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The Legend of Barcelos roaster Portugal



Erasmus+ project
SHARE 2019-21

The legend of the Barcelos rooster

Portugal

"..... The inhabitants of Burgo were alarmed by a crime and, even more, by not having discovered the author.



One day, a Galician appeared who immediately became a suspect in the said crime, since the criminal had not yet been found.



The county authorities decided to arrest him and, despite his oaths of innocence, no one believed him.



No one thought it was credible that the Galician should go to Santiago de Compostela in fulfillment of a promise as was tradition at the time, and be a faithful devotee of St. Paul and the Blessed Virgin.



So he was sentenced to hang. Before being hanged, he asked to be taken to the presence of the judge who had condemned him to such fate. The authorization was granted to him, and he was taken to the presence of the said magistrate, who at that moment was enjoying and feasting with his friends.



The Galician reaffirmed his innocence, and in the face of the incredulity of those present, pointed to a roasted rooster that was in the center of a large table, exclaiming "It is so certain that I am innocent, how certain it is that rooster crows when they hang me", in the face of laughter and laughter, they did not wait, but by yes and no, no one touched the cock.



What seemed impossible happened. When the pilgrim was being hanged, the rooster rose on the table and crowed! After such an event, no one doubted the Pilgrim's innocence. The judge ran to the gallows and with astonishment saw the poor man with the rope around his neck, but the lasso knot, preventing the strangulation. The man was immediately released and sent in peace.



After a few years, he returned to Barcelos and raised a Monument in Praise of the Virgin and Santiago

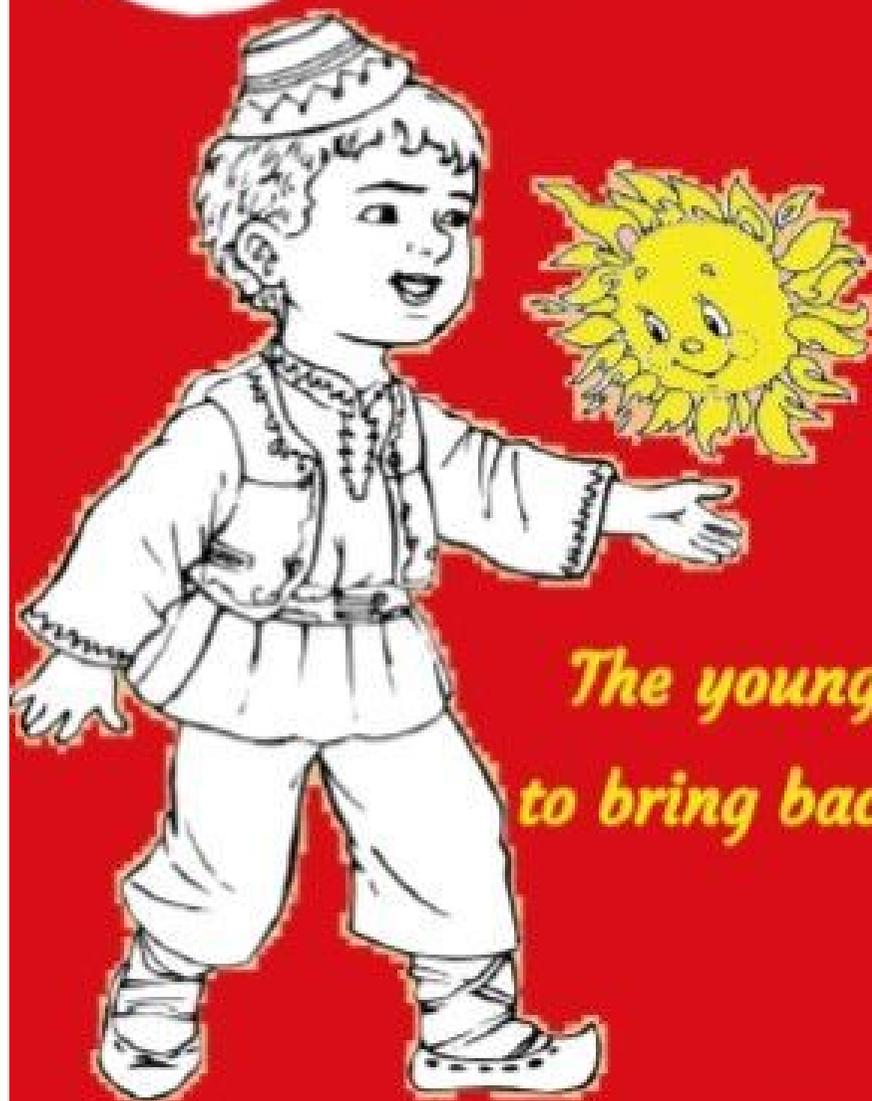


3rd grade students of EB1/PE Ribeiro Domingos
Dias
Funchal- Madeira Island
Portugal





