

Fairy tales of
Bright Green Lands



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Fairy tale of Croatia



Forester in
big trouble



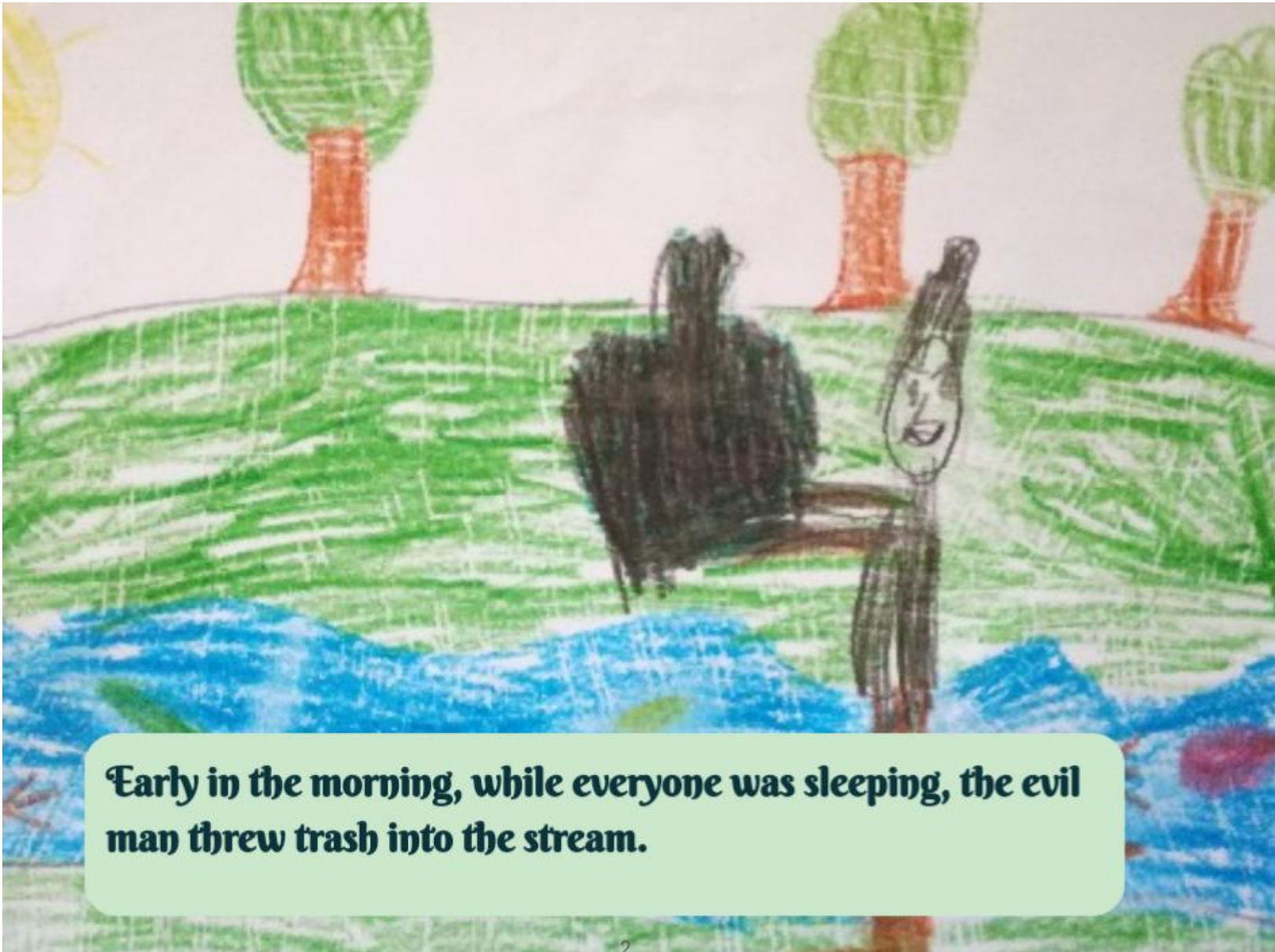
Forester in big trouble

PS Gornje Vrapče

1.grade



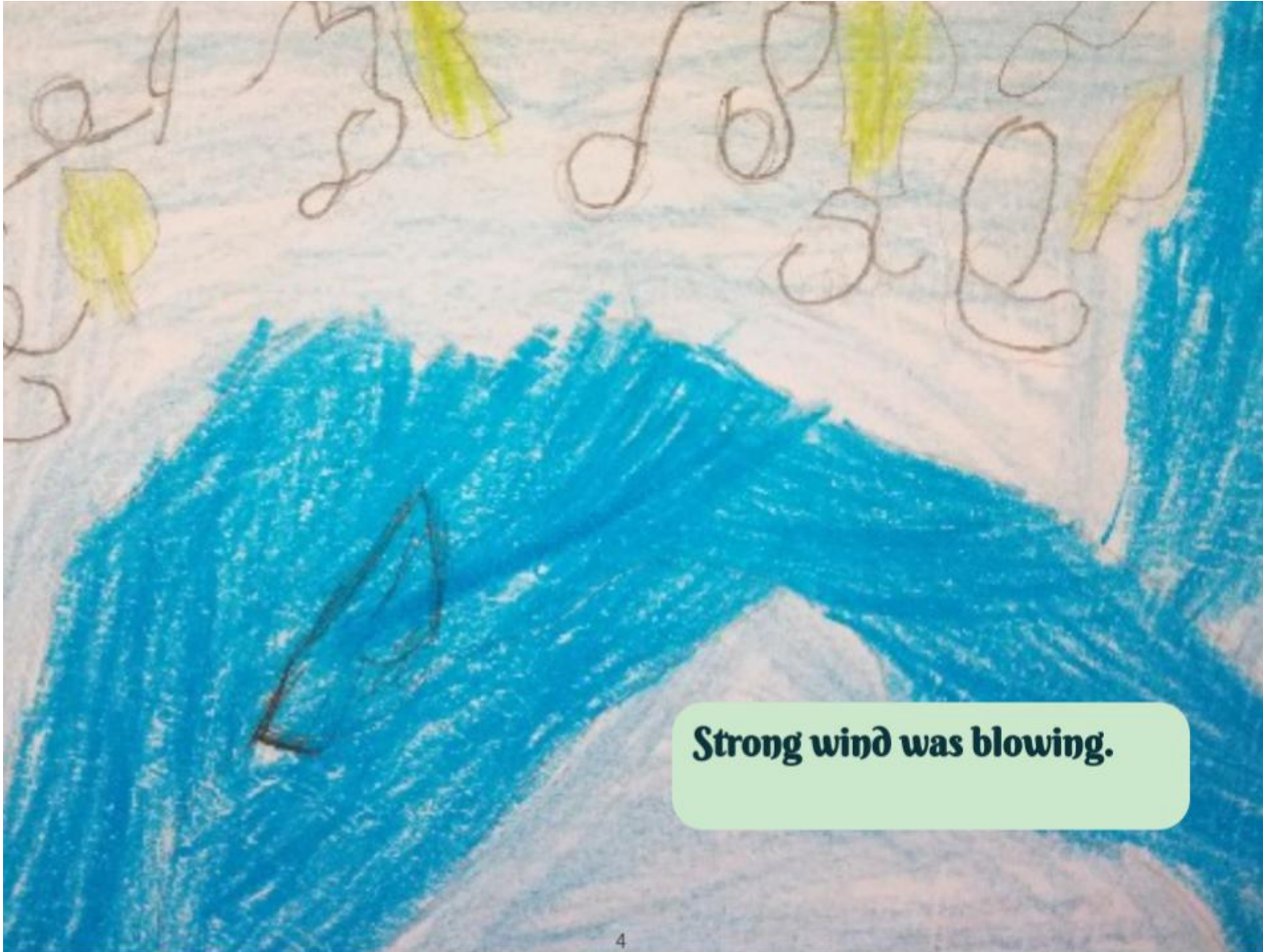
Erasmus project : Bright Green Lands

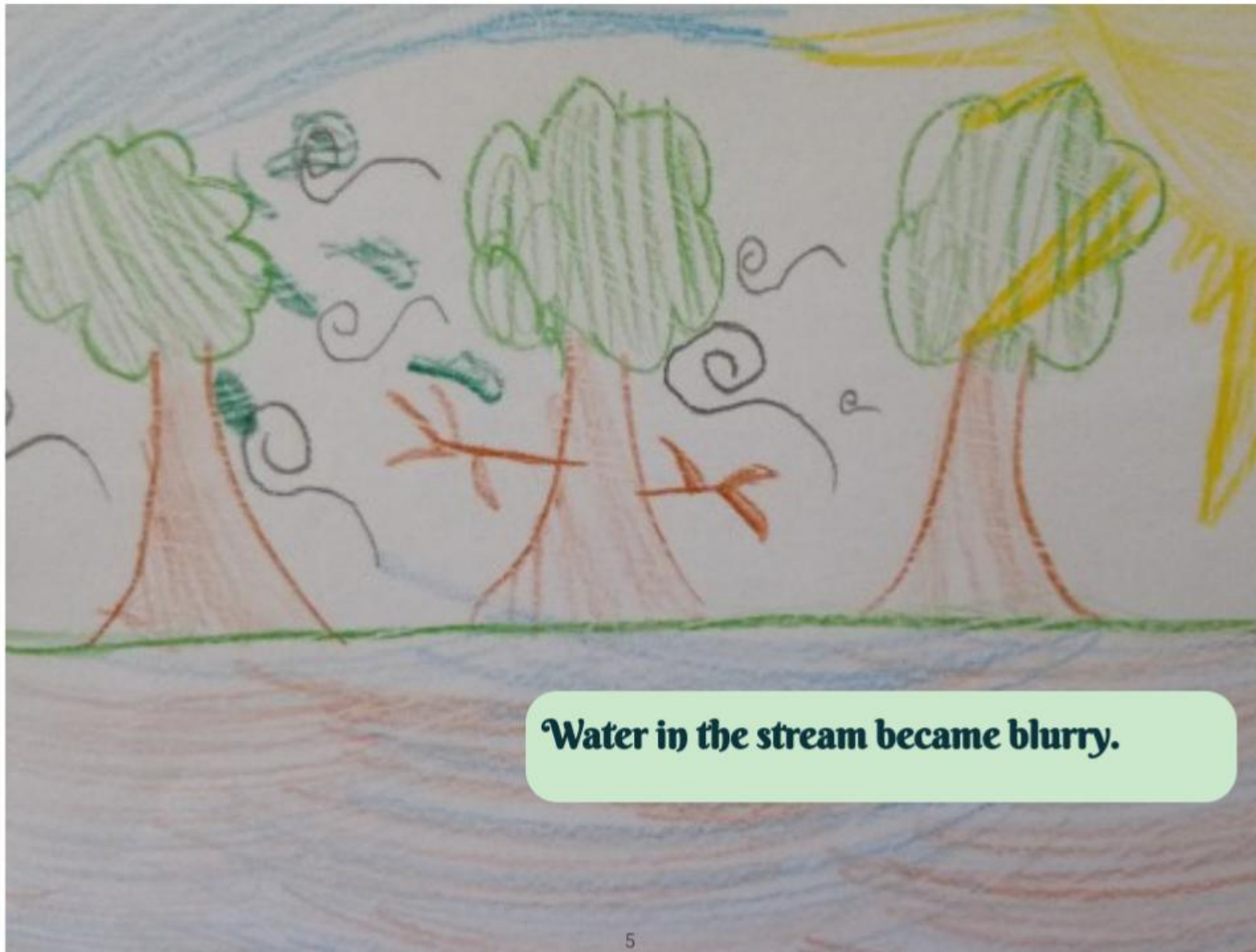


Early in the morning, while everyone was sleeping, the evil man threw trash into the stream.

