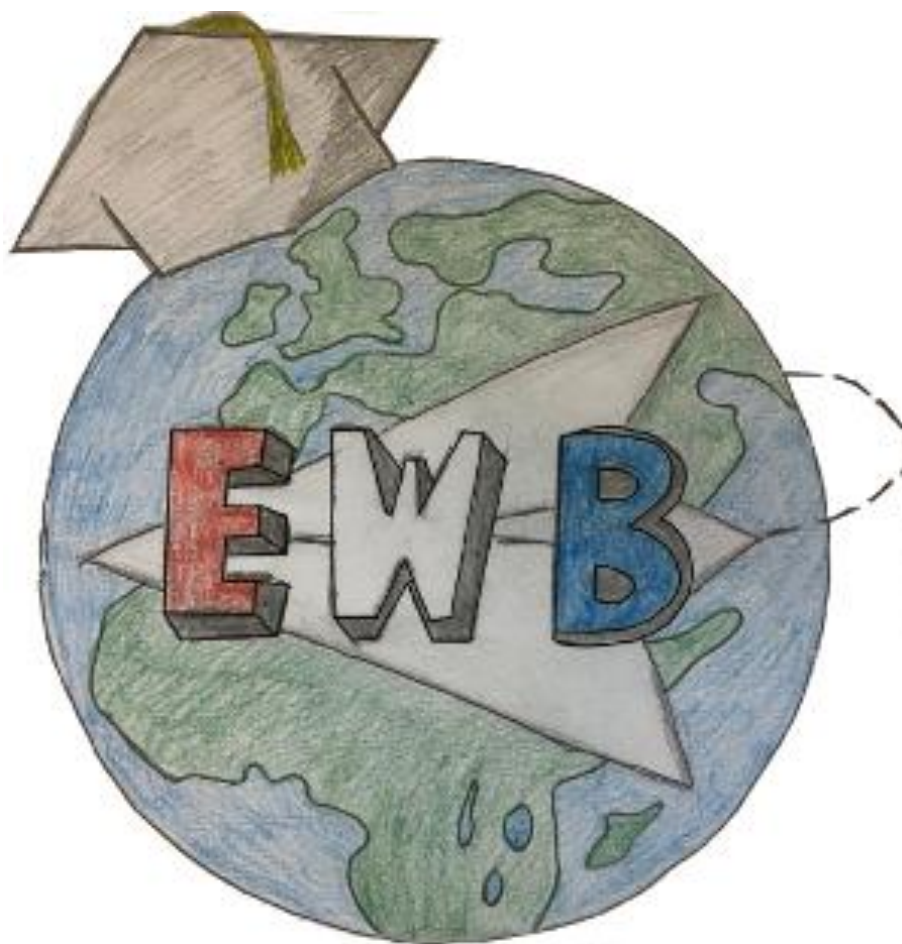


ERASMUS + 2018-1-RO01-KA229-049265

”Education Without Borders”



**EDUCATION THROUGH
MULTICULTURALISM**



This brochure was made by the students from all the partner schools (Liceul Tehnologic PETROL Moreni, Romania; Bower Park Academy, Romford, England; Lycée Antoine Roussin, Saint-Louis, France; Școala Gimnazială Nr. 1 Moreni, Romania; Szent István Egyházi Általános Iskola és Kollégium, Mako, Hungary) during the Learning, teaching, training activity held by the French school between 25th of February and 1st of March 2019.

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Education through Multiculturalism

The activities related to the theme “Education through multiculturalism” focused particularly on the development of pupils’ multicultural and linguistic skills.

Students have learned about the cultures of partner countries, study short poems by authors from those countries, created reproductions of famous paintings and then collected them in a multilingual brochure.

All the students involved have discovered and learned terms from the sphere of multiculturalism and tolerance by creating a multilingual dictionary. In addition, under the auspices of the “European Year of Cultural Heritage”, students have experienced a range of interesting information about cultures and religions from Asia, Africa and Europe during a visit to some religious locations and a visit to the Museum of Villèle (and have learned more about slavery).

Final products

Result/Products:

- Tangible results: brochures (booklet), videos, dictionary, presentations.
- Intangible results: increasing the quality of education by combining formal and non-formal education; developing civic and volunteer attitudes; improving intercultural, digital and foreign language skills for participants.

Song in 4 languages: <https://soundcloud.com/user-418250575-740503588/chanson>

Summarize of the day by students: <https://youtu.be/r10vSJH-tRY>.

We had an amazing week! We learnt a lot, laughed a lot and made friends for life.

À l'île natale

Auguste Lacaussade

O terre des palmiers, pays d'Éléonore,
Qu'emplissent de leurs chants la mer et les oiseaux!
Île des bengalis, des brises, de l'aurore!
Lotus immaculé sortant du bleu des eaux!
Svelte et suave enfant de la forte nature,
Toi qui sur les contours de ta nudité pure,
Libre, laisses rouler au vent ta chevelure,
Vierge et belle aujourd'hui comme Eve à son réveil;
Muse natale, muse au radieux sourire,
Toi qui dans tes beautés, jeune, m'appris à lire,
A toi mes chants! à toi mes hymnes et ma lyre,
O terre où je naquis! ô terre du soleil!

To the native island

Auguste Lacaussade

O land of palms, land of Eleonore,
May the sea and the birds fill with their songs!
Bengalis Island, breezes, dawn!
Pristine Lotus coming out of blue water!
Svelte and suave child of the strong nature,
You who on the contours of your pure nakedness,
Free, let your hair wind,
Virgin and beautiful today as Eve awakens;
Natal muse, muse with a radiant smile,
You who taught me to read in your beauties,
To you my songs! to you my hymns and my lyre,
O land where I was born! O land of the sun!

Auguste Lacaussade

Auguste Lacaussade is a french poet born the 8 february 1815 in Reunion who was call île bourbon at this time, and he's dead the 31 january 1897.

His father was Pierre-Augustin Cazenave de Lacaussade, a lawyer of the Bordeaux family, his, mother was a free half-breed, Fanny-Lucile known as Desjardins. So he is what we call a quarteron at the time because he has a quarter of colored blood. These origins will influence his whole life.

At the age of ten, he was refused entry to the Royal College because of the illegitimacy of his birth. He's going to study in Nante in France. Leconte de Lisle joins him a few years later and their lives will remain linked until the death of Leconte de Lisle in particular by a great rivalry.

He has the opportunity to return twice to his native island, but his integration into the slave society of the time proved very difficult because of his origins and skin colours. He returned to France in 1839 and married Laure-Lucile Déniau. Subsequently, they had one daughter and two other children who died at a young age.

From 1844 he became secretary of Sainte-Beuve. In 1848 he joined the camp of the abolitionists grouped around Victor Schoelcher. Extremely brilliant, he published articles in famous French reviews of the time. Thanks to his ability to speak several different languages he will also translate foreign works, notably those of James Macpherson.

Under the Second Empire, the poet was appointed director of the reviewed of the government and in 1872 he was promoted librarian of the Senate.

He was buried on August 2, 1897 in the cemetery of Montparnasse. In February 2006, his remains were taken back to Reunion Island to fulfill his wish expressed in the poem *The Sea*: *I do not wish to sleep on foreign land, On the land of the north I do not want to die! I'd be cold under a floor without flame and light, My eyes want to close where God made them open!*

He will then be buried in the Landscaped cemetery of Hell-Bourg in Salazie, on the sides of the poet shepherd William Falconer to have dedicated a poem.



Gran'mère Kal

The story :

Le fénoir (Fénoir = nuit) était tombé sur la petite case en paille au milieu de la forêt. Rosanelle était déjà dans son lit en train de s'endormir quand elle entendit : " Tout, tout ". Le cri s'arrêta... puis reprit: elle avait un peu peur... mais comme la porte était bien fermée, elle était rassurée.

Le cri cessa, et Rosanelle s'endormit. Le lendemain, elle raconta à sa mère ce qui s'était passé :

- "Seigneur Jésus, c'était Grand Mère Kalle !"

- "C'est qui Grand Mère Kalle ?"

