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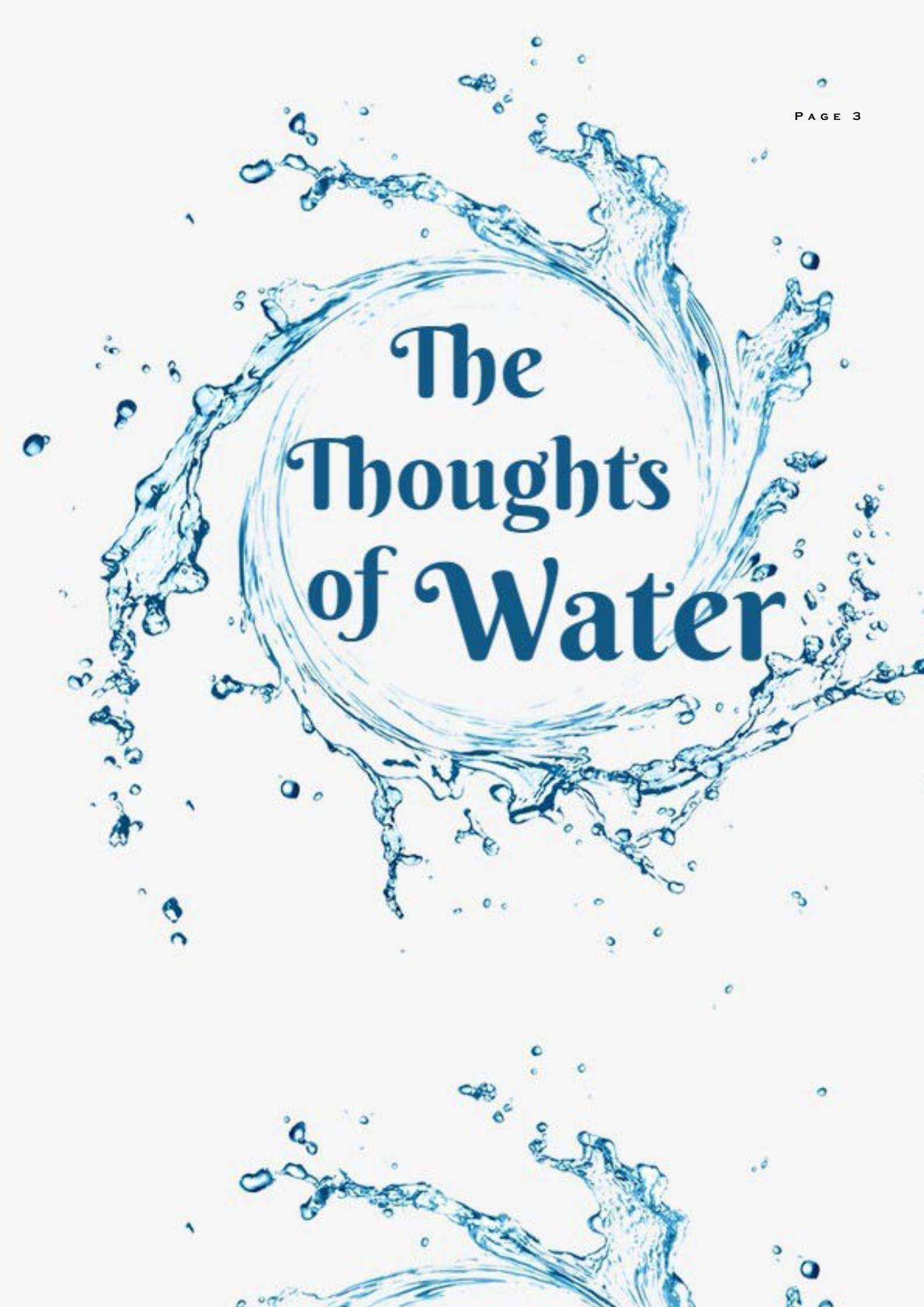
The Thoughts of Water

*Blue Countries
An Erasmus Project
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*„Not only necessary to life, but rather life itself;
of the riches that exist in the world,
thou art the rarest and also the most delicate and ... pure.”*

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

A high-speed photograph of a water splash, where the water droplets and streams form a circular ring that frames the central text. The water is a vibrant blue, and the background is white, creating a clean, fresh aesthetic.

The Thoughts of Water





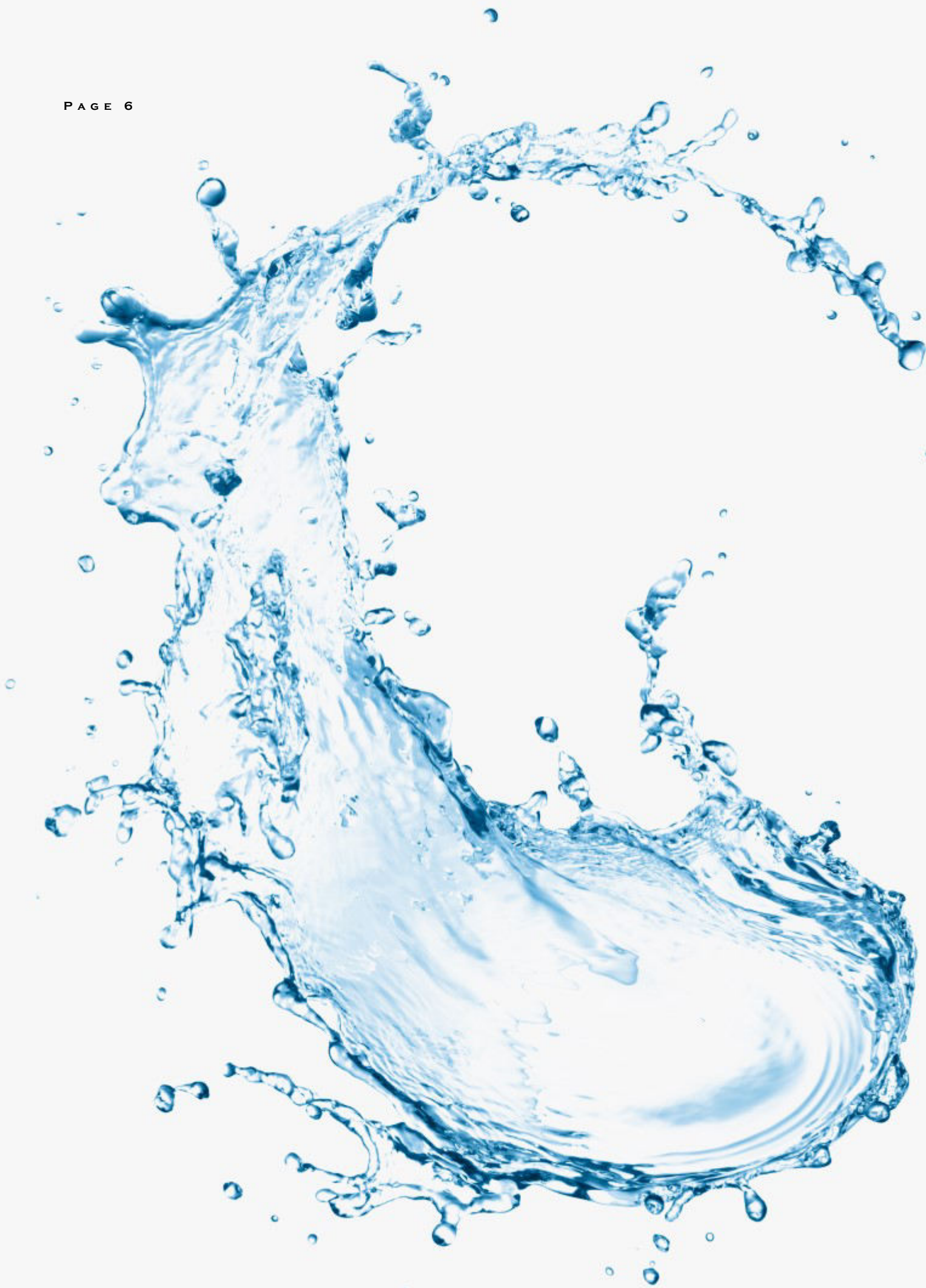
Water, one of the four elements, has always been an important part of every civilisation. It has witnessed centuries of history, evolution, the appearance and disappearance of nature phenomena. It has been a significant presence in our religious, spiritual and artistic life of so many peoples.

Unceasingly changing its shapes and transforming, water has become a symbol of fertility, life, blessing and also the border between this world and the other one.

Waterways and their flow have a great impact on our evolving self and offer us a way of connecting our emotions, knowledge, culture and experience. They stir our imagination and take with them our creations through time and space.

These are some of the myths and legends that were born in our “blue countries”, so blessed with the presence of water.



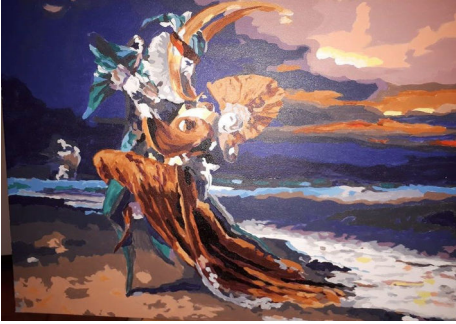




Romanian myths and legends



The Legend of the Danube



It is said that, when people were not yet living on earth, the Moon fell in love with the Sun. She was so beautiful and bright that the sky was moved by her splendor.

But the Sun cared little for her brilliance; he was in love with a small, distant star, somewhere on the edge of the galaxy - Danube. She loved him back so, the Sun asked her to be his wife.

The moon was so distressed hearing the news!

"You will pay for this suffering, Sun! I'll take revenge, I swear!"

Grieved, the Queen of the Night summoned three evil spirits to advise her.

"If the Sun is not mine, then I don't want him to belong to anyone else!"

"Be at peace, my queen!" the spirits said. "No matter how great the love of the Sun will be for that star, we know how you can punish him!"

And the spirits whispered to the Moon how to take revenge for her wounded love.

When the wedding day came, the Moon put on her most beautiful dress and came to wish the grooms happiness. Only that, behind her smile, a creepy thought was hiding. As soon as Danube was left alone, the Moon approached her and whispered:

"I curse you to suffer as I suffer and never enjoy your groom!"

From nowhere came the three evil spirits who threw the poor star in the middle of a dark forest, in the Black Forest Mountains. There, the star changed into a cold deep lake that the Sun would never see, because of the thick forest. Danube cried for many days and nights, longing for the Sun, until she was heard by a good fairy living nearby.

"Who are you and why are you crying?" the fairy wondered.

"Good fairy, I was once a star in the sky! Jealous of the love the Sun had for me, the Moon cursed me to become this still water. Please, help me! All I want is to see the face of my beautiful groom again!"

Touched by her story, the fairy turned Danube into a river, which has been flowing since then to the east, to the place where the Sun rises in the sky. Then she made a lot of small rivers spring and flow into the Danube's waters, helping her to reach the great sea.

Every morning, the Sun rises between the waters of the sea and, for a short time, he embraces his love.



Legenda Dunării

Se spune că, pe vremea când oamenii nu trăiau încă pe pământ, Luna s-a îndrăgostit de Soare. În fiecare zi îi ieșea înainte, îmbrăcată într-o rochie argintie, tivită cu raze de lumina și brodată cu mii de diamante. Era atât de frumoasă și de luminoasă, încât cerul rămânea înmărmurit de splendoarea ei și niciun nor nu îndrăznea să o umbrească. Dar Soarelui puțin îi păsa de strălucirea ei: el era îndrăgostit de o stea mică și îndepărtată, aflată undeva la marginea galaxiei. Dunărea, pentru că așa o chema pe steluță, îi împărtășea iubirea, așa că Soarele a cerut-o de soție.

Mult s-a mai necăjit Luna la auzul acestei vesti! Obrazul i s-a întunecat și razele i-au pălit, iar în inima ei s-a strecurat gelozia.

– O să-mi plătești, tu, Soare, suferința asta! Am să mă răzbun, îți jur.

Îndurerată, Regina nopții a chemat la sfat trei duhuri rele.

– Dacă Soarele nu e al meu, atunci nu vreau să fie al nimănui altcuiva! le-a cerut ea nălucilor.

– Fii pe pace, regină! Oricât de mare va fi iubirea Soarelui pentru steaua aceea, noi știm cum poți să-l pedepsești! Și nălucile i-au șoptit Lunii cum să facă să-și răzbune dragostea rănită. Când a venit ziua nunții, Luna și-a pus cea mai frumoasă rochie și a venit să le ureze fericire mirilor. Doar că, în spatele surâsului ei, se ascundea un gând înfiorător! Îndată ce Dunărea a rămas singură, Luna s-a apropiat de ea și i-a șoptit amenințător:

- Te blestem să suferi așa cum sufăr și eu, și să nu te bucuri niciodată de mirele tău!

De nicăieri s-au ivit cele trei duhuri rele, care au azvârlit biata stea de pe cer tocmai în mijlocul unui codru întunecat, în Munții Pădurea Neagră. Acolo Dunărea s-a prefăcut într-un lac adânc și rece, pe care Soarele n-avea să-l vadă niciodată, din pricina pădurii de nepătruns.

A plâns Dunărea multe zile și la fel de multe nopți de dorul Soarelui, până când a fost auzită de o zână bună care trăia în apropiere.

– Cine ești și de ce plângi? se miră zâna, care nu mai pomenise lac însuflețit.

– Zână bună, am fost cândva o stea pe cer! Geloasă pe iubirea Soarelui pentru mine, Luna m-a blestemat să mă prefac în apă stătătoare. Fii bună, nu vreau decât să pot privi chipul frumosului meu mire!

Înduplecată, zâna a preschimbat Dunărea într-un râu, care curge de atunci spre răsărit, spre locul de unde se ridică Soarele pe cer. Apoi a izvorât o mulțime de râuri mici, care să se verse în apele Dunării și s-o ajute astfel încât să ajungă puternică, până la marea cea mare.

În fiecare dimineață, Soarele răsare din apele mării și, pentru scurtă vreme, își îmbrățișează iubita.



Prince Tomis and the Princess of Mermaids

It is said that once, a long time ago, a great king lived in a far country, with many beautiful and brave sons. One of the princes, the youngest of them, was called Tomis. They had everything - fine lands, countless armies, gold, silver and all kinds of gems, as nowhere in the world could anyone boast about. Moreover, the waters that bathed the banks of the kingdom were full of fish and hundreds of beautiful ships floated on the waves of their sea.



But a vice had the King of the World, he liked to hunt all mysterious creatures and above all, mermaids. One day, after finding out from his captains that no mermaid be seen in the nearby waters any longer, the King called his sons. He told them to take a boat and go to distant places to hunt the last fantastic creatures, which were said to exist in the depths. The princes listened to him and each of them took his own path, Tomis to the east and his brothers to the West.

Prince Tomis sailed with his ship for days and months, without finding any sirens. All this until he reached the Black Sea, the one with dark waters. One night, the prince's ship was caught by a terrible storm, with waves as high as a palace, sweeping the deck of the ship. Such a wave caught Tomis and took him into the depths of the sea. But the prince was lucky: a water creature took him out of the swirls and carried him to the shoreline of a beach. She was Negreana, a beautiful siren princess, the daughter of the king of the depths and among the last remaining creatures of her tribe.

The water princess took care of the prince for many days, until he was better. They fell in love with each other and took oaths for life. One day, Tomis returned to his ship and told the captain that he had decided to stay with the sirens and not to carry out the bloody mission of the King of the World. That very day, the storm broke again on the sea.

Scared that something could happen to her prince again, the mermaid came by the ship. Tomis wasn't on deck, but the captain was. When he saw her, the servant put his hand on a spear and struck the princess to death. It was just then that the prince went up on the deck and saw the love of his life sinking into the depths, caught by the unseen clutches of death. He jumped after her and they both died.

It is said that the stormy sea took the name of the mermaid princess. Moreover, on the shore where the prince and princess fell in love, the locals raised a proud fortress, which they named Tomis.



Prințul Tomis și Prințesa sirenelor

Se spune că, odată, de mult, trăia într-o țară îndepărtată un mare rege ce avea mai mulți fii frumoși și viteji. Pe unul dintre prinți, cel mai mic dintre ei, îl chema Tomis. Aveau regele și prinții săi de toate, pământuri mănoase, armate nenumărate, aur, argint și nestemate de tot felul, cum nicăieri vreun crai al lumii nu se putea lăuda că ar mai avea. Mai mult, apele ce scăldau malurile regatului erau pline de pește iar pe valurile oceanului lor pluteau sute de corăbii frumoase.

Un mare viciu avea însă Regele Lumii, îi plăcea să vâneze toate făpturile misterioase iar peste toate acestea, sirene mai ales. Într-o zi, după ce află de la căpitanii săi că nicio sirenă nu a mai fost văzută prin apele din apropiere, Regele își chemă feciorii la sfat. Le spuse să ia fiecare câte o corabie și să meargă în depărtări, pentru a vâna ultimele făpturi fantastice, ce se spunea că ar mai exista în adâncuri. Prinții îl ascultară și își luă fiecare drumul său, Tomis spre răsărit iar frații săi spre Apus.

Și merse prințul Tomis cu a sa corabie zile și luni, fără să dea însă de urma vreunor sirene. Toate acestea până ajunse însă în Marea Neagră, cea cu unde întunecate. Într-o noapte, corabia prințului fu prinsă de o furtună năpraznică, cu valuri înalte cât un palat, ce măturau puntea corabiei. Un astfel de val îl prinse pe Tomis și îl luă cu sine în adâncurile Mării. Dar prințul avu zile: o făptură gingașă a apelor îl scoase din vârtejuri și îl duse până pe malul plin de scoici al unei plaje. Era Negreana, o frumoasă prințesă sirenă, fată de rege al adâncurilor și printre ultimele făpturi care mai rămăseseră din seminția sa.

Prințesa Apelor îl îngriji multe zile pe Prințul Pământului, până ce acesta se înzdrăveni. Prinseră drag unul de altul și își făcură jurămintele pentru toată viața. Într-o zi, Tomis se întoarse la corabia sa și îi spuse căpitanului că s-a hotărât să rămână pe meleagurile sirenelor și să nu mai ducă la bun sfârșit sângeroasa misie a Regelui Lumii. Chiar în acea zi, furtuna iar se abătu asupra Mării.

Speriată că iubitului său i s-ar putea întâmpla iar ceva rău, Sirena veni lângă corabie. Tomis nu era pe punte dar Căpitanul da. Când o văzu, slujitorul puse mâna pe o sulită și o lovi de moarte pe prințesă. Tocmai atunci, prințul sui și el pe punte și văzu cum iubirea vieții sale se scufundă în adâncuri, cuprinsă de ghearele nevăzute ale morții. Sări după ea și amândoi pieriră.

Se spune că de atunci, Marea cea Furtunoasă a luat numele prințesei sirene. De asemenea, pe țărmul pe care prințul și prințesa se iubiseră, oamenii locului au ridicat o mândră cetate, căreia i-au dat numele de Tomis.



The Legend of Mamaia Beach

An interesting version of the legend regarding Mamaia beach takes us back in time when Dobrogea was still under Ottoman domination. The story says that in a village between the Danube and the Black Sea, lived a beautiful woman, Mamaia, the widow of a brave man that lost his life in a battle against the Turks. The woman lived with her daughter Constantina who was as beautiful as her mother.

As Mamaia had also fought against the empire, the pasha in Silistra decided to make her his slave and took her to his fortress by the Danube. The Pasha only heard about her bravery but as soon as he saw her, he fell in love with the woman. To protect her against the dangers of their time, he built her a wonderful house by the sea – the place where Mamaia resort lies today. The beach was different back then, the trees were growing in water and the sand surface was pretty narrow. Nearby you could see a rich village where both Romanians and Muslims lived peacefully. They respected and cherished both Mamaia and her daughter although they seemed always sad.

