



ERASMUS + "DIRES" Project

Disability – Inclusive School – Respect – Europe – Social Dialogue

紙芝居

KAMISHIBAI

Picture Drama Play

WORKSHOP ACTIVITY

at

This inclusive activity
was suggested by
Christine Magne, ULIS
coordinator at ISC

ISC – La Ville du Bois

8-14 May 2016

Italian coordinator

A.F. Mungello



KAMISHIBAI – A BRIEF HISTORY

Kamishibai (Japanese: 紙芝居, literally "paper play") is a form of Japanese street theatre and storytelling that was popular during the Depression of the 1930s and the post-war period in Japan until the advent of television during the twentieth century. Kamishibai was told by a *kamishibaiya* (kamishibai narrator) who would travel to street corners with sets of illustrated boards that he or she placed in a miniature stage-like device and narrated the story by changing each image. Kamishibai has its earliest origins in Japanese Buddhist temples where Buddhist monks from the eighth century onward used *emakimono* ("picture scrolls") as pictorial aids for recounting their history of the monasteries, an early combination of picture and text to convey a story. But Kamishibai has never died out. Its stories for educational purposes can still be found in schools and libraries



This workshop activity was realized for the IV LTT at ISC – La Ville du Bois in May

AIMS (for the preparation)

- Discover a traditional tale of the own country
- Work on the text structure
- Stimulate visual images to find illustrations
- Foster team work to achieve the illustrations
- Work on representations with drawings or alternative techniques
- Work on reading in mother tongue or in English

AIMS (at the time of the presentation):

- Show a tale realised at home, reading in mother tongue or in English, or with illustrating sounds.
- Listen, look, understand, appreciate a tale presented by other delegations. Visual support helping to understand.
- Overcome shyness to address a group (Kamishibai allows to read without been seen and to concentrate on the text)

KEY COMPETENCES REGARDING:

Communication:

- Transmit a traditional tale
- Receive a tale

Creativity:

- Design and achievement of illustrations





Kamishibai

Le loup converti - The converted wolf

ISC La Ville du Bois
France



Il y a très longtemps, le Mont Saint-Michel s'appelait le Mont Tombe. C'était une île accessible à pied à marée basse. Il n'y avait là qu'une petite cabane.



A long time ago, Saint Michael's Mountain was known as Mount Tombe. It was accessible on foot only at low tide, and there was only a small cabin built there.

Deux ermites vivaient sur le Mont Tombe. On a oublié leur nom. Un ermite est un homme de prière qui vit à l'écart du monde. Les deux ermites passaient leur temps à prier. Ils jeûnaient. Mais il leur fallait quand même manger un peu pour vivre.



Two hermits lived on Mount Tombe. Their names have been forgotten. A hermit is a man of prayer who lives apart from the world. These two hermits passed all their time praying. They also fasted, eating only what little they needed to survive.



Quand leurs provisions étaient épuisées, ils faisaient un feu en haut du Mont Tombe. La fumée montait vers le ciel. Un prêtre, à l'intérieur des terres, voyait le signal.



When their provisions ran out, they built a fire at the top of Mount Tombe. The smoke rose towards the sky. A priest on the mainland saw the signal.

Il chargeait un âne de nourriture, dans un double panier en osier, et le bon animal se mettait en route tout seul vers le Mont Tumbe. Il devait traverser des forêts pleines de bêtes sauvages et affamées.



He loaded a donkey with food, in double wicker baskets slung across its back. The brave animal took to the road alone towards Mount Tombe. It had to travel through thick forests full of wild, hungry creatures.



L'âne arrivé au Mont Tombe, les deux ermites prenaient les légumes, les fruits, le pain et le sel, et l'âne repartait.



Upon its arrival at Mount Tombe the two hermits took the vegetables, fruit, bread and salt, and the donkey returned



Un jour, l'âne s'attarde pour brouter un peu d'herbe, et le loup en profite pour l'attaquer. Le loup mange l'âne.



One day on the donkeys return , the donkey slowed to graze a little and a wolf saw an opportunity to attack. The wolf ate the donkey.



Alors, mystérieusement, la charge de l'âne se pose sur le dos du loup.
Le loup est entraîné par une main mystérieuse jusqu'au Mont Tombe.



Strangely enough, the donkey's baskets found their way onto the wolf's back.
The wolf was then led by a mysterious force to the foot of Mount Tombe.

Pendant ce temps-là les moines attendent l'âne et ne voient rien arriver. Leur faim devient insupportable. Ils prient pour que l'âne arrive.



Meanwhile the monks had been waiting for the donkey's arrival, but saw nothing. Their hunger became unbearable. They prayed for the animal to come.



Ils voient venir le loup ! Ils sont effrayés, mais ils découvrent les paniers de l'âne sur son dos. Sans gronder ni montrer les dents, le loup se laisse décharger des provisions.



When, finally they saw the wolf they were afraid, but they also saw the donkey's baskets upon its back. The wolf, without so much as a growl or a baring of teeth, let the monks recover the provisions.

Les moines comprennent ce qui s'est passé. La providence et Saint Michel aidant, le loup se mit au service des ermites et devint régulièrement leur commissionnaire.



The monks understood what had happened. Providence and Saint Michael helped them, placing the wolf in the hermit's service. The animal became their new courier.





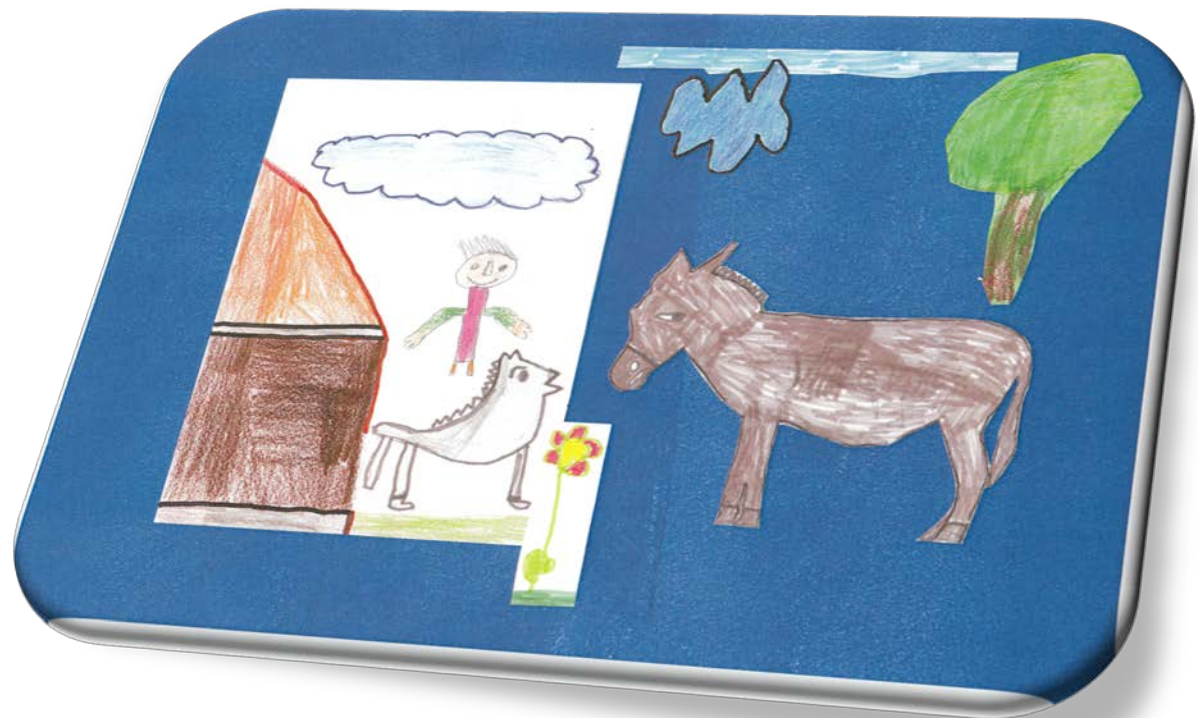
Kamishibai

Helen Keller Schule
Maulburg - Germany





There was once a donkey whose master had made him carry sacks to the mill for many years. But now he was too old for the work and his master began to think of throwing him out. But the donkey ran away taking the road to Bremen; for there he thought he might get an engagement as town musician.



When he had gone a little way he found a dog lying by the side of the road. "Oh dear!" said the dog, "I am old, I get weaker every day, and can do no good in the hunt, so, my master was going to have me killed, I have escaped, "I will tell you what," said the donkey "I am going to Bremen to become a town musician. You may as well go with me, and take up music too. And the dog consented, and they walked on together.

