

“Together against bullying”

*The most beautiful stories
of friendship and solidarity*





Bullying and Cyberbullying:

How to Prevent the Violence at School



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INTRODUCTION

The E-book "*Together Against Bullying*" is a collection of stories and suggestions, shared by the Partner Schools involved in the Erasmus Plus KA2 project "Bullying and Cyberbullying: how to prevent the violence at school", which addresses important issues such as solidarity and friendship.

The stories are animated by feelings and emotions; important lessons that want to encourage young readers to reflect and promote attitudes of civil society, more and more positive and inclusive.

BUILD TOGETHER A BETTER SOCIETY based on respect for others, altruism and the deepest desire to help people around us is the ultimate goal of this path.

ITALY

A friendship stronger than any kind of discrimination

Julian comes from Eritrea. He's fifteen. He lost his family during the travel that led them to Libya. He was about to die when the boat in which he was wrecked off the coast of Lampedusa.



That day was a windy day and the waves seemed not to help all those people, left alone, far from the shore. Around Julian there was only pain and despair.

He was almost going to give up.

He closed his eyes...



Julian didn't feel anything else until when a strong voice woke him. It was the voice of a fisher, who found him transported by the waves, luckily still alive. He brought him to the nearest shore and he asked him where was he from. Julian, with his poor Italian, reached to tell him his story.

At this point, the fisher brought him to a migrants reception center. Julian hated that place, operators were so kind, they gave him to eat, to drink, to sleep, but he wanted more.



He wanted to know how people live in that magic place they call Europe, he wanted to meet them, tell them his story and hear theirs, play with them, go to school like them.

One day, at dawn, he decided to escape from the center. He has been running for hours, until he got really tired once arrived at the shore.



It was a summer day, and hours later he found around himself lots of people. Among them, he saw two guys who seem to were his age playing with a football.

Julian tried to approach them, maybe just to ask them to play, but as he went nearer to them, they retreated. He saw other three guys; "We don't want anything", they mocked. He met other two guys playing cards, but they clearly said him to go away.



This experience outside the camp shocked him. He was disappointed. The land of opportunities gave him no opportunities.



Until when, walking around the town, he saw a boy playing football with the wall. Accidentally he touched his football. The boy smiled at him, they started taking and playing together.



That boy was called Salvo. When he got back home for dinner, he immediately told his family that he met a new friend to play with. They asked him: "How was him?" - "He was nice, he told me his story. He comes from Eritrea, he escaped from the refugee camp." At that moment, his parents' faces paled. They seemed to be disgusted by his son's new friend. They were also worried, and they immediately imposed him not to play with him again.

Following day, same time, same wall, same boy playing football with no smile on his face... When Julian came back to the camp... he burst immediately into tears.

His new friend stopped talking to him for several days.



One day Julian took courage and decided to talk to who he supposed was his new friend. Salvo, at this point, stopped playing with his football and looked at Julian's eyes. He saw sadness, disappointment and pain. So he felt forced to tell him what his family said.

This caused a deep scar into Julian's heart. But he reminded what his father told him before leaving: "Everytime somebody offend you, don't forget where you are from and tell them what you have been through. They also are humans. Your story is more powerful than any kind of discrimination."

So Julian said his friend that he wanted to meet his parents. At the beginning, Salvo was unconvinced of Julian's idea, but at the end he agreed.



When the two friends came together at Salvo's house, the two old parents froze.

They always talked about, but they never seen a migrant in front of their eyes.

So Julian started talking, with his still poor Italian: "Hello. I'm Salvo's new friend. And I'm also one of the refugees who came to this island. One in thousands. I'm also the only one who escaped from the camp, and after months of suffering, pain, afraid and hunger, now I'm here. I met Salvo a few days ago, and I was really happy to have met a friend here. You can't take away the only friend I can have." Julian's words moved something inside Salvo's parents' hearts. They understood his story and apologised for what they believed.

Since then, they always treated Julian as part of their family.



Julian and Salvo became great friends. A friendship stronger than any kind of discrimination.



CYPRUS

The smile regained thanks to a special friend

Everybody was curious about the new student who came to our school. It was not the beginning of the new school year and that was surprising. During the breaks you could hear rumors and strange gossips about this new girl.

