

OUR LEGENDS

1. Portugal - Agrupamento de Escolas de Póvoa de Lanhoso

The legend of the Ave River

Long ago in the North of Portugal there was a mountain called Agra's Mountain, from where the sea was seen. The mountain was magic. The spring came earlier full of colors and intense perfumes.

Behind these perfumes came a shepherdess, with her sheep to graze.

Coming from the sea, to hunt, a knight came to the mountains. This time he came alone, but it was already customary to appear there to hunt, accompanied by friends.

On one of those early days, as he walked, the rider listened to someone singing. It was the shepherdess, adorned with beautiful flowers on her head.

The knight had never seen anyone so beautiful.

After talking they realized that both came behind the lovely smell of the mountain.

The knight held out his hand to the shepherdess. He smiled and they walked in the splendor of the mountain spring.

The time went on, but one day the knight was called to go back to his town near the sea because there was a war.

The shepherdess became so sad that even the mountain started to lose its brilliance, beauty and flowers.

Spring was over and summer came, hot, very hot.

Then came the autumn, bringing the first rains. And the mountain became more sadder. But the color of autumn leaves brought some magic to that space.

On a very cold day, tired of waiting for her love, the shepherdess climbed up the mountain to try to see the sea.

Then she shouted:

"I've got to find him. I would like to be a bird and find him."

Then she began to cry so much that her tears became a river, and she a river began to grow to the sea.

Nobody saw the shepherdess again but in his honor the mountain was renamed as Cabreira Mountain (Shepherdess Mountain) where Ave River is born.

The shepherdess, they say, fulfilled his dream. She became a beautiful bird following the riverbed and came to the kingdom of her beloved.

As soon as he saw the beautiful bird, the knight was suspicious. She kissed him, and she returned to her human form.

They got married and lived happily ever after. Once again, love won.



MUNZUR SPRING

A Legend from Tunceli / TURKEY



Long ago, as legend has it, there lived a poor shepherd named Munzur who tended the flocks of a wealthy tribal chief, or agha. One day, Munzur went to the agha's wife to tell her that her husband was hungry and wanted something sweet to eat. If she would be so kind as to make a batch of helva, Munzur said, he would carry it to his master.

The woman was puzzled. You see, she and the shepherd were in eastern Turkey, in the mountainous region of Dersim (Tunceli/Ovacık) -where this story is told- and her husband happened to be on pilgrimage to Mecca. Since this was long before the invention of mobile phones -or even land lines- there was no way that Munzur could have known what the agha might have wanted, and delivering it would have been equally impossible. "Perhaps he wants the sweets for himself," the agha's wife thought, so she made the helva anyway and gave it to the shepherd.

In an instant, Munzur was in Mecca, standing before his master. Stunned at the sight of his sheep herder, the agha asked, "What are you doing here? And how did you get here?" Munzur handed the platter he was holding to the agha and said, "You wanted helva, didn't you? Here you go. Your wife just made it." The agha was struck speechless. Before he regained mastery of his tongue, Munzur was gone. It was too preposterous to be true, but as soon as the agha took a bite of the helva, he knew he hadn't been dreaming, for he instantly recognized the distinctive taste of his wife's cooking.

When the agha returned home, many people came to greet him, hoping to kiss the hand of the man who had been to Mecca. Munzur went too, carrying a pail of milk he had just collected. Upon seeing Munzur approach, the agha pointed at him and declared, "This is the man whose hand must be kissed!" Munzur was shy by nature, and as the crowd of people, led by the agha, came toward him, he fled into the mountains. As he ran, milk sloshed out of his pail, and where it splattered to the ground, water began flowing out of the earth.



THE LEGEND OF SAHMERAN



The legend of Şahmeran comes from Mesopotamia. It has been told and retold in Mardin for hundreds and hundreds of years. The name "Şahmeran" actually comes from the Persian name "Şah-i Meran," which means "the shah of the snakes". Şahmeran was half a snake and half a very beautiful woman. She was a snake from the waist down, but from the waist upwards, a beautiful woman. Her portraits are traditionally hung on walls inside houses especially on girls' bedroom walls. It is believed that hanging her pictures brings good fortune for them. Once upon a time, there was a tall and handsome boy called Tahmasp who lived in Mardin. One day, by mistake, he walked into a cave where thousands of snakes were sleeping. There he met Şahmeran. Tahmasp couldn't hide the fact that he was attracted to her although she was a snake from the waist down. Tahmasp remained in the cave for days on end, listening to Şahmeran tell incredible stories about the world and humanity. He was in awe, but when Şahmeran had told him everything and there was nothing left to tell, Tahmasp decided that he was missing the outside world and left. Even though Şahmeran didn't like this idea, in the end, she accepted it. So Tahmasp returned to the land where he used to live. But one day, the king of that land got very ill. One of the king's assistants who was quite evil told the king that the only treatment that would cure him was

