



**NEW LIFE TO
TRADITIONAL
STORIES**

A vibrant, hand-drawn style illustration of a landscape. In the upper left, a large, smiling sun-like figure with a face and arms is depicted in orange and yellow. To its right is a dense green forest with various trees and foliage. A winding, light-colored path or stream bed cuts through the center of the scene. The background features a textured, warm-toned sky with hints of red and orange, suggesting either sunrise or sunset.

NEW LIFE
TO TRADITIONAL
STORIES

'12

'14

GAIAC - Grupo de Acção e
Intercâmbio Artístico e Cultural (Portugal)
ARTTRAIN (Denmark)
Association Pourquoi Pas! (France)
Municipality of Cinisello Balsamo (Italy)
A.C.T.O.R. (Romania)
Helsinki Pioneers (Finland)
MTÜ Foorumteater (Estonia)

The main objective of the project New Life Traditional Stories was to facilitate the development of innovative practices in adult education and their transfer to others. To facilitate the development of innovative practices in adult education particularly with vulnerable and marginalized adults. To use the arts as a tool to promote intercultural understanding and social inclusion. To find, in the local communities, a range of traditional stories, facilitating the contact between generations through older people and story tellers. To share and disseminate this work throughout the Drums for Peace network and in the local communities. To build capacity for participating organization to develop the work in their own communities.

Added value was in the form of closer cooperation between artists, social workers and the adults with whom they worked both at a local, regional and international level. New artists and social workers has been introduced to the partnership where they work with practitioners from across the network.

Collecting traditional and life stories from older people had a very positive impact also for those

who will share their memories and watch them develop in a new artistic dimension.

Working with our European friends and partners, some new, some old, means that we can apply a variety of methods and work together learning from each other's unique experience and skills. Although the project has evolved out of the Drums for Peace network, many of the organizations have worked with other institutions and countries developing skills through for example, Forum Theatre, Music Improvisation, Singing, Puppetry, and Character Development through Theatre in a specific cultural context. Performance arts always gains huge benefits from working in a cross cultural context. This project creates opportunities for artistic endeavor in a variety of contexts, countries and cultures and help to effect positive change for all the participants.

Be free to print/share and enjoy those European traditional stories, collected in the frame of the project. And have a look at our videos, where those (and other) stories was performed, sang, painted and presented in a contemporary environment.

THE LAY OF THRYM

Denmark

Thor awoke with a start. His hammer, the mighty Mjöllnir, was missing. He shook his shaggy head, and his beard bristled with anger as he groped around him. He shouted to Loki, "My hammer has been stolen! No one in heaven or on earth can know what a loss this is for me!" Forthwith they rushed to Freyja's shining halls. "Freyja," said Thor, "will you lend me your feathered coat to help me seek my hammer?"

Freyja said, "I would lend it to you even if it were made of gold or sil-

ver." Then Loki put on the feathered coat and, leaving Asgard, winged his way to Jotunheim, the world of giants. Thrym, the lord of giants, sat upon a mound, smoothing his horses' manes and twisting golden halters for his hounds.

He said, "How are the *Æsir*? How are the elves? Why have you come to Jotunheim?" Loki said, "It is ill with the *Æsir*; it is ill with the elves. Tell me, have you hidden the Thunderer's hammer?" Thrym said, "Yes, I have hidden Thor's hammer eight leagues deep in the earth. No one can win it back from me, unless

he brings to me fair Freyja as a bride.”

Loki flew away, the feathered coat rustling. He left behind the world of giants and winged his way back to the world of the gods. Thor met him there in the middle court.

He said, “Were your labors successful? Tell me the tidings before you land. Sitting causes one to forget, and lying causes one to lie.” Loki said, “Yes, my labors met with success. Thrym, the lord of giants, has your hammer; but no one can win Mjöllnir from him, unless he brings to him fair Freyja as a bride.” Forthwith they rushed to find fair Freyja. “Dress yourself in bridal linen,” said Thor. “You and I are on our way to the world of giants.”

At this Freyja foamed with rage. The halls of Asgard shook with her anger. The necklace of the Brisings broke apart. “You may call me man-crazy, if I go with you to Jotunheim,” she said.

Straight away all the gods and goddesses gathered to discuss how they could recover Thor’s hammer. Heimdall, the fairest of the gods, like all the Vanir could see into the future. “Let us dress Thor in bridal linen,” he said, “and let him wear the necklace of the Brisings. Tie housewife’s keys about his waist, and pin bridal jewels upon his breast. Let him wear women’s clothes, with a dainty hood on his head.” The Thunderer, mightiest of gods, replied, “The gods will call me womanish if I put on bridal linen.” Then Loki, son of Laufey, said, “Thor, be still! With such foolish words the giants will soon be living here in Asgard if you do not get your hammer from them.”

So they dressed Thor in bridal linen, tied the necklace of Brisings around his neck and housewife’s keys about his waist. They pinned bridal jewels upon his breast, and dressed him in women’s clothes, with a dainty hood on his head.

