

Tell my Story!



CEIP Gloria Fuertes, San Miguel de Salinas, Spain
4TH High School of Egaleo, Greece
Secondary School "D. Alighieri", Catania, Italy
Secondary School "Nikolay Katranov", Svishtov, Bulgaria
1st Primary School Čakovec, Croatia
High School Mirsa, Sibiu, Romania

on the cover: "la amistad verdadera y para toda la vida" by Ariadna, CEIP Gloria Fuertes, Spain



This book is about life experiences of children from different European schools. They expressed their feelings by using different approaches: writing, drawing, singing, dancing. Some of these became characters of a social theatre play.

Contents:

Page 3: Theatre play made by Spanish school - "The Oracle of Delphy"

Page 10: True stories written by children from different countries

effective steps to empathize

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The Oracle of Delphi

Scene 1. - Pythia is in the oracle and the two narrators enter the stage. (SCENE OF ITALY)

The first narrator talks.

The second narrator talks.

FIRST DANCE: SIRTAKI (SPAIN)

Scene 2. - Pythia is in her place. Four visitors of all social classes appear talking between themselves.

The first visitor talks. (ROMANIA)

The second visitor talks. (BULGARIA)

VIOLIN CONCERT (SPAIN)

Scene 3. - Pythia is in her place.

The third visitor talks. (ITALY)

The fourth visitor talks. (GREECE)

OBOE CONCERT (SPAIN)

FINAL DANCE (ALL THE COUNTRIES)



Characters: Pythia - Spain; Narrator 1 And 2 - Italy; First Dance - Spain; Visitor 1 - Romania;
Visitor 2 - Bulgaria; Violin Concert - Spain; Visitor 3 - Italy; Visitor 4 - Greece;
Oboe Concert - Spain; Final Dance - All the Countries

SCENE 1

ITALY

NARRATOR 1:

Delphi was an important ancient Greek religious sanctuary consecrated to the god Apollo. Located on Mt. Parnassus, the sanctuary was home to the famous oracle of Apollo which gave predictions and guidance to both, city-states and individuals.

NARRATOR 2:

Delphi was also considered the centre of the world, but at its heart was a dark, strange place: the mysterious sanctuary where the high priestess of Apollo prophesied: The Pythia. This story happens during the time of the early part of the 8th century BC. On the 7th day of every month people of all social classes visited the prophet looking for answers to their petitions.

FIRST DANCE: SIRTAKI



SCENE 2

ROMANIA

VISITOR 1: One day my grandmother was preparing a special dinner in honor of our passed loved ones, who sadly are no longer with us. All the family was present. I went to play with my cousins in the woods and we lost track of time because we were having a good time. Back at home my grandmother was very worried and crying because she thought we were lost. When we arrived home I realized the pain and worry we had caused. I could not sleep all night. The next morning I apologized to my grandmother and I promised never to worry her again.

THE PYTHIA: What then have you learned from your story?

VISITOR 1: It is important not hurt people who love you.

THE PYTHIA: Now you can ask me your question.

VISITOR 1: Will I be as wise as my grandmother?

THE PYTHIA: You will without doubt be very wise. You may leave now.

VISITOR 1: Thank you very much.

BULGARIA

VISITOR 2: In the past I played the violin, but I stopped playing it because I was very sad. My parents were divorced and I had to move to another town with my mother. It was very difficult for me, but I was lucky and I found new friends that helped me to overcome the sadness and loneliness. Now I am happy and I have returned to the violin again.

THE PYTHIA: What then have you learned from your story?

VISITOR 2: Everywhere you can find good people to help you.

THE PYTHIA: Now you can ask me your question.

VISITOR 2: Will I ever help others?

THE PYTHIA: I am sure along your life you will help many others. You may leave now.

VISITOR 2: Thank you very much.

VIOLIN AND CELLO CONCERT (SPAIN)



SCENE 3



ITALY

VISITOR 3: The best day of my life was when my parents give me a present of a beautiful black puppy. The puppy was very small and it was very scared, but I held her and gave her all my love. We call her Lara. Lara is the queen of our home and she has won our hearts. Now she is another family member. I love Lara very much.