to eat a piece of meat from the body of Şahmeran. The search began. Anyone who might know anything about Şahmeran was asked to come forward. One day, as Tahmasp was at the hamam, he was identified by soldiers who spotted snake scales all over his body. The soldiers brought him to the king's evil assistant. It turned out – not surprisingly – that the wicked royal aide's real aim was not to make the king better, but to hear about the secrets of the world straight from the mouth of Şahmeran. Tahmasp was tortured until he revealed the location of Şahmeran's cave. So the assistant and the soldiers went to the cave and found Şahmeran who revealed her great secret, saying: "Whoever tears off a bit of flesh from my tail and eats it will be endowed with all the secrets of the world. But whoever takes a bit of flesh from my head and eats it will die instantly." No sooner were these words out of Şahmeran's mouth than the villainous assistant cut the half-snake, half-woman into two pieces, and ripped a bit of flesh from her tail. Tahmasp, horrified by what he had just witnessed, bit into a piece of flesh from Şahmeran's head so as to die immediately. But what happened instead is that the king's evil aide – having eaten a bite of Şahmeran's tail – died on the spot while Tahmasp appeared completely unaffected. It turned out that Şahmeran had anticipated the king's assistant's plot and had seen to it that her lover, Tahmasp, inherited all her knowledge, while her enemy went to his death. However, in the wake of Şahmeran's death, Tahmasp was so bereaved that he isolated himself away from the rest of humanity. Afterwards he is said to have become a legendary doctor, Lokman Hekim.

*4. Morelli Primary School, Ravenna,
Italy: OUR LEGEND (4^A/4^B)*

THE THREE TREES

Three trees on a mountain dream of what they wanted to become when they grew up. One wants to be a treasure chest, another an ocean-going boat and the third a signpost to the christian God. Their wishes come true in a way they never expected...

THE STORY

Once upon a mountain top, three little trees stood and dreamed of what they wanted to become when they grew up.

The first little tree looked up at the stars and said: "I want to hold treasure. I want to be covered with gold and filled with precious stones. I'll be the most beautiful treasure chest in the world!"

The second little tree looked out at the small stream trickling by on its way to the ocean. "I want to be traveling mighty waters and carrying powerful kings. I'll be the strongest ship in the world!"

The third little tree looked down into the valley below where busy men and women worked in a busy town. "I don't want to leave the mountain top at all. I want to grow so tall that when people stop to look at me, they'll raise their eyes to heaven and think of God. I will be the tallest tree in the world."

Years passed. The rain came, the sun shone, and the little trees grew tall. One day three woodcutters climbed the mountain.

The first woodcutter looked at the first tree and said, "This tree is beautiful. It is perfect for me." With a swoop of his shining axe, the first tree fell.

"Now I shall be made into a beautiful chest. I shall hold wonderful treasure!" the first tree said.

The second woodcutter looked at the second tree and said, "This tree is strong. It is perfect for me." With a swoop of his shining axe, the second tree fell.

"Now I shall sail mighty waters!" thought the second tree. "I shall be a strong ship for mighty kings!"

The third tree felt her heart sink when the last woodcutter looked her way. She stood straight and tall and pointed bravely to heaven.

But the woodcutter never even looked up. "Any kind of tree will do for me," he muttered. With a swoop of his shining axe, the third tree fell.

The first tree rejoiced when the woodcutter brought her to a carpenter's shop. But the carpenter fashioned the tree into a feedbox for animals.

The once beautiful tree was not covered with gold, nor with treasure. She was coated with sawdust and filled with hay for hungry farm animals.

The second tree smiled when the woodcutter took her to a shipyard, but no mighty sailing ship was made that day. Instead, the once strong tree was hammered and sawed into a simple fishing boat. She was too small and too weak to sail on an ocean, or even a river; instead, she was taken to a little lake.

The third tree was confused when the woodcutter cut her into strong beams and left her in a lumberyard.

"What happened?" the once tall tree wondered. "All I ever wanted was to stay on the mountain top and point to God..."

Many, many days and night passed. The three trees nearly forgot their dreams.