- "C'est une vieille histoire... Quand j'étais petite, ma maman, ta grand-mère, me disait toujours :

- "si tu n'es pas sage, la grand mère Kalle va venir te chercher !"

- 'Raconte-moi son histoire Maman !"

- "Et bien, cela s'est passé au temps des esclaves. Il y avait une grande plantation , possédée par une vieille et méchante femme. Au lieu de bien les traiter, elle les punissait pour rien, les fouettait et les forçait à travailler à la limite de leurs forces. Ils faisaient pitié à voir, car ils étaient bien malheureux.

Un jour, arriva chez elle un esclave différent des autres. C'était un esclave venu de Gorée sur la côte Ouest de l'Afrique. Il était grand, fort et intelligent. Elle l'avait acheté pour en faire un commandeur, comme ça, il materait les plus fortes têtes. Mafate, c'était son nom, celui-ci vit comment elle traitait les esclaves et ne put le supporter.

Alors, un soir, il s'en alla marron dans la forêt. Il marcha plusieurs jours et plusieurs nuits. Enfin, il arriva à une grande vallée où coulait une rivière. Il l'avait remontée, glissant maintes fois sur les galets. De grandes montagnes la surplombaient, des tamarins centenaires offraient leurs ombrages protecteurs, la rivière débordait de crevettes, de camarons et de poissons. De grands arbres se penchaient et offraient leurs fruits.

Quand il vit ceci, il se dit : " C'est un endroit merveilleux ! Comme ce serait bon d'y vivre, les esclaves de la Grand Mère Kalle seraient heureux ici ! " Alors, un soir, il retourna à la propriété et invita tous les esclaves à un grand Kabar et leur raconta ce qu'il avait vu. Ils firent ensemble un plan et décidèrent de s'évader après avoir mis le feu à l'habitation pour détourner l'attention. Malheureusement, un des esclaves était un macrotin. Il alla raconter toute l'histoire à la Grand mère Kalle.

Le lendemain, les esclaves eurent la douloureuse surprise d'être entourés par les propriétaires voisins armés jusqu'aux dents. Mafate réussit à s'échapper, mais au moins dix esclaves périrent dans l'opération. Alors Mafate se mit en colère. Il connaissait les plantes, il cueillit des herbes et en fit une mixture pour la faire boire à Grand Mère Kalle. Ce fut une de ses esclaves qui lui servit.

Aussitôt dans un cri de douleur, la vieille femme se transforma en un grand oiseau couleur de nuit qui s'enfuit vers la forêt en hurlant quot; Tout ! Tout ! ". C'est ainsi qu'elle eut pour punition de venir prévenir les familles qu'un malheur allait s'abattre sur elles.

Ses esclaves s'enfuirent dans le cirque désormais appelé le Cirque de Mafate. Ils vécurent là, libres et heureux pendant de longues années sous la conduite de Mafate qui était également leur chef. "

Presentation :

This short story talks about a famous character from Reunion Island: « Gran mer Kal ». There are several versions of her story and this one speak of characters like Mafate, a slave and Mrs Desbassyns. Those kinds of stories are told to afraid the children to stop them from leaving out the night or disobey.

Here, a mom tells the story of this rude, nasty and strict women to her daughter after she heard a noise. **Gran mer Kal** has owned slaves on Reunion Island formerly named Bourbon Island. A day she bought a clever slave from Madagascar called Mafate and made him the chief of the slaves. He found her behavior awful towards them because they were exploited and decided to walk in the forest. He saw a beautiful place surrounded by mountains, with trees that gave fruits and a river with fishes and shrimps. He thought it was a perfect place to live with his brothers. He went back to the property and made a plan with the slaves to go out but it failed because of a traitor who reavealed all of the secret project. The owners of slaves came with weapons just before their start. A lot of slaves didn't escape and were killed but some of them like Mafate arrived to the cirque now called «Mafate » in his honor. They lived happy there during years. The end.

So in this story **Gran Mere Kal** is said to have turned into horrifying giant bird wich is sign of tragedy especially if you hear her scream. Like a lot of legends, Gran Mer Kal's legend is a very spread and malleable according to people or the place on the island.

Joelle Ecornomier

Before talk about the story let's focus on the author. Here it is Joelle Ecornimer a french writer born on 1967 in the city of Tampon in Reunion Island. She began as a housewife when she participated in a contest literary organised by François Loisirs in 1998. Since this day she wrote a lot of novel and short story like: " I write you from the bridge" , " The little flower and the sun" or " Don't forget my name is Octavie". A writer not famous enough for her beautiful story through we have the possibility to travel in some places of the island.

I write you from the bridge

Sixteen-year-old Thomas comes every day after high school on the Vinh-San bridge writing on small-tiled leaves that he then tears and throws in the wind like sad butterflies. Louise, an enigmatic girl, keeps him company. The others are Marco, Ariane, Lancelot, Justine, Babylon, girls and boys of their time and on their island, in Reunion Island. They learn difficult things about impossible love, friendship, the difficulty of being oneself, the pain of being in the world, the resistance to some form of slavery. which say the fragility but also the beautiful fiery of adolescence that stands on a bridge, between the shores of childhood and adulthood.

Six short stories to live slices of lives anchored in a difficult reality. In a relevant and moving style, Joëlle Ecmier finds the right words to express the difficulty of being among these teenagers. Short, well-crafted stories for special moments.

I am writing you from the bridge An impossible, tragic love. Parents and a religion that tipped everything.

Marco's friend The strange relationship of a paraplegic teenager with a gorilla painting. or locked him up.

Mémé Philo A 102-year-old Granny Creole teaches resistance to a youth chained to a mobile phone.

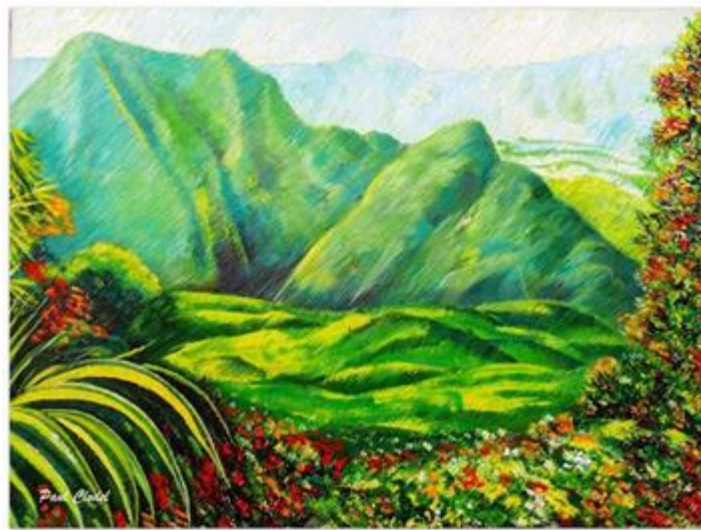
The gift to Lancelot makes a strange birthday present. the stifling love of a mother.

Babylon Alone in the world, alone in prison, an encounter with writing.

Post-scriptum To remember to say I love you to our loved ones!

FRENCH PAINTINGS

Paul Clodel Cochar was born the 20st of April in 1967 in Tampon, Reunion island, France. In 1983, he's entered in a art high school in Saint-Pierre and he got his diploma at the end of school. In 1985, his art teacher, André Oudet, helped him a bit for his 5 first painting. After, he's started studying at Roland Garros High School. Later, he's stopped to study at age of 19 and worked as a letter painter at «Sorema». In 1994, he got to meet a writer Jean-François Sam-Long who changed his painting manners. Nowadays, he's the creator of the «traitisme» mouvement, specific for Reunion island. "Traitisme" wants to be a new look at all artistic currents already invented, all styles can be the traits and compound divisionism, an extension of Impressionism on modern art.