Then Loki, son of Laufey, said, "I will accompany you as your maid-servant. Together we shall go to Jotunheim." Forthwith the goats were driven home to be harnessed. The mountains trembled, and the earth burned with fire as Odin's son rode to Jotunheim.

Thrym, the lord of giants, said to his kin, "Stand up, you Jotuns, and put straw on the benches. They are bringing fair Freyja, daughter of Njord from Noatun, to be my bride. I have golden-horned cattle grazing in my yard. They are pure-black oxen, a joy to giants. I have treasures aplenty and rule over great riches. Freyja is the only thing that I lack." Day soon became evening, and ale was brought to the giants' table. There Thor ate an ox and eight whole salmons, in addition to all the dainties that were served to the women. Furthermore, he drank three measures of mead. Thrym, the lord of

giants, said, "Have you ever seen a bride eat and drink so heartily?" The maid-servant wisely answered thus: "Freyja was so eager to come to Jotunheim that she has eaten nothing for eight nights." Thrym stooped beneath his bride's veil, wanting to kiss her, then jumped back the whole length of the hall. "Why are Freyja's eyes so fearful?" he said. "I think that fire is flaming from her eyes."

The maid-servant wisely answered the giant thus: "Freyja was so eager to come to Jotunheim that she has not slept for eight nights." Then a poor sister of one of the giants came in and dared to beg a gift from the bride. "If you want my love and friendship then give me the gold rings from your fingers," she said.

Then Thrym, the lord of giants, said, "Bring me the hammer to bless the bride. Lay Mjöllnir on the maiden's lap, let the two of us thus be hallowed in the name of Vor, goddess of vows!" When Thor

saw the hammer his heart laughed
within him, and he took courage. He
first slew Thrym, the lord of giants,
then he crushed all the giant's kin.
Finally he slew the old giantess who
had begged for a bridal gift. Instead of
coins she got the crack of the hammer.
Instead of rings she received the mark
of Mjöllnir. Thus Thor won back his
hammer.



VAESLAPS JA TALUTÜTAR

THE LITTLE ORPHAN
AND THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Juhan Kunder,
Estonia

Laupäeva õhtu. Vaeslaps on saunas, pestes ja vihelles vanakesi. Kui kõik saunalised olid läinud, sai ka tema lavale minna. End parasjagu saunas vihelles, kuulis ta väljas korraga kilinat ja kõlinat. Ta pani särgi selga ja vaatas välja, kust ta nägi Vanapaganat.

Vanapagan ei saanud siseneda, sest issaristike oli ees. Küll aga koputas ta uksele ning kutsus tütrekese välja, et too saaks abielluda Vanapagana pojaga ning temaga allilmas

elada. Vaeslaps ütleb, et ta ei saa välja tulla, sest tal pole riideid. Vanapaganal on kolm poega: esimene neist kiire nagu tuul, teine kiire nagu vesi ja kolmas on siin ja seal. Kolmas poeg toob särgi.

Vanapagan küsib uuesti, et vaene tütarlaps tuleks välja. Aga seekord vastab vaeslaps, et tal pole kuldkörti. Seepeale toob Vanapagana poeg kuldkördi. Vanapagan kutsub uuesti tütarlapse välja, aga vaeslapsel pole vööd, mispeale toob poeg ka vöö.

Vanapagan küsib uuesti ja uuesti, aga kaval vaeslaps mõtleb välja vabandusi ja küsib endale uhkeid rõivaid. Lõpuks tuleb tütarlaps välja ja Vanapagan tahab, et tütarlaps astuks tõlga. Vaeslaps ütleb vastu, et see ei ole küllalt mugav. Vanapagana poeg toob heina ja patju, kuid samal ajal tuleb päike välja ja Vanapagan kaob ühes oma poegade ja tõllaga maa alla.

Talutüdruk näeb vaese tütarlapse kõiki uhkeid riideid ja on koheselt väga kade. Samuti ei jäta talutüdruk jonni ja pärib peatumata, kust too nii kenad rõivad sai. Lõpuks talutütar räägib talle ning järgmine laupäev, kui kõik on ennast ära pestnud, jääb talutütar üksinda sauna.

Varsti kuuleb ta samuti kilinat ja kõlinat ja näeb tõlga koos hobuste ja Vanapagana ning tema poegadega.

Vanapagan palub tüdrukul välja tulla, kuid too vastab, et tal ei ole

uhkeid rõivaid: särki, kuldkörti, võödega midagi muud. Vanapagana poeg toob nad kõik ühekorraga kohale. Tütarlaps on nüüd kenasti rõivas ja peab välja tulema. Nad sõidavad tõllaga tagasi põrgu ja seal saab talutüdrukust Vanapagana poja naine.



