

STORIES ON CHILDREN'S RIGHTS



CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP



COMENIUS MULTILATERAL SCHOLASTIC PARTNERSHIP

SCUOLA MEDIA STATALE "GUIDO FASSI"

Classes 3 E – 3 G

Introduction

This simple booklet is the result of the Creative Writing Workshop held for Comenius Multicultural Scholastic Partnership at Scuola Media “Guido Fassi”, Istituto Comprensivo Carpi 2, Carpi, Italy by Mr Enea Storchi Incerti, English teacher , project coordinator and Mrs Egle Galassi, Spanish teacher.

Our partnership with Portuguese, Polish and Turkish schools focuses on the following topic, *“Different cultures, different ideas the same human rights in the voice of young students”* with the analysis of the Convention on the Rights of the Child.

The project has been developed in the third year classes; our students were divided in small groups and each of them had to write a short story about a child right, some of these students also wrote poems or comments in English and Spanish.

Certainly the workshop has been a good work for students as they had the chance to rework what they had learnt during the analysis of children’s rights and review what their rights and duties are in their local situation and in a wider national and European one.

This project had given our students different skills not least the one of being able to understand they live in a wider Union which is Europe and compare their style of life with the one of poor countries, they had the opportunity to analyse the cultures of some of their friends, being our societies more and more multicultural and our cities full of immigrants who often have heavy jobs.

We believe this simple work has given our students the opportunity to listen to “their hearts” and write what they really felt in order to be more aware of their life in a European multicultural society where they have to be active part.

Mr Enea Storchi Incerti, Italian Coordinator and English teacher

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A Real Family

RIGHT TO A FAMILY

The town was deserted, all people were at home to have dinner or watch TV. In the street there weren't many cars and in the gardens some blackbirds were chirping.

It looked like a normal warm night of spring, but suddenly a cry broke the silence.

Margaret, an old lady, was walking her dog in the park and she heard it. She went near a rubbish bin, she opened it and in front of her there was a little baby, wrapped in a white blanket.

In the following 10 years, Margaret tried to find the child's real parents, but she didn't manage to find them.

She decided to call him Dimitri.

He spent a beautiful childhood, but in a cold morning of winter, Dimitri ran to Margaret's room to wake her up because it was snowing. He was excited but when he arrived there she didn't open her eyes and she didn't move. He called her many times but nothing. She had died, probably that night by a heart attack.

Dimitri, devastated by the event, ran to his bedroom and began to prepare a backpack. He put in some clothes and some snacks. He took Jack, Margaret's dog, and , in tears, he started wandering without a destination.

The street was narrow and it was an unsurfaced and dirty road. The gravel was creaking like crunchy biscuits under Dimitri's shoes and a cloud of dust was raising from the soil. It had stopped snowing and around Dimitri there were only fields. Two little hares and a turtle looked at them.

Then after about an hour, suddenly a snowstorm arrived. A strong wind began to blow and Dimitri looked for a shelter. He found a small tool shed and he entered it.

When the snowstorm finished, he saw the board which indicated the town.

Jack trotted in front of Dimitri, he was wagging his tail and playing with the little snowflakes which were falling from the sky.

He walked all the afternoon and in the evening he was tired and hungry, so he stopped in a park near the town. He ate some snacks and slept on a park bench.

In the morning he woke up. A road sweeper, who was cleaning the park, offered him a sandwich and a slice of ham to the dog.

Then he went off and Dimitri remained alone again. He started walking again.

After two hours he arrived in a town and he went in a shop to buy something to eat.

The town was quite big and the people were very frenzied. They ran here and there to go to work: there were some people who talked on their mobile phone, other people were always checking the time on their watch and other waiting for the bus. The town looked a big swarming anthill and the people seemed ants.

While he was walking along the main street, he saw a poster:

"THE GREAT CIRCUS, ENCHANTED COBRA, INVITE ALL PEOPLE

AT THE BIG SHOW TONIGHT!"

Dimitri decided to go to the show, but he didn't have money to buy the ticket. He thought to enter the circus in secret. He had never been there, or better he didn't know what was a circus. He asked Jack if he agreed to see the show. He seemed to approve this idea because it started to run around and wag his tail.

But there was a problem..... How could they manage to enter secretly?

Dimitri spent the rest of the day planning the scheme: he thought to enter as a spy, or dig a tunnel, but any idea was great. Finally he decided to improvise.

In the evening they went to the circus and he ran behind the big top to try to find a different entrance from the main one.

He saw a little hole from which he could see the show.

After ten minutes the show began.

Dimitri stayed there looking, full of admiration, the agility of the trapeze artist who seemed flying from a trapeze to another without losing his balance, or the skill of the jugglers who didn't get wrong a throw.

There were some clowns on the stage when somebody put his hand on Dimitri's shoulder.

He was very scared and suddenly turned up and he saw.... a little child who asked him a lot of questions: -What are you doing there? Why aren't you seeing the show among the spectators? Would you like a sweet???

Dimitri, shocked, pushed the little child away and he said: -Keep silent!!! Or they can see me!!!-

The child whose name was Lucy, lost the balance and fell down, she started to cry and she ran to her father, who accidentally was the owner of the circus.

-A child pushed me!!! Bad... bad boy!!!- Lucy said to her father. She took him to Dimitri behind the big top. Dimitri saw the big man and he tried to run away but, the man caught him from the T-Shirt collar.

Meanwhile, on the stage, there was a little girl who was playing a special flute.

She moved it slowly from left to right. In front of her there was a basket. It started to move and from the lid some heads came out. They were smooth, sharp, scary, yellow and brown. They were the heads of some cobras, poisonous snakes with big eyes.

Jack, who was near Dimitri, started to attack Frank, Lucy's father. The dog bit the arm of the man and meanwhile it started to growl.

Frank pushed Jack away, which fell in a bush and it stayed there stunned and aching.

Dimitri tried to free himself but Frank was tall and very strong.

He was fat, he had some tattoos on his shoulder and on his back. The one on his shoulder was a cobra, the one on his back was a crown of thorns with three drops of blood which were dripping down and a crystal skull was on the centre.

Frank knocked Dimitri on the ground, but suddenly he had a idea: The boy was slim and agile and he could do some performance in his circus. That child could become the new star of the Enchanted Cobra.

Frank imagined the new poster and a lot of people who were coming to the circus, but above all he imagined the money which he could have earned if he had used that boy for his show. The man decided to seem kinder to convince Dimitri to do the show. If the child didn't accept, he would use the strength.

Meanwhile the boy was standing up, trying to run away with Jack. When Frank saw them, he said: -STOP, PLEASE!!!-

Dimitri turned back. The man continued -I want you to work in my circus!-

Dimitri was shocked for the second time in a day. He was very suspicious, but he thought that he was alone, without food or water, without a house and above all without a family.

He asked: -Can I sleep and eat in the circus?- and Frank answered: -Yes, you can stay with the artists. Would you come with me?-. Dimitri stood and thought about the proposal..

The man was starting to lose his patience, but he had to wait.

Dimitri said: -Yes.....-

It didn't take much time to Dimitri to realize the mistake he had made.

At the beginning Frank was quite kind but in time he became worse and rude. He maltreated all the artists, but above all he maltreated a little girl, Eva, the Snake Charmer.

Her mother died because she was ill, and she is the person who taught to the child the art of enchanting snakes.

In the circus, Dimitri was an acrobat. He was very good and when he did the show on the rope and he was suspended he felt free as a bird flying in the sky.

Instead Jack was the Dog Mascot of the circus.

He became very good friend with Eva, and one day they decided to run away, obviously with Jack, because every day the situation became worse and worse.

One day at lunch, while everybody were eating, Frank came in the room and announce that, on Saturday night, there will be a very big show. Eva and Dimitri looked at each other for a while and decided that was the right time to go away.

In the evening Dimitri met to plan every detail. They thought that the only moment where they could escape was when the spectators went out from the circus.

They thought to hide themselves after their shows and go out with the spectators.

Saturday night came and there were a lot of people.

When the show started Dimitri and Eva were very excited.

The first artist was a tamer who made some lions and a white tiger jump in circles of fire, then there was one of the funniest attraction of the circus: the beard woman. After that it was the turn of Eva which had an amazing success. Finally was Dimitri's turn.

They hid themselves near the door. Jack ran from them.

They waited the right moment to run away: a part of people began to go out and Frank went behind the stage with the other artists. They went out.

Frank was very satisfied, but when he called all the artist to congratulate with them, there weren't the children. This made him suspicious so he ran outside to look for them.

Meanwhile Dimitri, Eva and Jack zigzagged in the crowd and they saw Frank faraway; the man saw them too and he started to run. The children collided in a pair of people, a man and a woman. The children implored them to take them away from the circus: -Please, the circus's bad owner is arriving!!! Help us!!-

The man and the woman looked at each other. Suddenly Frank arrived: he caught the children from the shirt collar and he pulled up them. Jack began to growl.

-STOP!- the man said -You Leave the children!!!-

Frank looked at him: -No! They are my artists! They ran away, and they will have the right punishment!!

The man said: -If you don't leave the children I will call the police and you won't do any show!- Frank left them. The children ran behind the pair of people.

-And now you go away- Frank didn't want go away because he didn't want to lose the circus and finally he returned at the circus empty-handed.

Ann and David, the people who saved the children, asked to them : -Have you got a family?-. They answered: -No, we are alone...-.

Ann asked David: -They are alone, why don't we adopt these children? All have the right to a family.- David answered: -OK but they must want it-

Dimitri, Eva and Jack, full of enthusiasm said: – YES please!!!-

From that moment Dimitri, Eva, Ann, David and Jack became a happy real family and they went to live in a big house near the city.

THE END

Allegretti Barbara, Righi Sara, Sassi Luca, Zoboli Marco, Pighi Mario. III E



Black and White

RIGHT TO EQUALITY

My name is Pedro and this is my story.

Everything began when I was twelve years old and my mum was ill.....

..."Go!" Said my brother: "Cong you're late" I reached the main road with my dog Cookie, a sheepdog puppy, I gave it this name because my dog had a small spot on the face that was like a chocolate biscuit.

I arrived at the tile factory, I started my job and after eleven hours I came back home.

When I arrived my mum was dead, my brother Thomas and I cried. She had suddenly died by a snake bite.

I decided that I had to follow my mum's dream: she wanted that my brother and I went to school. I went to my grandmother's home; she was an old, nice and kind woman. She had small, rough and sincere eyes, a skinny body and a black skin.

My grandmother had curly and white hair. She had saved a lot of money to send my brother and I to school. She told us she wanted us to to to the USA to have a proper education. For this reason she had bought a house in a suburb of Los Angeles where she had relatives.

We flew from Nairobi to Los Angeles..

When my grandmother, my brother, Cookie and I arrived at the airport, we decided to visit our new house.

We had bought a big house near the seaside; there were a small kitchen, a welcoming living room, two bathrooms and three bedrooms,

There was a big garden too, with coloured flowers.

Next to my house I saw my neighbour, Thomas who was a young boy, plump and tall. He had long, curly and blonde hair dressed with a ponytail; Thomas had slanted and light blue eyes, his nose was snub. He had a dog whose name was "Dog", a Yorkshire puppy and he was brown, white and black.

Cookie immediately socialized with "Dog" at the fence dividing our properties.

Thomas was very rich, he was handsome, he had a family, in short Thomas' life was perfect and I felt envious of it!

On Monday I started "Pink Beach" elementary school, I was in third grade of it; my brother went to Nursery school.

My new school was very big, clean and coloured; the teacher introduced me to the class and everybody looked at me with indifference and I felt very sad.

