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Strategic Partnership for School Education



STŘEDNÍ
UMĚLECKO
PRŮMYSLOVÁ
ŠKOLA
BECHYNĚ

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**ESCOLA
ARTÍSTICA
DE SOARES
DOS REIS**

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Erasmus+

Strategic Partnership for School Education

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Re: ART TRUeSTory

Step 2

STORIES

Ana Filipa Pereira Leal

One night I had a dream. I fell asleep and suddenly I woke up in a really dark place. I couldn't see a thing, it was hot inside and, oddly, I could recognize the scent in this "room". It smelled like cozido (Portuguese dish).

I knew I was dreaming, so I took advantage of it. I snapped my fingers and, with the power of my mind, made it brighter. I couldn't believe what I was seeing; actually, I was in a cooking pot, surrounded by five different ingredients of the dish I mentioned before: Carrot, Cabbage, Chourizo, Chicken (thigh) and Salpicão. They were not normal food. In fact, they had eyes, a mouth, tiny legs and tiny arms. Breathing in a serene way, sleeping on top of each other. Then, I looked at myself and realized that I wasn't particularly far from being divergent from them. I, myself, was a piece of toucinho.

I decided to wake them up before someone ate us. Together as a group, the six of us went on a journey to explore the surroundings. The pot had been placed on a dinner table, all set up with plastic forks and knives, drinking cups, some plates and drinks (the same table used in the Czech school). But they were all... empty. Maybe someone threw a party and we were the leftovers?

At this moment we got really sad. Salpicão started kicking a used napkin and I sited down, until Carrot saw someone on a plate, right at the other end of the table. We made our way down there, and they got just as happy as us to know they weren't alone. Their names were Dumpling, Sauce Cup, Toasty, Suncake and the Cheez twins.

Despite the joy of meeting each other, we had some trouble to communicate at first. Eventually, we found our way to understand one another. After that hard part, we spent our time messing and joking around the table. First, we played soccer together and used two plastic cups as the soccer goals and a round shaped napkin as a ball; both groups blended in as two teams. Then, we poured some juice into a bowl and jumped from the top of the bottle, paired, just

like the synchronized jump duos. Sauce cup couldn't play this one and he was a bit mad about it. So, we simulated a contest to know who could eat more M&M's (that lasted from the cupcakes) in thirty seconds, which Cup won. Finally, as we were tired, everyone laid down next to each other and laughed of the things we did together.

Although they were different, we still managed to make marvelous friends and unbreakable bounds!

João Pedro da Silva Vieira

I was dreaming peacefully in my comfy bed, when suddenly I woke up...

I'm not sure how but, some way, I was no longer in my room, no longer in my house, no longer in Porto, no longer in Portugal... It was harshly cold even inside the blankets, it was night time so I could barely see something. I was barefoot so when I got off the bed I felt a humid, textured, grassy ground in my feet. My first reaction was to come back to the comfort of my bed because I was scared. I tried to fall asleep: maybe it could be one of those weird dreams. But the cold and the discomfort were just unbearable, so I made a decision and I went looking for some light. As I walked through, what I thought to be a forest, my feet started to freeze. I stumbled in a tree root and when I was about to give up, I literally saw the light. I stood up and followed that warm orange light. Then I started hearing people giggling and from the middle of the trees I was able to glimpse a fireplace with six kids around it. They didn't notice my presence and, as I didn't want to scare them I took refuge on a bush and waited. They were all about 16 years old and looked really pale and light-eyed. There were 3 boys and 3 girls and they looked like they were waiting for something special to happen:

–It's ten to midnight. We should get ready– said the tallest boy.

–Yeah, let's go– agreed the tallest girl.

Then they all stood up from the ground and one of the boys did a torch out of a stick.

–Oh no! They're leaving– I thought– I need to follow them if I want to get out of here.

They were walking in a queue and they looked very excited.

–Oh I can't wait! – screamed one of the girls.

–We're almost there May– said one of the boys.

We walked for about 10 minutes. My body just couldn't handle the freezing temperatures anymore but finally:

–We're here! – they shouted in choir.