Saturday evening. The orphan girl is in the sauna, helping elders by washing them. Finally, when everyone has finished, she can also go to the sauna. While she is washing herself in the sauna, she hears some bells ringing. She puts her shirt on and looks outside. She sees the devil.

Devil knocks on the sauna door, but can't enter because there is a cross on the door. Devil invites her outside, asks her to marry her son and live underground. The orphan girl says that

she can't, because she doesn't have a proper shirt.

The devil has three sons, one of them fast as wind, one of them fast as water and the third one is always here and there. The third one brings the shirt. Now the devil asks the girl again to come outside. But the girl says that this time she doesn't have a jacket. The son brings her a jacket.

The devil asks again for the girl to come outside. But the girl doesn't have a belt. The son also brings a belt. The devil keeps asking and the girl keeps on making excuses and asking for nice clothes. Finally she comes outside, and the devil wants the girl to step into the shay. The girl says that it's not comfortable enough. The son brings some pillows and some other things, but at the same moment the sun comes out and devil disappears

with his sons and the shay.

The farmer's daughter is very jealous of the orphan girl and keeps on asking, where did she get all the nice clothes. Next Saturday evening the farmer's daughter stayed alone in the sauna, after everyone had washed themselves. Soon she heard sounds and a shay with horses was there.

The devil asked the girl to come outside, but the girl says she doesn't have pretty clothes and starts naming them: a shirt, a jacket, a belt and everything else. The Devil's son brings them as fast as wind. The girl was now fully dressed and had to come outside. They drove in the shay back to hell and there they married her to the devil's son.

VÄINÄMÖISEN JA JOUKAHAISEN KOHTAAMINEN

THE SINGING CONTEST
FROM KALEVALA

Finland

Vaka vanha Väinämöinen,
tietäjä iän-ikuinen,
oli teittensä ajaja,
matkojensa mittelijä
noilla Väinölän ahoilla,
Kalevalan kankahilla.

Tuli nuori Joukahainen,
ajoi tiellä vastatusten:
tarttui aisa aisan päähän,
rahe rahkehen takistui,
länget puuttui länkilöihin,

vemmel vempelen nenähän.
Kysyi vanha Väinämöinen:
“Kuit’ olet sinä sukua,
kun tulit tuhmasti etehen,
vastahan varattomasti?
Säret länget länkäpuiset,
vesapuiset vempelehet,
korjani pilastehiksi, rämäksi
re’en retukan!”

Silloin nuori Joukahainen
sanan virkkoi, noin nimesi:

“Mie olen nuori Joukahainen.
Vaan sano oma sukusi:
kuit’ olet sinä sukua, kuta,
kurja, joukkioa?”

Vaka vanha Väinämöinen
jo tuossa nimittelihe.
Sai siitä sanoneheksi: “Kun
liet nuori Joukahainen,
veäite syrjähän vähäisen! Sie
olet nuorempi minua.”
Silloin nuori Joukahainen
sanan virkkoi, noin nimesi:
“Vähä on miehen nuoruuesta,
nuoruuesta, vanhuuesta!

Kumpi on tieolta parempi,
muistannalta mahtavampi,
sep’ on tiellä seisokahan,
toinen tieltä siirtykähän.
Lienet vanha Väinämöinen,
laulaja iän-ikuinen,
ruvetkamme laulamahan,

saakamme sanelemahan,
mies on miestä oppimahan,
toinen toista voittamahan!”

Vaka vanha Väinämöinen
sanan virkkoi, noin nimesi:
“Mitäpä minusta onpi
laulajaksi, taitajaksi!
Ain’ olen aikani elellyt
näillä yksillä ahoilla,
kotipellon pientarilla
kuunnellut kotikäkeä.
Vaan kuitenki kaikitenki
sano korvin kuullakseni:
mitä sie enintä tieät, yli
muien ymmärtelet?”

Sanoi nuori Joukahainen:
“Tieänpä minä jotaki!
Sen on tieän selvällehen,
tajuelen tarkoillehen:
reppänä on liki lakea,
liki lieska kiukoata.

“Hyvä on hylkehen eleä,
ve'en koiran viehkuroia:
luotansa lohia syöpi,
sivultansa siikasia.

“Siiall' on sileät pellot,
lohellalla laki tasainen.
Hauki hallalla kutevi,
kuolasuu kovalla säällä.
Ahven arka, kyrmyńska
sykysyt syvillä uipi,
kesät kuivilla kutevi,
rantasilla rapsehtivi.

“Kun ei tuosta kyllin liene,
vielä tieän muunki tieon,
arvoan yhen asian: pohjola
porolla kynti,
etelä emähevolla, takalappi tarvahalla.
Tieän puut Pisan mäellä,
hongat Hornan kalliolla:
pitkät on puut Pisan mäellä,
hongat Hornan kalliolla.

“Kolme on koskea kovoaa,
kolme järveä jaloa,
kolme vuorta korkeata tämän
ilman kannen alla:
Hämehess' on Hälläpyörä,
Kaatrakoski Karjalassa;
ei ole Vuoksen voittanutta,
yli käynytä Imatran.”