It was midday and I went to the school canteen and nobody sat near me; but suddenly, I was eating, a beautiful white girl said: "Can I sit here?" and I answered: "Sure!".

For one hour we talked and told each other our personal life stories and I invited her for one milkshake.

I ran to my house, I wanted to tell my grandmother what had happened and she told me that it should have been nice to wear my elegant suit, for the meeting.

Helen, the girl who I met in canteen, was beautiful: she was lovely, kind, nice and generous. She was tall and slim, had long, curly and black hair; slanted and green eyes.

Suddenly, after an incredible day, Thomas arrived with a group of bullies and he started to make fun of me, he said: "Get away...you ugly black!!".

Thomas was jealous of my story with Helen.

I tried to stay calm and to talk to him nicely but he was nervous and angry and with his bullies he beat me. I couldn't understand why he was doing that but I understood it was because I was black and for his jealousy for Helen.

I found myself on the pavement with blows and livids; Helen ran close to me and I started to cry. I felt umiliated because of my skin colour . My life was sad and unfair.

I went to the hospital with my grandmother and doctors put plaster on my right arm, so that I couldn't write at school. Helen painted trees, birds and butterflies on my plaster and it was fantastic!

After three weeks my arm rearranged and everything was normal.

After long time Helen invited me at her home for dinner; I had a shower and I wore my elegant suit with blue tie and I gave the finishing touch: I put scent.

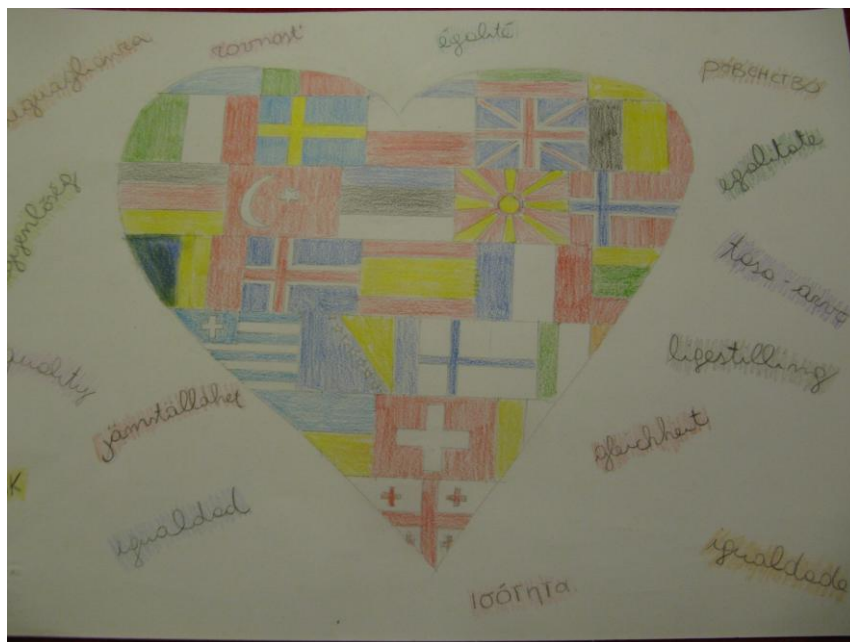
My granny accompanied me to Helen's house, she had a gorgeous residence with a very big English garden; I remained astonished in front of this wonder.

There were a lot of flowers: hidrangeis, sunflowers, roses, daisies, tulips, orchids,.....

I rang the doorbell and a man opened the door; she called Helen who arrived with an aristocratic, white dress. She showed me her large and elegant two floors house. On the first floor there were the kitchen, the living room with a modern tv and a bedroom. The house was very sophisticated and smart, there were also a sparkling silver chandelier, there was a long and comfy sofa; in bedroom there were a simple chandelier, a large bed and some pieces of furniture where she used to keep all her best clothes upstairs, there was a bedroom with a piano which Helen could play quite well.

After that she accompanied me at the table and I saw for the first time Helen's parents; they were tall and plump, they wore elegant suit and black long dresses; I was sitting on the left part of the table, but I didn't like her parent's glance. It was very cold! We didn't talk much as her parents looked When the dinner finished I came back home by bus, but I wasn't happy.

The next day Helen's parents didn't allow her to meet me, because I was black!!



3

Herman

RIGHT TO FREE OPINION AND THOUGHT

Berlin 1940: the city was grey, dark, without colours without animation.

It had become like an apple, it was divided from a big and imposing wall, a part was alive, full of colours and wealth, the other part was dead, decayed, without any sort of fun.

In the dead part lived a six year old child, his name was Herman.

Herman was Jewish, and in that period he lived with his family in a ghetto.

In the city the people started to understand the nazis' ideas and so they escaped or hid their families in secret places.

Infact Herman and his family moved to a small village in an underground place, gloomy and dark. The small village was empty and sometimes only a few German soldiers with bad and scary faces and with imposing and strict uniforms passed through there.

So far, in Herman's small town, the soldiers had only passed, just to take a look, but surely, in the future they would stop and they would invade the city.

After a few months Herman went out to look for his friends, he walked for some hundred metres an, while he was getting to the near park, from his house came a loud sound, he could hear people shouting and yelling. The screaming was like a chorus of voices, out of tune, full of sorrow and despair.

From there, Herman began to run fastly, as he had never done.

Running, screaming and suffering, his little face began to glimpse thin tears, without even the knowledge of what was happening.

Herman went into the house and he realized it was empty, or at least he thought, until suddenly a quiet voice said:- 'Herman? Herman, come here, I need you' -. It was his grandfather's feeble voice who was seriously wounded, lying on the floor and his eyes were full of tears. Herman asked:- Where is everybody? Why the whole house is in such a mess? And why were only you are here?-

The grandfather said:- 'They came! They were here! They took everyone, including your grandmother who had trouble in walking. I don't know where they 've taken them, but I know they won't return any more.

Herman bended down to hear his grandfather's last words.

Herman was alone, without family or friends. The city was now empty, there was just him. He didn't know what to do, where to take refuge, to eat. So he decided to walk and walk again until, late in the evening he stopped to sleep in public garden, on an old bench.

During the night a German soldier grabbed Herman.

The soldier took him to a shelter for lost children, since at that time, with the racial persecution, many children were hiding in unusual places in order not to be discovered.

Herman was not hidden, it had only been absent when they had captured his family and then had lived with this loneliness. At the reception center the assistants asked Herman if he was a Jew, and he, fearful, said to be Arian, pure Arian race. He was afraid, he didn't want to end up like her parents, so he lied and was taken to a huge room with only Arian children.

It was nicely arranged and equipped with everything that a person, or in this case a child was in need.

Full of curiosity Herman looked into the next room where the Jewish children were sleeping. It was a dark, cold room with broken or badly kept beds, with a dim light that could lighten only the face and souls of those hopeless children, a room in which Herman should have been instead.

Herman, after a few days, was adopted by an Arian family.

Just arrived in his new house he couldn't believe it, he couldn't think that this would be his home. This looked like a castle! It had a very big door that led into a room full of very valuable pieces of furniture and with big shining chandeliers, full with a good smell of wood.

Herman decided not to speak to his new parents, for the moment, as he just wanted to explore the new home, and his room.

His room was large and with so many new toys, but especially with a huge bed. It had two large closets completely full of clothes; a chandelier in the shape of airplane; a wonderful view of the garden. The garden was very big and full of fragrant flowers.

Herman, sooner or later, had to talk to his parents and had to reveal his identity, but also had to be sure they wouldn't take him back.

He had to find the right moment, maybe at dinner, or while doing the usual walk in the park near his home, or at breakfast, but where the father stopped not much.

At last he decided! He thought he would speak that same evening, he would explain everything with calmness and discretion.

That day seemed a slow one, one of those days where a person seems to be stuck in time warp so, in this situation lots of thoughts passed through Herman's mind, as if things to confess were endless, but in reality there was only one.

In the late evening Herman hadn't confessed everything and for him was really hard to sleep, since he feared his father could react badly.

Next morning, while having breakfast , he told his real origin. “I’m a Jew” – he said. Suddenly his dad stood up with a violent reaction and a worrying loud cry; his mother instead had gone near Herman to show him her love and affection.

So the young guy didn’t know what to do any more: he had the mother on his part, but the father was furious.

Herman had decided to tell his mother the situation that persecuted the Jewish and other lower categories, since he was sure that his mother would listen and understand with stillness and comprehension.

The mother repeated to her husband to listen to Herman, and then he had to realize of what his nazist friends and him were doing.

The father decided, he was ready to lo listen Herman and to see the proves that Herman prepared. So Herman told his father the story of his life.

The father was shocked, but he didn’t want to show it, because he wanted to support his ideas.

Actually, the father just pretended to support Nazi ideas, but on the contrary he was in a secret association to defend persecuted people. He had decided to organize some meetings with anti-nazi people in the attic of his house. Nobody had to know nothing about this!

One afternoon one of Herman’s friends went to his house, because they had to do a school work. For this Herman needed some documents which were in his father’s office, but there were also documents about the anti-nazist secret association.

Herman’s friend had a look at those documents and, when he went back home he told his father, who was a nazi supporter.

So he decided to inform the nazi soldiers about this association. After a few days the soldiers arrived at Herman’s house and killed his father.

Herman was again alone with his mother like if his destin had to write all his sad life again.

THE END

Giulia Lupi, Andrea Russo, Mudajar Ajaib, Rosario Iacona, Ernesto Santini Class III E



My dream

RIGHT TO EDUCATION

As I sat in front of the fountain, wrapped in my thoughts, I noticed this man who was sitting next to me and asked me the time.

This man changed my life. It was about five years ago when my family and I tried to run away from the terrible war in Somalia I remember that night was impossible to see from afar the faint light of the pier, from which a deafening noise was coming. Full of anxiety, I decided to get away from the din and went to the bay where the boat was waiting for me with on board all my friends and family.

My dad's name was Mustafà, he was tall, skinny and he had a black, medium length hair, with brown eyes and a long nose. He was easy-going, strict but was patient and loved his family. I am Said, I am 15 years old. I am thin and tall boy, I have big brown eyes in which you can see my desire to live and play. My hair is shiny black, with a hooked nose, and my lips are thick and pink as marble, while my cheeks are red. I have a wonderful smile that lights up my face. I am a simple guy who is content with little, I am always ready to help my family, my brothers. I am nice, funny, lazy, easy-going, responsible and sometimes boring. I am self-confident, ready to follow my dreams and determined but I have a limit: I always say what I think even when it should be better be silent.

I have very clear ideas about my future but still do not know how to fulfill my dream: I would like to help all people who are in need. I want to become a good person, like all heroes of the stories I heard in the few years at school, these stories always inspired my life, I have been motivated to always give the best of myself in everything I was doing! A few hours after our departure we heard some aircrafts flying over us. The sea was rough and the stormy weather didn't help us. Suddenly we heard a big noise, everybody was shouting and waves were covering the boat. I felt blurred of water coming into my ears and eyes. I realized I was alone and I had swum for long all my family had died in the bombing. It had been really terrible.....I felt exhausted and had desperate.