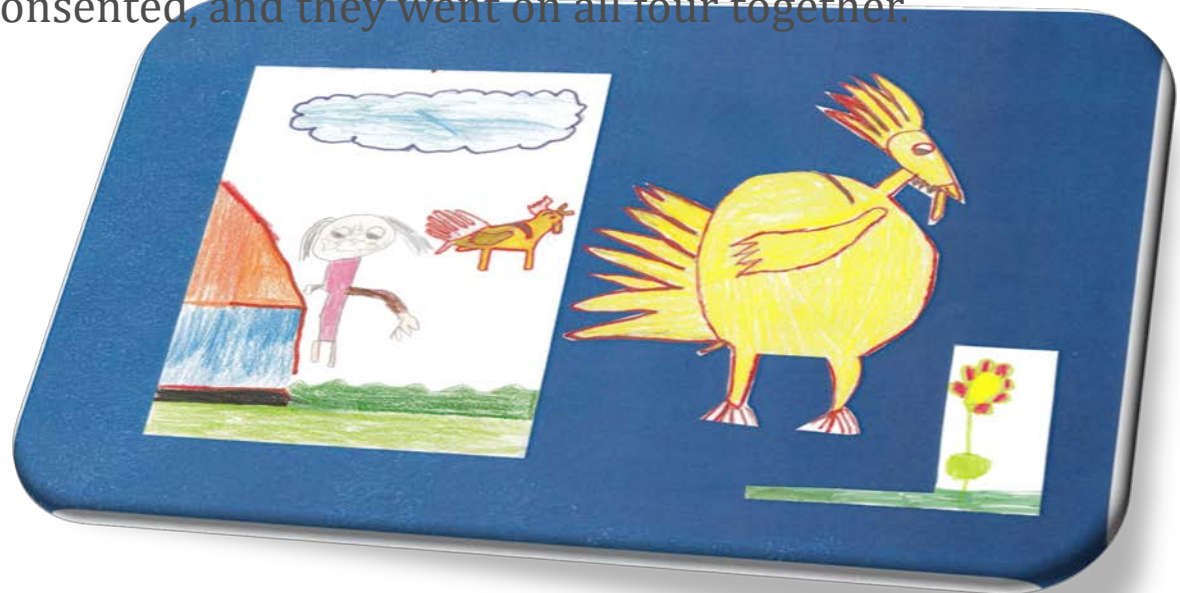


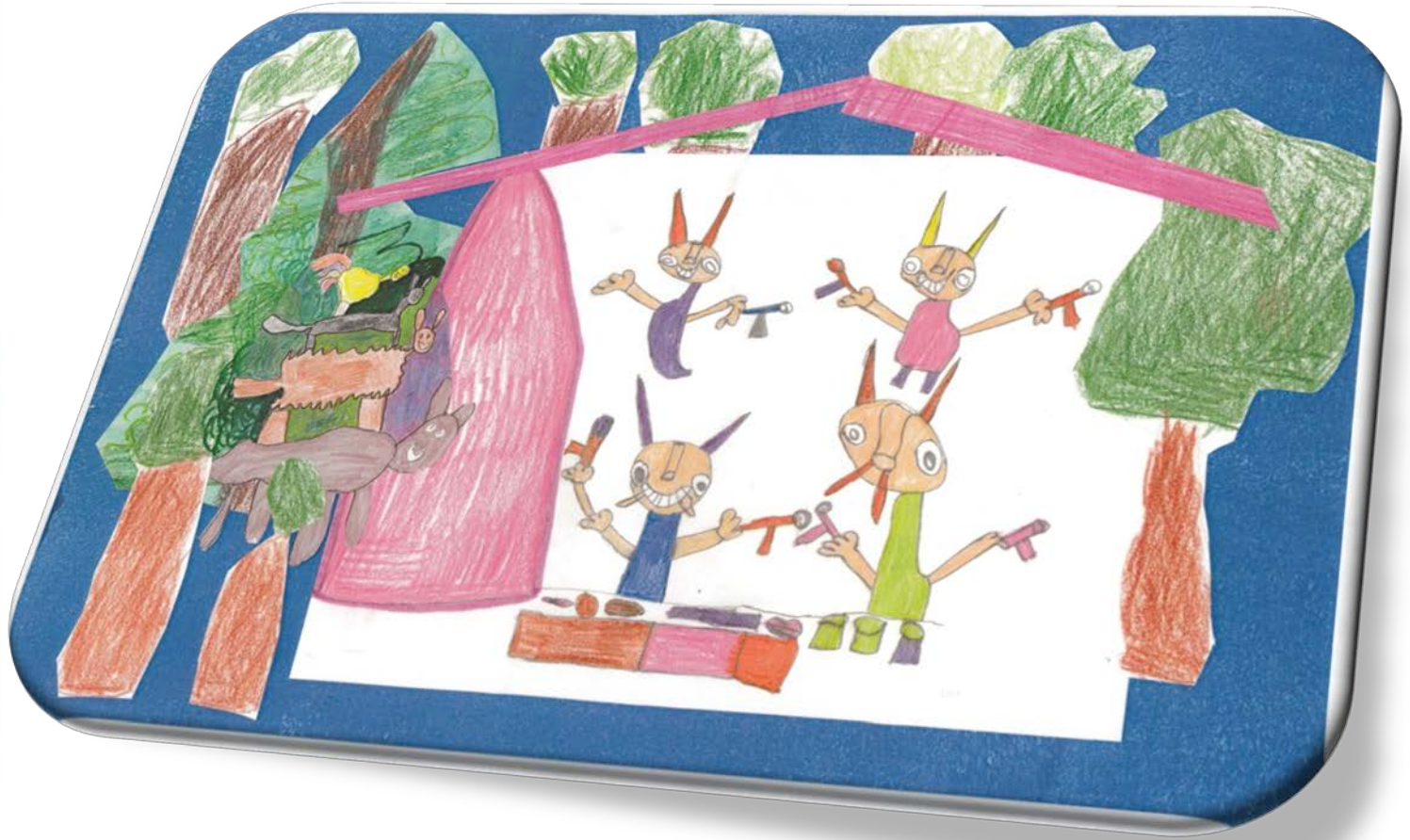
It was not long before they came upon a cat sitting in the road, looking very unhappy. "Now that I am old my teeth are getting blunt, and I would rather sit by the oven and purr than run about after mice, and my mistress wanted to drown me; so I took myself off;

"Go with us to Bremen," said the donkey, "and become a town musician." The cat thought well of the idea, and went with them accordingly.



After that the three travellers passed by a yard, and a cock was perched on the gate crowing with all his might. "Now on Sunday morning company is coming, and the mistress has told the cook that I must be made into soup, and this evening my neck is to be wrung, so that is why I am crowing with all my might." - "You had better come with us, said the donkey. "We are going to Bremen. At any rate that will be better than dying. You have a powerful voice, and when we are all performing together it will have a very good effect." So the cock consented, and they went on all four together.





But Bremen was too far off to be reached in one day, and towards evening they came to a wood, where they decided to rest for the night. Not far away they saw a cabin. The donkey looked through the window and saw some robbers sitting around a table full of food. "That would just suit us," said the cock. "Yes, indeed, I wish we were there," said the donkey. Then they consulted together how it should be managed to get the robbers out of the house, and at last they hit on a plan. The donkey was to place his forefeet on the window-sill, the dog was to get on the donkey's back, the cat on the top of the dog, and lastly the cock was to fly up and perch on the cat's head. When that was done, at a given signal they all began to perform their music.



The robbers fled at the dreadful sound; they thought it was some goblin, and fled to the wood in the utmost terror.



Then the four companions sat down to the table, made free ate the remains of the meal, they feasted as if they had been hungry for a month. And when they had finished they put out the lights, and each sought out a sleeping-place to suit his nature and habits.

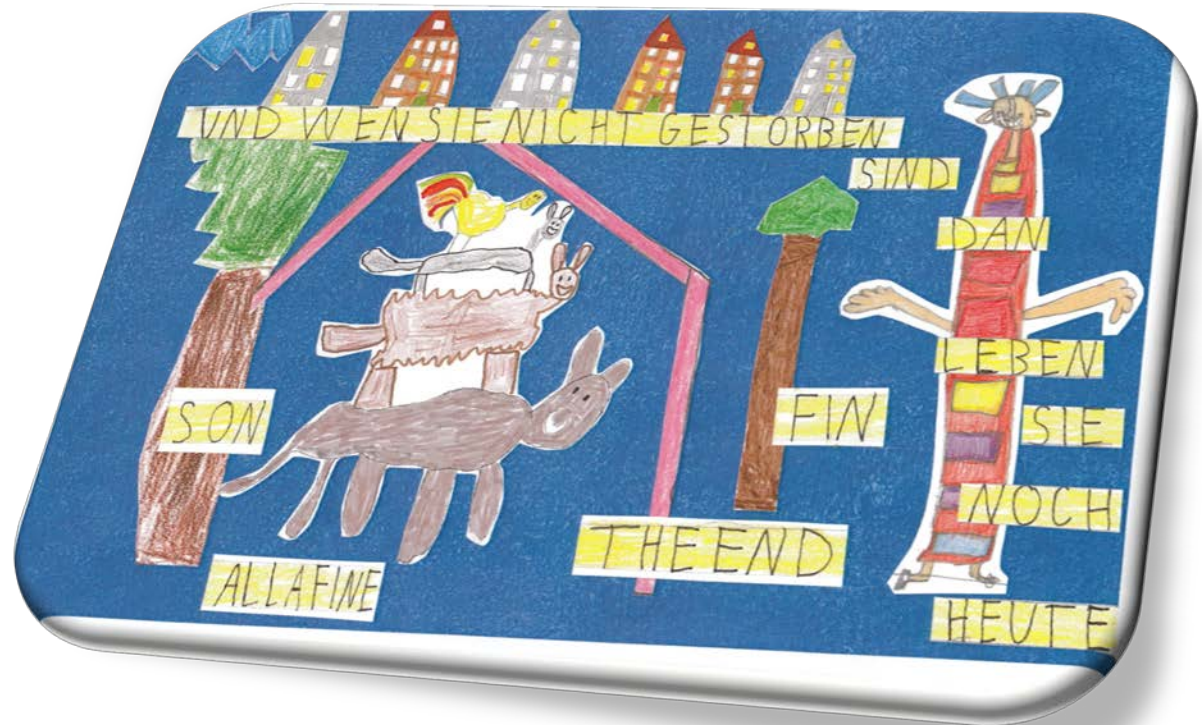




When midnight drew near, and the robbers from afar saw that no light was burning, and that everything appeared quiet, their captain said to them that he thought that they had run away without reason. So one of them went, and found everything quite quiet; he went into the kitchen to strike a light, and taking the glowing fiery eyes of the cat for burning coals, he held a match to them in order to kindle it. But the cat, not seeing the joke, flew into his face, spitting and scratching. Then he cried out in terror, and ran to get out at the back door, but the dog, who was lying there, ran at him and bit his leg; and as he was rushing through the yard by the dunghill the donkey struck out and gave him a great kick with his hind foot; and the cock, who had been wakened with the noisecried out, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Then the robber got back as well as he could to his captain, and said, "Oh dear! in that house there is a gruesome witch, and I felt her breath and her long nails in my face; and by the door there stands a man who stabbed me in the leg with a knife; and in the yard there lies a black spectre, who beat me with his wooden club; and above, upon the roof, there sits the justice, who cried, 'Bring that rogue here!' And so I ran away from the place as fast as I could."