Sanoi vanha Väinämöinen:
“Lapsen tieto, naisen muisti,
ei ole partasuun urohon eikä
miehen naisekkahan!
Sano syntyjä syviä, asioita ainoisia!”

Se on nuori Joukahainen sanan
virkkoi, noin nimesi:
“Tieän mä tiaisen synnyn,
tieän linnuksi tiaisen,
kyyn viherän käärmeheksi,
kiiskisen ve'en kalaksi.
Ruan tieän raukeaksi, mustan
mullan muikeaksi,

varin veen on vaikeaksi,
tulen polttaman pahaksi.

“Vesi on vanhin voitehista,
kosken kuohu katsehistä,
itse Luoja loitsijoista,
Jumala parantajista.

“Vuoresta on vetosen synty,
tulen synty taivosesta,
alku rauan ruostehesta,
vasken kanta kalliosta.

“Mätäs on märkä maita vanhin,
paju puita ensimmäinen,
hongan juuri huonehia,
paatonen patarania.”

Vaka vanha Väinämöinen
itse tuon sanoiksi virkki:
“Muistatko mitä enemmin,
vain jo loppuivat lorusi?”

Sanoi nuori Joukahainen:
“Muistan vieläki vähäisen!
Muistanpa ajan mokoman, kun
olin merta kyntämässä,
meren kolkot kuokkimassa,
kalahauat kaivamassa,
syänveet syventämässä,
lampiveet on laskemassa,
mäet mylleröittämässä, louhet
luomassa kokohon.

“Viel’ olin miesnä kuuentena,
seitsemänenä urosna
tätä maata saataessa, ilmoa suettaessa,
ilman pieltä pistämässä,
taivon kaarta kantamassa,
kuuhutta kulettamassa,
aurinkoa auttamassa,
otavaa ojentamassa, taivoa
tähittämässä.”

Sanoi vanha Väinämöinen:
“Sen varsin valehtelitki!

Ei sinua silloin nähty, kun
on merta kynnettihin,
meren kolkot kuokittihin,
kalahauat kaivettihin,
syänveet syvennettihin,
lampiveet on laskettihin,
mäet myllerötettihin, louhet
luotihin kokohon.

“Eikä lie sinua nähty, ei
lie nähty eikä kuultu
tätä maata saataessa, ilmoa suettaessa,
ilman pieltä pistettäässä, taivon
kaarta kannettaissa,
kuuhutta kuletettaissa,
aurinkoa autettaissa,
otavaa ojennettaissa,
taivoa tähitettäässä.”

Se on nuori Joukahainen tuosta
tuon sanoiksi virkki:
“Kun ei lie minulla mieltä,
kysyn mieltä miekaltani.

Oi on vanha Väinämöinen,
laulaja laveasuinen!
Lähe miekan mittelöhön,
käypä kalvan katselohon!”

Sanoi vanha Väinämöinen:
“En noita pahoin pelänne
miekkojasi, mieliäsi,
tuuriasi, tuumiasi.

Vaan kuitenki kaikitenki lähe
en miekan mittelöhön
sinun kanssasi, katala,
kerallasi, kehno raukka.”

Siinä nuori Joukahainen
murti suuta, väänti päättä,
murti mustoa haventa. Itse
tuon sanoiksi virkki:

“Ken ei käy miekan
mittelöhön, lähe ei kalvan
katselohon,
sen minä siaksi laulan,
alakärsäksi asetan.

Panen semmoiset urohot

sen sikäli, tuon täkäli,
sorran sontatunkiohon, läävän
nurkkahan nutistan.”

Siitä suuttui Väinämöinen,
siitä suuttui ja häpesi.
Itse loihe laulamahan, sai
itse sanelemahan:
ei ole laulut lasten laulut, lasten
laulut, naisten naurut,
ne on partasuun urohon,
joit’ ei laula kaikki lapset
eikä pojat puoletkana,
kolmannetkana kosijat
tällä inhalla iällä, katovalla kannikalla.

Lauloi vanha Väinämöinen:
järvet läikkyi, maa järisi,
vuoret vaskiset vapisi, paaet
vahvat paukahteli,
kalliot kaheksi lenti, kivet
rannoilla rakoili.

Lauloi nuoren Joukahaisen:
vesat lauloi vempelehen,
pajupehkon lankilöihin,
raiat rahkehen nenähän.

Lauloi korjan kultalaian:
lausoi lampihin haoiksi;
lausoi ruoskan helmiletkun
meren rantaruokosiksi;
lausoi laukkipäään hevosen
kosken rannalle kiviksi.

Lauloi miekan kultakahvan
salamoiksi taivahalle,
siitä jousen kirjavarren
kaariksi vesien päälle,
siitä nuolensa sulitut
havukoiksi kiitäviksi,
siitä koiran koukkuleuan, sen
on maahan maakiviksi.