THE PYTHIA: What then have you learned from your story?

VISITOR 3: Life smiles at you when you least expect it.

THE PYTHIA: Now you can ask me your question.

VISITOR 3: One day could I have an animal sanctuary?

THE PYTHIA: I am sure your dreams will come true. You may leave now.

VISITOR 3: Thank you very much.



GREECE

VISITOR 4: I am from Syria. Before the civil war I was a normal child and enjoyed playing the oboe. I had many friends and I lived in a grand house with my family. When the battles began my parents sent my brother and I to Europe, to Greece. Since then, almost seven years later we have not talked with our parents and we do not know where they are or even if they are still alive. We miss them so much.

THE PYTHIA: What then have you learned from your story?

VISITOR 4: That your life can change in an instant, for that reason we should enjoy every precious moment with our family and friends.

THE PYTHIA: Now you can ask me your question.

VISITOR 4: Will I ever see my parents again?

THE PYTHIA: Yes. You may leave now.

VISITOR 4: Thank you very much.

OBOE CONCERT (SPAIN)

FINAL DANCE - ALL THE COUNTRIES

THE END



True Stories

BULGARIA

Hello! I'm Marina and I'm 11 years old, in the fifth grade. I'm a closed child, I do not have many friends because other kids do not want to play with me and think I'm strange. I always sit alone in class in the classroom. I want to have friends and have fun and play with them.

One day, in winter, all children went to school yard to play during the break. And I went out because there was snow and they all played snowballs and skating on the ice and falling in the snow and having fun. I slipped and fell on the ground. My leg ached too much, I ripped my jeans and started crying, but no one came to help me, to get up. The bell rang and everyone went into the room, and I stood on the ground and wept. My teacher helped me to get up and I went into the classroom, but everyone started they mock me and laughing at me. I started crying again and did not want to stay at school because I was very sad that everyone they mock me and they did not want me. I did not want to study in this class anymore; I was very sad and lonely.

Hello! I am Stelli and I am 12 years old and I am in the sixth grade. I play a violin. I am a jolly and cheerful child, I have many friends and I love to communicate with many children.

My parents divorced and I had to move to live with my mom in another city. It was very difficult for me because I did not know anyone and had no friends in the new city and the new school. I was sad that my parents divorced and I felt very lonely and sad. I stopped play a violin.

The first day in the new school was very bad. I did not know anyone, I was not talking, I was sitting alone in a rank. But fortunately to me came to meet a girl of the new class. She's called Joanna, and we've become friends. Joanna lives near my new home, and we were going home together from school and playing afterwards. I was smiling again, laughing and having fun. My new friend helped me overcome the loneliness and sadness of the separation of my parents and of the new city and school.

Now I am happy and again I play a violin.



CROATIA

My Grandpa

On that day, the school was done but my mother didn't come to pick me up. My godmother drove her car in front of the school and took me to herself.

I spent my time there in having fun with a friend, but then my godmother called me to her and told me to go out because my mother was waiting for me in the car. Both my sister and my mother were completely quiet, silent as grave. I asked many questions, but the answers were always: „You will get your answers once we come home.“ My heart was beating fast and I sensed that I would hear bad news. Time until we came home was passing very slowly and dark thoughts were creeping into my child's head. I decided to remain silent, trying to chase the dark thought away... Finally, we entered the apartment, I sat on a sofa next to my sister, mother was standing by the window motionlessly, she was quiet for some time and then told me the sad news: „Katja, grandpa Josip has died.“ I was filled with sadness. We all started crying. Tears were flowing down our faces like autumn rains. My, already tiny stomach, shrunk even more. It was getting smaller and smaller, I was having trouble breathing. I could barely catch some air.

The next day I didn't go to school. With my family, friends and acquaintances I said my final farewell to my grandpa. Many people tried to comfort me and give me support, but the pain wasn't becoming any smaller.

The memory of our time spent together sometimes brings a shy smile to my face, but sometimes also tears. I believe that, although I don't see my grandpa, he still sees and follows my every step.

