

Folktales throughout



Europe

Comenius Project - Folk and traditional tales throughout Europe

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We have worked on folk tales from the four European countries by sharing them between the participant schools, compared similarities and differences and performed them. Then we have worked on the same Ugly Duckling tale and each country has interpreted it differently. At the end each school has invented a character, created a story and presented a typical dish.

The project was an important event because it gave us the opportunity to experience different cultures and work together in a European dimension. We also communicated in English which improved our language skills.



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The Carnival parade

The little brown girl Elisabeth Smith is English. Maria Kovaks who confesses she likes best riding a horse than flying, is Hungarian; and at last Katerina Wisniewska with her beautiful fringe and pony tail is Polish. They became soon friends when with their parents went to the carnival parade and festivals in Tricarico, a little town of Lucania in the South of Italy. The three girls met on the bus to Tricarico.

Little Elisabeth attracted by Katerina's pony tail tried to pull it.

"Ah! – screamed Katerina immediately "...what are you doing?"

"Sorry! " – Elisabeth replied in her own language " I didn't mean to hurt you".

Meanwhile Maria, sitting nearby, smiled at that funny little show and planned to know her new travel mates.

"Where are you from?" she asked sitting on an empty seat near the two girls. "I'm from Warsaw. " – answered Katerina showing her beautiful blue eyes and waving her ponytail.

"My name's Elisabeth. I'm from Peterborough in England" – answered Elisabeth in a low shy voice.

"What school do you go to, Elisabeth?
–Maria asked her.

"I attend primary school at Orton Wistow Primary School".

"I'm from Budapest and I attend secondary school. My name's Maria".

"I'm Kasia" – said Katerina.

The little passengers talked to each other exchanging their opinions and impressions on the journey. They were very happy for this little holiday in Italy for the Carnival in Tricarico. Here they would also taste the traditional dishes which were on exposition

Antonio Zarrilli, a 62 years old retired man that people nicknamed Tric Trac, was the man in charge of the exhibition. He wished his hometown



traditions were known everywhere in the world. That day he was there in front of his own Bed & Breakfast to welcome the guests arriving in a great number for the Carnival.

Slim, short, with his yellow fingers and a thread of grass in his mouth, his eccentric clothes, large brightly coloured trousers, white sweater, grey jacket and heavy black boots, he was there.

“Welcome to Tricarico” he said in English as soon as he saw his guests
“Please, come in.”

“Thank you” they answered

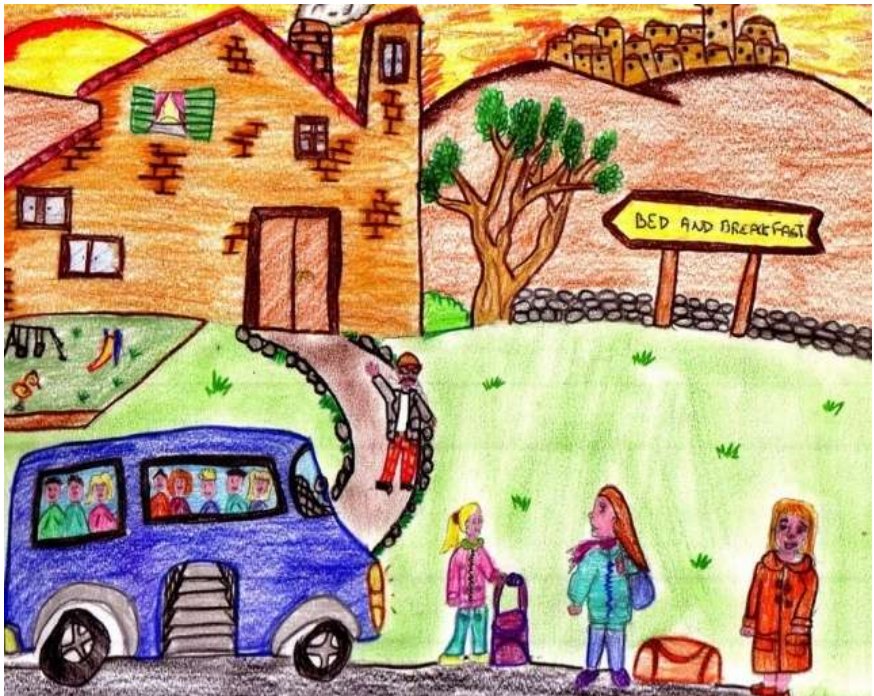
- “ Did you have a nice journey? Antonio went on using the few English words he boasted to know and which he had learnt many years ago in the USA where some of his relatives lived.