From that time forward the robbers never ventured to that house, and the four Bremen town musicians found themselves so well off where they were, that there they stayed and lived a happy life.



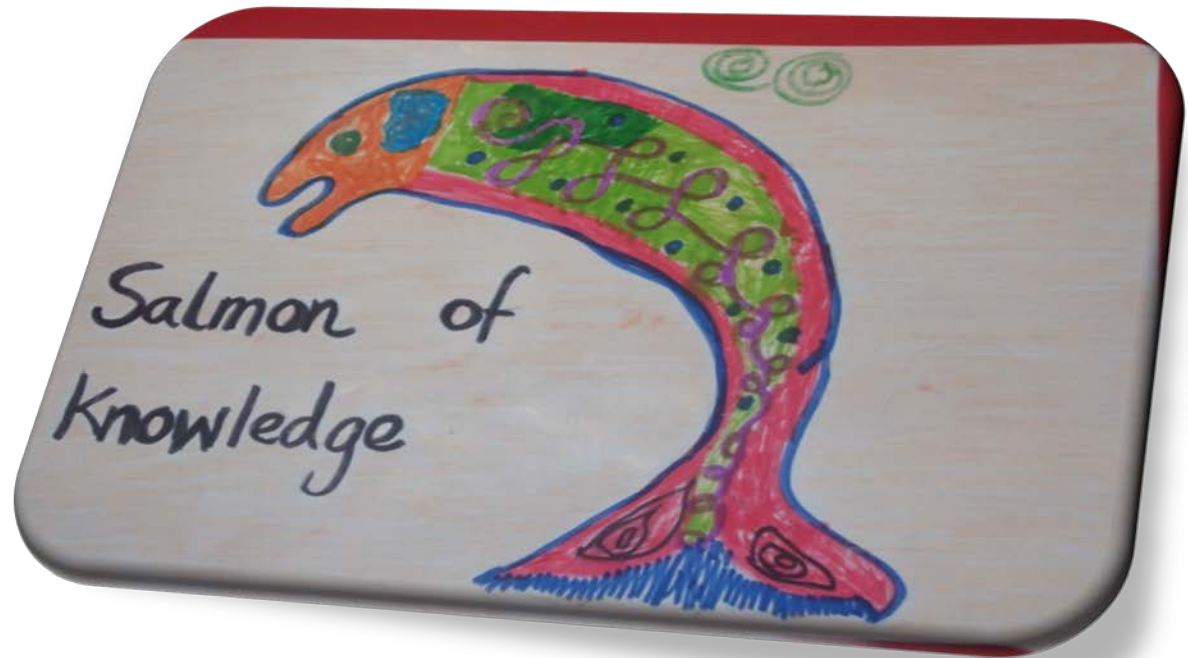


Our Lady of Fatima School WEXFORD

The Salmon of Knowledge

An Irish Legend





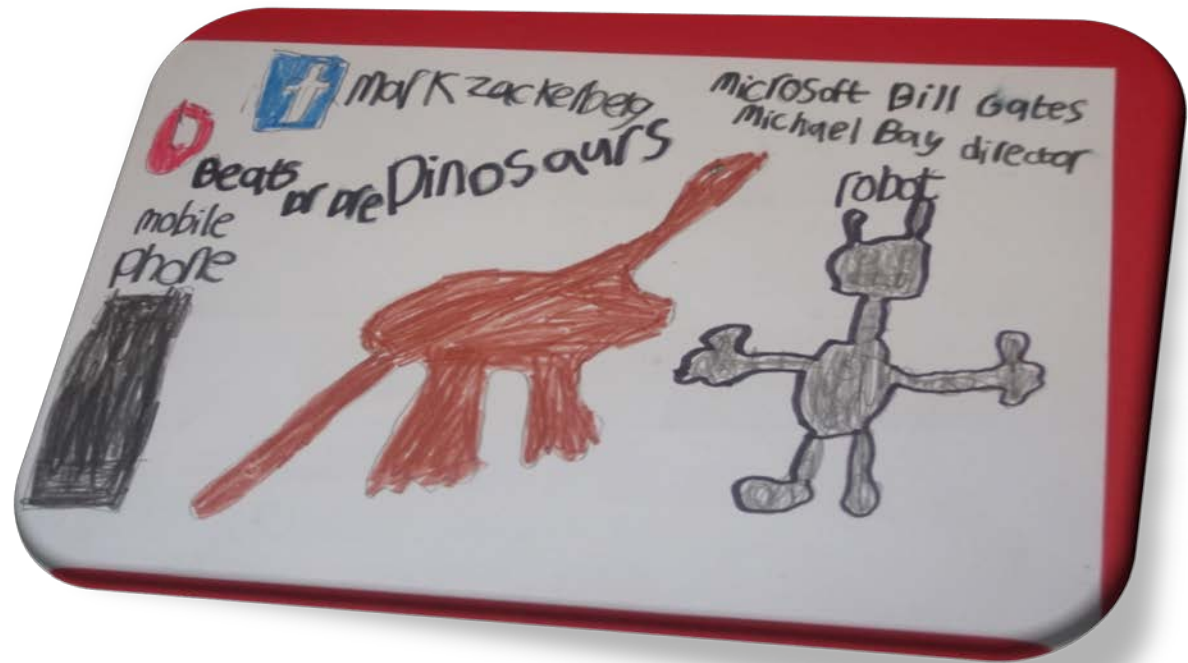
The Salmon of Knowledge

Long ago when Fion mac Cumhail, the great leader of the Fianna of Ireland, was still a young boy he was sent to live with a very wise man named Finnegas. Finnegas was a poet who lived on the banks of the river Boyne and was renowned throughout Ireland for his vast knowledge.



As well as being renowned for his skills in composing and reciting poetry, Finnegas knew more about the ways of the world, including the secrets of the birds and animals and plants and stars, than any other man in Ireland





It was because of his vast knowledge that Fionn had been sent to learn from Finnegas. Fionn loved to listen to the old man's wonderful stories and his many words of wisdom which he too, in time, would learn to recite. In exchange for the wisdom Finnegas would pass on to him Fionn would help about the house, cooking, cleaning and fishing for the old man.



However, despite Finnegas' vast knowledge, he did not know everything and there were times Fionn's endless curiosity got the better of him, and he was left unable to answer the young boy questions.





“Is there a way to know everything?” Fionn asked him.

This was a question that Finnegas had asked once too and was the very reason why he now lived next to the river Boyne.





It was as result of eating the nuts of these magical hazel trees that the Salmon had acquired all the knowledge of the world. And so it was that, according to the prophecy, the one who would eat the Salmon would gain the knowledge for themselves. Finnegas had been living on the edge of the river for several years now, attempting to catch the Salmon and gain such wisdom.





It had been told by the druids of old that living in a still, dark pool in the shade of the overhanging hazel trees was the Salmon of Knowledge.





It so happened that one day, not long after Fionn had come to study under him, that Finnegas went fishing and finally caught the Salmon.

“I’ve caught it! I’ve caught it!”, he cried happily.

He immediately reeled it in and ran up to Fionn with the Salmon in his arms.





“You must cook it straight away!” Finnegas ordered fionn, dancing and skipping with excitement. As Fionn began to set up the fire and spit in order to cook the Salmon, Finnegas warned him, “Cook it, but whatever you do, do not eat a single bit of it!” Fionn nodded and went about cooking the Salmon while Finnegas went to fetch some extra firewood.





Upon his return Finnegas found the Salmon laid out and ready to eat. He looked at Fionn and thought he saw something different about him, as though the light of wisdom now shone in his eyes.

“Have you eaten any of Salmon?” he asked Fionn anxiously.

“I have not!” Fionn replied.

“Have you tasted its skin?” he continued to enquire.

“I have not!” Fionn replied, “ but when I was turning it on the spit I burned my fingers, so I put my thumb into my mouth to ease the pain.”

Finnega’s heart sank. “That’s enough!” he told Fionn, “You have tasted the Salmon of Knowledge; in you the prophecy is fulfilled. You are the one who has gained all the knowledge of the world.”





He then ordered Fionn to eat all of the Salmon. However, when Fionn was finished he realised he didn't feel much different nor did he feel any wiser than before. When he told this to Finnegas, Finnegas replied, "If it was your thumb you first burnt, then place it in your mouth." Fionn did as Finnegas suggested and immediately all the knowledge of the world rushed into his head. "You must go now! There is nothing more I can teach you," Finnegas informed him, "You are destined to become a wise poet, warrior and leader."





And so it was that when Fionn grew up, he did indeed become a wise poet, warrior and leader. He became a great leader of the Fianna, the greatest band of warriors Ireland has ever known – Na Fianna.





He became a great leader of the Fianna, the greatest band of warriors Ireland has ever known – Na Fianna.







- **Kamishibai**

Murat Germen secondary school
Prepared by Sükran Dünder



The Cauldron gave birth

One day, Nasreddin Hodja borrows a cauldron from his neighbour. When returning it, he thanks the neighbour and puts a small cauldron in it.



- The neighbour wonders what the smaller cauldron is about. Hodja tells the neighbour that his big cauldron gave birth to a smaller one, so the neighbour is glad.



After a long while, Hodja asks his neighbour to lend his cauldron again. The neighbour willingly agrees to give it. However, this time there is no word of either Hodja or the cauldron even after a long time.



Finally, the neighbour decides to broach the subject one day.

- "Hodja, what's happened to my cauldron?"



- "My dear neighbour, it's been ages since then and your cauldron has died. I was wondering how to break the bad news." Hodja says sadly.
Furious at this, the neighbour asks:



- "What on earth are you saying? Would a cauldron die? It's not alive; how could it die?"