Katja Plevnjak, class 3C

Rubby, I Love You



When I started 3rd grade my parents bought me a small puppy. I adored her. I named her Rubby. Every day I would feed her, brushed her hair and took her for walks. Rubby filled my heart with joy and warmth, just as I did hers.

She really loved the sea and beaches, and I was always happy to see her happy and dashing. When we came back home from the seaside, we fell asleep together in my bed. One night, my dad took Rubby for a walk. He let her off the leash and she started running around. She ran towards the road and a car hit her. My dad took his phone quickly and called the vet, but unfortunately her heart was no longer beating. On the following day, as I was coming home from school, my mum approached me. Tears were running down her face. I asked what had happened. I didn't get the answer. When we came home, I noticed that Rubby wasn't there.

Mum told me what happened. I started crying. I was crying for several hours with my parents and brothers. I felt miserable, helpless and sad. I thought I would never be able to mend my broken heart. I refused to eat and drink, and I didn't want to go to school. I didn't want to talk to anyone. For a long time I had a hard time dealing with the sadness, but then we got a new dog. We called her Betty. She is beautiful. She reminds me of the happy moments I spent with Rubby.

Nola Dobrić, class 3C

Days Filled with Happiness

It was the best day of my life, even though, when I woke up I was tired and was only five years old. I started having breakfast with my family, and my older brother couldn't stop smiling. He was happy and visibly excited. Because of his happiness he would even hop a little and start singing loudly.

I asked my mum what was going on and she called me into my room in a warm voice. She just said that a little friend was waiting for me somewhere today. As I heard that, I too became happy and excited and I changed my clothes to be prepared to meet my new company and I was waiting patiently. My dad, mum, brother and I sat in the car and started our long journey. When we reached our destination, I saw many happy, playful puppies. Mum and dad got out of the car and soon brought a small ball into the car. I was very excited when I noticed it was a tiny, scared black puppy. To give her a sense of safety, I started holding her and hugging her, and she held closely to my neck. Dad said that she was a girl and we named her Lara. We got home and my whole family gathered around the playful ball that started winning our hearts over.

She is very loyal to me which makes it hard to leave her. She has made my home an even happier and nicer place for living and became a part of our family. Even today we all spend time together and we look forward to each other immensely. I love Lara more than anyone in the world.

Gita Nikolić, pupil from class 3C

GREECE

Stop the War

My name is Selda. It means "stop the war". I am from Syria and the last eight years I have lived in Krefelt, Germany with my new family. I would like to tell you my story. It all started on May, 2011. I went to elementary school back then. My life was pretty much normal. I used to play oboe, have lots of friends and live in a big house with my parents and my little brother. One afternoon, while I was having oboe lessons, I heard a scary loud voice and after that the sirens started sounding. I froze. I was terrified. We heard that war had been declared. We had to leave as soon as possible, but the money we had was enough only for my brother and me. The next day our parents had already booked the tickets to Germany. They also found a family that could host us two for a couple of years. We were so sad that we were leaving. We would miss our family and friends. But we had no choice. We haven't talked to our



parents ever again and we don't know if they are alive or not. We really miss them and hope to see them again one day. Life is tough here. I have to work while going to school and I feel a lot of pressure. I am not able to keep having oboe lessons because we don't have enough money or that. At the school I am going to haven't managed to get many friends and my classmates often make fun of me because of my origin.

I hope that in the future things will get back to normal and we'll be able to turn back to Syria.

Andriane Anastasopoyloy, Natalia Nikoloydi, Eygenia Margariti, Evangelia Liapi, Photeini Liapi, Vivian Lagoydaki

A Bright Example of Strong Will and Power

From 2017 to 2019, my school the "4th Junior High School of Egaleo" participates in an Erasmus+ project called "Effective Steps to Empathize" - ESTEEM. In one of the activities of the program, the participating students from Greece and the other partner schools visited one school with children who have certain disabilities, such as blindness or deafness.