HUNGARIAN POEM

Petőfi Sándor:
ANYÁM TYÚKJA

Ej mi a kő! tyúkanyó,
kend
A szobában lakik itt
bent?
Lám, csak jó az isten, jót
ád,
Hogy fölvitte a kend
dolgát!
Itt szaladgál föl és alá,
Még a ládára is fölszáll,
Eszébe jut, kotkodákol,
S nem verik ki a
szobából.
Dehogy verik, dehogy verik!
Mint a galambot etetik,
Válogat a kendermagban,
A kiskirály sem él jobban.
Ezért aztán, tyúkanyó,
hát
Jól megbecsülje kend
magát,
Iparkodjék, ne legyen ám
Tojás szűkében az
anyám.
Morzsa kutyánk, hegyezd
füled,
Hadd beszéljek mostan
veled,
Régi cseléd vagy a
háznál,
Mindig emberül
szolgáltál,
Ezután is jó légy,
Morzsa,
Kedvet ne kapj a
tyúkhusra,
Élj a tyúkkal
barátságba'...
Anyám egyetlen jószága.

Petőfi Sándor:
MY MOTHERS HEN

Oh my, what's that!? A
hen not a chick
who lives in this house
that's so chic?
Look at that! Awarded by
God
What a fancy life you
have got!

Running around up and
down
Sitting on the top of my
crown
Cackling clucking when
she likes
No one ban her out of the
room, what a surprise

No one would ban her,
she's like a dove
and made a fuss of like
angels above
Choosing between the
finest seeds
Like royal live through
seven seas

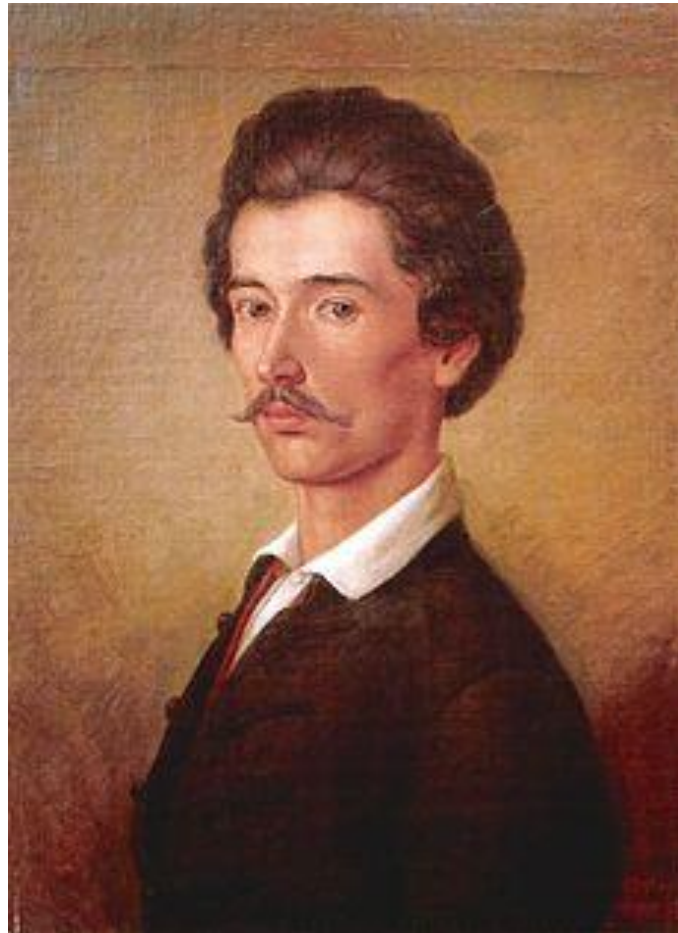
So I tell you little hen
You must be very fruitful
then
Don't lay an egg, lay
more than two
And good eggs to my
mothers woo

"Crumb" dog, our true
friend, listen now
I have something to tell
you now
You've been a good old

servant and truly
Being there serving
humanly and holy

Be a good dog, "Crumb"
my friend

Don't even think about to
eat that hen
Live with the hen in
peace and be friendly
My mothers animal the
one and only



Sándor Petőfi

(1 January 1823 – most likely 31 July 1849) was a Hungarian poet and liberal revolutionary. He is considered Hungary's national poet, and was one of the key figures of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848. He is the author of the *Nemzeti dal* (National Song), which is said to have inspired the revolution in the Kingdom of Hungary that grew into a war for independence from the Austrian Empire.

Petőfi joined the Hungarian Revolutionary Army and fought under the Polish Liberal General Józef Bem, in the *Transylvanian army*. The army was initially successful against Habsburg troops, but after Tsar Nicholas I of Russia intervened to support the Habsburgs, they were defeated. Petőfi was last seen alive in the Battle of Segesvár on 31 July 1849.

Móra Ferenc: Rege a csodaszarvasról

Hol volt, hol nem volt, messze napkelet felé volt egyszer egy híres-nevezetes fejedelem, akit Nimródnak hívtak.

Száz gulyása, ezer csikósa, tömérdek nyája, ménese volt ennek a fejedelemnek.

De ő nem azokra volt büszke, hanem két fiára.

Hunornak hívták az öregebbiket, Magyarnak a fiatalabbikat. Egyformán derék, jó növésű legény volt mind a kettő. Sas a szemük, villám a kezük.

Nagy vadászember volt Nimród, s akármerre üzte-kergette a vadat, mindenfelé elkísérte a két fia.

Mondta is neki a felesége, Enéh királynő: - Nem jó vége lesz annak, uram királyom, ha te úgy rákapatod a gyerekeket a vadászatra.

- Ahogy az isten akarja - felelt mosolyogva Nimród fejedelem. - Én már csak annak örülök, hogy nem kell őket féltetni még a vadállatoktól se, mert azzal is elbánnak.

Később a fiúk apjuk nélkül is elmentek vadászni.

Egyszer éppen apjuk országának a határán vadászgattak kíséretükkel. Ötven deli levente kísérte Hunort, ötven nyalka legény Magyart. Sok madarat halomra nyilaztak, dárdájuk számtalan vadat leterített.

A két testvér már éppen hazafelé készülődött, mikor hirtelen egy gímszarvas bukkant fel előttük. De olyan ám, amilyent még sohase láttak. Fehér a szőre, mint a hó, ragyog a szeme, mint a gyémánt, ágas-bogas két agancsa pedig egymásba fonódva olyan, mint a koszorú.

- Ezt már csak nem hagyjuk itt! - kiáltott Hunor, lovára pattanva.

- Legjobb volna elevenen elfogni, és hazavinni édesanyánknak! - Azzal felszökött paripájára Magyar is.

Hajrá, száz vitézükkel utána a csodaszarvasnak! Árkon-bokron keresztül, hegyről le, hegyre fel, sűrűből tisztásra, mezőről berekbe.

Reggeltől napszállatig nyomában voltak, de csak nem érték el a szarvast. Mikor már úgy volt, hogy mindjárt elfogják, nagyot szökkent a gyönyörű állat, s egy locsogós, mocsaras ingoványban végképp elveszett a szemük előtt.

A daliák egymásra néztek.

- Szeretném tudni, bátyám, hová kerültünk - szólalt meg Magyar

Körülnéztek, s csudaszép tájkot láttak maguk körül.

Selyem a füve a legelőknak, mézes a gyümölcse a fáknak, az erdőben seregestül az őz, nyüzsög a folyóban a hal.

- Hej, öcsém, szeretnék én itt sátrat verni! - sóhajtott Hunor.

- De megszakadna apánk, anyánk szíve, ha többé nem látnának bennünket - felelte Magyar.

- De látnak ám! - fordította hazafelé Hunor a lova fejét. - Szüleinkhez hazatérünk, szándékunkra áldást kérünk!

Haza is ment a két testvér az öregekhez. Nimród fejedelem helyben is hagyta szándékukat, csak Enéh királyné sopánkodott:

- Jaj, édes gyerekeim, mi lesz belőletek azon a vadon helyen? Ki főz nektek ebédet, ki mossza ki gyolcsruhátoakat?

- Majd csak ád az isten arra is valakit - bízta a fejedelem a feleségét.

Csakugyan adott is. Mire a fejedelem fiai a száz vitézzel visszatértek a szigetre, már messziről vidám muzsikaszó és ének fogadta őket.

Egy szomszéd fejedelemnek, Dul királynak a két lánya mulatott, mind a kettő ötven-ötven lánypajtásával. Táncoltak, bújócskáztaak, libegtek-lebegtek a holdfényben, mint liliomvirágok a szélben.