The legend of the 1st of March trink



*The young man who sacrificed himself
to bring back the Sun*



Erasmus+

*Grădinita cu Program Prelungit „Vis de Copil” Tg-Jiu
România*

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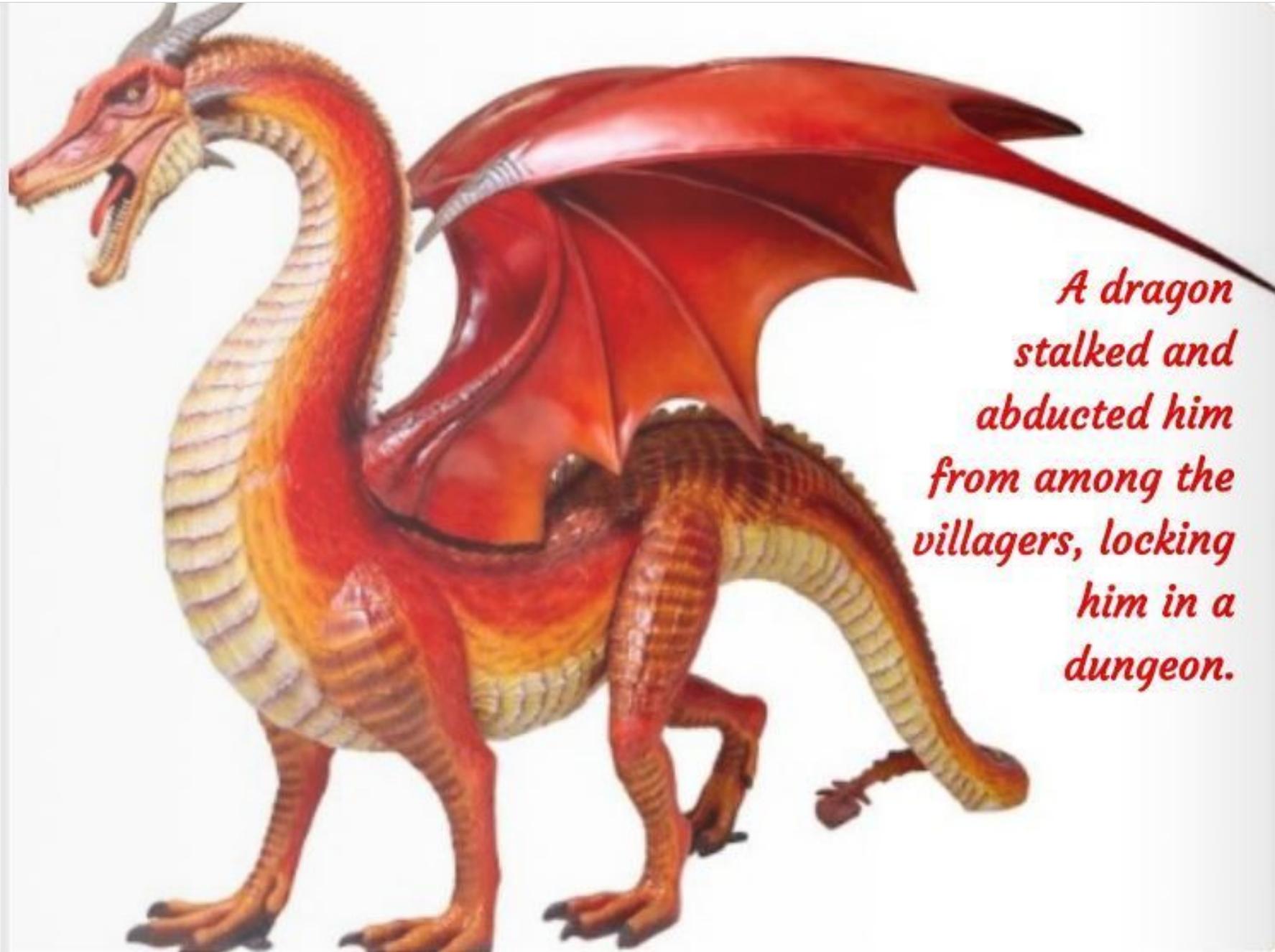


The 1st of March trinket is a symbol of spring, a symbol of revival.

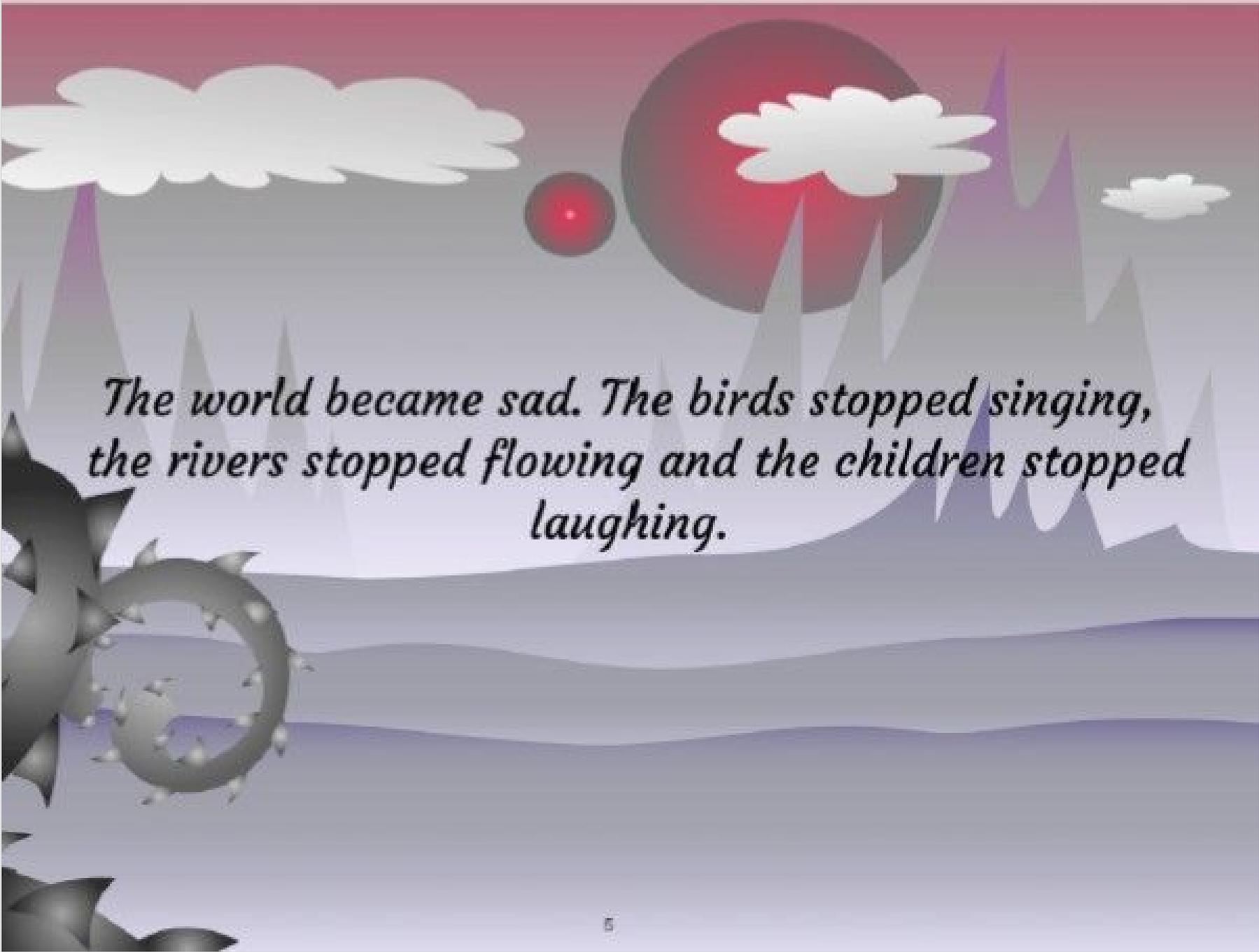
In the beginning this trinket was a coin, then it changed to small beaded pebbles painted white and red.