In that school, I had a unique experience as I met Anastasis, a blind child in my age. We had the chance to chat and say some things about ourselves and our lives. He told me that he lives with his parents and his two younger siblings in Haidari. Because of his blindness, Anastasis faces a lot of problems in his everyday life. Firstly, he had to learn the Braille system in order to read and write. Also, he has a stick that he uses to move around. Fortunately, he has got a Golden Retriever named Jack that he trusts and is his best friend. When Anastasis was younger, he was bullied by kids in his neighborhood and, as a result, he felt very sad and lonely because they didn't want to play with him. When he went to school, his teachers told his parents to take him to Goalball, which is a team sport designed specifically for athletes with vision impairment. So, Anastasis felt very happy and proud when he joined the national team of Paralympics!

To sum up, that experience was a life lesson for me because I learnt so many things about the difficulties a teenager in my age has faced so far, and his strong will and power to overcome his problem and live with decency. I really admire my new friend who sets an example to all of us who are healthy but we do not appreciate the beauty of our life!

Πανεπιστήμιο Μίνου Καραγιάννη Β'?

History of Empathy

Hello, I am a person slightly different from all of you. When I was young, in an accident, I lost both my hands. It was very difficult at first, but day by day I started to get used to it.

I always wanted to be a painter, although after the accident I started to lose my hopes. Of course when I finished school I discovered that there were special painting schools for people like me. It was a difficult journey, but I managed to become a successful painter who painted by mouth.

Now I work at a painting university and teach people who face the same problems as myself and urge them not to have any difficulty preventing them from succeeding their dreams. Generally, life has up and downs, but if you believe in yourself, you can make everything possible.



Manolis Giatrakis
Elisavet Papadimitriou
Maria Athanasiou
Peggy Ntoka

SPAIN

True Friendship for All Life

The first time he entered school at 3 years old i met many children and made many friends, but never imagined that one of them would be for life. I have many friends but my best friends D.F. it was special for me. We played at recesses all together, sometimes I played with one or the other children, but he was always playing with me. Many times at recess we had breakfast together. I remember once my mom sent me a sandwich that i did not like that very much and i did not want to eat it, so my friends told me:

- I have a chocolate sandwich. Should we share mine?

- Okay, if you don't mind. He told me and he answered:

- No, I don't care. You're my best friend. It was then when I first heard and felt the value of the words - MY BEST FRIEND!

At the beginning of this school year i got sick, but neither my family nor i knew it. I felt very tired and very sleepy. I did not want to play at recess or eat. There was always my best friends with me. He preferred not to play with other children and accompany me. We were sitting together, I was unburned and he was inseparable by my side. He helped me to carry my modnila, to tack it - although he is, smaller in height, he could not even with his modnila. No where do you get my guns and took my modnila, he helped me in the dining room and was watching me until the exit of the school...