“ Oh, yes, wonderful”

“ The flight was nice and the travel by coach also pleasant”

“ The countryside is so beautiful and interesting.”

Antonio, more guessing the meaning than really understanding what



they were saying, went on with his conversation using the words which were familiar to him.

“ Here at home everything is beautiful but most of all is good. Come and taste some bread with sausage or cheese and a tasteful glass of red wine and a pastry.”

-“ Thank you. You are a very nice good host.”

“ Tomorrow, I'll take you to visit our town but now make yourselves at home.”

“ Once more, thank you.” Someone of the group answered.

“I'm going to the kitchen to tell my wife that you are here so you'll know her, too”

After not much time Antonio and his wife came into the dining room walking towards the table where the guests were having a quick afternoon snack.

“ Here's my wife Rosa, one of the cleverest chef in town!” – said

Antonio, smiling and looking young, apart from the age.

The guests and Antonio's wife exchanged greetings.

- “ Keep on tasting our good products. I'll soon prepare dinner. Oh, what wonderful girls, what are your names?”

“Kasia... Maria... Elisabeth.” – they answered.

“ Would you like to help me to prepare home made pasta while your



parents are unpacking in your bedrooms upstairs?" asked Rosa.
" Yes, with pleasure." said Maria, always kind and helpful.
- " Yes, we'd love too." – answered Kasia and Elisabeth.
"All right, then. Let's go to the kitchen." –shortly concluded Rosa " I don't want to be late for dinner. The girls followed the foreign lady who looked like one of their aunts.

Rosa explained what they were going to do.

" This evening we're going to prepare a traditional dish "cavatelli" with sausage sauce. Let's prepare the dough. First pour some water into a central hole made inside the flour and add some flour from time to time. Let's go on this way still pouring some water and adding some more flour till the compound becomes smooth and tough. After that let's cover it with a cloth and leave it to rest for ten minutes".

After that she poured more flour on the pastry board, while the girls watched her, wishing to steal her secrets. She took some pieces of dough from the mixture and taught them how to cut it in order to have the "cavatelli". Meanwhile she prepared the sauce, boiling some tomatoes and smashing them. Then she cut the sausage and put it in a pan to fry.

"Now let's add the tomato sauce. How are things going to you?" – she said speaking to the three girls who were busy rolling the "cavatelli" into the flour with their fingers."

"Oh it's really wonderful!" - Maria replies.



"I see you're enjoying yourselves very much. Don't worry I'll clean the kitchen later but pay attention not to dirty your dresses."- useless and late advice. The flour was everywhere, not only in the kitchen but also on their clothes, their jolly faces and their hair.

When the "cavatelli" were ready, everyone was happy and the cook and the girls got a lot of compliments. They were delicious!

The following day the three girls, accompanied by Antonio, visited the old town, the Norman Tower, the Cathedral and the Ducal Palace.

At last the day of the parade, which everyone waited for, arrived. The girls were anxious and hoped the hours of the night passed quickly. The day after, their waking was cheered by some folk songs and when they arrived at the square, where a big table was set with all the traditional dishes, all at once they saw the familiar figure of Antonio Zarrilli among the crowd.

Antonio was wearing a big large brim hat with long, colourful flying ribbons, big heavy underpants, scarves everywhere and heavy boots. All masks were holding cow bells, so noisy that it seemed to hear a passing cows herd.

Maria, Kasia and Elisabeth got nearer to the place where Antonio had a lot of fun with his fellow citizens. Quickly he turned his attention to them and shouted:

“Would you like to wear a hat?”

“It would be nice so that we can take part to the parade.” Maria replied happily.

“Welcome to the Carnival of Tricarico then! Join us!”

Antonio started playing the “cubba – cubba” and singing “My beautiful Ninella” accompanied by a boy who played a tambourine while a group of people had a lot of fun around him. The girls enjoyed themselves singing and dancing.



It was midnight. Maria, Elizabeth and Kasia realised that their holiday was coming to an end. They would leave very soon.