Hunor és Magyar összenéztek a vitézekkel.

- No, fiúk, lesz már, aki főzzön, mosson ránk! Ebből lesz csak nagy lakodalom! Úgy is lett! Közibük vágtaak, minden legény a nyergébe kapott egy lányt, és azt mondta neki:

- Én az urad leszek, te a feleségem. Ásó-kapa válasszon el bennünket egymástól.

Hunornak és Magyarnek a két királylány jutott. A helyet pedig megfelezték egymással. Napnyugati fele jutott Hunor népének, s azok voltak a hunok.

A keleti fele jutott Magyar leventének, s ezeknek utódjait nevezték magyaroknak.

Az országot Szittyaországnak. Ez a szép monda pedig szálljon tovább is szájról szájra.

Ferenc Móra: The legend of the Miraculous Deer

Once upon a time there was a king called Nimród. He had two sons: Hunor and Magyar.

Hunor was the older, Magyar was the younger sibling. Both of them were well educated.

Nimród was a great hunter, where he hunted for animals, his two sons accompanied him.

His wife, Queen Eneh, said to him: „It won't be a good ending, if you go hunting with the kids.”

„As God wants it” – Nimród answered with a smile. „I'm just glad that they don't have to be afraid of wild animals, because they can kill them.”

Later the boys went hunting without their father.

Once, they were hunting on the border of their father's country with their escorts. 50 lads accompanied Hunor, and 50 lads Magyar. Many birds were caught by their arrows and their spears caught many wild animals.

The two brothers were getting ready to go home when suddenly a deer appeared in front of them, but they have never seen a deer like this before. It's got white hair like snow and its eyes were shining like diamonds.

„We don't leave this here!” - Hunor said.

„We'd better catch it alive and take it home for our mother.” – Magyar said.

From the morning to the evening they hunted for the deer.

They got lost.

They looked at each other.

„I want to know, where I am.”- said Magyar.

They looked around and saw a beautiful landscape around them.

The grass was silk, the fruits of the trees were sweet like honey, roebucks in the woods, the fish were bustling in the river.

- Hey, brother, I'd like to put a tent here! – Hunor sighed.

- But our parents' hearts will break, if they can't see us anymore. – Magyar answered.

- But they see us! – Hunor headed his horses head homeward.

- We will return home, to our parents, we need blessing for our purpose!
- The brothers went home to their parents. King Nimród said yes for their intentions, only Queen Eneh lamented:
- Oh, my dear children, what will be with you in that wild place? Who will cook you lunch, who will wash your clothes?
- God will give someone – King Nimród encouraged his wife.
- And God did. When sons of the king returned to the island with the hundred lads, a cheerful music sounded from far away and welcomed them.

The two daughters of a neighbor, King Dul, celebrated, all with fifty-fifty girl mates. They were dancing, hiding, hovering in the moonlight like lily flowers in the wind.

Hunor and Magyar looked at the soldiers.

- Well, boys, there will be someone to cook and wash for us! This is going to be a great wedding party!
- That's what happened! Everyone took a girl in his saddle and said to her:
- I will be your husband, and you will be my wife.

Hunor and Magyar got the two princesses. They divided the country. The western part was Hunor's and they were called Huns. The eastern part was Magyar's and their name were the Magyars (that is Hungarians). They named the place Scythia.

And this beautiful legend goes from mouth to mouth, from generations to generations.

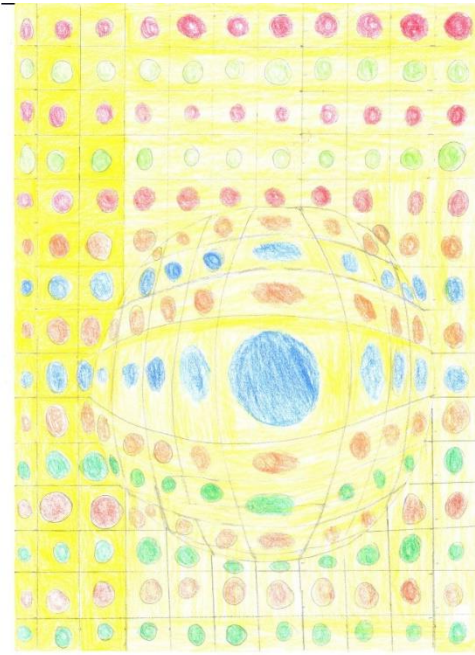
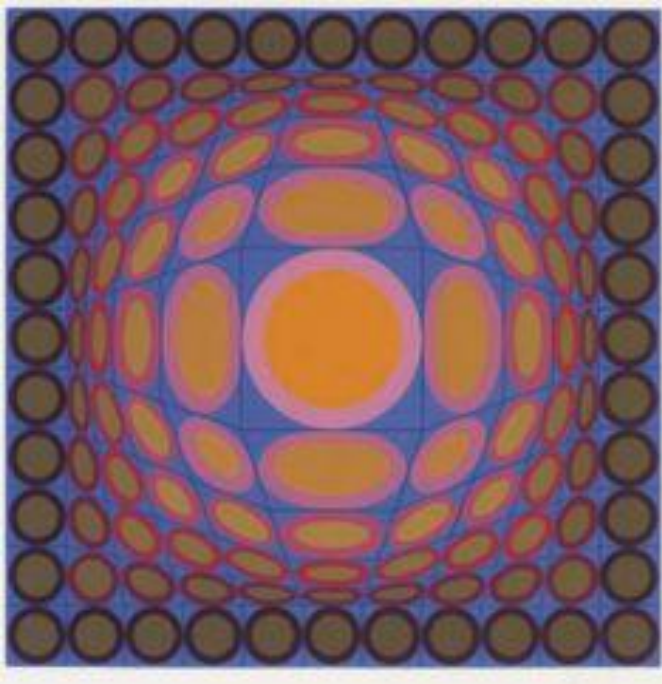




Ferenc Móra

- Born: 19. July in 1879., Kiskunfélegyháza
- Died: 8 .February in 1934.(54 years old), Szeged
- Mother's name: Anna Juhász
- Father's name: Márton Móra
- Wife: Ilona Walleshausen
- Brother/Sister: Julianna Móra, István Móra
- Journalist
- Writer
- Museologist
- The Móra Ferenc Prize is a state honors awarded to museologists who, through their remarkable performance, have developed their field of expertise, and through their activities and initiatives, help to advance the museum work. He was founded by the Minister of National Cultural Heritage.
- Novels: Th gold casket, Chick story, Treasure finder little coat, Under the pine tree, Walnut kings, Tale about the Miraculous deer
- The Móra Ferenc Museum is located in the heart of Szeged, at the junction of the Tisza River and the downtown bridge, and its stately building is the dominant part of the cityscape. The institution is an outstanding cultural center of the region. Local people usually call it the Palace of Culture

HUNGARIAN PAINTINGS



17

Victor Vasarely

Born: 9. April in 1906., Pécs (Name: Vásárhelyi Győző)

Died: 15. March in 1997., Paris (90 years old)

Mother's name: Anna Császár

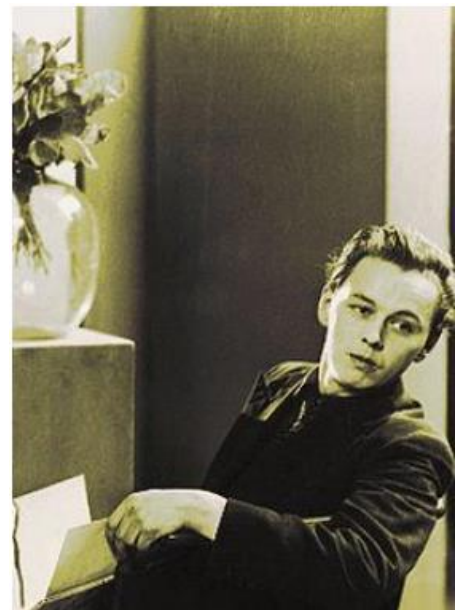
Father's name: Viktor Vásárhelyi

Wife: Claire Vasarely

Childrens: Yvaral, Andre Vasarely

Vasarely, who was a painter and a promotional graphic artist in the thirties, began his optical and kinetic studies around 1950: initially, he placed drawings on different transparent materials, and then made double moving structures in white and black.