Hodja quips:

- "You believed that it gave birth, so why can't you accept that it is dead?"



Thank you for your attention.



IC “J. Stella” – Muro Lucano



Il bruco e la lumaca

The caterpillar and the snail

by

Gerardo Alberti - SEN

Class III “G. Deledda” Dpt - Pescopagano



IL BRUCO E LA LUMACA

C'erano una volta un bruco e una lumaca. Vivevano nello stesso giardino. Erano amici e stavano bene insieme.



THE CATERPILLAR AND THE SNAIL

Once upon a time there was a caterpillar and a snail. They lived together in the same garden. They were friends. They were very happy together.



Un giorno il bruco diventa giallo e rigido. La lumaca è preoccupata.



One day the caterpillar became yellow and stiff. The snail is very worried about this.



Ma dopo un po' di tempo



But after a short time



Una meravigliosa farfalla comincia a svolazzare tra i fiori e l'erba. La lumaca dice : "Come sei bella! Sono contenta di avere un'amica come te!"



A wonderful butterfly begins flying on flowers and grass. The snail says : "How beautiful you are! I am happy to have a friend like you!"



La farfalla risponde : “ Chi sei? Non ti conosco! Io vivo nell’aria tra i fiori colorati e profumati, tu invece strisci tra i vermi”.



The butterfly answers : “Who are you? I don’t know you! I live in the air among flowers, you slither along the ground among worms”.



La lumaca rimase male e umilmente rispose : “ Bene! Ma ricorda che ti ho conosciuta quando eri un bruco e strisciavamo insieme”.



The snail was very upset and answered humbly: “ OK. But remember I met you when you were a caterpillar and we slithered together.”



IC“J. Stella”- Muro Lucano



La pianta mutilata

The injured plant

Class I

“G. Deledda” Dpt - Pescopagano



La pianta mutilata – leggenda calabrese
Una volta, la vite era una pianta ornamentale, non
produceva né fiori né frutti.



The injured plant – a legend from Calabria
Once, the grapevine was an ornamental plant with no
flowers and no fruit.



A primavera, il contadino decide di tagliarla e rimangono solo pochi rami nudi e corti.



In spring, the farmer decides to cut it and leaves only a few short branches without leaves.



La vite piange e un usignolo ha pietà di lei : “Non piangere” dice
“io canterò per te, e le stelle si muoveranno a compassione”.



The grapevine cries and a nightingale has pity and says: “Don’t
cry, I will sing for you and the stars in the sky will have pity”.

L'usignolo vola sui poveri rami tronchi, vi si afferra con le zampette e, giunta la notte, comincia a cantare.



The nightingale flies on the injured branches and at night, begins singing .



Il canto è così dolce che la vite si sente via via rinascere. Le sue gemme si aprono, i viticci si allungano per avvolgersi alle zampine dell'uccellino.



The song is so sweet that the grapevine feels well. Its buds open up, its tendrils extend to hug the nightingale's paws.



Quando l'usignolo vola via, la vite è una pianta fruttifera. E che pianta! Il suo frutto ha la forza delle stelle, la dolcezza del canto dell'usignolo, la luminosa letizia delle notti estive.



When the nightingale flies away, the grapevine is a plant with fruit. What a plant! Its fruit has the strength of the stars, the sweet song of the nightingale and the bright joy of the summer nights.



IC “J. Stella” – Muro Lucano



Berta la lucertola

Berta the lizard

Class I

“G. Deledda” Dpt Pescopagano



Berta , la lucertola

Berta è verde come l'erba ma anche un po' marrone. Ama il sole, assaggia un fiore e si riscalda.



Berta, the lizard

Berta is green like the grass but also a bit brown. She is a lizard. She loves the sun, tastes a flower and warms up.

Quando il sole tramonta, Berta corre nella sua tana perché ha paura del buio e pensa alla notte.



When the sun goes away, Berta goes home because she is afraid of the darkness and thinks about the night.

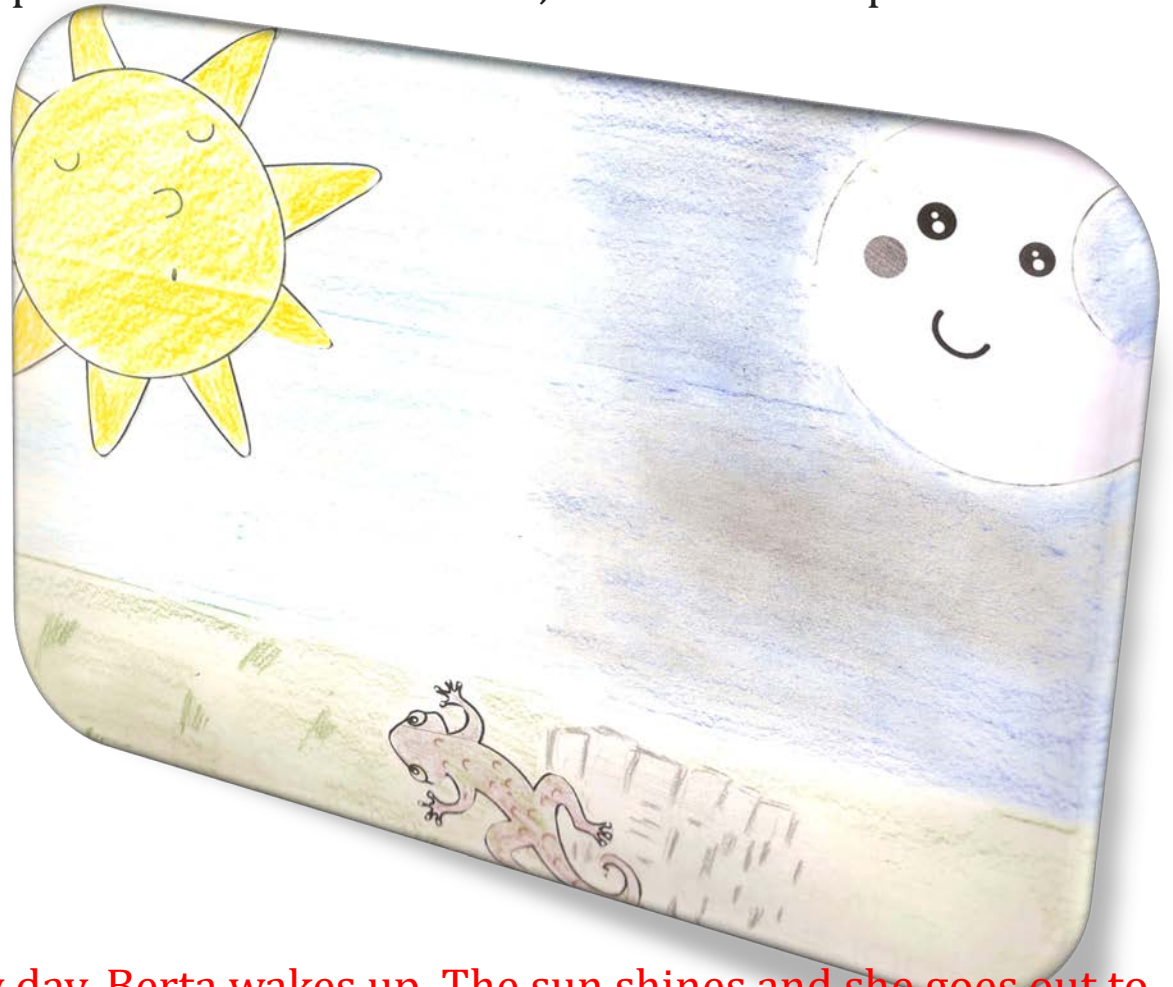


Immagina il buio come una bestia nera senza occhi. Così pensando si addormenta.



She imagines the darkness as a black beast with no eyes. Finally she falls asleep.