- “ It was really interesting to know other countries traditions” said Maria who liked dancing very much.

“It was fantastic.” added Elisabeth.

“We will come again” concluded Kasia.

The bus to Bari was taking them to the airport, while Antonio Zarrilli went on playing and singing the whole night with his fellow-citizens, all having a great fun.

THE END

Traditional Italian dish “Cavatelli” with tomato-sausage sauce

Recipe for 4 people

Time preparation: 30 minutes plus resting time for pasta dough

Cooking: 1 and ½ hour

| <u>Ingredients for the dough</u> | <u>Ingredients for the sauce</u> |
|--|---|
| 500 g Durum wheat flour Water (as needed) Salt | Hot fresh Italian sausage 1 Onion 2-3 tablespoons of extra virgin olive oil Tomato sauce 2 tablespoons fresh basil, chopped Salt |

PREPARATION

The dough

- Put some flour on a pastry board. Make a hole in the centre and pour in some cold water.

Mix some flour in the water with your fingertips. Pour some water and add some more flour, knead the two together by hand till the compound becomes smooth, soft, and stretchy.

After that cover it with a cloth and leave it to rest for ten minutes.



- To shape the “cavatelli”, lightly flour your work surface. Form some ball sized pieces of dough, and roll them out under your palms into long ropes. Cut the ropes into little pieces 1-inch long. Flour your hands, especially the tips of the three middle fingers of your right hand. Hold these fingertips tightly together, and press them into one of the cut segments, and gently roll forward.

- Sprinkle the finished “cavatelli” with flour, and spread them out in a single layer on floured baking sheets. Leave them uncovered, to air-dry at room temperature, until ready to cook.
- Finally cook “cavatelli” in plenty of salted boiling water until just tender (about 8 minutes).



The sauce

Heat olive oil in large frying pan over medium heat, add sliced onion and fry them together for a while; then remove casing from sausage, cut and put it in the frying pan. Sauté_sausage, breaking into small pieces, until colour turns pale and sausage is just cooked through, about 10 minutes. Finally add tomato sauce, basil and some salt. Cook the sauce over low heat for about one hour



Comenius: an unforgettable experience

.....The Comenius project is a good way to know about other cultures, learn new languages, improve English and meet new friends. ...

“Memories of a fantastic trip emerge in my mind... memories of an adventure that made us live incredible days ... memories of special people



... It was a unique experience which I believe has left an indelible mark in the lives of everyone. The city of Peterborough seemed like a great painting: it was surrounded by vast green lawns, the fresh morning air gently wrapped you in a magical atmosphere, the cathedral was like a fairy castle, framed by long trees lined boulevards coloured with warm autumn colours.. ...

„I'll never forget that wonderful week of October in Peterborough because there are things that remain in our hearts forever and I think that England is one of them”.

From March 15th to 21st all kids from my school lived an important experience in an international week. Hungarian, English, Polish students with their teachers arrived in Tricarico.. The host school organized everything very well to welcome them



..... Students had the opportunity to speak and improve English every day and communicate with people of different countries.....

.....We had the opportunity to visit Poland, a beautiful country, so different from ours in some ways but also very similar. My host family was very lovely and friendly and treated me as if I really was one of them.

...We were very sad when we said "Goodbye" to the host families... I've got new friends thanks to the project and now I can also speak some Polish words.

.....We stayed in Budapest for a week, we lived as Hungarian citizens. We ate Hungarian food and visited new places. The schools are very big and in Hungary they have a different system of education.....



I have understood it is very important to speak English well when you travel abroad...

...I hope to repeat a similar experience in the future. ...

The week in Budapest was very intense and full of activities...

...This experience not only introduced me to new customs, but I have also improved my English and known new people with whom I'm still in touch...

This project has now finished but I hope there will be another one to give other students the same emotions we had...

.....We thank all the teachers because we had a wonderful experience.



POLAND



**chapter by
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z Oddziałami Integracyjnymi
nr 111 w Łodzi**

The Warsaw Adventure with Pierogi

It all began in June 2010. Then, during the Comenius Project exchange in England, there met four people from different countries. They were: 13-year-old Kasia from Poland, Elizabeth from England, 15-year old Maria Kovacs from Hungary and 65-year-old Antonio Zarilli from Italy who was the guardian of the Italian group. Very quickly they became friends and after the visit they often exchanged mails. The whole year passed and finally, it was a time for the visit in Poland.