In 1969 he gave 42 screen prints to his hometown's museum. The works were highly welcomed by the visitors of the exhibition and especially by the artists. It was also due to the fact that Vasarely compiled a collection of hundreds of pieces, which could be presented in 1974 and 1975, and the Vasarely Museum in Pécs was opened in 1976. The Vasarely Museum is one of the most visited and well-known exhibitions venues in Pécs. In the 31 years since its opening, it has received around 2 million visitors. Hundreds of thousands of people who visited our exhibitions in Hungary and abroad. Famous pictures: Light – Point; Red blue cube; Zebras; Vega cube





Avenue with a house

Mihály Munkácsy

20 February 1844 – 1 May 1900

He earned international reputation with his genre pictures and large-scale biblical paintings.

1861- he was being apprenticed to a painter.

After that, he went to Pest, the largest city in Hungary (now part of Budapest), where he sought the patronage of established artists.

1865 - he studied at the Academy of Vienna.

1867- he travelled to Paris to see the Universal Exposition.

In 2005, the Hungarian National Gallery organized in Budapest the first ever comprehensive exhibition of Munkácsy's paintings scattered throughout the world. As many as 120 pieces were borrowed from different institutions, museums and private collections.

Famous paintings:

Settlement of the Magyars in Hungary

Christ in front of Pilate



Adolescenți pe mare de Nichita Stănescu

Această mare e acoperită de adolescenți
care învață mersul pe valuri, în picioare,
mai sprijinindu-se cu brațul de curenți,
mai rezemându-se de-o rază țeapănă de soare.
Eu stau pe plaja-ntinsă, tăiată-n unghi perfect
și îi contemplan ca la o debarcare.

O flotă infinită de yole. Și-aștept
un pas greșit să văd sau o alunecare
măcar pân' la genunchi în valul diafan
sunând sub lenta lor înaintare.
Dar ei sunt zvelți și calmi, și simultan
au și deprins să meargă pe valuri, în picioare.

Adolescents on the sea by Nichita Stănescu

This sea is covered with adolescents
learning to walk on waves, upright,
sometimes resting their arms on the currents,
sometimes gripping a stiff beam of sunlight.
I lie on the broad beach, an angled shape, cut perfectly,
and I ponder them like travelers landing.
An infinite fleet of yawls. I wait to see
a false step, or at least a grounding
up to knee in the diaphanous swell
beneath their measured progress, sounding.
But they are slim and calm - as well,
they've learned to walk on waves - and standing.



Nichita Stănescu

(31 March 1933 – 13 December 1983)

Nichita Stănescu was a Romanian poet and essayist.

Nichita Stănescu finished high school in Ploiești, then went on to study Romanian language and literature in Bucharest, graduating in 1957.

His editorial debut was the poetry book *Sensul iubirii* ("The Aim of Love"), which appeared under the *Luceafărul* selection, in 1960. He made his literary debut in the *Tribuna* literary magazine. He was the recipient of numerous awards for his verse, the most important being the Herder Prize in 1975 and a nomination for the Nobel Prize in 1980. The last volume of poetry published in his lifetime was *Noduri și semne* ("Knots and Signs"), published in 1982.

Lacul
de Mihai Eminescu

Lacul codrilor albastru
Nuferi galbeni îl încarcă;
Tresarind în cercuri albe
El cutremură o barcă.

Și eu trec de-a lung de maluri,
Parc-ascult și parc-astept
Ea din trestii să răsară
Și să-mi cadă lin pe piept;

Să sărim în luntrea mică,
Îngânati de glas de ape,
Și să scap din mână cârma,
Și lopețile să-mi scape;

Să plutim cuprinși de farmec
Sub lumina blândeii lune
Vântu-n trestii lin foșnească,
Unduioasa apă sune!

Dar nu vine... Singuratic
În zadar suspin și sufăr
Lângă lacul cel albastru
Încarcat cu flori de nufar.

The Lake
by Mihai Eminescu

Water lilies load all over
The blue lake amid the woods,
That imparts, while in white circles
Startling, to a boat its moods.

And along the strands I'm passing
Listening, waiting, in unrest,
That she from the reeds may issue
And fall, gently, on my breast;

That we may jump in the little
Boat, while water's voices overwhelm
All our feelings; that enchanted
I may drop my oars and helm;

That all charmed we may be floating
While moon's kindly light surrounds
Us, winds cause the reeds to rustle
And the waving water sounds.

But she does not come; abandoned,
Vainly I endure and sigh
Lonely, as the water lilies
On the blue lake ever lie.

(Translated by Dimitrie Cuculin)



Mihai Eminescu

Mihai Eminescu; 15 January 1850 – 15 June 1889) was a Romantic poet, novelist, and journalist, generally regarded as the most famous and influential Romanian poet, as well as the first modern poet in Romanian literature. Eminescu was an active member of the Junimea literary society and worked as an editor for the newspaper *Timpul* ("The Time"), the official newspaper of the Conservative Party (1880–1918). His poetry was first published when he was 16.

Nicolae Iorga, the Romanian historian, considers Eminescu the godfather of the modern Romanian language, in the same way that Shakespeare is seen to have directly influenced the English language. He is unanimously celebrated as the greatest and most representative Romanian poet.

His poems span a large range of themes, from nature and love to hate and social commentary. His childhood years were evoked in his later poetry with deep nostalgia.

Eminescu's poems have been translated in over 60 languages. His life, work and poetry strongly influenced the Romanian culture and his poems are widely studied in Romanian public schools

Amintiri din copilărie

de Ion Creangă

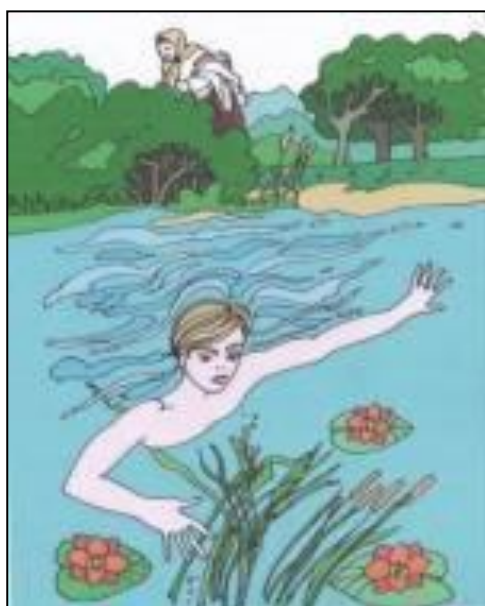
Mama mă vede tologit, cu pielea goală pe nisip, cât mi ți-i gliganul; apoi, în picioare, țiind la urechi câte-o lespejoară fierbinte de la soare, cu argint printr-însele, și aci săream într-un picior, aci în celălalt, aci plecam capul în dreapta și în stânga, spunând cuvintele:

Auraș, păcuraș,
Scoate apa din urechi,
Că ți-oi da parale vechi;
Și ți-oi spăla cofele
Și ți-o bate dobele!

După aceea zvârleam pietrele, pe rând, în știoalna unde mă scăldam: una pentru Dumnezeu și una pentru dracul, făcând parte dreaptă la amândoi; apoi mai zvârleam câteva, de încuiam pe dracul în fundul știoalnei, cu bulbuci la gură; și-apoi, huștiuliuc! și eu în știoalnă, de-a cufundul, să prind pe dracul de un picior, căci așa ne era obiceiul să facem la scăldat. După asta, mă mai cufundam de trei ori în rând, pentru Tatăl, pentru Fiul și Duhul Sfânt, și înc-o dată pentru Amin. Apoi mă trăgeam încetișor pe-o coastă, la marginea bălții, cât mi ți-i moronul, și mă uitam pe furiș cum se joacă apa cu piciorușele cele mândre ale unor fete ce ghileau pânza din susul meu. Mai frumos lucru nici că se mai poate, cred!