Amalia was a beautiful girl with bright eyes and a pleasant smile. I liked her from the very first moment I saw her. I was very happy to be in the same class with her, and I remember I was waiting for the break to meet her. We clicked with each other right from the beginning. The other girls were cautious with her, but gradually, as time passed, they began to come closer to her.

The graduation day of the school was approaching and during the breaks, I was always busy with rehearsals. In the classroom it was difficult to talk, but I could see Amalia very thoughtful and puzzled. I wanted so badly to find out what was wrong with her, but there was no time for me. During the afternoons, we could not meet either, because we were busy with the tests and homework. The weekend passed and I still did not manage to send Amalia a simple message. I decided to go to school early that Monday, so that I could see her before the beginning of the lesson. However, the bell rang and Amalia did not turn up.

The first thing I did when I got home after school, was to call her.

-- Hi Amalia, how are you? I did not see you at school today, were you ill?

-- Hello Danae, thanks for calling me. No, I was not ill, I'm simply thinking of going to another school.

-- Why, my dear friend, do you want to change school? We have a nice time together. Are you moving out?

--No, no, I just have some problems at school and I prefer to leave.

--Can I come to see you? What you are saying is very serious.

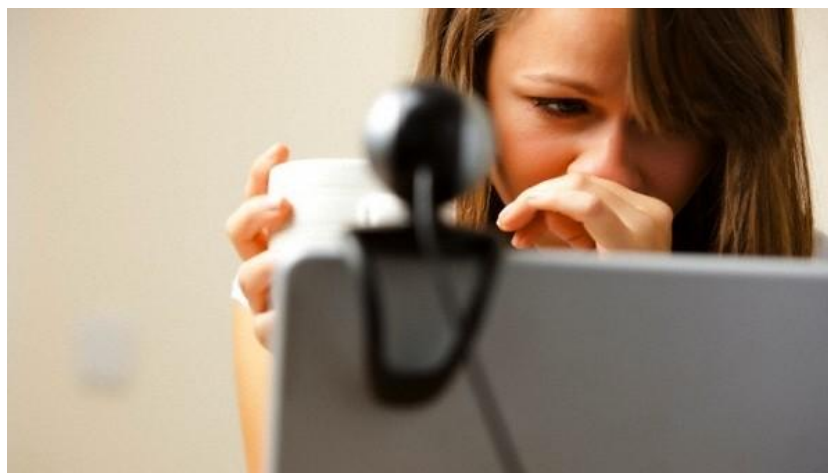
-- Yes, I'll be at home, I'm not in the mood of going anywhere.

That afternoon, Amalia told me everything. She had been being bullied since she came to school! I, myself, had no idea about it! She had found insulting notes in her school bag, she had been told wicked words and had been constantly bullied. Everything was going on secretly; she kept everything inside her, without letting anybody know about it. She had even received threatening e-mails lately.

This is what had worried her most.



She felt unwanted and unacceptable.



We decided to talk to her parents and her class teacher. We all started thinking of ways to help Amalia face this serious problem. At school, we organized a week dedicated to ways of facing school bullying.

There were discussions and presentations about this problem in almost all the lessons.

Everybody took part, each in his/her own way.



By the end of the week, Amalia was the centre of attention in the whole school. Most of the students were not familiar with the problems that the students from other countries faced. They realized that the xenophobia and diversity had to stop. This had to start at the school. The school years are in one way or another difficult, why should they depart people. Everyday teasing, bullying and misconduct are frightening experiences that nobody deserves to go through.

Our story had a happy ending, since Amalia found her smile again and was accepted and loved by everybody.



Unfortunately, other cases have unpleasant and unchangeable consequences. School bullying is a serious, social problem, which causes a lot of trouble too many children. It will not stop, unless we do something about it, all of us! It's very important that we help the children who are being bullied.

Friendship and love above everything!