One day, when things settled down, the pasha sent soldiers to bring the woman to him. The soldiers found her alone on the beach, took her immediately to the boat and left the shore behind. Mamaia started to call for help and her daughter heard her cry. Constantina stepped into the water, trying to reach her mother, but the water was too deep. Realizing her daughter was about to drown, the woman began to pray, hoping God will save her child. And so he did – a wonder happened at once. A bridge of sand rose little by little under the girl's feet, getting her out of the sea and taking her away from danger. As Constantina kept running after the boat, the strip of sand grew larger and larger.

But God made another wonder. Mamaia suddenly disappeared. She didn't throw herself into the sea, she was turned into that bridge of sand that had saved Constantina's life. The Ottomans left empty handed and Constantina kept on living, married a worthy man and enjoyed a happy life near Mamaia beach.

This is how the beautiful beach, admired by everyone, was formed.





Legenda plajei Mamaia

O versiune extrem de interesantă a legendei plajei Mamaia ne întoarce în timp câteva sute de ani, pe vremea când Dobrogea era încă sub stăpânire otomană. Povestea spune că, într-un sat dintre Dunăre și Mare, trăia o moldoveancă frumoasă și aprigă, văduva unui viteaz dobrogean, ce căzuse cu ani buni în urmă, într-o revoltă împotriva stăpânirii turcești. Femeia locuia împreună cu fiica sa Constantina, la fel de plăcută la înfățișare ca și a sa mamă.

Pentru că și moldoveanca (căreia fata îi spunea Mamaia) luptase cu arma în mână, împotriva Înaltei Porți, pașa din Silistra hotărî să o ia roabă și o aduse în cetatea de la Dunăre, în care el stăpânea. Pașa doar auzise de vitează, dar de văzut, o văzu abia acum și pe dată se îndrăgosti de ea. Dar pentru că la Silistra erau atunci tulburări mari, ofițerul hotărî să o trimită pe Mamaia să stea mai departe de primejdii și îi făcu o casă mare și frumoasă într-un loc pe malul Mării, unde astăzi se află stațiunea Mamaia. Dar să ținem seama că pe atunci nu era plaja așa cum o știm acum, ci iarba și pomii se pierdeau direct în apă, iar nisip era puțin, doar o fâșie îngustă. Pe atunci, în aceste locuri se ridica un sat bogat, în care locuiau deopotrivă și români și musulmani. Cu toții o respectau pe Mamaia și o țineau tare dragă și pe fiica ei, dar amândouă erau mereu triste și nu se prea amestecau cu restul satului.

Într-o zi, când la Silistra nu mai erau tulburări, pașa își aduse aminte de frumoasa moldoveancă și trimise o barcă mare cu oșteni să o aducă pe româncă, numai pe ea, înapoi în orașul său. Soldații o găsiră singură pe Mamaia, o luară cu forța în barcă și părăsiră țărmul. Femeia începu să strige după ajutor și atunci o auzi și Constantina sa. Fata intră în mare, încercând să ajungă la mama sa, dar apa era tare adâncă. Înțelegând că fiica sa se va îneca, fără doar și poate, Mamaia începu să se roage la Dumnezeu să îi salveze copilul. Deodată, se și petrecu minunea: sub picioarele fetei începu să se tot ridice o punte largă de nisip, ce o scotea din apă și o îndepărta de primejdie. Dar fata tot alerga după barcă, astfel că fâșia de nisip se mărea și se tot mărea...

Dar Dumnezeu mai făcuse o minune: Turcii au văzut că Mamaia dispăruse din barcă. Nu se aruncase în apele Mării, ci ea fusese transformată în acea punte de nisip ce îi salvase viața Constantinei. Otomanii au plecat înapoi cu mâna goală, iar Constantina a crescut, s-a măritat cu un român vrednic și au trăit fericiți în acele locuri, aproape de plaja Mamaiei.

Așa ne spune legenda că s-a format această plajă frumoasă și largă a litoralului nostru, apreciată nu doar de către români, ci chiar de o lume întreagă...



The Legend of Mureş and Olt

Once upon a time there was a king who lived on top of a mountain, in a castle with two towers. One summer he went to war and didn't return. The queen sent messengers all over the country to find him, but they came back after a long time without bringing good news.

The queen had two handsome brave sons, alike in appearance but so different in thoughts and actions. One was called Mures, the other one was Olt. One was brought up in the northern tower while the other one in the southern tower.

They decided to go to the end of the world to search for their father. This made their mother cry of joy and sadness at the same time. She was happy that her sons are trustworthy and brave but she was also sad because she was afraid she might lose them. However, she advised them to stay together all the time, then she blessed them and let them go.

No sooner had the lads left the castle that they began to argue about which way to take. In the end, right there, on top of the mountain, their path split up. Mures set out towards north and Olt towards south. The latter, tumultuous and quick-tempered, went down the valley whilst the first one, dark and peaceful like the night, went slowly towards north. After a while, Mures began to miss his brother and his soul became sadder and sadder when he couldn't find Olt any longer. He even lost his own way and followed a different path.

When she saw that her sons chose separate ways as soon as they left the castle, she rushed to stop them but it was too late. She wept and wept until God heard her and turned her sons into rivers and this is how they remained until now.





Legenda Mureșului și a Oltului



Trăia odată un împărat pe vârful unui munte, într-o cetate cu două turnuri. Într-o vară a plecat acel împărat la război și nu s-a mai întors. Împărăteasa a trimis soli în toate părțile să dea de urma soțului, dar s-au întors după foarte mult timp, fără nicio bucurie.

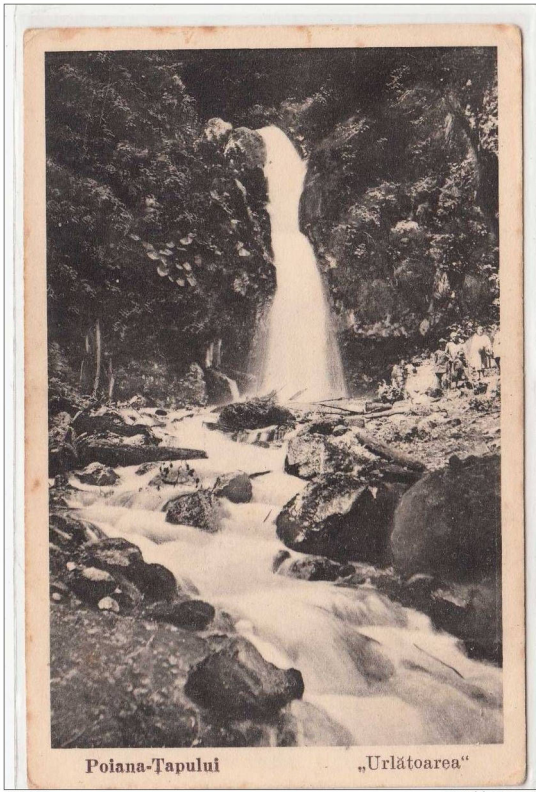
Și avea împărăteasa doi feciori frumoși și curajoși, asemănători la chip, dar diferiți la fire și la gânduri. Pe unul îl chema Mureș, pe celălalt Olt. Unul crescuse în turnul dinspre miazănoapte, iar celălalt în turnul dinspre miazăzi. Au hotărât ei să plece până la marginea lumii și să-și caute tatăl. Mama lor a plâns de bucurie și de durere când a aflat. Era bucuroasă că fii ei sunt vrednici și tristă deoarece îi era teamă să nu îi piardă. Dar i-a povățuit să fie veșnic împreună și i-a binecuvântat și i-a dat voie să plece,

Dar abia părăsirea cetatea părinților că au și început să nu se înțeleagă asupra drumului. Și de-acolo, din creștetul muntelui, li s-a despărțit cărarea, Mureș a pornit spre miazănoapte, iar Olt spre miazăzi. Olt, sfărâmicios și iute din fire, a apucat nebunește la vale, iar Mureș, întunecat și liniștit ca noaptea pașnică, a apucat încet, încet, spre miazănoapte. După ceva vreme însă, pe Mureș l-a ajuns dorul de fratele său și i s-a întristat sufletul când nu l-a mai găsit, ba și-a pierdut și calea și a apucat în altă parte.

Dar mama lor, când a văzut că s-au despărțit chiar de la casa părintească, a alergat să îi oprească, dar nu era chip să-i ajungă, mai ales că ei fugeau în două părți. Și a plâns împărăteasa, și-n acel minut, Dumnezeu i-a prefăcut amândoi băieții în râuri, și râuri au rămas.



Urlătoarea Waterfall



It is said that when giants and fairies still dwelled on these realms, somewhere in the old Bucegi Mountains, a widow and his sons lived in a village hidden amidst the forest. The lads were good hardworking foresters. Not to mention they were so handsome that all the girls were in love with them, but the brothers didn't even think of marriage.

One day some people came to their village. They had a beautiful maiden. The two brothers fell in love with her. What a curse! To love the same girl. After a while they asked her to choose which one of them she will accept as a husband. Tormented by thoughts, the young girl fled in the mountains in order to think it over and make a decision.

The love for this maiden made the brothers fight and hate one another, forgetting about their blood ties. They took out the daggers and fought for hours; however, nobody could win. They died because of the injuries in

the long grass of the forest. The news of their death reached our poor maiden that, overwhelmed by sadness and bitterness, chose to join them in the world of shadows. She threw herself off the mountain cliffs and in the place where her body fell, a waterfall with clear water appeared.

The water falls down so noisily that you can hear it from far away. It is called Urlătoarea (the Howler) and old people still believe that the sound of the water is in fact, the maiden's cry – the maiden who didn't know whom to offer her love. As for the two brothers, the legend says they turned into two mountains - Jepul Mare and Jepul Mic.



Cascada Urlătoarea

Spune povestea că odată, pe vremea când mai viețuiau pe aste tărâmurii uriași și zâne, undeva, în bătrânii munți ai Bucegilor, într-un sat ascuns în mijlocul codrilor trăia o văduvă cu ai săi doi băieți. Frații erau pădurari de nădejde, oameni de omenie și harnici precum nicăieri nu mai găseai. De voinicie și frumusețe nici că mai are rost să pomenim... Toate fetele din sat sau din cătunele alăturate mureau de dorul lor și încercau să îi prindă în mreje pentru a le lua de soațe dar Gemenii nici gând de însurătoare.



Până într-o zi, când în satul lor, veniră nu se știe de unde, niște venetici. Și aveau românii aceia o fată de o frumusețe fără seamăn.. Frații se îndrăgostiră pe dată de Fecioară. Ce blestem... amândoi să iubească aceeași fată. După un timp, îi cerură fetei să aleagă care dintre ei îi va fi soț... Fecioarei îi erau tare dragi amândoi dar nu putea să spună pe care îl iubește mai mult... Frământată de gânduri și teamă, fata fugi în munte, să stea acolo și să cugete bine. Soarta neagră însă nu avea răbdare cu cei doi frați.

Din prea multă dragoste pentru fată, ei se învrăjbiră tare între ei, iubirea frățească de altădată fiind schimbată acum cu o ură fără de margini. Își scoaseră pumnalele și se luptară ore bune, dându-și lovituri grele. Izbânda nu fu a niciunuia. Muriră sleiți de răni grele, îngenunchiați în iarba deasă a codrului. Vestea morții lor ajunse repede și la fecioară. Măcinată de amar și cu spectrul morților deasupra ei, Fecioara alese și ea să meargă în lumea umbrelor. Se aruncă de pe munte iar în locul în care căzu, apăru dintr-o dată o cascadă cu apă rece și limpede mereu asemeni cristalului.

Apa se prăbușește cu mare zgomot de i se aude sunetul de la mare depărtare. I se spune acum Urlătoarea și bătrânii încă mai cred că zgomotul apei este plânsul fetei ce nu a știut cui să dăruiască iubirea. Cât despre frații prăpădiți înainte de vreme.. mai spune legenda Bucegilor că ei s-ar fi transformat în doi munți, pe care astăzi îi cunoaștem ca Jepul Mare și Jepul Mic.



The Legend of Water

A long time ago, there was a fountain with magic water. The people treated their diseases and wounds with that magic water.

A young man, by the name of Robert, wanted to drink from the fountain even if he wasn't sick and grew two meters tall. When he returned home, his parents became worried and called a witch to find him an antidote. When she heard what happened she told them that the antidote is made with three magical waters from three different kingdoms.

Robert went in search of the three kingdoms, hoping to find those magical waters.

In the first kingdom he had to fight with a dragon so he could take the magic water.

In the second kingdom the water was protected by a beautiful and strong ice unicorn. Robert told the unicorn why he needed that water and the unicorn understood his problem, allowing him to get the water he needed.

In the third kingdom the water was protected by a beautiful girl with blue eyes, called Mara. Robert really liked Mara so much that he took her home with him with the magical water that he needed. When they got home, the witch made Robert's antidote. He drank the antidote and recovered in an instant. Mara was overjoyed when she saw that Robert returned to his normal size.



The two got married and had a big wedding near the magic water fountain.



Legenda Apei

Cu mult timp în urmă, era o fântână cu apă fermecată. Oamenii foloseau această apă pentru a-și trata bolile și rănille.



Un tânăr, pe nume Robert, a vrut să bea din fântână chiar dacă nu era bolnav și se înălță cu doi metri. Când se întoarse acasă, părinții îngrijorați au chemat o vrăjitoare pentru a desface vraja. Când auzi ce se întâmplase, aceasta le-a spus că antidotul este făcut din trei ape fermecate din trei regate diferite.

Robert porni în căutarea celor trei regate, sperând să găsească apa fermecată.

În primul regat a trebuit să se lupte cu un balaur pentru a putea lua apa.

În al doilea regat apa era protejată de un unicorn puternic, de gheață. Robert i-a spus unicornului motivul pentru care dorea apa, iar acesta, înțelegând problema, îi promise să ia apa de care avea nevoie.

În al treilea regat apa era în grija unei fete frumoase cu ochi albaștri, Maia. Lui Robert i-a plăcut mult Maia atât de mult încât s-a întors acasă și cu apa și cu frumoasa fecioară. A băut antidotul făcut de vrăjitoare și a revenit la dimensiunea inițială. Cei doi tineri s-au cununat, nunta având loc lângă fântâna cu apă fermecată.





Pic!

Hello! I'm Pic! A drop of water. Although I am colorless, odorless and tasteless, I am the most important on Earth. Without me, no life can live. People, animals and plants need me to survive.

I can transform myself throughout my life into many states of aggregation. I can be in solid, liquid or gaseous form, and thus I can travel all over the world and my life is very exciting.

I can be a river, I can be the sea, the ocean, I can be rain, I can be ice, and I am glad that I can be useful for any reason.

Yasmina-Yanisa Ilie



Apa

*Apa albastra,
 Apa lina,
 Pura si cristalina,
 Din izvoare luata,
 Si de noi consumata.*

*Apa inodora,
 Apa incolora,
 Tu curgi de la izvoare
 Si uzi totul in cale.*

*Apa vie,
 Tu ne dai viata,
 Ne hidratezi
 Si ne dai speranta*

Water

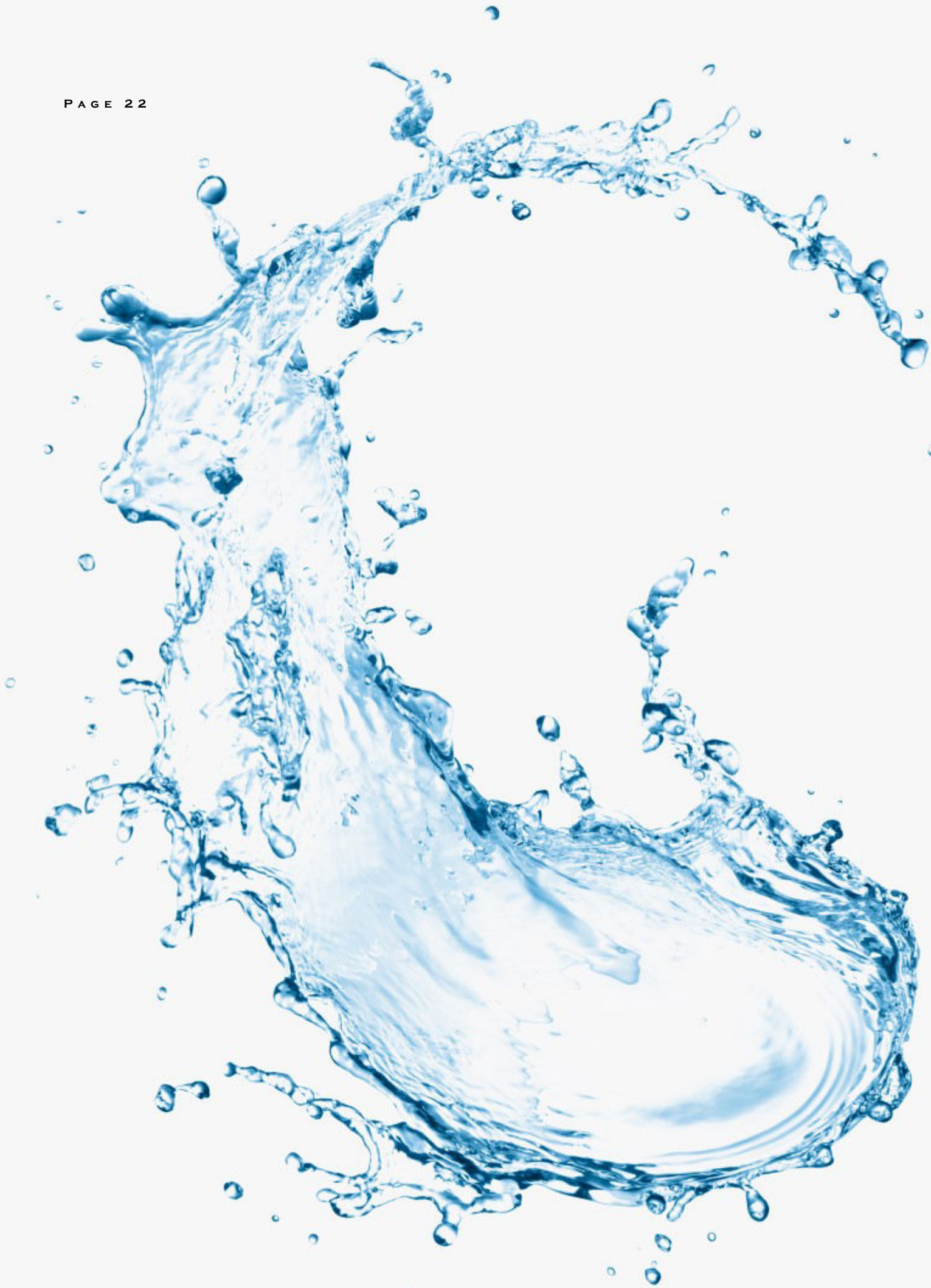
*Blue water,
 Slow water,
 Pure and crystal clear,
 Taken from streams
 By us.*

*Water without taste,
 Water without colour,
 You flow from your streams
 Wetting everything on your way.*

*You are alive
 Giving us life,
 Giving us moisture,
 Giving us hope.*

Olguța Câmpeanu





A large, dynamic splash of clear blue water forms a circular frame around the central text. The water droplets and splashes are captured in mid-air, creating a sense of movement and freshness. The background is white, making the blue water stand out.

Polish myths and legends





Water is dripping

Water drips drip ... drip ... drip ...

Does water change the world?

With each drop, the flowers grow and the greenery of the shrubbush

Water drips drip ... drip ... drip ...

The Polish Vistula flows into the world Is it the water that makes me sail on holidays?

Water drips drip ... drip ... drip ...

It is surrounded by the underwater world so immerse yourself in a fantasy world

Water drips drip ... drip ... drip ...

