



courses for teachers
about reading comprehension



Play for the prize of the East Slovak
Museum - drama competition



Cinquain poems
written on shopping bags



European Day of Languages



Night at school
with the staging of the story Narnia



Erasmus Day
dedicated to creative writing



Primary School Želiarska 4 Košice, Slovakia



Project Flip&Movie

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Ivana Brlic Mažuranić
Stribor's Forest
a passage from a Croatian tale

One day a young man went into Stribor's Forest and did not know that the Forest was enchanted and that all manner of magic abode there. Some of its magic was good and some was bad - to each one according to his deserts. Now this Forest was to remain enchanted until it should be entered by someone who preferred his sorrows to all the joys of this world. The young man set to and cut wood, and presently sat down on a stump to rest, for it was a fine winter's day. And out of the stump slipped a snake, and began to fawn upon him. Now this wasn't a real snake, but a human being transformed into a snake for its sins, and it could only be set free by one who was willing to wed it. ...

Italo Calvino
The False Grandmother
a passage from an Italian tale

A mother had to sift flour, and told her little girl to go to her grandmother's and borrow the sifter. The child packed a snack - ring-haped cakes and bread with oil - and set out. She came to the Jordan River. "Jordan River, will you let me pass?" "Yes, if you give me your ring-shaped cakes." The Jordan River had a weakness for ring-shaped cakes, which he enjoyed twirling in his whirlpools. The child tossed the ring-shaped cakes into the river, and the river lowered its waters and let her through. The little girl came to the Rake Gate. "Rake Gate, will you let me pass?" "Yes, if you give me your bread with oil." The Rake Gate had a weakness for bread with oil, since her hinges were rusty, and bread with oil oiled them for her. ...

**Programme Erasmus+
Project Flip&Movie**
2015-2017

Partners:

Italy: a school from Pescara
Croatia: a school from Zadar
Spain: a school from Palomares del Rio
Latvia: a school from Daugavpils
Slovakia: a school from Košice

The focus of the project:
reading, creative writing, drama
with the usage of Information
and Communication Technologies

Transnational meetings:

October 2015 Croatia
May 2016 Slovakia
September 2016 Latvia
May 2017 Italy

Courses for teachers:

November 2015 Croatia
April 2016 Spain
October 2016 Italy

Courses for pupils:

April 2016 Spain
October 2016 Italy
April 2017 Croatia

Main outputs:

1. training kit
- „Be Happy 2 Read & Write”
2. educational game „Storyinventor”

Anna Sakse
Jasmine
a passage from a Latvian tale

Once upon a time - and a very long time ago it was - flowers had no colours. Then one day an Artist arrived with an enormous box of paints and an armful of brushes. "Come along, all of you, come and choose what colour you'd like to be," he said to the flowers and the bushes and the trees. They gathered hastily and lined up to peep at the gorgeous bright paints of the Artist. It so happened that Jasmine grew closest to where the Artist stood, and therefore spoke first, saying he wanted to be yellow-gold, like the hair of the Sun he loved so dearly. "How dare you squeeze in before Queen Rose?" the Artist cried, pushing Jasmine aside. "I wasn't squeezing in anywhere. This is my place, ...

Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer
The Promise
a passage from a Castilian legend

Margarita was crying with her face hidden in her hands. She was crying silently and tears were running down her cheeks. Pedro was next to Margarita, and from time to time he raised his head to look at her. Everything was quiet around them and seemed to respect their sorrows. Pedro finally broke the silence, and murmured "It's impossible, impossible!" After that he continued speaking with a more quiet voice: "Margarita, for you, love is everything, and you see nothing more than love. However, there is something that is just as important as our love, and that is my duty. Our Lord, the Count of Gómara, is marching out of his castle tomorrow to join the army ...