Stefani Torna B1

GERMANY

Love over the fence

Dear diary,

today, it's the 28th of April 1945 or because it's already 1.30 o'clock, let's say the 29th of April. In the morning, none of my bedroom mates wanted to wake up, me neither. We were just too tired. Yesterday, we had to work a lot, but you should already know that, as I wrote. My father always says, that I'm too young to do so much work here. He says, that with 9 years of age, this is not good for me. However, as we were working a lot yesterday, this day was different. At least for me.

At midday, our job was to build some new rectangular holes right at the end of the area. I asked my father what they were for, but he just ignored me. Probably, the officers just need a tunnel.



As we were halfway finished, I could hear some kids voices. It sounded like they were playing football. I tried to go to the fence unnoticed to look through the filaments. Successful, I could see about eight kids playing outdoors. They all were smiling and shouting a lot. I had a tear in my eye. I could not remember, when I was playing football the last time. I now can't even remember when I was free the last time.

It always makes me sad. None the less, I kept watching, hoping to get some attention, but it didn't work, so I went on working.

The good thing about being outdoors all the time is the sunset. It's so beautiful. Somehow, it is also a sign for us workers that our day is already done. Right after that beautiful piece of nature art, I could hear this voices again, louder than before. I took a look.

The boys, some of them around 14 years old, were standing right in front of the fence with their ball, laughing. I went over to them, trying to build up a conversation, but still, they were laughing. Laughing at me and my clothes. I told them, that I have to wear them, which made them even laugh harder. I could hear another guy shout from far away, who must have been standing at the football field: "Have you found the ball now? Boys, what's going on?"

"Look at this funny boy here, mate. He is locked-in like a dog in a cage", the group answered. He came over without showing any emotion in his face. It did not even change, when he arrived at the fence. "What are you dumb idiots laughing at?" he was asking. They started a conversation. "Just watch him working in his silly clothes. I mean, where is his hair? Hahaha", the boys did respond. "Come on guys, don't be so silly. Let us go home, it's getting dark."

They went home, I went back to work, where I just could not forget this boy. He didn't talk to me either, but he was something special. I could feel that. It took one more hour, until our workday was finished. While the others bundled up, I took a look to the fence again. I could see a boy, walking towards me. It looked like the special football guy from 60 minutes ago. He talked to me. "Hey boy, I have to apologize. My friends are stupid. I bought you a chocolate bar, I hope you enjoy it."



"What's your name?" I was outraged, positive, speechless. "Are you okay little boy, can I do something for you?" I could never even imagine something like this, but the onliest thing I thought about was one: "Er - thank you! But I... I... don't know what to say... Can we just play some football?" He affirmed, I asked: "Great! Um - but how?"



I mean there's a huge fence between us."

"This doesn't matter" he answered, "just wait!" So did I. The others already went back to the sleeping cabins. 10 minutes later, the special guy was back with a football and an great idea: "We'll play some football-tennis.



You know how tennis works? The fence is our netting."

I understood it quite fast, so we started to play and it was great. I was so happy as I have never been before in my entire life.

For this short period of time, I felt free. I thought

about nothing, could only see the ball. It made me smile all over my face, unbelievable. Again, I had tears in my eyes, but this time, they were positive. We played for about a half hour, until an officer, pointing with his gun, interrupted. The special guy ran away, while I was brought back to the others.

Until today, I never even knew what this, let's call it solidarity, means. I still can't put it in words, but I can feel it. It's awesome.

Today, I met my best friend. By now, I don't even know his name, but this doesn't matter. Friendship is about experiences, not information. Now it's already 2.15 o'clock and I don't feel tired at all.

Write you tomorrow, your Benjamin.

Hey diary,

I know it's not tomorrow yet, but there were some american soldiers! I can't explain it all because this is happening right now and very fast, but all my father and the others are saying is that we are free now!!!! JUUUUHUUUU!!!



Manuel Wiesinger

GREECE

Idalia and Gabriela...a friendship without borders

Once upon a time a girl from Africa, Idalia, moved with her family to Greece to a small but very beautiful town.

Because of the fact that Idalia couldn't speak Greek well, she wasn't a very good student and unfortunately her schoolmates didn't keep company with her and they looked down on her. She was alone, without friends, and the only thing she did, was studying in order to become a good student.