The sand was clear, I could hear the roaring of the water dashing against the high dark rock, before I met the man who saved my life and to whom I will always be grateful. His name is Ishan. He was going to join the army. Ishan has an oval face with short salt and pepper hair and snub nose. He has thin lips, small blue eyes and he has a tattoo. Ishan is generous, cheerful but he just listens to his wife. I felt the warm arms, which led me, in the blurry image I could see, on a red car. I was still stunned by the blow taken while I was in the water. It was daylight, I think noon because the sun blinded my eyes gently kiss your face, when that 'man, or rather the consulate, put me gently in his car. He was a good soldier, not like those who fired the raft, NO! He was good. I felt a cheerful music coming from the stereo to my left, very contagious and I felt the soldier humming, but I did not have the strength. I looked out the dirty window: long stretches of green, high, rocky mountains and a little squirrel that made me a wink from a tree beside the road. I just took a nice hit! But the most fascinating thing I saw from the window was the peace of that country so quiet and peaceful, not shooting nor cries, nor people trying to save themselves in some kind of way, but in the meantime I was thinking about where my parents could be, if they were alive or dead or lost in what other country and if they were worried about me. At that moment the consulate took

a bump that made me beat the head and lost consciousness. I found myself suddenly in front of a hospital. The hospital was large with lots of very comfortable rooms and everything was clean. When they brought me to my room I didn't want to leave I was amazed by the order that was in the room. I fainted and in 3 days I enter in a coma, I couldn't remember anything.

One month ago I woke up in the hospital's room, my last memory was the hospital entrance, at the moment out the doors I looked a figure of the man, this figure was familiar, in my mind lighted a lamp, this figure belonged at the man that saved my life. Yes he was! I tried to hear those two men talking as I was sure they were talking about me, on my destiny. The doctor looked at me, walked across the room. He had brown hair. He was tall and thin. He had black small glasses and he didn't have one finger. He had full lips, a beauty mark and wrinkles. He was hard working, self-confident and generous. The doctor told me: "Hi, tomorrow you will have a new family" then I closed my eyes. When I woke up I was in the car at half past eight I left the hospital and went to my mew home with Ishan, I thought he was my new dad. We got in a very old house and headed home.

The journey was very long and I also started to know my new family. In front of the door I looked my new mum and my new two sisters. My adoptive-mother was plump with red wavy hair and green eyes, she had full lips, freckles and two beauty marks, she was an arrogant women and I didn't spend much time with her. Besides her there was Clara, she was eight years old and she was very pretty child with blond hair. She was nice but sometimes unfriendly because a bit touchy and jealous. Next to Clara there was Saidy, they were twins. She was easy-going, tolerant, lovely and always happy but also her, sometimes was jealous. The house was very nice from the outside it looked very big and was very cozy and neat. I was very happy at the thought of living in that house. From the outside it looked like a small cottage but inside was large. In my new house, I woke up at six o'clock, I had my shower, I dressed and I had breakfast with my new family. They were welcoming and lovely, helped me in everything. After breakfast my new parents went to work and my new sister went to school. My adoptive-parents didn't want me to go to school or meet new friend. They told me: "The other children are horrible, all world is horrible and dangerous and you can't be happy out there".

These words didn't seem strange but with time I started to hate them. While I was waiting for lunch, played game or red the book, my book told the animal and these had many pictures. The lunch was my favourite meal, my adoptive-parents were always happy and told me and my sisters so many stories about their work. Joining the army was difficult but something was funny about it. At six o'clock I used to have my shower because I I had dinner at eight o'clock. My new family ate in the living room but I preferred to eat in my bedroom.

The days flew fast and every day I was happier, my new life was fantastic, in my new family I felt really well, I was always funny and my new sisters were sometimes unfriendly but I hoped that they loved me. But the happiness ended early, it ended when they told me their plans for my future. I was going to join the army, but my greatest wish was to study. Often I walk in the place, when I was out the my new house I sat in front of the fountain and I looked the scenery since one mouth I saw an old man, his name is Jack Dawson or Professor Jack Dowson. He had brown eyes with curly brown hair and a thin mouth. He was 1.79 m tall, slim, whit black glasses to read and whit the same adventure book in his large hands. He dressed in a class way, whit good shoes and tie. He was attentive, helpful, cheerful, playful, sometimes severe, caring, nice, patient, generous and stubborn.

One day I met Professor Dawson, who changed my life completely. As I sat on a bench in front of the fountain, wrapped in my thoughts, I noticed this man who sat next to me and asked me the time. I told him I didn't have a watch and in any case I wasn't able to read the time on a watch, so he asked me why, and I replied telling him that I never went to school, even though it was my dream. He offered me to go to his classes, in the near school, but I told him that I had been adopted by a family, who wanted me to join the army even if I did not want to. Professor Dawson told me to come every day in front of the fountain at four o'clock.

The next day I always asked for the time, and at four o'clock, I rushed in the same place, to learn to read, write and count. Every day I went to the market to learn something new. My dream was going to realize. In my first lesson the Mr. Dawson taught me how to write and read. He showed me the alphabet and explained it to me, letter by letter, sitting on the bench, then gave me the sheets with different words written and told me to read and rewrite them for tomorrow. I was in seventh, because I was learning to read and write, so when I was in the middle of the street I could not understand what was written on boards along the street and not just look at the pictures and try to understand the meaning. I was really happy. I came home and my "mother" asked me what I had in my hand, but I told her that the papers were only found in front of the driveway. I tore the sheets and put them in my pockets. I was not discouraged and I got a new paper and compose the words torn, fortunately I could read them. All I did was reading and writing and to read and write. In the morning I went down the stairs, trying not to wake anyone. I took a snack and ran to the fountain with my written sheets, with the hope that they wereright. Arrived at the fountain I realized that the teacher was not there. I sat on the bench and started to read my paper with great difficulty. I was terrorized not to be good at reading and it took me so long to write. I will definitely look bad. So I decided to go away, when I heard the professor's voice calling from far away and I turned around immediately.

Before I went to bed I heard my adoptive parents that were talking about me. Samantha said: "Tomorrow Said is going to be a soldier". I ran in my bedroom and I started to cry. The next morning Samantha woke me up and took me at Ishan's car. During the journey we didn't speak. When we arrived at the barracks I got off the car without saying a word. I resigned at this destiny when I saw an old man, he was Dawson. I followed him and realized all my dreams.

Francesca Damiano, Noemi Picca, Suayp Kavlak, Omeima Balooch e Idris Vignola Class III E



The flower town

RIGHT TO IDENTITY

It was a beautiful spring day, with a big shining sun. The weather was fine and breezy and there was a clear and calm lake near the mountains. In the centre of the lake there was a big and attractive flower and plant nursery. It was the largest of all the valley, and there was a comfortable cableway that passed through the mountains. The entrance of the nursery was bright and coloured, every thing was shining and there was the cash desk where people had to pay flowers.

In the nursery there were some plants with a big foliage and coloured flowers. They lived there as a family, it was like a town for them where they lived happily. Anyway there were some special flowers: George, Wanda, Timmy and Marge.

George is the blue flower, he is the oldest. He is generous and kind, he comes from a house where he wasn't happy because he had not enough water; he loves staying with his friends while he sunbathes at the sun light. Usually George invents games to enjoy other flowers. He is always cheerful and nice. Wanda is the pink one and she comes from an unspoilt valley. She is quiet and vain and she stays hours and hours in front of the mirror. Wanda likes organizing fashions shows with other flowers; she always wins! Her petals are perfect: green and smooths. She is a little picky, too. Wanda is the youngest flower and sometimes she wants that everybody looks at her. Then, there is Timmy, his petals are red and shining. He is the worst of all: self- confident, ambitious and impatient. He likes doing long jumps, so he feels strong! He remembered when during an important competition, he used some nutritional supplement.. After that judges excluded Timmy from the competition. He got very angry for this and he stole in a small nursery. The police stopped Timmy and they jailed him. He stayed in a horrible prison for eight years. Here he tried to run away and the police stopped him again. Fortunately Wanda went for a stroll to the prison of the land because she liked to help everybody. Her passion was taking other flowers and helping them, every week she went to the prison and then she gave them to the nursery. In this way Timmy arrived to the beautiful palts and flowers nursery. At last there is Marge. She has beautiful white and brilliant petals. She is cheerful, honest and very very tolerant. She likes dancing for other flowers classical dance.. She dances on points. She comes from a big and comfortable house and she was millionaire because her parents were the sovereigns of all the valley. She bought a lot of dresses, make-ups and shoes. Then Marge's parents died and she got all money. But she spent all in the casino... She went on bankruptcy.

A good day, after a stormy night, Wanda and George arrived at the centre of the nursery and they were very happy. Nobody knew why they were so happy.. In the evening they said that they had got married. After the beautiful news, everybody started to clap them. Two days later, they had a beautiful wedding service, with shining dresses, a lot of food and coloured decorations. They received some presents and compliments and after the marriage Marge and Timmy were very excited.

One day Bob, the gardener, started to choose a nameplate for all flowers. Bob is very bad, he is ugly, unfriendly and aggressive. Bob wears a red and white shirt, trousers and boots... All is dirty! On his face he has an untrimmed beard.

He chose a name for all flowers except for George, Wanda, Timmy and Marge because they were unpleasant to him. Following days all flowers went to Bob's office and he fertilizes, prunes and sprinkles them. But George, Wanda, Marge and Timmy weren't without the name... So they couldn't be like other flowers: they could do nothing for this! Our flowers were very worried because without a name, they weren't trimmed! For days and days George, Timmy, Wanda and Marge suffered a lot, without water, fertilizer and pruning. Everybody forgot them, nobody thought of them... THEY WERE INVISIBLE!

Other flowers were happy and healthy, but our flowers were the opposite! After a lot of days, George, Wanda, Marge and Timmy were going to die.. They were weak and without physical strenght. Fortunately a very brave flower, Colin, had a brilliant idea! Colin is very big and strange, his petals are oranges and shining; every day he goes to the gym of the beautiful nursery and he trains with weights and treadmilles, sometimes he swims in the swimming pool. He likes rock music and drinking vitamin drinks. Colin is very intelligent, too.. So he thought if all flowers refused to accept to sell themselves.. Bob wouldn't earn money! All flowers said that it was a very great idea and the following day they started the plan. They hid themselves everywhere: on trees, in vases, in Bob's house or near the lake. Bob got very angry and he started to shout at the top of his voice. For days and days Bob couldn't find anybody and he was pennyless. One day after some weeks, Colin went to the gardener's office and he tried to explain the situation of George, Wanda, Timmy and Marge.. They were very weak! Bob said that he didn't agree with him... He thought that the four flowers were strong, but his thought was wrong. At last Bob understood the situation and he gave a nameplate to George, Timmy, Wanda and Marge,too. But unfortunately Bob bought a lot of vases, fertilizers, shouels and he became a poor man... Bob decided to sell all flowers of the nursery except Wanda, Timmy, George, Marge and Colin because he felt guilty for what he had done.. Bob has lived with them with happiness and joy forever.

Maria Silvia Coco, Pietro Credi, Thinh Du Tong, Viviana Ametta Class 3 E



6

A Secret MUST be a Secret

RIGHT TO PRIVACY

In a small remote town near the mountains, there is a big lonely house.

The house looks like the others, but the owner is weird, very weird. He puts video cameras which are hidden everywhere in his town.

His name is Robert, he's 37 years old and he had a dark past. Robert is short and plump, he is bald with dark moustache and small brown eyes. He usually wears glasses, and now he's sitting in front of a lot of monitors. He's eating a big hamburger while he's choosing his next victim.

At the moment the outside cameras are shooting three kids, but he has noticed a beautiful girl for a long time. Her name is Danielle and she's very pretty, almost perfect with her blue eyes and her long blonde hair and she looks naive.

-Perfect- thinks Robert.

Now she is in the park and she is writing on her diary. Robert zooms the camera to read only small parts of the text.

"I like a boy but he's in love with [...] it is my fault! They quarrelled and now I'm sad..."

Robert decided: he is going to steal the diary, Linda and her boyfriend must know this. **EVERYONE MUST KNOW THIS!**

The next day is Sunday. It's morning and it's very early, but Robert is very excited: today Danielle isn't at home, she's going to the mountains with her parents.