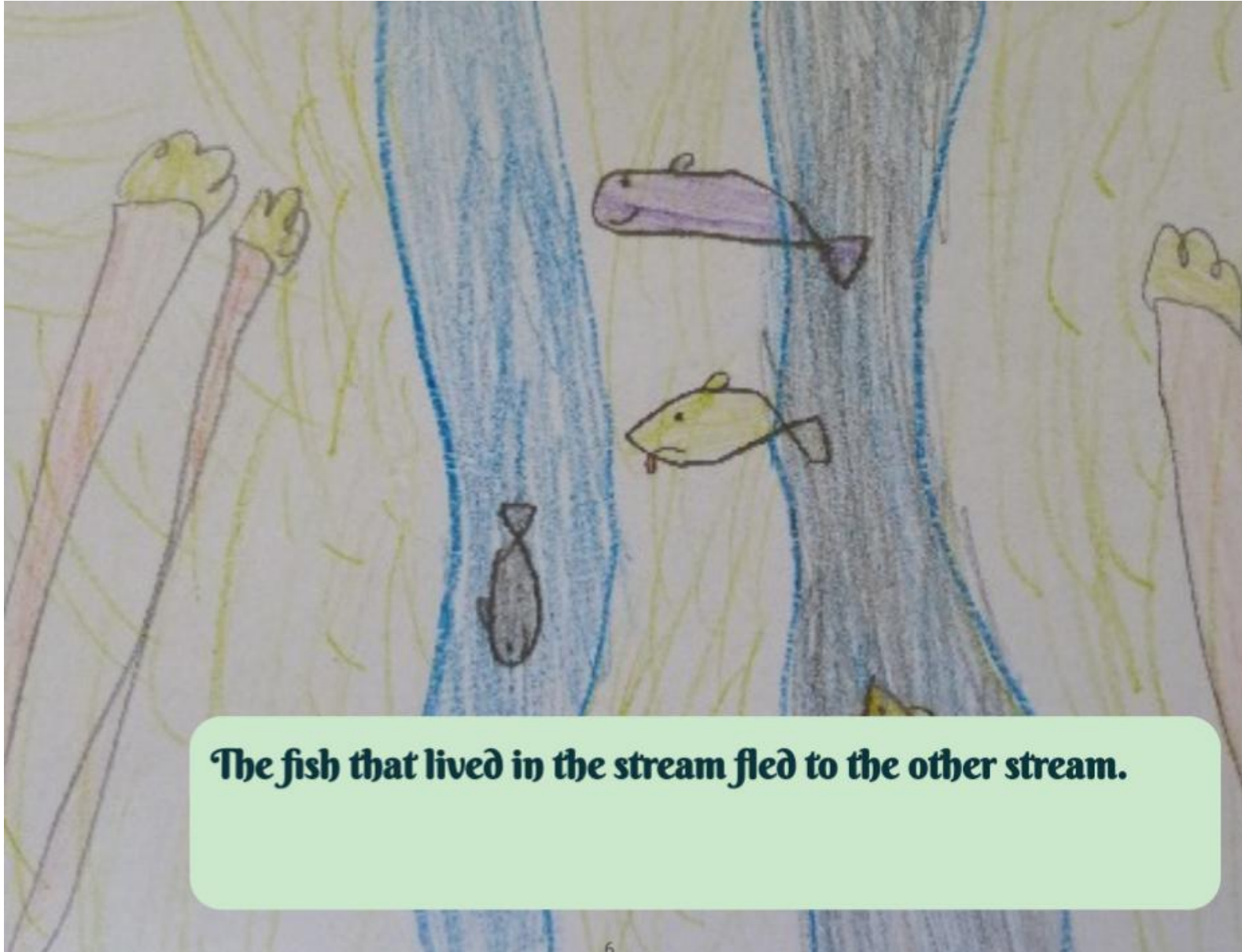
He went home and pretended he was sleeping.



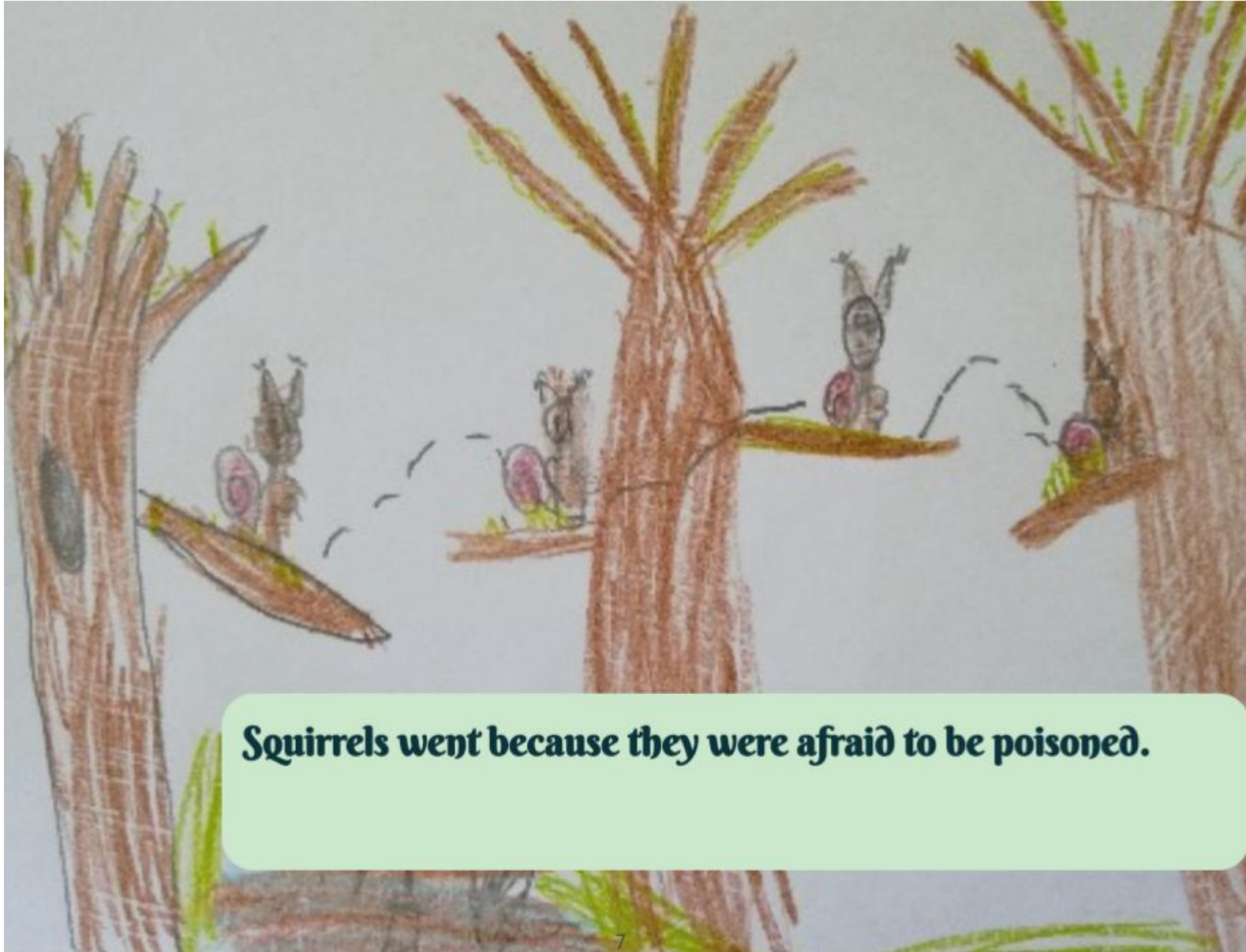




Water in the stream became blurry.

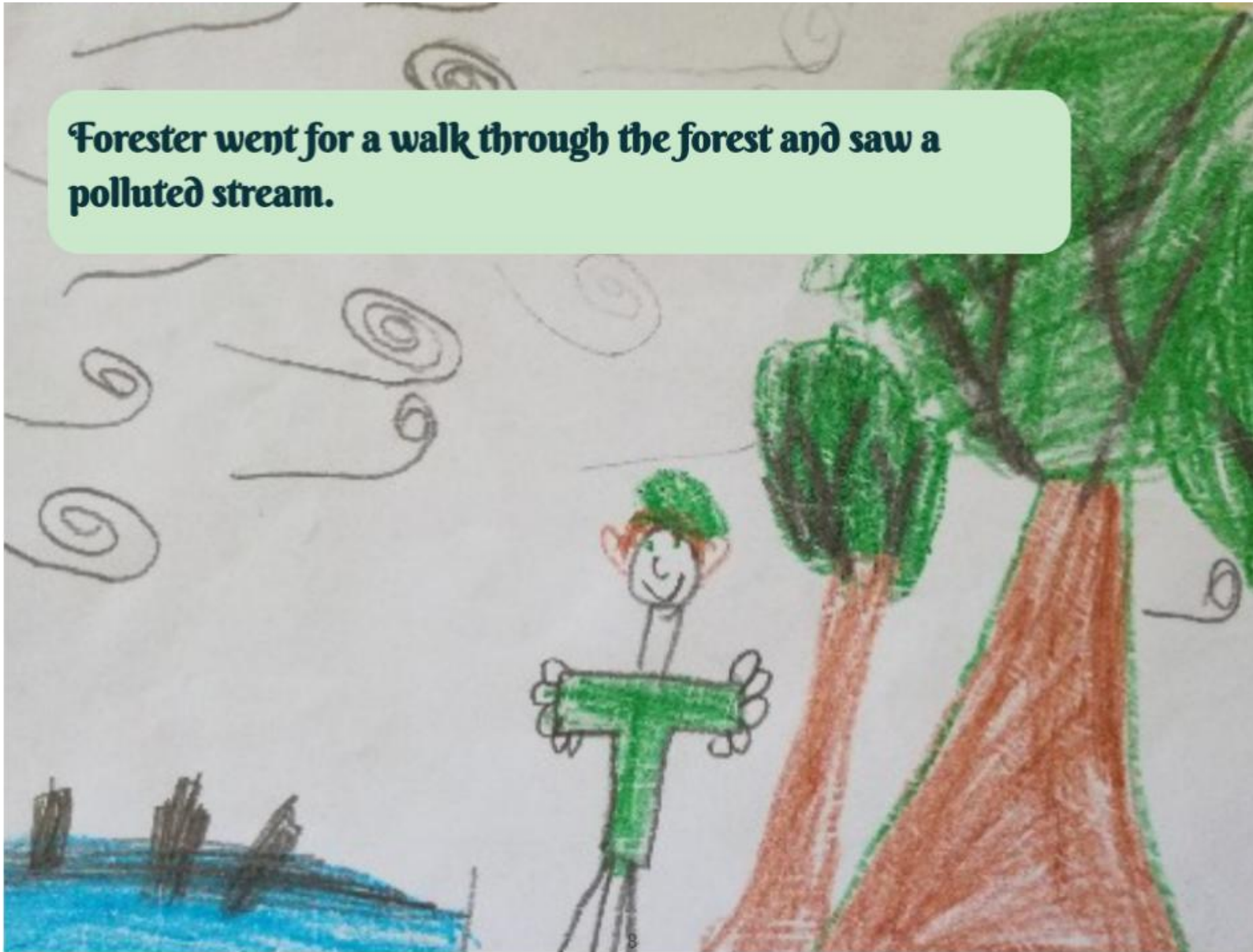


The fish that lived in the stream fled to the other stream.



Squirrels went because they were afraid to be poisoned.

Forester went for a walk through the forest and saw a polluted stream.