Once upon a time, the Sun came down to a village where a circle dance was taking place, under the guise of a young lad.





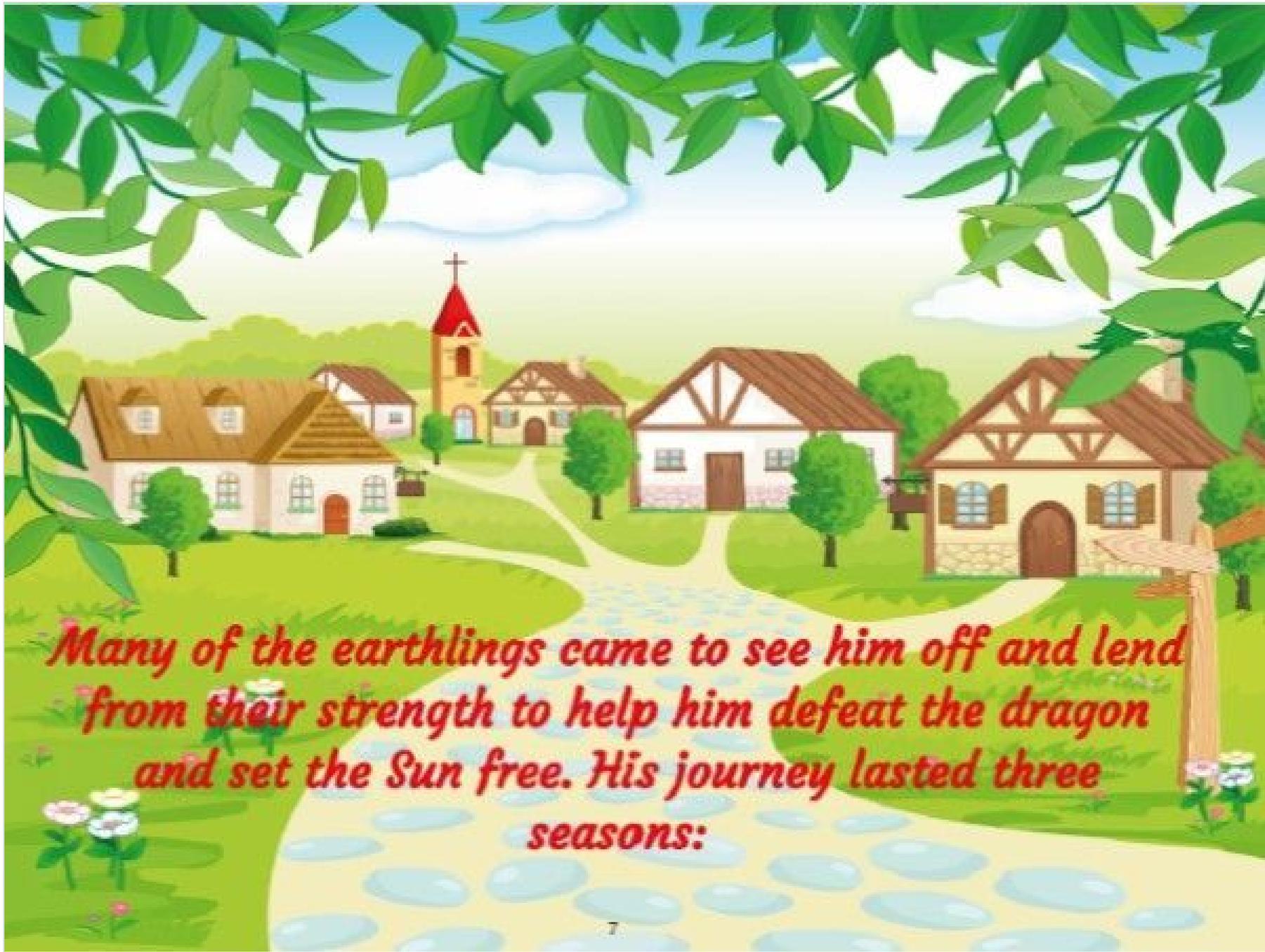
A dragon stalked and abducted him from among the villagers, locking him in a dungeon.

A dark, stylized landscape with a large red sun, a smaller red moon, and a cactus in the foreground. The sky is a gradient of dark red and purple. The ground is a gradient of dark purple and blue. The text is centered in the middle of the image.

*The world became sad. The birds stopped singing,
the rivers stopped flowing and the children stopped
laughing.*



*No one dared to
confront the dragon, but
one day a courageous
young man decided to
go and save the Sun.*