But one night, golden starlight poured over the first tree as a young woman placed her newborn baby in the feedbox.

"I wish I could make a cradle for him," her husband whispered.

The mother squeezed his hand and smiled as the starlight shone on the smooth and the sturdy wood. "This manger is beautiful," she said.

And suddenly the first tree knew he was holding the greatest treasure in the world.

One evening a tired traveler and his friends crowded into the old fishing boat. The traveler fell asleep as the second tree quietly sailed out into the lake.

Soon a thundering and thrashing storm arose. The little tree shuddered. She knew she did not have the strength to carry so many passengers safely through with the wind and the rain.

The tired man awakened. He stood up, stretched out his hand, and said, "Peace." The storm stopped as quickly as it had begun.

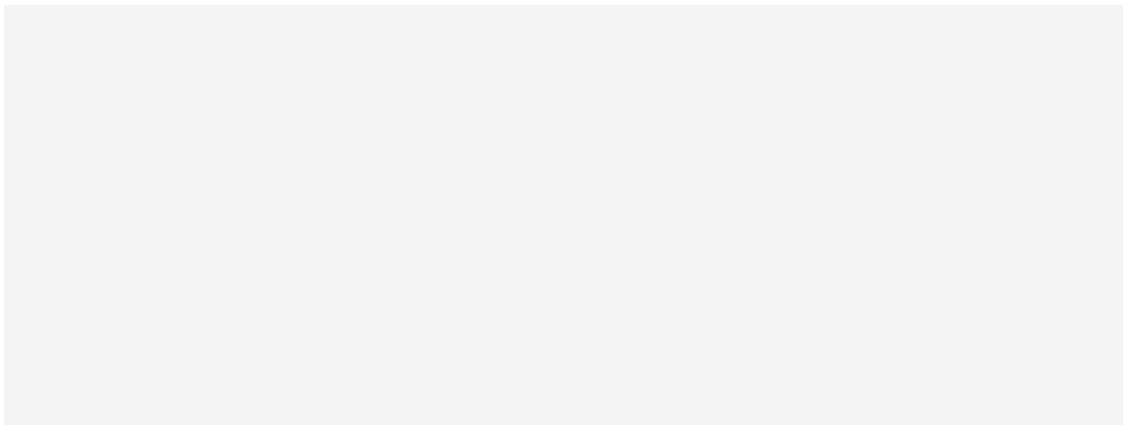
And suddenly the second tree knew he was carrying the king of heaven and earth.

One Friday morning, the third tree was startled when her beams were yanked from the forgotten woodpile. She flinched as she was carried through an angry jeering crowd. She shuddered when soldiers nailed a man's hands to her.

She felt ugly and harsh and cruel.

But on Sunday morning, when the sun rose and the earth tremble with joy beneath her, the third tree knew that God's love had changed everything.

It had made the third tree strong...



5. Catalonia - Escola La Sagrera

The legend of the witches of Vallgorguina

Once upon a time there was a village called Vallgorguina. In this village there was a dolmen. A dolmen is some rocks together with one more on top. Dolmens are magical places and magical creatures like them.

One day a group of witches flew by and they saw it. They liked it and they went down to see it. They liked it and they started to dance and throw spells. They danced around the campfire and a demon appeared. Every night they sang and there was a storm. The villagers were not happy because they were scared of witches.

One night, one boy went to see the witches. He went to the dolmen and he hid behind a tree. He waited for the witches and then, he learned the dance. When he arrived at the village, he taught the dance to the villagers.

The villagers thought they could use the dance to scare the witches. They started to dance in the square every night. The witches saw them and they were angry. They were angry because the demon didn't like that the villagers danced the same. Then, the witches went to another village.

The villages taught the dance to each other. The witches went so far away that they never came back. The people of Catalonia continued dancing it for a long time. Nowadays, this dance is called Sardanes and it is a typical dance in Catalonia.

Playing canes

Once upon a time there was a village called Caldes de Montbui. In Caldes de Montbui there was a castle. In the castle there was an invader king. The villagers didn't like the king because he was an invader. Some years before the king and the army conquered the castle.

The villagers wanted the king to go but he didn't want. Then, they organised a meeting to talk about the problem. They planned a party to fool the king and chase him out of the castle. They invented a game called playing canes. Then, they told the king they wanted to have a party to show him the game.