It was Friday, June 12th 2011. Kasia started doing her Maths homework when she heard somebody knocking at the door. I'm coming – shouted Kasia. When she opened the door, she saw her foreign friends: beautiful Elizabeth dressed very fashionably, clever Maria with her dog and eccentric Antonio as usual with a blade of grass in his mouth.

I'm so happy to see you all! – said Kasia.

We are also very pleased to see you – replied friends.

Come into the living room and have some rest – proposed Kasia.

The guest were sitting on the sofa, drinking apple juice and chatting.

So, what are we going to do? – asked Elizabeth.

Oh, I had planned a trip around Warsaw – Kasia said with enthusiasm – we are going to visit Wilanów Palace, the Kings' Castle, the Old Town, The Culture and Science Palace and Łazienki park. It's going to be fun!

Super!, Cool!, Brilliant! – exclaimed the guests.

What are we waiting for? Let's go! – exclaimed Maria

Not so fast – Kasia replied calmly – first, we have to prepare for the trip. We need some equipment – continued Kasia.

What equipment? – Antonio asked impatiently.

Well, we need water, sandwiches, backpacks and ... bikes!!!!

Bikes!!!!??? – Elizabeth couldn't believe – what for?????

To move around Warsaw. It will be fun! – replied Kasia. So they prepared everything, rented the bikes and went sightseeing. During the trip they were drinking water, telling jokes and, of course, visiting famous Warsaw places. Antonio was delighted with the Old Town, Elizabeth especially liked the Wilanów Palace and Maria enjoyed the view from the top of Culture and Science Palace. After several hours they became very tired and very hungry.

Let's go home and make a special Polish dish, pierogi with sauerkraut

and mushrooms!!! – proposed Kasia.

Great idea! – exclaimed Maria – but what are “pierogi”? – she asked with interest.

Oh, it is the dough with different fillings, similar to Italian ravioli. It’s really delicious! – explained Kasia.

Ok. What are we waiting for? – asked Antonio – what shall we do?

Me and Maria will make the dough and Elizabeth with Antonio will prepare the filling – instructed Kasia. – For the dough we need: 4 glasses of flour, 2 teaspoons of salt, some olive oil, some warm water and one egg. And for the filling: dried mushrooms, 1 kilo of sauerkraut, a carrot, three onions, salt, pepper and olive oil. Let’s get to work! – ordered Elizabeth.

They worked really hard and did all their best, but the pierogi weren’t so easy to prepare. Antonio cut himself while chopping the onion. Then, Elizabeth burnt her hand in the boiling water. Maria slipped on the oil and Kasia put too much salt into the filling!!!

It’s a disaster!!! – cried Maria – we will never make it.

And I’m so hungry – added Antonio, who was getting more and more nervous – I could eat a horse!!! We give up – said Elizabeth sadly.



I know!!!! – suddenly exclaimed Kasia with a smile – My granny makes the best pierogi in the world. I’ll call her and ask for help!!!!

So, she called her granny and told her about the “pierogi troubles”. After half and hour they heard the door bell. It was granny with the whole plate of hot, freshly

prepared pierogi.

It’s delicious – said Elizabeth

Yeah, yummy – agreed Maria

The best food in my life – exclaimed Antonio.

Kasia was very happy that her friends enjoyed the meal and her granny fell in love with Antonio.

The end

My visit in Peterborough – Weronika Grabar

When I arrived to Peterborough Sarah and her mother were waiting for me. We went to their home. She lives in a detached house. I met her father and her brother George. I gave them small presents and told about my city. Before I went to bed I had met a hamster Spudy.



My visit in Italy – Paweł Ryczkowski

On Sunday 14th of March I with my three friends and four teachers flew from Warsaw, Okęcie airport to Roma Fiumicino. In Roma we saw Watykan - St. Peter's Basilica, tomb of John Paul II; we saw Colosseum too.

On Monday we arrived to Tricarico. I lived in Damiano's house with his mother Mina,



father Angelo, brother Carmine.



My visit to Hungary - Arek Gostynski

My host Norbert was waiting for me with his older sister. We went to his home...