This is the opportunity to steal the diary!

Danielle's house is small, on one floor there is her bedroom's window which is very big. The house is without alarm system, it's going to be an easy mission! Robert picks up a stone and then he throws it on the window to enter in the room.

Robert put his hat and his scarf on the bedside. He searches the diary, and finally he finds it under the bed. He catches the hat but he doesn't realize that the scarf has fallen on the floor. He steals the diary and he goes out by the window. He arrives at his house and starts looking for the right page and prepare a letter.

It's Monday, the clock strikes it's five, Robert gets up, and goes to the city to put the diary page in the mail box. When Linda gets up, she goes down and her mother tells her to collect their mail. She opens the mail box and she finds the page, she reads all and she decided to go to Danielle's house to ask explanations.

When Danielle opens the door Linda asks what the piece of paper with the diary page was and she said she knew nothing. So Linda answers as Danielle didn't know who made this sheet, she couldn't forgive her. She put the paper and leaves.

Now Danielle walks lonely in the garden, and she's crying because she has had a bad conversation with Linda: they quarreled!

Linda said a bad thing about Danielle, and now they aren't friends.

She can't understand who and why did this horrible thing! She doesn't have any enemy! While she was walking, the phone rang: it was her mother.

-What mum? – She answered.

- Good morning dear, where are you? I couldn't find you in the house! – screamed her mum.

-Mum, I'm in the garden, I want to stay a bit by myself, please.

-Ok Dany, but come up sooner! Bye bye.

Maybe her mother doesn't know what was happening with Danielle. Of course! Because she has hidden the parcel. Suddenly she hears one voice behind her, she turns back and she sees an elderly woman, who holds a parcel. She's fixing Danielle. In that parcel was her diary photocopy. Danielle blush, and she doesn't understand what she have to do.

-I regret for you, darling but I believe, I can help you to find the guilty. – The elderly say.

-Thank you, but don't show, now everyone know what I wrote in my diary!

-In fact, is for this reason, you must find the guilty, he mustn't be free and happy, while you suffer!
– She whisperer.

-Ok, but how do you help me? – Danielle asks perplexed.

-Now we're going to the police and here you will see how I help you, ok? You can call me Elisa! – She answers smiling.

Danielle smiles and accepts. While she's going to the police with Elisa, she sees Mike the "ex boyfriend" of Linda, he doesn't salutary Danielle and he looks she badly.

When they arrived to the police, Elisa says to the policeman she want do a report, and he brings Elisa and Danielle to the detective man.

-Good morning! I am Matt, sit down please, who do you want to report? – say Matt.

-This morning, at 5:30 regarding, while I was looking in the window because I didn't have sleep, I saw a person. This person had the same parcels and he put it in all mail boxes. I can't saw his face but he was fat and short, he all dressed back, I think it was a man. When he disappeared I go to the mail box and I find in the parcels with Danielle's diary photocopy- Tell Elisa.

Matt get up and go too his fellow worker, and after he comes back.

-A lot of people arrived here to report this “mysterious gossip man” before you, somebody’s spying this city. Now you’re giving me important information, nobody saw this man before you. Thank you! I have a lot of work, goodbye and see you soon, I’ll give you information when I’ll have- says Matt.

When Danielle goes out to the police station, thank Elisa and after she goes to her house, there she finds his parents, they’re worry. Then Danielle explains everything, and his father promises he will found the guilty.

Meanwhile, Matt continues his investigation. Now he is with Danielle in here room and she show to Matt where are hidden her diary while he searches any indication. Suddenly he sees a black scarf under the bed.

-Is yours this scarf? – Ask matt.

-No, maybe it’s my father’s scarf, but I’m not safe, because I haven’t seen this scarf before! – Answers Danielle.

Matt goes in the living room to ask to Danielle’s parent if this scarf are their, but they say they never saw it. Then he goes to carry the scarf to the laboratory to know properly of the scarf’s DNA then he goes to his office. While he was sedawn, his colleague enter, and he gives a envelope to Matt, he opens it and he finds a sheet of paper with three date.

-There are someone bought a lot of thing can help to spy the people. Is it strange, isn’t it? – Ask the colleague.

-In fact, it’s suspicious, now we go to that shop and we ask to the people to describe it! – Say Matt while he exits of the office. When they arrived, a man says the person was bald, short, spotty and fat, and he knows it, because he studied with him in the high school, his name is Robert Ivorsame.

Now Matt is in front the computer and he’s doing a search of Robert Ivorsam, and he finds in the past Robert published a prohibited video on YouTube. Suddenly the door knocks, and his colleague enters.

-This is the DNA of that person here!-

Matt open quickly the pack and he find sheets of papers. He reads carefully in silence.

-Yes, he is Robert Ivorsame, now let’s go to carry him here to question him! – exclaim Matt

Matt goes to Robert’s house, but he isn’t here because he escaped in a new house in a neighboring country and he got it. When Matt and the police arrive in the house, Robert escapes on the road and start the chase. But in the moment Robert stops the car and he escapes in the wood. When he runs he fall down and then he launches the diary faraway. Matt succeeds to capture the man and he goes to the police car with Robert and then they go to the police center. When they arrive, Matt and the police man start the interrogatory. So much later Robert collapse and he self-confessed. He also tells a revelation. His past was dark: when Robert was a child, his

friend has divulged a big secret about him. Everyone mocked Robert and he cried a lot. Someone began to tease him. He was always sad and he decided to do the same thing in another city, because he thinks people have a lot of dark secret and the secret must reveal. He says only wanted to show this secret. At the world.

Now Linda and Danielle hate each other, Robert is in prison.

That's the reason which secret must be secret forever!

The End

GIBERTINI SARA, AMNA ARFAOUI, ANDREA TIRELLI E AMARA SIWAR Class 3 G



Delta High School: A story

.RIGHT TO BE PROTECTED FROM DRUGS AND BULLYING

Las Vegas, a great town to visit; to go shopping and to win a lot of money.

What happens in the city centre is different than in the outskirts. In fact there's a girl in a south Las Vegas district who doesn't live so well.

Her name is Benny, she is 15 years old. She's a studious but very poor girl. She lives just with her mum, because her parents are separated. One night, they had quarrelled as her father was very drunk. For this reason her mother turned him out; she also lives with her brother, Andrew. Since she was a child her parents had preferred Andrew to her because he has always been smarter and kinder than her. She goes to the "Delta Scientific High School". She attends the Second year and she is one of the most brilliant students.

"Delta Scientific High School" is a professional High school, too. The school break takes place outside so when the break-bell rings all the scientific and professional students go in the school garden. Here, she always sits on a bench out of the basketball and football grounds, where the students always play. In the professional high school there are the toughest boys of the school: Crug and Bobby. They always oblige her to do their homework, to give them her lunch and all her money. JUST 2 people can understand her: Dustin and Kinda, They are her two best friends. Dustin and Kinda are two normal students They aren't so hard-working students, but a bit popular in the school. For the students the school-rules are: People mustn't stay with studious students. So, all the moments they can stay together, they are out of the school. Every day they go back home together. Sometimes they try to explain and suggest her that if she studied less and were more extrovert, she would be a more popular girl. But she doesn't want to listen to them.

It was a very sunny spring day but Benny's humor wasn't sunny, too. The first two periods had already passed and she felt very insecure because she knew what was attending her at the break. At the third hour of school she did nothing. When the break-bell rang she couldn't breath. The break, usually, finished in 30 minutes. She sat in her usual bench and she started feeling better, but after 20 minutes Crug and Bobby arrived.

As usual, they asked for her lunch. At that moment she tried to answer them but their reaction was a fight. They reduced her very badly. When the break finished she was head down with a lot of bruises in all her body.

Kinda and Dustin were walking near the garden and they saw everything so they called the principal who told her mum what had happened. She decided to make her daughter stay at home for two weeks because she was too scared by the two boys. In the first seven days she stayed at home, in her room, on the window, watching passers by. When Kinda and Dustin knew that, they decided not to bother her. On the eight day, she was walking in the park near her house to get some fresh air for a while. She stayed there for three hours. She decided to go back home when she saw three strange men. They also noticed her and asked her to go near them but she ran back home. She was breathing so fast but at home she opened the window to check if those strange people were outside. She saw they were exchanging some drugs.

Benny ran upstairs to lay down on his bed. She reflected a lot and she thought: 'Would I be happier if I took some drugs?' Two days later she went to the park again, she did her usual walk and saw them again. She found the courage and asked: 'Can I try that?' One of the guys said: 'You can try this if you swear that you'll never tell this to nobody.' So she swore. 'All right, my name's brutus, he is Tonnih, that dog's name is Berry' and the man with the dog said: 'I'm Ringo, nice to meet you.' Brutus said: 'Take this and smoke' and after a while Benny answered: 'Oh my God, so nice, I love it!.' Brutus said immediately: 'You like it ..yeah..so, take a bit of this and try...and take those sirings and try them too'. Benny thanked him as she was very excited. That evening her mum was cooking the dinner, eight o'clock had passed and she called her but she didn't have any answer so she started to worry. She ran upstairs, she opened the door and saw Benny lying down on her bed with two sirings in her arm.

Janet screaming called Andrew at once and told him to call 911 while she was trying to wake 'Andrew, come here immediately!'. 'Hey mum! What's happening?!' asked him. She told him to call 911 at once and tried to wake Benny up .

"Where am I" asked Benny and opened a bit her eyes..."Am I in hospital?". Janet answered positevely to her question and explained she had found her in bed with two eroin sirings. Her mum asked Benny how long she had been taking drugs and aked for an explanation. Benny lied to her mum saying she had found them in the park and just wanted to try. The following day Kinda and Dustin went to visit Benny because they noticed ahe was not at school and they wanted to know why. When they arrived at the hospital Benny was sitting on her bed and was chatting on her laptop. They asked Benny what was wrong with her and she answered it was a secret but they told they were really friends so there shouldn't have been any secret among them. She explained them that the day before had gone for a walk around the park and had met strange people who had asked if she wanted to try some drugs. She had thought she could feel better so she had bought a bit". Kinda and Dustin couldn't believe what she was telling them but she swore she wouldn tell that to nobody. They asked her what she was going to do with the drug pushers but she told them she could be in danger because she had sworn to tell nothing to nobody about drug taking. They promised to stay near her and told her not to worry . Two days later the telephone rang and Benny went to answer and on the other line Brutus, one of the drug pushers said they had not seen her and asked her to go to the park and take some drug. Dustin took the telephone and told Brutus they couldn't keep Benny as a hostage and maltreat her. Immediately Brutus guessed Benny was in hospital and got really angry and immediately stopped the call.

The following day Benny had to go back home and she was going to tell everything to the Police so one day later Benny, her mum, Dustin and Kinda left the hospital and went back home but while Janet was opening the door, they heard a loud noise, and Dustin screamed: "Oh my God ...they shot me!!" Immediately Janet took Dustin to the hospital again while Kinda an Benny took their cell and rang 911 to say what had happened. One month later the Police Departement caught Brutus, Ringo and Berry who were sentenced 20 years in prison. At the hospital, the doctors managed to save Dustin, and this piece of news went around the world, and a huge demonstration in front of the ONU palace took place to ask for the right to be protected by drugs and bullying.

The End

BELLELLI RICCARDO, BEN ATIA NECERINE, GHIDONI ALESSANDRO, PANTALEO JESSICA

8

Harry and his prison

RIGHT NOT TO WORK

It is the last day of school and Harry is in his class with his schoolmates and they look forward to the school bell ringing to start their summer holidays.

At the last 5 minutes in the school there was a lot of confusion and chaos.