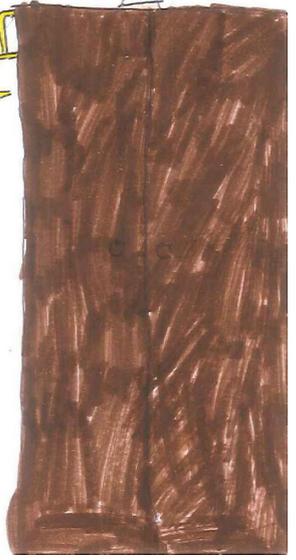
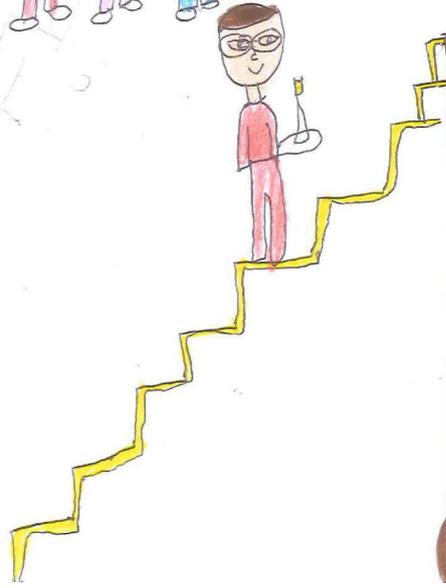
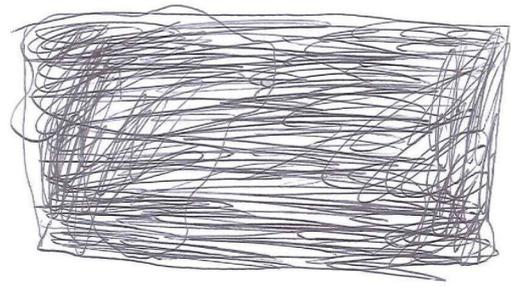
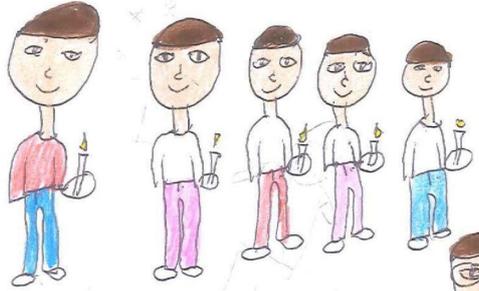
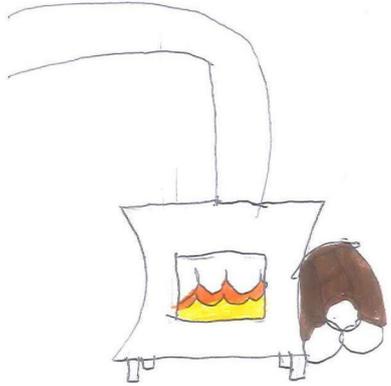
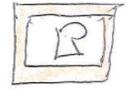
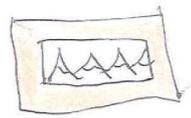


A few days later, my body gave a face and I was admitted to the hospital. I got better, I came out of the hospital and went back to school. We were all happy that both of us could be together again.

Los Niños y la balanza

Spanish scores

Alba Lopez Rubio



The Children and the Balance

In a town in Spain, whose name I do not remember, there was a glass trade, one day forever, it was abandoned and emptied by its owners. Nobody volunteered to enter that old dark shed, closed to the ground. Until one day a few kids who played in the street among them a Chinese boy, who liked to study a lot, but was so poor that he could not do it, he had to help his parents in the field and study at night something's that was impossible, i lived in a cabin without artificial light.

That day I enter this abanclorada shop, through a window had broken, along with the other kids: they discovered that the old shop was dirty, full of dust, cloth, smelled musty and there were a few furniture eaten by termites. The Chinese boy discovered an old scale in a corner covered with poluro, which had a mystery. It was an ornament in the center. The six faces looked with surprise at that old machine. The Chinese boy did not imagine that besides being, he could be magical. This balance was not for passing food, but to measure the bad or how good the children could be; the Chinese boy, without wanting to pass his hand over that adornment of that scale, the right side, bowed and suddenly a bright light illuminated the room, from his plat began to come out hundreds of stars, as good as that Chinese child was. Then the balance is balanced and the light disappeared. Another child, which was a bit selfish, envious and unloving, wanted to try it. He touched the ornament with his hand and the balance moved to the left lighting up again, but this time the light was so intense that it blinded the and came out swords instead of stars.

Since that day many children came before dinner to put their hands on the scale, if stars came out they meant they had been good, generous kind ... if they left swords they knew they had to improve their behavior. One day scale broke down, from so much use, that day all the children of the town cried. The balance, for the first and last time I speak to you:

For months I have taught you you're good and bad behaviors, my only intention was to teach you to reflect. In life you have to be aware of your actions, I think that you can already learn to think about things by yourself. From now on, when at night you put yourself in the bed, think about everything you have during the day, if you feel that you have behaved badly, promise that you will try to improve.

ALWAYS FIGHT TO BE GOOD PEOPLE!

My Best Hobbies and Amusements

One of my best hobbies and amusements is dancing.