People drink it with taste. Can each of us survive without water?

Water drips drip ... drip ... drip ... protects the earth and the animal world so let's take care of her so that she can protect the world.

woda kapie

woda kapie kap... kap... kap...

czy to woda zmienia świat?

Z każdą kroplą, kwiaty rosną i zielenią krzewu krzak

woda kapie kap... kap... kap...

Wisłą polską płynie w świat

Czy to woda powoduje że w wakacje żeglują

woda kapie kap... kap... kap...

otacza ją podwodny świat

więc zanurz się w fantazji świat

woda kapie kap... kap... kap...

ludzie piją ją w smak

Czy bez wody może przetrwać każdy z nas?

woda kapie kap... kap... kap...

chroni ziemię i zwierząt świat

więc zadbajmy o nią szczerze, aby mogła chronić świat





Waterfall

There was a waterfall in a mountain park. Beautiful vegetation grew in its vicinity and rare animal species lived there. People from all over the country came to admire it. One spring, the waterfall started to get bigger and bigger. A lot of snow lying in the higher parts of the mountains melted and more water was flowing into the waterfall than usual. The park was in danger of being flooded. People and animals visiting the park were in danger. The director of the park announced that the place had to be closed down by the time. When the water level dropped. A group of naturalists came up with an idea to build a dam that would reduce the flow of water entering the waterfall. They also created a small lake at the foot of the waterfall. The construction took a year, and when it was finished, people could come to the park again to see the waterfall. In the summer people could swim in the lake and kayak. The naturalists who built the dam and the reservoir became advisors to the park director. To commemorate these events, this place was called the Water Park.

Wodospad

W pewnym górskim parku znajdował się wodospad. W jego sąsiedztwie rosła piękna roślinność i mieszkaly tam rzadkie gatunki zwierząt. Ludzie z całego kraju przyjeżdżali, żeby go podziwiać. Pewnej wiosny wodospad zaczął robić się coraz większy i większy. Roztopiło się wtedy dużo śniegu leżącego w wyższych partiach gór i do wodospadu napływało więcej wody niż zwykle. Parkowi zagrażało zalanie. Odwiedzający park ludzie i zwierzęta byli w niebezpieczeństwie. Dyrektor parku ogłosił, że miejsce to trzeba zamknąć do czasu. Gdy poziom wody opadnie. Grupa przyrodników wpadła na pomysł, żeby zbudować tamę, która będzie zmniejszała dopływ wody wpływającej do wodospadu. Stworzono też małe jezioro u stóp wodospadu. Budowa trwała rok, a kiedy się skończyła, ludzie mogli znowu przychodzić do parku, by oglądać wodospad. Latem ludzie mogli kąpać się w jeziorze i pływać na kajakach. Przyrodnicy, którzy zbudowali tamę i zbiornik zostali doradcami dyrektora parku. Na pamiątkę tych wydarzeń miejsce to nazwano Parkiem Wody.





Water as a source of life

Water is a symbol of life and one of the elements, alongside fire, air and earth. According to the Greek philosopher Miles of Tales, water is the beginning of everything. It is a symbol of life, rebirth and renewal.

In ancient times, water was one of the greatest boons of nature. Therefore, in many stories we come across the image of a dragon or snake guarding water.

In the Aboriginal myths from Australia, where water was of great importance to gold, there appear figures of Rainbow Snakes guarding the water.

In Greek myths there are many snakes and dragons guarding water sources. The Theban dragon devoured everyone who came near it. It was defeated only by the heroic Cadmus, the founder of Thebes. Apollo defeated Phytion in Delphi.

In the legends of Indian water springs, the Nagas, half-god creatures with a human face and a snake body, guard the water. They also guard the hidden treasures.

Cadmus was the husband of Harmony and one of the five sons of King Agenon. His father sent him and his brothers into the world in search of a sister of Europe, kidnapped by Zeus. His father forbade them to return until they found a sister. But the search didn't work, So the brothers settled in Greece.

So Cadmus founded Cadmus, later Teby. He had a source of fresh water there, but before that he had to kill the dragon that guarded it. After killing the dragon, Athena advised him to sow the dragon's teeth, from which an army of warriors grew up.

The cadmium of all the warriors set against itself. Of the five surviving warriors, the later aristocracy of Thebes came from.





Woda jako źródło życia

Woda jest symbolem życia i jednym z żywiołów, obok ognia, powietrza i ziemi. Według greckiego filozofa, Mileasa z Talesu woda stanowi prapoczątek wszystkiego. Jest symbolem życia, odrodzenia i odnowienia.

W dawnych czasach woda była jednym z największych dobrodziejstw natury. Dlatego w wielu opowieściach napotykamy wizerunek smoka albo węża strzegącego wody.

W aborygeńskich mitach z Australii, gdzie woda była na wagę złota, pojawiają się postacie Tęczowych Węzów strzegących wód.

W mitach greckich wiele jest węży i smoków strzegących źródła wody. Smok tebański pożerał każdego, kto się zbliżył. Pokonał go dopiero bohaterski Kadmos, założyciel Teb. Apollo zaś pokonał Phytona w Delfach.

W legendach indyjskich źródła wód strzegą Nagowie, półboskie stwory z ludzkim obliczem i węzowym ciałem. One również pilnują ukrytych skarbów.

Kadmos był mężem Harmonii oraz jednym z pięciu synów króla Agenona. Jego ojciec wysłał jego i jego braci w świat w poszukiwaniu siostry Europy, porwanej przez Zeusa. Ojciec zabronił im powrotu, dopóki nie znajdą siostry. Poszukiwania jednak nie dawały rezultatów. Bracia więc osiedlili się w Grecji.

Kadmos założył więc Kadmeę, późniejsze Teby. Miał tam źródło świeżej wody, ale wcześniej musiał zabić smoka, który jej strzegł. Po zabiciu smoka Atena poradziła mu, aby zasiał zęby smoka, z których wyrosła armia wojowników.

Kadmos wszystkich wojowników ustawił przeciwko sobie. Z pięciu wojowników, którzy przeżyli, wywodziła się późniejsza arystokracja miasta Teb.





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The official version of the myth says that water came into being when Nanrabut, the god of life, wandered through savannahs, steppes, tundra. On the savannah, his belly was torn apart by sharp thorns of bushes. From his guts, various animals were formed, scattered all over the world: from butterflies and beetles, to dogs, horses, rhinos, to whales and coughs. In the steppes of his bones broken by hard sticks, tropical fruits were formed: pineapples, bananas, maracas, mangoes, pitays, rambutans, durians, lychees. Wandering through the tundra, his frozen veins and skin burst, and water was born of blood. All the previously dry and unsealed areas of the earth began to germinate; from the dry shell all the creatures that needed this water began to grow: beautiful trees, grasses, reeds, algae, fields. The animals had a chance to survive; they could draw water from lakes and rivers flowing out of the soil and eat fruit from trees. The era of aquatic animals began, seas and oceans were created. The rains fertilized all the world's soils. Thanks to the battle of Jura and Yakup, the gods of evolution, man was created who began to use the soil for agriculture, transport and consumption.

This is how all the waters on earth were created, whether underground, surface or floating above us, the rain clouds. From the shivers that flooded the farmers' pits, rivers were created, and from the underground water leaking into the holes in the soil - lakes and ponds.





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The legend of the origin of the Sea Baltical

Some of you may have ever wondered where the Baltic Sea came from. It all started a long time ago, even your great-great-grandmother was dead then, but returning to this story, as I said, it was a long time ago. During one warm summer day, two friends who would do anything for themselves (called Weronika and Dominika), were a bit like inseparable parrots. They were walking around the suburbs of Łódź (a Polish city), when suddenly their mothers (living together because they were friends) called them for dinner and during dinner announced that they were going to aunt Weronika's house. The girls were not very happy because their aunt was a freak and a witch in the whole area. The town where the crazy Matilda lived (this is how Aunt Veronica was called) was located in the lowlands close to today's Hel, in areas today flooded by the sea. Dominika had a very badly burnt tongue, so she did not like the crazy Matilda, who did not like criticism. One night Dominika persuaded Veronica to take her aunt's book and read these "spells" because she wanted to laugh at the weirdo, and only Veronica knew where to look for the book. Unfortunately, the girl yielded to the request of her friend and when Dominika got the book, she said two words and suddenly it rained heavy rain. The girls ran to their aunt, who turned Dominika into a cod out of anger. Veronica begged her aunt for mercy for her friend, but she could not do it because the book with reverse spells flooded. My aunt turned all people into water creatures and removed them from the city and squeezed the book under her arm, then cast a teleportation spell on her to Hel and turned herself into a jellyfish. Despairing, Veronica began to look for a spell to fix it. She cried for a long time at today's waterfront, her salty tears spread across the water thanks to the wind. Suddenly, she came up with an idea to teleport herself to the Baltic Sea and turn into a salmon. When the downpour subsided the whole lowland was flooded with water, and Veronique found a friend and family and lived well. After some time the inhabitants of Hel (and even the whole of Poland) forgot about the matter. The moral of this story is that sometimes it is not worth listening to a friend and saying no to her. For Weronika and Dominika it ended relatively well, but not always so lucky.



Legenda o powstaniu morza Bałtyck Iego

Pewnie niektórzy z was kiedyś się zastanawiali skąd się wzięło morze Bałtyckie. Wszystko się zaczęło bardzo dawno temu, nawet twoja praprababcia wtedy nie żyła, ale wracając do tej historii, jak już mówiłam to było dawno temu. Podczas pewnego ciepłego letniego dnia dwie przyjaciółki, które zrobiły by dla siebie wszystko (nazywały się Weronika i Dominika), były trochę jak papużki nierozłączki. Szły sobie przedmieściami Łodzi (polskiego miasta), gdy nagle ich matkę (mieszkającą razem, ponieważ były przyjaciółkami) zawołały je na obiad i podczas obiadu oznajmiły, że wybierają się do ciotki Weroniki. Dziewczynki nie były zbyt zadowolone, ponieważ ich ciotka była według całej okolicy dziwaczką i wiedźmą. Miasto w którym mieszkała szalona Matylda (tak nazywano ciotkę Weroniki) leżało na nizinie blisko dzisiejszego Helu leżało na terenach dzisiaj zalanych morzem. Dominika miała bardzo nie wyparzony język, dlatego nie przypadła do gustu szalonej Matyldzie, która nie lubiła krytyki. Pewnej nocy Dominika namówiła Weronikę, by wzięła książkę ciotki i poczytały te „zaklęcia”, bo chciała się pośmiać z dziwaczki, a tylko Weronika wiedziała gdzie szukać książki. Niestety dziewczyna uległa prośbie przyjaciółki i gdy Dominika dostała książkę wypowiedziała dwa słowa i nagle zaczął padać ulewny deszcz. Dziewczyny pobiegły do ciotki, która ze złości zamieniła Dominikę w dorsza. Weronika błagała ciotkę o litość dla swej przyjaciółki, lecz nie było rady, ponieważ książkę z zaklęciami odwrotnymi zalało. Ciotka pozamieniała wszystkich ludzi w wodne stworzenia i usunęła z miasta i wcisnęła siostrzenicy księgę pod pachę, potem rzuciła na nią zaklęcie teleportacji do Helu, a siebie zamieniła w meduzę. Zrozpaczona Weronika zaczęła szukać jakiegoś zaklęcia, które to naprawi. Długo płakała przy dzisiejszym brzegu wody, jej słone łzy rozprzestrzeniły się po wodzie dzięki wiatrowi. Nagle wpadła na pomysł przeteleportowała się nad Bałtyk i zamieniła się w łososia. Gdy ulewa ustąpiła cała nizina była zalana wodą, a Weronika odnalazła przyjaciółkę i rodzinę i żyli dobrze. Po pewnym czasie mieszkańcy Helu (a nawet całej Polski) zapomnieli o sprawie. Morałem z tej historii jest o, że czasami nie warto słuchać przyjaciółki i jej odmówić. Dla Weroniki i Dominiki to skończyło się w miarę dobrze, ale nie zawsze ma się tyle szczęścia.





The legend of Water

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Legenda o wodzie



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The legend of whispering water

Long, long ago, when there were still unicorns, gingerbread houses, elves, fairies and many other magical creatures in the world, an ordinary boy, Eric, lived. One day, when he seemed to be the next boring day in his village (Erik lived in a village behind three lakes and eight forests, so he didn't know magic existed), he decided to go on a trip. He packed a few sandwiches, some water and a baseball cap just in case. Of course, he didn't intend to go alone, so he went with his friend, Poly. Unfortunately, these were times when Poly and Erik were seen as a future marriage from their childhood, but they promised themselves that they would be friends and would prevent it somehow. After taking their friends away from home, they set off enthusiastically to look for fruit and animals in the forest.

They walked like this, and they walked until they lost track of time. The sun was setting and they did not know where they were. They were reminded of all the horrible stories they had heard until they were asleep. Their parents told them not to leave the village after dark, because evil and other monsters were lurking there. They always thought they were just fairy tales, but now, under the influence of horror, from an ordinary sorcerer on a hill that scared children, they imagined the killer...

- What time is it, Eric? - asked the devastated Poly.

- I'd like to know, Poly, oh, I'd like to... - answered Erik, close to crying.

Despite the fear that Eric felt, he pretended not to be moved. He wanted Poly to feel safe.

- Where are we? - The girl asked the question again.

- I have no idea, probably far from home, but don't worry, we'll manage. - He comforted the boy with his last enthusiasm for enthusiasm.

They walked about 600 metres and suddenly... salvation!

- Eric. Look! - Poly screamed.

The thirsty, hungry and frozen boy lifted his head and saw the spring of water. The children ran up to him and decided to get some liquid.

- Finally! - sighed Poly, a happy Poly.

- Yes... - confirmed Erik, full of fear.

Suddenly Eric heard some strange voice whispering: "Go straight ahead, towards magic..."

- Magic...? - the boy thought out loud.

- Did you say anything? - The girl asked.

- No, no, no," Erik reflexively lied.

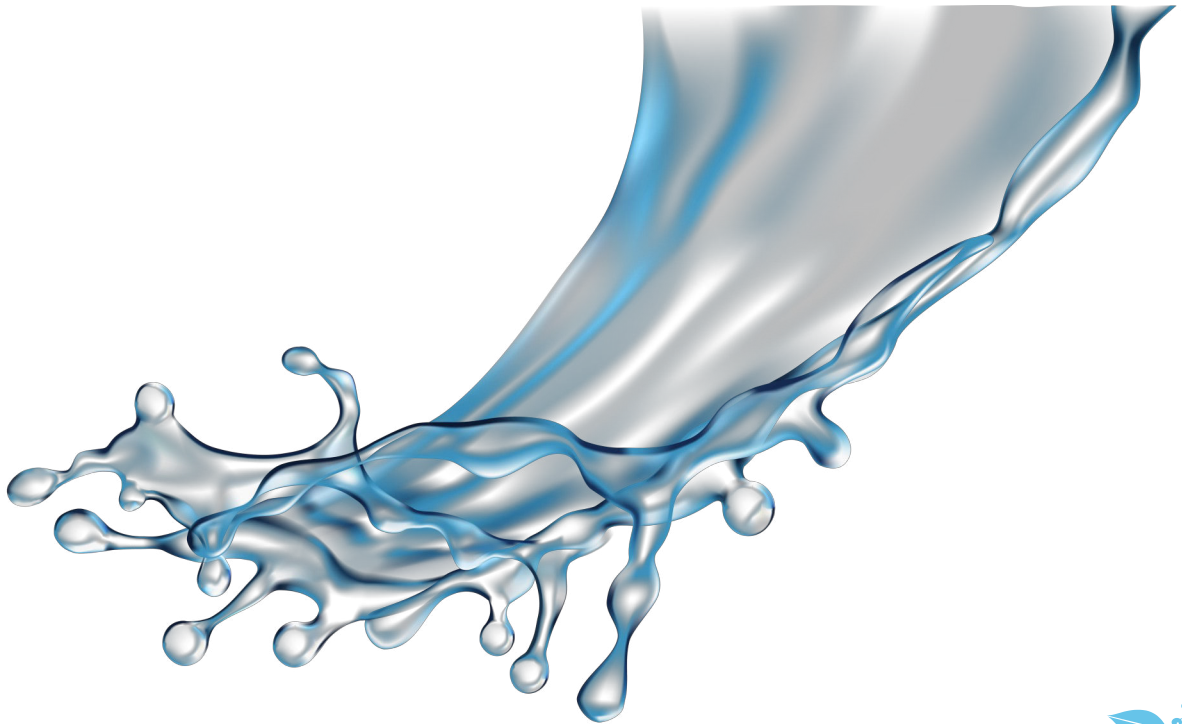


- *What is it now?* - *an irritated boy answered.*

They saw the water again, but now Eric thought he would give his head for not having been here before... After a few steps away from the spring, the children saw a plaque with the inscription "Land of the Five Kings". Undoubtedly, they entered the area they didn't know. They reached the river with the signature "Wisła". Poly, happy to see the water, headed towards it. At that moment Eryk started to connect the facts. In the distance he saw... he wasn't sure if it was... A horse? Troll? A bird? Surely it's something magical. Then he understood. The voice that called him from the beginning didn't have good intentions, he just wanted to lure them here and put them to sleep. Then he saw Poly bending down to get water with his eyes closed. Suddenly, looking at her, he saw hands that had already reached into her face. Eric's reaction was ill-considered, because he only managed to say: "Poly... ską...". He was supposed to say "Jump!" but his voice froze in his chest. The creature under the water pulled the girl by her hair and she fell into the water.

Three days later the whole village was looking for children. Unfortunately, they were not found. Poly drowned, but Eric? To this day we do not know where he was or where he is.

There was a legend circulating in the village that they were waiting for someone who would get lost in the woods. The name Poland comes from the last words of Erik. Some people still believe that Erik lives and wanders in the forest looking for a home. His lamentation and calls can be heard from time to time when the wind is blowing. His wailing is actually a boy's crying.





Legenda o szepczącej wodzie

Dawno, dawno temu, kiedy na świecie istniały jeszcze jednorożce, domki z piernika, elfy, wróżki i wiele innych magicznych stworzeń żył zwykły chłopiec, Eryk. Pewnego dnia, kiedy zdawał się być następnym, nudnym dniem w jego wiosce (Eryk żył w wiosce za trzema jeziorami i ośmioma lasami, przez co nie wiedziało istnieniu magii), postanowił wybrać się na wycieczkę. Spakował kilka kanapek, trochę wody i czapkę z daszkiem na wszelki wypadek. Oczywiście nie zamierzał wybrać się sam, więc poszedł ze swoją przyjaciółką, Polą. Niestety były to takie czasy, że już od dzieciństwa Pola i Eryk byli widziani jako przyszłe małżeństwo, ale obiecali sobie, że będą się przyjaźnić i jakosć temu zapobiegna. Po zabraniu przyjaciółki z domu wyruszyli pełni entuzjazmu w las szukać owoców i zwierząt.

Szli tak i szli, aż sami stracili poczucie czasu. Słońce zachodziło, a oni nie wiedzieli, gdzie są. Przypomniły im się te wszystkie straszne opowieści, których słuchali do snu. Rodzice mówili im, by po zmierzchu nie wychodzili z wioski, bo tam czyha na nich zło i inne potwory. Zawsze myśleli, że to tylko bajki, ale teraz pod wpływem przerażenia, że zwykłego czarownika na wzgórzu, który straszył dzieci, wyobrazili sobie zabójcę...

- Która godzina, Eryku? – zapytała zdruzgotana Pola.

- Chciałbym to wiedzieć, Pola, oj chciałbym... - odpowiedział bliski płaczu Eryk.

Mimo strachu, który czuł Eryk, udawał niewzruszonego. Chciał, by Pola czuła się bezpiecznie.