We were in a riverside hill and the group was all staring at a bridge that lead to the other margin of the river. Then all of a sudden a bright, colorful light reflected on them. They all looked so happy and lively as if they were watching a firework. I needed to get closer so carefully I was able to get near and see a thing that I will never forget: a waterfall of colors falling down the bridge as a rainbow curtain. Moved by that amount of color, I slipped on a mushroom and the smash was too loud to don't be noticed. They turned around, ignoring the show. I was so embarrassed...

-Who are you? Did you come to watch the rainbow bridge? - they asked

-I... don't know how... I got here- I answered

-What do you mean? - asked one of the boys

-I know It's hard to believe but I was in my bed, sleeping and when I woke up I was in the middle of this forest in my bed... - I explained.

They all laugh, obviously:

-How is that even possible? - asked the tallest girl.

-I... don't know

-You know you're in the Czech Republic right? - warned one of the girls

-W... what?!- I asked while I got off the ground- what do you mean? That's impossible! I got to be dreaming! T... there's no way I could...

In a desperate act I started pinching myself but it didn't work and I started thinking it was real.

-Well, never mind. Come with us. Let's get you warm- said May.

I couldn't refuse that invitation. One of the girls approached and gave me a blanket that I used to cover myself:

-Thank you- I said

-You're welcome. Hi I'm Yan, and you?

-I'm Jack

-What a nice name

-What was that rainbow thing?

–Oh, that beauty was the rainbow bridge waterfall. It happens once in five years. This was our third time watching it, but the first watching together as friends.

The walk out of the forest went much faster than when I was following the group. Along the way we all introduced ourselves: the tallest girl and boy were Nise and Eden, the other girls were May and Yan and the other boys were Roan and Gummy (as the friends called him). Then we were finally entering the city we walked in a pub where we spend all night talking.

–Well let’s go home? – said Nise.

–Yes but what about Jack? – said Gummy

And before I get the chance to answer, I felt dizzy and fainted.

When I woke up it was dark again but I felt warm this time. I tried to understand where I was just by touching around and I realized I was back to Portugal, back to Porto, back to my house, back to my room. I sat in the bed and when I was about to stand up I stopped and I was petrified...under my pillow there was a letter that said: “Thank you for the visit. We hope to meet you again someday. Nise, May, Yan, Eden, Gummy, Roan”.

Miguel Portela Marques Howard

This is the story of a typical rooster from Barcelos and his emigration to the Czech Republic. This young rooster was like his people: friendly, noisy and, usually, open-minded. He was searching for a new opportunity in life, maybe a drastic change from his monotonous boring schedule. He risked everything in this attempt to change his life; he left everything behind believing in his survival skills.

As soon as the rooster arrived in the Czech Republic, he noticed a great difference in the temperature due to the fact that it was freezing cold and it was snowing. He also noticed a strong contrast in the behaviour and personality of most of the residents bears, white eagles, black eagles and two-tailed lions. He was faced with a language barrier because he couldn't speak Russian with the bears, Hungarian with the white eagles, German with the black eagles or Czech with the two-tailed lions. But that did not impede him of establishing friendships and connections with the bears and the eagles. They could communicate through gestures and facial expressions. As a matter of fact, the roosters have always been a people that has never had any problems in expressing itself and in dealing with and getting out of difficult situations. The lions, on the other hand, were the ones the rooster couldn't reach. This people the lions has always been reserved. Despite looking strong and fearful they are, in fact, shy and unwilling to show their feelings or express their opinions. Therefore, they have never been a people easy to communicate with. In fact, the lions like to keep matters to themselves.

The rooster was extremely curious about the lions. He would like to know them and talk to them because, besides being forced to live amongst them, he would like to break the tension that existed between them. The rooster noticed that, on his way home, he always saw the same lion across the street waiting for his own bus. Each time they crossed, they looked at each other but there was never a single smile or greeting from the lion in spite of the roos-

ter's bright smile. Then the latter decided that, one day, he would be able to communicate with this lion and fit into their society. The rooster realized that he would never achieve that unless he learned their language, the Czech. So, he studied every night and seized every moment he had to learn and practise Czech and, ultimately, be able to communicate with the lions.