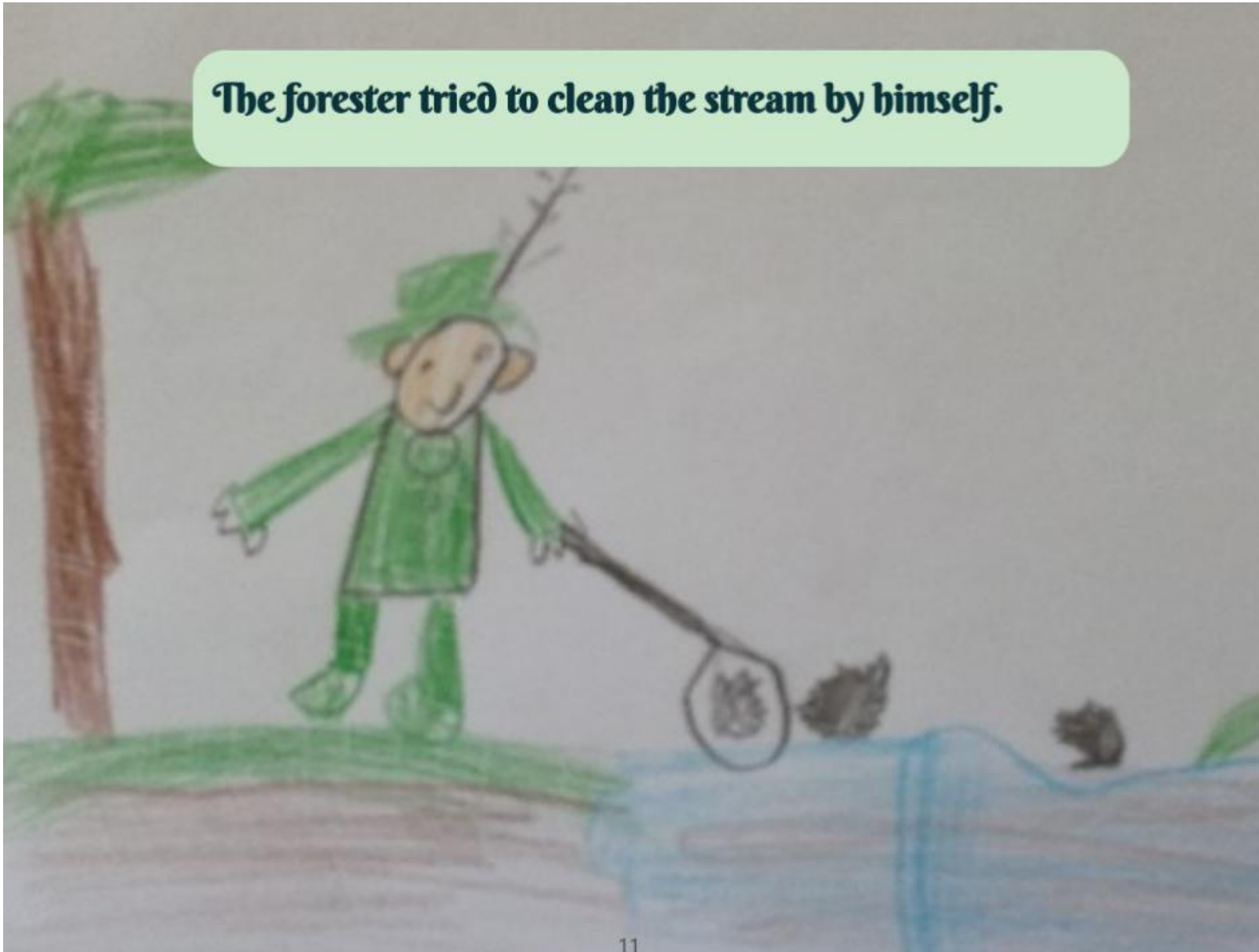


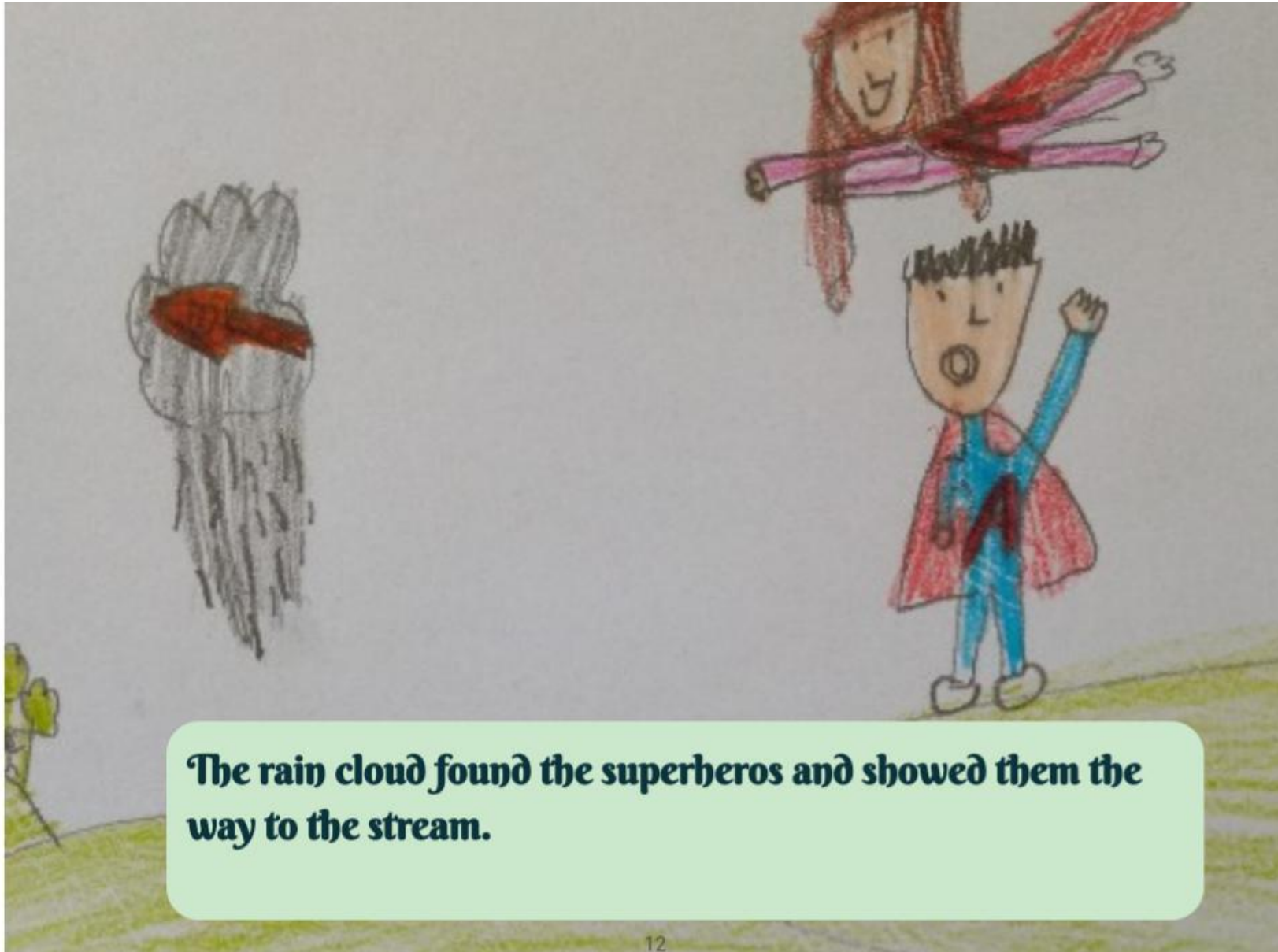
He called superheroes for help.

The Superheroes were with friends. They didn't notice the call at all.

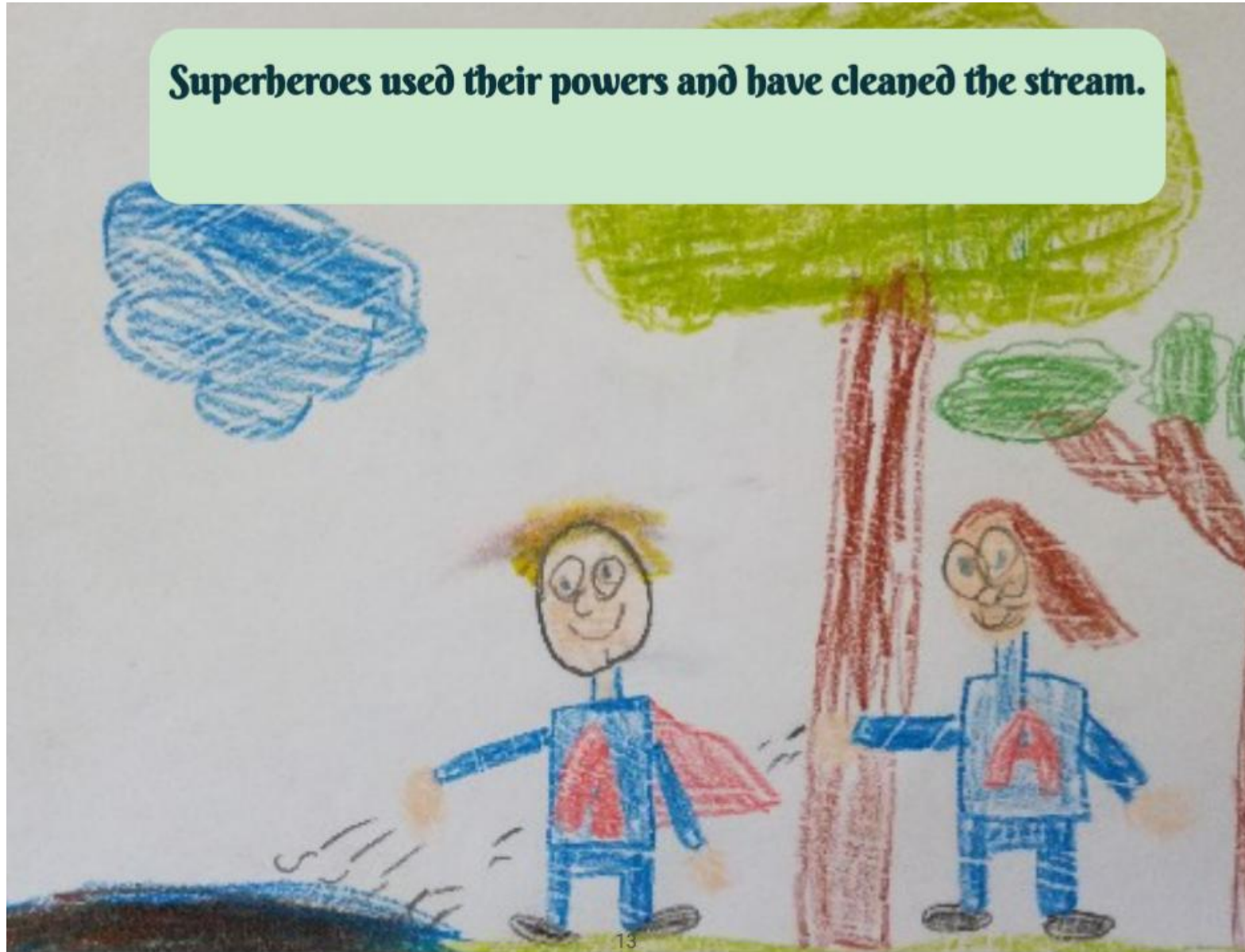


The forester tried to clean the stream by himself.

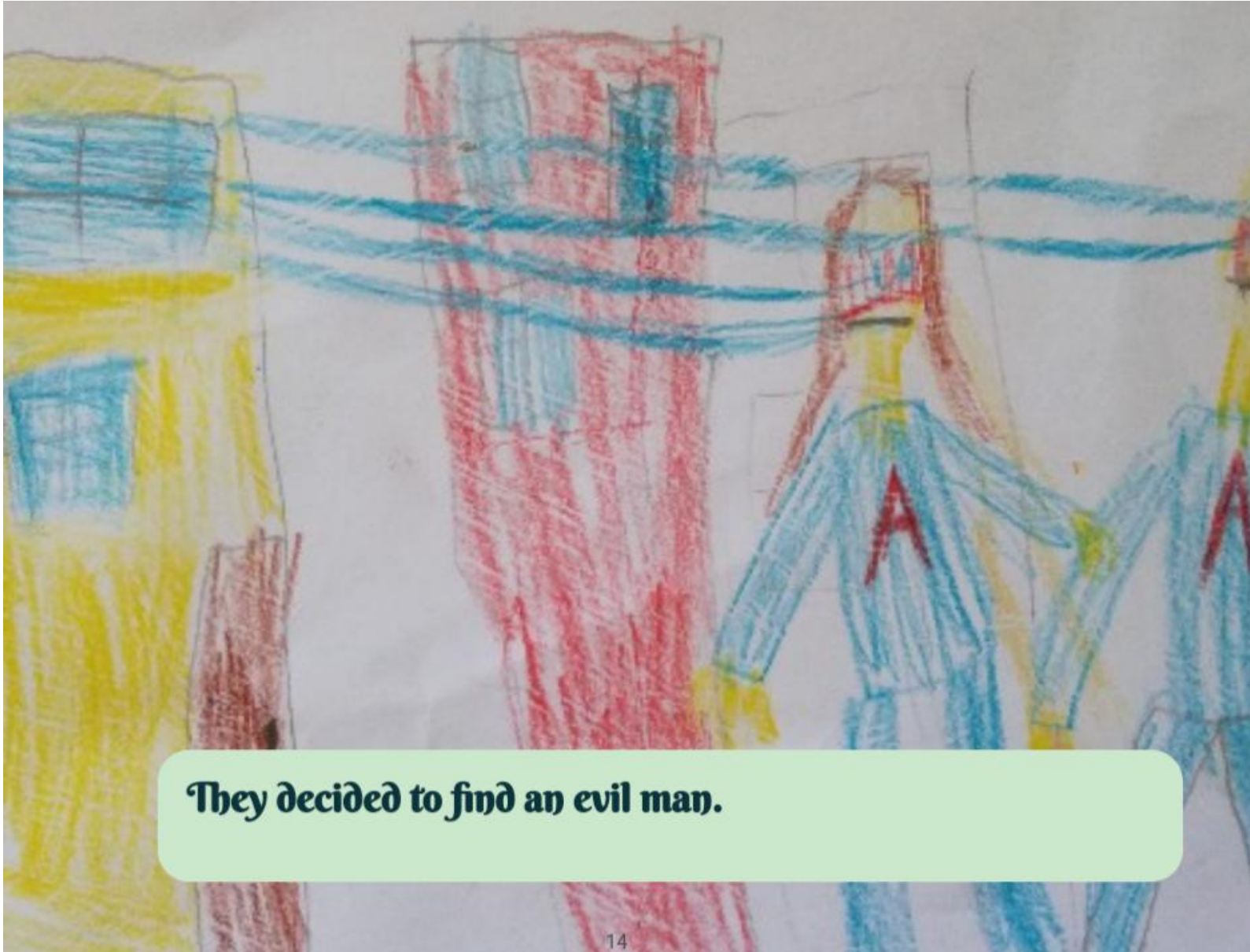




Superheroes used their powers and have cleaned the stream.

