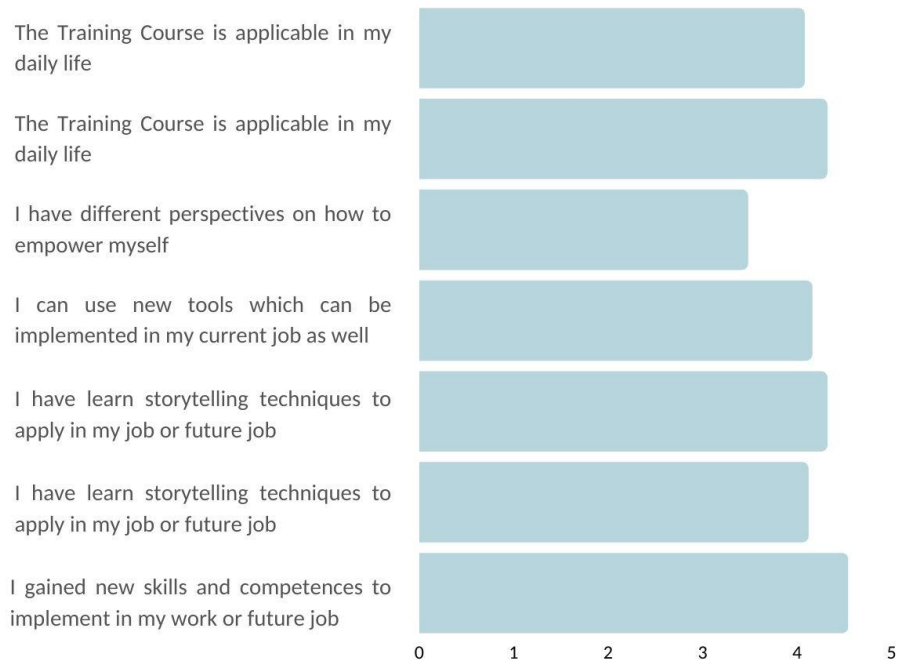
The story telling techniques themselves and how the stories activate certain areas of our physical psychology. The meeting of foreign people is always wonderfully useful, the opportunity to engage in all the archetypes of the hero's journey was definitely very powerful on a personal and emotional level

MINKE (NETHERLAND) Youth Worker & writing thesis in Peace Studies

I absolutely loved the stories that Bea read and they were to me a beautiful way to reflect on myself and to resonate with them, to connect my own experiences to a collective experience and in that way, to feel less alone.



HERO'S JOURNEY IN NUMBERS



MEET THE PARTNERS

Stichting Heimat



WE STRIVE FOR A WORLD THAT PEOPLE LIVE THE LIFE THEY WANT TO LIVE AND BECOME THE CHANGE THEY WANT TO SEE IN THE WORLD.

Heimat means a place that you can call home. A sense of belongingness, acceptance and safety. Connection to homeland. Heimat means that you can be yourself. We support people in their learning process, develop their skills and competences and create a carrier that suits their dreams and longings.

Stichting Heimat is a foundation working in the field of non-formal education. We work on the areas of personal and professional development, inclusion, employability, emotional intelligence, entrepreneurship and sustainability. The organization is a platform for young people, youth workers, educators, mentors and activists to learn, develop and grow.

In our work we use various tools, methods and techniques:

- Art: expressive arts, creativity, art for activism, art therapies
- Coaching: personal and professional guidance, constellations
- Body awareness: dance, expressive movement, embodiment methods, meditation
- Media: media training, documentation, short videos, photography, storytelling, campaigns
- - Personal development: Synergy method, reflection, interactive games & experiential learning.

We aim to develop social and personal skills of young people and youth workers, educators, and professionals needed for their successful integration in the society as a whole and the workforce in particular. We aim to support the young people to enrich their skills and abilities by building bridges among them and organizations related with their interests.

The areas of interest and experience of Heimat Foundation are:

- Personal & Professional Development
- Human Rights & Social Inclusion
- Active Participation of youth - Social inclusion
- Sustainability
- Healthy Lifestyle
- Youth employability

Learning in an international context enables intercultural awareness and develops skills and competences, which is especially important for people with fewer opportunities.

We believe that such a world is possible through building up on the values of love, care and cooperation, respect of the diverse cultures and active participation of the people in their communities, nations and the common European identity.

NOESIS ASSOCIATION WORKS FROM THE SET OF LIFE EXPERIENCE THAT INCLUDES SUBJECTIVE PERCEPTION, INTELLECT, IMAGINATION, INTUITION, CREATIVITY AND MEMORY; ALWAYS TAKING INTO ACCOUNT THE CURRENT SOCIOCULTURAL CONTEXT.

Noesis are not a goal, they are a PROCESS, just like the human development.

For this reason, from our association, we work focusing on individual development, understanding that for this we need to work as a group to promote different interpersonal relationships, in order to promote positive and healthy social context.