- Gdzie jesteśmy? – ponownie zadała pytanie dziewczynka.

- Nie mam pojęcia, pewnie daleko od domu, ale nie martw się, damy radę. – pocieszył ostatnim zapałem entuzjazmu chłopiec.

Przeszli tak około 600 metrów, aż tu nagle... zbawienie!

- Eryk, Patrz! – krzyknęła Pola.

Spragniony, głodny i zmarznięty chłopiec podniósł głowę i ujrzał źródło wody. Dzieci podbiegły do niego i postanowiły zaczerpnąć trochę płynu.

- W końcu! – westchnęła uradowana Pola.

- Tak... - potwierdził pełen obaw Eryk.

Nagle Eryk usłyszał jakiś dziwny głos szepczący: „Idź prosto, w stronę magii...”.

- Magii...? – pomyślał na głos chłopiec.

- Mówiłeś coś? – spytała dziewczynka.

- Nie, nie – skłamał odruchowo Eryk.



- Eryk, zobacz! – krzyknęła Poly z entuzjazmem.

- Co znowu? – odparł poirytowany chłopiec.

Znowu zobaczyli wodę, jednak teraz Eryk pomyślał, że dałby głowę za to, że tu wcześniej tego nie było... Po odejściu parę kroków od źródła dzieci dostrzegły tabliczkę z napisem „KRAJINA PIĘCIU KRÓLI”. Niepewnie wkroczyli na teren, którego nie znali. Doszli do rzeki z podpisem „Wisła”. Poly, szczęśliwa na widok wody, kierowała się w jej stronę. Eryk w tej chwili zaczął łączyć fakty. W oddali zobaczył... nie był pewny czy to... Koń? Troll? Ptak? Z pewnością to coś magicznego. Wtedy zrozumiał. Głos, który go wołał od początku nie miał dobrych zamiarów, chciał jedynie ich tu zwabić i uspić czujność. Wtedy ujrzał Poly schylającą się po wodę z zamkniętymi oczami. Nagle, przyglądając się, zobaczył ręce, które już sięgały do jej twarzy. Reakcja Eryka była nieprzemysłana, albowiem zdążył on powiedzieć tylko: „Poly... ską..”. Miał powiedzieć „Skacz!”, ale głos zamarł mu w piersi. Kreatura spod wody szarpnęła dziewczynkę za włosy, a ona wpadła do wody.

Trzy dni później cała wioska szukała dzieci. Niestety, nie znaleziono ich. Poly utonęła, lecz Eryk? Do dziś nie wiadomo, gdzie był i gdzie jest.

Po wiosce zaczęła krążyć legenda, że w lasach czyhają na kogoś, kto zabłądzi. Nazwa Polska pochodzi właśnie od ostatnich słów Eryka. Niektórzy nadal wierzą, że Eryk żyje i błąka się w lesie poszukując domu. Jego lament i nawoływania słychać co jakiś czas, gdy wieje wiatr. Jego zawodzenie to tak naprawdę płacz chłopca.





"The Story of Earth, Water, Nature and Fire."

It was winter, Christmas Eve to be exact. The old family (Earth, Water, Nature and Fire) wanted to meet. Every time she met, she would party. Each time she met on a different continent. Recently she was in Antarctica, and a year earlier she decided to go to North America. The place was always chosen by the Earth, because it was she who knew best about it. This time, however, instead of giving the name of the continent, where they are to meet, she gave the country. It was Russia.

As you know, Russia is divided into two parts. One is entirely on the European side and the other is mostly on the Asian side, but it also takes up a piece of Europe.

Unfortunately, the Earth did not notice the error and wrote letters without the exact place of their meeting. She gave them to her colleague Wind, who delivered them to Water, Nature and Fire. The sender was referring to a smaller part of Russia in Europe.

Unfortunately, half of the family went to Asia. Fortunately, there was one day left before Christmas Eve. Earth immediately informed its friends (family) about the mistake and sincerely apologized. She changed the place of the meeting to Poland and after a while waited on the spot. After the rest arrived at the agreed place, they finally had a moment to rest and eat a warm meal. After a hard day full of travel they decided to go to sleep because they were very tired. Only the next day they intended to party.

When they got up, they were ready to play until the evening. They started jumping, screaming and running. Through these games the world started to shake, especially Poland. Suddenly the ground broke, the wind blew and it rained from the sky. It lasted for a very long time. None of the family noticed what was going on and continued to have fun. They started dancing, spinning and making pirouettes. At some point they felt that they couldn't move. It turned out that they had joined together!!!! They started to get nervous, sad and screaming. When they calmed down, they noticed that they had created a river through their scouts. After a while, with great difficulty and effort, they were able to separate. After a long and tiring conversation they decided to call the river Vistula. The first letter is to remind about the time when the event took place, means on Christmas Eve.



„Opowieść o Ziemi, Wodzie, Naturze i Ogniu”



Była zima, a dokładnie Wigilia. Dawnarodzina (Ziemia, Woda, Natura i Ogień) chciała się spotkać. Zawsze, gdy się spotykała balowała. Za każdym razem spotykała się na innym kontynencie. Ostatnio była na Antarktydzie, a jeszcze rok wcześniej postanowiła pojechać do Północnej Ameryki. Miejsce zawsze wybierała Ziemia, bo to właśnie ona znała się na tym najlepiej. Tym razem jednak zamiast podać nazwy kontynentu, gdzie mają się spotkać podała kraj. Była to Rosja.

Jak wiecie Rosja jest podzielona na dwie części. Jedna jest całkowicie po stronie Europy, a druga jest w większości po stronie Azji, lecz zajmuje też kawałek Europy.

Niestety Ziemia nie zauważyła błędu i napisała listy bez dokładnego miejsca ich spotkania. Przekazała je swojemu koledze Wiatrowi, który dostarczył je do Wody, Natury i Ognia. Nadawcy chodziło o mniejszą część Rosji w Europie.

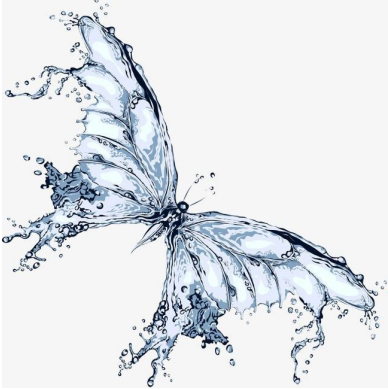
Niestety połowa rodziny pojechała do Azji. Na szczęście do Wigilii został jeden dzień. Ziemia natychmiast poinformowała przyjaciół (rodzinę) o błędzie i szczerze przeprosiła. Zmieniła miejsce spotkania na Polskę i po chwili czekała na miejscu. Po dotarciu reszty na umówione miejsce w końcu mieli chwilę, aby odpocząć i zjeść ciepły posiłek. Po ciężkim dniu pełnym podróży postanowili pójść spać, gdyż byli bardzo zmęczeni. Dopiero następnego dnia zamierzali balować.

Kiedy już wstali od razu byli gotowi bawić się do wieczora. Zaczęli skakać, krzyczeć i biegać. Przez te ich zabawy świat zaczął się trząść, a w szczególności Polskę. Nagle ziemia pękła, wiatr zawiał, a z nieba zaczął padać deszcz. Trwało to bardzo długo. Nikt z rodziny nie zauważył co się dzieje i dalej się bawili. Zaczęli tańczyć, wirować i robić piruety. W pewnym momencie poczuli, że nie mogą się poruszać. Okazało się, że się połączyli!!! Zaczęli się denerwować, smucić i krzyczeć. Kiedy już się uspokoiли spostrzegli, że przez ich harce stworzyli rzekę. Po chwili z ogromnym trudem i wysiłkiem udało im się rozłączyć. Po długiej i męczącej rozmowie postanowili nazwać rzekę Wisłą. Pierwsza litera ma przypominać o czasie kiedy zdarzenie miało miejsce czyli w Wigilię.





The Legend of Water



According to legend, the reason for this order was supposed to be the fairy tale Droplet. It started like this ...

Once upon a time, during the reign of the king of Bubble, the underwater world of the Vistula river flourished. Trade, cultural and social life of underwater animals and plants developed. The number of new and beautiful houses was constantly increasing and the streets of the cities were full of tourists and residents. Despite the warnings of his advisors, King Bubble did not pay attention to the ever-growing colourful mountains of rubbish. At first he believed that colourful objects were gifts from people. He ordered strong fish to push bottles and boxes under the window of his castle. He wanted to look at them every day. All his subordinates and especially his right hand "Droplet" warned the careless king that the water world would turn into a rubbish dump. Then the king came to the window to think about the problem for a while. He could not believe his eyes! The view from the window surprised him a lot. It wasn't the same image of his kingdom that he had seen during all the years of his reign. It was a great surprise to everyone when he immediately decided to remove all the rubbish. With one order, all creatures living in the water had to push the garbage out of the river. The cleansing was carried out by the fairy tale Droplet, who knew that this catastrophe might not have happened if she had been listened to by the king.

The king, who wanted to rule the city effectively from now on, had the inhabitants counted. To his surprise, it turned out that half of them died! Despite the losses, life was slowly returning to normal. Although the whole story was not very happy, King Bubble drew conclusions from it. He knew he couldn't let people clutter his beautiful world. Since then, no one has thrown a single unnecessary bottle into his river.

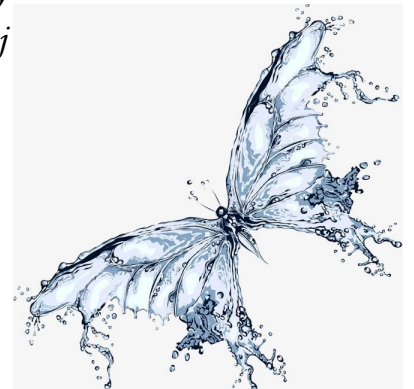


Legenda o wodzie

Jak wieść niesie, wody w rzekach Polski słyną z krystalicznej czystości. Według legendy, przyczyną owego porządku miała być wróżka Kropelka. Zaczęło się to tak...

Dawno, dawno temu za panowania króla Bąbla nastąpił duży rozkwit podwodnego świata rzeki Wisły. Rozwinął się handel, życie kulturalne i towarzyskie podwodnych zwierząt i roślin. Ciągłe przybywało nowych i pięknych domków a ulice miast roiły się od turystów i mieszkańców. Nic nie wskazywało na zbliżającą się nieuchronnie katastrofę ekologiczną. Król Bąbel mimo ostrzeżeń swoich doradców, nie zważał na wciąż powiększające się kolorowe góry śmieci. Na początku uważał, że różnobarwne przedmioty to prezenty od ludzi. Wydawał rozkaz, aby silne ryby spychały butelki i pudełka pod okno jego zamku. Chciał codziennie na nie patrzeć. Wszyscy jego podwładni a szczególnie jego prawa ręka "Kropelka" ostrzegali nieostrożnego króla, że świat wodny zamieni się w wysypisko śmieci. Wtedy król podszedł do okna, żeby pomyśleć chwilę nad problemem. Nie mógł uwierzyć własnym oczom! Widok z okna bardzo go zaskoczył. To nie był ten sam obraz jego królestwa, który wdział przez wszystkie lata swojego panowania. Było dla wszystkich wielkim zaskoczeniem, kiedy podjął natychmiastową decyzję o usunięciu wszystkich śmieci. Jednym rozkazem wszystkie istoty żyjące w wodzie musiały wypchnąć śmieci na brzeg rzeki. Oczyszczaniem zajęła się wróżka Kropelka, która wiedziała, że do tej katastrofy mogło nie dojść, gdyby została wcześniej posłuchana przez króla.

Król chcąc od tej pory efektywnie rządzić miastem, kazał przeliczyć mieszkańców. Ku jego zdziwieniu okazało się, że połowa z nich umarła! Mimo poniesionych strat, życie powoli wracało do normy. Chociaż cała ta historia nie była zbyt szczęśliwa, to król Bąbel wyciągnął z niej wnioski. Wiedział, że nie może pozwalać, aby ludzie zaśmiecali jego piękny świat. Od tamtej pory do jego rzeki już nie wrzucił nawet jednej niepotrzebnej butelki.





Mysterious Water

A happy couple lived in a quiet, charming village, in a small wooden house on an emerald lake. The woman's name was Anna and her wonderful husband Janusz. They both loved to travel and spend their time swimming on the calm water of the lake. On the wedding anniversary, the husband bought his beloved a beautiful boat. From that moment on, they went on a romantic ride on their favourite Polish lake every day. They spent whole evenings on the water talking about the past day. Every afternoon Anna spent at work and Janusz on fishing.

One morning, when the man was fishing, he suddenly heard a disturbing noise. From the blue surface of the lake a beautiful water nymph emerged and said:

- I forbid you to fish in my kingdom. When you catch them in the lake, they are missing. You disturb the harmony of nature!

Having heard this, the fisherman began to sing. His beautiful voice enchanted the nymph, who forgave him for his guilt. The sad man, after returning home, did not tell his wife about an unusual event. In the following days the nymph did not appear anymore, so happy Janusz thought she had forgotten everything. He was fishing further...

However, on a certain, cheerful Saturday, when he was swimming on the pond, he once again heard the mysterious hum of water. The man was terrified to death. He heard the familiar voice of the lord of the lake. This time it wasn't the same nice tone, the voice sounded disturbing and terrifying. The frightened fisherman started to withdraw to the shore. Unfortunately, the water did not give way, Janusz felt cold, unpleasant drops on his shoulders. The nymph dragged him into her underwater, dark kingdom and imprisoned him.

Anna waited until evening for her husband, but he did not return home. She waited until dawn but failed, then she decided to ask for help from the omniscient Wind. She went on a long, lonely journey through the wilderness to find the Wind, of which she had heard only in her grandmother's old stories when she was still a little girl. During her journey, she had moments of doubt as to whether the deity to which she wanders exists. Luckily, after three days of travel she found the magical, legendary gate in an old rotting oak tree. She knocked on the door... The old man's voice answered her:

- Please come in, Anna.

The scared woman distrusted, slowly opened the door. It turned out that the tree wasn't as small as it seemed from the outside. Inside there was a big table, on the right side there was a small bed and next to it a chest of drawers with a big lamp. There were many old maps and yellowed posters hanging on the walls. On the left side there was a tiny kitchen with a dining room. At the very end of the room there was a small door to a long, narrow corridor leading nowhere. As soon as the woman crossed the entrance, the old, all-knowing Wind announced:



Tajemnicza Woda

W spokojnej, urokliwej wsi, w małym drewnianym domku nad szmaragdowym jeziorem, żyła szczęśliwa para ludzi. Kobieta nazywała się Anna a jej cudowny mąż – Janusz. Oboje kochali podróżować i spędzać czas pływając po spokojnej wodzie jeziora. W rocznicę ślubu, małżonek kupił ukochanej piękną łódkę. Od tamtej pory codziennie udawali się na romantyczną przejażdżkę po ich ulubionym polskim jeziorze. Na wodzie spędzali całe wieczory, rozmawiając o minionym dniu. Każde popołudnie Anna spędzała w pracy a Janusz na łowieniu ryb.

Pewnego poranka, gdy mężczyzna wędkował, nagle usłyszał niepokojący szum. Z błękitnej tafli jeziora wyłoniła się piękna, wodna nimfa i powiedziała:

- Zabraniam Ci łowić ryby w moim królestwie. Gdy je łapiesz w jeziorze zaczyna ich brakować. Zakłócasz harmonię natury!

Usłyszawszy to, rybak zaczął śpiewać. Jego przepiękny głos zauroczył nimfę, która wybaczyła mu winy. Smutny mężczyzna po powrocie do domu nie opowiedział żonie o niecodziennym zdarzeniu. W kolejnych dniach nimfa nie pojawiała się już, więc szczęśliwy Janusz pomyślał, że zapomniała o wszystkim. Łowił ryby dalej...

Jednak w pewną, pogodną sobotę, gdy pływał po stawie po raz kolejny usłyszał tajemniczy szum wody. Mężczyzna przeraził się śmiertelnie. Usłyszał znajomy głos władczyni jeziora. Tym razem nie był to ten sam miły ton, głos brzmiał niepokojąco i przerażająco. Wystraszony rybak zaczął się wycofywać do brzegu. Niestety woda nie ustępowała, Janusz na ramionach poczuł zimne, nieprzyjemne krople. Nimfa wciągnęła go do swojego podwodnego, mrocznego królestwa i uwięziła.

Anna do wieczora czekała na męża, ale on nie powrócił do domu. Poczekała do świtu bez skutku, wtedy postanowiła poprosić o pomoc wszechwiedzący Wiatr. Udała się na długą, samotną wędrówkę przez dziki las aby odnaleźć Wiatr, o którym słyszała jedynie w starych opowieściach babci gdy była jeszcze małą dziewczynką. W trakcie wędrówki miała momenty zwątpienia, czy bóstwo, do którego wędruje istnieje. Na szczęście po trzech dniach podróży odnalazła magiczne, znane z legendy, wrota w starym spróchniałym dębie. Zapukała do drzwi... Odpowiedział jej głos starca:

- Proszę wejdź Anno.

Wystraszona kobieta nieufnie, powoli otworzyła przejście. Okazało się, że drzewo nie było tak małe, jak wydawało się z zewnątrz. W środku znajdował się duży stół, po prawej stronie stało małe łóżko a obok niego komoda z wielką lampą. Na ścianach wisiało mnóstwo starych map i pożółkłych plakatów. Po lewej stronie znajdowała się mała kuchnia z jadalnią. Na samym końcu pomieszczenia widoczne były małe drzwiczki do długiego, ciasnego korytarza prowadzącego donikąd. Gdy tylko kobieta przekroczył wejście stary, wszechwiedzący Wiatr oznajmił:





- I know why you came, Anna.
- I ask thee for the truth and the help of the air mage.
- Well, I will explain everything to you, but on one condition. I need a person who can help me in my duties. Do you decide to do this?
- Yes, I will do everything for the information on how I can save my husband.
- Okay," said the Wind, "it was like this...

After listening to the whole story, Anna became very sorry that her husband did not trust her and did not inform about the course of this strange, magical meeting. She was disappointed and angry...

- I was afraid that you would react in this way, but your anger would pass... in a while.... And now we will save your chosen one," said Wind.

Anna stayed overnight at the air mage's and the next day they went on a journey back to the marriage house. As soon as they reached the place, they got on a boat and sailed to the lake. Anna begged the nymph to release her beloved husband. When this did not work, as directed by the Wind, the woman began her sad song:

"nymph dear, nymph, I ask thee
Give my husband back to me... I want to cry.
I'm begging you, I'm begging you, and I'm begging you...

he's important to me - the most important ooo...
I will not shed my tears any more, you will not hear my cry.
PLEASE..."



When she finished her song, she heard the queen of the lake crying. The nymph said quietly:
- Your husband is dead and you will never meet him again. I'm sorry, but I thought you and your chosen one were bad people, that you were just thinking about yourselves.
and you're against nature, you're destroying it.... I was wrong....

Upon this news, Anna's heart broke and she herself was plunged into the grief and sorrow she was holding in her arms. They say that since then the spectre of a woman appears on one of the Polish lakes and sometimes, on a moonlit night, one can hear her crying and a sad song. It is said that she swings with reeds and tightens her sails, fulfilling her promise to the Wind...