Several months after having started studying, the rooster felt confident about his Czech speaking and understanding skills. So he decided to risk and, instead of speaking only to that one lion, he would speak to a lot of them. Therefore he went to a typical Czech pub and asked for a beer. The barman, a two-tailed lion, understood vaguely the Czech word for beer and assumed that that was the rooster's order. The rooster felt even more confident and convinced himself he was able to speak Czech so he began introducing himself to almost every single lion present and making conversation with them. However they weren't understanding a word he was saying because of his strong accent. But it wasn't only about the accent... It lies in the lions' nature to be cold and distant with those they do not know. The rooster, desperate for any answer from any of the lions, felt frustrated and extremely sad about being ignored and left the pub heartbroken. Even after months of intensive study, he hadn't been able to communicate with the lions. What the rooster hadn't noticed was that one of the lions in the pub was the one he usually came across at the bus stop but he hadn't addressed to him.

The next morning the rooster had to go to work as any other day of the week even if he felt down. In spite the fact of coming across the lion at the bus stop as usual, he didn't even notice him because he was feeling bad about what had happened the night before at the pub. With a guilty conscience the lion decided to do something he had never considered doing. Against his own nature, the lion crossed the street and tried to communicate with the rooster in Portuguese. Extremely surprised with the lion's behaviour, the rooster became suddenly cheerful and started laughing with the lion's disastrous attempt to speak Portuguese. The lion laughed

along and they began communicating through gestures and any other way they could think of. The lion regretted not having tried to speak with the rooster before. He realised that, in the end, they are all animals, living beings, and that they should live in community no matter each other's differences.

Roman Pausch

DOUBLE ROOTS

In the central part of the Czech Republic there was a bigger town called Příbram. In the street Březnická we may find an older and ordinary house, at first sight, with large vitreous doors. In the attic of that house there lives a boy, quite ordinary one at the first sight, too. He has short, brown hair, blue eyes and in his hands he is holding a comic book, his eyes are running on pages, but he does not focus on the story. His name is Erik, he has recently reached his 15 years, though he already has got feeling that his life is one huge stereotype.

As every Saturday morning, after a while of browsing through the pages of the comics, he got out of the bed, leaving his room. As every other morning he would pass his mum's room unnoticed, heading directly in the kitchen, yet today he stopped. There was something that attracted his attention. He hesitated for a while; eventually he stepped in, closed the door behind and looked on the THING lying on the bed. He knew very well that he should not examine mum's private things, but the curiosity was more powerful. He approached the bed. There was some paper, on the first sight very old. On the paper there was something written, though the handwriting was sometimes blurred and hardly readable.

Erik raised the head from what was probably a personal letter and looked into the window. He bit his lower lip, blinking. Out of sight, out of mind. He sat on the bed with the letter, supporting his head in hands and he looked more properly on the letters. Erik frowned and started to feel nervous when he was decoding the words addressed to his mum.

Actually, Erik had never seen his father. When he was older enough, he started to understand that a child usually has both parents, not only a mum. She kept repeating how much she loves him, how important Erik is for her in the world.

However, when he spoke about his father with her, she just stood still, without any response, averting her eyes, she always looked into space and Erik had an impression that she is physically here, but far away in mind. At that moment Erik felt emptiness that he could not explain to himself. Reading the letter, his hands started to shake slowly. The text was written in bad Czech, by a foreigner without doubts; written by Erik's father. He understood quickly why his mum did not want to talk about the father. On the scrap of paper he was definitely saying goodbye to her. This person was such a coward that he was not able to show himself up and tell her goodbye into eyes...

Erik threw the letter on the bed, raised up and looked out of the window. He was so much confused as never in his life. He has always been proud on his Czech origin; he loved his language and Czech habits. And now, from the letter he realised that his father is Portuguese. He glanced again on the letter, read the name of his father and ran back to his room, closed the doors and looked around him. Suddenly, everything seemed different. He picked up the comic book that he had been looking through mindlessly that morning and he smiled.

He was happy, really happy that his life would never be stereotypical, since he found out why he was experiencing emptiness every time he was talking with his mum on that topic. Finally he would get to know the reason. So many times he was blaming his mum and at last he understood her.

That day changed Erik's life completely. As he was saying later, he had been surviving until that moment, but since that morning he started to live fully. He started to set up priorities, real aims. What was motivating him, stimulating him in life was his father.