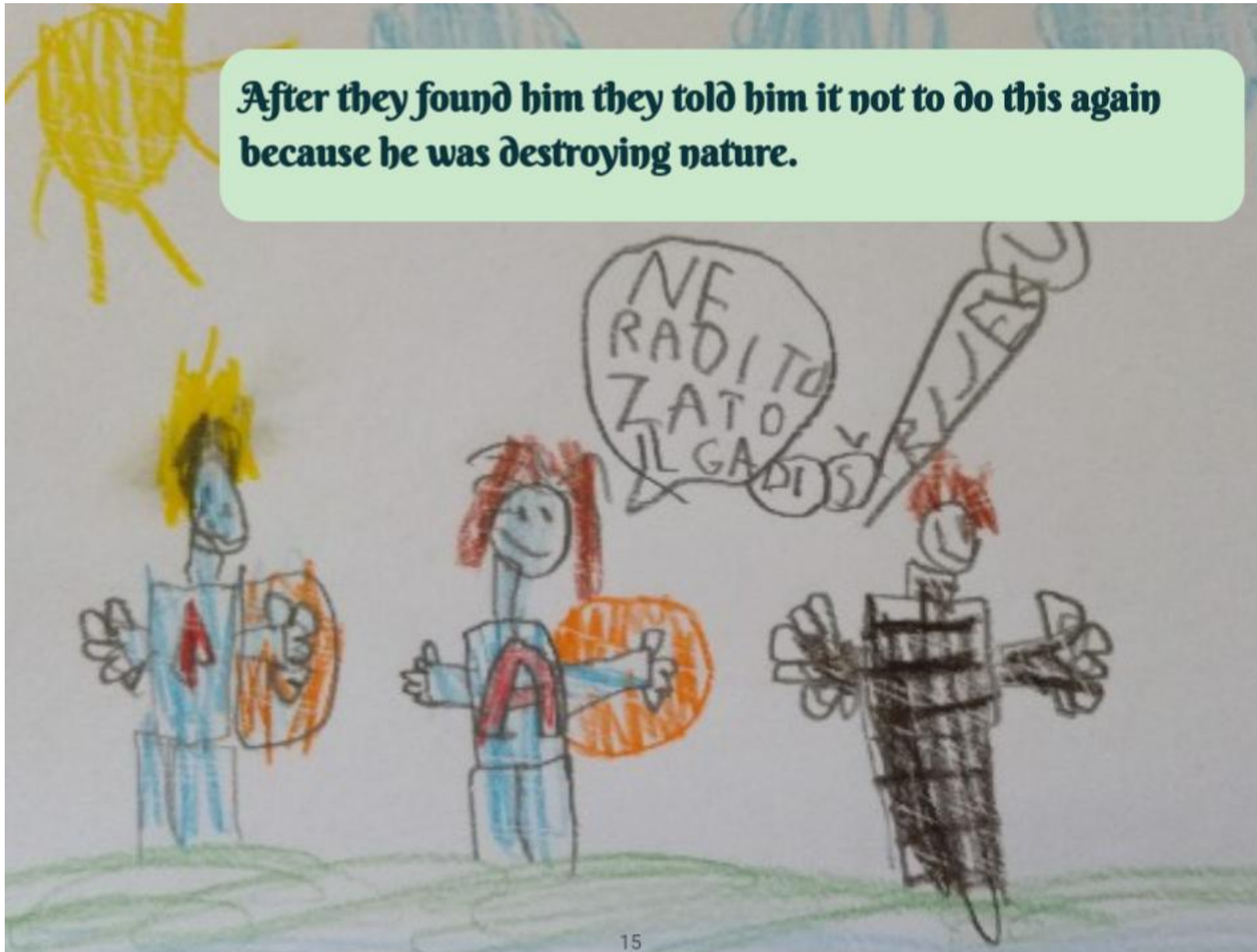


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They decided to find an evil man.

After they found him they told him it not to do this again because he was destroying nature.

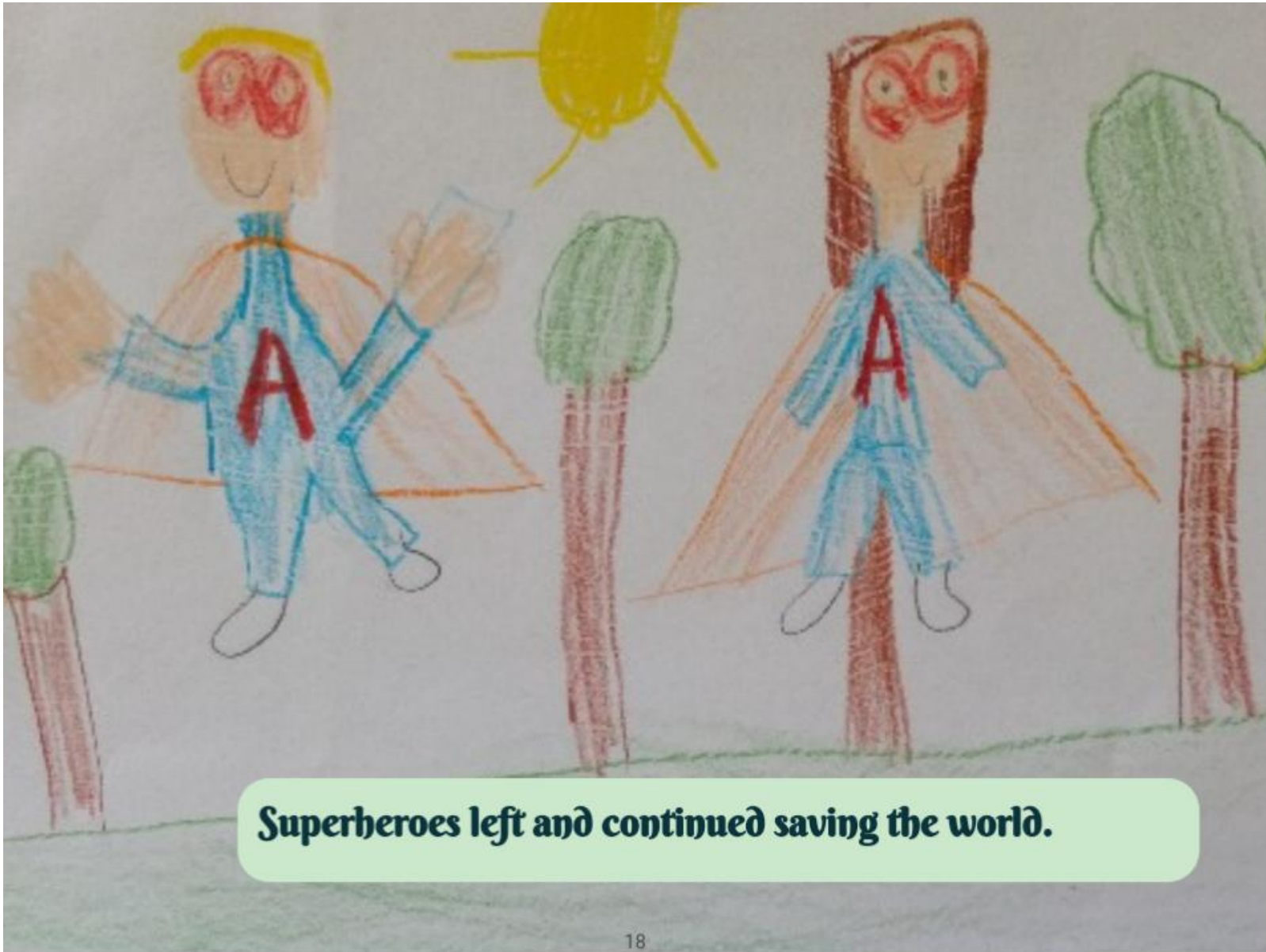




The animals returned to the forest.



Forester thanked superheroes.





Forester continued saving the forest.

The end

Fairy tale of Italy



Margherita and
the magic of
nature

MARGHERITA AND THE MAGIC OF NATURE

Margherita is a lovely little girl, always ready to help people and, above all, she is a nature lover. She always wears an emerald green dress with daisies.



She loves hanging out with her friends, especially going
for walks in the wood,



but one of them often throws rubbish on the ground and
she always picks it up.



One day she has to do her homework and so, her friends go out without her.

That bad guy throws lots of rubbish on the ground and goes away leaving the wood in miserable conditions



He acts like that for some days.

One day Margherita goes to that forest with two of her friends



As soon as they arrive, a monster suddenly comes out. It is a monster made of rubbish and it wants to dominate the

world



Margherita gets scared, but she realizes that in order to defeat the monster, she can only use what Nature has provided us with. From an oak tree she takes a piece of "manna" which turns into a wand. Then Margherita says: "*in naturae viribus*" and the monster grows into a wonderful carpet of daisies...

Margherita's friends promise they will never ruin nature again...to live happily hereafter!

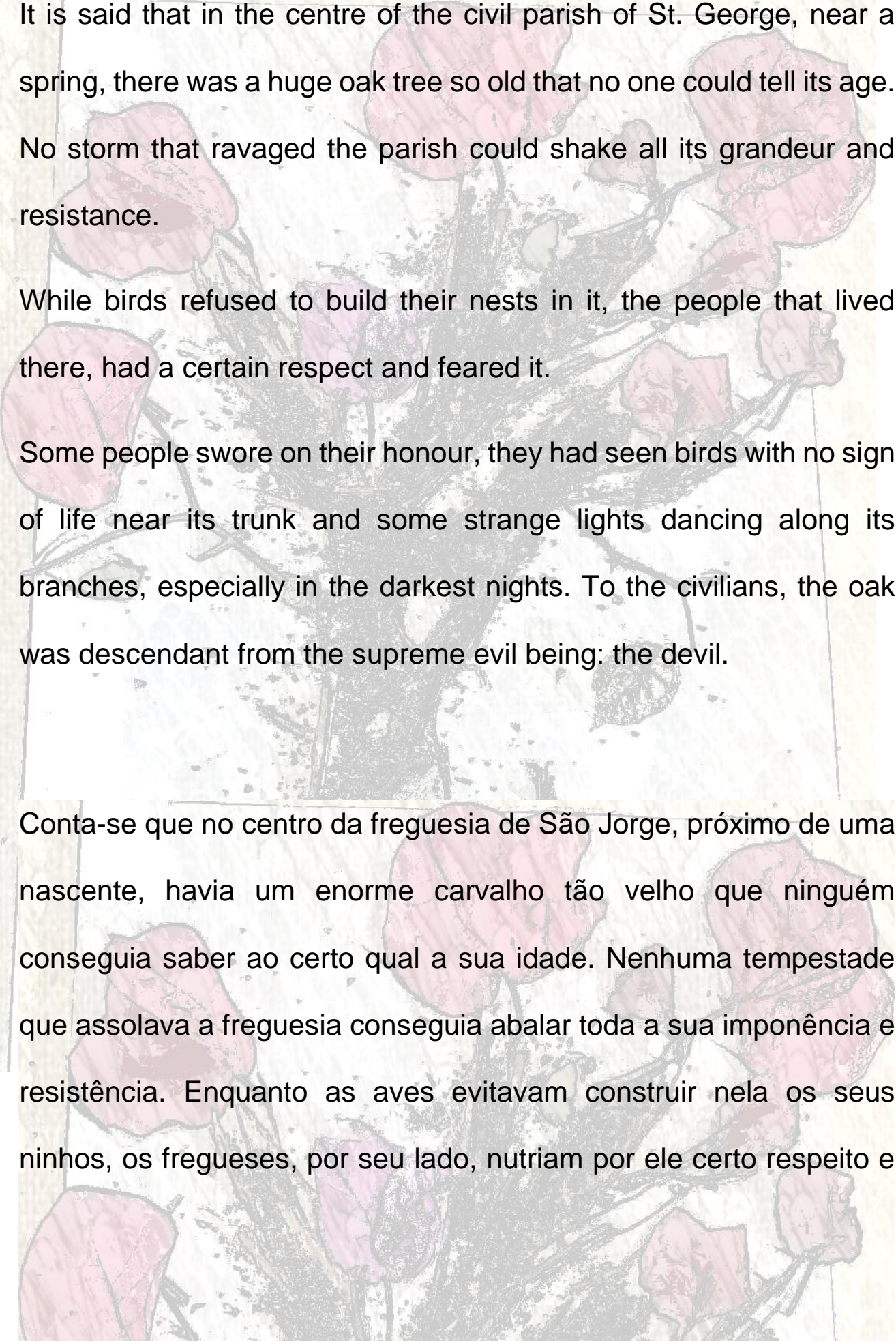


THE END

Fairy tale of Portugal



Lenda da árvore do diabo I



It is said that in the centre of the civil parish of St. George, near a spring, there was a huge oak tree so old that no one could tell its age. No storm that ravaged the parish could shake all its grandeur and resistance.

While birds refused to build their nests in it, the people that lived there, had a certain respect and feared it.

Some people swore on their honour, they had seen birds with no sign of life near its trunk and some strange lights dancing along its branches, especially in the darkest nights. To the civilians, the oak was descendant from the supreme evil being: the devil.

Conta-se que no centro da freguesia de São Jorge, próximo de uma nascente, havia um enorme carvalho tão velho que ninguém conseguia saber ao certo qual a sua idade. Nenhuma tempestade que assolava a freguesia conseguia abalar toda a sua imponência e resistência. Enquanto as aves evitavam construir nela os seus ninhos, os fregueses, por seu lado, nutriam por ele certo respeito e

receio.

Algumas pessoas afirmavam a pés juntos, já terem visto pássaros sem sinal de vida junto do seu tronco e algumas luzes esquisitas a dançarem nos seus ramos, sobretudo, nas noites mais escuras. Para os fregueses, o carvalho era descendente do supremo ser maligno: o diabo.