Norbert's home is very beautiful but it is very small. This home has got two-storeys. Norbert's dad is Péter. He is a firefighter. His mum is Anna and she is a shop assistant. Norbert has got two sisters: Greti and Zigana.



PIEROGI WITH SAUERKRAUT AND DRIED MUSHROOMS

Pierogi with sauerkraut and mushrooms is a Polish national dish that is traditionally eaten during Christmas Eve supper.

INGREDIENTS:

FOR THE DOUGH:

- 2½ cups flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 teaspoons oil
- ¾ cup warm water

FOR THE SAUERKRAUT AND MUSHROOM FILLING:

- 2 tablespoons butter
- ⅓ cup chopped onion
- 1 ½ cups sauerkraut, drained and minced

5-6 dried mushrooms, soaked in warm water until soft, then finely chopped salt and pepper to taste

PREPARATION TIME: 1 ½ HRS



FILLING:

1. Heat the butter in a frying pan and add the onions.
2. Add finely chopped mushrooms and stir to combine.
3. Add the sauerkraut and cook, stirring as needed, until all the liquid is gone and the sauerkraut is soft.
4. Add some pepper and salt. (do not use too much salt – the sauerkraut is salty already)

DOUGH:

1. Mix the flour with the salt in a deep bowl.
2. Add the egg, oil and water to make a medium soft dough.
3. Knead on a floured board until the dough is smooth.
4. Cover and let stand for about 10 minutes.
5. Roll the dough quite thin on a floured board.
6. Using a large biscuit cutter or a drinking glass, cut circles from the dough.
7. Place a spoonful of filling in it, fold it over to form a half circle and press the edges together with your fingers or a fork.
8. Place the pierogi on a floured board and cover them with a kitchen cloth to prevent them from drying out.

COOKING:

1. Drop a few pierogi into a large quantity of rapidly boiling salted water.
2. Continue boiling for 3-4 minutes.
3. Pierogi will be ready when they are puffed.
4. Top the pierogi with melted butter or chopped crisp bacon and chopped fried onion



Comenius project with our partners from England, Hungary and Italy gave us lots of happiness and unforgettable moments. We'll never forget the visits and the time spent together. Both the teachers and the students will miss you all!!!

Hungary
Budapest
Eötvös József
Primary School



Holiday in Hungary

Mária is a 15- year- old Hungarian girl, who lives in Budapest. Her elementary school participates in a big international project with other foreign schools. This project allows students to meet to exchange the folk-tales and customs of the other countries and that is how Mária got the chance to travel to London with 10 other children last spring. She enjoyed the trip very much and made friends with Elizabeth from England and with Kasia from Poland. The three girls have kept in touch ever since on the internet and they agreed to spend two weeks of the summer holiday together in Hungary. Mária volunteered to organize the vacation.

The long awaited day has finally arrived so Mária and her uncle Péter went to the airport for the girls.

- The planes landed more than 20 minutes ago. Why haven't they already come?
- Be patient! – said Péter.
- Look, there comes Elisabeth now. Hi, Elisabeth, how are you? How was your trip?
- Hello, Maria! I'm so happy to see you. My trip went fine, thank you.
- Elisabeth, I would like you to introduce my uncle Péter, he is going to be our driver today.
- Hello Elisabeth, it's so nice to meet you.
- Hello Péter, it's really nice to meet you too. Where are we going to stay?
- I've reserved a room in a hotel in Balatonakali.
- I'm sorry, where? – answered Elisabeth.
- Have you never heard of Lake Balaton? It's a beautiful, huge lake; it's also called the Hungarian Sea – said Mária.
- Look, the passengers from Warsaw are coming – shouted Péter.
- Hooray! Brilliant, Kasia has arrived! – shouted Mária.
- Hello girls! I guess you are Peter! – said Kasia.
 - Nice to meet you Kasia.
- When I'm happy I need to eat some chocolates. What about you? – asked Kasia.
 - Another reason to be happy – said Elisabeth.

| DEPARTURES | |
|-----------------|-------|
| France | 10:00 |
| England, London | 11:00 |
| Poland, Warsaw | 12:00 |
| Spain, Rome | 13:00 |
| Germany | 14:00 |
| Italy | 15:00 |
| Sweden | 16:00 |



Kasia started to open her suitcase, but she realized that it was filled with a man's stuff. After the initial shock Elizabeth noticed a gentleman nearby with a bag that looked exactly like Kasia's and finally after they switched suitcases the vacation began.