Dance is my passion and amusement. Because apart I make new friends and i have a great time learning of the best teacher that i have and his name is Cristian, that is one of my teachers, he teaches me modern dancing, because my other teacher called Brandom, he teaches me hip hop, sometimes I think I'm not putting effort and i get lost, but after I say...you can do it and i start to cheer up and give it all in resume, that I love to dance.

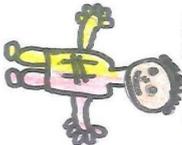
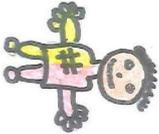
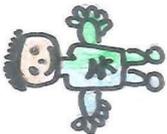
And my best friend always supports me in dance, well, actually she supports me in everything, but good. Another of my hobbies and amusements, is to go to school, because I get to see my friends and I try to learn everything that's possible, my teacher is one of the best, even though sometimes she sends us a lot of homework, my other best teachers are those that give me education physics because their units of sports are very fun and the last is my teacher of music because he teaches me songs for the recorder, well this is all.

Bye!

MIS MEJORES AFICIONES Y DIVERSION

SPANISH STORIES

#FINAL#

 <p>PABLO LIMA</p>	 <p>BELASTEGUIN</p>
 <p>WORLD PADEL TOUR</p>	
	
 <p>PAGUITO NAVARRO</p>	 <p>JUAN LEBROW</p>

Aarón

ROMANIA

Immigrant

I'm a 14-year-old boy. When I was a small child, my family decided to move abroad, near a town in the south of a European country. I can tell you that it wasn't easy! At 4 year old I went to the kindergarten. I was very well received by the kindergarten teacher, but the other children look at me with different eyes and didn't want to play with me. In the village many people was convinced that we are a peasant family with no education and common sense - it was gossiping a lot.

In the first grade, when I started to take very good marks (highest in my class), my colleagues become envious and tease me. Some persons realized that we are respectful and intelligent people and they started to sympathize with us. Unfortunately, the number of persons that didn't like us was still big and if something wrong was happened in the village they blame us, even they didn't know what was really happen. So, somehow, we were the synonym of evil. For them, no matter how good or intelligent you can be, you will always remain a stranger.

My conclusion is that it's not easy to live in a foreign country; you have to be brave and never be afraid of what the world says

Aurel

My Broken Arm

This story starts at a picnic. My family and I went to a picnic by bicycle. I went on a hill and tried to get down with my bike. I was too fast and I couldn't avoid all the knolls. I brake with the front brake (stupid me) and the bike came over my head. It threw me away. I fell on my left arm and it was broken. I had my arm in gypsum for four weeks and, in that time, I wrote with my left hand.

Now I know how to get down a hill on a bicycle!

Anthony

Mind of a Child

I remember a happening in the country side, to my grandmother. I was on summer holiday with my younger brother and my cousin. Grandma is only because, as she says, grandfather went to heaven. She often sighed when telling us about it. We're trying to make her to forget. She was making all our desires and we were helping her. I was in power and brought water from the fountain to wash and wet the garden. We were very happy.

One day our grandmother tells us she has to make a big meal and there will come more people and two priests, all of these in the memory of the lost grandfather. We did not understand much. I helped her stretching out benches and tables in the yard. It was a beautiful day, the sun was hot in the sky, but there was a strain in waiting for the moment. Two aunts had come to help her to make the food. I, without thinking too much, I see Ilie, cousin of the mother and go quietly in the forest. I always thought it was the mysterious forest and excited to go and contemplate it. I forgot about the great preparation. We found mushrooms, we played and we felt great. My grandmother had called me many times, but I was too busy playing. We came back home when the moon was in the sky and illuminated the mysterious path. Our grandmother was crying, he thought we were lost. Then I realized how much I had mistaken, and how much pain I caused to accentuate her tumultuous state.

Among the tears he told me that the next day is the event and he needs my help. I have to share bread, candles and bowls, because that's the tradition. She did not rest all night, cooked chicken, made the borsch and prepared the aperitifs. I could not sleep because I was now aware of how bad I was wrong with not telling my grandmother that I was leaving and how much worries she made of my fault.