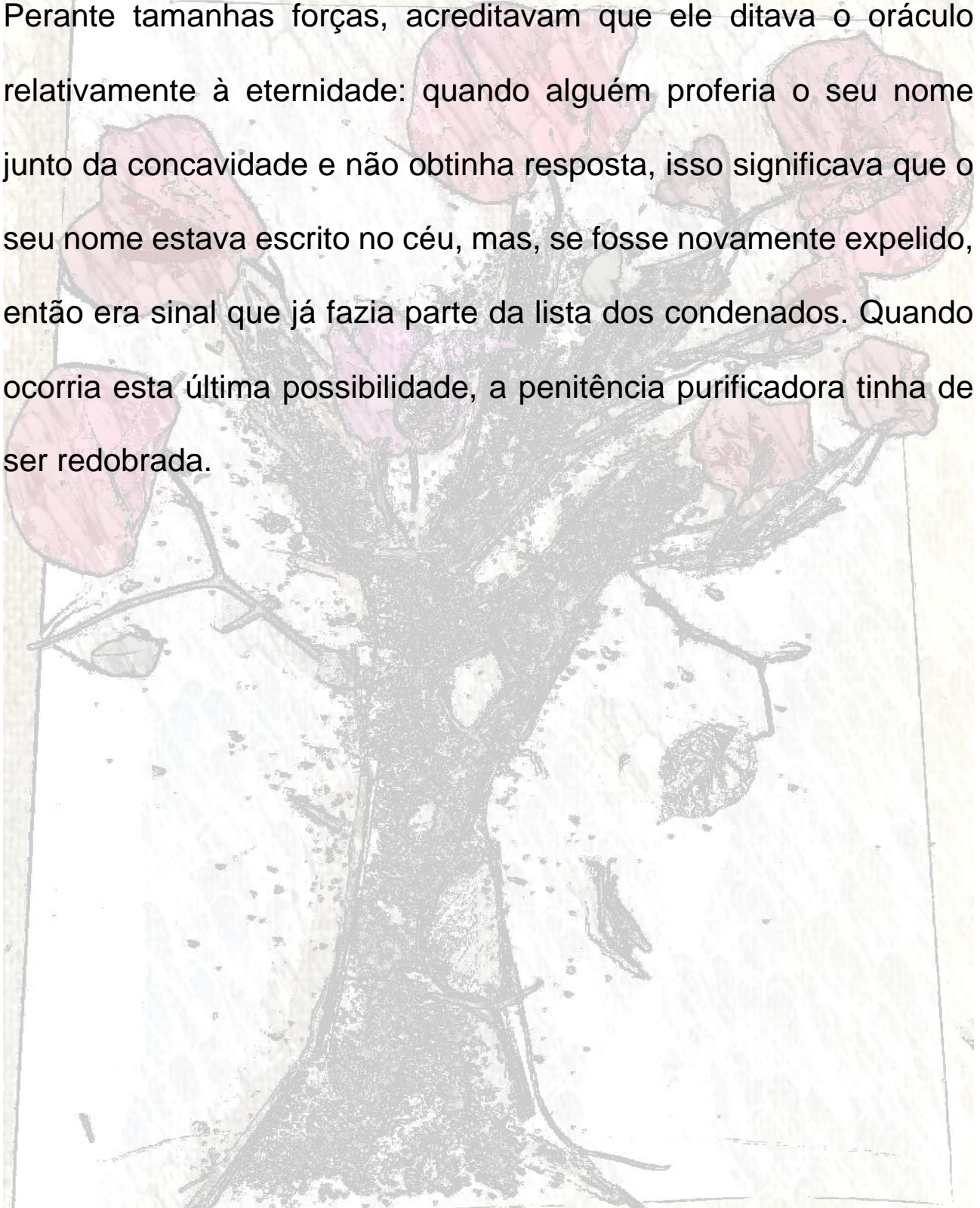
The elders stated that in another time, there was a spring nearby that had been gradually absorbed by it, depriving the city folks from that precious liquid. It was also said that in its trunk there was a strange and unfathomable concavity that gave passage to the hideous abysses underground, although insufficient to shake all of its height. Moreover, that in its trunk there was a strange and unfathomable concavity that gave passage to the hideous abysses underground, although insufficient to shake all of its height.



Os mais idosos afirmavam que outrora existira uma fonte nas suas proximidades que fora, progressivamente, por ele totalmente absorvida, privando os moradores daquele tão precioso líquido. Também se dizia que o seu tronco apresentava estranhamente uma insondável concavidade que dava passagem para os medonhos abismos subterrâneos, embora insuficientes para abalar toda a sua envergadura.

Faced with such incredible force, they believed that it quoted the oracle about eternity: when someone pronounced its name near the concavity and did not obtain any answer, it meant that their name was written in heaven but if it was again pronounced, it meant that the person was already part of the list of the condemned. When this happened, the penitence purifier had to be doubled.

Perante tamanhas forças, acreditavam que ele ditava o oráculo relativamente à eternidade: quando alguém proferia o seu nome junto da concavidade e não obtinha resposta, isso significava que o seu nome estava escrito no céu, mas, se fosse novamente expelido, então era sinal que já fazia parte da lista dos condenados. Quando ocorria esta última possibilidade, a penitência purificadora tinha de ser redobrada.



Lenda da árvore do diabo 2

One day a poacher was hunting a hare, which had jumped into the oak's hollow to escape from him and his shotgun and in his desire to catch the hare alive, the poacher followed it through the oak's hollow without giving anyone any news about his whereabouts. The secret passage, which connected the endless underworld, had opened and swallowed the poacher and the hare, which in its turn was not a hare but a devil in disguise.

Corre notícia que certo dia um caçador furtivo perseguia uma lebre que saltara para dentro da reentrância para escapulir-se da pontaria da caçadeira.

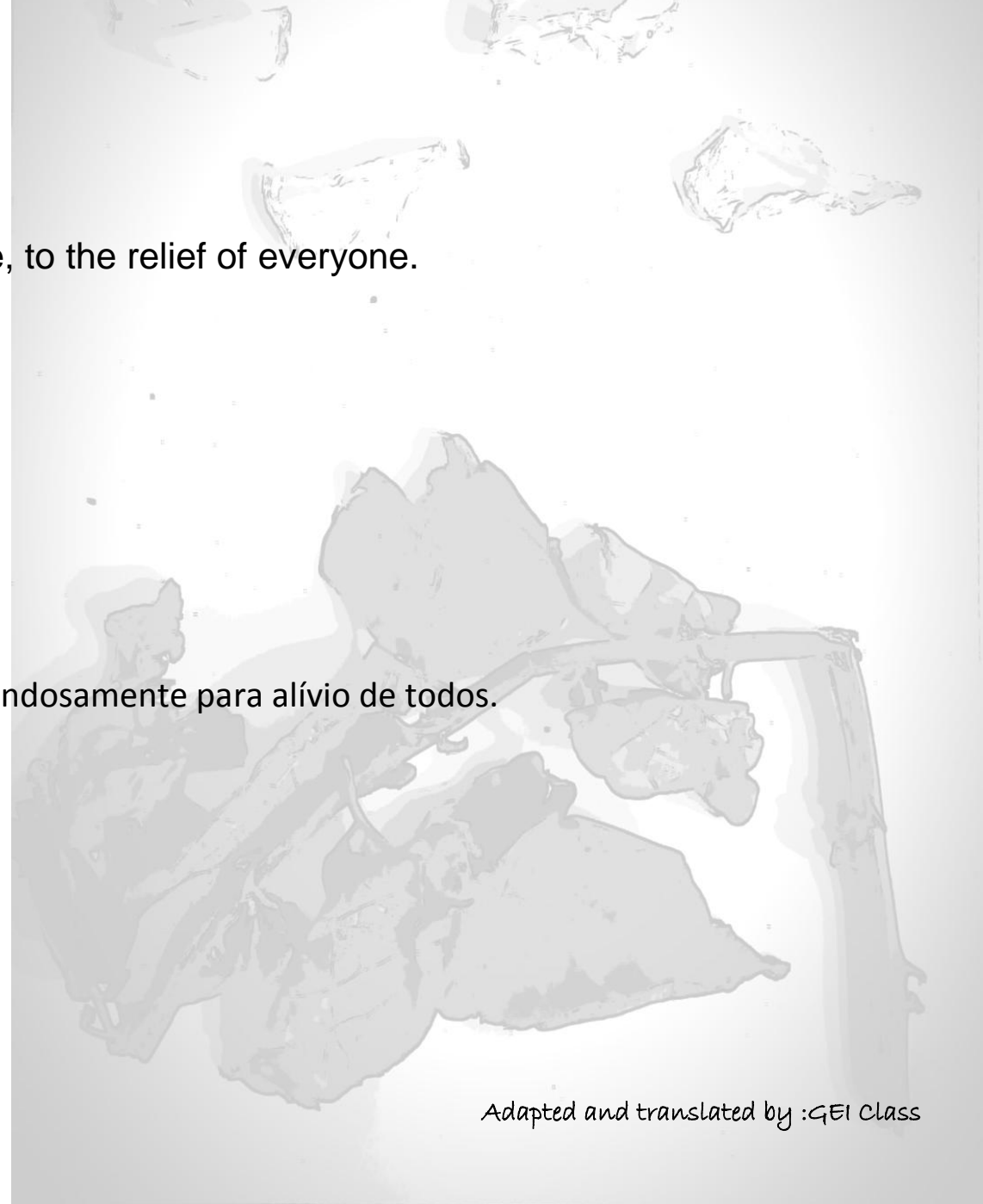
No desejo de apanhá-la com vida, o caçador também se enfiou pelo buraco dentro sem nunca mais dar notícias do seu paradeiro.

A passagem secreta que ligava os submundos sem fim tinha-se aberto e engolido o caçador e a lebre, que não era lebre, mas, sim, o tihoso dissimulado.

Lenda da árvore do diabo 3

One day, the oak collapsed loudly, due to its age, to the relief of everyone.

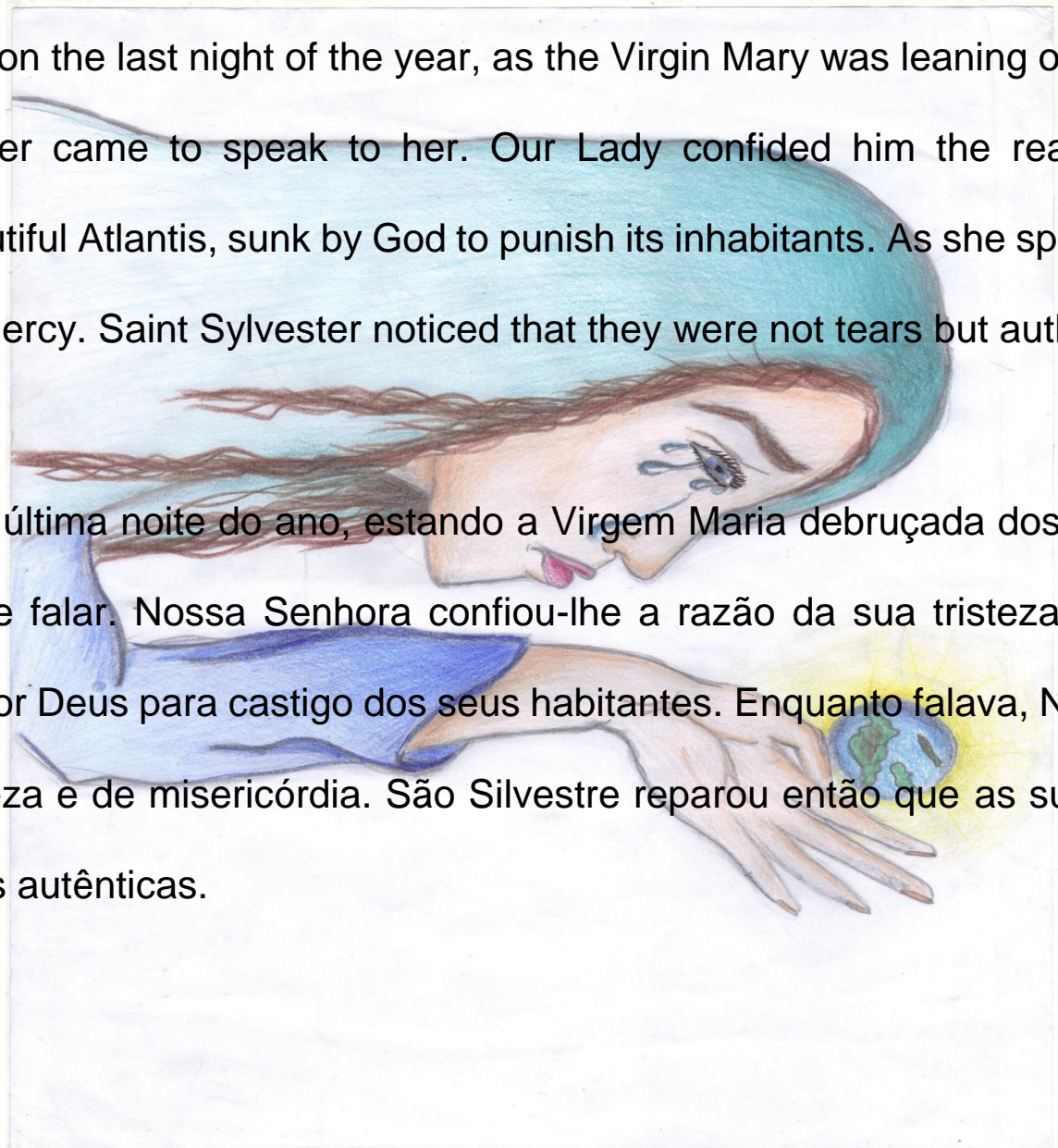
Um dia, o carvalho carcomido pelo tempo, caiu estrondosamente para alívio de todos.



Adapted and translated by :GEI Class

Lenda de S. Silvestre

The legend says that on the last night of the year, as the Virgin Mary was leaning out of the skies over the ocean, Saint Sylvester came to speak to her. Our Lady confided him the reason of her grief: she remembered the beautiful Atlantis, sunk by God to punish its inhabitants. As she spoke, Our Lady dropped tears of sorrow and mercy. Saint Sylvester noticed that they were not tears but authentic pearls.



Reza a lenda que na última noite do ano, estando a Virgem Maria debruçada dos céus sobre o oceano, São Silvestre veio-lhe falar. Nossa Senhora confiou-lhe a razão da sua tristeza: lembrava-se da bela Atlântida, afundada por Deus para castigo dos seus habitantes. Enquanto falava, Nossa Senhora deixava cair lágrimas de tristeza e de misericórdia. São Silvestre reparou então que as suas lágrimas não eram lágrimas, mas pérolas autênticas.