Harry went back home with his friends Jack and Tom and he had lunch with his father Jason.

His father is tall, he has brown eyes and hair; he works as a lawyer and often people call him to solve legal problems.

During the lunch his father told Harry that his superior called him and said that he had to move to Russia to solve a case.

The case consists in discovering who was the person who trades drugs from Russia.

After lunch Jason says that they will leave for Russia on Saturday. During the journey, Harry's father slept because the day before he had worked a lot, while Harry was playing with his Ipod touch.

When they arrived at the airport there were a lot of people, so they waited for a long time to take a taxi.

Harry told his grandparents that they had arrived to Moscow. After that, Jason and Harry went to the Hotel Black Jack that Jason's boss had booked.

When they arrived at the Hotel, they looked surprised for the style of the Hotel . Inside they went to the reception and the porter collected their luggage. Jason took the number 117 key and they went to their room and immediately to bed.

In the morning they got up at 9.00 o'clock and Jason took Harry to his grandparents because Jason had to go to work.

Harry spent the night by his grandparents and during the night he heard a noise: thieves forced the door and went inside the house. Harry came to check what the noise was , but unexpectedly someone took him out.

When the thieves carried him away, they took him to a mine and said that if he wanted to come back home his parents had to pay 1.000.000 dollars .

Harry saw some children like him working : they gave him a pickaxe and told him that he had to pick the wall of the mine to find some minerals.

For days and days he didn't eat anything! He picked and picked but he found only stones.

One day he found something shining, some people looked what Harry found and said: " Now you can eat"

He ate cold bread and water. Now they told him that his debt was of 5.000.000 dollars: he could not understand.

In the mine you cannot dream, if you dream you are dead. At the beginning they were in 50 persons and after some days, they were in 10.

One night a child told him: " If you think you can go back, you're wrong. No one goes back from here."

Months passed and Jason could not stand it anymore, to wait for the police to decide what to do for his son's life. They had to look for evidences and Jason knew that they could not find anything with legal methods.

So he decided to leave the police station and he thought it was the moment to act, because he had enough to wait. His son had disappeared for two years and what had Police discovered till now? Nothing.

He knew that it was Makarov and his little friend who started everything, and also the people of the town knew it, but the problem was: Was there someone ready to talk, risking his life? No, all the town was under Makarov's control.

Jason went to visit his friend who was a photographer: he told him the story of his son and told him that he needed real proves about Makarov. He offered him some money but his friend did not accept them.

In the meantime Harry....

"I don't know how long I've been here, certainly a long time. I have lost hope. Who can imagine that I'm here in a dark cave to pick up stones? Nobody! If I think that it had to be just a vacation.... We rarely eat something here, but the guardians yes, they do. I would like to be as big as them. "

Jason...

Thanks to his friend, he finally had the photos of the cave: unchained children who were entering from one side of the cave. Now the police could intervene. They called special anti-terrorism forces, with guns, the Spetnoz.

They raided from the main entrance of the cave and a second team looked at the secondary entrance.

Harry heard all that noise outside the cave: one of the guardians wanted to check what was happening and he was immediately killed. Other guardians tried to bring Harry and other children out of the cave. The Spetnoz started to shot the guardians but they did not notice that behind them there were also the children and some of them died during the shooting.

Jason run to see if there was also his son Harry and unfortunately he found him with his eyes opened to the sky.

Inside the cave they found other children in dishuman conditions, they seemed like skeletons. Those children were returned to their families, the cave was seized and Makarov arrested. Everything ended in the right way, except for one thing: his son died and nobody else could replace him in his heart.

Jason came back to London, heartbroken. He moved from his house because the house was near his son's school: he could not live there and see all his son's friends every morning.

One day, his friend Tom asked him where Harry was and Jason answered that Harry had remained in Moscow with his grandparents...

THE END

Matteo Pellacani, Matteo Aleotti, Enita Sela, Nello Truzzi Class 3 G



Alex Thompson: This is my story.

RIGHT TO BE PROTECTED FROM ANY SORT OF ABUSE

This is my story.

Alex Thompson is a normal 63 old man...apparently.

Alex is going to an interview because he is a famous lawyer that defends children's rights. The interviewer starts asking:"So Mr. Thompson why did you choose to become a lawyer?". "Oh..it's a long story...but I can tell it if you have time. I was a 15 years old boy. I was quite tall and slim, I had got short straight brown hair and big green eyes. I had got a small nose and normal ears. I had one pierced ear.

I was a handsome,friendly,nice,funny, patient and cheerful boy. After my mom's death something changed in me and I became a sad, arrogant, serious and introvert person. After this sad event I moved in a bad district with my father. My dad was a violent and horrible man but he wasn't like this when his wife was alive. For this reason he started to drink a lot every day,and for this reason he became violent.

My mother died in an accident because of a car going too fast. When she died it was August. But long time before my parents had started quarrelling because my dad had bought a flat we couldn't afford.

For this reason my mom was really angry,so, she ran out of the house, and without looking around, she crossed the street, and at that moment a car hit her. She died at once,and when the ambulance arrived, it was too late. Since that day my father started drinking, because he felt guilty as he thought my mom had died for his fault.

Life in the new quartier wasn't easy and people wer unfriendly and rather rude. The streets were really dirty and dangerous, full of bad people. Our flat was in a condo which was a really horrible one, because all the walls were mouldy and there were a lot of spiders webs,and also many cracks.

The condo had seven floors, but there wasn't any lift. The walls were of a strange colour: there were stains all over and I thought that some of them were blood stains. Our flat was very small and smelly with only a bedroom, a little bathroom, a kitchen and a small living room where my father used to sleep, but sometimes I found him sleeping on the stairs, because he was drunk. The house walls were made by red bricks. It was very dirty because there were pieces of broken bottles. Often on the floor you could see cockroaches and mice. The flat was really cold because there was no heating. The only clean part of the house was my room. It was small but for me it was comfortable. There were a bed,a wardrobe,a chair and a little writing desk.

My quartier was horrible and terryfing because there was the mafia and there were a lot of drug and alcohol addicts, gangs. It was notorious because there were a lot of drug peddlers and sometimes there were some shooting. At night it was more dreadful because the street lamps were broken, and many were flashing. Every morning I went to school by bus. The school was big

and it was hideously ugly. It had quite a big gym, a lot of small classrooms and many labs. It had three floors.

In this school I met a guy whose name was Chuck. He was a good boy in appearance.

He had got brown hair which looked blond under the sun light. His eyes were small and they had a fantastic emerald green, his eyebrows were thick and his nose was big. He had got a wide mouth and white teeth. He was a tall and thin boy and he was tanned. He also was well built and he had broad shoulders. He had got a good temperament when he was calm. He was friendly, nice, funny, cheerful and patient to me, but when he was angry, he was the worst person in this world, he was rude, unfriendly unpleasant, impatient, aggressive and arrogant.

In spite of it I couldn't see this part of his temperament for a long time, because he was the only family which I had got that time.

I got close friend with Chuck as he was always smiling and friendly to me. However he was greedy and wanted to earn money; when I realized this I couldn't imagine he was a pusher. Infact when he came out of school he used to sell drug doses to other students;

he used to peddle cocaine and some heroine as well.

After some months we had met, he asked me if I wanted to "work" with him, pushing drugs. This was really a surprise for me as I had never done such things so I asked James, my best friend what to do. James was really a good boy and definitely against this choice. We discussed it for lots of evenings but, eventually I decided to help Chuck as I wanted to earn more money myself.

One day I had a big quarrel with James and I told him our paths should separate but he told me I was his best friend and wanted us to keep in touch and be friends.

I started pushing drugs with Chuck which was exciting but also scaring as in that area there were bully groups, gangsters fighting each other.

It was difficult but I earned lots of money.

In the gang was all going fair enough but the people were cold and indifferent to me. The only person who was kind to me was Mike, Chuck's brother. He was a friendly guy, the contrary of the other people in the gang. Mike wasn't a drug peddler, but he protected some people who were friends.

Mike entered in the gang because he was an orphan and he didn't have a place where to live. All was going fine until, one day, Chuck decided to send Mike and I into our enemy quartier to sell drugs. At this point, Mike decided to come with me to protect me taking his gun with him. When we got there, at first, all was going fine, until the members of the other gang arrived. As soon as they saw us they came closer to us in a threatening way.

When Mike saw them he told me to run away, while he got out the gun. I started running, but when I turned my head back I heard some gun shots, and two guys of the other gang who were following me. While I was running I didn't know that I was going into a close alley until I saw the wall in front of my face. When I turned back, I saw the guys of the rival gang who were pointing at

me with the guns. I tried to escape but suddelly I heard a gun shot and I saw all black. When I woke up, I took a look around and I understood that I was into an hospital.

After a few minutes I saw Mike coming into my room and he explained that they had shot me and he had taken me to the hospital and he had told the police what had happened so they started to search Chuck. When they found him they arrested him.

The police also discovered my situation with my father and they gave me in adoption.

I also found out a wonderful thing: Mike was adopted with me and we were legally

brothers. This is my story, my dear journalist.”

“It’s a beautiful story Mr. Thompson” the journalist told me.

I replied: “Now everybody understands why I became a lawyer”.

The End

Luisana Galdi, Evelina Cociu, Mudasar Rehman Class 3 G



Cuentos en el idioma español



10

EL CONSTRUCTOR

El constructor de sueños: la pobreza se derrota a partir de la educación.

(Artículo 28)

Juan era un chico pobre que vivía en Bolivia con su familia. Sus padres eran campesinos que trabajaban todo el día en una plantación de café con Juan.

Cuando ocurrieron los hechos que vamos a narrar él tenía trece años, ojos oscuros, pelo rubio y corto. Parecía grácil, pero era muy fuerte. Un día que en apariencia era como los demás, Juan se despertó y fue en seguida a buscar un trabajo para ganar un poco de dinero extra para comer. Mientras andaba vio a un hombre que necesitaba ayuda para arar su campo y plantar plantas. Entonces, Juan decidió quedarse ahí a trabajar ese día. El chico empezó su trabajo, cuando de repente oyó que alguien lo estaba llamando, Juan volvió la cara atrás y vio a un señor, Julio, que le preguntó si quería ir con él para ir al cole. A principios Juan no estaba muy seguro, pero decidió seguirlo. El señor era un profesor y decidió llevarlo a Estados Unidos. El viaje fue largo y cuando llegaron Juan estaba demasiado cansado. En su nueva habitación se sentó y pensó en Julio: era una persona maravillosa, gracias a él, al día siguiente por la mañana, empezaría a ir al cole. Al día después estaba muy emocionado, pensaba en lo que tenía que hacer. Como se encontraba en un ambiente nuevo, Juan tenía mucho miedo, sin embargo estaba determinado a dar el máximo. Juan se hizo el mejor alumno de la clase y su sueño era graduarse en jurisprudencia.

Aunque sus compañeros siempre le tomaban el pelo, él permaneció determinado y a los veintitrés años su sueño se realizó.

Luego regresó a Bolivia, a su casa, entre su gente. Quería que los niños de su ciudad tuviesen su misma oportunidad: ir al cole. Así que un día empezó su lucha por los derechos de los niños, porque según su opinión “ la pobreza se derrota a partir de la educación”. Después de muchas dificultades y arriesgando su vida, Juan inició a buscar un pequeño lugar para enseñar, habló con los padres de los niños, que después de algún tiempo permitieron a sus hijos ir al cole de Juan. Fue amenazado, alguien no quería que continuase dando clases, pero él no sólo se paró, sino continuó dándolas, construyó un nuevo colegio y llegaron otras personas para ayudarlo en su misión.