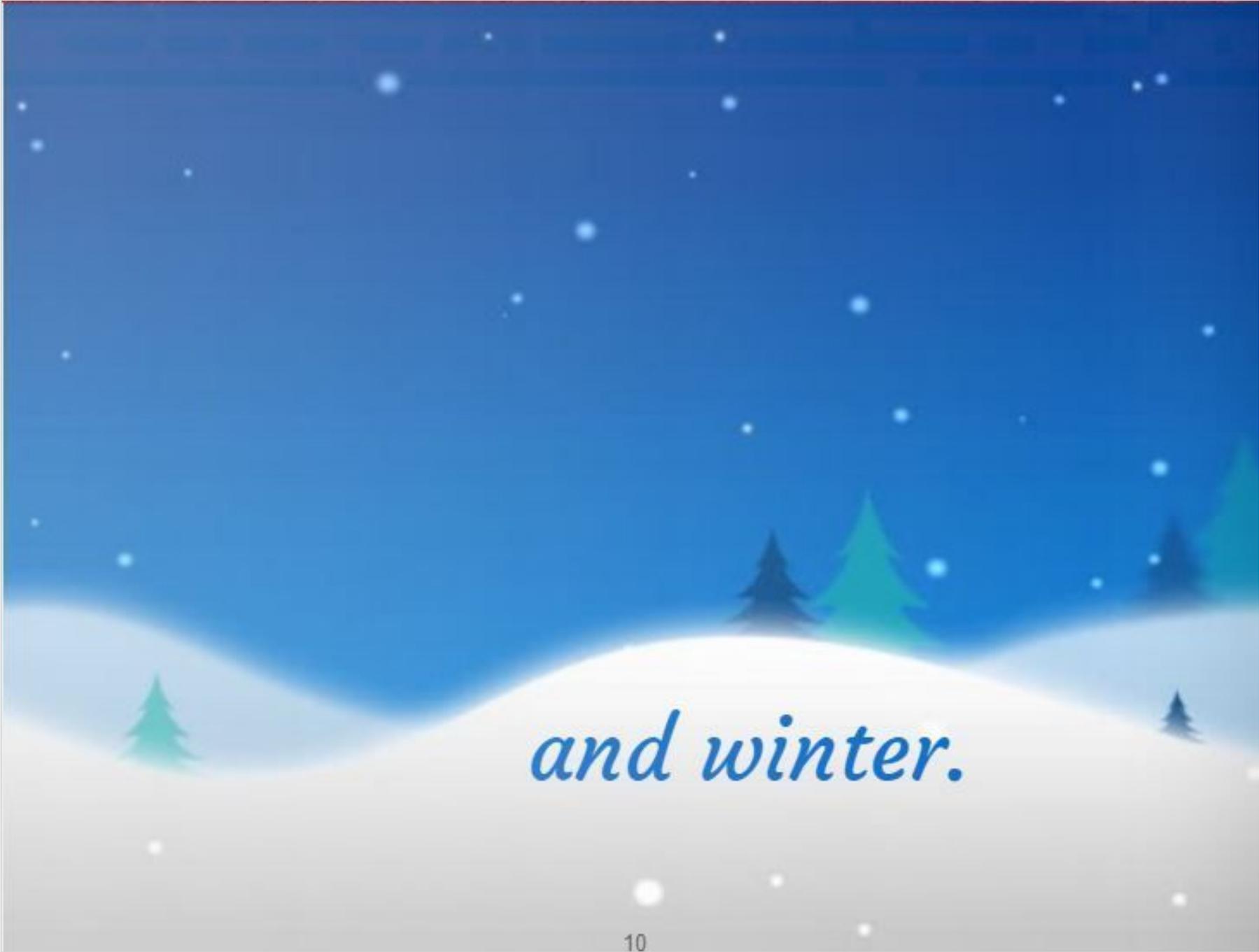


Many of the earthlings came to see him off and lend from their strength to help him defeat the dragon and set the Sun free. His journey lasted three seasons:



summer

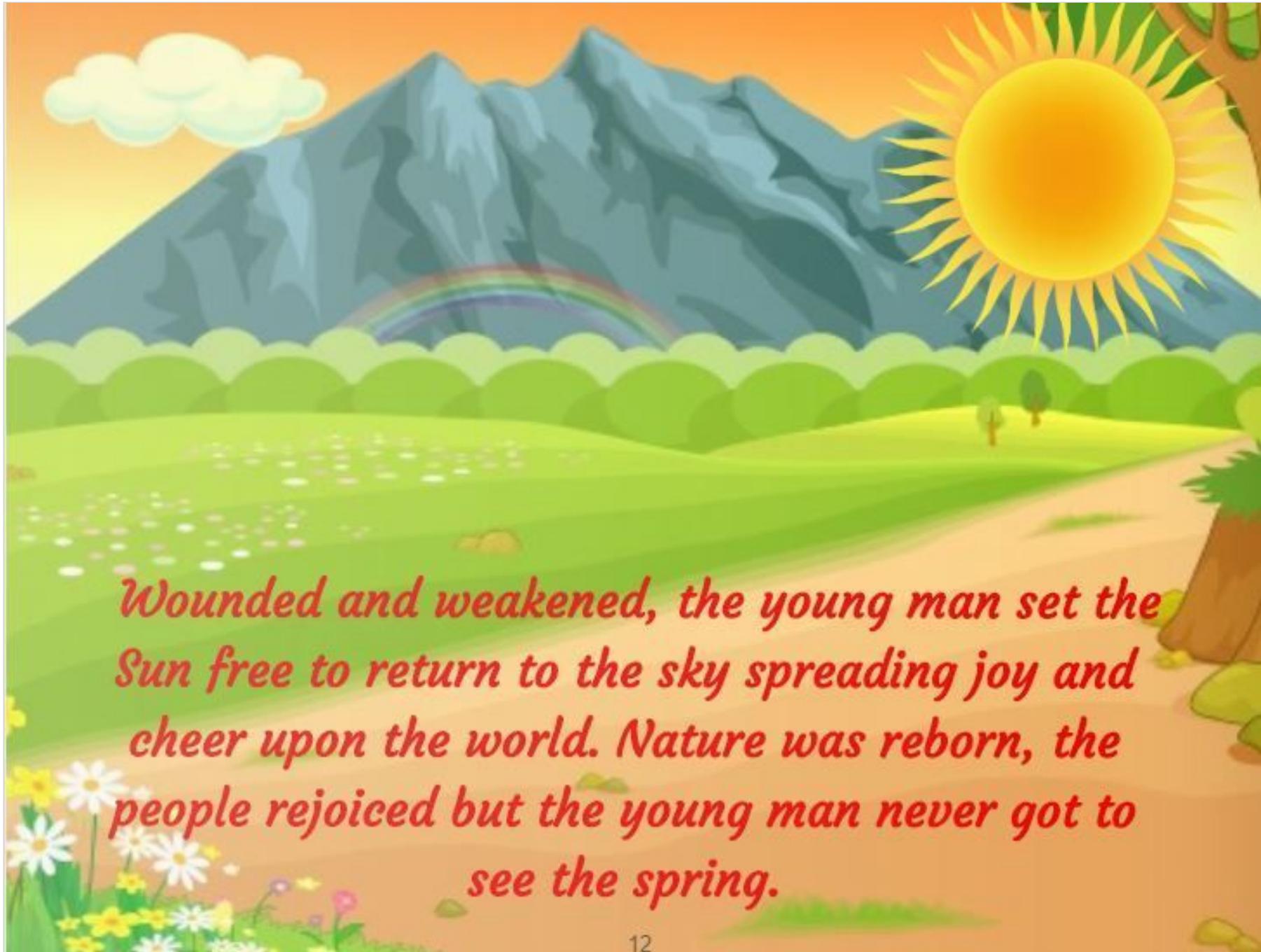




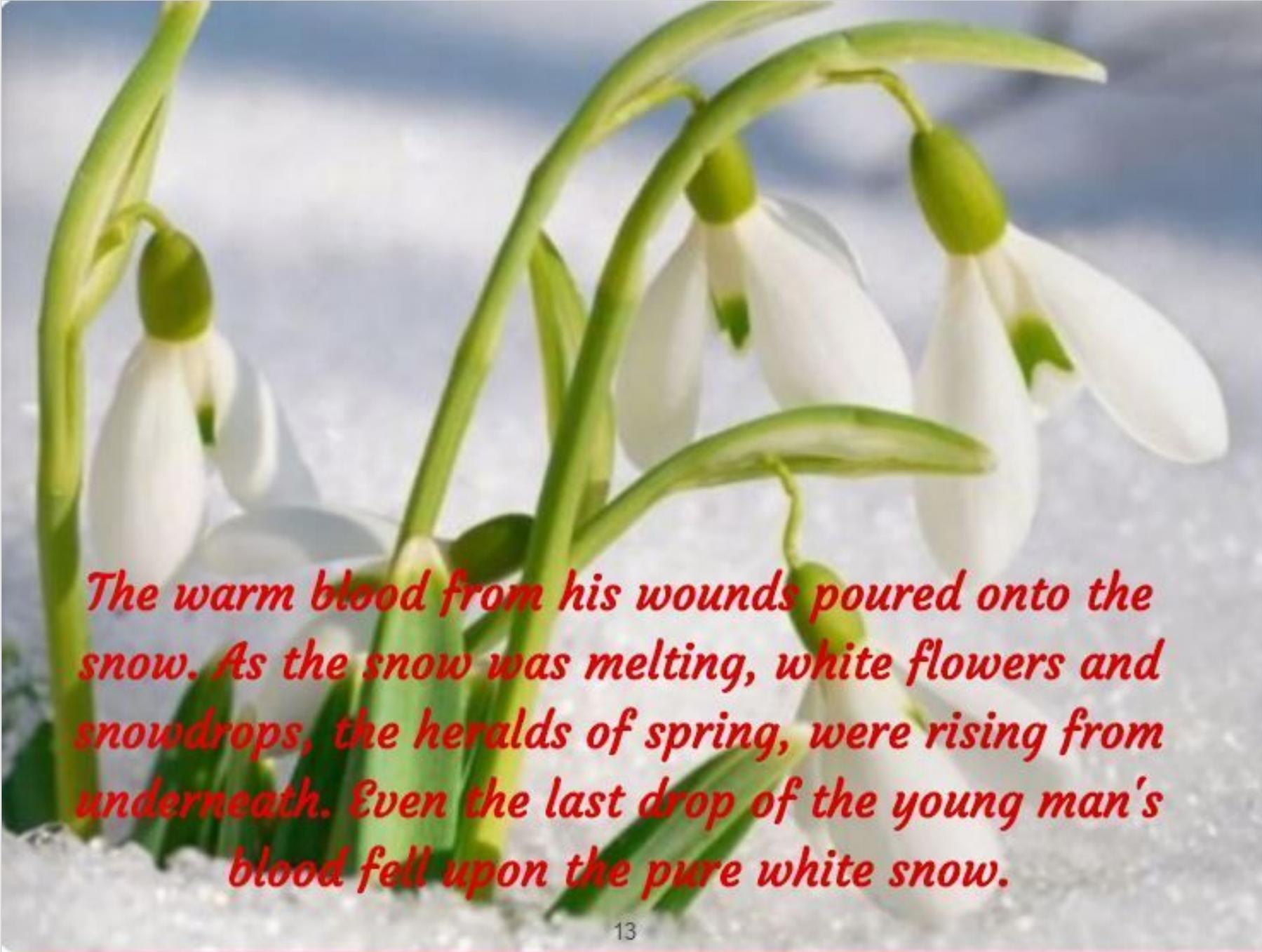
and winter.



He found the dragon's castle and their battle began. They fought for days until at last the dragon was defeated.



Wounded and weakened, the young man set the Sun free to return to the sky spreading joy and cheer upon the world. Nature was reborn, the people rejoiced but the young man never got to see the spring.



The warm blood from his wounds poured onto the snow. As the snow was melting, white flowers and snowdrops, the heralds of spring, were rising from underneath. Even the last drop of the young man's blood fell upon the pure white snow.

Ever since then, young men tie two tassels together: one white and one red. They then offer them to the girls they love or to people dear to them. The colour red symbolises love for everything that is beautiful, in remembrance of the blood of the courageous young man. The colour white symbolises the health and purity of the snowdrop, the first flower of spring.





On the 1st of March, Romanians keep the custom of parents tying a coin around their children's neck or wrist so that they may have good health and good fortune the entire year. Applying the trinket is usually done before sunrise. Nowadays it is offered mainly to children, girls and women, in order to protect their tenderness and sensibility.

A close-up photograph of a branch from a fruit tree, likely a cherry tree, with several light pink blossoms in various stages of bloom. A red and white braided string is tied to the branch, hanging down to a small, colorful trinket. The trinket consists of two figures: one is a red figure with a white head, and the other is a white figure with a red head and a white, fringed skirt. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green, suggesting a natural outdoor setting.