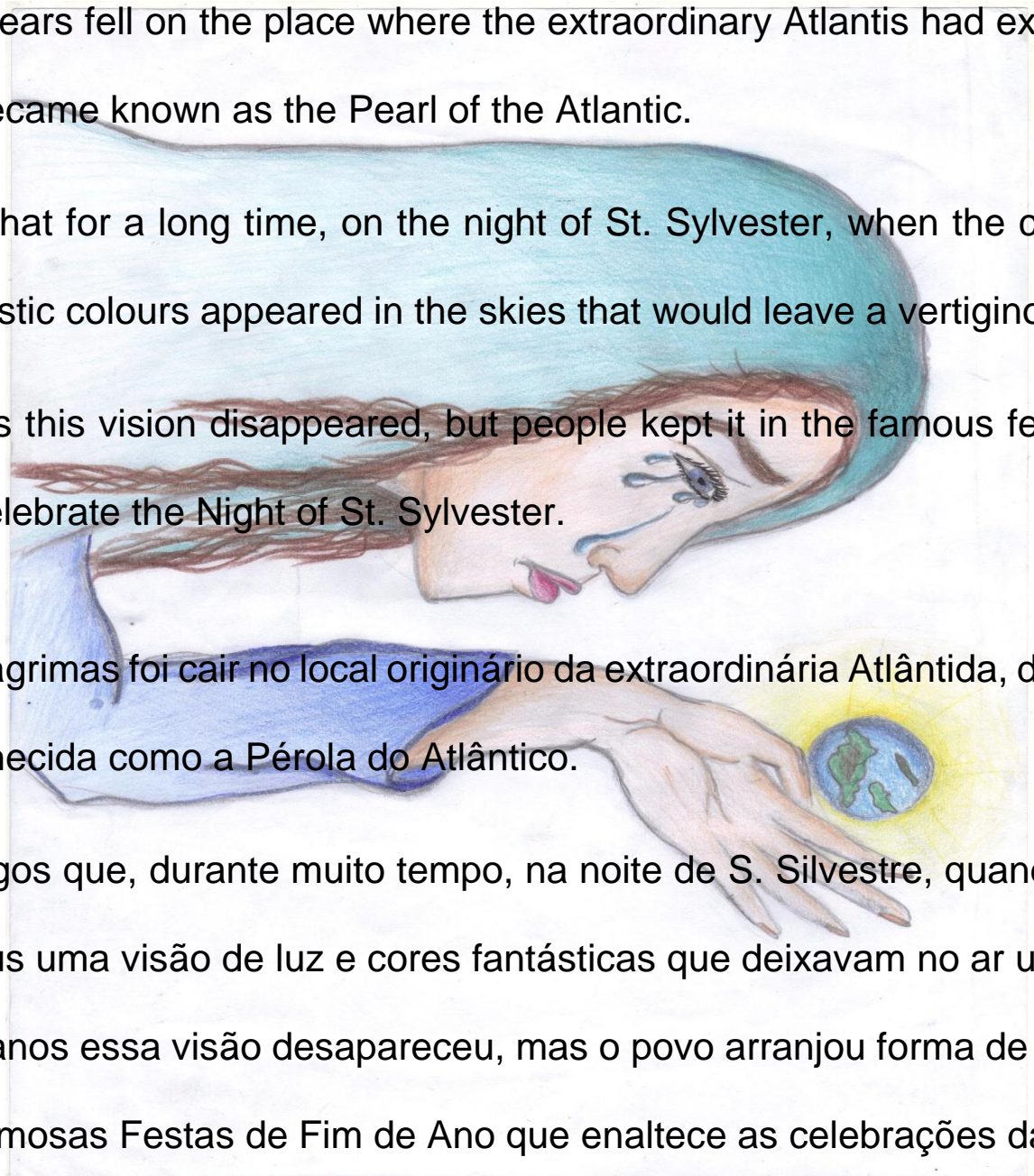
One of those tears fell on the place where the extraordinary Atlantis had existed, and Madeira island was born, which became known as the Pearl of the Atlantic.

Ancients say that for a long time, on the night of St. Sylvester, when the clock struck twelve, a vision of light and fantastic colours appeared in the skies that would leave a vertiginous scent in the air.

Over the years this vision disappeared, but people kept it in the famous festival of New Year's Eve with fireworks to celebrate the Night of St. Sylvester.

Uma dessas lágrimas foi cair no local originário da extraordinária Atlântida, dando origem à ilha da Madeira que ficou conhecida como a Pérola do Atlântico.

Dizem os antigos que, durante muito tempo, na noite de S. Silvestre, quando batiam as doze badaladas, surgia nos céus uma visão de luz e cores fantásticas que deixavam no ar um perfume estonteante. Com o passar dos anos essa visão desapareceu, mas o povo arranhou forma de a manter, através do fogo-de-artifício das famosas Festas de Fim de Ano que enaltece as celebrações da Noite de S. Silvestre.



Adapted and translated by: CMRPP Class

Fairy tale of Poland



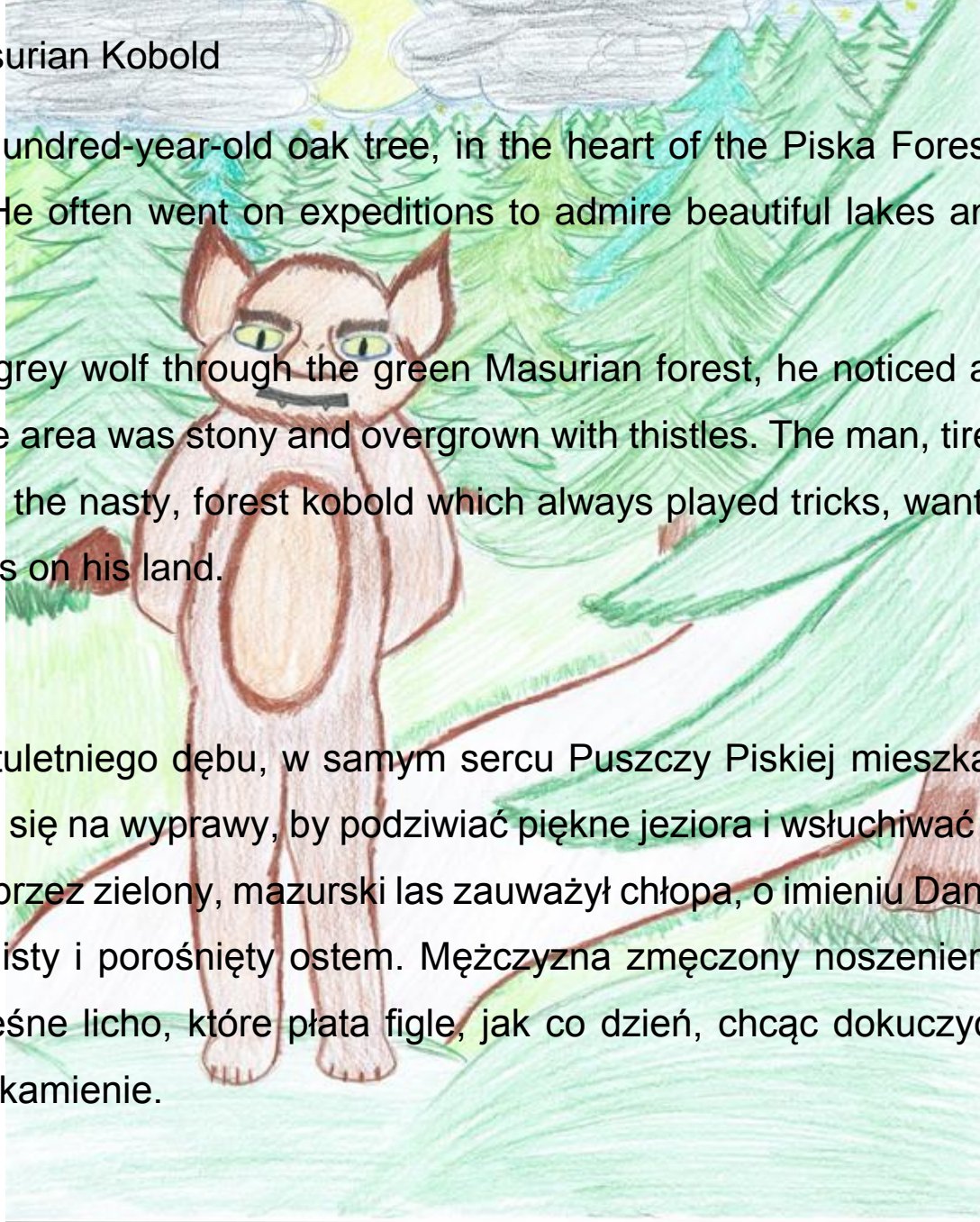
A Faíry Tale about
Masurían Kobold I

A Fairy Tale about Masurian Kobold

In an old hollow of a hundred-year-old oak tree, in the heart of the Piska Forest, there lived Smętek, a former Prussian god. He often went on expeditions to admire beautiful lakes and listen to the sound of reeds.

Riding once in a dark grey wolf through the green Masurian forest, he noticed a peasant named Daniel working in the field. The area was stony and overgrown with thistles. The man, tired of wearing stones, fell asleep. When he slept, the nasty, forest kobold which always played tricks, wanting to tease a poor man and he scattered stones on his land.

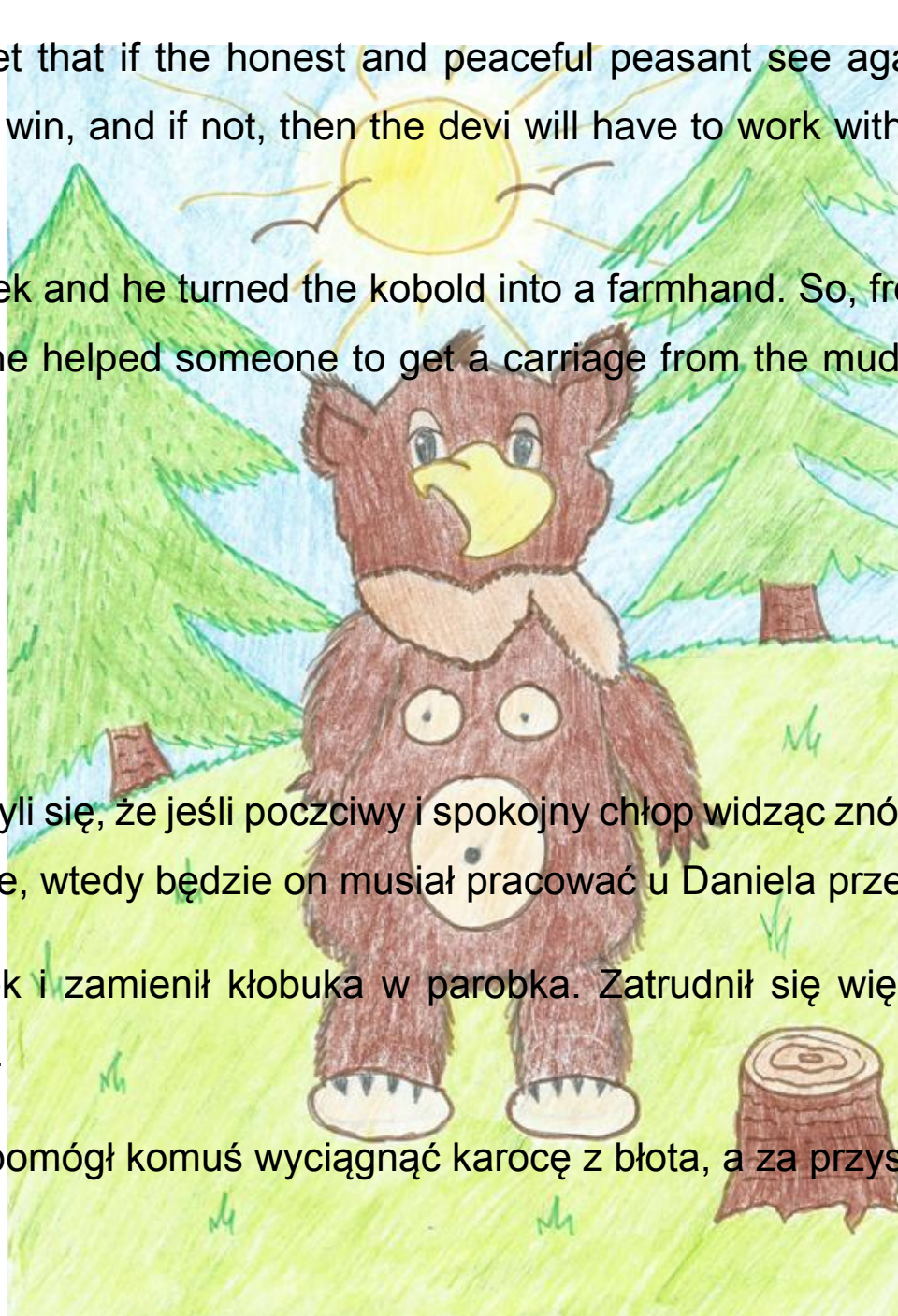
W starej dziupli stuletniego dębu, w samym sercu Puszczy Piskiej mieszkał Smętek, dawny pruski bożek. Często wybierał się na wyprawy, by podziwiać piękne jeziora i wsłuchiwać się w szum trzcin. Jadąc raz tak na burym wilku przez zielony, mazurski las zauważył chłopca, o imieniu Daniel, pracującego na polu. Obszar ten był kamienisty i porośnięty ostem. Mężczyzna zmęczony noszeniem kamieni zasnął. Kiedy spał złośliwy kłobuk, leśne licho, które płała figle, jak co dzień, chcąc dokuczyć biednemu człowiekowi rozrzucił po jego ziemi kamienie.