Después de algún tiempo todos estaban satisfechos de los resultados. Los profesores explicaban que la población de Bolivia no vivía según la leyes de libertad e igualdad y que los niños no tenían que trabajar. Los habitantes de la aldea vivían en una condición de explotación: trabajaban durante muchas horas al día, hasta 15, 16 recibiendo un sueldo muy bajo y sin que ninguna organización defendiese sus derechos de trabajadores. Juan, unos años más tarde llamó a algunos periodistas para que documentasen su misión, para publicarla y hacerla conocer fuera de los límites de Bolivia también, a fin de recibir ayudas humanitarias. Los periodistas entrevistaron a Juan y documentaron su misión, así que menos niños iban a trabajar y algunas ciudades se rebelaron a la falta de libertad, igualdad y a la explotación en que vivían. Tres semanas después Juan fue asesinado pero nadie lo olvidó, la explotación disminuyó fuertemente, se abrieron nuevos colegios y los trabajadores recibieron un sueldo justo. Para recordar a Juan se abrió una universidad que tenía su nombre, para acordarse de la única persona que había tenido el valor, el coraje de hablar y actuar contra los malos tratos y las injusticias.

(Iacona Rosario, Righi Sara, Federico Gavioli, Luca Sassi, Sara Gibertini)



Kennedy

Kennedy aprende a ser consciente de sus derechos.....

(Artículo 32)

Kennedy es un niño de trece años, vive en Retalhuleu (Guatemala). A primera vista podría estar saliendo del colegio con la cara sucia, después de jugar con pinturas, protegido del sol con una gorra y cargando en la espalda una pequeña mochila. Se mantiene apoyado por un machete, que clavado en el suelo, le llega hasta la cintura y delata su ocupación. Kennedy no viene del cole, trabaja en una finca de azúcar desde los once años, se trata de un trabajo peligroso y extenuante. Los brazos duros, musculosos no son los de un niño, sino los de un cortador de caña, un niño trabajador.

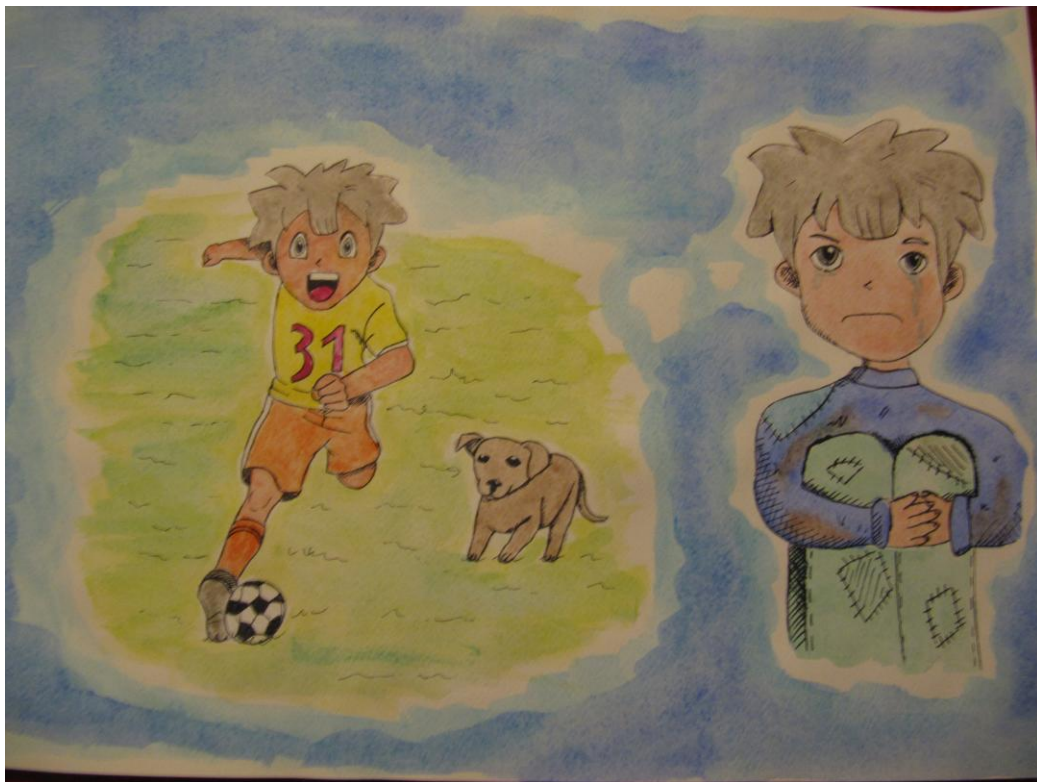
La familia de Kennedy es muy pobre, todos trabajan en una finca de caña de azúcar. Antes de la dictadura militar los abuelos paternos de Kennedy eran acomodados, su padre pudo ir al cole. Pero después del golpe de estado fue abolida la ley de reforma agraria, a través de la cual la tierra había sido distribuida a los campesinos, así que perdieron todas sus propiedades. Cuando regresaba del trabajo miraba los hijos de los terratenientes que jugaban y él no estaba contento porque no podía ir al cole y jugar con los otros niños, entonces decidió aprender solo pidiendo a su padre enseñarle.

Kennedy se levantaba a las tres y media de la madrugada para ir a trabajar en la finca de caña de azúcar. Durante el día, cuando los campesinos trabajaban, había algunos vigilantes que los controlaban y si alguien llegaba en retraso, los amenazaban despidiéndolos o los azotaban. Normalmente no desayunaban, tampoco almorzaban, a veces sólo lograban cenar. Cuando acababan de trabajar y llegaban a su casa, el padre de Kennedy le enseñaba a leer y a escribir. Gracias a su enseñanza, Kennedy se dio cuenta de que todos los niños tienen que disfrutar del derecho a la educación y que el estado debe garantizar el desarrollo de la enseñanza para todos. Además, el estado tenía que proteger a los chicos contra la explotación económica. De hecho, el trabajo infantil en las fincas de caña de azúcar es una realidad extendida en el tiempo, inmune a leyes y que salta a la vista de cualquiera que circule por esta zona del país, sin necesidad de realizar una búsqueda profunda. En la realidad, el estado no protege a los niños que trabajan en las fincas, no controla cuántas horas pasan allí realmente y tampoco sus condiciones de trabajo.

Kennedy quería que los chicos que como él eran cortadores de caña y los demás trabajadores tuviesen su misma oportunidad: estudiar y ser conscientes de tener derechos de que poder disfrutar. Entonces, tuvo una idea genial: su padre y unos amigos suyos de colegio podían organizar un teatro móvil en que representar obras que tuviesen como tema sus derechos violados. Así, cada día, cuando acababan su trabajo empezaron a recitar en público sus obras en la finca o en la plaza de la aldea donde había un bar en el que normalmente los campesinos quedaban, antes de volver a casa. Sus representaciones tuvieron mucho éxito y permitieron al pueblo abrir los ojos con respecto a la explotación a la que estaban sometidos y aprendieron también que tenían derechos.

Un día, todos los niños que trabajaban en la finca, junto a sus padres, fueron a protestar delante del edificio del gobierno: pedían la educación gratuita y que el estado defendiese sus derechos. Pero el estado les envió la policía para arrestarlos, permanecieron en la cárcel cuatro días. Aunque sabían que todo esto era injusto, al salir de la cárcel estaban, de todas formas, satisfechos porque la noticia de su protesta se había difundido y obtuvieron el favor y el sostén de todos, que, como ellos, estaban determinados a cambiar sus vidas.

Viviana Ametta, Irene D'Amore, Umberto Esposito, Alessandro Ghidoni, Noemi Picca



RAMON

Ramón era un niño que vivía en Guatemala, era un chico pobre y su madre no le permitía ir al colegio porque tenía que trabajar con ella para ayudar su familia a ganar el sueldo para la supervivencia cotidiana, que era muy difícil.

Vivían en una pequeña ciudad en el sur de Guatemala, su madre trabajaba en la finca. Ramón empezó a trabajar cuando tenía cinco años como sus hermanos Pablo y Andreas. Todos los amigos de Ramón no iban al cole porque trabajaban con él en la finca. Era un trabajo muy difícil y a veces peligroso. La policía y el estado no se oponían al trabajo infantil y no defendían los chicos y las chicas de su país. Un amigo de Ramón trabajaba tres veces a la semana y dos veces iba al colegio, eso era el sueño de Ramón. El estado tampoco se preocupaba de los trabajos peligrosos y no conocía el significado de palabras como derechos humanos y libertades fundamentales. Aunque todo el mundo sabía que los chicos eran muy violentos entre ellos, el estado no hacía nada para evitarlo. Ramón no creció como un chico normal, no conocía el espíritu de paz, comprensión y tolerancia. Un día un tío de Ramón de nombre Pedro, que vivía lejos, fue a visitarlos. Ramón quería mucho a este tío, era mayor y consideraba a Ramón un chico especial. Pedro pensaba que ir al colegio era muy importante para desarrollar la personalidad, las aptitudes y la capacidad mental de cada niño. Cuando, en 1989, los dirigentes mundiales establecieron que los niños tenían que tener una convención destinada a ellos, Ramón tenía 8 años y trabajaba como antes con su madre y su tío en la finca. Su madre decidió hablar con su tío y con sus abuelos y al final decidieron que Ramón podía ir al colegio tres veces a la semana, como su amigo. Ramón aprendió que todos los seres tienen derechos humanos, libertades fundamentales, aprendió lo que significa asumir una vida responsable, el espíritu de comprensión, tolerancia, igualdad de los sexos, amistad entre todos los pueblos, grupos étnicos, nacionales, religiosos y de origen indígenas. A principios para Ramón éstas eran palabras desconocidas, pero cuando creció y terminó los estudios quiso que todos los chicos pobres como el pudiesen tener una posibilidad de adquirir una conciencia, ir al cole y aprender las cosas fundamentales. Así fundó una organización para los chicos pobres que no tenían una habitación y que trabajaban para ayudar a su familia, con su ayuda les permitió ir al cole y comer.

Artículo 32

Aurora Cavalletti 3°F



13

José

Había una vez un niño de diez años, se llamaba Josè. Vivía en una casa en el campo donde pasaba la mayoría del tiempo a hacer el explorador y leer libros de aventuras.

Un día, mientras jugaba en el sótano encontró una máquina del tiempo y decidió encenderla. Emitía extraños ruidos, pero Josè no tenía miedo y subió sobre la máquina. Pocas horas después se despertó en un pueblo que no conocía, la máquina con que había llegado no estaba, por eso empezó a buscarla para volver a casa. No la encontró, pero vio un conjunto de personas bastante bajas y se acercó. Ahora estaba claro, eran gnomos. Llevaban vestidos verdes, naranjas y rojos muy largos, tenían el pelo corto y moreno, y sombreros puntiagudos.

Parecían simpáticos, disponibles y amables, así Josè durmió en casa de una familia de gnomos.

El mundo de los gnomos era muy bonito, tan maravilloso que no quería abandonar este pueblo. Todos eran felices y él también.

Pero un día, se dio cuenta de que no eran realmente felices porque vio que todos los gnomos después de las ocho de la mañana tenían que trabajar muy duro y ganaban un sueldo muy bajo.

No podían hacer la compra, comprar nueva ropa, no tenían el agua en su casa, cada vez que la necesitaban tenían que ir al río, y todo esto porque no recibían bastante dinero para tener una condición de vida decorosa. Trabajaban diez horas en pésimas condiciones: podían ir al baño cada 5 horas, trabajaban en las fincas bajo el sol, algunos trabajaban en minas arriesgando todos los días sus vidas. Los niños, a menudo, se enfermaban porque estaban todo el tiempo bajo el sol y sólo almorzaban durante la comida un trozo de pan.