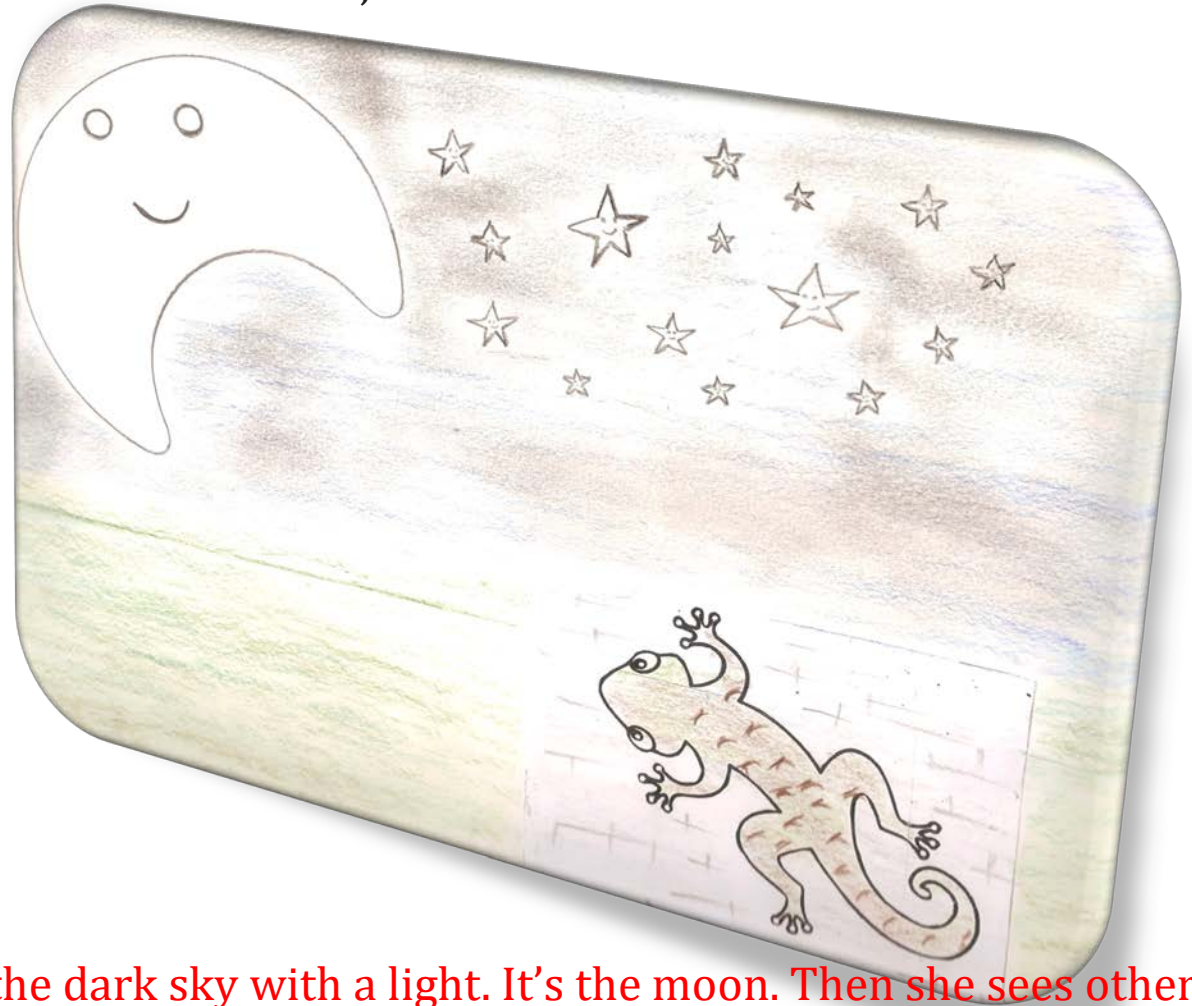
E' un nuovo giorno. Berta si sveglia. Il sole splende e Berta esce dalla tana per godersi il sole. Improvvisamente è freddo e buio e Berta non può tornare a casa. E' sola, infreddolita e spaventata.



It's a new day. Berta wakes up. The sun shines and she goes out to enjoy the warm sun. Suddenly it is cold and dark and Berta can't go back home. She is alone, cold and scared.



Vede il cielo scuro con una luce. E' la luna. Poi vede altre lucine, sono le stelle. Berta osserva tutto, sorride e si addormenta.



She sees the dark sky with a light. It's the moon. Then she sees other little lights, they are the stars. Berta looks at everything, smiles and falls asleep.



Il giorno dopo si sveglia e vede il sole. E' contenta! Corre sull'erba e si riscalda al sole. La sera torna a casa ma questa volta non ha paura del buio.



The next day she wakes up and sees the sun. She is happy! She runs on the grass and she warms at the sun. In the evening she goes back home but this time she is not afraid of the darkness.



IC“J.Stella”- Muro Lucano



La leggenda del panettone

The panettone legend

Class III

“G. Deledda” Dpt - Pescopagano



La leggenda del “Panettone”

Il “panettone” è un dolce tipico italiano natalizio.



The “Panettone” legend

“Panettone” is a typical Italian dessert for Christmas.

Tutto il personale di cucina è impegnato a servire in tavola le numerose portate del cenone di Natale.



All the waiters are waiting on the different dishes for the Christmas dinner.



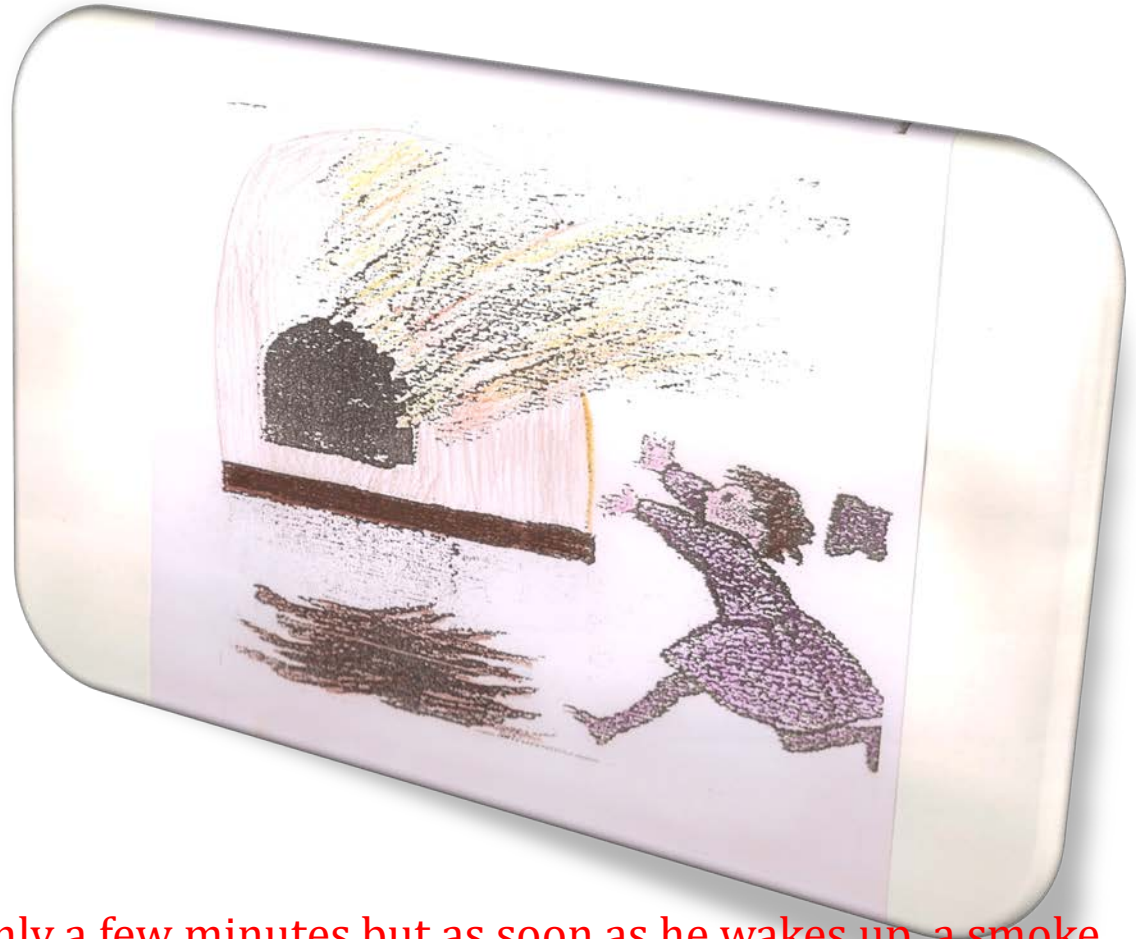
A sorvegliare il forno c'è Toni, il servo più giovane e pasticciere, che ha appena 12 anni. - Bada alle focacce che stanno cuocendo - gli raccomanda Ambrogione. Ma Toni, un po' per la stanchezza, un po' per il piacevole calore che il forno emana, si appisola.



Near the wood oven there is Tony, the younger and bungler waiter who is 12. "Be careful to the bread that is in the oven" so Ambrogione tells him. But Tony, probably because is a bit tired or because of the warm air from the oven, falls asleep.



Dorme soltanto pochi minuti, ma quando si sveglia, dal forno esce già una densa nube di fumo.- Povero me, che disastro - si dispera Toni, strappandosi i capelli dalla testa. Che fare adesso? Come rimediare?

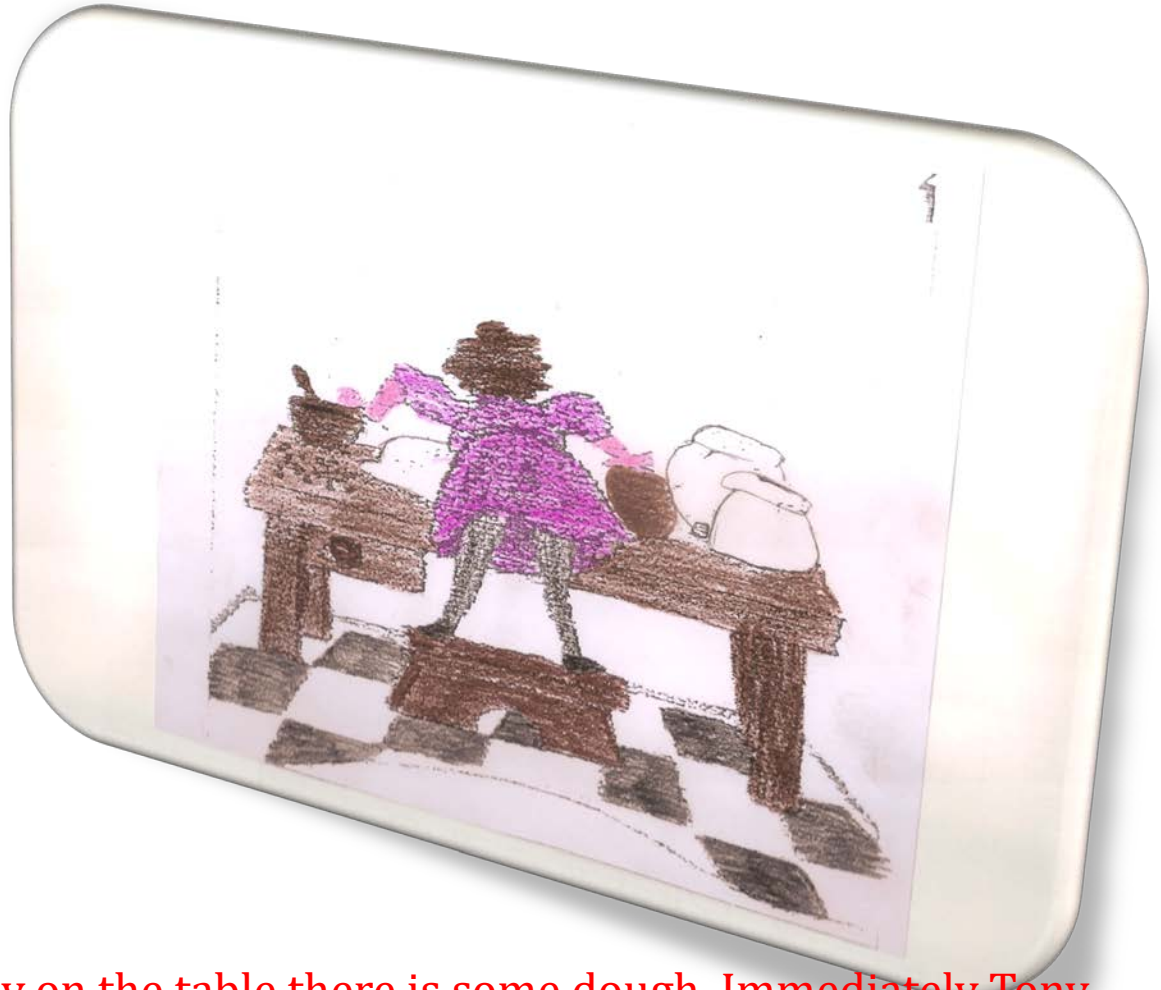


He sleeps only a few minutes but as soon as he wakes up, a smoke cloud goes out from the oven.