A Faíry Tale about
Masurían Kobold 2

Smętek and the kobold bet that if the honest and peaceful peasant see again the mess, he will finally swear, and the kobold will win, and if not, then the devi will have to work with Daniel throughout a whole year.

The bet was won by Smętek and he turned the kobold into a farmhand. So, from that day he relieved him in his daily duties. Once, he helped someone to get a carriage from the mud, and he got two horses for favour.



Smętek i kłobuk założyli się, że jeśli poczciwy i spokojny chłop widząc znów bałagan wreszcie zaklnie, to wygra kłobuk, a jeżeli nie, wtedy będzie on musiał pracować u Daniela przez cały rok.

Zakład wygrał Smętek i zamienił kłobuka w parobka. Zatrudnił się więc u chłopca i odciążał go w codziennych obowiązkach.

Pewnego razu pomógł komuś wyciągnąć karocę z błota, a za przysługę dostał dwa konie.

A Faíry Tale about
Masurían Kobold 3

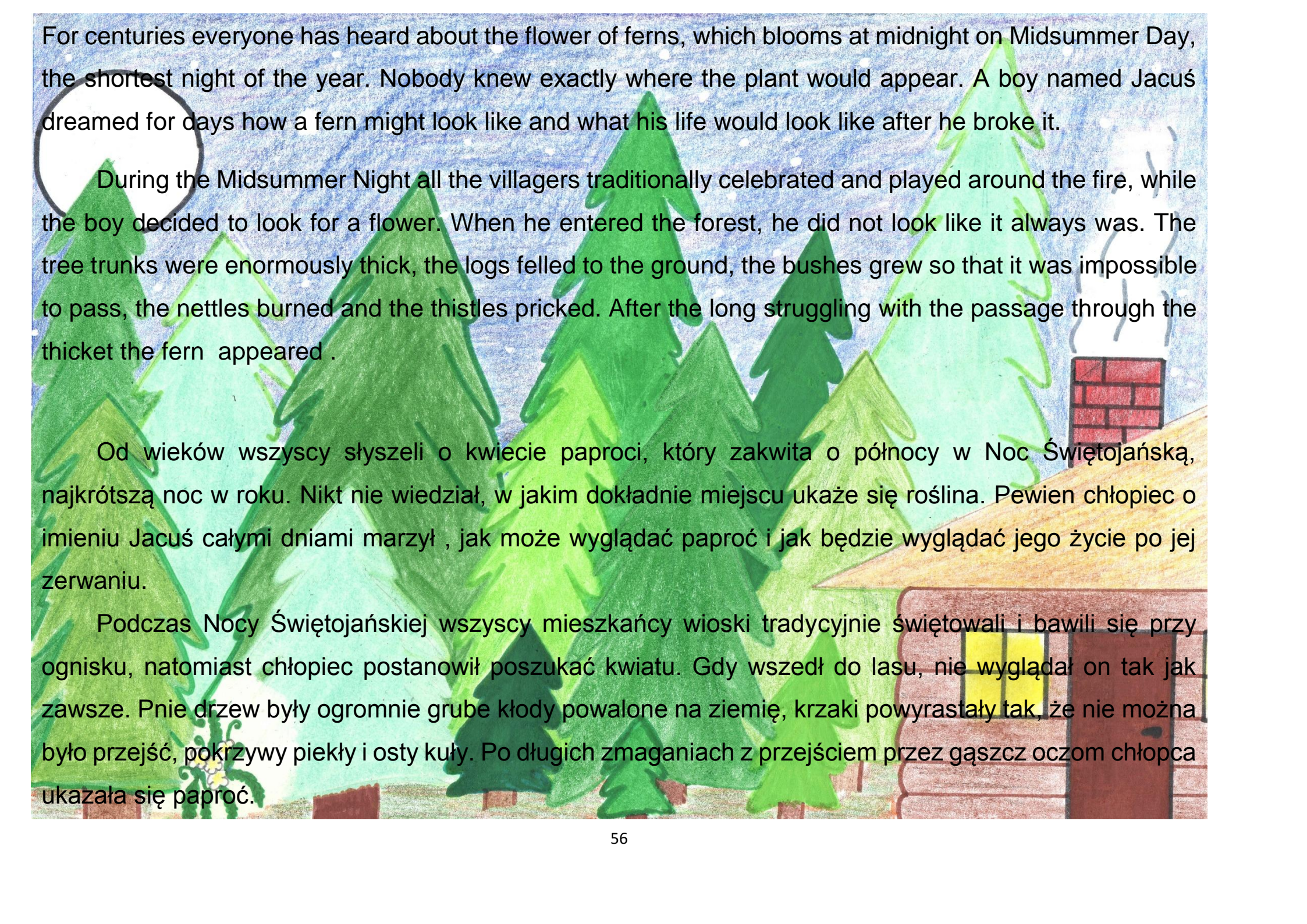
Later he managed to find the hay for the horses, and by the way he got a cow. In the end, he gave his host a grand wedding with the miller's daughter- the biggest dream of the farmer. After a year of service, it was time to say goodbye to a friend, but the kobold missed the host a lot. That is why he often came running in the form of a hare to Daniel's son playing near the forest.



Później udało mu się sprytem znaleźć siano dla koni, a przy okazji dostać krowę. W końcu wyprawił swojemu gospodarzowi huczne wesele z córką młynarza, o którym mężczyzna zawsze marzył. Po roku służby nadszedł czas pożegnania z przyjacielem, ale kłobuk bardzo tęsknił. Dlatego często przybiegał w zajęczej postaci do syna Daniela bawiącego się niedaleko lasu.

by Zofia Krupińska

Flower of ferns 1



For centuries everyone has heard about the flower of ferns, which blooms at midnight on Midsummer Day, the shortest night of the year. Nobody knew exactly where the plant would appear. A boy named Jacuś dreamed for days how a fern might look like and what his life would look like after he broke it.

During the Midsummer Night all the villagers traditionally celebrated and played around the fire, while the boy decided to look for a flower. When he entered the forest, he did not look like it always was. The tree trunks were enormously thick, the logs felled to the ground, the bushes grew so that it was impossible to pass, the nettles burned and the thistles pricked. After the long struggling with the passage through the thicket the fern appeared.

Od wieków wszyscy słyszeli o kwiecie paproci, który zakwita o północy w Noc Świętojańska, najkrótszą noc w roku. Nikt nie wiedział, w jakim dokładnie miejscu ukaże się roślina. Pewien chłopiec o imieniu Jacuś całymi dniami marzył, jak może wyglądać paproć i jak będzie wyglądać jego życie po jej zerwaniu.

Podczas Nocy Świętojańskiej wszyscy mieszkańcy wioski tradycyjnie świętowali i bawili się przy ognisku, natomiast chłopiec postanowił poszukać kwiatu. Gdy wszedł do lasu, nie wyglądał on tak jak zawsze. Pnie drzew były ogromnie grube kłody powalone na ziemię, krzaki powyrastały tak, że nie można było przejść, pokrzywy piekły i osty kuły. Po długich zmaganiach z przejściem przez gąszcz oczom chłopca ukazała się paproć.

It was very high, and on one of the leaves glowed like a brilliant. The boy was dizzy and he fell. He did not remember what was next. When he woke up in the morning, he did not know if it had happened really.

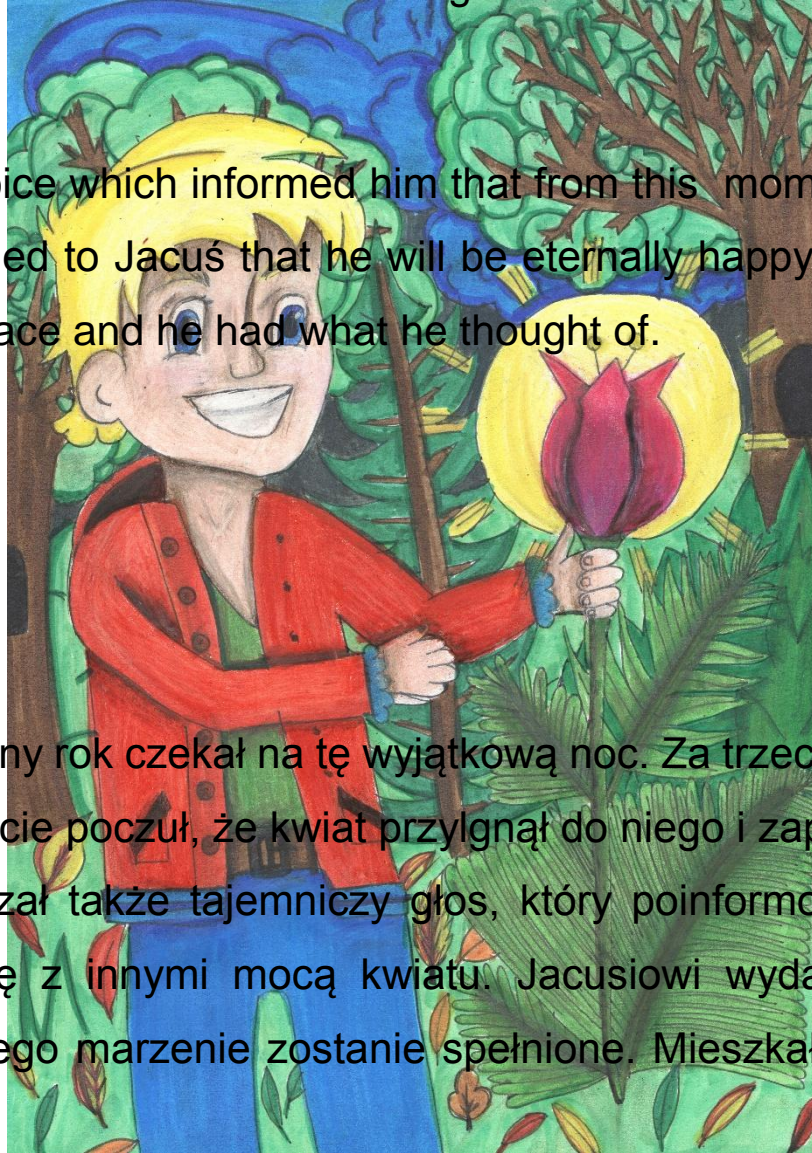
Disappointed, Jacuś decided to go looking for a flower again next year . Unfortunately, the same situation happened as before.

Była bardzo wysoka, a na jednym liściu świecił się jak brylant kwiatuszek. Chłopcu zakręciło się w głowie i upadł. Nie pamiętał, co było dalej. Gdy rano obudził się, nie wiedział, czy wydarzyło się to naprawdę. Rozczarowany Jacuś postanowił za rok wybrać się znowu na poszukiwanie kwiatu paproci. Niestety, przydarzyła mu się ta sama sytuacja, co poprzednio.

Flower of ferns 2

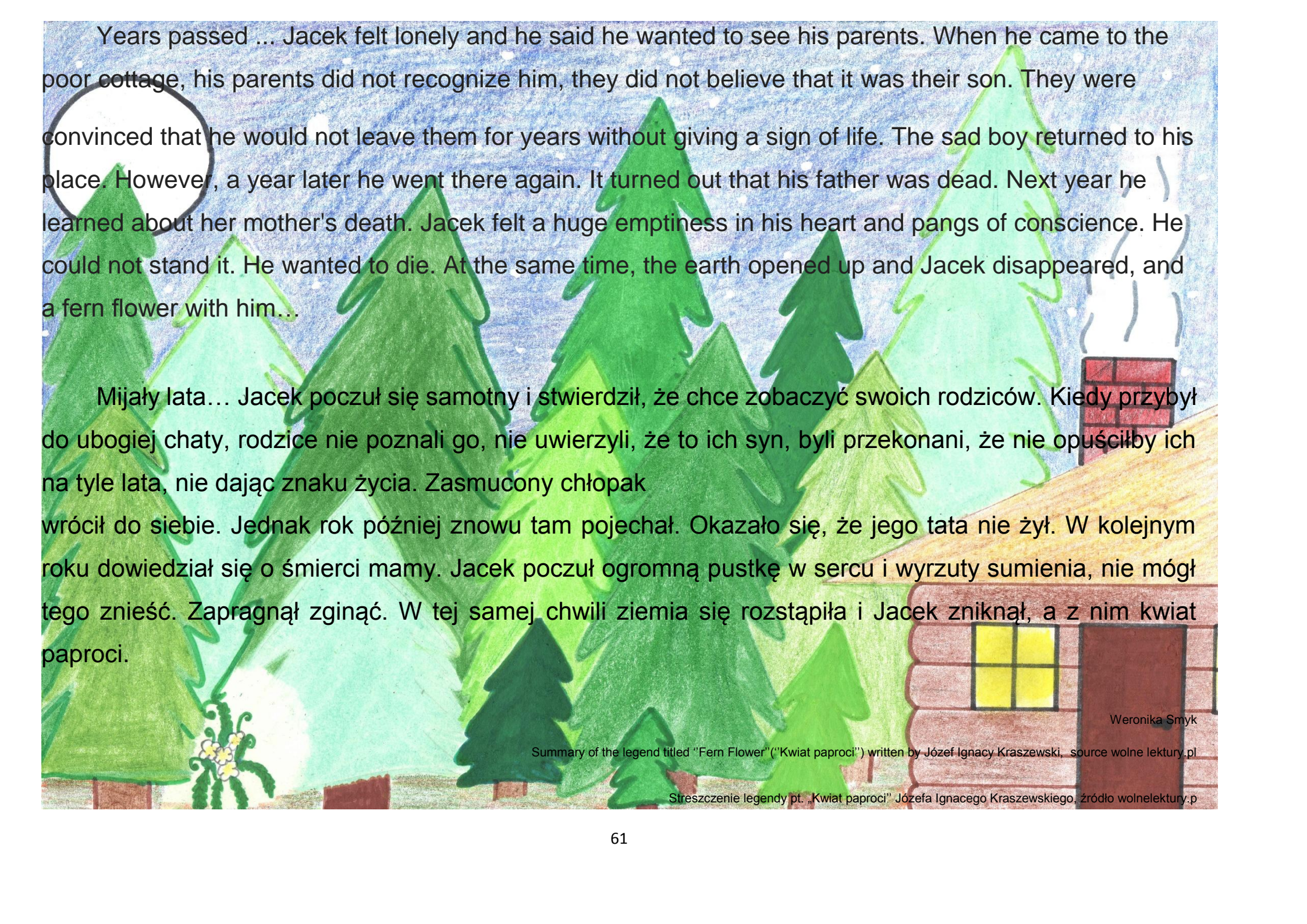
The boy was stubborn and he waited one more year for this special night. The third time he managed to break the fern. At that moment he felt the flower cling to him and let him grow roots in his heart.