Childhood Memories

by Ion Creangă



My mother found me spread eagled in the sand, stripped to my bare skin, the whole indecorous length of me. Then she watched me as I got to my feet and applied to each ear a smooth flat stone of the kind streaked with silver, hot with the sun, and as I started hopping first on one foot, then on the other, now leaning my head to one side, now to the other, chanting the whole time:

Goldy-poldy, come up here,
Draw the water from each ear,
For I'll pay you gold of old,

And I'll scrub your buckets new
And I'll beat your drums for you.

Next I'd throw the two stones, one after the other, into the pool where I used to bathe: one for the Lord, one for the devil, so as to do justice to both, plus a few more for good measure, to the end of locking up the devil, bubbles at his mouth, on the bottom of the pool. Thereupon – kerflop! – I'd dive into the pool myself to catch the devil by the leg, for those were the ordinances of bathing from the beginnings of time. I'd then dive for three more times in a row, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, plus one more time to mark the Amen. Then I'd drift to the shore and come to rest there on one side, the whole lump of me, drinking in the forbidden show of the water playing around the exquisite legs of some girls bleaching linen upstream. I find it hard to believe anyone could picture a lovelier sight.

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Ion Creangă (March 1, 1837 – December 31, 1889) was a Romanian writer, raconteur and schoolteacher. A main figure in 19th century Romanian literature, he is best known for his *Childhood Memories* volume, his novellas and short stories, and his many anecdotes. Creangă's main contribution to fantasy and children's literature includes narratives structured around eponymous protagonists ("Harap Alb", "Ivan Turbincă", "Dănilă Prepeleac", "Stan Pășitul"), as well as fairy tales indebted to conventional forms ("The Story of the Pig", "The Goat and Her Three Kids", "The Mother with Three Daughters-in-Law", "The Old Man's Daughter and the Old Woman's Daughter"). Widely seen as masterpieces of the Romanian language and local humor, his writings occupy the middle ground between a collection of folkloric sources and an original contribution to a literary realism of rural inspiration.



Legenda Mureşului şi a Oltului

„Bine, băieţii mei! Se înduplecă până la urmă craiasa. Plecaţi în căutarea craiului. Mureşule şi tu, Oltule! Vă sfătuiesc să staţi mereu împreună, precum caii la trasură şi nedezlipiti unul de altul!

Şi au plecat prinţii. Dar de îndată ce au ieşit din cetate, au pornit să se certe pe ce cale să apuce. Caci, cum v-am zis, erau diferiţi la fire şi la gânduri.

- Să plecăm spre miazănoapte! a propus Mureşul.

- Ba nu! S-o luăm spre miazăzi! a răcnit Oltul.

- Pentru că am crescut în turnul dinspre miazănoapte, voi merge în această direcţie, a spus Mureşul.

- Iar eu voi merge spre miazăzi, spuse Oltul, deoarece am crescut în turnul dinspre sud.”

The legend of the Mures and the Olt rivers

"OK, my boys", the princess said. "Go and find your dad. You Mures and you Olt, I advise you to stay together as horses on carriage."

And the boys left. But as soon as they came out the fortress they were already arguing which way to go.

"Let's go to the north, Mures said."

"No, let's go to the south, Olt said. And, like in their childhood, they started to fight"

"Because I grew into the northern tower, I will go in this direction", Mures said. "And I will go to the south, Olt said, because I grew into the southeast one."



ROMANIAN PAINTINGS



26

Fetita padurarului / The Forest Ranger's Daughter



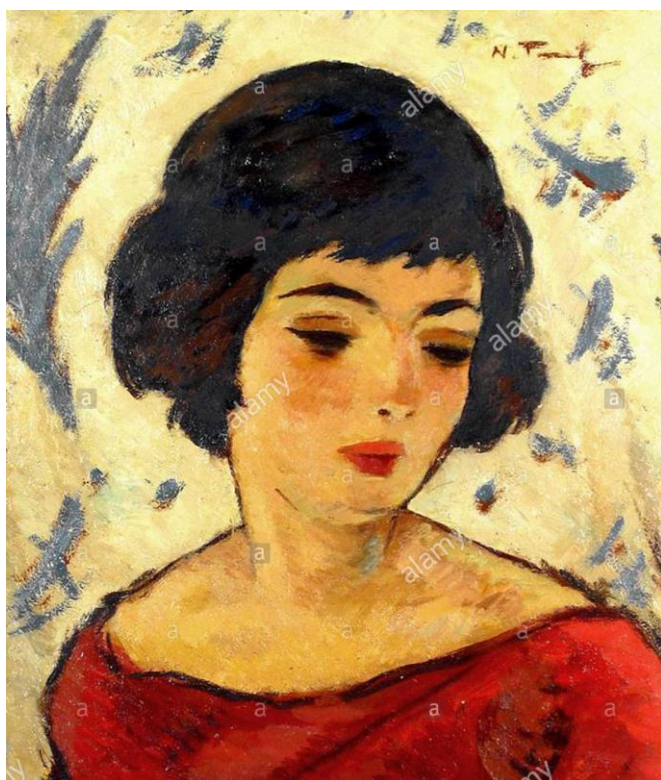
Nicolae Tonitza (April 13, 1886 – February 27, 1940) was a Romanian painter, engraver, lithographer, journalist and art critic. Drawing inspiration from Post-impressionism and Expressionism, he had a major role in introducing modernist guidelines to local art. Tonitza was largely inspired by Impressionism but he equally admired the discoveries made by Post-impressionist artists (their revolution in composition and Belle Époque splendor). Most of his works are serene in tones. They proposed a classical aesthetic ideal, viewing art as a treasurer of spiritual values.



Spre luncă/ To the Meadow



Nicolae Grigorescu (15 May 1838 – 21 July 1907) was one of the founders of modern Romanian painting. At a young age (between 1846 and 1850), he became an apprentice at the workshop of the painter Anton Chladek and created icons for some Orthodox churches. In the autumn of 1861, young Grigorescu left for Paris, where he studied at the École des Beaux-Arts. Under the influence of the Barbizon School movement, Grigorescu looked for new means of expression and followed the trend of en plein air painting, which was also important in Impressionism. In 1877 he was called to accompany the Romanian Army as a "frontline painter" in the Romanian War of Independence. After he returned to Romania, he started depicting pastoral themes, especially portraits of peasant girls, pictures of ox carts on dusty country roads and other landscapes.



Cap de fetita / Girl head



Nicolae Tonitza (April 13, 1886 – February 27, 1940) was a Romanian painter, engraver, lithographer, journalist and art critic. Drawing inspiration from Post-impressionism and Expressionism, he had a major role in introducing modernist guidelines to local art. Tonitza was largely inspired by Impressionism but he equally admired the discoveries made by Post-impressionist artists (their revolution in composition and Belle Époque splendor). Most of his works are serene in tones, They proposed a classical aesthetical ideal, viewing art as a treasurer of spiritual values.

UNITED KINGDOM POEM

Break, Break, Break

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O, well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.



Lord Alfred Tennyson

Lord Alfred Tennyson was a British poet laureate which is an honorary position appointed by Queen Victoria and he is one of Britain's most famous poets. He was born in 1809 and he died in 1892. He was born to George Clayton Tennyson and Elizabeth Fytche. His father died in 1831 which caused him to not be able to finish his degree in Cambridge as he had to look after his widowed mother and family back at home in Lincolnshire. He published his first solo collection of poems in 1830. He also excelled at writing short lyrics such as *Break, Break, Break* which is the poem I have chosen. Much of his work was based on classical mythological themes such as Ulysses. He wrote some notable blank verse poems and during his career he attempted drama but his plays had little success. He also wrote a memorial for his friend who died of a stroke at the age of 22. A number of phrases from Tennyson's work have become commonplaces of the English language, including: "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," and "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die," and he is also the ninth most frequently quoted writer in *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

George Orwell: 1984

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours. It was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift-shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig-iron. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasized by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the party. His hair was very fair, his face naturally sanguine, his skin roughened by coarse soap and blunt razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The blackmoustachio'd face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at streetlevel another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, snooping into people's windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.