Lakin lauloi miehen päästä
pilven pystypää kokaksi;
lausoi kintahat käestä

umpilammin lumpehiksi,
siitä haljakan sinisen
hattaroiksi taivahalle,
vyöltä ussakan utuisen
halki taivahan tähiksi.

Itsensä lauloi Joukahaisen:
lausui suohon suonivöistä,
niittyhyn nivuslihoista,
kankahasen kainaloista.
Jo nyt nuori Joukahainen
jopa tiesi jotta tunsi:
tiesi tielle tullehensa,
matkallen osannehensa
voittelohon, laulelohon kera
vanhan Väinämöisen.

Jaksoitteli jalkoansa: eipä
jaksa jalka nousta;
toki toistakin yritti: siin’
oli kivinen kenkä.

Siitä nuoren Joukahaisen

jopa tuskaksi tulevi,
läylemmäksi lankeavi. Sanan
virkkoi, noin nimesi:
“Oi on viisas Väinämöinen,
tietäjä iän-ikuinen!
Pyörrytä pyhä sanasi,
peräytä lausehesi!
Päästä tästä pälkähästä,
tästä seikasta selitää!
Panenpa parahan makson,
annan lunnahat lujimmat.”

Sanoi vanha Väinämöinen:
“Niin mitä minullen annat,
jos pyörrän pyhä sanani,
peräytän lauseheni,
päästän siitä pälkähästä,
siitä seikasta selitän?”

Sanoi nuori Joukahainen: “Oi
on viisas Väinämöinen,
tietäjä iän-ikuinen! Laula
jo laulusi takaisin,

heitä vielä heikko henki,
laske täältä pois minua!
Virta jo jalkoa vetävi,
hiekka silmiä hiovi.

“Kun pyörrät pyhät sanasi,
luovuttelet luottehesi,
annan Aino siskoseni,
lainoan emoni lapsen
sulle pirtin pyyhkijäksi,
lattian lakaisijaksi,
hulikkojen huuhtojaksi,
vaippojen viruttajaksi,
kutojaksi kultavaipan,
mesileivän leipojaksi.”

Sitä vanha Väinämöinen
ihastui ikihyväksi,
kun sai neion Joukahaisen
vanhan päivänsä varaksi.

Istuksen ilokivelle,
laulupaaelle paneikse.
Lauloi kotvan, lauloi toisen,

lausoi kotvan kolmannenki:
pyörty pois pyhät sanansa,
perin laski lausehensa.

Pääsi nuori Joukahainen,
pääsi leuan liettehestä,
parran paikasta pahasta,
hevonen kosken kivestä,
reki rannalta haosta, ruoska
rannan ruokosesta.



Wainamoinen was the great singer and wizard of Wainola in Kalevala plains. He was famous in south and north singing songs of legends, ancient wisdom, tales of heroes and ages long forgotten, legends of creation. His fame reached far away to the south and north.

In Northland lived young singer Youkahainen heard about Wainamoinen who was supposed to be the best singer in the known world.

Straightaway Youkahainen became angry and wanted to travell to Wainola and challenge Wainamoinen. Father and mother warned him but he left anyway Wainamoinen the magician rode silently in sunset down the road in Wainola when Youkahainen met him. Youkahainen didn't want to give way and they both stand still. Youkahainen wants know who the man is. Wainamoinen anwers modestly and asks Youkahainen to give way because he's senior to Youkahainen. Youkahainen says that age dont matter but the knowledge that one has and challenge Wainamoinen to singing contest.

The age doesn't matter, said Youkahainen, but he who has the wisdom and sings sweeter songs shall keep the highway and the other shall take the roadside. The singing contest begins and Youkahainen tryed to beat Wainamoinen but

in the end can not challenge him. At last Wainamoinen gets angry and starts to sing so that the rocks tumbled and the earth moved and Youkahainen started to sink in the swamp.

Seeing his end coming up, Youkahainen begs Wainamoinen to save him. "Well, what will you give me if i let you go", asks Wainamoinen . Youkahainen promises him his bow, horse, ship... but its not enough to Wainamoinen. At last Youkahainen promises his sister, Aino, to marry Wainamoinen. Wainamoinen becomes happy and lets Youkahainen out of the swamp.

Aino is not happy about the news and she cries nights and days. " My youth is lost and i dont want to marry that old man, I will rather marry Ahti, the god of see and lakes" cries Aino and throws her self in the lake and drowns.

LE LOUP ET LE CHIEN

THE WOLF
AND THE DOG

Jean de La Fontaine, Fable V.

France

Un Loup n'avait que les os et la peau,
Tant les chiens faisaient bonne garde.
Ce Loup rencontre un Dogue aussi
puissant que beau, Gras, poli, qui
s'était fourvoyé par mégarde.
L'attaquer, le mettre en quartiers,

Sire Loup l'eût fait volontiers;
Mais il fallait livrer bataille,
Et le Mâtin était de taille
À se défendre hardiment.