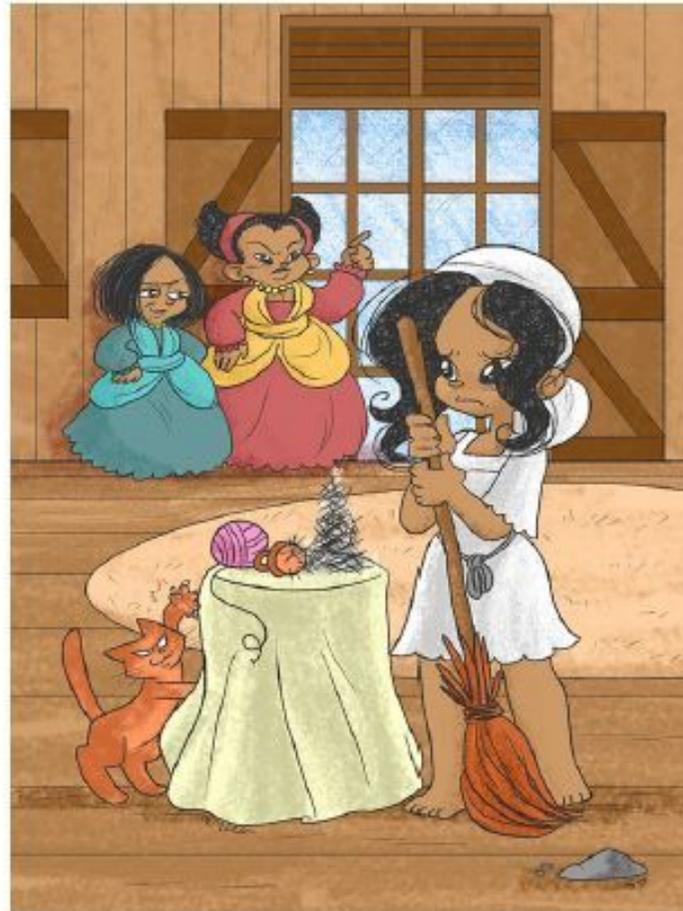
After 12 days of wearing the trinket, it is then taken off and tied to a fruit tree so that it may bear even more fruit that year.

It is said that if the weather that day is pleasant, a sunny spring will ensue.

Ecole Maternelle
Albertine Mignard
Petit-Bourg
Guadeloupe



The prettiest is hidden under the barrel



A mother had two daughters : Josephine and Cecene.

Cecene was unloved : she was the one who cooked, cleaned, and worked hard in the fields.

She was the prettiest and the more she worked, the more beautiful she became.

However, her mother preferred the lazy and capricious Josephine.



The mother did not love Cecene.

The day of her christening a deviless had invited herself to the party. That day indeed, a beautiful and elegant woman had presented herself and had asked to wash her feet.

Therefore, they brought her a big red terrine. Suddenly, we heard "tik" like a cracking noise.

- "It's nothing," said the beautiful guest, "it's just my silver bracelet which fell into the bottom of the bowl. "

She danced all night long. Just as she was about to leave, she lifted her skirt and instead of the left foot there was a horse hoof which cracked the terrine.

This woman was indeed a deviless.



As she was growing up, Cecene had become a beautiful young girl.

One day she went, as usual, to work in the fields.

As she was cutting the sugar cane in the hot sun, a very elegant gentleman on horseback approached her.

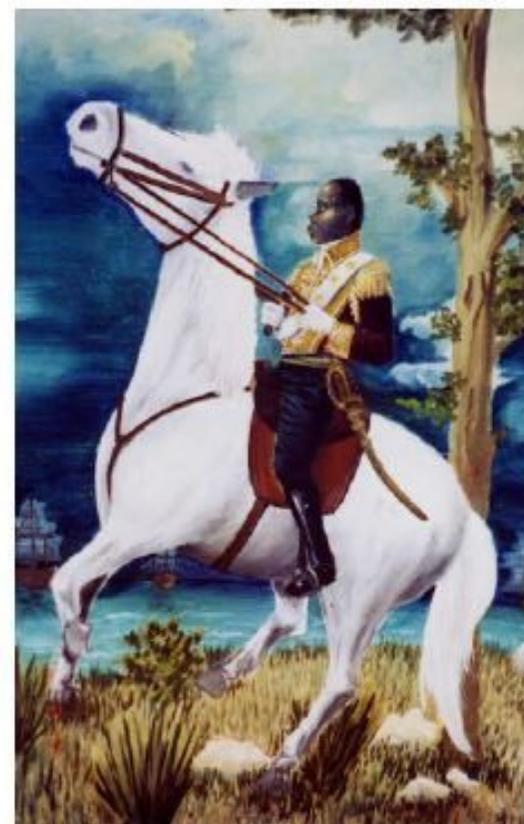


Cecene kept on working while humming, her big "bakoua" hat on her head, a madras tied around her waist.

The horseman dismounted and approached Cecene :

- What's your name ? He asked.
- Cecene.
- And tell me where you live so that I go tomorrow to visit your parents.
- At a crossroads, near a big kapok tree.

The handsome man offered her a hibiscus flower, climbed on his horse and disappeared as if in a dream.



Cecene hastened to go home to tell her mother what had happened.

The mother who wanted above all to marry her eldest daughter thought of a plan to replace Cecene with Josephine.

The next day, when the young man introduced himself and asked for Cecene, the mother replied that she was not there and instead introduced Josephine dressed in her most beautiful dress.



At that moment, a shimmering parrot appeared and began to cry :

- La pli bèl an ba la bay, la pli bèl an ba la bay !
(The prettiest is hidden under the barrel, The prettiest is hidden under the barrel !)

Josephine sent stones after this bird of doom in order to silence it, but it was a waste of time.

- La pli bèl an ba la bay, la pli bèl an ba la bay !
(The prettiest is hidden under the barrel, The prettiest is hidden under the barrel !) he kept repeating.

The young man finally understood, approached the barrel and turned it over. There, he discovered Cecene, curled up, dressed in rags.



Smiling, he gave her his hand and helped her up.

He got her on his horse and they both disappeared in the dust of a great gallop.

They lived together happily ever after.



Thanks...



La pli bèl an ba la bay
(The prettiest is hidden under the barrel)

To be continued...