George Orwell

Eric Arthur Blair (25 June 1903 – 21 January 1950), better known by his pen name George Orwell, was an English novelist, essayist, journalist and critic, whose work is marked by lucid prose, awareness of social injustice, opposition to totalitarianism, and outspoken support of democratic socialism.

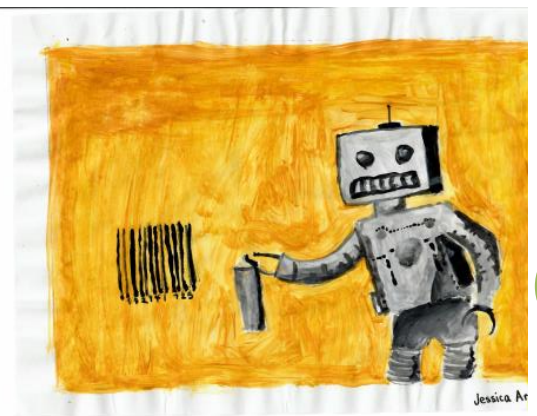
Orwell wrote literary criticism, poetry, fiction and polemical journalism. He is best known for the allegorical novella *Animal Farm* (1945) and the dystopian novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949). His non-fiction works, including *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937), documenting his experience of working class life in the north of England, and *Homage to Catalonia* (1938), an account of his experiences on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War, are widely acclaimed, as are his essays on politics, literature, language and culture. In 2008, *The Times* ranked him second on a list of "The 50 greatest British writers since 1945".

Orwell's work continues to influence popular and political culture and the term "Orwellian"—descriptive of totalitarian or authoritarian social practices—has entered the language together with many of his neologisms, including "Big Brother", "Thought Police", "Room 101", "memory hole", "newspeak", "doublethink", "proles", "unperson" and "thoughtcrime".

UNITED KINGDOM PAINTINGS



Robot

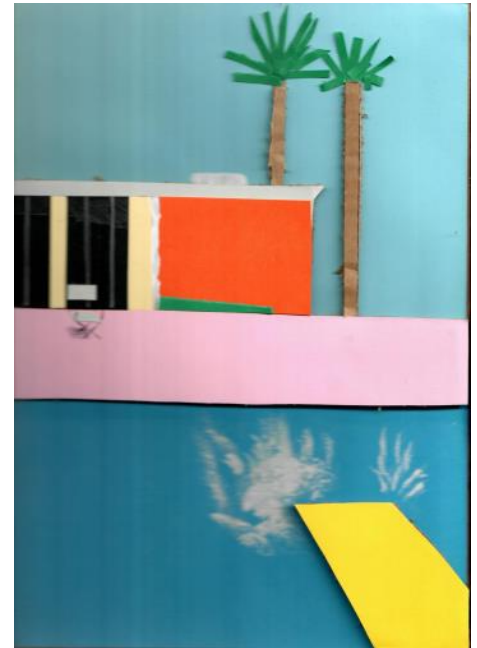


Banksy is an anonymous England-based street artist, vandal, political activist, and film director. His satirical street art and subversive epigrams combine dark humour with graffiti executed in a distinctive stenciling technique. His works of political and social commentary have been featured on streets, walls, and bridges of cities throughout the world. Banksy's work grew out of the Bristol underground scene, which involved collaborations between artists and musicians. Banksy says that he was inspired by 3D, a graffiti artist who later became a founding member of the English musical group Massive Attack.

Banksy displays his art on publicly visible surfaces such as walls and self-built physical prop pieces. Banksy no longer sells photographs or reproductions of his street graffiti, but his public 'installations' are regularly resold, often even by removing the wall they were painted on. A small number of Banksy's works are officially, non-publicly, sold through Pest Control. Banksy's documentary film *Exit Through the Gift Shop* (2010) made its debut at the 2010 Sundance Film Festival. In January 2011, he was nominated for the Academy Award for Best Documentary for the film. In 2014, he was awarded Person of the Year at the 2014 Webby Awards.



A bigger splash



David Hockney, (born 9 July 1937) is an English painter, draftsman, printmaker, stage designer, and photographer. As an important contributor to the pop art movement of the 1960s, he is considered one of the most influential British artists of the 20th century.

Hockney has owned a home and studio in Bridlington and London, and two residences in California, where he has lived on and off since 1964: one in the Hollywood Hills, one in Malibu, and an office and archives on Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood, California.








On 15 November 2018, Hockney's 1972 work *Portrait of an Artist (Pool with Two Figures)* sold at Christie's auction house in New York City for \$90 million (£70 million), becoming the most expensive work by a living artist sold at auction. This broke the previous record, set by the 2013 sale of Jeff Koons' *Balloon Dog (Orange)* for \$58.4 million.










OTHER FINAL PRODUCTS OF THE MEETING




A common painting created by students from 4 countries:



DICTIONARY OF WORDS RELATED TO MULICULTURALISM

English	French	Romanian	Hungarian	
Diversity	Diversité	Diversitate	Sokféleség	
Multiculturalism	Multiculturalisme	Multiculturalism	Multikulturalizmus	
Equality	Egalité	Egalitate	Egyenlőség	
Unity	Unité	Unitate	Egység	
Together	Ensemble	Imreuna	Együtt	
Learning	Apprentissage	Invatare	Tanulás	
Experience	Expérience	Experienta	Tapasztalat	

Respect	Respect	Respect	Tisztelet	
Community	Communauté	Comunitate	Közösség	
Global	Globalité	Global	Globális	
European	Européen	European	Európai	
Friendship	Amitié	Prietenie	Barátság	
Language	Langue	Limba	Nyelv	
Family	Famille	Familie	Család	
Hospitality	Hospitalité	Ospitalitate	Vendégszeretet	
Enrichment	L'enrichissement	Imbogatire	Gazdagítás	

Laughter	Rire	Rasete	Nevetés	
Explore	Explorer	Explorare	Fedezd fel	
Passion	Passion	Pasiune	Szenvedély	

POEMS “I AM FROM”

– AMÉLIE POEM

I am from

I am from a stuffed bunny, my only friend
From hide-and-seek at my grandfather's
I am from this house, where a large happy family used to meet
From rushing back to my toys after school
From being with my stuffed bunny again
I am from Sunday lunch with my family
From my mother's "Don't you touch that lamp"
I am from their faith
From the parades on Bastille day
I am from delicious roast chicken
From the scent of jasmine flowers on the balcony
I am from the sound of rain on corrugated iron
From making them angry
I am from Sylvain Sinny-Palany, Dad
From his temper
I am from my mother's eyes
From a comfortable life
I am from becoming a football player's agent

Amélie, 16, France

– CĂTĂLIN POEM

I am from

I am from animal toys
From playing hide-and-seek with my brother
I am from the woods where I went with my bike
From eating breakfast in the morning
I am from the smell of the flowers in my grandmother's garden
From my friends' screams while getting scratched at football
I am from my neighbour telling me not to hit his fence
From the 1st of March when you give a Martisor to the girl you care about
I am from a family afternoon meals
From eating Caltabos together
I am from a strong faith in God
From when I was cut in the knee with a nail
I am from Bogdan Bucur who taught me I should care about my family

From Bogdan who is tall and very intelligent
I am from my dad being a brave firefighter
From a grey house that I live in with my family
I am from becoming an IT engineer

Cătălin, 14, Romania

– CÉCILE POEM

I am from

I am from Claudette, Grandma's big black doll
From Charlotte aux Fraises
I am from the mango tree in my grandfather's yard
From happy sunsets
From playing with my dad
I am from Sundays with Mémé Monique
From my mum's warnings about falling in love
I am from Vishnu, comforting me on sad days
From Christmas parties at my dad's job on December 20
I am from Cabri Massalé, a typical Indian dish
From Classique, my mum's Jean-Paul Gautier perfume
I am from the sound of clicking saucepans
From my great grandfather's death
I am from my cousin Titia, she was a free girl
From her beautiful red curly hair
I am from the birthmarks on my sister's back
From sleeping in a drawer
I am from going on a road trip across the U.S

Cécile, 16, France

– CIARAN POEM

I am from

I am from a marshmallow bear, soft and comforting
From stealth attacks, we ran to base
I am from a crimson playroom, quiet and calming
From home time, I run to my parents' enveloping arms
From my loneliness to their affection
I am from a glass of bucksfizz, tangy yet sweet
From being told to eat my veg
I am from my parents' taught morals

From the anticipation of the Olympics' flooding the nation with excitement
 I am from warm doughnuts at Southend beach
 From the drifting scent of melted chocolate
 I am from the crack of lightning that I loved to watch from my window
 From the pain of losing my grandad
 I am from my fabulous father
 From his heavy watch that I will one day wear
 I am from the affection of my Mother
 From our families soft sofa where we enjoy our valuable time together
 I am a future medic... saving the people who need the most care, making a
 difference.