Six years later:

Six years passed since the time when Erik found out who was his father. A day after day he was studying Portuguese during six years. Being always talented for languages, though, he had a real motiva-

tion for it, especially when he realised that it is basically his second mother-tongue. Moreover, he started to work very well at school and became one of the best students. His mum did not know what the reason of this change was, but obviously she was very happy.

The entrance exams on universities are generally difficult, but to get on a university in a foreign country it was a real challenge. Erik's goal was the art school in Porto. Not only that the boy gained knowledge, but he also grew into a man – out of a thin, inexpressive boy. He grew up taller; the chin was sharper, eyes more bluish and piercing.

But even though our 20 year Erik was confident enough, at this moment he felt exactly like six years ago, as a fifteen year confused boy who did not know what to do in his life. He was standing in front of this high, huge building, perhaps not so massive in real, as he got impression. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath and he smiled. By a smile he just suppressed the nervousness that started to control him. And suddenly, for a short while, he lost the confidence that was keeping him going all this six years, holding him as a loyal friend and did not leave him even in the most difficult moments. Erik took a deep breath again. "Now, or never", he thought and entered the building.

When he found his class, he stopped himself. He tried to find out a proper reason why to postpone this long-expected moment. He was slightly shaking and when he looked at the door handle, he thought that it will burn him, if he tries to catch it. Erik shook his head, closed his eyes again and remembered that morning when he found the paper...and it could have been a normal day. He took his loyal friend – confidence, bit his lower lip, put his hand on the handle...when all at once the doors opened from inside. Erik stood as frozen when he saw the person standing in front of him. He had no doubts. At first glance he recognized his eyes that he was watching every day in the mirror, with those famous sparkles, brown hair and a sharp pointed nose. Only the lips were different, his were after his mum.

“Good morning”, he greeted fluently in Portuguese and his lips distorted into a slight smile. His father opened the door wide and held it for him politely. “Come in”, he answered also in Portuguese.

*

Erik was sitting on a bench near by a beautiful Renaissance fountain. The square was really marvellous and the local ice-cream tasted very sweet. He was eating a second one when in the distance he recognized a figure. As it was approaching, he recognized a sharp-pointed nose and brown hair... Erik stood up; he went quickly to buy another ice-cream. When his father arrived, Erik passed him the ice-cream with a smile on his face. It was the purest and the most sincere smile. He loved his parents, he loved his Czech and Portuguese origins and that other morning... changed his life completely.

Magdalena Tonková

INTERCONNECTION BY MIRRORS

„...long time ago, legends told that supposedly schools owned strange mirrors. But these were not ordinary mirrors. They had such an exceptional power, since these were teleport mirrors. They could teleport within any distance into another mirror, so they functioned as extraordinarily fast means of transport and they provided therefore a higher level of education, since they allowed schools to share not only significant information, but also good teachers. But as it usual, those mirrors started to be abused; as a consequence they were destroyed by the government order. All except for two that supposedly passed unnoticed to this purge. It is a mystery where those two mirrors should be found. It is certain, however, that their revelation would mean a significant development of the science, travel industry and of education”, Jana finished reading the extract from an article.

“Pfff... such nonsense! Who has ever heard about it for God’s sake? I’d rather kiss our janitor than to believe that”, commented on the text Petr. Jakub only smiled and nodded in consent. Petr, Jana and Jakub were in fact an inseparable trio. The first day at the secondary art school of Bechyně they got to know each other very well and since that time they kept together. They were sitting at the last desk in the classroom number 51, and as usually every Monday afternoon, they kept disturbing the teacher by their own lecturing when Jana was silently reading the hottest news to her friends. “Come on, the bell is ringing”, said Jakub. The inseparable trio left the classroom and melt into the crowd of students running home after school. “Hey”, said suddenly Petr, “let’s take the shortcut!” and he slipped in one of the side doors. Because these three were not called an inseparable trio by accident, in one moment Jana and Jakub disappeared behind him. “But guys, we are not allowed to be here, come back...”, asked Jana the boys. “Why are you afraid?”, Petr