Vivían de esa forma porque los terratenientes eran personas malvadas y tacañas.

José estaba muy triste y preocupado por ellos y decidió hacer algo para ayudarlos.

Pensó que podía utilizar la máquina del tiempo para ir a otro mundo para pedir ayuda.

Salió de viaje y después de un rato, se encontró en el mundo de los animales hablantes, que también eran muy amables. Cuando les pidió ayuda le contestaron: <<Los gnomos viven una situación muy difícil, estamos muy contentos de ayudarlos, ¡vamos!>>

Todos juntos, volvieron al mundo de los gnomos. Todos se empeñaron para liberar los gnomos de la condición de explotación en que vivían.

El señor León espantó a los terratenientes así que ellos no pudieron dar órdenes a los gnomos, la señora Cocodrilo fue a sus casas para coger el dinero que les tocaba a los gnomos que trabajaban con mucho empeño. Como las minas eran peligrosas, la señora Elefante cerró las entradas, el señor Oso se ocupó de preparar la comida para todos, y José y el señor águila eligió el nuevo alcalde del pueblo, Alfonso, ¡el gnomo más amable de todos!

Así, dejaron de vivir en una situación de opresión. Todos estaban muy contentos y los animales hablantes empezaron una nueva vida en el mundo de los gnomos. De aquel día, recibieron un sueldo justo, un trabajo decoroso y al final todos, animales y gnomos vivieron juntos y felices..

Josè volvió a casa y se sintió muy satisfecho de lo que había hecho para ellos. ¡¡¡El recuerdo de esos fantásticos días se mantuvo en su corazón para siempre!!!

....y vivieron felices y comieron perdices....

Artículo 32

Virginia Bigliardi, 3°F

14

Faith y Emma

Faith y Emma: la vida de dos chicas que viven en mundos opuestos, paralelos unida por un gesto amable.

(Artículo 28)

Me llamo Faith soy argentina y tengo 19 años, voy al cole donde estudio para graduarme como enfermera. Vivo con mi familia en Bahía Blanca, en una casa pequeña situada en la orilla del río. Tengo tres hermanos, dos mayores, uno menor que yo. Mi padre y mi madre son profesores, durante la semana trabajan en un cole, mientras que los fines de semana trabajan en una plantación de cacao para ganar dinero extra. Todos mis hermanos trabajan para ayudar a mantener la familia y a través del dinero que ellos ganan mis padres pueden pagar nuestro colegio.

Los fines de semana, para ayudarles, yo también trabajo en las plantaciones de cacao. Por la tarde, después de ir al colegio, hago los deberes y me cuido de mi hermano menor. Raramente puedo salir con mis amigos y cuando salgo no puedo comprarme nada. Una vez al año, cuando el colegio cierra y los terratenientes de la plantación van de vacaciones, mi familia, yo y los habitantes del pueblo descansamos. Durante esta semana la aldea está llena de luz y todos bailan y cantan de felicidad.

Emma Andreoli es italiana, vive en Milán, en Italia. Tiene quince años y atiende el segundo año de bachillerato. Es alta, delgada, pelirroja y tiene el pelo rizado; sus ojos son grandes y verdes, sus labios son carnosos. Le gusta mucho escuchar música pop, ir de compras, le gustan los vestidos, tiene muchos y los lleva todos los días. En el tiempo libre monta a caballo, por lo menos dos veces a la semana con su hermano pequeño. Hace también un curso de fotografía donde aprende nuevas técnicas y le encanta.

El sistema educativo italiano está organizado en tres años de educación infantil, cinco años de escuela primaria, tres años de escuela secundaria obligatoria y cinco años de bachillerato, institutos técnicos y profesionales. Emma atiende el bachillerato científico y tiene muchas amigas.

El colegio de mi ciudad es muy pequeño, como el cole no tiene dinero, casi siempre falta el agua, la electricidad y falta el dinero para pagar los profes. Tenemos un solo bedel en todo el colegio, hay cinco clases y son muy pequeñas, somos treinta alumnos por clase. Sin embargo, el cole es muy caro y mi familia tiene que trabajar mucho para permitirse todo esto. Normalmente me levanto a las cinco y voy a trabajar en la plantación de cacao, a las siete siempre estoy muy cansada y todavía tengo que desayunar. A las siete tomo mis libros y voy al cole que está muy lejos de mi casa y todos mis amigos y yo vamos a pie. Hace dos semana, Mario, el responsable de una ONG llamada "La sonrisa" vino a nuestro colegio para explicarnos los problemas del tercer mundo, en particular los problemas que los niños que viven en los países pobres, tienen. Mario nos explicó que sus problemas fundamentales son la falta de educación y la pobreza que no les permite a las personas hacer frente a sus necesidades básicas. Nos dijo muchas cosas que nunca habíamos escuchado; al final de su lección nos dio un folleto en que había una dirección de una ONG a la que podíamos pedir ayuda. Llegué a casa y pensé todo el día en lo que Mario nos había contado. Al día siguiente me levanté pronto y fui a la ONG, tardé dos hora porque estaba muy lejos. En cuanto llegué reconocí a Mario y le conté la situación de mi familia y del colegio donde estudiaba. De esa manera conocí a Emma Andreoli, la chica que me apadrinó. Gracias a ella ahora atiendo un colegio mejor, tengo nuevos libros y mis padres tienen un nuevo trabajo. El dinero que Emma dejó a la ONG se utilizó para comprar cosas útiles para mi familia. Este proyecto permitió ir al cole a la mayoría de los chicos que viven en la orilla de Bahía Blanca. Pero, muy pronto, volvieron a empezar los problemas y la grave crisis económica llegó a Argentina. A causa de la crisis, el precio de los alimentos aumentó y esto obligó los campesinos a trabajar más. En este periodo los campesinos decidieron dejar el cole y empezar a trabajar para ayudar a su familia a sobrevivir. La vida de mi familia se complicó más que antes, con el aumento de los precios el sueldo de mis padres y mis hermanos no bastaba para pagar el cole y la comida cotidiana.

Desafortunadamente el gobierno de Argentina no pudo apoyar la ONG que tuvo que cerrar y como consecuencia Emma no pudo enviar su dinero durante un largo periodo. Después de mucho llamar sin que nadie le contestase, Emma decidió salir para Argentina y darse cuenta de lo que estaba pasando. Cuando llegó y vio que la ONG había cerrado y dejado de trabajar, decidió ayudarla con una donación, gracias a la cual la ONG que se cuidaba del pueblo de Bahía Blanca, pudo abrir nuevamente. De esa forma Emma pudo enviar otra vez sus ayudas y yo pude seguir soñando con llegar a ser enfermera.

Aleotti Matteo, Coco Maria Silvia, Damiano Francesca, Ajaib Mobasar, Turchi Cecilia



Artículo 24

El artículo 24 establece la importancia de la salud de los niños porque si durante su infancia los niños viven en salud, recibiendo los alimentos nutritivos adecuados, los cuidados necesarios, una educación que les haga desarrollar su personalidad, sus aptitudes; serán adultos sanos, fuertes y conscientes de sus derechos. De mayores, serán personas que no vivirán en la ignorancia y serán capaces de construirse un futuro mejor.

Uno de los problemas de hoy en día es que en los países subdesarrollados la mortalidad infantil es muy elevada porque los servicios sanitarios cuestan demasiado y las personas que viven en los países pobres no se los pueden permitir, así que los chicos no reciben las curas necesarias.

.....ALGUNAS OPINIONES.....

“Yo pienso que para combatir la mortalidad infantil todo el mundo tiene que empeñarse más de lo que ha hecho hasta ahora y tendría que hacer todo lo que es necesario para prevenir las enfermedades y la mortalidad infantil. Por ejemplo, en mi opinión todos los alumnos de los colegios tendrían que donar en beneficencia una suma de dinero, así que se podrían ayudar a las personas que viven en los países pobres de Asia, África o del sur de América. Pienso que si todas las familias de los países desarrollados danasen una pequeña cantidad de dinero se podría reducir la mortalidad y tanto el agua como los alimentos no faltarían para nadie: se podría destinar el dinero a la construcción de pozos, o de pequeñas parcelas de regadío o escuelas y hospitales”.

“yo pienso que los niños que viven en cualquier parte del mundo tienen que disfrutar del derecho a los servicios sanitarios y a la educación. En los países subdesarrollados la educación no es ni obligatoria, ni gratuita. Los niños tienen que trabajar para ayudar a sus padres a mantener la familia. Los padres no tienen el dinero suficiente para pagar el colegio para sus hijos y tampoco para comprar medicinas. De esta manera, sin educación los niños no serán adultos conscientes y no se darán cuenta de la submisión en que vivirán de mayores.”

“yo pienso que el artículo 24 es muy importante porque, como el futuro está en las manos de los jóvenes, desde su niñez, hay que darles la oportunidad de estudiar y crecer sanos, de disfrutar de los servicios sanitarios y de una educación primaria obligatoria para todos que prepare al niño a vivir una vida responsable, en una sociedad libre, con espíritu de tolerancia, de paz, amistad entre todos los pueblos. Pienso que, por ejemplo, el apadrinamiento podría ser una solución muy buena para ayudar a los niños que viven en los países pobres. Se puede dar una pequeña suma de dinero a una ONG para que un niño que vive en un país subdesarrollado pueda tener cubiertas sus necesidades básicas. La ONG puede invertir el dinero en el desarrollo de la aldea en que vive, en vacunas, agua salubre, libros y de esa manera se les ayuda a vivir y a crecer sanos y fuertes.”

(Arianna Alboni, Andrea Russo, Evelina Cociu, Barbara Allegretti, Jessica Pantaleo)