On her birthday, after school, her parents had prepared a big surprise for her! They had invited her best friend from Africa, Gabriela. Idalia was astonished at the view of her best friend. The sun shone her emerald eyes which were tearing out of joy and emotion. Idalia ran straight forward to Gabriela and hugged her.



Gabriela would stay for a long time with her best friend.

They loved each other so much.

Every noon, after Idalia had come back from school, she studied and did her homework and afterwards she spent the rest of the day with Gabriela. She taught her a little Greek and she talked to her about her life in Greece. They were playing and laughing all day together. Gabriela was for Idalia the only friend and the best friend at the same time.



One day, they decided to take a walk to the nearby mountain. The smell of the very beautiful and rare flowers filled their hearts with joy and optimism. The birds were singing so beautiful and the view was breath-taking.



Suddenly, they heard a noise. They stopped talking. For fear they started to run, but Idalia was running so fast that she didn't realize when she fell down and was lying on the ground.



Gabriela stopped running and went to her.

In short notice she was aware that Idalia wasn't able to stand up. So, she took her in her arms and carried her to some bushes. Then, she lay down next to her calming her down and hugging her.

This way they fell asleep embraced in the mountain, under the shining stars and the black sky, with the hope that somebody would come and help them.



Idalia woke up with the first sunbeam. Gabriela had already woken up. Gabriela hugged her tight crying because of the anxiety that had obsessed her.

Fortunately, Idalia's parents had informed the police about the missing girls. The police found them embraced. Idalia was taken to hospital and Gabriela went home with Idalia's parents.

Idalia wasn't feeling well and day by day she was getting worse. She got very sick.

The parents of little Idalia asked the doctors for permission so that Gabriela could come and sleep with her in hospital. And for good luck, the doctors gave a positive answer to the request of Idalia's parents.

As soon as Gabriela saw Idalia, she immediately ran to her and embraced her so tight as she had never before.



Kyriaki Grylli, class 7°

PORTUGAL

The eyes of the soul

Two men, both very ill, were in the same hospital room. One of the two men was able to seat on his bed for an hour every afternoon, as a way of improving his blood flow. His bed was next to the only window in the bedroom.

The other man needed to stand still, so he was unable to stand up. Both men met and started to talk for an hour. They talked about their wives and their families, their houses, jobs, military records and the trips they had made.

From that day onwards, each and every afternoon, the man on the bed next to the window set down and described to the other man everything that he could see on the outside, through the window glass. The man on the bed started to live for those hours in which his world was wider and more beautiful, imagining all the colours of life outside that room. There was a park and a beautiful lake. That was the way his companion described it. The ducks and the flamingos played in the water, while the children made their toy boats float. Young lovers walked hand to hand hugging between colourful flowers. There was also a beautiful city at a distance.

While the man next to the window described all of that to the most infinite detail, the man on the other side of the room closed his eyes and imagine it. In a warm afternoon, the man next to the window described a parade that was passing by. Though the man on the bed couldn't listen to the band, he could see it with his imagination just the way as the man next to the window described it.

Weeks and months went by.



One morning, the nurse brought some water to both men and she found the man that was laying next to the window dead. Sadly, the nurse called the hospital staff to remove the body. Then, she thought it would be appropriate to place the other man on the bed next to the window. She placed him by the window and left the room.

Slowly and painfully the man, supported by his elbows, was going to see the outside world for the first time. He made an effort to take a peek at the window to see the sight, but, instead of the lake, and the flowers, and the city, and the animals, and the children playing, he only saw a white wall.

Afterwards, he asked the nurse what could had made his roommate describe everything outside the window in such a wonderful way. The nurse told him that the man was blind and he couldn't see the wall.

— Maybe he wanted to give you hope and courage! - said the nurse.

Made by ETPR Students

10th grade

TURKEY

Sand And Stone

This story tells about two friends who were walking through a desert. At some point of the journey they had an argument and one of the friends slapped the other one, the friend that got slapped wrote on the sand:

"My friend slapped me in the face."



They kept on walking until they found an oasis. The friend who had been slapped got stuck in a swamp and his friend saved him, then he wrote on a stone: "My friend saved me."