We also offer both continuous training and intensive workshops in order to adapt to the possibilities and the needs of all the people who want to adhere to them, to achieve a positive influence in the following environments:

- *Personal:* Personal improvement and improvement of relationships with family, friends and colleagues. Formative: Improvement of knowledge, tools and skills.
- *Professional:* Improvement of occupational health, skills and professional relationships.
- *Environment:* Improvement of social relations, community and society.

We offer services with different creative playful methodologies located within the concept of interactive learning. The members of our foundation have been working in non-formal education environment for years, so they can help the TC in that department.

In 2020 we did a project through the Murcia City Council, in which we created an online therapy group for young people with anxiety affected by the Covid19 situation.

We understand that current living conditions generate a lot of discomfort in the general population, and especially in young people who have not yet developed tools to manage their limitations. That is why a training of this type is so important for people who work with youth like us.

We also have been working on techniques to develop creativity, especially storytelling and body movement. We can bring past experiences to share and learn more about all the components related to the topic of the TC.

ACTIVE RAINBOW



ACTIVE RAINBOW IS AN EDUCATIONAL PLATFORM AND COMMUNITY OF PEOPLE THAT CELEBRATE PERSONAL GROWTH AND INCLUSIVITY.

The platform was founded in 2014 and started at first as a self-organized initiative. It is active in the field of youth work and implementation of learning programs already for the past 7 years, working on a local, national, European and international level through direct cooperation with different organizations, collectives, and informal groups.

The foundation of our work as we pursue our mission and aims, lies in the values and principles that we choose to live by and drive us to do what we do. Together, they provide a picture of who we are and how we want to be: Respect of individuality, in all aspects, Freedom of choice, Love & Care, Integrity & Honesty, Creativity & Expression, Growth & Learning, Collaboration.

The core of our work lies in the design and implementation of activities connected to:

- Personal Growth
- Social inclusion
- Active Participation
- Community Building

We offer safe and brave learning spaces and take actions to effect social change,

defined also as activism. For this, we perform the following activities in a local, regional, national, European and international level:

- Organization of international mobility programs through Erasmus+ and other funding opportunities (Council of Europe, local Latvian funds, etc.)
- Organization of seminars, workshops, youth exchanges, trainings, conferences, public events, and other community events (Openly Queer Mic, Hiking with Pride, Volunteers Meet-Ups, game and movie nights, and more)
- Partnerships, networking and participation in variety of projects, including volunteering opportunities, also within the European Solidarity Corps program
- Support of youth initiatives, offering mentorship & promotion
- Online events and activities, such as podcasts with activists (Generation ACT series), webinars, TED circles, panels, storytelling events, leisure activities and more.

ROES COOPERATIVA



ROES COOPERATIVA IS A SOCIAL COOPERATIVE ENTERPRISE OF THE '20S CREATED BY PROFESSIONAL TRAINERS, SOCIAL WORKERS, PROJECT MANAGERS AND INFORMAL GROUPS AIMING TO CREATE AN ALLIANCE THAT HOSTS INNOVATIVE, EXPERIENTIAL AND NON-FORMAL EDUCATION APPROACHES.

Roi in Greek stands for stream. Roes are the streams that, even though they were working separately, (in parallel and together on different occasions since 2013), they decided to come together and create a river that blends their different approaches in a holistic learning experience.

The list of the Streams (Methods) they offer are: Gamification, STEAM, Crafting, Environment, Outdoors, Challenge by Choice, Embodiment, Hands-on, Visual media, Arts, New Technologies, Coaching & Basic Synergy.

Within the above-mentioned streams, they develop learning experiences for their beneficiaries such as:

- training programmes,
- internship placements,
- workshops,
- volunteering opportunities
- other learning projects.

All of their activities are based on 4 pillars:

- **Personal Growth.** Creating learning activities from different spectrum of methods (Streams) and work-forms that are allowing the development of personal fulfilment, interpersonal skills, well-being and healthy lifestyle.

- **Professional Development.** Equipping through learning activities from interdisciplinary sectors skills that enhance: Entrepreneurship skills, employability skills, teamwork and communication skills and experiences.

- **Social Inclusion.** Ensuring that the learning streams stimulate an inclusive and solidarity society open to everyone working beyond gender, social, racial, health, political, or religious boxes.

- **Sustainability.** Providing a holistic idea to protect the environment, the economy and the people around. To reach these pillars, they offer possibilities through different non-formal streams (roes). Streams is a metaphor for all the methods they use and often blend together to create a holistic learning experience.

CYA KRIK



KRIK STRIVES TO ENCOURAGE GREATER YOUTH PARTICIPATION, YOUTH ACTIVISM, ENCOURAGE YOUNG PEOPLE TO BE MORE INCLUDED IN THE POLICY MAKING PROCESS ON LOCAL AND NATIONAL LEVEL.