- Oh my dear! What a mess!- Tony is sad. What can I do?



Per fortuna sul bancone di legno è rimasta un po' di pasta di pane. Senza perdere un istante, Toni afferra la pasta, la lavora, vi mescola uova e burro. Poi l'addolcisce con il miele, vi unisce i canditi, l' uva passa e la frutta secca. Infine mette tutto nel forno.



Fortunately on the table there is some dough. Immediately Tony takes the “dough” and adds some eggs and butter. Then he adds some honey, candied fruit, raisins and dry fruit and bakes the mixture.



Dove sono le focacce? - risuona a un tratto la voce di Ambrogione. - Sono tutte bruciate - risponde Toni - ma potremmo servire questo dolce che ho appena preparato. Ambrogione fa buon viso a cattivo gioco e porta il dolce improvvisato da Toni.



“Where is the bread?” says Ambrogione. – It is burned – answers Tony but you can have this dessert that I have prepared. Ambrogione smiles and takes the new dessert.

Da allora il “pan di Toni”, o meglio il panettone, non manca mai nel cenone natalizio. Il panettone si è conquistato un posto nel cuore di tutti i golosoni del mondo. Essi dicono che diventa particolarmente buono se lo si gusta in compagnia.



Since then the “Tony bread” famously known now as “panettone” is the dessert for Christmas dinner. It is good and better if there are many people to taste it.

IC “J. Stella”- Muro Lucano



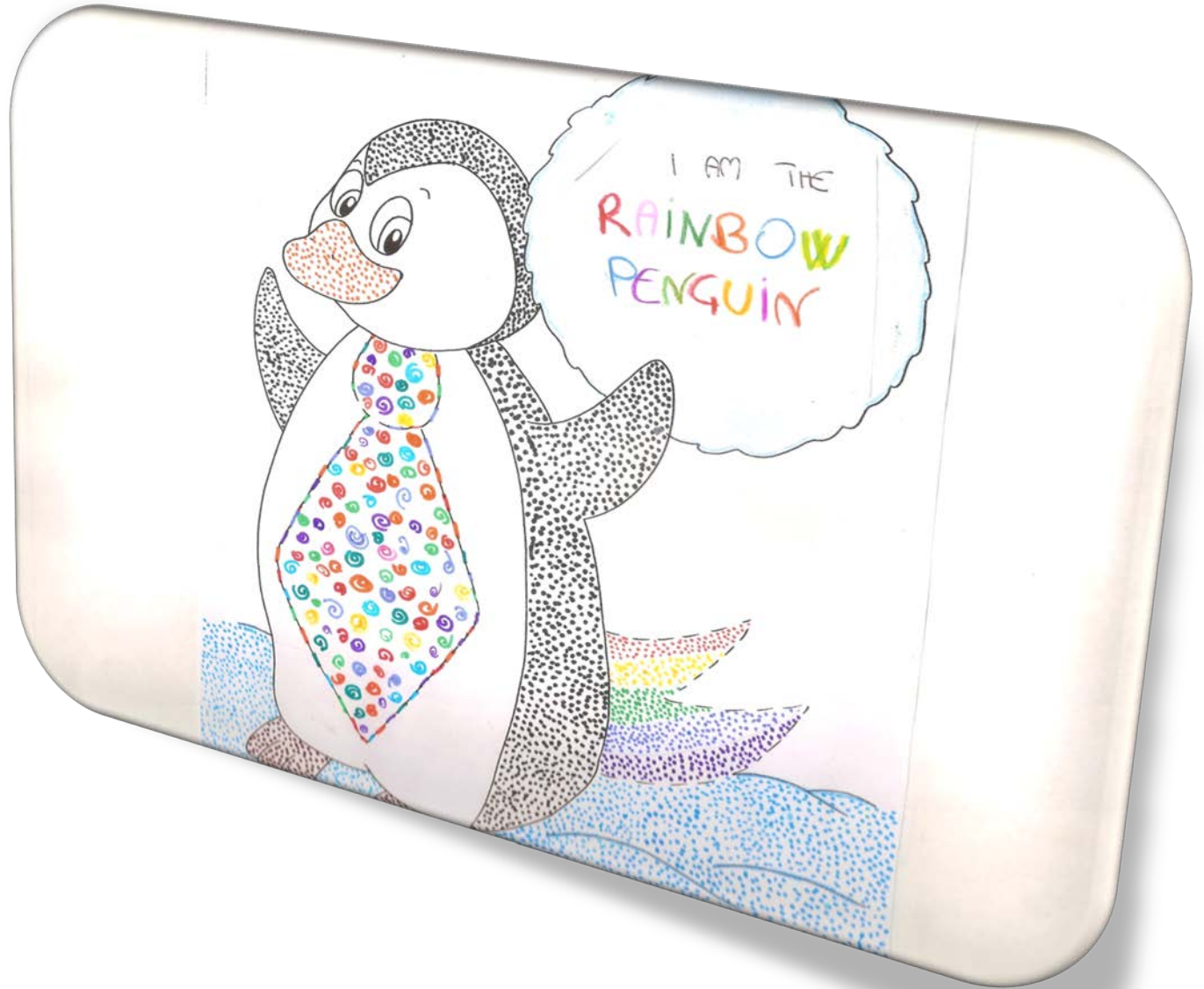
Il pinguino arcobaleno

The rainbow penguin

Class II

“G. Deledda” Dpt - Pescopagano





Il pinguino arcobaleno.
E' una storia sulla "diversità" e "accettazione".
Siamo al Polo Sud, terra dei pinguini. Vicino ad una roccia c'è un grande uovo bianco.



The rainbow penguin

This is a story about "diversity" and "integration"

We are at the South Pole, the place where the penguins live. Close to a big piece of ice, there is a big white egg.



Per uno strano caso, il pezzo di ghiaccio su cui era depositato l'uovo si stacca e va alla deriva raggiungendo i caldi mari dell'Africa.



By coincidence, the piece of ice where the big egg is, separates and travels and reaches the hot seas of Africa.



Là il pulcino non sa chi è né da dove viene e va alla ricerca della propria identità tra gli animali della foresta.



In this new place, the penguin doesn't know what it is and where it comes from so it begins looking for its own identity among the wild animals.

Infine i gabbiani lo riconducono nella sua terra d'origine dove.



Finally the seagulls take it to the native place.



Qui, dopo aver destato curiosità e sospetto tra i suoi simili ,viene accolto con amore dalla famiglia e accettato da tutti, in quanto portatore di novità e di sogni su altri mondi possibili.



At the South Pole, the other penguins see it as a strange creature first but then they accept it as a new creature from new worlds with new dreams and innovations.