Ciaran, 13, England

– CLEMENTINE POEM

I am from

I am from the doll dresses I put on my cat
 From games of Red light, Green light
 I am from the tree house in the woods
 From long morning trips on the school bus

I am from Saturday afternoon church
 From "You're not my friend anymore!"
 I am from thinking God used to live next door
 From being spoilt on Christmas

I am from delicious Faham duck
 From the smell of cryptomeria trees
 I am from the comforting sound of barbecue fire

From my parents arguing
 I am from aunty Dany
 From her long dark hair
 I am from my mother's pink straw hat
 From the place where my dad used to make beer
 I am from travelling all over the world when I grow up

Clémentine, 15, France

– GWENDOLINE POEM

I am from

I am from a small pillow: a giraffe is holding a flower in her mouth
From radio-controlled cars
I am from grandma's huge yard
From happy mornings before school
From watching cartoons with mum
I am from family outings to the lake on Sundays
From "Stop eating all the time!"
I am from fasting for long days
From Easter celebrations and Hindu street parades
I am from delicious Indian food
From grandad's intoxicating cologne
I am from the siren of the ice cream truck
From Uncle Papou's death
I am from him, Uncle Papou
From his smell
I am from my grandfather's grey felt hat
From that immense window in my bedroom
I am from a fairy tale wedding with the man of my life

Gwendoline, 15, France

– HANNAH POEM

I am from

I am from an oatmeal bunny, comforting when touched
From hide-and-seek on bright sunny days
I am from a camping tent, cosy and compact
From Wednesdays after school, dancing and gossiping
From friendships that will last forever.
I am from family Christmas days round my uncle's house
From stern warnings and deep commands
I am from knowing that manners don't cost a penny
From watching eager flags wave at the royal wedding.
I am from fish and chips on a cold frosted night
From the sweet smell of cupcakes, baking in the kitchen
I am from hiding under my bed as fireworks go off
From the worry on the day I got my first injection.
I am from my mum
From her teachings and her smiles
I am from my sister, who encourages me through everything

From our long laughter together.

I am going to be successful.

Hannah, 14, England

– IULIAN POEM

I am from

I am from a red car

From Steaua Bucharest, playing Chelsea

I am from a happy room with toys

From the smells of my grandmother s' coffee

From playing football with my friends

From the first time I tried to ride a bike

I am from traditional, December national days

I am from chicken and potatoes

I am from living in god's presence

From not playing with balls and breaking window

I am from going the sea and getting injured

I am from dad because he lets me go out with my friends

I am from my grandmother calling me to the table

From the house, beautiful and spacious

From my sister, she is very understanding and careful with me

I am from my mother, she likes to cook

I am from the joy of learning at school

Petruț-Iulian, 16, Romania

– KAIDEN POEM

I am from

I am from a chocolatey monkey as soft as silk

From bulldog games, we sprint across the gravel

I am from a cushioned fort, a king of the land

From a community youth club, baking ginger bread men

From laughter and comfort

I am from family gatherings on Christmas eve

From the fear of being sent to the naughty step

I am from grand oak doors in marble chapels
From red and white flags flying in the breeze

I am from dumpling stew which warms the soul
From succulent pieces of chicken scent which drifts around the house
I am from slow tapping of rain on a caravan roof
From England losing the world cup at the semi finals
I am from my dad, Richard

From his sunshine personality that brightens up the room
I am from a mother's embrace
From homely decor and honest advice
I am dreaming of success

Kaiden, 14, England

– RACHEL POEM

I am from

I am from old dusty books
From hide and seek
I am from Wednesdays at the local library
From stars being born at dusk

I am from visiting Grandma on Sundays
From "You won't achieve your dreams!"
I am from never believing in any god
From fireworks on Chinese New Year

I am from home-made sushis
From the smell of roast coffee
I am from exciting thunder days
From my best friend giving up on me

I am from my sister's dimples
From her deep brown eyes looking at me angrily
I am from my grandmother's long hair
From tree shadows
I am from discovering new cultures

Rachel, 15, France

– ROXIN POEM

I am from

I am from the beach toys my mother bought me
From good friends, fleeing and hiding

I am from a tree house in the forest on a hot summer day
From my baby sister's smell
I am from winter afternoons, sleighing

I am from the rooster's morning chant
From my father telling me that someday I would be someone
I am from my first kiss on Dragoleete, on February 24
From family evening TV

I am from my mother's Sarmale
From faith in God
I am from a painful injured knee

I am from admiring my father
From his courage and devotion as a fireman
I am from love for my sister
From the posters in my bedroom
I am from working as an officer in the Romanian army

Roxin, 17, Romania

A short history of the Villèle estate



In the 17th and 18th centuries, Reunion Island developed as a prosperous Crown colony, producing mainly coffee ; sugar cane was introduced later on the large estates dominated by a few rich families.

The Desbassayns are one of these families : in 1770, Henri-Paulin Panon-Desbassyns married the daughter of another wealthy family ; his bride was fifteen years younger than he, but nevertheless she gave birth to eleven children before being widowed in 1800. She then became the only owner and manager of the estate. When Madame Desbassayns died in 1846, aged ninety, she owned 406 slaves, working either in the fields, in the sugar factory or in the house. At that time slaves still represented 56% of the population on the island. Slavery was eventually abolished in 1848.

The house itself was built in 1755. The rich owner wanted to have a residence overlooking the sea, high up enough in the hills to avoid the hot air of the coast, and able to resist the strong tropical storms and hurricanes, that's why some walls are up to 82 cm thick !

The master's house was provided with the finest furniture and amenities, making life for its residents similar to that of any wealthy family in France. Since Henri-Paulin had lived a few years in India, he had many artefacts and pieces of furniture sent from India to remind him of his former life there. The kitchen was built outside, as in all colonial houses at that time, in order to prevent the danger of a fire burning down all buildings. A short distance away you can see the slaves'hospital, which stands in sharp contrast with the main house and shows the poor living conditions of the people working on the plantation as slaves.

When slavery was abolished in 1848, only two years after the death of Madame Desbassayns, many workers, now free men, chose to leave the estate. The house went through inheritance to the Villèle family after one of the Desbassyns daughters married the comte de Villèle. However, without slaves, life became more and more difficult and the estate slowly fell into decay. In 1974 it was bought for a symbolic sum by the General Council, the administration of the French *Département* of *La Réunion*, and was restored and turned into a museum.

Just across the road, don't forget to have a look at the family chapel (*la chapelle pointue*), where some members of the family are buried. The name of the chapel comes from its pointed roof, which was destroyed and rebuilt several times after heavy storms.



The house



Inside the house



The chapel

Bower Park Academy – La Reunion.

Our memories: Written by Ciaran, Kaiden, Jessica and Hannah.



Proud and prominent the Volcano domineered the landscape,
Rapidly ascending clouds rolled over the barren wasteland,
Puffs of smoke rose as the Volcano took deep breaths.
A rumbling, fiery mixture bubbled and boiled down below.
Volcanic and velvety, the sand comforts our tired toes,
Waves reach across the sand like hands, as salty vapour kisses our noses.
A golden hue crawls across the sky,
As the rose rays dip towards the horizon,
Across the land, flickering lights, stand in rows.
Colossal Mountains stretched across the volcanic plains.
The bitter taste of the fresh sea air attacked my tastebuds.
Bright sharp coral drew the innocent fish to their homes.
I swam along with the schools of fish as they glistened with the reflection of the sun.