It was a beautifully sunlit day. After a two-hour-drive they reached the hotel where they had booked accommodation to face the fact that there was no room available because of a fire that took place a few days before.

They visited all the hotels nearby but everywhere was full. Peter had an idea. He noticed a sign saying "Zimmer Frei" on one of the houses and went inside to inquire.

The owner of the house was a nice old lady. She was delighted by the guests because one of her rooms for let was vacant.

- Jó napot kívánok! Van kiadó szobája! – asked Péter.

- Jó napot, kedveskéim. Kerüljenek beljebb! Még az egyik szép szobám szabad – said the old lady. - Jó is, hogy jönnek, van egy külföldi vendégem, aztán folyvást jön és mond valamit, én meg egy szavát sem értem



- Let's go inside, there may be a room for us. There is another guest here, the owner can't talk to him – Péter translated the old lady's words.

- This is a very pretty house, I love it – said Elizabeth.

- There aren't any bugs, are there? I'm afraid of bugs – said Kasia.

At that very moment, the foreign guest stepped out of the house into the garden, looking for the lady.

- Excuse me ma'am, I would like to use the internet.

The girls recognized the Italian man with the suitcase they had met at the airport and giggled.

- Look, that is the Italian guy!

- Look, his teeth are so yellow.

- And his fingertips too. He is a heavy smoker for sure.

The man wanted to use the Internet but the lady didn't understand his speech so Mária interpreted. The man whose name was Mr. Antonio Zarilli was delighted to recognize the three pretty girls who would be his neighbors for the next two weeks.

They were very hungry and the lady suggested that they cook goulash soup in the garden. The girls agreed happily. Mária chopped the onions, Elizabeth peeled the potatoes and sliced the sausage. Péter helped set up the pot, they lit a fire under it and the soup started boiling. Kasia, who didn't like to cook, took a seat and started to capture the magnificent scenery on her drawing board.

When lunch was ready, its scent attracted Don Antonio out of the house. The girls invited him to eat the goulash soup with them. They sat around the garden table, and the girls recalled the wonderful places they had been to during the project.



Goulash Soup

Ingredients (for 4 people)

- 600 g beef shin or shoulder, or any tender part of the beef cut into 2x2 cm cubes
- 2 tablespoons oil or lard
- 2 medium onions, chopped; 2 cloves of garlic, 1-2 carrots, diced; 1 parsnip, diced; 1-2 celery leaves; 2 medium tomatoes, peeled and chopped, or 1 tbs. tomato paste; 2 fresh green peppers; 2-3 medium potatoes, sliced
- 1 tablespoon Hungarian paprika powder
- 1 teaspoon ground caraway seed; 1 bay leaf
- ground black pepper and salt according to taste
- water
- 1 small egg; flour; a pinch of salt; cc. 1 teaspoon water

Heat up the oil or lard in a pot and braise the chopped onions in it until they are a nice golden brown colour.

Sprinkle the braised onions with paprika powder while stirring them to prevent the paprika from burning.

Add the beef cubes and sauté them till they turn white and get a bit of brownish colour as well.

The meat will probably let out its own juice, let the beef-cubes simmer in it while adding the grated or crushed and chopped garlic (grated garlic has stronger flavour), the ground caraway seed, some salt and ground black pepper, the bay leaf, pour water enough to cover the content of the pan and let it simmer on low heat for a while.

When the meat is half-cooked (approx. in 1,5 hour, but it can take longer depending on the type and quality of the beef) add the diced carrots, parsnip and the potatoes, the celery leaf and some more salt if necessary (vegetables tend to call for more salt). You'll probably have to add some more (2-3 cups) water too.

When the vegetables and the meat are almost done add the tomatoes cubes and the sliced green peppers. Let it cook on low heat for another few minutes. You can remove the lid of the pan if you want the soup to thicken.

Bring the soup to the boil and add the csipetke dough, it needs about 5 minutes to get cooked.

Csipetke: beat up a small egg, add a pinch of salt and as much flour as you need to knead a stiff dough (you can add some water if necessary). Flatten the dough between your palms (to about 1 cm thick) and pinch small, bean-sized pieces from it and add them to the boiling soup. They need about 5 minutes to get cooked.