- *Wiem po co przyszłaś Anno.*
 - *Proszę Cię o prawdę i pomoc szanowny magu powietrza.*
 - *Dobrze, wyjaśnię Ci wszystko, ale pod jednym warunkiem. Potrzebuję osobę, która pomagałaby mi w moich obowiązkach. Czy decydujesz się na to?*
 - *Tak, zrobię wszystko za informację, jak mogę ocalić męża.*
 - *Dobrze – rzekł Wiatr - było to tak...*
- Po wysłuchaniu całej historii, Annie zrobiło się bardzo przykro, że mąż nie zaufał jej i nie poinformował o przebiegu tego dziwnego, magicznego spotkania. Była rozczarowana i zła...*
- *Obawiałem się, że tak zareagujesz, ale twoja złość minie... za jakiś czas... A teraz ocalimy twój wybrankę – powiedział Wiatr.*

Anna przenocowała u maga powietrza, a następnego dnia razem wyruszyli w podróż powrotną do domku małżeństwa. Gdy tylko dotarli na miejsce, wsiedli do łódki i wypłynęli na jezioro. Anna zaczęła błagać nimfę o uwolnienie ukochanego męża. Gdy to nie poskutkowało, zgodnie z zaleceniem Wiatru, kobieta rozpoczęła swoją smutną pieśń:

*„Nimfo droga, nimfo proszę Cię
Oddaj mego męża tak bardzo płakać mi się chce
Błagam ja tak błagam i proszę ciebie ooo...*

*on jest dla mnie ważny- najważniejszy ooo...
nie uронię już mych łez nie usłyszysz mego płaczu.
PROSZĘ CIĘ”*



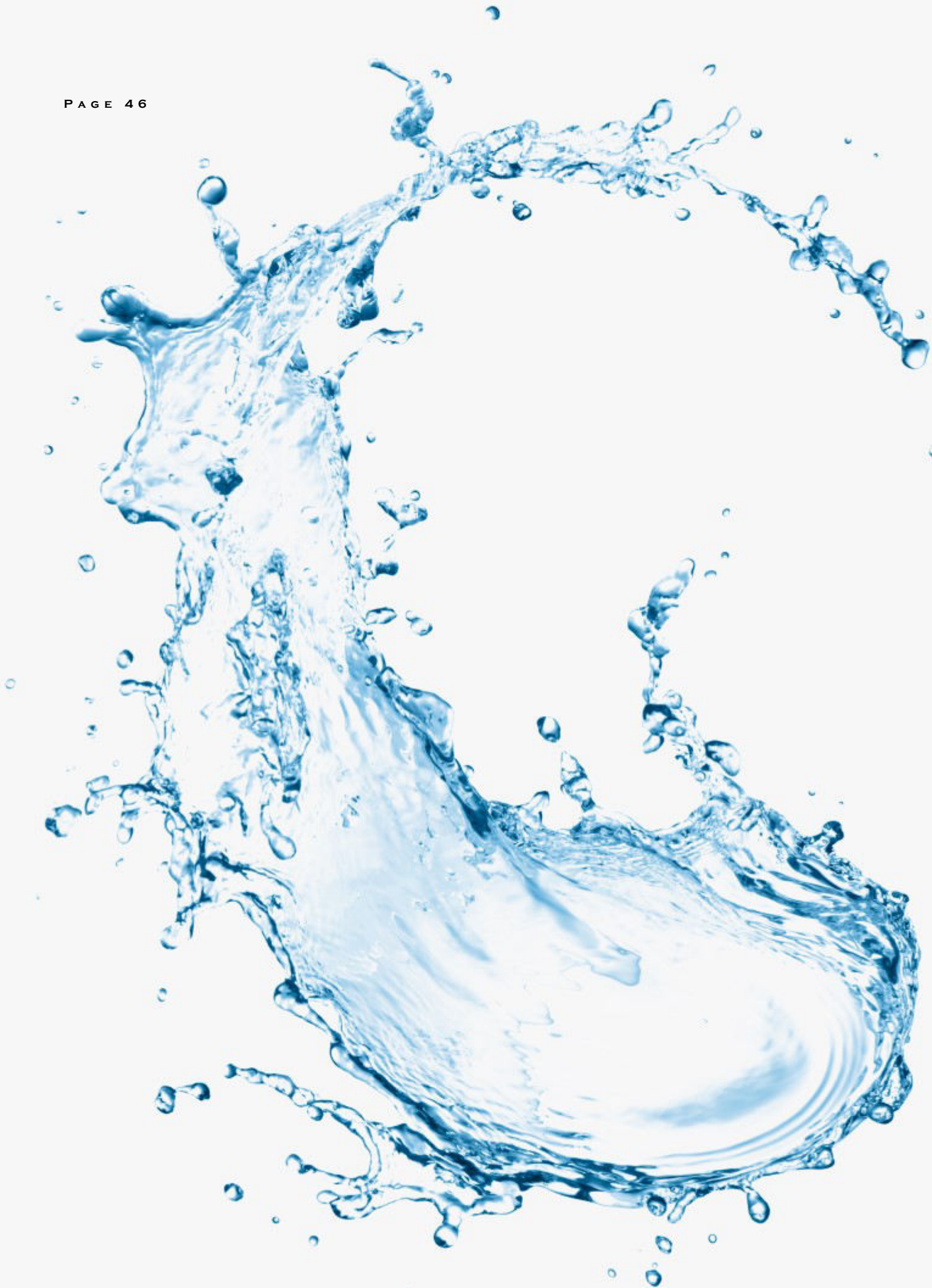
Gdy skończyła swoją pieśń usłyszała rzewny płacz królowej jeziora. Nimfa cicho powiedziała:

- Twój mąż nie żyje i już go nie spotkasz. Przepraszam cię, ale myślałam, że ty i twój wybranek jesteście złymi ludźmi, że myślicie tylko o sobie

i jesteście przeciwko naturze, niszczycie ją... Myślałam się...

Na tę wieść serce Anny pękło a ona sama pogrążyła się w nie utulonym żalu i smutku. Powiadają, że od tamtej pory widmo kobiety pojawia się nad jednym z polskich jezior i czasami, w księżycową noc, można usłyszeć jej płacz i smutną pieśń. Podobno łąksze trzcinami i napina żagle wypełniając obietnicę daną Wiatrowi...







Italian myths and legends





The mystery of the big lake

It was a dark and stormy night when a dragon with big wings and bright eyes appeared in the middle of Pescopagano wood. The fairies who lived there got scared and started crying so much that their tears formed a large water puddle. The dragon approached saying : " Don't be scared ! I am looking for a wet place where I can lay my eggs."

The fairies joined together to find a solution and decided to enlarge the water puddle. Finally they created a lake. One evening, a lightning flash struck it causing a great glow all over the lake and illuminated it.

When the glow disappeared, many dragons came out and moved towards the small town of Pescopagano, burning many houses and causing so much fear.

Suddenly Giano Bifronte, an Italian God with two faces and settled in a niche under an arch, appeared.

When Giano Bifronte arrived, the dragons began spitting out fire to him, but in vain.

After many hours, Giano Bifronte managed to bring them back to the lake where he built a dam to guarantee water and electricity to the village. The dragons disappeared in the same glow they had appeared in and from that day the lake was called " Sietta Lake".

The work was coordinated by the English teacher : A.F.Mungiello



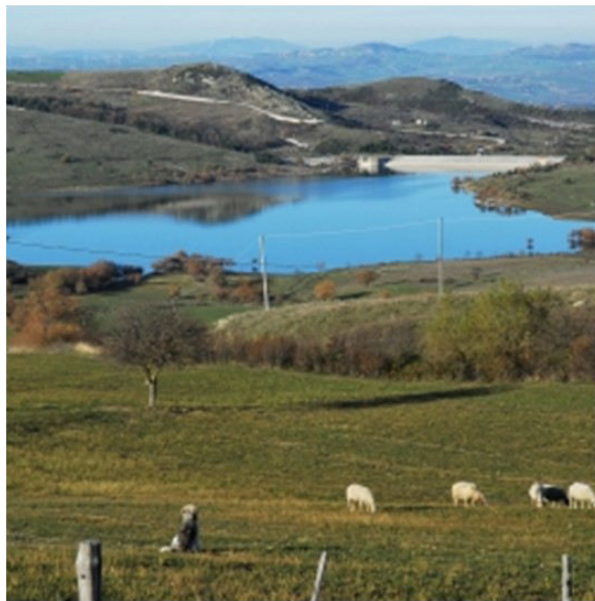
Giano Bifronte



Il mistero del grande lago

In una notte buia e tempestosa, al centro del bosco di Pescopagano, comparve un grosso drago con grandi ali e occhi lucenti. Le fatine che vivevano nel bosco si spaventarono e si misero a piangere, tanto da formare una grande pozza d'acqua. Il drago si avvicinò dicendo di non aver paura perché non avrebbe fatto loro del male: era in cerca di un posto umido per poter depositare le sue uova. Le fatine subito si riunirono per trovare una soluzione e decisero di ingrandire la pozza d'acqua: crearono così il lago. Una sera, su di esso, si abbattè una "saetta" e provocò un grandissimo bagliore che si propagò su tutto il lago, illuminandolo. Scomparso il bagliore, uscirono tanti draghi che si diressero verso il piccolo paese di Pescopagano e bruciarono molte case provocando tanta paura. All'improvviso comparve Giano Bifronte, una divinità italica la cui testa, con due facce, era posta in una nicchia sotto un arco. Al suo arrivo, i draghi iniziarono a sputare fuoco su di lui, ma invano. Giano Bifronte riuscì a riportarli di nuovo nel lago dove fece costruire una diga per garantire acqua ed elettricità al paesello. I draghi scomparvero nello stesso bagliore in cui erano apparsi e da quel giorno il lago venne chiamato "Lago Saetta".

Lavoro realizzato dagli alunni della classe prima : Capasso Marianna, De Vincenzo Miriam, De Vincenzo Noemi, Della Chiesa Donato e coordinato dalla docente di lingua italiana : Prof.ssa Francesca Ceci



Saetta Lake





Poseidone and the marine nymph

Once upon a time, on Petra Pagana mountain, there King Poseidon, also known as the Sea King and Guana Stream, lived.

He was a young man with long hair, with a half man and half fish body, a scaly dress and a long fish tail.

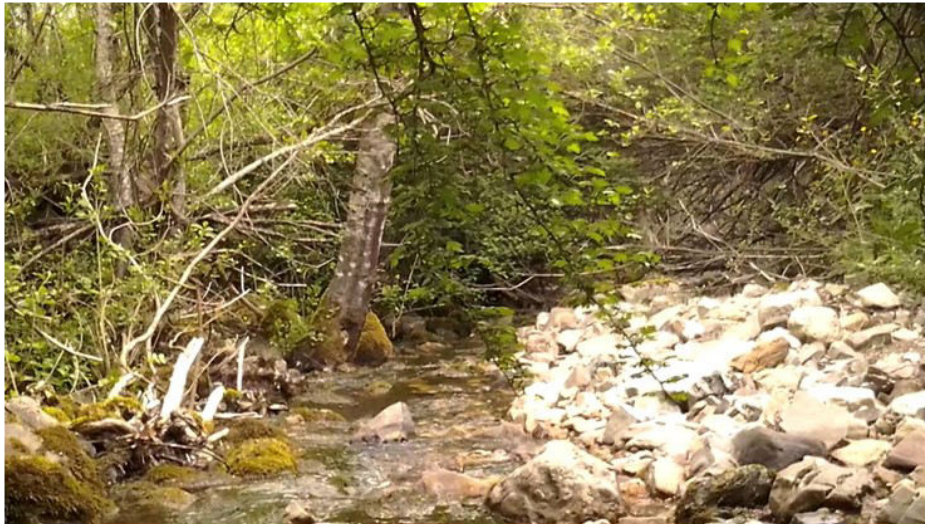
He was violent and cruel. He was really angry because people polluted his water so that he caused storms, hurricanes, winds that melted the mountain glaciers creating a large lake in the valley.

With his big tail, beating it to the right and left on the ground, caused strong earthquakes. The ground opened up creating some cracks including the one that gave life to Guana stream.

In the depths down there was a shell with a beautiful nymph. The nymph was really pretty. She had flowers in the hair and moving gracefully enchanting anyone who looked at her.

She wandered on the mountain dancing and singing in a melodious way. Poseidon was so surprised that fell in love and forgot everything. He went back to his temple and left Guana stream to the inhabitants who took care of it and every morning went there to drink water or do the laundry.

The work was coordinated by the English teacher : A.F.Mungiello



Guana stream

Poseidone e la ninfa marina

Sul monte Petra Pagana viveva Poseidone, il dio delle acque e del torrente Guana. Era un giovane dai capelli lunghi, dal corpo metà uomo e metà pesce, con un abito squamato e una lunga coda di pesce. Era violento e crudele.

Infuriato perché la gente inquinava le sue acque, scatenò temporali, uragani e venti che sciolsero i ghiacciai del monte, creando a valle un grande lago. Con la sua grande coda, sbattendola a destra e a sinistra sulla Terra, provocò forti terremoti: essa si aprì creando delle spaccature tra cui quella che ha dato vita al torrente Guana.

Nei suoi fondali vi era una conchiglia dove viveva una ninfa bellissima con la testa ornata di fiori e dalle movenze leggiadre che aveva il potere di folgorare chiunque la guardasse. Accennando passi di danza, vagando sul monte e cantando in modo melodioso, incantò Poseidone facendolo innamorare. L'ira del dio fu placata e si ritirò nel suo tempio, lasciando il torrente Guana alle cure degli abitanti del luogo.

Lavoro realizzato dagli alunni della classe prima : La Rocca Silvana, Martino Antonella, Mastrodomenico Antonio, Pace Pietro e coordinato dalla docente di lingua italiana : Prof.ssa Francesca Ceci



Pescopagano view



Poseidon, the King of Ficocchia

In ancient times the waters of the Ficocchia stream were clear and clean thanks to the gifts that Poseidon God had given them.

These waters were so bright like diamonds. Frogs and small tadpoles skipped from side to side, dragonflies laid gracefully on its water flying with their transparent wings. Every year, in August, families gathered on the banks of the stream and spent some days outdoors having picnics and enjoyed hopping on stones. Unfortunately Ficocchia was no longer respected by people so Poseidon decided to avenge. One night he appeared to a child in a dream and scolded him for the mess they had left during his birthday party on the banks of the stream.

Poseidon told him: "If you do not clean up the banks of the stream, I will not leave you in peace!" The child was astonished but replied: "I will do what you want!". The next morning the child told his family about the dream and with them went to Ficocchia trying to clean it up but they couldn't manage. Poseidon asked to the animals that lived nearby if they could help him. The dragonfly, the frog and the small tadpole began cleaning it up. The stream started shining again and Poseidon reappeared on a large stone that was in the middle.

Ficocchia thanked him for all he had done: much more fish in its waters, new species of flowers along the banks and people more respectful to the environment in daily life. On the notes of the water noise all the animals cheered the stream with dances and songs!

The work was coordinated by the English teacher: A.F.Mungiello



Ficocchia



Poseidone, Re della Ficocchia

Anticamente le acque del torrente Ficocchia erano limpide e pulite grazie ai doni che il dio Poseidone aveva dato loro. Queste acque luccicavano e sembravano avere dei diamanti, le rane e i piccoli girini saltellavano di qua e di là, le libellule si posavano in modo elegante sull'acqua e svolazzavano con le loro ali trasparenti. Ogni anno, nel mese di agosto, le famiglie si riunivano sulla riva del torrente per trascorrere giornate all'aria aperta facendo picnic e saltellando sulle pietre. Purtroppo la Ficocchia non era più rispettata dalle persone e così Poseidone decise di vendicarsi: una notte apparve in sogno a un bambino e lo rimproverò del disordine che avevano lasciato durante la festa di compleanno sulle rive del torrente. Poseidone gli disse: "Se non pulite lungo le rive del torrente, non vi darò pace!". Il bambino rimase senza parole ma gli rispose che avrebbe eseguito i suoi ordini. La mattina successiva il bambino disse alla sua famiglia di aver sognato il dio dell'acqua che lo aveva rimproverato e costrinse i suoi a tornare alla Ficocchia per ripulirla altrimenti sarebbe stato vittima di una maledizione. Tutti insieme si recarono al torrente ma non riuscirono a completare la pulizia e così il dio comparve a tutti gli animali del fiume chiedendo loro di poterlo aiutare. Le libellule, le rane e i girini si misero a lavorare. Il torrente tornò a luccicare come prima e Poseidone ricomparve su una grande pietra che si trovava al centro. La Ficocchia lo ringraziò per tutto ciò che aveva fatto: ora i pesci sarebbero aumentati di numero, nuove specie di fiori sarebbero cresciute lungo le rive e le persone avrebbero rispettato l'ambiente. Sulle note del rumore dell'acqua tutti gli animali rallegrarono il torrente con danze e canti!

Lavoro realizzato dagli alunni della classe prima : De Sanctis Valentina, Di Rese Mariapia , Guarino Filomena Maura, Mucciacciuoli Simona e coordinato dalla docente di lingua italiana : Prof.ssa Francesca Ceci





The birth of life



Once upon a time there was no water on Earth: the rivers were only empty strips in the ground, the springs were dry, the wells were empty holes and the sea was a large desert.

On Earth there was no life as we know but only chemical elements : the most abundant were the hydrogen and oxygen that didn't get on well.

One day a God arrived and he wanted to conquer the Earth. The chemical elements tried to join creating explosive chemical reactions with the aim to defeat him, but they didn't succeed. So the God decided to punish them and forced

hydrogen and oxygen to live together for at least a month despite they hated each other.

The two elements started living together at hydrogen's. There oxygen discovered that hydrogen had a twin who decided to live with them. During the month the atoms found a balance, and understood they got along very well so decided to live together forever. Thus the first water molecule was born!

They had billions of children who formed beautiful and shining water drops. The water filled the whole Earth, the beds of the rivers, the wells, the springs and the desert was replaced by the sea. In this way life began: organisms, different type of plants, all size of animals and man appeared.

The Earth became lush and beautiful, and from that moment, it shined in the universe with its green and blue colors.

The work was coordinated by the English teacher : A.F.Mungiello





La nascita della vita



Un tempo sulla Terra non c'era l'acqua: i fiumi erano solo strisce vuote nel terreno, le sorgenti erano aride, i pozzi erano semplici buchi e il mare era una distesa di deserto. Sulla Terra non c'era la vita come la conosciamo noi ma solo gli elementi chimici: i più abbondanti erano l'idrogeno e l'ossigeno che non andavano d'accordo. Un giorno arrivò un dio che voleva conquistare la Terra: gli elementi chimici cercarono di unirsi creando reazioni chimiche esplosive per sconfiggerlo, ma non ci riuscirono. Fu così che quel dio li punì e costrinse idrogeno e ossigeno a vivere insieme per almeno un mese nonostante si odiassero. I due cominciarono la loro convivenza forzata e andarono a casa di idrogeno dove ossigeno scoprì che idrogeno aveva un gemello che decise di unirsi a loro per non vivere da solo. Durante tutto il mese gli atomi trovarono un equilibrio, capirono che stavano molto bene insieme e decisero di non separarsi mai più. Fu così che nacque la prima molecola d'acqua! Ebbero miliardi di figli che formarono gocce d'acqua bellissime e lucenti. L'acqua riempì tutta la Terra, i letti dei fiumi, i pozzi, le sorgenti e quella distesa di deserto che ora era sostituita dal mare. In questo modo cominciò la vita: comparvero organismi, piante di ogni tipo, animali di ogni dimensione e l'uomo. La Terra diventò rigogliosa e bellissima e, da quel momento, brillò nell'universo con i suoi colori verde e blu.

Lavoro realizzato dagli alunni della classe seconda : Lotano Angelo Pio, Masi Vincenzo, Mauriello Donato, Petoia Elena e coordinato dalla docente di lingua italiana : Prof.ssa Francesca Ceci





The Ficocchia stream and its magical meetings

The Ficocchia stream is located in Pescopagano, a small town in Lucania. The stream has small waterfalls and one of it is popular for a legend. A long time ago there was a girl named Agnese who every day went with her grandmother and the other ladies of the village to wash clothes.