In the morning, despite the eyelids that wanted to close, I washed, I dressed nicely, and went to ask forgiveness. My grandmother says, "How well you are here! Last night I was scared that I lost you!" He took my hand and told me what to do. I was at the church and helped her to everything I needed. I sprinkled the tomb with wine. I was sure my grandfather saw me as she told her. Discomfited church grandmother lost her wallet with phone. I searched him desperately, and eventually found him.

The day had ended well. On the face of my grandmother I saw a wave of happiness. I realized how important it is to give a helping hand when the man needs it.

Alex



The Nail

Few years ago, my parents started to build a house. I help my parents and my brother tries to pull some nails out of the planks. My dad asked me to bring his pliers, but my brother was still working, so I started to move round. Suddenly I stepped on a nail and it went into my foot. I started to scream. My parents took me to the cottage, took off my sock and tried to stop my bleeding. I was taken to hospital, where the wound was cleaned and I was given an injection.

This incident made me pays attention to where and how I go and always keep my eyes open!!!

Dragos

ITALY

Amir

INTRODUCTION

This work comes from a discussion in class, during the students had to tell his story or his experience; in particular Stefania talked about a news report: a student had committed suicide throwing himself off the roof because of bullying. We found that unfair so we decided to rewrite this story to give a hope to the victims of bullying and to combat his phenomenon.

SCENE 1

The lights light up on Amir

Amir: It happened. I couldn't resist anymore.

with emphasis, like he's talking with himself looking down

Amir: I must do that... but let's start from the beginning...

You're asking who I am? I'm Amir, and this is my story...

the light turned off and then switched back on the main scene

the bell rings, the students are eating and Amir is sitting on the chair, the others are behind him

Christian (bully 1) enters the scene followed by Kevin (bully 2) and Jessica (bully3)

Christian: Amir! Look at yourself, you're a loser. In break time you're only too. You never asked yourself why? Probably because you're stupid!

everyone laughs

Kevin (bully 2): But he isn't alone! With him there's that loser Margot! You're so ignorant that you don't know how to read.

Jessica (bully 3): You don't even have a Instagram account... you're so ridiculous!

Amir: don't disturb my sister * insecure voice* I...I'll beat you!

bullies laugh

Christian (bully 1): You... you'll beat us?! Don't let me laugh!

Jessica (bully 3): You're only a stupid!

* Amir lowering his head as a sign of surrender *

bullies laugh and then they go out the scene

Margot: Keep calm Amir... they don't have anything to do, so they treat us badly

Amir: No! I got annoyed! It has been going for a year! It's a year that I bear in silence. I can't continue like this. I've to do something

Margot: Amir we've to... * Margot can't continue because Amir goes out the scene*

the lights are turned off, Margot goes out the scene

The desks are removed and the way's background is inserted

SCENE 2

* Amir enters in the scene really angry*

Amir: I got annoyed *talking with himself*

3 bullies enter in the scene

Christian (bully 1): What are you doing loser?!

bullies laugh

Kevin (bully 2): come on Amir... have we to beat you again?

Amir: I won't give you the sandwich I... I'll aet it *Wrong pronunciation so everyone laugh*

Christian (bully 1): You don't even know how to talk

Kevin (bully 2): *pushing Amir* give us the sandwich or I'll hurt more than usual.

Amir: NO!

Jessica (bully 3): really?!

Christian (bully 1) throws a punch

Kevin (bully 2) throws a kick

Jessca (bully 3) record everything with the phone and laughs

A teacher enters in the scene

Teacher: Hi guys! What are you doing?!

bullies get away and go out the scene

teacher helps Amir

Amir hides his face

Amir: I don't need your help!

Amir run a way while the teacher's talking

Suddenly the teacher find Amir

Teacher: Amir! Finally... I found you!

Amir: What do you want!?

Teacher: Listen to me. I saw what happened. But unfortunately I didn't saw who did this... so can you tell me that please?

Amir: NO! I don't want to

Teacher: Amir try to reasons... you've to understand that this is serious, your health can be defeated, I can help you if you tell me that...