He also heard a mysterious voice which informed him that from this moment he can't share the power of the flower with others. It seemed to Jacuś that he will be eternally happy because all his dreams will be fulfilled. He lived in a great palace and he had what he thought of.



Chłopiec był uparty i kolejny rok czekał na tę wyjątkową noc. Za trzecim razem w końcu udało mu się zerwać paproć. W tym momencie poczuł, że kwiat przylgnął do niego i zapuścił korzenie w jego sercu. Usłyszał także tajemniczy głos, który poinformował go, że od tej chwili może wszystko poza dzieleniem się z innymi mocą kwiatu. Jacusiowi wydawało się, że będzie wiecznie szczęśliwy, ponieważ każde jego marzenie zostanie spełnione. Mieszkał w wielkim pałacu i miał to, co tylko sobie wymarzył.

Flower of ferns 3



Years passed ... Jacek felt lonely and he said he wanted to see his parents. When he came to the poor cottage, his parents did not recognize him, they did not believe that it was their son. They were convinced that he would not leave them for years without giving a sign of life. The sad boy returned to his place. However, a year later he went there again. It turned out that his father was dead. Next year he learned about her mother's death. Jacek felt a huge emptiness in his heart and pangs of conscience. He could not stand it. He wanted to die. At the same time, the earth opened up and Jacek disappeared, and a fern flower with him...

Mijały lata... Jacek poczuł się samotny i stwierdził, że chce zobaczyć swoich rodziców. Kiedy przybył do ubogiej chaty, rodzice nie poznali go, nie uwierzyli, że to ich syn, byli przekonani, że nie opuściłby ich na tyle lata, nie dając znaku życia. Zasmucony chłopak wrócił do siebie. Jednak rok później znowu tam pojechał. Okazało się, że jego tata nie żył. W kolejnym roku dowiedział się o śmierci mamy. Jacek poczuł ogromną pustkę w sercu i wyrzuty sumienia, nie mógł tego znieść. Zapragnął zginąć. W tej samej chwili ziemia się rozstąpiła i Jacek zniknął, a z nim kwiat paproci.

Summary of the legend titled "Fern Flower" ("Kwiat paproci") written by Józef Ignacy Kraszewski, source wolne lektury.pl

Streszczenie legendy pt. „Kwiat paproci” Józefa Ignacego Kraszewskiego. źródło wolnelektury.pl

Weronika Smyk

Holy place 1

There are various legends associated with the Holy Place.

One of them speaks of a devoted old woman who was grazing cows near the clearing, where the Saint John revealed to her. She told everything the relatives and together with the local parish priest went to the meadow, where they found a figure of Saint John. It was recognized as a miracle, and the clearing was called the Holy Place. During revelation the cross was made from old, overturned oak. One of them speaks of a devoted old woman who was grazing cows near the clearing, where the Saint John revealed to her. She told everything the relatives and together with the local parish priest went to the meadow, where they found a figure of Saint John. It was recognized as a miracle, and the clearing was called the Holy Place. During revelation the cross was made from old, overturned oak.

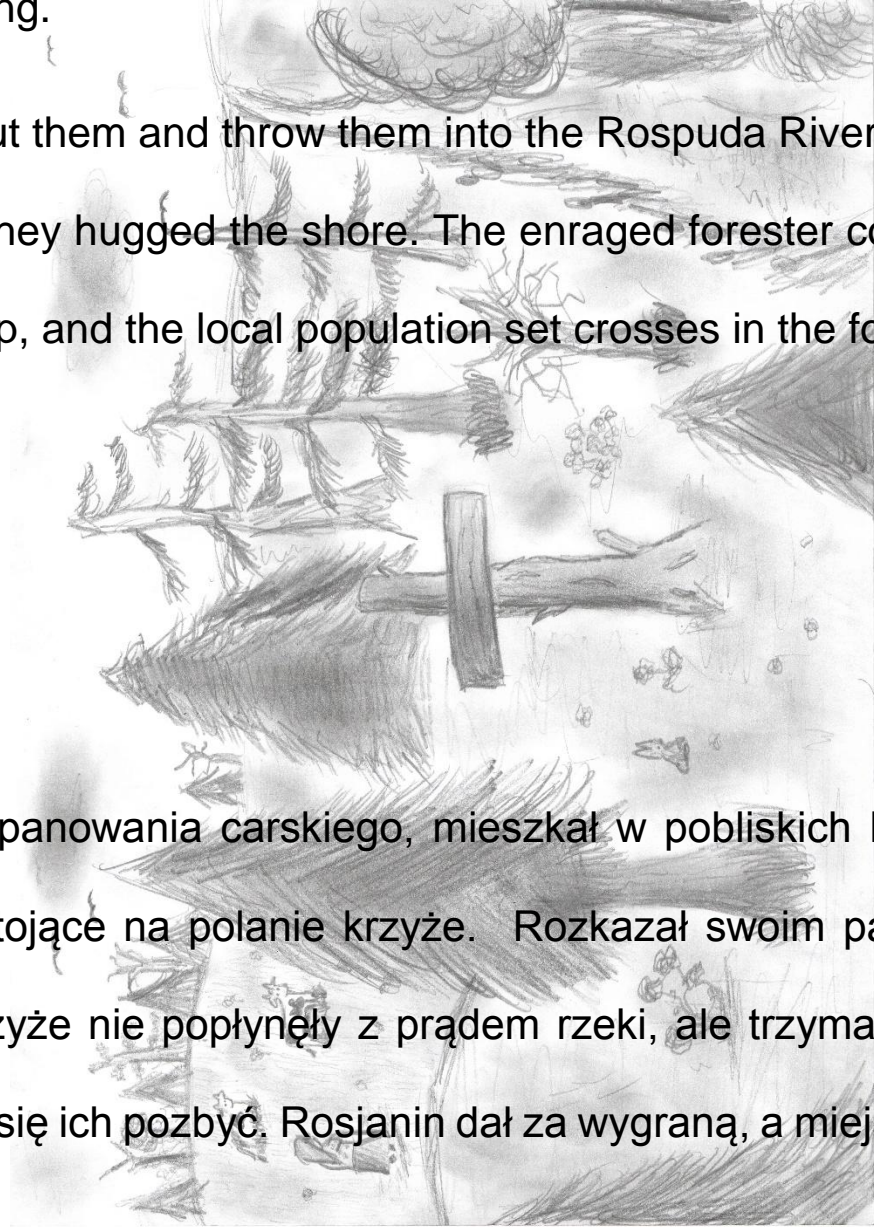
Ze Świętym Miejscem związane są różne legendy.

Jedna z nich mówi o pobożnej staruszce, która pasła krowy w pobliżu polany, gdzie objawił się jej święty Jan. Wszystko opowiedziała najbliższym i wspólnie z miejscowym proboszczem poszli na łączkę, gdzie znaleźli figurkę świętego Jana. Uznano to za cud, a polanę nazwano świętym miejscem. Ze starego, obalonego podczas objawienia dębu zrobiono krzyż.

Holy place 2

Many years ago, during the reign of the tsar, a Russian ranger lived in nearby Kurianki, who did not like crosses standing on a clearing.

He ordered his workers to cut them and throw them into the Rospuda River. The crosses did not flow with the current of the river, but they hugged the shore. The enraged forester could not get rid of them by any means. The Russian gave up, and the local population set crosses in the former places.



Wiele lat temu, jeszcze za panowania carskiego, mieszkał w pobliskich Kuriankach leśniczy Rosjanin, któremu nie podobały się stojące na polanie krzyże. Rozkazał swoim parobkom je ściąć i wrzucić do płynącej obok Rospudy. Krzyże nie popłynęły z prądem rzeki, ale trzymały się brzegu. Rozwścieczony leśniczy żadną siłą nie mógł się ich pozbyć. Rosjanin dał za wygraną, a miejscowa ludność ustawiła krzyże na dawnych miejscach.

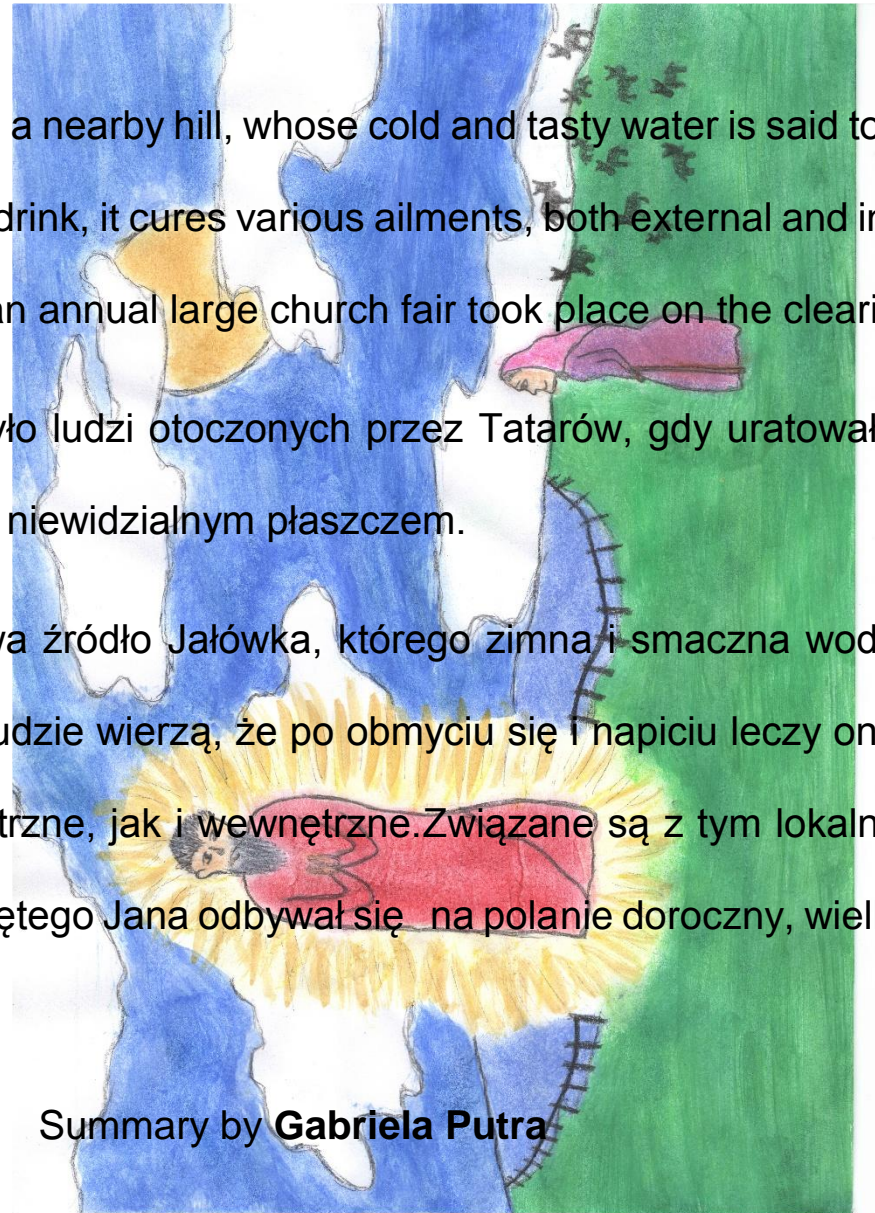
Holy place 3

An unusual event concerned people surrounded by Tatars, when Our Lady saved them, covering them with a cloak of invisibility.

The source Jałówka flows from a nearby hill, whose cold and tasty water is said to have miraculous power. People believe that after washing and drink, it cures various ailments, both external and internal. There are local traditions connected with it. Especially, an annual large church fair took place on the clearing on St. John's Day.

Niezwykłe wydarzenie dotyczyło ludzi otoczonych przez Tatarów, gdy uratowała ich Matka Boża, okrywając ich niewidzialnym płaszczem.

Z pobliskiego wzgórza wypływa źródło Jałówka, którego zimna i smaczna woda ma podobno cudowną moc. Ludzie wierzą, że po obmyciu się i napiciu leczy ona różne dolegliwości, tak zewnętrzne, jak i wewnętrzne. Związane są z tym lokalne tradycje. Zwłaszcza w dniu świętego Jana odbywał się na polanie doroczny, wielki odpust.



Summary by **Gabriela Putra**