One day her grandmother fell ill and Agnese had to go alone. While washing, she saw some bubbles coming out of the middle of the stream and heard a melodious voice whispering her name. At first she was afraid, but later she saw a light and then a siren appeared in front of her. She told: "Express a desire and I will satisfy you! But remember. . . . don't inform anybody about me except your grandmother".

The girl back home and told her grandmother what happened to her. The next day Agnese and her grandmother went to the stream but they didn't see the siren. The grandmother scolded the girl for telling her a lie and wasting her time so she left Agnese alone on the bank of the stream.

After a while the siren appeared and Agnese asked: "Where were you before?". The siren answered: "I appear only when you are alone so I can satisfy your desire". The girl expressed her wish and the siren explained how to reach the desire cave. When she arrived at the cave, she found a rabbit, took him in her arms and together went to the stream. Agnese asked the siren: "What do I have to do?". The siren replied: "Take care of the rabbit, it will be your luck!". Over time her wish realised: more food at home, her grandmother got better and she found a good job. She was so happy that she back to the stream to thank the siren but she couldn't find her. Agnese thought to write the rabbit's name on a stone and after that she threw it into the water just to thank the siren. Agnese understood she couldn't see the siren again. Looking at the stream told: "Good bye my dear, I hope you can help other people too".

The work was coordinated by the English teacher: A.F.Mungiello





Il torrente Ficocchia e i suoi magici incontri

Il torrente Ficocchia è situato nel territorio di Pescopagano, piccolo paese della Lucania. Lungo il corso delle sue acque, si trovano piccole cascate su cui si tramandano leggende e miti.

Tanto tempo fa c'era una ragazza di nome Agnese che tutti i giorni si recava con la nonna e le altre signore del paese a lavare i panni.

Un giorno la nonna si ammalò e Agnese dovette andare da sola. Mentre lavava, vide delle bolle che uscivano dal centro del torrente e udì una voce melodiosa che sussurrava il suo nome. All'inizio ebbe paura, ma dopo poco apparve davanti a lei una luce immensa da cui uscì una sirena che le offrì una opportunità: avrebbe esaudito un suo desiderio!

Agnese accettò la proposta ma non doveva rivelare a nessuno la sua presenza tranne a sua nonna. Affinché il desiderio si avverasse, la sirena diede ad Agnese le indicazioni per arrivare alla Grotta dei desideri.

La ragazza, tornata a casa, fece un minuzioso racconto di ciò che le era accaduto, la nonna le credette e il giorno successivo si recarono al torrente ma della sirena neanche l'ombra. La nonna rimproverò la ragazza di averle detto una bugia, di averle fatto perdere tempo e la lasciò sola sulla riva del torrente. Dopo poco la sirena apparve e Agnese le chiese perché non si fosse fatta vedere dalla nonna. La sirena le rispose che sarebbe apparsa solo in sua presenza e che avrebbe realizzato ogni suo desiderio. La fanciulla le chiese come avrebbe potuto aiutare economicamente in casa. La sirena le rispose che doveva recarsi nella Grotta dei desideri. Arrivata nel luogo indicato, trovò un coniglio, lo prese tra le braccia e insieme si recarono al torrente. Agnese domandò alla sirena cosa dovesse fare e le rispose che avrebbe dovuto prendersi cura di lui, poiché sarebbe stato il suo portafortuna.

Con il passare del tempo la situazione in casa migliorò: iniziò ad abbondare il cibo, la nonna si riprese e si respirava aria di felicità. La ragazza trovò un buon lavoro che le permise di provvedere alla nonna che fino ad allora si era occupata di lei.

Era così felice che si recò al torrente per ringraziare la sirena ma non la trovò. Decise di incidere su una pietra il nome del suo coniglio e la gettò in acqua in segno di gratitudine. Agnese aveva capito che non avrebbe mai più rivisto la sirena. Rivolse un saluto verso il torrente e disse: "Ti saluto, amica mia, e spero che tu possa aiutare altre persone bisognose come ero io prima di conoscere te!".

Lavoro realizzato dagli alunni della classe seconda : Freda Francesca, Lanza Maura, Mungiglio Francesco, Scioscia Nicola e coordinato dalla docente di lingua italiana : Prof.ssa Francesca Ceci





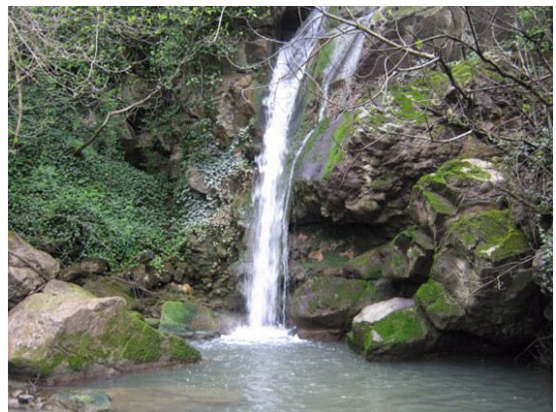
Love between the Ficocchia stream and the great “Masini” oak

In Pescopagano, a small town in Basilicata region, there is a beautiful stream, the Ficocchia, a tributary of the Ofanto river that flows into the lower part of the town. The waters run slowly from Pescopagano mountain. Its way is characterized by small waterfalls with its gray-green waters and there are also many pebbles and small tadpoles. When it is snowy and rains so much, the sound of the flood could be heard as far as the country houses of the Rose wood. At mid-course the stream is blocked by two large close rocks leaving a gap from where you can see a big trunk known as “Masini Oak”. It is a very big tree and its branches are like the octopus tentacles. The legend says that the oak was a very little tree, and over time thanks to Ficocchia waters it grew taller and bigger. It was so kind too. Every morning it welcomed the “water” that feed it and all the animals that were nearby. It was the greatest tree in the area and housed birds, squirrels, bees and other bugs too. The oak also famous as “the man of the wood” was so happy with so many guests. One night something happened. It was very dark, windy and stormy. The tree was really worried and also the animals that moved by it. The stream water flowed so hard that seemed to break the great trunk. The big oak tried to overcome, so it grabbed at the ground with its roots and lined up the rocks nearby. It was a very hard struggle. The next day the oak was still there with all its friends and the rocks were close like a wall that blocked the stream waters. Still today, in this place of Ficocchia stream you can see the rocks so close and the water is clean and quiet and is like a frame to the big “Masini” oak.

The work was coordinated by the English teacher : A.F.Mungiello



“Masini” oak



Ficocchia stream



L'amore tra il torrente Ficocchia e la grande quercia Masini

In un piccolo paese della Basilicata, Pescopagano, c'era un bel torrente, la Ficocchia, un affluente del fiume Ofanto che scorreva nella parte bassa dell'abitato. Le acque scendevano lentamente dall'altopiano di Pescopagano lungo un percorso caratterizzato da piccole cascate con le sue acque di color grigio-verde e dalla presenza di tanti ciottoli e piccoli girini. Quando nevicava e pioveva tanto, il rumore della piena si sentiva fino alle case di campagna del Bosco delle rose. A metà percorso questo torrente veniva sbarrato da due grandi rocce che si baciavano lasciando un varco da dove si intravedeva un grande tronco.

Sì, il grande tronco della Quercia Masini, albero che era un monumento della natura, dalla circonferenza enorme e con rami che sembravano i tentacoli di un polipo gigante. La gente del posto raccontava che per abbracciare il tronco ci volevano le braccia di oltre venti persone.

Si narra che era un piccolo albero che, grazie alla ricchezza delle acque di questo torrente che accarezzava le sue forti radici, divenne con gli anni una quercia maestosa. L'albero più cresceva e più diventava gentile. Ogni mattina salutava sorella acqua che ogni giorno lo nutriva, le rane e i piccoli pesci che gli facevano il solletico. Sempre più grandi, i suoi rami cominciarono a ospitare i nidi degli uccelli tra le sue foglie.

Era diventato il più grande albero della Ficocchia e si era trasformato nell'uomo del bosco, una creatura lignea con una grande anima. Amava parlare con gli uccelli e ascoltare le loro storie di volo.

Un giorno arrivarono degli scoiattoli che bussarono vicino al grande tronco e gli chiesero: "Sappiamo che sei buono e generoso, possiamo fare un buco alla punta dei tuoi piedi?". "Certo!", rispose l'uomo del bosco, "Io sono qui da anni e mi piace ospitare chi mi racconta la vita e cosa succede dall'altra sponda del torrente".

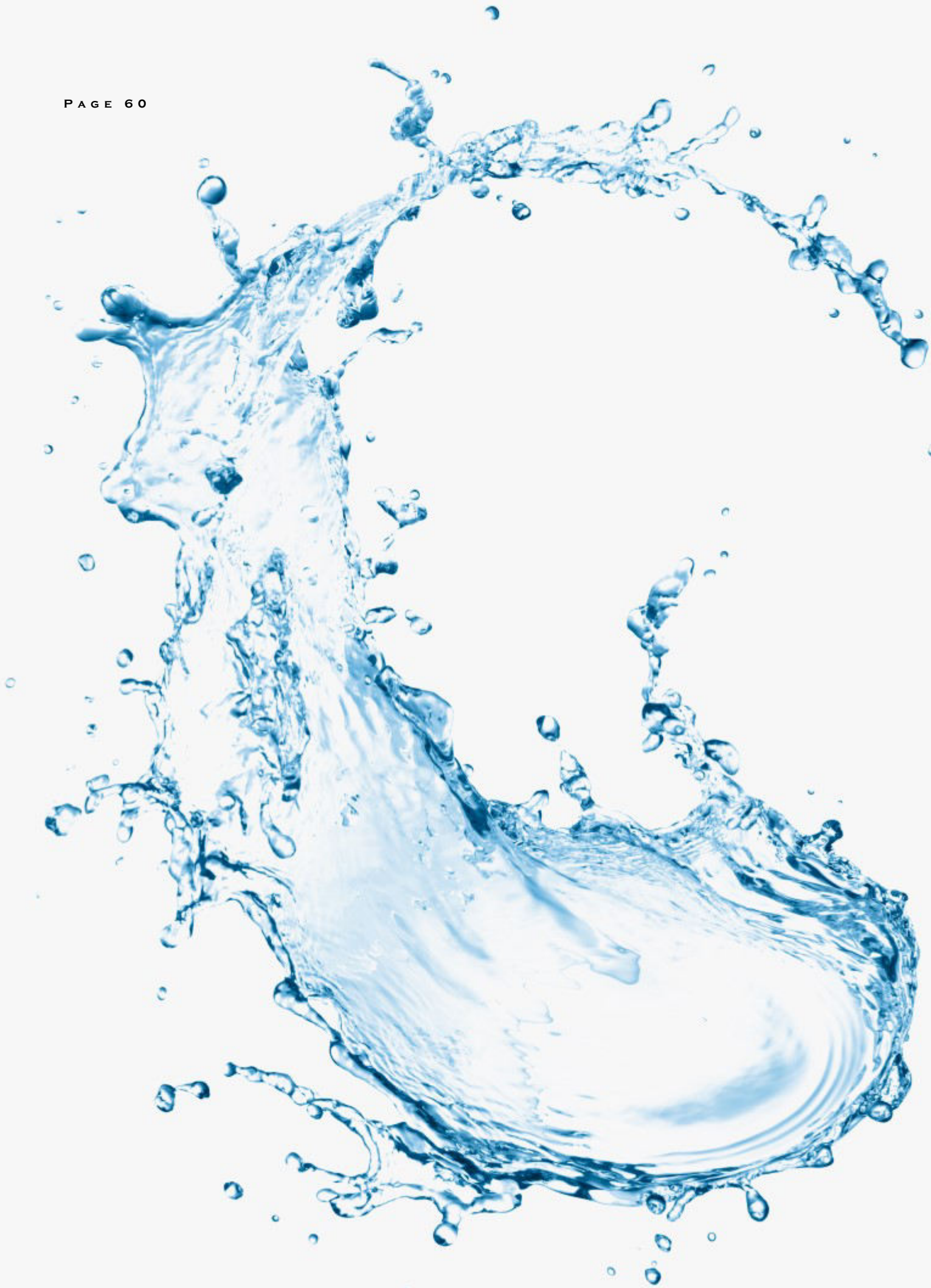
Dopo gli scoiattoli, la quercia accolse un alveare e tanti altri animali che trovarono riparo tra le pieghe del suo tronco ovvero le sue grandi gambe. Così l'uomo del bosco non era mai solo e con gli anni conosceva le storie e le abitudini di tutti i suoi amici. Le foglie del grande albero cominciarono a diventare sempre più gialle: stava arrivando l'inverno. Una notte il cielo si riempì di nubi nere e cominciò a soffiare un forte vento. L'acqua del torrente cominciò a salire, salire, salire. Il vento urlava con una voce forte e feroce e cominciò a sradicare tutto. La grande quercia si piegò su se stessa ma gli animali trovarono riparo ai piedi di questo grande uomo che sembrava stringerli tutti in un grande abbraccio.

Il vento soffiava sempre più forte, l'acqua del torrente sembrava piegare e spezzare il grande tronco ma la quercia decise di resistere e di non cadere: si aggrappò alla terra e con tutte le sue forze allineò le rocce. Fu una lotta dura. La mattina, quando tornò il sole, la quercia era ancora lì; gli animali tutti salvi e ai suoi piedi le due rocce si erano unite e avevano formato una grande parete che sbarrava il torrente.

Ancora oggi in quella parte della Ficocchia si trovano le due rocce unite, l'acqua è sempre limpida e calma e fa da cornice alla grande quercia Masini che, con i suoi 500 anni, è uno dei più grandi alberi d'Italia.

Lavoro realizzato dagli alunni della classe seconda : Di Marco Beatrice, Milano Ilenia, Mungigliello Fabiano, Racioppi Lorena, Scioscia Alessio e coordinato dalla docente di lingua italiana : Prof.ssa Francesca Ceci





A large, dynamic splash of clear blue water forms a circular frame around the text. The water is captured in mid-air, with many droplets and bubbles scattered throughout the scene, creating a sense of movement and freshness.

Irish myths and legends

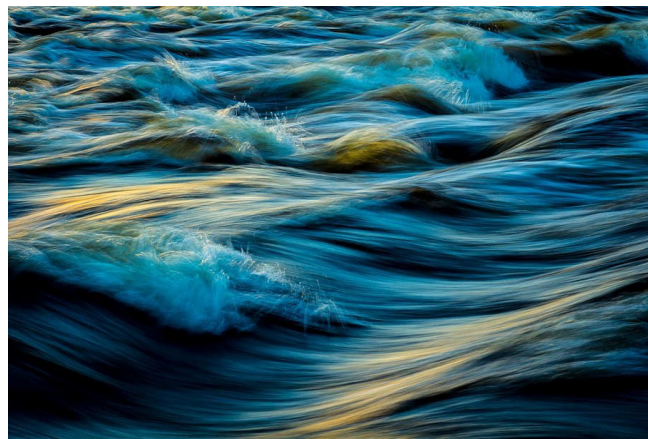




Irish Legend stories on the Theme of Water

It is generally accepted that in ancient times, our ancestors believed one could access the Otherworld via water. It's understandable; water's surface acts as a mirror to reflect the sky, mountains and trees all around them. Not only that, but the water could be quick to take life if one fell into it, offering the return of only of a body.

Where could the spirit have gone, if not into the otherworld?



The Legend of Lough Sheelin

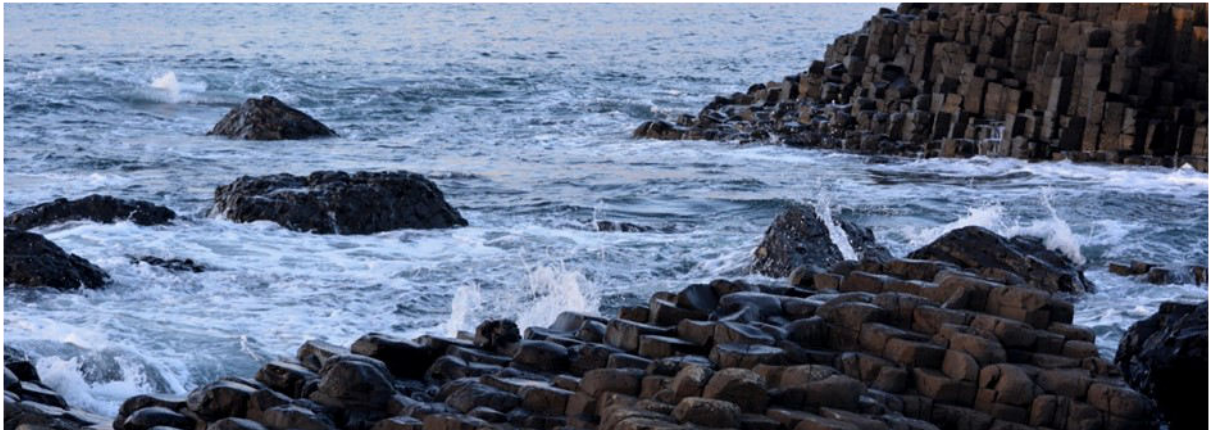
Lough Sheelin; it's about 6.5km long and 1.5km wide. Its name derives from the Irish Loch Síodh Linn, meaning 'Lake of the Fairy Pool' Local folklore claims it was not always so big. Originally, it was just a small spring, from which the fairy folk allowed the local villagers to collect drinking water, but the rule was that they must always replace the cover. One day, a careless villager forgot to do this, and the fairies were so angry, they caused the water to rise up, flooding the well and the nearby village, and thus forming the lake as we see it today.



The Legend of Finn Mac Cool & the Giant's Causeway

When humans first laid eyes on the Causeway, situated north-east of the town of Bushmills, they assumed it could only be the work of giants.

The naming of the giant as Finn McCool (or Finn Mac Cumhaill in Irish) seems to have started with the tales that were written down in the 1840s, but as with all the best stories, there are many versions told. Here is one...



Finn McCool was a giant who, for the most part, lived a quiet life on the Northern Irish coast.

But there were rivals, other giants, who perhaps to pre-empt a challenge from his Scottish neighbour, Benandonner, Finn laid down the gauntlet and then built the Giant's Causeway so they could meet and do battle.

However, on his way over to Scotland, Finn spied Benandonner in the distance and realised that his rival was much bigger, taller and stronger than he had first appeared from across the water.

Finn decided that he didn't want to fight Benandonner anymore and ran back home as fast as he could – so fast in fact that his boot came off on the shore!





Finn found his wife Oonagh (Una) at home and explained the terrible mistake that he had made.

Oonagh quickly devised a plan to dress Finn up as a baby and put him into Oisin's (their son) cot, covering him with a shawl.

Just then, there was a loud banging on the door! 'Where's Finn?' Benandonner demanded, 'I want to battle with him now!'

Oonagh timidly opened the door and said, 'Finn's out at the minute herding the cows. Why don't you come in and wait for him and I'll fix you a cup of tea?'

So Benandonner sat by the fire waiting for Finn to return and drank his tea growing more and more impatient as time passed by.

Suddenly, Benandonner heard a noise from the next room.

'Ha!' said Benandonner, 'He's hiding in there!'



Benandonner leapt to his feet, clenched his fists and pushed open the door to the room from where the noise came, expecting to find Finn.

Instead, Benandonner saw a giant baby in a cot!

Benandonner paused, looked to the baby and his mother several times and then his face went pale.

Benandonner gulped and then immediately ran out of the house and home across the causeway, tearing it out behind him to make sure that Finn wouldn't be able to find his way across.

The remaining part of the causeway still exists today in Scotland, on the Island of Staffa.





Oisín and Tír Na n-óg

Tír Na n-óg means the land of the young in our Irish language.

Long ago in Ireland lived a young man called Oisín . He was a handsome man and he also was the son of Finn, he was also the poet of the fianna. Oisín had silky red hair and sky blue eyes. Finn was very proud of his son.