Le Loup donc l'aborde humblement,
Entre en propos, et lui
fait compliment
Sur son embonpoint, qu'il admire.
«Il ne tiendra qu'à vous beau sire,
D'être aussi gras que moi,
lui repartit le Chien.
Quittez les bois, vous ferez bien:
Vos pareils y sont misérables,
Cancres, haires, et pauvres diables,
Dont la condition est de
mourir de faim.

Car quoi? rien d'assuré:
point de franche lippée:
Tout à la pointe de l'épée.
Suivez-moi: vous aurez un
bien meilleur destin.

Le Loup reprit:
« Que me faudra-t-il faire ?
– Presque rien, dit le Chien, donner la chasse aux gens
Portants bâtons, et mendiants;
Flatter ceux du logis, à son
Maître complaire:
Moyennant quoi votre salaire
Sera force reliefs de toutes les façons:
Os de poulets, os de pigeons,
Sans parler de mainte caresse. »
Le Loup déjà se forge une félicité
Qui le fait pleurer de tendresse.
Chemin faisant, il vit le
col du Chien pelé.

« Qu'est-ce là ? lui dit-il. – Rien.
– Quoi? Rien? – Peu de chose.
– Mais encor? – Le collier dont je suis attaché
De ce que vous voyez est peut-être la cause.
– Attaché? dit le Loup: vous ne courez donc pas.
– Où vous voulez? – Pas toujours; mais qu'importe?
– Il importe si bien, que de tous vos repas
Je ne veux en aucune sorte,
– Et ne voudrais pas même à ce prix un trésor. »
Cela dit, maître Loup s'enfuit, et court encor.



A prowling wolf, whose shaggy skin
(So strict the watch of dogs had been)
Hid little but his bones,
Once met a mastiff dog astray.



A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray,
No human mortal owns.

Sir Wolf in famish'd plight,
Would fain have made a ration
Upon his fat relation;
But then he first must fight;
And well the dog seem'd able
To save from wolfish table
His carcass snug and tight.
So, then, in civil conversation

The wolf express'd his admiration
Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,
'Yourself, good sir, may be as slightly;
Quit but the woods, advised by me.

For all your fellows here, I see,
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
Belike to die of haggard want.

With such a pack, of course it
follows,

One fights for every bit he
swallows.
Come, then, with me, and share
On equal terms our princely fare.'

'But what with you
Has one to do?'
Inquires the wolf. 'Light work indeed,'

Replies the dog; 'you only need
To bark a little now and then,
To chase off duns and beggar men,
To fawn on friends that come or go
forth, Your master please, and so
forth; For which you have to eat All
sorts of well-cook'd meat-Cold pul-
lets, pigeons, savoury messes-BE-
sides unnumber'd fond caresses.'

The wolf, by force of appetite,
Accepts the terms outright,
Tears glistening in his eyes.
But faring on, he spies
A gall'd spot on the mastiff's neck.

'What's that?' he cries. 'O, nothing
but a speck.' 'A speck?' Ay, ay; 'tis not
enough to pain me; Perhaps the col-
lar's mark by which they chain me.'

'Chain! chain you!
What! run you not, then,
Just where you please, and when?
'Not always, sir; but what of that?'

'Enough for me, to spoil your fat!
It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;

For me, I'll shun them while I've wit.'
So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

LA GIARA

THE JAR

Quell'annata era stata piena di olivi. Anche il podere di Don Lollò Zirafa si era riempito, tanto che le sue cinque giare vecchie di cocci non sarebbero bastate a contenere tutto l'olio della nuova raccolta. Quindi ne aveva ordinata una sesta più capace, alta a petto d'uomo, bella panciuta e maestosa, come non se n'erano mai viste.

Lo Zirafa aveva litigato anche col fornaciajo per questa giara. Niente di nuovo, visto che ogni nonnulla era per lui un motivo per gridare e correre fino in città per denunciare i fatti all'avvocato, spendendo tanto denaro da andare vicino alla rovina.

Misteriosamente, dopo solo due giorni, l'enorme giara nuova venne ritrovata spaccata in due. Don Lollò era su tutte le furie, ma calmatosi si rese conto che il recipiente, nelle mani di un buon artigiano, si sarebbe potuto riparare.

Così Don Lollò si rivolse al vecchio Zi' Dima Licasi che, avendo inventato lui stesso un mastice segreto e miracoloso, promise di rimettere a nuovo la giara.

Don Lollò non credeva però che il mastice fosse sufficiente per riparare la sua giara, quindi insistette per far aggiungere dall'artigiano dei punti di filo di ferro.

Questo ferì nell'orgoglio lo Zi-

rafa, offeso per la poca fiducia che il cliente dimostrava nella sua capacità e nella sua invenzione, ma si mise comunque all'opera gonfio d'ira e di dispetto.