*The cave of
the Korrigans*

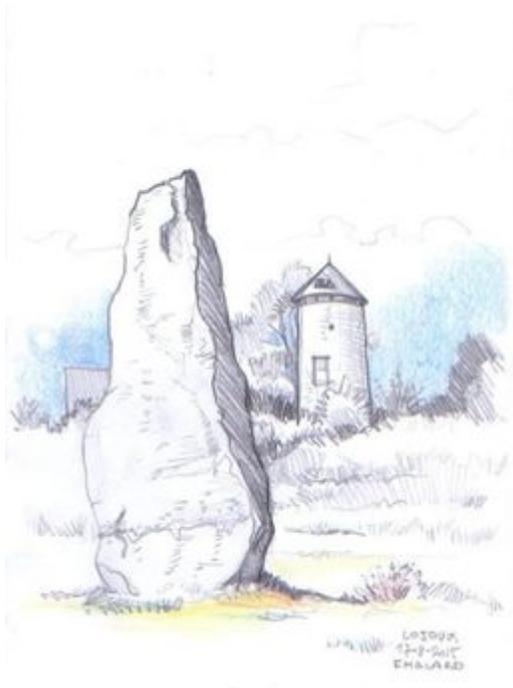


Écoles maternelle & primaire
**Ste Catherine -
St Joseph Liffré**

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- Oh Pierre-Marie Cavalin! You sleep standing up, it seems! It's time to go home!
Pierre-Marie had an outburst: he saw himself there, with his big rake, in the middle of the salt marshes, feeling exhausted.
« It's true, he thought, it's almost night, I must have fallen asleep on my work. »
With a worried eye, he looked around him. He judged that his pile of salt was big enough, and that he had earned his salary. He was happy, because his salary was barely enough to feed him.
He left his rake and went home.



The sky was dark and tormented. The storm was lurking, and Pierre-Marie pressed on. He was passing by the menhir, when he suddenly heard a complaint:

- Ooooh! Ooooh!

He said to himself, "Come on, now I am already asleep and dreaming ... I thought I heard the menhir speak. »

- Ooooh! Ooooh! Anybody here ?

Aah! Pierre-Marie wasn't dreaming, it was a voice! He walked around the menhir and saw a little old woman leaning against the stone.

- I sprained my ankle," she moaned in a small voice.

- These things happen," consoled Pierre-Marie. But don't worry, it's not very serious. Tell me where do you live, I'll take you home.

- I live near Scal Bay.



It's a long way away," Pierre-Marie thinks. For tonight, I'd better take you to my place. Let's hurry before it gets completely dark.

He loaded the old woman on his back with a bit of difficulty, and was amazed to bend under the weight. God how heavy she was!

Without saying anything, he began to walk bravely. But it must be said that the further he walked, the heavier she seemed to him. After a while, Pierre-Marie had to stop: he really couldn't take it anymore.

- How can such a small woman be so heavy! he sighed.

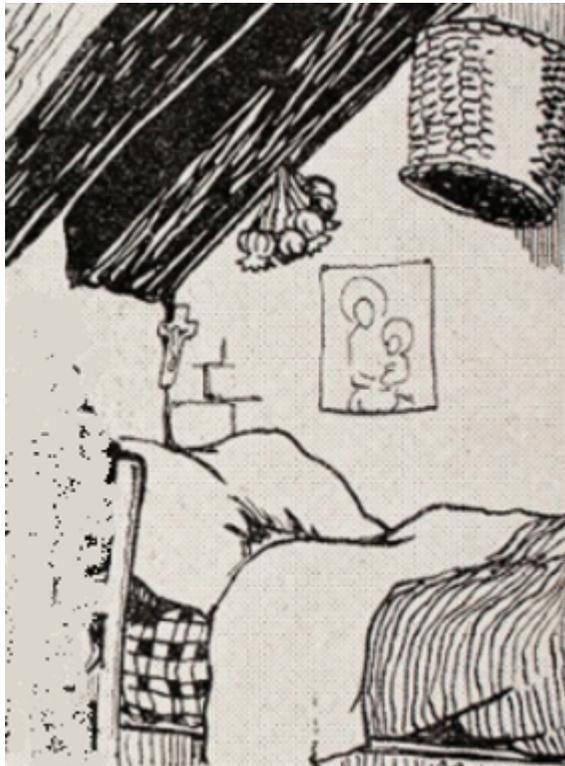
- I feel you're exhausted," said the old woman. Never mind, leave me here.

But Pierre-Marie was not a boy to be discouraged. He suggested to the old woman that she wait a little, and he ran home to bring his donkey back.

The donkey didn't think the old woman was too heavy, it seemed, and he carried her home cheerfully.



The donkey didn't think the old woman was too heavy, it seemed, and he carried her home cheerfully.



There, Pierre Marie sat her down and massaged her ankle:
- I'm ashamed, he finally confessed, but I only have a crust of bread to offer you. Take it. I'm not very hungry.
He wished her good night. He left her his bed and went to sleep in the stable with his donkey. When he woke up the next morning, Peter-Marie was astonished to find himself on the straw with hunger in his stomach. Then he reminds what happened the day before.
« Let's go and see how the wounded girl feels, he thought ».



He ran to the house, and was astonished, for there was no one there: the old woman had left without saying anything ...
Without saying anything, it is true, but leaving on the table a large key, a key shining like the sun and transparent as the water of a spring.
Pierre-Marie took it in his hand: it had the lightness of a rose petal. It was a very beautiful key. What could it open?
The boy thought about it, but as he had no idea, he put the key in his cupboard and went to work.

On the way, he saw in the distance something lying on the floor. Worried, he approached: it was only his neighbour Hervé. Pierre-Marie didn't like Hervé very much. His neighbour is always grumpy, always complaining... but there, Hervé seemed to complain with good reason, for he was covered with bruises.

- What happened to you, neighbour?" asked Pierre-Marie.
- Oh! Those damned Korrigans beat me. I have pain everywhere.

Pierre-Marie was astonished, because usually the Korrigans do not attack the first passer-by who comes without a good reason. He inquired:

- What had you done?
- Nothing.
- Nothing? They beat you without saying why?