was laughing at her. "Yeah, don't be such a chicken, Jana," added Jakub. "But I am NOT afraid at ALL!", shouted Jana at boys. In order to support her speech, she pushed Petr in his back. As he did not expect it, he tripped and fell on an old, heavy curtain. As he was falling down, he snatched the curtain, pulled down the curtain...and he revealed a mirror. He got entangled into the curtain, lost his balance and started to fall on the mirror. Jana held her breath, expecting shattering of glass and seven years of bad luck. Jakub did not hesitate, yet, and tried to save his friend, but in vain. The collision with the mirror was unavoidable. Jana closed her eyes...but as she did not hear any bang...she opened them again. What a surprise!?! The mirror still kept reflecting her and Jakub, both flabbergasted, with eyes and mouth wide open, yet not Peter. "What is THAT...?", uttered Jana. Meanwhile, Jakub approached to the mirror and was examining his own reflection. " BUT where is Petr?", Jana got scared and came up to Jakub who was so fascinated by the mirror that he was approaching closer and closer to the mirror and tried even to touch it....However, the hand was not stopped by a cold, glass surface, it went through! Jakub pulled it off quickly, all frightened; Jana covered her mouth by hand and yelled: "My Godness, Jakub! Petr! Such stupid jokes you have!". Jakub walked around the mirror and back; and to be sure, from the other side, too. Yes, indeed, from the backside it was an ordinary mirror, leaning against the wall with no secret tunnels. "For heaven's sake, be quiet, Jana!", he said, took all his courage and passed the arm in the mirror again.

In the meantime Petr stumbled out from some space behind the mirror, all wrapped into the old curtain. "Help!", he yelled, trying to save himself. As he was screaming, from behind him there was a noise. Naturally, he turned this direction and he saw two strangers, gazing at him for a while, thereupon they started to speak foreign language. Petr did not understand a word. "What are you talking about?" and now it was their turn not to understand a word. Petr had a very logical idea, to introduce himself in English: "My name is Petr and I am from the Czech Republic". He looked around him. It

looked like an old loft, which would not make sense, since they were on the ground floor where there was no attic at all. "Hello, my name is Lucy and this is Thomas, we're born here in Portugal", introduced herself the girl of a similar age as Petr. "What?! Here? In Portugal?", asked Petr. "Yes, we're in Porto". Petr approached through the room to the mirror. He went through...and found himself face to face to Jakub. Without any word he turned and went back through the mirror. Once he was on the other side again, he approached a small attic window. He checked if it was a real window and opened it. He stared gazing on the sea, totally speechless. Now he started to understand, even though he could not believe it yet. The boy's voice, called supposedly Thomas, interrupted him: "What is the problem?". "Come with me", answered Petr, grasped Thomas' hand, poor boy all surprised, and drew him to the room where Jana and Jakub were only staring in amazement. "Look", Petr was pointing at typical Czech pre-fabricated block of flats. Thomas was looking around, and then he came back to the mirror, disappeared on the other side. "Petr, what is going on in here?", asked Jana. "We found them! Jana, these are those mirrors from the article! And there are leading somewhere to the sea!", shouted Petr. "Isn't it totally nonsense?", asked Jakub still surprised. "Come and you will see!", answered Petr and in one moment he was on the other side. "You see? The SEA!", he was showing the blue stretch out of the window. "It is sea, isn't it?" Petr asked Lucy and Thomas. „Yes, indeed. Welcome at art school in Porto." All of them started to talk properly together. Jana, Jakub and Petr explained to Thomas and Lucy what happened and what are the mirrors like. The inseparable trio got to know that Lucy and Thomas live in Porto, studying the 2nd grade, Lucy is Thomas' girlfriend and they are to be found on the attic because it is their favourite place. Consequently, they realized that in spite of some differences, they share many things in common. They were about the same age; all studied the art school, similar study fields.

Thanks to a very interesting interview they were enjoying a lot, however after some time they had to go, so that the janitor would

not lock them at school. They arranged a meeting with Portuguese guys the following day. They promised to maintain confidentiality, covered the mirror by the curtain and went to their homes. All of them were thinking late at night about this discovery.