One day Oisín, Finn and the fianna were having lunch together on the beach then they saw a young girl in the distance on a beautiful horse riding across the water. Oisín thought to himself ' I have seen this woman before.'



Then the young girl said " I AM NIAMH AND I HAVE COME TO ASK IF OISÍN MY TRUE LOVE WILL COME BACK WITH ME TO MY HOME IN TÍR NA NÓG? " By then, Oisín had fallen in love with Niamh too . Niamh continued to explain how good Tír Na Nog was.

Oisín then spoke about how he loved Niamh. After a long silence, Oisín announced that he wanted to go with Niamh to Tír na nÓg.

When all the goodbyes were over, they set off across the water. They were gliding across the water for hours.



Many years later, after a wonderful life, Oisín wanted to go back to see his friends and family. Niamh told him not to step on the ground and if he did he would grow old and die instantly.

When he got to Ireland he looked for his family but they were nowhere to be found as they had died many years before.

Then he saw struggling men, he decided to help these men.

He got off his horse and instantly he grew old.

Soon after he passed away and he didn't see Niamh or Tír na nÓg again.





Manannan Maclir- King of the Sea

*Manannan Maclir was also known as king of the sea.
In the myth he is said to own a boat named Wave Sweeper.
Some sources say he is named after the Isle of Man.
Manannan was guardian of the other world.
Manannan also had a daughter called Clíodhna.*





The salmon of knowledge

The salmon story figures prominently in the boyhood deeds of Fionn Mac Cumhaill. According to the story, an ordinary salmon ate nine hazelnuts that fell into the well of wisdom (an Tobar Sayais) from nine hazel trees that surrounded the well. By this act, the salmon gained all the world's knowledge. The first person to eat of its flesh would in turn gain this knowledge.



The poet Finn eces (or Finegas) spent seven years fishing at the river Boyne for this salmon. Finally Finn caught the salmon and gave the fish to Fionn, his servant and son of Cumhal, with instructions to cook it but no account to eat any of it.





Fionn cooked the salmon, turning it over and over, but when he touched the fish with his thumb to see if it was cooked, he burnt his finger on a drop of hot cooking fish fat, Fionn sucked his thumb to ease the pain. Little did he know that all the salmon's wisdom had been concentrated in that one drop of fish fat. When he brought the fish to Finn eces, when his master saw that Fionn's eyes shone with a previously wisdom of the salmon, Finn eces asked Fionn if had eaten any of the salmon, answering no the boy explained what happened. Finn eces realized that Fionn had received the wisdom of the salmon, so he gave him the rest of the salmon to eat. Fionn ate the salmon and in so doing gained all the knowledge of the world. For the rest of his life Fionn could draw upon this knowledge merely by biting his thumb. The deep knowledge and wisdom gained from the salmon, allowed Fionn to become the leader of the Fianna, the formed heroes of Irish myth.





Long ago in Ireland there lived a King named Lir. He lived with his wife and four children, and was very happy.

Lir's daughter was called Fionnuala. She was the eldest of the four children. Fionnuala's three brothers were called Aodh, Fiachra and Conn. They all lived in a beautiful castle in the middle of a forest. When his wife died, Lir was very sad. The children were very sad too. "My children need a mother," Lir said to himself. So he married again. His new wife was called Aoife.

Aoife was jealous of the children. She thought Lir loved his children more than he loved her. Aoife longed to get rid of them. Soon, she thought of a plan. One warm summer's day, she took Fionnuala and her brothers to swim in the lake near the castle. The children were delighted. Suddenly, Aoife took out a magic wand. Then the children were turned into swans! "What have you done to us?" cried Fionnuala. "You will be swans for nine hundred years!" laughed Aoife. "You will spend three hundred years here in Lough Derravaragh, three hundred years in the Sea of Moyle and the last three hundred years in Inish Glora until a Christian bell rings," Aoife said.





Soon Lir came along and saw four swans swimming towards him. Suddenly, one of the swans called his name! Fionnuala told her father what happened. The King was very angry so he turned his wife into a moth and she disappeared forever. Lir visited the children every day. They talked and sang to him, and were quite happy. Lir brought them food from the castle. He would often stay with them until sunset, and tell them new songs.





When Lir died, the children were very sad. They did not sing any more. They felt very lonely. After three hundred years in Lough Derravaragh, the swans flew to the Sea of Moyle. It was very cold there, and there were loads of huge waves and storms. They longed for the warm waters of Lough Derravaragh.

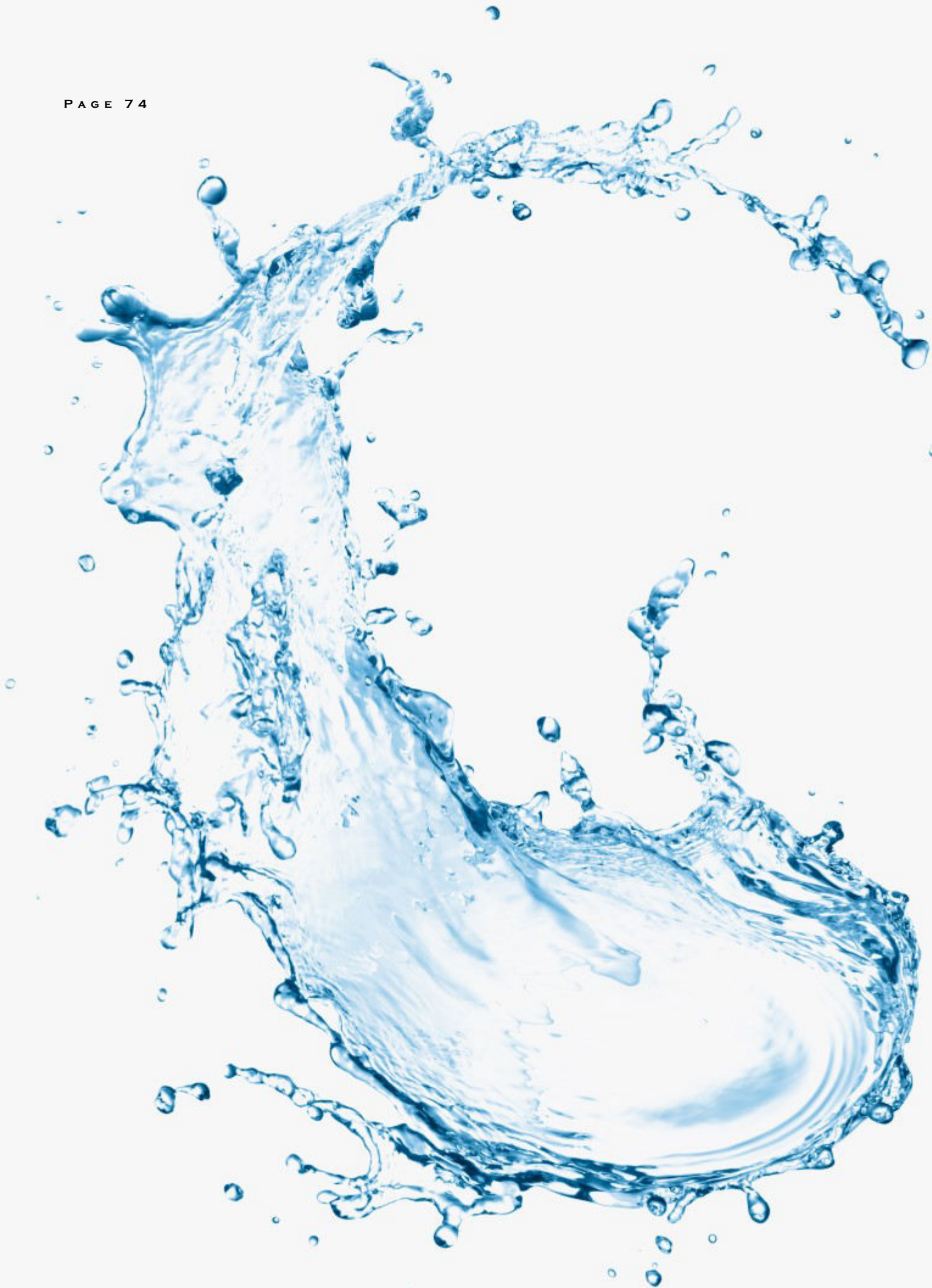
Fionnuala and her brothers spent three hundred years in the Sea of Moyle. Soon it was time for their final journey. When they reached Inish Glora, they were very tired. Early one morning, the swans heard the sound of a bell. They saw a man dressed in a long cloak. He was a monk who lived on an island. He was ringing a bell to call people to pray. The swans were excited at the sound of the bell. The terrible spell would soon be over. They swam over to the monk. "Is that a Christian bell?" asked Fionnuala. The monk was very surprised to hear a swan speak. Fionnuala told him their story. The monk listened to the sad story of the Children of Lir.

When Fionnuala had finished telling their story, the monk raised his hand to bless the swans. When the monk looked up, he saw a lovely young girl and three tall, handsome young men. The castle was still there, as beautiful as before. From then on, they lived happily. They played in the forest and swam in the lake, Fionnuala, Aodh, Fiachra and Conn, the Children of Lir.

The Myth of the Mermaids

In Ireland, it is said that mermaids have a unique jewel and if a man manages to keep the jewel, the mermaid will be forced to marry him. This will give a man a beautiful wife and great wealth, but if she recovers it she will leave husband and children and return to sea.







Greek myths and legends



The myth of immortality water and the mermaid

Version A



Once upon a time, when Alexander the Great was in India, his sister Kyna, who was with him there, had a plan to make Alexander immortal. She visited an old wise man and asked him where she can find the water of immortality because she wanted it for her beloved brother. It was the purpose of her life to never abandon the idea of Alexander's immortality.

The wise man was thinking for many hours until he opened his eyes and said to Kyna: "The water of immortality is in the big cave of fire. It is extremely dangerous and almost impossible to enter the cave and take water. The cave entrance is covered by a furious fire and no one could ever go through it alive"!

Kyna didn't hesitate a minute. She said to the wise man that she was ready to go even to the heartless Hades for Alexander and his immortality! She wasn't scared of dying for Alexander and she would be happy to risk her life for him.

The wise man gave some important information. The man, who would drink this water, should drink it only at the last minute of his life when all hope has been lost. If anyone drank it before that moment, then he would lose his life. Kyna thanked the great Asian wise man and rushed to the cave of fire.

Alexander the Great: An ancient Greek military commander famous to these days for his strategies and his military campaigns. By the age of thirty he had created one of the largest empires of the ancient world starting from Greece and stretching up to India.



Ο μύθος του αθάνατου νερού

1η Εκδοχή: Ο Αλέξανδρος και η Κύννα

Τον καιρό που ο Αλέξανδρος με τον στρατό του καθόταν και ξεκουραζόταν στην Ινδία, η αδελφή του, η Κύννα, σκέφτηκε να βάλει μπροστά ένα σχέδιο που είχε στο μυαλό από πολύ καιρό. Ήταν η ευκαιρία μεγάλη και δεν ήθελε να την χάσει, γιατί μπορεί να μην ξαναπαρουσιαζόταν. Πήγε λοιπόν σε έναν γέρο σοφό Ανατολίτη και του ζήτησε να της πει πού μπορεί να βρει το αθάνατο νερό και πώς να το χρησιμοποιήσει για να κάνει τον λατρεμένο της αδελφό αθάνατο. Είχε βάλει τάμα της ζωής της κάτι τέτοιο και δεν μπορούσε να εγκαταλείψει ποτέ της αυτή την ιδέα!

Ρώτησε λοιπόν τον σοφό μάντη και περίμενε με αγωνία την απάντησή του.

Εκείνος, αφού στοχαζόταν για ώρες πολλές, τελικά άνοιξε τα μάτια του και απάντησε στην Κύννα: «Το αθάνατο νερό βρίσκεται στο μεγάλο σπήλαιο της φωτιάς. Είναι όμως πολύ επικίνδυνο και σχεδόν αδύνατο να καταφέρει κάποιος να μπει εκεί μέσα και να βγάλει το νερό. Η σπηλιά καλύπτεται από φοβερή φωτιά και κανένας ποτέ δεν μπόρεσε να την περάσει ζωντανός»!...

Η Κύννα, χωρίς κανέναν δισταγμό, είπε στον γερο-σοφό ότι για χάρη του Αλεξάνδρου και προκειμένου εκείνος να αποκτούσε την αθανασία ήταν έτοιμη να κατέβει ακόμα και στον άσπλαχνο Άδη! Δεν φοβόταν να πεθάνει για τον Αλέξανδρο και θα διακινδύνευε με μεγάλη της χαρά τη ζωή της για εκείνον!

Ύστερα ο σοφός της είπε ότι το αθάνατο νερό θα έπρεπε κάποιος να το πιει ακριβώς την στιγμή που θα ήταν έτοιμος να πεθάνει και όταν πια είχε χαθεί κάθε ελπίδα. Αν τύχαινε να το πιει πιο πριν, τότε όχι μόνο δεν θα χρησίμευε να τον βοηθήσει, αλλά θα του στοίχιζε και τη ζωή! Η Κύννα ευχαρίστησε τον Ασιάτη μάντη και έσπευσε χωρίς να χάσει λεπτό για το μεγάλο σπήλαιο της φωτιάς, να πάει και να πάρει το πολυπόθητο αθάνατο νερό.

Μετά από αρκετές και κουραστικές μέρες, η Κύννα έφτασε επιτέλους μπροστά στο τρομακτικό σπήλαιο. Πράγματι ήταν εντελώς αδύνατο για κάποιον θνητό να καταφέρει να περάσει τις γιγαντιαίες φλόγες που σκέπαζαν την είσοδο του σπηλαίου και κατάκαιγαν τα πάντα.





When she arrived there, she saw this frightening cave. It was impossible for a mortal man to enter the cave, go through the gigantic flames covering the entrance and burning everything around it.

However, Kyna was not disappointed. Full of love for Alexander and being alert, she run through the flames so quickly, they didn't even touch her!

The cave was huge and deep. Kyna, as a true heroine, found the immortal water coming out of a wall and happily filled a bottle. She didn't lose a minute. She run through the fire and went back to her brother, who was ready to leave from India.

Kyna kept this great achievement as a secret. She was so happy that one day, when that day would come, she would give Alexander to drink this miraculous water.

Then Alexander got really ill. He was so close to death. No one could believe that this great, powerful, invincible, young man, Alexander the Great, the king of the world, was so weak as if he was an old man.

Kyna never left by her brother's side. He took care of him and tried to ease his pain and give him hope. But doctors could see that Alexander was getting worse day after day and death was very close. So, they said to Kyna that all hopes have been lost and soon he would die. They told her that the day Alexander would cross lake Acherousia was really close and then he would enter the world of the dead...

However, Kyna was not frustrated. She had a well kept secret, the water of immortality. She had kept the bottle in a safe place and when she realized that her brother would never be healthy again, she decided to put her plan in action.





Η Κύννα όμως δεν απογοητεύτηκε καθόλου: γεμάτη αγάπη για τον Αλέξανδρο και έχοντάς τον συνέχεια στο νου της, πέρασε τόσο γρήγορα ανάμεσα απ' τις φωτιές, που αυτές ούτε που την άγγιξαν!

Μέσα το σπήλαιο ήταν τεράστιο και βαθύ. Παρόλα αυτά η ηρωική Κύννα βρήκε τελικά το αθάνατο νερό που ανάβλυζε από έναν τοίχο και τρισευτυχισμένη γέμισε μια ολόκληρη φιάλη. Ύστερα δεν έχασε ούτε στιγμή: πέρασε πάλι σαν τον άνεμο την φλεγόμενη είσοδο της σπηλιάς και πήγε πίσω στον αδελφό της και το στράτευμα του, που ετοιμαζόταν πια να εγκαταλείψει την Ινδία.

Η Κύννα κράτησε μυστικό απ' όλους το μεγάλο της κατόρθωμα. Ήταν όμως πολύ ευχαριστημένη που μια μέρα, όποτε κι αν αυτή ερχόταν, θα έδινε στον Αλέξανδρο να πιει απ' το θαυματουργό νερό.

Όταν κάποτε ο Αλέξανδρος αρρώστησε βαριά από πυρετό και έπεσε κατάκοπος στο κρεβάτι, ήταν πλέον προ του θανάτου. Όλοι όσοι τον γνώριζαν από παλιά, δεν πίστευαν στα μάτια τους πώς αυτός ο νέος ακόμα άντρας, ο παντοδύναμος κάποτε και ανίκητος Αλέξανδρος, ο βασιλιάς του κόσμου, είχε μείνει έτσι αδύναμος, σαν να ήταν κάποιος γέροντας... Τον έριξαν κάτω οι κακουχίες του πολέμου και η υπερπροσπάθεια της κατάκτησης του κόσμου...

Η Κύννα ήταν συνεχώς στο πλευρό του αδελφού της και φρόντιζε γι' αυτόν, να απαλύνει τον πόνο του και να τον γεμίζει αδιάκοπα με ελπίδα. Όμως οι γιατροί έβλεπαν τον Αλέξανδρο να χειροτερεύει μέρα με την ημέρα και να πλησιάζει όλο και πιο πολύ προς τον θάνατο... Είπαν λοιπόν κάποια μέρα στην Κύννα ότι δεν υπήρχαν πια ελπίδες για να σωθεί ο αδελφός της και ότι σύντομα θα περνούσε την Αχερουσία λίμνη, για να μπει στον κόσμο των νεκρών...

Η Κύννα όμως δεν απογοητεύοταν: είχε καλά κρυμμένο το μυστικό της, που δεν ήταν άλλο απ' το αθάνατο νερό. Το είχε πάντοτε καλά φυλαγμένο και όταν πια είδε ότι η υγεία του αδελφού της δεν θα γινόταν ποτέ καλά, έβαλε μπροστά το σχέδιό της.





When Alexander was close to the moment of death, he asked Kyna to drink a glass of wine. She filled the glass with some wine and poured in the filter of immortality. But Alexander, even in this condition, realized that Kyna added something in the wine and he immediately understood that this was the immortality water. However, Alexander never wanted to mix his wine with water, even if this was the water of eternal life. He decided to trick his sister and asked her to go and get his soldiers so that they can drink together for one last time. Kyna immediately obeyed his order and Alexander had the chance to swap the glasses thinking that if this was actually the water of immortality, let his sister be immortal to remember him forever!

When Kyna returned to Alexander's tent, without suspecting anything, she raised her glass, proposed to her brother's health and drank all the wine. When she understood what really had happened, it was too late. Alexander drank his last glass of wine and laid back on his death bed. The last hour of his life had come...

This is the story of how Kyna became immortal. The legends says that she transformed into a mermaid travelling the seven seas of the world, asking every captain she meets "Is Alexander the King alive?". If he answers "Yes" she blesses him and wishes him a nice trip. If he answers "No", then as she is deep in sorrow, she troubles the water causing incredible storms that sink the ship...



Lake Acherousia: Ancient Greeks believed that when people died, they crossed this lake to enter the underworld of Hades, the king of the dead.



Όταν λοιπόν ο Αλέξανδρος έφτασε πια στο κατώφλι του θανάτου και ζήτησε απ' την Κόνα να του βάλει λίγο κρασί να πει, τότε εκείνη έριξε μέσα στο ποτήρι του λίγο από το φίλτρο της αθανασίας.



Ο Αλέξανδρος όμως, αν και μισοπεθαμένος, κατάλαβε ότι η Κόνα κάτι του έριξε μες στο κρασί του και αμέσως κατάλαβε ότι ήταν το αθάνατο νερό. Αυτός όμως δεν ήθελε να πει ποτέ του κρασί ανάμεικτο με νερό, έστω κι αν αυτό ήταν το νερό της αιώνιας ζωής!