The king thought it was a good idea. Then, he invited the villagers to the castle. But the villagers didn't want only to play, they wanted the king to go. They prepared canes with spears inside and they went to the castle. In the party there was first food and then the show. The king and the army enjoyed the party. There was a lot of food. There was roast chicken, fish, cheese, soup, salad and a lot of fruit. To drink there was water and wine.

Later, when the king and army were full the villagers took the canes. They broke the canes and they took the spears. With the spears they killed the king and they chased the army out of the castle. The villagers conquered the castle and they lived free ever after.

**6, Morelli Primary School, Ravenna,
Italy:**

OUR LEGEND (3^A/3^B)

Days of the Blackbird

There's a popular name in Italy for the last three days in January. "Giorni della merla", literally, "The days of the blackbird", refers to the legend of a family of blackbirds and how the upcoming spring will be determined by the weather on these days. According to the legend, if these days are cold, spring will be nice and, if they are warm, spring will arrive late.

A blackbird, with her splendid, snow white plumage mistreated/overwrought by January, a cold and overcast month, who amused himself by waiting for her to leave her nest in search of food and then casting bitter cold and frost onto the Earth.

Tired of the ongoing harassment, one year, the blackbird decided to gather enough provisions for a month and closed herself in her nest-lair, taking refuge for their entire month of January, which at the time had only 28 days. The last day of the month, thinking to have outsmarted the wicked January, she left her hideaway and started singing to mock him.

January took such great offence that he asked February (which then still had 31 days) for a loan of three days and he let rip with snow storms, wind, ice and rain. The blackbird took shelter in a chimney and there she stayed sheltered for three days. When the blackbird came out, she was indeed safe, but her beautiful plumage had blackened from the smoke and soot and, despite her efforts to clean herself up, she wasn't able.

Powerful January was amused by the scene and then he said in his thundering voice: "Let this serve as a lesson to you and to all the animals. You don't joke with the seasons, with the cold or with

the climate. You cannot make fun of Nature. From today forward , I (January) will have 31 days and the last three will be the coldest of the year. To remind everyone of this story, the merli (blackbirds) will forever more wear these black feathers!"

7. Xenia Tsiami (Third CLASS of 11th PRIMARY SCHOOL OF CHAIDARI)

HERCULES :A GREEK LEGEND!

Hercules was the most famous hero of ancient times and the most beloved. Zeus fell in love with a beautiful Greek woman named Alcmene . When Alcmene's husband, Amphitryon, was away, Zeus made her pregnant. This made Hera so angry that she tried to prevent the baby from being born. When Alcmene gave birth to the baby anyway, she named him Herakles. The name Herakles means "glorious gift of Hera" in Greek, and that got Hera angrier still. Then she tried to kill the baby by sending snakes into his crib. But little Hercules was one strong baby, and he strangled the snakes, one in each hand, before they could bite him.

Hera decided to pay Zeus back for his infidelity by making the rest of Hercules' life as miserable as she could. When Hercules grew up and had become a great warrior he married Megara. They had two children. Hercules and Megara were very happy but Hera sent a fit of madness to Hercules that he murdered Megara and his children. WHEN HERCULES REGAINED HIS SENSES AND SAW THE HORRIBLE THING HE HAD DONE HE ASKED THE GOD APOLLO TO RID HIM OF THIS POLLUTION. The God sent him to the city of Tiryns. The king of Tiryns was Eurystheus . The hero had to serve THE KING Eurystheus for twelve years while he performed 12 Labors. There was some good news, though. When the labors were completed, Apollo said, Hercules would become immortal. Unlike other men, instead of dying and going to the Underworld of Hades, he would become a god. Hercules had the help of Hermes and Athena. By the end of these Labors, Hercules was Greece's greatest hero

1.The Nemean Lion

First Hercules had to go to the city of Nemea and kill a terrible lion. When he killed it he returned to Mycenae, Eurystheus was amazed

that the hero had managed such an impossible task. The king became afraid of Hercules .

2. The Lernaean Hydra

Then Hercules managed to kill the Lernaean Hydra, a monster with nine heads. As he smashed one head, two more would burst forth in its place!

3. The Hind of Ceryneia Diana's Pet Deer

Hercules had to BRING BACK TO Eurystheus ALIVE THE SPECIAL GODESS DIANA' S PET DEER WITH THE golden horns

4. Capture the Erymanthian Boar

For the fourth labor, Hercules managed to bring to Eurystheus the Erymanthian boar alive. The boar was a huge, wild pig with a bad temper, and tusks growing out of its mouth. This one was called the Erymanthian boar, because it lived on a mountain called Erymanthus. Every day the boar was attacking men and animals all over the countryside, gouging them with its tusks, and destroying everything in its path.