Centre for youth activism KRIK is non-governmental, non-profit organization established by young people, led by young people and it works for and with young people. Krik is not linked to the youth field, Krik is part of the youth field in North Macedonia.

The translation of the word KRIK is SCREECH/OUTCRY and the inspiration for it came out of the vision of this organization, which is to be the voice of the youth that will be heard and will make changes and contributions in the society.

Krik works on achieving social inclusion and integration of young people with fewer opportunities.

The target groups are young people with typical development, young people with disabilities and young people having problems fit in the society,

having difficult social and economic background.

In order to achieve social inclusion, the programs are focused on integrated groups and have the same number of young people with fewer opportunities and typical development. With the activities delivered Krik offer space for social and personal development of young people through different educational activities on local and international level.

KRIK is involved in National processes regarding increasing the quality and recognition of youth work and youth policies. Membership in National organisations:

- Union of Youth Work;
- National Youth Council of Macedonia;
- Y Peer network;
- Network for prevention brain drain and
- Registration in the Ministry for Labour and Social Policies in North Macedonia as a provider of activities for young people with disabilities under social protection.

GET ON BOARD



GET ON BOARD

OUR MAIN GOAL IS TO GIVE NON-FORMAL EDUCATIONAL POSSIBILITIES TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE, MAINLY IN THE FIELD OF YOUTH UNEMPLOYMENT, DIGITAL LITERACY AND VOLUNTEERISM.

Get on board is a non-governmental organisation based in Sofia, Bulgaria. Our team consist of enthusiastic professionals with different backgrounds and our aim is to see a difference in the world.

The organisation is using the methods of non-formal education in order to take actions against three main directions – youth unemployment, discrimination in all its forms, including hate speech and xenophobia, to empower the young people, to give them the opportunity for a better self-expression and to help them on their path of developing their full potential and believing in their power to have an impact on the community they live in and volunteering as a powerful tool for improving life standard.

In our work we are putting a special focus on promoting ecological and eco-friendly behavior. The organization is very active in raising awareness about the digitalization of youth and youth organizations since the topic is very relevant nowadays and enables easier and more efficient communication in the international environment.

The main goal of the organisation is to give non-formal educational possibilities to the young people, in different fields, at local and international level, including youth unemployment, discrimination in all its forms, hate speech; digital literacy, to promote the idea of volunteerism and to connect young people without reference to their nationality, religion, political, economical or social status.

We are putting effort to develop a multicultural civil society, to reinforce the existing democratic structure, to enhance the affirmation of young people through their individual abilities and skills, and to connect the young people with the purpose of their closer cooperation.

The main topic focused on:

- Entrepreneurship
- Environment
- Health
- Innovation
- Intercultural dialogue
- Media and communication
- Non-formal learning
- Social media
- Sustainable development
- Volunteering

WILDERNES ASSOCIATION



THE ASSOCIATION HAS EXPERIENCE IN WORKING WITH YOUTH AT RISK. THE BASIC PILLAR OF OUR WORK IS A MULTI-DAY EXPEDITION IN NATURE. OTHER CORNERSTONES ARE THERAPY, THE PERSONALITY OF THE LEADER, AND COMMUNITY SUPPORT.

We also work with families, wilderness therapy brings support to families with problems and also works as prevention.

We educate and train workers in the non-profit sector and create a platform for the development and dissemination of wilderness therapy in our country and in Central Europe. In this respect, we operate in international activities with partners from several countries.

Our experience is based on organizing several-day expeditions. These expeditions are based on experiential pedagogy, therapeutic approach and respect the laws of nature and we work in accordance with it.

Our experience stems from several years of training, youth work, work with families, adults, "healthy" populations and groups "at risk".

The activities we create are:

- A MULTI-DAY NATURE HIKE: The therapeutic expedition consists of a small group of up to 12 participants under the guidance of experienced lecturers. Each expedition is tailored to the participants according to age and composition. We have experience in leading youth groups, family-oriented expeditions and homogeneous groups of adults.
- WORKSHOPS: Our workshops introduce the main principles of the "wilderness therapy" approach. The workshops are conducted practically, so participants have the opportunity to try everything on their own.
- INTERNATIONAL PROJECTS: As part of our association, we not only participate in professional conferences, but we are also in contact with people from all over the world who are passionate about the same thing.

CLOSING

Here we are in the end of the Journey of Hero's Journey: the power of storytelling for wellbeing. We are happy that you took the time to read our booklet and to maybe use some learning points out of it. Thank you very much!

If your learning led to you to create another international activity for youth or some local projects regarding gender, disabilities and inclusion, please feel free to share with us!

Stichting Heimat

Want to know more:

**<http://heimatfoundation.com/>
<https://www.facebook.com/HeimatFoundation>**

You can contact us:

foundationheimat@gmail.com

We would like to remind you once again that this Training Course and this booklet are just a teaser of the great possibilities to create learning and development by the use of non-formal education tools.

And a great thanks to all our participants, together with who we made this project possible!

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