Our students wrote

Eötvös is good! It's quite hard work, but all the same it is good to learn here.

Comenius project is a good 'world-seeing' program. Many students can go abroad and make friends while they practise their English. We made lots of friends, and it's a big help with learning as well.

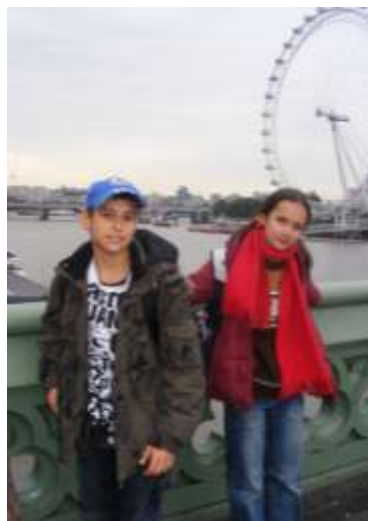
The children who can come to Hungary and can see the Hungarian culture and traditions are very lucky.

I was so happy that I arrived home, because I missed my parents, but I am sad that I left my host family. We saw and learned about the world, met new people. We have had new experiences and we have made friendships that we will never forget. I would go back once again.

Thank you for that I could take part in this project.

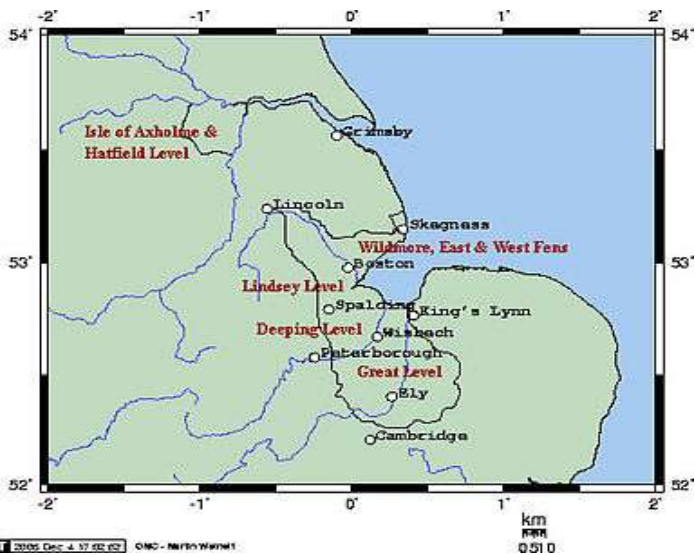








Peterborough England



The Magic Bus



I sat there staring out at the beautiful view of Burghley House, near Peterborough. Eating my Sunday lunch of roast beef and spotted dick, watching the crystal blue water cascading over the emerald green grass, and the Garden of Surprises was gleaming in the sunlight.

As I stared out of the window I noticed three people looking for each other in the great steel maze. They were laughing and smiling with excitement at they searched for each other, I longed to be there with them.

Just as I was deep in thought, a girl with blonde hair tied up in a messy ponytail and lots of bangles around her skinny wrist, looked up at me with her big blue eyes and smiled. She shouted, "Hi I'm Kaska come and join us."

I, and my border collie Rosie, moved cautiously towards the group of people. As I opened the cranky door I felt the warm summer breeze hit my face. By now the people in the maze had found each other and there stood a tall, Italian, man with grey hair and big heavy boots. He introduced himself as Tric Trac. He was stood beside a fifteen year old girl who was called Maria; she had brown glossy hair that fell like a waterfall over her shoulders. Then of course there was the girl who had

smiled at me. Then I introduced *myself* by “Hello, my name is Elizabeth.”

I said that my father would probably be doing a tour on a bus of England in about ten minutes. They all seemed rather keen on the idea and before long we were on our way to Blackpool. We decided after a moment that it would be fun to go on the open top of the bus. However when we got to the top of the bus we realised that this must be a magic bus as we found ourselves just outside Buckingham Palace in London, staring at the exquisite view of the ancient stone walls, “Wow!” we breathed in unison.

As we were staring at the wonderful palace we were disturbed by a sudden shake which took us to Big Ben. The massive clock looked even bigger close up, as if it was going to go on for ever and ever up into the big blue sky and the candyfloss like clouds.