The next day after classes the inseparable trio met again in front of the mirror at pre-arranged time and together they entered on the other side. Thomas and Lucy were waiting for them. They prepared small refreshment in the room that appeared to be really an attic, as Peter reckoned. Jana took out her small notebook and together with Petr and Jakub suggested their plan to Thomas and Lucy. They will found out a top secret club. Together they invented rules that would keep the club really secret. And it also happened like that.

For the following few weeks it was functioning, but nothing is lasting forever. With the time going on even the secret was revealed. Maybe it was because of many members of the club, or perhaps because going into a hidden classroom in swimsuit and swimming circle, coming back later on all salty and wet is not really discreet. Possibly the mirror itself attracted more and more people. Therefore, scientists-professionals came to the school and took the mirror for observation. And that was the end of the club. But those five friends did not give up their friendship. Even though the mirror did not connect them together any longer and their secret was public, collective experiences joined them together and so they stayed still in contact.

"...and so every ordinary household will have at home its own Teleport 3100. The experts estimate that the mirrors would become an inseparable part of the house in winter this year", Jana finished the reading. A few months later the inseparable trio was sitting again at their favourite desk in the classroom number 51 and Jana was again reading the news. "By the way, Petr, do you remember whom did you promise to kiss, my boy?", Jakub was gleefully laughing. "I heard that our school janitor loves French kiss...!"

Eliška Hejtmánková

MAGIC TALISMAN

I would like to tell you a story about two different countries and two magically connected persons. But first of all, how it all started. Once upon a time, in the era of magic beings and powerful rulers two magic talismans were born. They had such a power they could join the destiny of two chosen persons. The talismans were in fact two pieces of a fallen star, hanging on a leather string, with crystal beads and a griffin feather. There was an old legend: „If two persons own the talismans, their souls will leave the body and will reincarnate into the body of the second person“. The magic is possible to be returned, if their souls will be purified and conscious within three days after the reincarnation. The talisman was lost and for thousands of years forgotten. However, one day it was found again....

We are in 1998 and exactly on the same day, hour, second two girls were born, one in the Czech Republic and the second in Portugal. Both were different, but they had two things in common; not only the same date and time of birth, but also a special present that they were both given. Each of them received one magic talisman. If it was a coincidence or predestination, it is hard to say, but I may tell you their story.

It happened on the day when Jana and Agostinha both celebrated their 15th birthday. However, both were not really satisfied with their lives, they were both searching for the unfulfilled meaning of life. Each of them was lying down in their beds in their countries and was reflecting everything that a human may only contemplate about. They were looking for a place on this world. They finally managed to fall asleep, yet, they did not know that the following day would not be as usual.

The other day Jana was woken up by a shiny, yellow-orange sun. Rays of light were like a warm delight. Slowly she rubbed her eyes and tried to recognize still blurred forms of the wardrobes and of

her bedside table. The eyes could see properly now, but Jana kept rubbing them. She could not believe her eyes. There wasn't her old, oak desk, neither her white-painted wardrobes with purple flowers, long green curtains, her cactus she received when she was five, all her pencils, books, drawings, teddy bears, clothes, all disappeared. Instead of it, Jana was standing in a white room with a metal desk with five drawers; the curtains were of the same dark red colour as the round carpet in the middle. On the whole wall there were wooden shelves with books in a foreign language and the ivy was climbing up them. There were some clothes scattered around. Totally confused, Jana approached the first mirror she found, but she could not see herself, but a beautiful, tanned girl with brown eyes and curly dark hair. She still could not believe it, but her curiosity was stronger, so she dressed up a flowered red dress, black heels and she went downstairs very shy out of the room.

The same day morning Agostinha woke up in a room of somebody else. She wasn't woken up by warm sunshine, but the cold and shining whiteness were coming from the window. Instead of the sand and sea, there was a large garden full of trees, all covered by snow. When she looked into the mirror, she didn't see herself, but a pale girl with long, straight, blond hair and green eyes. She felt exactly the same as Jana, she was in another body in a foreign country. The only thing they had was the talisman. Therefore, she dressed up light blue jeans, white T-shirt, a purple sweater and she opened the door of their room. Both girls came shyly in the kitchen, just each of them somewhere else.