5. The Augean Stables

Hercules Cleans Up For the fifth labor, Eurystheus ordered Hercules to clean up King Augeas' stables. Hercules managed to clean up the stables in one day.

6. The Stymphalian Birds

For the sixth Labor, Hercules had to kill an enormous flock of birds which gathered at a lake near the town of Stymphalos. Climbing a nearby mountain, Hercules clashed loudly the krotala, some noisemaking clappers, scaring the birds out of the trees, then shot

them with bow and arrow, or possibly with a slingshot, as they took flight

7. The Cretan Bull

Then Eurystheus sent Hercules to Crete to capture a wild bull that caused many disasters. Hercules took the wild animal to Eurystheus, who was afraid and left it free.

8. The Man-Eating Horses of Diomedes

Hercules's eighth labor was the capture of Diomedes' wild horses. He was the king of Viston in Thrace, son of Mars, who was feeding his wild horses with human meat. Diomedes was killed by Hercules who took his horses and went them to Eurystheus. The King of Mycenae left them freely in Mountain Olympus, where they were eaten by wild beasts.

9. Hippolyte's Belt

For the ninth labor, Eurystheus ordered Hercules to bring him the belt of Hippolyte. The Amazons were female warriors who lived apart from men. Their Queen Hippolyte had a leather belt that had been given to her by Ares, the war god, because she was the best warrior of all the Amazons. Hercules managed to take her belt and bring it to Eurystheus.

10. The Cattle of Geryon

Hercules had to sail all the way to an island called Erytheia, which was the end of the world. There was a giant named Geryon, who had three bodies and three sets of legs all connected at the waist. It's Hercules' job to fetch Geryon's beautiful herd of cattle. Before that, Hercules had to kill the giant Erytion and his two-headed dog who guards them. After that, Geryon himself fought him, but HERCULES WON HIM. Then Hercules went back to Greece.

11. The Apples of the Hesperides

Eurystheus commanded Hercules to bring him golden apples which belonged to Zeus, king of the gods. Hera had given these apples to Zeus as a wedding gift. These apples were kept in a garden at the northern edge of the world, and they were guarded by a hundredheaded dragon, named Ladon AND Hesperides, nymphs who were daughters of Atlas, the titan who held the sky and the earth upon his shoulders. Hercules found Atlas and he agreed to go and take the apples instead of Hercules, but he had to carry the world in his shoulders. Hercules agreed and Atlas brought the apples to him. He told Hercules he would take them to Eurystheus himself BECAUSE HE HATED TO CARRY THE WORLD IN HIS BACK. hercules agreed but he asked him to carry for a moment the world so that to put soft padding on his shoulders to help him bear the weight of the sky and the earth. ATLAS AGREED BUT HERCULES TOOK THE APPLES AND RUN AWAY TO EYRUSTHEUS HIMSELF.

12. Cerberus

His 12th and final labor was to descend into the underworld WERE ANCIENT GREEKS BELIEVE THAT DEAD PEOPLE LIVE, and bring back Cerberus, the threeheaded dog who guarded the gate to underworld, home of the powerful god, Hades. hercules managed to bring Cerberus to Eurystheus.

After he completed the 12 Labors, Hercules had many more adventures. Zeus said to Hera that Hercules had suffered enough. Hera agreed and ended her anger. BEFORE HE DIED Zeus sent Athena to bring Hercules to Olympus WHERE HE LIVED WITH THE TWELVE OLYMPIANS GODS

8.5th Kindergarten of Kilkis - Greece

the children of the 5th Kindergarten of Kilkis in Greece present you the legend of the name of the capital of Greece "ATHENS"

There was a city in Ancient Greece which hadn't got a name. Its king "Kekropas" was troubled and wanted to give a name to his city. So he called the gods of Greece to give him a solution to his problem.

Goddess Athena – the goddess of WISDOM – proposed her name for the city. ATHENA.

God Poseidon – the god of sea- proposed his name for the city. POSEIDONIA.

The two gods were quarrelling so god Zeus – the king of gods- decided to make a competition. "Whoever brings the best gift for the city will win and give his/her name to the city.

God Poseidon brought a strong horse and water from the sea as a gift for the city.

Goddess Athena brought a tree an olive tree as a gift for the city .

Goddess Athena won the competition and she gave her name to the city.

The city was called "Athens" and it is the capital of Greece. God Athena was believed to be the protector of the city.