“This is the most amazing thing I’ve ever seen!” cried Tric Trac.

All of a sudden the bus came to a halt, it rose until we were in pitch black. I heard my father say “I haven’t seen anything like this before, Captain. I think the engine is playing up!

Captain? CAPTAIN!”

I looked down the narrow rigged stairs and it seemed that the entire Bottom floor was- well, it *wasn’t* there.

My father looked out of the grim, shabby window to see that the bus was floating! We didn’t know what to do; most people were running about screaming whilst others were crying with worry.

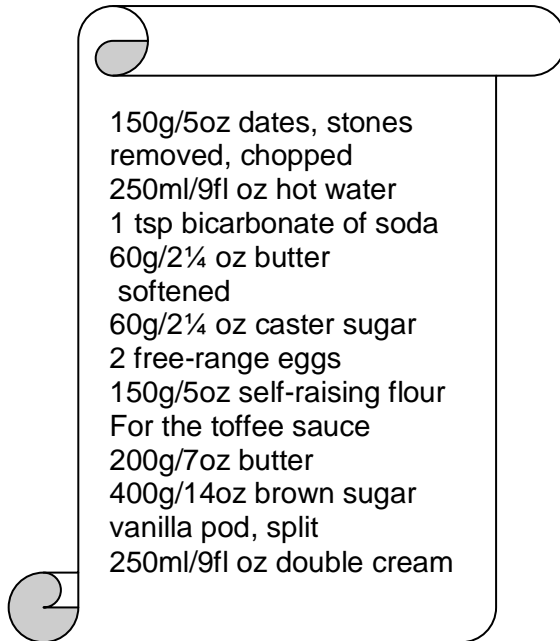
Suddenly, a number of flashes came from below; we stared around in unison, our faces blank. It was only then that we realised that we were hovering over Wembley Stadium! The green grass shimmered in front of us as if it had never been touched. Just then there was a whirr of the engines and we were off again, gently flying to our final destination, we were sitting just outside the ancient walls of Windsor castle.

I was the only one amongst the people who had ever been to Windsor Castle and I immediately recognised the out-of-shape arch that was the entrance. Before anyone could stop me, I was running through the entrance “What are you doing!” I heard Maria shout, I beckoned them forward to show them that I knew where I was.

As we crept cautiously into the vintage building I looked behind, to my surprise, something weird was happening to the Magic Bus! I pulled the other people next to me and heard a loud gasp from Tric Trac, the bus had dissolved into a million pieces which were floating in the wind,

I looked across at Kaska and saw the worried look on her face I whispered gently in her ear not to worry as I knew a shortcut to the nearest station, I knew we could get a train back to Burghley from there.

Before we knew it we were back just outside my house, my mum saw us and waved for us to come up. When we got into the kitchen we realised she was just about to make my favourite, sticky toffee pudding. She asked if we would like to help “Of course!” we all cried, we looked at the recipe it said:

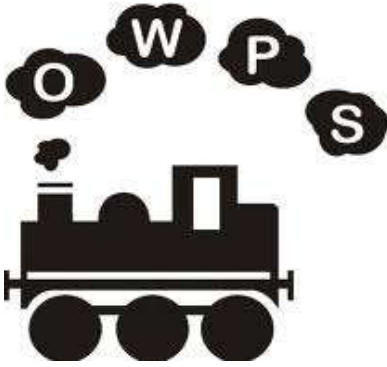


Later, when we were eating our sticky toffee pudding in silence, I broke that silence by saying what a wonderful adventure we had. And still, to this day, the new friends haven't forgotten their marvellous time on the Magic Bus.





**Burghley House, Stamford
near Peterborough, England**



Orton Wistow Primary School Peterborough England

Our Students wrote:

I had been abroad before, but I had stayed in holiday parks and so it didn't seem much different than being at home.

On this project I got to stay with families from the country I was visiting.

I got to go to school the same way as they went, eat the same food and join in the same pastimes.

I learnt a lot about the culture of the country I was visiting, and even learnt a few words of the language!

It was totally different to being on holiday.

I have made wonderful friends who I hope I will have for the rest of my life.

Tricarico, Italy
Lodz, Poland
Budapest, Hungary
Peterborough, England