"What would you like for breakfast," a woman asked Agostinha. She did not understand, but sat by the table. Agostinha could not answer any question, she did not know their language, neither where she was nor in which country she was to be found. The woman gave her a cup of tea, a roll with butter, some pieces of salami, cut cucumber and tomatoes. Agostinha was surprised at first, since it was not the breakfast she was used to, but she found it impolite to refuse it, so she ate a little bit. On the other hand, Jana found a really

generous breakfast. When she came downstairs, there was nobody. On the table there was a plate with waffles, sprinkled with fresh strawberries, banana and a glass of orange juice. Jana was full of uncertainty and fear. However, when she tasted the delicious food, the fear disappeared for a moment and she started to enjoy the food. After a while, though, both of them asked themselves: “What has happened? Why the only thing I had is that old talisman?”

Both went outside on the street and obviously, tried to find out where they were and how the talisman was connected with that secret. As Jana was running down the street, she noticed colourful houses, one next to each other. In the windows there were marvellous colourful flowers, she could smell the pizza and the seafood from a cosy restaurant on the corner. There were seagulls above her head and from far away she could hear the murmuring of the sea and nice temperamental music. People around were tanned and all smiling. Jana was rushing down the street when finally she arrived to a sandy beach and she saw the sea where on the horizon there were fishermen’s boats sailing from the port and back. She stopped, breathed deeply nice salty air. She felt great, as never before. Suddenly, she saw hanging a red–green flag with a yellow sign. She realised that thanks to the flag she might recognize where she is and that she could find the answer in a library. However, she didn’t know where the library was and she started to cry, exhausted and confused. She liked this all around, but she wanted to go home to her family and friends. She was terrified not to see them again in her life. Then she heard people talking in Czech. She wiped her tears and ran after them. “Are you Czech? Do you speak Czech”, she shouted at them. „Yes, we are here on holiday”. Jana’s face lightened up with hope and she started to ask them many questions and asked if they could guide her to a local library. She wanted to know the mystery about the talisman. The Czech people agreed and helped her to find the library.

In the meantime, in the Czech Republic Agostinha was searching the answer for the same question. The streets were covered

with snow, the freezing wind was blowing, and all was either white or grey. For some hours she has been wandering in a foreign town, all frozen stiff. She didn't meet any people on the streets; many of them were actually sitting in a warm pub with friends or families. Agostinha was tired and she only wished to be at home with her family, realising that she had not appreciated the most important things she had. Suddenly, snow storm started and she could not see for a step. She was running in the street, but she could not see anything, so she opened the first door she found. How lucky she was! She was in a library where it was warm. At the end of the hall there was an old, smiling lady, asking her: "How can I help you?". Agostinha started to talk, but after a while she became aware of speaking Portuguese and that the old lady could not understand. She did not understand, indeed, but she had a great idea. Her husband was a language teacher, so she called him. The man immediately knew where the girl was from and tried to help her.

Agostinha recognized that people here are friendly and nice, but her desire to come back home was stronger. Both as Jana, also Agostinha showed the librarians their talismans; they led them to the oldest part of the library, where the girls were given an old ramshackle book. The girls were browsing through the book until they found the design of their talisman. However, the only information written below was "if the souls reach purification and understanding within three days, the magic will pass". Both girls threw the book away, crying aloud. They understood that each country has got its habits, culture, different food, that all countries are beautiful, but the most important is the one where we feel at home. They did not suffer by questioning themselves where their place in the world is and where do they belong to. With this understanding and in tears they fell asleep. That night something magical happened.

The magic came back and both girls woke up in their beds, in their rooms and everything was like a dream. As if nothing happened, but they remembered everything. Confused and both happy, the girls found on their bedside tables talismans with the name

of the other girl. It took some time, but afterwards the girls found the addresses and started to write each other. They translated the letters and found out that they experienced the same. They decided to meet then. Jana came to see Agostinha in Portugal and became friends for the whole of their life. When they both became older and knew that it was their last meeting, while travelling was too difficult for them, the last day Agostinha took Jana to a beautiful lighthouse and those two talismans that they were keeping all their life, they threw them into the sea.

Re: ART TRUeSTory

Step 2

STORIES

The brochure was created as the result of the Step n°3 within the Erasmus+ two-year project.

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