Per meglio lavorare, poi, si cacciò dentro la pancia aperta della giara, spalmendo il mastice e, successivamente, applicando i punti di ferro.

Ma quanto larga di pancia, tanto quella giara era stretta di collo. Zi' Dima, nella rabbia, non ci aveva

fatto caso. Ora, prova e riprova, non trovava più il modo di uscirne, solo si dimenava come una bestia in trappola, deriso dal contadino dipendente di Don Lollò che era rimasto nella bottega a sorvegliare i lavori.

Era rimasto imprigionato nella giara da lui stesso sanata e che ora, per farlo uscire, doveva essere rotta

daccapo e per sempre.

Una volta vista la scena, Don Lollò decise di correre in città per consultare l'avvocato, preoccupato all'idea di dover rompere per sempre la sua giara per liberare Zi' Dima. Prima, però, buttò giù per il collo del recipiente cinque lire, per pagare la giornata di lavoro all'artigiano, che solo voleva essere liberato.

L'avvocato in città gli spiegò allora che Don Lollò avrebbe dovuto immediatamente rompere la gira per liberare Zi' Dima, il quale poi lo avrebbe ripagato del danno. Avrebbe stimando lui stesso il valore dell'oggetto, considerato praticamente nuovo dopo la riparazione.

L'artigiano, ascoltata la proposta, sottolineò però che il valore della giara si era abbassato notevolmente con tutti quei punti di ferro, e solo se Don Lollò si fosse fidato



dell'efficacia del mastice sarebbe stata considerata come nuova.

Piuttosto che pagare, comunque, Zi' Dima si sarebbe adattato a vivere in quella giara in cui, assicurò, si trovava benissimo: una possibilità non considerata né da Don Lollò nè dal suo avvocato. Lì, infatti, passò tranquillamente e allegramente la notte, fra canti e balli dei contadini ai quali, servendosi proprio da denaro ricevuto da Don Lollò, offrì vino e cibarie.

Don Lollò, in preda alla rabbia, si precipitò come un toro infuriato e, prima che quelli avessero tempo di pararlo, con uno spintone mandò a rotolare la giara giù per la costa. Rotolando, accompagnata dalle risa degli ubriachi, la giara andò a spaccarsi contro un olivo.

E vinse Zi' Dima, liberato.



That was a great year for the olive trees. Also Don Lollò Zirafa's homestead was filled up, inasmuch as his five old earthenware jars couldn't be enough to contain all the oil of the new harvest.

So he had commissioned a new one, more capacious, as tall as a man's chest, pot-bellied and grandiose, as you've never seen before.

Zirafa argued also with the kiln man because of that. Nothing new, considering that every trifle was a pretext for him to scream and run up to the city, pressing charges to the lawyer. He was spending so much money to get closer to his ruin.

O MOSTRENGO

THE BOGEY-BEAST

Fernando Pessoa
Portugal

O mostrengo que está no fim do mar
Na noite de breu ergueu-se a voar;
A roda da nau voou três vezes,
Voou três vezes a chiar,
E disse: «Quem é que ousou entrar
Nas minhas cavernas
que não desvendo,
Meus tectos negros do
fim do mundo?»
E o homem do leme disse, tremendo:
«El-Rei D. João Segundo!»
«De quem são as velas onde me roço?
De quem as quilhas que vejo e ouço?»
Disse o mostrengo, e rodou três vezes,
Três vezes rodou imundo e grosso.

«Quem vem poder o que só eu posso,
Que moro onde nunca
ninguém me visse
E escorro os medos do
mar sem fundo?»
E o homem do leme tremeu, e disse:
«El-Rei D. João Segundo!»
Três vezes do leme as mãos ergueu,
Três vezes ao leme as reprende,
E disse no fim de tremer três vezes:
«Aqui ao leme sou mais do que eu:
Sou um povo que quer
o mar que é teu;
E mais que o mostrengo,
que me a alma teme



E roda nas trevas do fim do mundo,
Manda a vontade, que me ata ao leme,
De El-Rei D. João Segundo!»



The bogey-beast that lives
at the end of the sea
In the pitch dark night
rose up in the air;
Around the galleon it flew three times,
Three times it flew a-squeaking,
And said: "Who has dared to enter
My dens which I do not disclose,
My black roofs of the
end of the world?"
And the helmsman said, a-trembling:
"King Don Joao the Second!"
"Whose are the sails
over which I skim?
Whose are the keels I see and hear?"
Said the monster, and
circled three times,
Three times it circled filthy and thick.
"Who comes to do what only I can,

I who dwell where none
has ever seen me
And pour forth the fears of
the bottomless sea?"
And the helmsman
trembled, and said:
"King Don Joao the Second!"
Three times from the helm
he raised his hands,
Three times on the helm
he lay them back,
And said, after trembling three times:
"Here at the helm I am
more than myself:
I am a People who wants
the sea that is yours;
And more than the monster,
that my soul does fear
And dwells in the dark of
the end of the world,
Commands the will, that
binds me to the helm,
Of King Don Joao the Second!"