IC "J. Stella"- Muro Lucano



La leggenda di Colapesce

Colapesce legend

Class II

"G. Deledda" Dpt - Pescopagano



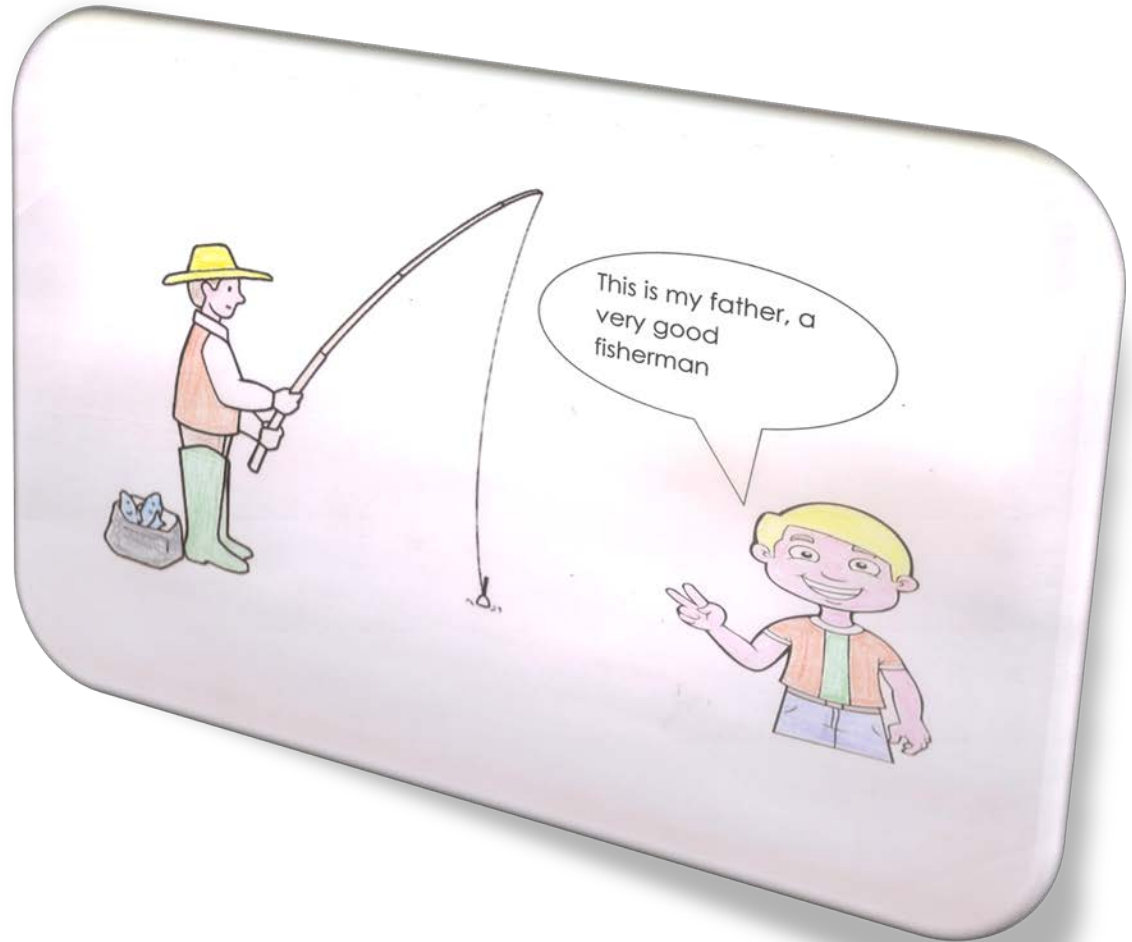


Hello! I am Nicola popular as "Colapesce". I am from Messina, in Sicily Island in the south of Italy.



La leggenda di “Colapesce”

Nicola (*Cola di Messina*), figlio di un pescatore, soprannominato Colapesce.



“Colapesce” legend

Nicola or Cola from Messina, is a fisherman’s son and his nickname is “Colapesce”.

Nicola è soprannominato “Colapesce” per la sua abilità di immergersi e ritornare su in breve tempo con dei tesori.



Nicola is so named because he is very talented at diving and finding some treasures.



La sua fama arriva al re di Sicilia ed imperatore Federico II di Svevia che decide di metterlo alla prova.



He is so popular that the king and emperor of Sicily, Federico II di Svevia decides to verify his power.

Il re e la sua corte si recano pertanto al largo a bordo di un'imbarcazione e buttano in acqua una coppa che viene subito recuperata da Colapesce.



The king and his servants get on a boat and throw a cup in the sea. Colapesce finds it.



Il re getta allora la sua corona in un luogo più profondo e Colapesce riesce nuovamente nell'impresa.



The king throws his crown in a deeper place and Colapesce finds it again.



La terza volta il re mette alla prova Cola gettando un anello in un posto ancora più profondo ed in quell'occasione Colaspesce non riemerge più.



The third time the king throws a ring in a very deeper place and this time Cola doesn't come back.



IC “J. Stella”- Muro Lucano



La storia di Dudu

Dudu story

Class III

“G. Deledda” Dpt - Pescopagano



La storia di Dudu

Dudu è un orsetto tutto bianco che vive al Polo Nord, un giorno però diventa marrone e sentendosi diverso si rifugia in una scatola.

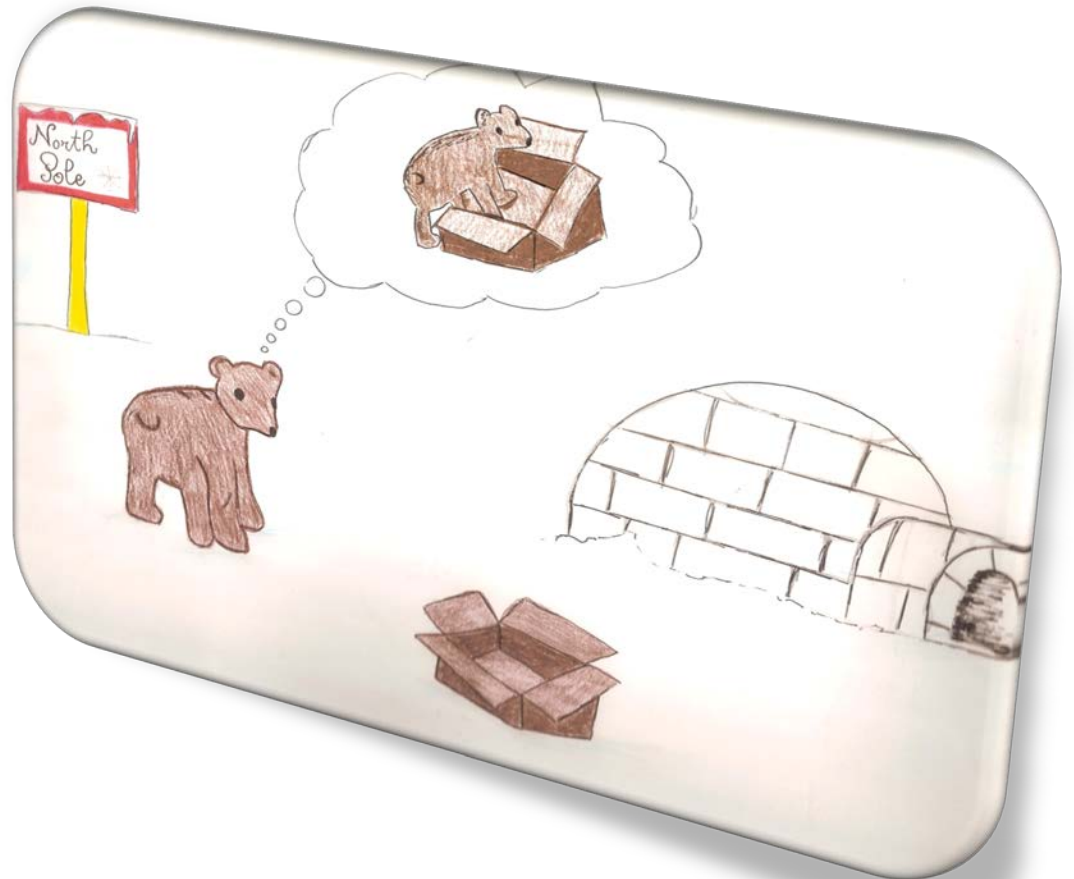


Dudu story

Dudu is a little white bear that lives in the North Pole. One day, something strange happens. Dudu's fur becomes brown. Dudu is different from the other bears and hides in a box.



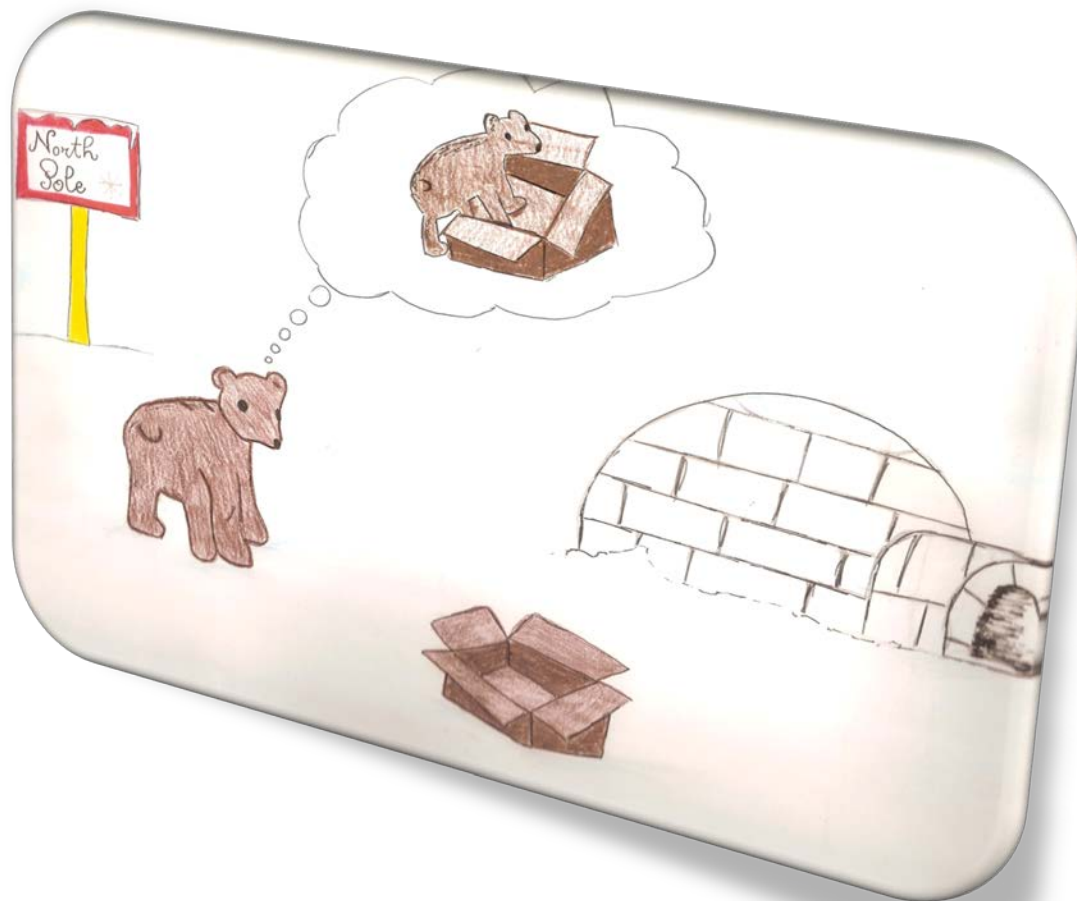
Durante una tempesta la scatola arriva sulla riva di una spiaggia. Dudu esce dalla scatola per esplorare la zona e incontra un granchio, un lemure, un fenicottero, un coniglio, un pappagallo e una lumaca. Gli dicono di trovarsi in un luogo al confine dell'arcobaleno.