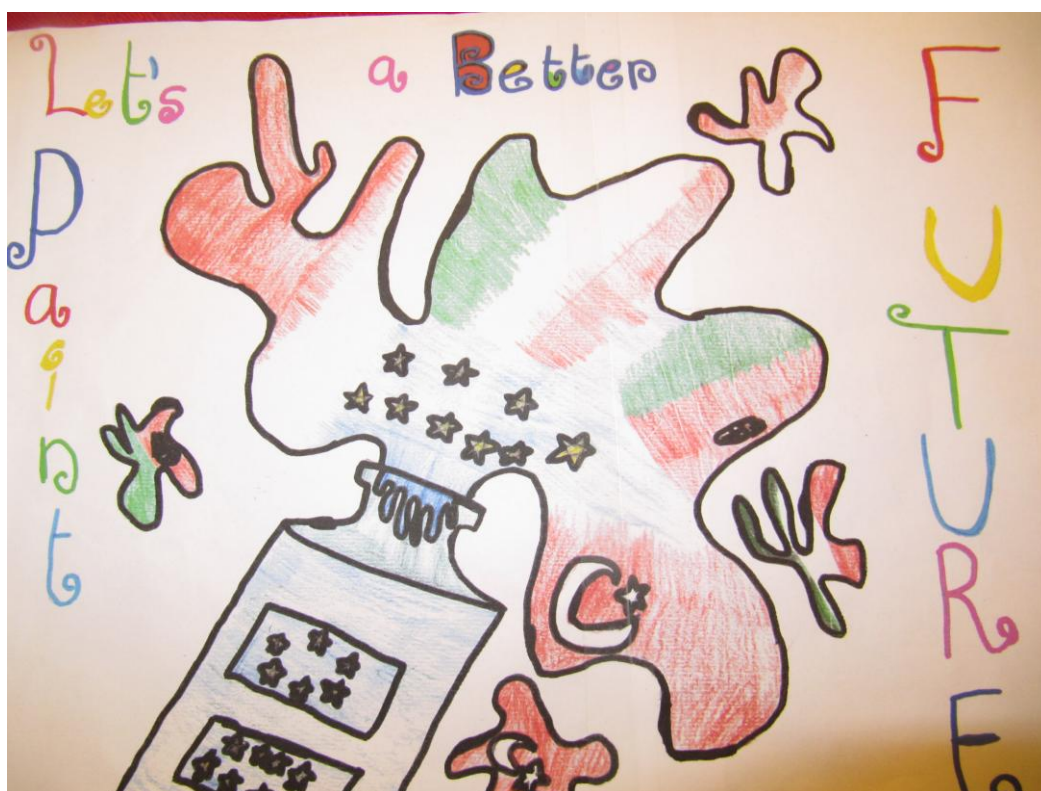
Artículo 32

En muchos países del mundo, no todos los niños tienen los mismos derechos y una base cultural y sus vidas constituyen una verdadera lucha contra la muerte: la historia de Sulley es una de ellas. Sulley Fagu es un niño africano que fue vendido a un camerunés porque sus padres que tenían ocho hijos no podían mantenerlo más. A los siete años comenzó a trabajar en una mina de carbón, a cambio de su trabajo sus amos codiciosos le daban un poco de pan. Sulley no sabía lo que significaba tener una cultura, una familia, ser amado, vivir feliz, ir a la escuela y tener amigos. El niño pequeño creció y cuando fue adolescente decidió huir a otro lugar en busca de la felicidad, que por desgracia nunca encontrará. En su camino Sulley encontró a chicos que contrariamente a él iban a la escuela, jugaban, se divertían y vivían sin preocupaciones amados por sus padres. Un día, Sulley estaba en una sabana llena de leones donde descubrió que tiene un don: era capaz de tener a raya los leones que le obececían al mover su mano. El joven africano sabía que este don no lo llevaría a morir. Un circo muy conocido en el país, llegó a saber sus habilidades como entrenador de grandes felinos y decidió contactarlo y proponerle ser domador de tigres y leones. Sulley comenzó a trabajar con el nombre de “El Padre de los leones”. Afortunadamente para él la fama no tardó en llegar y a los quince años, todos en África lo consideraban un niño prodigio. Después de unos días Sulley el circo se desplazó, sin que él lo supiese, a su lugar de nacimiento. Durante el espectáculo, entre la multitud, estaban también sus padres que lo reconocieron y quisieron verlo al final del espectáculo. Humildemente se disculparon por el crimene que habían cometido, por su triste infancia, pero el joven, enojado, decidió no hablar con ellos. Después de unos pocos años se convirtió en el más bueno domador de leones de África.

Nicoletta Di Tella, 3ºF



POEMS – POEMAS



Freedom

Freedom is like a wild horse,
that sips the water in the iced stream.

Freedom is like an old tree,
that has seen many things and
has many things to narrate.

Freedom is like a white cloud,
that move so much and never wants to stop.

Freedom is like a lovely kite,
that flies high in the sky and rolls with lively colours.

Freedom is a right,
an inviolable right.

Arianna Alboni

III•E

18

I miss

I miss my family,

I miss my home,

I miss my friends.

I miss watching the sunlight,

I miss the colours, the smells,

the sounds of the countryside.

I miss the happiness,

smiles.

emotions.

I'm here

standing in front of a frame,

I can't move and

I can't speak.

Everything is dead,

my heart, devoid of emotion

my mouth, without a smile

my eyes with tears frozen.

Giulia Lupi

III•E

19

In the world

When I laugh

In the world, a child could have a sad thought

When I sleep

In the world, a child could work

When I choose a dress

In the world, a child could cry day by day

I'm alive

In the world, a child could die.

Maria Silvia Coco

III• E

20

Wild Soul

WILD SOUL

Freedom is like roaring water,

it is like flames burning passion,

it is like a hurricane sweeping everything away,

Freedom is like a kite flying in the sky

Barbara Allegretti

III• E

The Children

They are slender and weak
small and undefended
maltreated and beaten
but their hearts are like the lions ones.

They are slenders and weak
but they know how to get off;
they are small and undefended
but they have bravery;
they are maltreated and beaten
but they know how answer and react.

Pietro Credi

III•E



El pueblo injusto

**Un niño
tiene el derecho
de hablar su propio idioma
de profesar su propia religión
de tener su propia vida cultural.**

**No siempre un niño
que se encuentra
en un lugar desconocido
es aceptado por sus habitantes que
muy a menudo lo rechazan.**

**El niño
está herido
está asustado
está triste
se siente traicionado por su pueblo.**

Alessia Guerra

23

La voz de la verdad

Se dice que los niños son la voz de la verdad,
de hecho lo son, pero no todos pueden serlo.

A los que quedan sin educación,
se les quita el derecho de pensar y expresarse libremente.

Se ven obligados a trabajar
cuando deberían estudiar y jugar.

Simona Ballotta

3ªF

24

Educacion

Un niño sin educación,
un niño obligado a trabajar,
un niño vendido,
en pocas palabras,
un niño triste.

Estos son solamente pocos acontecimientos que acontecen.

Un niño sin educación queda ignorante por toda su vida,
un niño obligado a trabajar no sabe lo que es el entretenimiento,
un niño vendido no sabe lo que es tener un padre,
y no es que pierde a un padre sino topa con otro hombre,
pierde un deficiente y topa con otro deficiente.

Rosario Acierno

3ªF

Tristeza

Poema Artículo 32

Me da tristeza ver
a los niños felices corriendo
hacia la escuela, mientras que yo estoy
obligado a trabajar todos los días,
y esto me enferma.
Me da tristeza que
no pueda divertirme mientras los demás niños juegan.
Siento el dolor en el hombro y la ira en mi corazón;
¡No aguanto más, estoy cansado!

Gioia Micheli, 3°F



Querido nino

Querido niño

encontrarás muchos obstáculos en la vida,

y necesitarás ayuda para superarlos...

No discrimines a nadie por razones de sexo,

color de la piel, origen, religión;

sé bueno con todos,

ayude a los que los necesiten por el gusto de hacerlo

y no esperes nada en cambio.

Haz el bien

y no permitas que nadie quebrante tus sueños y

lucha por lo que crees.

Defiende tus derechos y

ayuda a los que no los tienen...

Sé responsable,

lucha por la paz y no por la guerra y

nunca dejes de creer en ti mismo.

Si eres bueno con los demás,

los demás serán buenos contigo y

te ayudarán cuando lo necesites más.

Poema artículo 29

Sara Barbolini, 3º B

Pequena creaturita

Pequeña criaturita amable

Déjate curar y amar

Espera disfrutar todos tus derechos

Espera poder ir al cole

Para aprender todo lo que puedas

Y para darte cuenta con tu conciencia

De cómo el mundo puede ser magnífico pero cruel también.

No pierdas estas oportunidades,

Ahora podría parecerte inútil,

Pero de mayor comprenderás que es lo contrario.

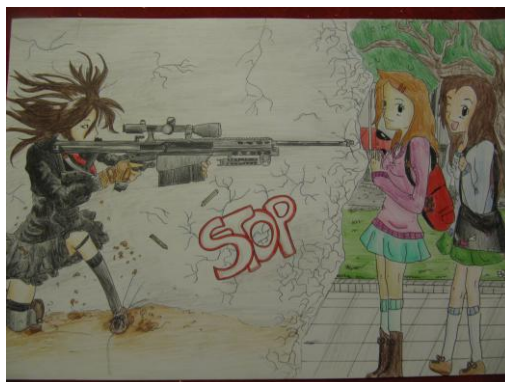
Por último te digo,

Nunca olvides estas palabras

Y te deseo lo mejor en la vida.

Poema artículo 28

Maria Giulia Arbizzi, 3ºB



Familias pobres

Familias pobres
obligadas a vender a sus niños.

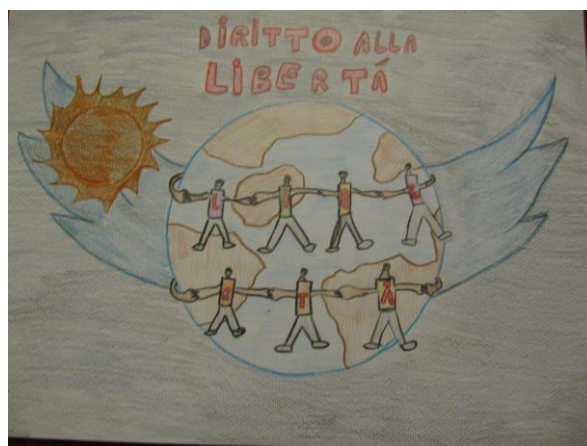
Niños que todos los días
luchan por su libertad,
por su dignidad.

Niños en las fábricas
que aprenden a leer en secreto.

Niños que no se rinden
aunque
el camino hacia la libertad
y la dignidad
es áspero y duro.

Poema artículo 29

Federica Arletti, 3ºB



Los derechos de los niños

Hijo que no puedes ir al colegio

y tienes que trabajar

porque no sabes que no es legal y es letal

para tu desarrollo físico, mental y social.

Este trabajo

no tendría que ser nocivo y peligroso

y aunque tu familia es pobre,

no te puedes someter a la explotación económica.

Los derechos

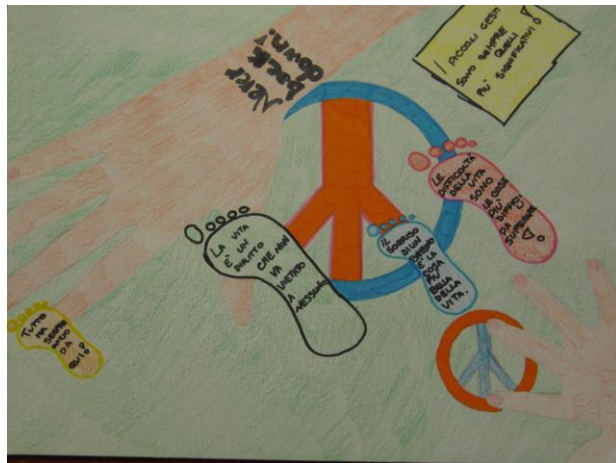
son iguales para todos y

tú eres parte del todo,

no tienes que olvidarlo.

Chiara Bighinatti

3B



Conclusion

At the end of this school year 2012-2013 we consider our work for Comenius Multilateral Partnership really good, especially the Creative Writing Workshop whose result is this booklet with its short stories and poems.

It is not easy for Middle School students to do such work in a foreign language but we are happy as they worked hard, widening their vocabulary, reinforcing structures and functions of the two languages involved.

Moreover they have learnt how to work in group with cooperative learning which is a good methodology especially for weak ones who can give what they can at the group work.

We are especially happy for parents' great appreciations we had to our work: we want to thank them a lot and also our colleagues who worked with us in this project and to our Headmaster Mr Attilio Desiderio who has always been a great supporter both of our Comenius Partnership and of Creative Writing workshop.

We also want to express our deep gratitude to Mr Francesco Grillenzoni, our School Council President and to his wife Irene Ghizzoni for the precious help in printing this booklet, for their suggestions and cooperation. A great thanks to all GRAPHICDEPT Staff. We believe this is the way to 'live' the school, with cooperation and empathy between teachers and parents, teachers and students, students and parents.

We also would like to thank the parents' group whose collaboration has been really valuable and essential for the good realization of the Italian Mobility.

We do hope this is just a starting point for a mutual help in order to make our school the "family" of our students for their good and their growth in culture, maturity and human values.

We do hope the reader can enjoy the stories and the poems as we did.

Mr Enea Storchi Incerti and Mrs Egle Galassi

June 2013