Amir: You can't understand

teacher has a sad face

Amir runs on the school roof

the teacher follows Amir

the teacher sees Amir, ready for jump from the roof

Teacher: Amir listen to me, we can solve your problem on together, only if you give me the opportunity! We can talk but not here

Amir doesn't move and doesn't answer

FINAL SCENE

*Margot after has saw her brother on the roof, goes to find the bullies *

Margot: *in a desperate voice * My brother is on the roof, he wants to commit suicide because of you, for your insults and for your threat! You'll never understand how he feels like!

bullies without say anything, go to school's roof

Margot follow them

Jessica (bully 3): Amir! Wait, don't do that! I know that our apologies won't be enough...

Amir looks bullies

Amir: I don't believe in you! Go away!

he is about to throw himself off the roof

You'll always have me on your conscience!

Christian (bully 1): Nooo wait! In true, some years ago, we were like you

Kevin (bully 2): in this same school there was a bully, older than us. He and his friends flouts us.

Jessica (bully 3): even now we're treats badly by them... We know how it feels...

Christian (bully 1): it seemed normal to us

Amir: I...I don't believe you! *in an angry voice*

Jessica (bully 3): Oh please listen to me, is the truth!

Kevin (bully 2): We... we're sorry, forgive us.

Amir thinks

bullies talk to the teacher

Everyone (bullies 1-2-3): **We'll never do it again, we have repented... Come with us Amir ...**

Amir comes down from the roof and hugs his sister

The lights are turned off

No More an Empty Place!

"A dedication Prof!" Lorenzo yells enthusiastically.

Today the photographer brought the photos in the classroom. They cost quite a lot but they worth the cost. What a joy to see them all together! Claire looks so good! And Dario, with those sunglasses on, is so funny! Everybody knows Marco is the tallest. Surely, Carlo is the funniest, and, as usual, my eyes are closed in the picture. We'll take care of this photo! It will remember us about the years in this school. We, all 25 of us, are proudly painted on this colored paper. Everyone? Everyone of us?

No, not everyone. Mario was missing on that day. He was suspended. Suspended....this was the reason he was missing. That was the second time he was suspended during the year. It is clear to all of us that something is wrong with Mario. He is a 15 year old big boy, with a big red heart tattooed on his arm and an extreme haircut. His eyes are green as the olive oil mum usually buys. He is repeating the same school year for the second time. He doesn't feel good at school. It is not just because the desk and chair are too small for him. It's school not good for him. It's a jail, it's a detention centre. It's a cage. He often asks to go to the toilet at any occasion. Sometimes he misses for an entire hour lesson.

Some days ago, while he was out, I gave a quick look at his diary... well, let's call it a diary ... It's only a kind of an exercise book where he scribbles something when he decides it's time to sit down. I read from his disproportionate handwriting, a bit in italics and a bit in block, about his discomfort, about his desire to be free, about his willing to ride freely doing a wheelie all around, sneaking through cars. Only a few people can understand him. Only Jonatan and Robert can. They are the two other rascals in the school. He thinkswe are only "children" to him, on the outside and on the inner side.

Sometimes, between a jailbreak and another, he tries to do something. Geometrical drawings, Math's exercises... He tried the Invalsi examination, and ... maybe because the tasks were like those last year, he got a good mark. Seven!

But when he goes mad ... He forgets to be at school. He starts to menace, yelling and provoking with his rough voice, the voice of an adult guy. Then he stares at the window, looking out. Maybe he dreams about riding with his bicycle and shouting to everybody to go to hell. And then, suddenly, he calms down coming back to his place. But we know from his eyes he feels alone. He thinks this is not the right place for him.

He showed no displeasure for not being in the photo with the rest of us. But, although all his weirdness, although his arrogant style he should have been in the photo. Mario is one of us. There's a place for him too. So we asked him a photo. A picture only of him, a passport photo. We will paste this photo over that empty place, next to Veronica.





THIS DRAWING SHOWS A
DANCER ON A STAGE.
I'M THE DANCER AND
I EXPRESS JOY AND
HAPPINESS DANCING.

-Chibb Rocorro

2021