The friend who slapped and saved the other one asked his friend: "After I hurt you, you wrote on the sand but after I saved you, you wrote on a stone... why?"



The friend replied:

"When someone hurts us, we should write it on sand... where the winds of forgiveness can erase it from view, but when someone does something good for us we should engrave it to a stone, where no wind can remove it."

LITHUANIA

Musical friendship

"Nuje

Ca perdimmo

'A pace

E 'o suonno,

Nun ce dicimmo

Maje pecché ? < ... >"

... A short musical prelude, and the velvet, mellow baritone of Giacomo starts to spread, lingering above the audience of the Hershey Theatre in Pennsylvania. It seems that every spectator is breathing together with the soloist. His beautiful, great voice, elegant charisma, polite manners capture every concert hall, no matter where he appears with his colleagues or musical brothers, as he calls them. He is just twenty one year old. So young for the tremendous success in the respectable, world-famous theatres. And so mature, having in mind that he, being just a teenager of fifteen years old, left his home, a little, cozy town happily situated near the coasts of the Adriatic sea. The recent years of Giacomo have been overfilled with long musical tours; with endless flights from one country to another, from one city to another; with countless interviews and meetings with numerous fans. This is his present time - exhausting, but also rewarding him with new experience of life and encouraging him to follow the main dream. The dream to share timeless songs round the world.

During the instrumental interval of the song, Giacomo suddenly remembers the very beginning of his first steps on the musical stage. The parents' love of timeless music, the discussions with the grandfather till the late night, the piano lessons with a very creative teacher...All that shaped Giacomo's musical tastes, choices, dreams.



Being fourteen years old, he already had such a voice that even greatly experienced musicians and critics uttered one word: "Yes!". The winning of the young singers' TV contest opened the door leading Giacomo to the big stage and helping him meet his current colleagues of the same age like him, his musical brothers, as he calls them. The wise producers and managers put not only their voices together - they also put their personalities together.



Since then, Giacomo's great friendship with his musical brothers continues. Since then, his great friendship with music also continues. Yes. The musical journey, or "un' avventura straordinaria", as Giacomo calls it, continues.



*Written By Gintare Kuciauskaite,
a student of Kedainiai Sviesioji Gymnasium, Lithuania*

CZECH REPUBLIC

The unconditional love of Leslie

It's a beautiful sunny day, but I have to be at home and listen to my grandparents, aunts and uncles - we have a family celebration. I really need to go get some fresh air. Our balcony is small and dirty still, when the sun shines at it, the balcony turns into my oasis of peace.

Suddenly I hear some noise! It is coming from our car.

I go down stairs to take a look (at it). I can't believe to my eyes. It is a small curled-up ball of filth and miserable fur. It is a kitten. I call my mater and sister, both of whom are "life savers", especially when it come to animals. The "curly" is screaming for its life. "I think it is boy", says my sister.

We take it to our apartment, where we already have one cat.



It's a two-year cat called Leslie.

She is really frightened and angry when it sees it for the first time.

However, her curiosity can't let her run, though she certainly wants to.

Leslie gathers all her courage and touches him, and he immediately stops screaming and begins to purr.



Our celebration goes on, but.

I stay with my furry friends, and without giving off as much as a single breath.

I watch this "show". Leslie keeps acting as the kitten's mother, as she licks it, keeps comforting and taking care of him, the way only cats can.

It is incredible how two unbeknownst animals find was to each other.

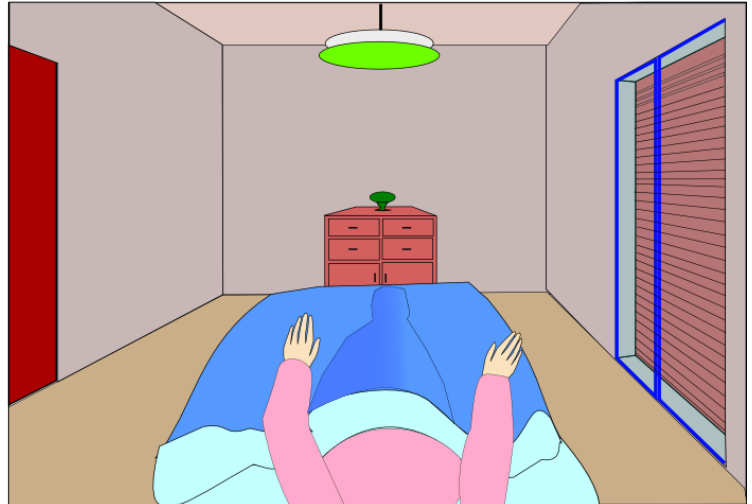


In the beginning my parents didn't look very happy, but few days later they feel in love with the kitten, and our family has got a new member ever since.