Αποφάσισε λοιπόν να ξεγελάσει την αδελφή του, στέλνοντάς την έξω να φωνάξει τους στρατιώτες για να πιουν δήθεν όλοι μαζί. Η Κόνα τον υπάκουσε αμέσως και τότε αυτός άρπαξε την ευκαιρία: άλλαξε το ποτήρι του μ' εκείνο της αδελφής του, λέγοντας μέσα του πως αν ήταν αυτό πράγματι το αθάνατο νερό, τότε ας έμνε αθάνατη η Κόνα για να τον θυμάται παντοτινά!

Όταν η κοπέλα γύρισε στη σκηνή, ανυποψίαστη πήρε το ποτήρι με το φίλτρο της αθανασίας και το ήπια μονορούφι στην υγεία του Αλεξάνδρου. Όταν κατάλαβε τι είχε στην πραγματικότητα συμβεί ήταν πια πολύ αργά... Ο Αλέξανδρος, αφού ήπια το τελευταίο του κρασί, έπεσε κάτω ετοιμοθάνατος. Η τελευταία ώρα είχε πια έρθει...

Έμεινε έτσι η Κόνα αθάνατη... Και ο θρύλος την θέλει έπειτα να έχει μεταμορφωθεί σε γοργόνα και να τριγυρνάει στις θάλασσες του κόσμου, ρωτώντας τους καπετάνιους των πλοίων: «Ζει ο βασιλιάς Αλέξανδρος»; Και αν εκείνος απαντήσει: «Ναι», τότε του δίνει τις ευλογίες της για το καλό ταξίδι. Αν όμως της απαντήσει: «Όχι», τότε πνιγμένη απ' τη στενοχώρια ταράζεται και προκαλεί απίστευτες τρικυμίες στα πελάγη...

ΠΗΓΗ: <https://www.eiriniika.gr/article/109975/greek-mythos-i-istoria-toy-athanatoy-neroy-stin-arhaiotita-ti-pisteyan-oi-arhaioi>





The myth of immortality water and the mermaid

Version B

Once upon a time, after many adventures Alexander the Great found the water of immortality. Some wise men told him about this special water. When he reached the spring, he filled his golden flask with the immortality water. He gave some water to his horse and took the way back home. When he arrived at his palace, Alexander forgot to tell his sister about the content of his golden flask. Without noticing and knowing his sister took the flask and drank the water of immortality. He was furious and cursed his sister to become a fish from waist down. So, this woman-fish fell into the sea and has been living there since that day. This is the Mermaid, the sister of Alexander the Great. Every full moon, fishermen in East and West see the Mermaid and hear her singing. When a ship comes close to her, she chants with a sweet voice:

You, sailor, with the white sails

Traveller of the seas,

Tell me if my brother is still alive

“Is the Alexander the King alive?”

Alas to the captain or the sailor or anyone on the ship that answers that Alexander the King died!

The Mermaid, deep in sorrow but in great fury, troubles the water, raises the waves up to the sky, blows strong winds, tears the sails from top to bottom and breaks the oars. The seas fill with sailors and in the great storm the ship sinks and is lost in the sea.





Ο μύθος του αθάνατου νερού 2η Έκδοχή

Μια φορά και έναν καιρό, μετά από πολλές περιπέτειες ο Μέγας Αλέξανδρος βρήκε το αθάνατο νερό. Κάποιοι σοφοί άντρες του είπαν για αυτό το ιδιαίτερο νερό. Όταν έφτασε στην πηγή, γέμισε ένα χρυσό φλασκι με το αθάνατο νερό. Έδωσε λίγο από το νερό στο άλογο του και πήρε τον δρόμο της επιστροφής. Όταν έφτασε στο παλάτι του, ο Αλέξανδρος αμέλησε να πει στην αδελφή του για το περιεχόμενο του χρυσού φλασκιού. Χωρίς να προσέξει και μη γνωρίζοντας, η αδελφή του πήρε το φλασκι και ήπια το νερό της αθανασίας.

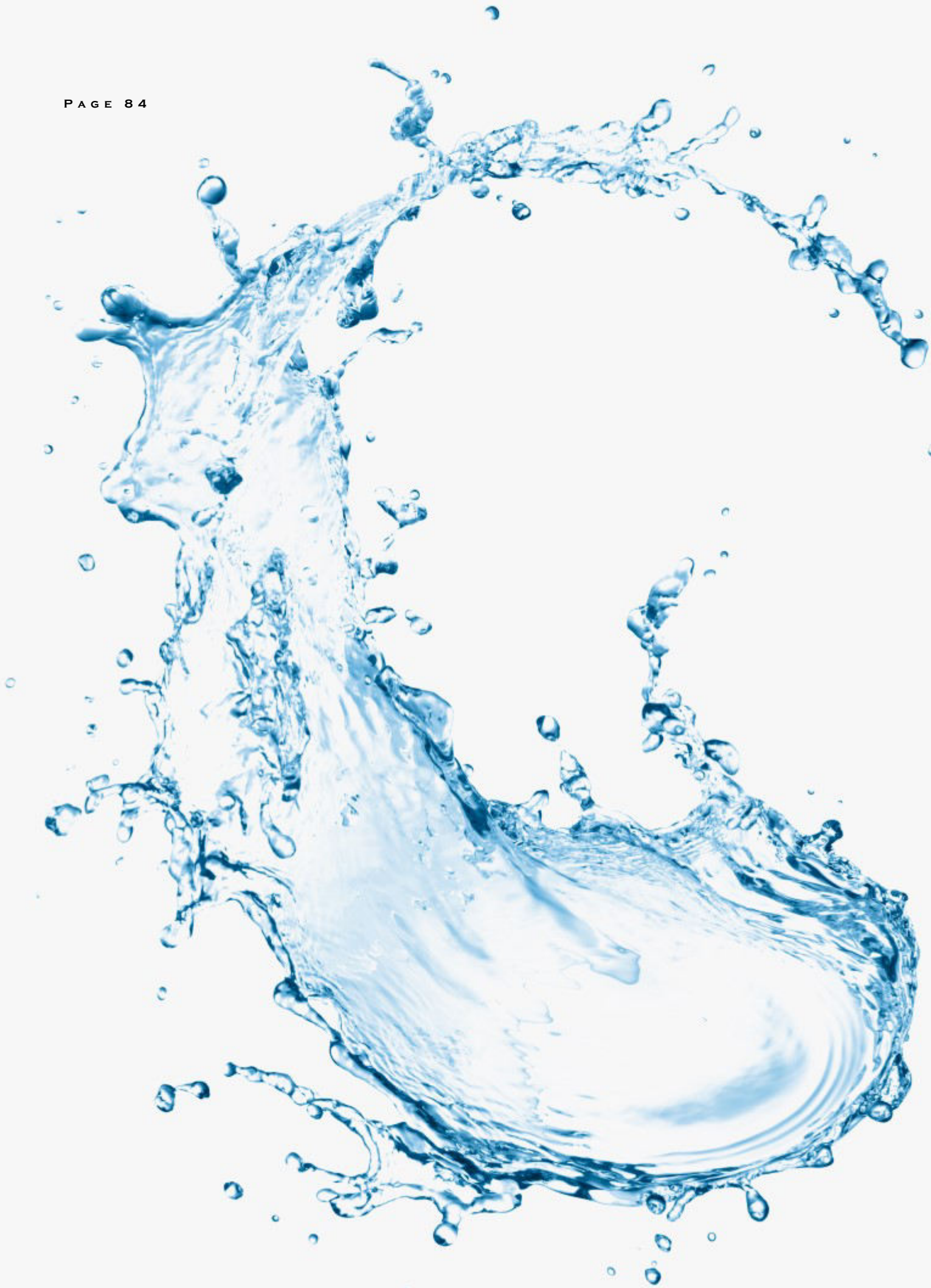
Ο Αλέξανδρος εξοργίστηκε και καταράστηκε την αδελφή του να μεταμορφωθεί σε φάρι από τη μέση και κάτω. Έτσι αυτή η γυναίκα-φάρι έπεσε μέσα στη θάλασσα και ζει εκεί από εκείνη την ημέρα και μετά.

Αυτή είναι η Τοργόνα, η αδελφή του Μεγάλου Αλέξανδρου. Κάθε φορά που έχει πανσέληνο οι φαράδες σε Ανατολή και Δύση βλέπουν την Τοργόνα και την ακούνε να τραγουδάει. Όταν έν ακαράβι την πλησιάζει, τραγουδάει με γλυκιά φωνή:

*Εσύ, ναύτη, με τα λευκά πανιά
ταξιδιώτη των θαλασσών,
πες μου αν ο αδελφός μου ζει ακόμη
“Ζει ο Βασιλιάς Αλέξανδρος;”*

Αλίμονο στον καπετάνιο ή το ναύτη ή οποιουδήποτε πάνω στο πλοίο που απαντά ότι ο Βασιλιάς Αλέξανδρος πέθανε! Η Τοργόνα, βυθισμένη στη λύπη αλλά με μεγάλη οργή, ταράζει τα νερά, σηκώνει κύματα ως τον ουρανό, φυσάει δυνατούς ανέμους, σκίζει τα πανιά από πάνω ως κάτω και σπάει τα κουπιά. Η θάλασσα γεμίζει από ναύτες και μέσα στη μεγάλη καταιγίδα το πλοίο βουλιάζει και χάνεται στο πέλαγος.





A large, dynamic splash of blue water forms a circular frame around the central text. The water is captured in mid-air, with many small droplets and larger splashes radiating outwards, creating a sense of movement and freshness. The background is plain white, making the blue water stand out.

Estonian myths and legends



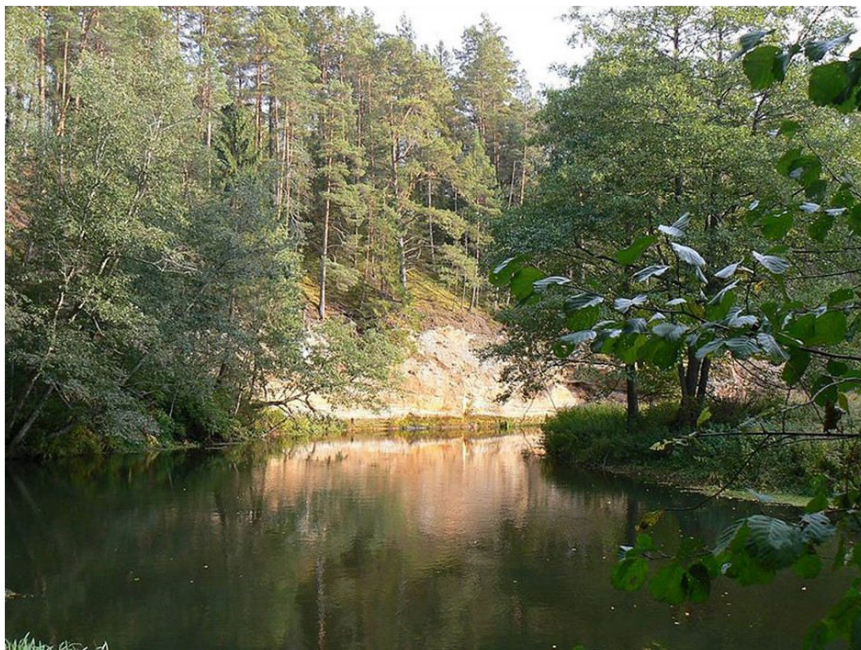


Legend of Pühajõgi

In Võru County there is the Võhandu River, also called Pühajõe. According to legend, Võhandu had a miraculous power, so that the people had traveled from far away lands to wash and heal themselves with the water of the River Pühajõgi. In addition, the River Pühajõgi has been known to the Peoples as the home of Lightning.

The Lightning creates good and evil weather so the river cannot be fooled. It was believed that throwing something that is not clean into the water would cause bad weather. In 1644, Johann Gutsclaff, a pastor of Urvaste, published an entire book on the sanctification of the Võhandu River. According to Gutsclaff, Hans Ohm, a landlord of Sõmerpalu, built a mill on the river in 1640. The mill polluted the river with chips and pieces of board. This was followed by a rainy summer in 1641 and 1642, early frosts and extreme loss of grain. People thought that the reason was the obstruction of the flow of the Pühajõgi.

One night, the peasants gathered and demolished the mill. When the landlord heard this, he became angry and ordered the mill to be rebuilt. But this did not work because all that was built in the day was demolished by the peasants at night. All the mills that were built on the Võhandu River were destroyed sooner or later. The rivers were afraid and respectful of the peasantry.





Legend of Koorküla Valgjärv

One of our most beautiful and mysterious bodies of water, Koorküla Valgjärv is one of the ten deepest lakes in Estonia. Ancient ruins lying at the bottom of Valgjärv. The clear-water lake, rich in fish and crayfish, however, hides mysterious log remains that scientists say are over a thousand years old.

It's a lot of stories and legends related with this place. One is about sister's and brother's love. According to legend, there was a castle on the top of a hill where a rich man lived who fell in love with his sister. The priest agreed to marry them for good money. Uncle was against this wedding. He wished them bad when they got married. Uncle's bad wish came true.

The next day there was a large lake above the castle and only the tops of the castle tower were visible from the water.





The birth of Emajõgi

Grandfather created the world with blue sky, stars and beautiful sun. Plants and animals were growing. But animals did not listen to the orders of Grandfather and started to bully, backtalk and hate each other. Then Grandfather gathered all the animals and said: "I have created you, so everyone could be happy, but you have started to hate each other and kill each other". I see that we need a king, who will be your leader. To welcome him you need to dig a river, so he could walk on the riverside, dig the river deep and wide, that all the little ones fit inside it, and Mother River needs to be her name. But do not scatter the soil, rather make it a heap and on that I am going to put a beautiful forest to grow, and your king needs to live here. Now hurry up!

Then Grandfather left them and they started working. Rabbit and fox marked, where the water needs to go: rabbit jumped in the front, and fox ran on and his tail showed where the river should go. Mole plowed the first furrow, badger worked in deep, wolf dug, bear bore the soil and swallow and other birds were all in action.

When the riverbed was ready, Grandfather came to look at the work. He was satisfied with the work. He said: "Mole and bear, I think you worked the most because you're all covered in mud. That muddied coat is to stay with you to remind you. You wolf, you have worked very well with your muzzle and your black legs, you must stay with your black muzzle and black legs. But where is cancer? Is he asleep? Cancer just climbed out of the mud and was angry at Grandfather that he had not noticed him. He shouted out: "Oldman, where are your eyes that you did not notice me? Maybe they are on your back. "You know-it-all" was the answer. From this day your eyes are on your back,





Legend about the Ülemiste Lake

When you are in Tallinn, if a mysterious old man approaches you and asks whether the city is finished yet, your answer must be “no”. One of Tallinn’s oldest legends tells about Ülemiste Vanake, the old man from the Lake Ülemiste, which sits on the outskirts of the town. One dark night each autumn he rises from the lake, knocks on the city gates and asks, “Is the city finished yet, or is there still work being done?” The guards have strict order to answer “no”. The disappointed old man turns and leaves, grumbling all the way back to the lake. The belief was that if the answer were ever “yes”, the old man would call up the waters of the lake and wipe out the city in a great flows. Luckily, there is always some construction going on in Tallinn so the city is safe from the old man.





The birth of lake Prossa

On the way from Lake Peipsi to Lake Võrtsjärv, Kalevipoeg had Pikkjärv in front. Once arriving from Peipsi border and approaching Pikkjärv, standing on the side of Luua Manor on a hill that stands over a couple of verbs away from Lake Pikkjärv, Kalevipoeg began to use his bitter shovel to climb Lake Pikkjärv to bury the lake. Separating a steeply shoveled mountain, Kalevipoeg has not noticed that the earth's scattered soil has given birth to a long mountain range from the south to the north. The size of Pikkjärv, which has remained so, is still three-quarters of the size. Lake Prossa stands between the two mountains in a swamp. The mountains are on either side of Lake Prossa, as if cut in half. On both sides of Lake Prossa there is a beautiful coniferous forest. Fish abound in Lake Prossa. Kalevipoeg saw that the water had already penetrated the hill where he had worked. Immediately leaving work and stepping on the pile of dirt between Prossa and Pikkjärv, the second step to the shore of Pikkjärv, and then he left. The footprints of Kalevipoeg can now be seen between the two lakes on the mountain and on the shore of Lake Pikkjärv, where deep shoals are in the ground.





The floating islands

A poor girl Kaie worked in a manor. She caught the eye of a german. The german asked Kaie to be his mistress. Kaie did not agree to it because she already had a chosen young man.

The german got really angry. He sneaked up on her once when she was lifting a big heap of hay and pushed her into the lake. Folk stories say that they tried to pull her out of the lake but she was holding on to the aquatic plants saying "i'll rather drown before i become his".

So Kaie drowned, her hay stack fell apart and those pieces became the floating islands of Porkun. These islands can be seen there to this day. The place on the shore, where Kaie fell into the water, is still called Kaieallikas.





Folk tale of Rõuge lake

Once upon a time, in the Southern part of Estonia, was a small place, called Rõuge. In the middle of the village situated old but great church. Silver bells of the church sounded as far as possible and everybody enjoyed it. There was a Rõuge lake quite close to the church. During the war some strange things happened there. When 7 brothers entered into church it started to sink below the Rõuge Lake. After this case local people named Estonian deepest lake (38 meters) as lake of witch. Nowadays there are still 6 natural springs in the southern part of the lake and groundwater used for drinking and therapy reasons. Some people still believe, that the church will rise from depth of water, silver bells of the church will ring again and seven brothers will get rid of the curse.





Circle of water

By Marten Viboupin

*A drop of water falls from sky,
he flies and flies so high.*

*Landing in big dirt pool,
it feels not so cool!*

*Water drop continues to seek,
perhaps there is better place in a creek,
His hart still desires something bigger,
good place to travel is in the river.*

*Where could he be totally free?
Swimming with his brothers in the see.*

*Water drop is high of emotion,
feeling happiest ever in the ocean.*

*The sun shines so bright,
it makes everything so light.*

*Water drop find his way back to cloud
so he can announce it loud:*

„I can start this miracle circle of water once again!“





A myth about the birth of Estonian bogs and bog pools

Once upon a time, or maybe just enough of it for us to always speak legends and myths, not complete historic facts because before us it all might have been a little bit more magical.

In a small country called Estonia, a long time ago, winter came by. Back then, the winters were significant. Winter, a powerful season- taking wildlife through the most extreme. Snow, hail pellets and ice made it difficult for the nature's wanderers to live through it.

Now, if id tell you that the mighty snow there once was believed to be, you'd have to trust me. It was long and rough.

It all started out calm, as per usual- just the usual snow on a cold night. Although the winds took measure, this sort of weather still wasn't unusual.

All of a sudden came down the biggest fall of hail ever. The storming of such frozen rain was far from typical.

In the sense of shock, all wildlife started moving in the same direction, towards the forest. For context, the usual bog in current Estonia is surrounded, or one of the sides of the bog lined with it. Going back to the story, animals then were as wise as animals today. They knew that hail wouldn't wound them as easily in the forest. For some time, the tightly-knit branches and leaves hold in rain or other.

Storming into the woods, it didn't have enough room for them all, how could it, really?

The trees in a bog are most likely short pines and although very fragile, they survive in the most extreme of conditions. That would be besides the point, except that the pack of wildlife was simply too much for the forest to stay the same.



According to the myth, that exact long period of winter on the land of Estonia caused for all the bog pools and fragile-looking “forest”. Stomping of the land made the water flow deeper inside the Earth. It took time to flow back on the surface of land creating pools of pure water in the midst of bogs. The animals in the forest, waiting for the weather to ease made the woods sparse and laid-out. After the storm, animals fled the forest, back to their regular areas, creating the large bogs we have today.