There is a storm and the box arrives on the shore of a beach. Dudu goes out and begins exploring the new place. There he meets a crab, a flamingo, a rabbit, a parrot and a snail. They inform him they are in a place near the rainbow.

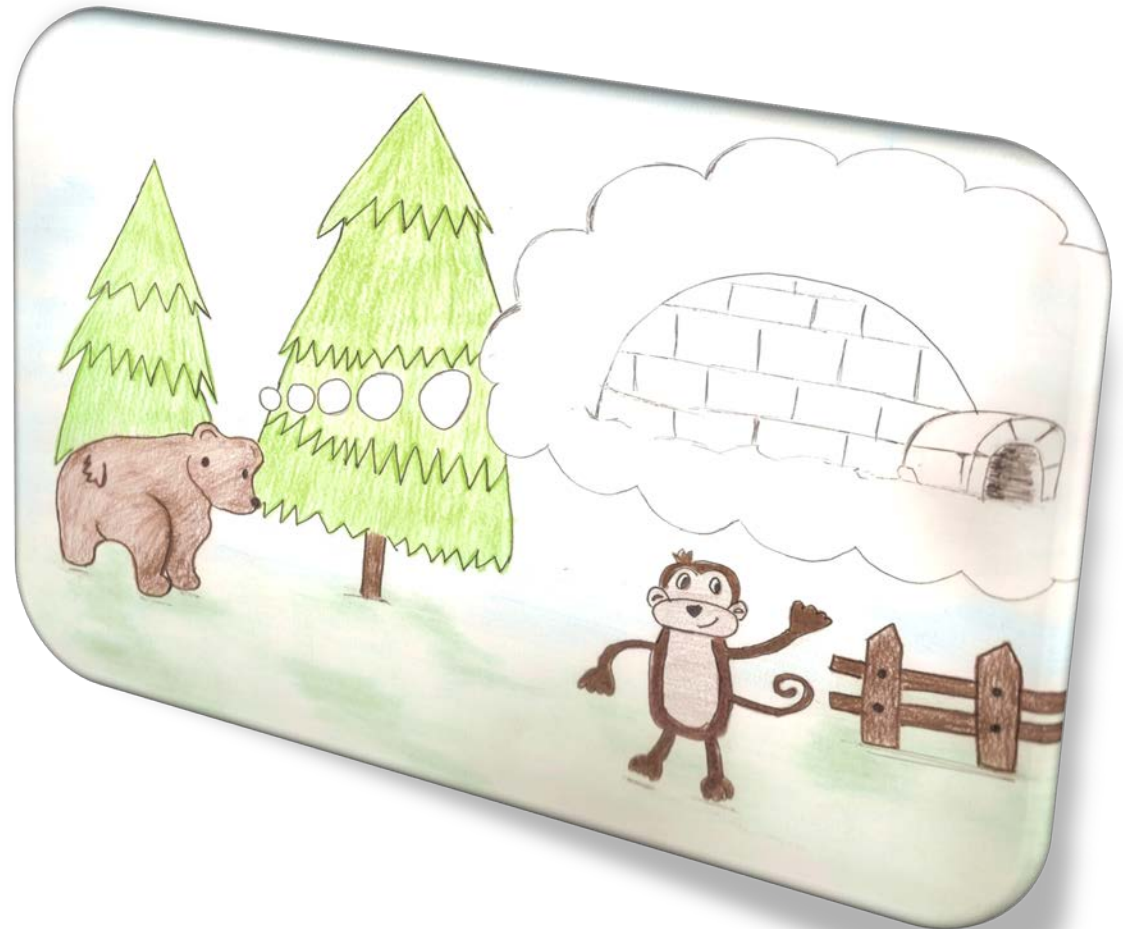


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Infine Dudu arriva al Polo Nord. I suoi amici lo abbracciano. Dudu è contento ma si sente “diverso” da loro.



Finally Dudu arrives at the North Pole. His friends hug him. Dudu is happy but he feels “different”.

Jack dà una scatola a Dudu. Egli la apre e improvvisamente escono i colori dell'arcobaleno e colorano tutti gli orsi, così il Polo Nord non è solo bianco. Dudu capisce che il vero regalo di Jack è l'amicizia che unisce tutti anche se diversi.



Jack gives a box to Dudu. He opens the box and suddenly the different colours of the rainbow come out painting all the bears and so the North Pole is not only white. Dudu understands that Jack's real gift is the "friendship" that joins everyone no matter their differences.

IC“J. Stella”-Muro Lucano



Il diavoletto tutto rosa

The pink devil

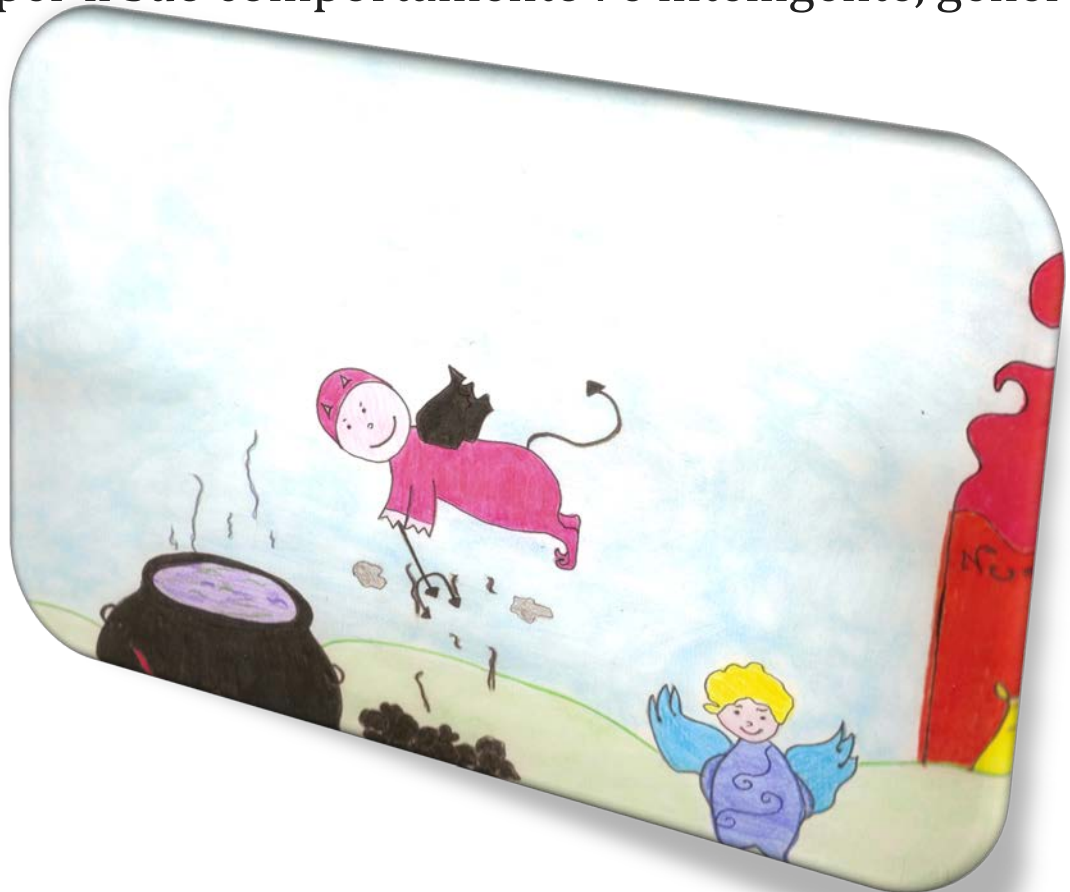
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Il diavoletto rosa

E' la storia di un diavoletto rosa e di un angioletto vivace. Il diavoletto è diverso dagli altri non solo per il colore ma soprattutto per il suo comportamento : è intelligente, generoso e gentile.



The pink devil

This is the story of a little pink devil and a little very lively angel. The devil is different from his friends not only his colour but above all by his behaviour: he is clever, generous and kind.

Una sera mentre il diavoletto rosa cammina, vede due ragazzi che litigano. Prende della farina e la butta su di loro. I due ragazzi cominciano a ridere e smettono di litigare. Il diavoletto è felice!



One evening the little devil is walking when he sees two kids that are quarelling. He takes some flour and throws it at them. The two kids begin laughing and stop quarelling. The devil is happy!

Un altro giorno, a scuola, il diavoletto vede un ragazzo che piange perché il compito è difficile. Cerca di aiutarlo ed è contento quando ci riesce. Improvvisamente vede un angelo dispettoso. Lo saluta!



Another day at school, the pink devil sees a kid who is crying because of a difficult test. He tries to help him and is so happy when he succeeds. Suddenly he sees a nice angel but naughty. He greets him!

L'angioletto, come il diavoletto è diverso dagli altri, infatti proprio quel giorno è allontanato da tutti gli altri angioletti perché crea sempre problemi. Tra i due nasce un'amicizia e simpatia che decidono di avventurarsi in giro per il mondo in cerca di nuove emozioni.



The angel like the pink devil is different from the others. His friends leaves him alone because he is always in trouble. The angel and the pink devil are soon friends and decide to explore the world.



Arrivano vicino al mare e si tuffano. Dopo un pò il diavoletto si rende conto di non avere il forcone. Nel fondale marino incontrano una grande piovra e dei cavallucci marini che lo aiutano a ritrovare il forcone.



They arrive near the sea and dive in. The pink devil realizes he hasn't his little fork. At the sea bottom they meet a big octopus and seahorses they help him to find his fork.



Cominciano a sentire la mancanza della famiglia e decidono di tornare a casa.



They begin missing their family so they decide to go back home.