SPAIN

A letter that fills the heart

Alberto lived in a small house with his mother, Elena. They had to struggle every day because Elena had a disability that didn't allow her to work. It was difficult for them to eat properly or pay the taxes on time. In addition, Alberto couldn't work because he had to take care of his mother.



Alberto in his last year before university, he wanted to be a doctor. All his teachers said he was "excellent", "super-intelligent", "a potential genius" and so on. But he was afraid he wouldn't be able to save enough money to pay his studies. They were poor and unhappy, but they had hope.



There was one person who, when he knew of Alberto's story, wanted to meet and help him. This person was Fran. Fran had met Alberto the 2nd year of ESO when he moved to Madrid. At first, he thought Alberto was odd, he was always running and didn't

speak to anyone. One day, Fran saw Alberto in a shop, suddenly, he ran away! Fran was bewildered... after a few moments of confusion, he decided to follow him. They ended in one of the poorest neighbourhoods of the city, Fran started to understand Alberto's behaviour. He knocked at the door and didn't get any answer. He knocked again and said 'Alberto, I know you're there, I just want to be your friend'. Since then, they had been huge friends and Fran helped Alberto in every way he could. But this changed, when the last year of high school started, Fran stopped going to Alberto's, who didn't understand what had happened. At first, Alberto was sad, then, angry. When Fran greet him in school, he didn't answer, even once. They were quickly and increasingly losing contact. Alberto refused to meet other people because he thought the same would happen again, Elena didn't know what to tell him.

When there were only two weeks of school left, Alberto arrived home. And when he opened the door as always, his mother shouted 'Alberto, come here! There's something for you'. It was an envelope in which was written that only he may open it.



He opened it and the first he saw was a letter, which said 'sorry for all these months, I've been working for this', and was signed by Fran.

Alberto took another look into the envelope and he saw a lot of money, he counted it and there were 4500 €. He couldn't believe it.

Alberto took all the money and went to Fran's flat, but, when he rang the doorbell, no one answered. Fran's neighbour, who might've seen Alberto, opened the window and invited him to go in. She told him that Fran's father was sent to the town they came from 5 years ago, and that the family had been gone that morning.

Alberto couldn't stop crying.

Alberto managed to study medicine, but now he still had a void in his heart, he wanted to know about Fran.



He went to the flat where Fran used to live. Another family lived there in that moment. He knocked to the neighbour door, and an old woman came out and said 'oh, Alberto! It's you! What a pleasure to see you again... I'm so sorry... Fran gave me a letter for you a day he came to get stuff he forgave when he move, 6 years ago, but I haven't seen you before... Here you are'. Alberto took the letter and was really confused, he waited till being at home to read it.

The letter said: 'Hi Alberto, it's Fran. There's something you have to know but I haven't enough courage to tell you. Your mother disability was caused by a car accident, right...? Well, my father was the driver. The money is not because of guiltiness, is because I know that you are special and you'll be a great doctor. I've been working hard every noon to earn it, use it properly my friend!'



Tears were running on Alberto's face.

He decided to search for Fran.

With the easiness provided by social networks, it wasn't too difficult to find him. Alberto went to his house offhand and surprise him. Fran didn't what to say, he thought Alberto was furious, but Alberto said 'Fran, you are guilty of nothing. You've been the only person that have been a real friend for me, I will never be able to thank you for everything you've done for me. Now, I just want you to keep in contact with me, as we used to'. They hug each other and no more words were necessary.



Vega del Argos, Cehegín, Spain
Jose Antonio Lorencio Abril

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