LEGENDA FLORII- SOARELUI

SUN FLOWER LEGEND

Călin Gruia
Romania

A fost o data un crai vestit, care avea o fata foarte frumoasa. Desi, el era foarte bogat si puternic, avea o mare tristete- fata lui era oarba, ochii ei verzi nu puteau sa vada nimic

Au incercat nenumarati vraci, cititori in zodii, tamaduitorii de tot felul sa o vindece fara sa reuseasca.

O data insa un batran slab si inconvioiat de spate ii spuse ca daca soarele o va saruta pe frunte fata va putea sa vada. Il sfatui pe crai sa il invite pe soare la masa si sa-l roage sa ii salveze fata.

Dupa ce multi tineri incercara sa ii duca invitatia Soarelui fara sa reuseasca, un tanar ce o iubea in taina pe fata imparatului a pornit si el la drum.

Drumul fu lung si greu, dar in cele din urma tanarul ajunse la un munte de argint, pe care reusi sa il urce cu mare greutate in 7 zile.

Acolo sus intr-o poiana tanarul o cunoscu pe o batrana care il intreba ce cauta. El ii spuse si pentru ca ea era chiar mama soarelui il sfatui cum sa faca sa reuseasca.



Lua chiar ea mesajul scris trimis de crai si pentru ca soata soarelui- luna sa nu cumva sa il transforme in floare, copac sau rau, asa cum avea obiceiul... si i-l dadu Soarelui pe ascuns.

Soarele ii transmise flacaului, prin mama sa ca e de acord si ca accepta invitatia si isi ofera ajutorul.

Voinicul s-a intors cat a putut de repede si a dus cu bucurie vestea craiului, care la randul sau a facut pregatiri mari pentru festinul la care fusesese invitat Soarele.

Cand pregaritirile fura gata, Soarele a aparut intr-o caleasca impresionanta, avand chip de om. El s-a purtat natural si prietenos, mancand si band vin impreuna cu toti invitatiii uimiti sa il vada pe Soare asa de aproape. In sfarsit fu adusa si fata.

Luna sotia, soarelui se furisa la fereastra... si chiar cand Soarele se aple-

ca sa o sarute pe fata ca sa o vindece si sa ii dea lumina ochilor, atunci din gelozie ea o transforma pe frumoasa fata de crai intr-o floare galbena.

Toti incremenira de spaima, iar Soarele se supara atat de tare incat o alunga pe soata lui Luna, pentru totdeauna de la el.

Iar baiatul indragostit de fata craiului lua floarea , iar cand era sa se ofileasca si o rasadi in gradina si dupa o vreme tot pamantul se umplu de astfel de flori.

Si de atunci Luna umbla noapte si soarele ziua...iar cand ea se intalneste cu el, isi pierde lumina.

Floarea era tot timpul cu fata dupa soare, asteptandu-i parca sarutarea. Oamenii i-au spus Floarea-Soarelui, si asa i-a ramas numele pana in zilele noastre.



Once upon a time, there was a very famous king which had a very beautiful daughter. Although he was very strong and rich, he was very sad for his daughter was blind, her green eyes couldn't see anything.

Many wizards, and astrologists, clerics of all kind tried to cure her, without success.

Once, a very old man told her that if the sun would kiss her on the forehead she would be able to see again. He advised the king he should bring the sun over for a royal dinner in order to save his daughter.

After a lot of young men tried to take the invitation to the Sun without succeeding, a boy who loved the princess secretly departed on his way to the Sun.

The journey was long and diffi-

cult, but he got to the silver mountain which he hardly climbed in 7 days.

Up there, the young man met an old woman which asked him what he was searching for. He replied with his quest and because the old lady turned out to be the mother of the Sun, she told him how to succeed.

She took the message from the king and took it to the Sun, for if the Moon, the Sun's wife would have found out, she would have turned the boy into a flower, a tree or a river... The sun replied to the young boy that he agrees and he will lend him his aid.

The young chap returned as fast as he could to spread the good news to the king, which made the preparations for the royal feast held in the name of the Sun.

When the preparations were ready, the Sun appeared in an impressive

carrige having the face of man. He acted naturally and friendly, eating and dinking wine with all the guests which were mesmerised by his grace. The girl was finally brought to the Sun.

The Moon snook out the window and when the Sun was leaning to kiss the girl to cure her, out of gealousy, the Moon turned the princess into a yellow flower.

Everyone froze in fear, and the Sun got so mad that he drove the Moon away from him, forever. But the poor enamoured boy took the flower and planted it in the garden of the palace, and after a while the whole garden was swarming with these yellow flowers.

And since then the Moon roams the night and the Sun roams the day... and when she meets him, she loses her light.

The flower was always facing the sun, wating for its kiss. The townfolk called it Sunflower and her name remained up to this day....



Education and Culture DG

Lifelong Learning Programme