- They said it was because I hadn't rescued their queen, who sprained her ankle last night.
 - Ah! said Pierre-Marie, pensive. And was it true?
 - Bah! You think well that if I had known that it was the queen of the Korrigans, I would have rescued her, but I thought that it was only a poor woman. You see, there's nothing to blame me for!
 - Um... um... whispered Pierre-Marie.
- So then, it was the queen of the Korrigans... but then, the key... He was thinking as he walked away.



The key might well be the one to the Korrigans' cave, we were talking all over the country!
Only here it is : nobody knew where the entrance was. They only said that it was somewhere in the rocks of the coast.

Only here it is : nobody knew where the entrance was. They only said that it was somewhere in the rocks of the coast.

Pierre-Marie found the time very long until the evening, and never had his work seemed to him to be more arduous. At last he put down his rake, ran home to get the key, and headed for the sea. When he got there, he was perplexed: nowhere was there a single door, not even a keyhole.



He took the key out of his pocket and looked at it. Then the last ray of sunlight struck the key, which reflected the light back onto the rocks and... the reflection of the sun cut the shape of a lock into the rock. Pierre Marie inserted his key ...
The rock opened.

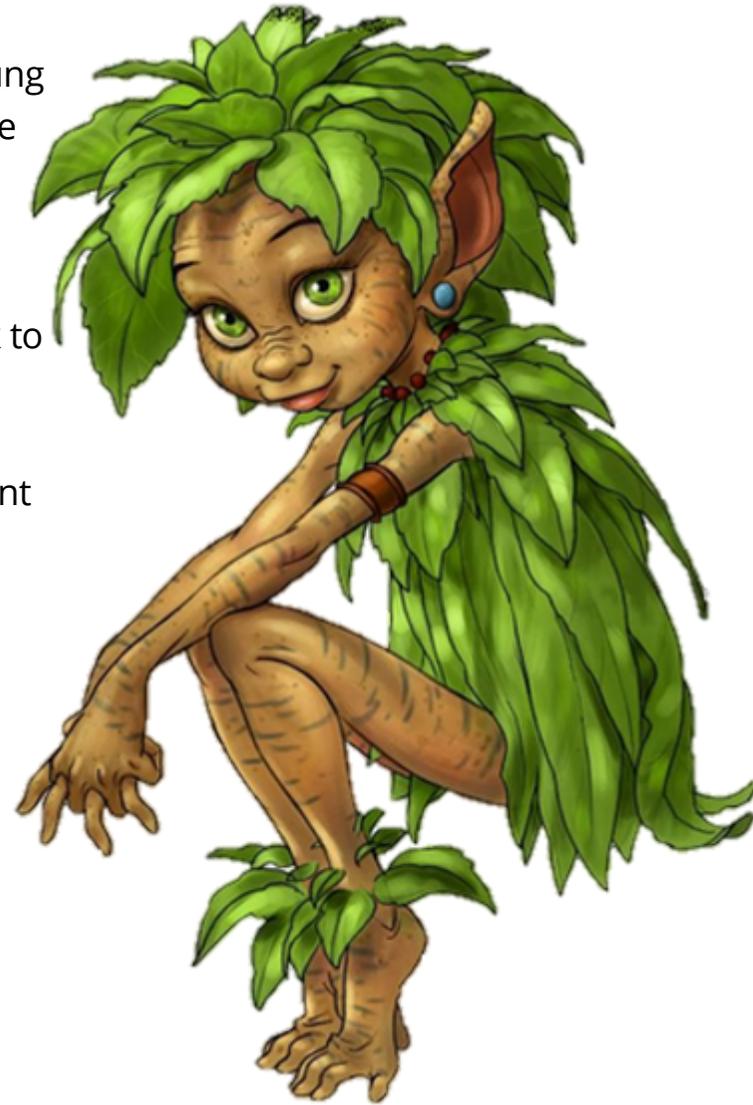
Pierre-Marie remained petrified at the entrance of the cave: the crystal walls diffused a soft light. The floor was covered with gold powder. Near the entrance, some Korrigans were playing boules with precious stones, while others were swinging on silk threads.



In the center of the cave, in a white halo, stood a young and very beautiful woman, whom at first Pierre-Marie thought he had never met, but she said:

- Don't you recognize the little old lady from the menhir, Pierre-Marie? You were good and generous, and I lent you my key. But now you must give it back to me, for you can only enter the cave once. See those two big bags?

Take them down and fill them with whatever you want here. But remember this: by sunrise you must be at home.



Pierre-Marie thought it was only evening, and that there was no hurry. Nevertheless, he cautiously began to pick gold flowers with diamond hearts, silver creepers, and precious stones lying around, and finished by filling his two bags with a few shovelfuls of gold powder. Then he set his charge by the door. Now he had all the time in the world. He watched with amusement the Korrigans playing and swinging and, as he was being questioned, he began to talk about his life, about his parents who had died, about his donkey who was the best of beasts... He suddenly reacted, remembering that he was in the cave and that, although it was as bright as daylight, it had long since been dark outside. He apologized, loaded his bags, and quickly left





Alas, he saw that the first light of dawn was already shining on the beach. He began to run into the rocks.

"By sunrise," said the queen, "you must be home."

Hurry! Hurry up! Hurry up! It was already light. Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry, hurry, hurry!

His house seemed far away, too far away. Pierre-Marie could no longer gallop. His legs trembled with fatigue, he stumbled on the path.

As he passed in front of the menhir, he noticed that the sun was pointing at the horizon. He threw himself on his knees, dug under the big stone with all the strength of his nails, and buried a bag under it.

He grabbed the second one when a ray of sunshine struck him, the bag deflated like a balloon, and collapsed: it was empty.

"A lost bag!" lamented Pierre-Marie.

Then he thought that the other was saved, and that after all, it was enough for his needs. And he went home, imagining what he could do with all this wealth when, the next night, he would have retrieved the bag.

He looked forward to the sunset, and sneaked off to the menhir. He dug and pulled on the sack... who would not come. He dug and tugged again with all his strength, but the menhir would not give him back his treasure. His hands scratched at the stones, and the sack wouldn't move. [...]

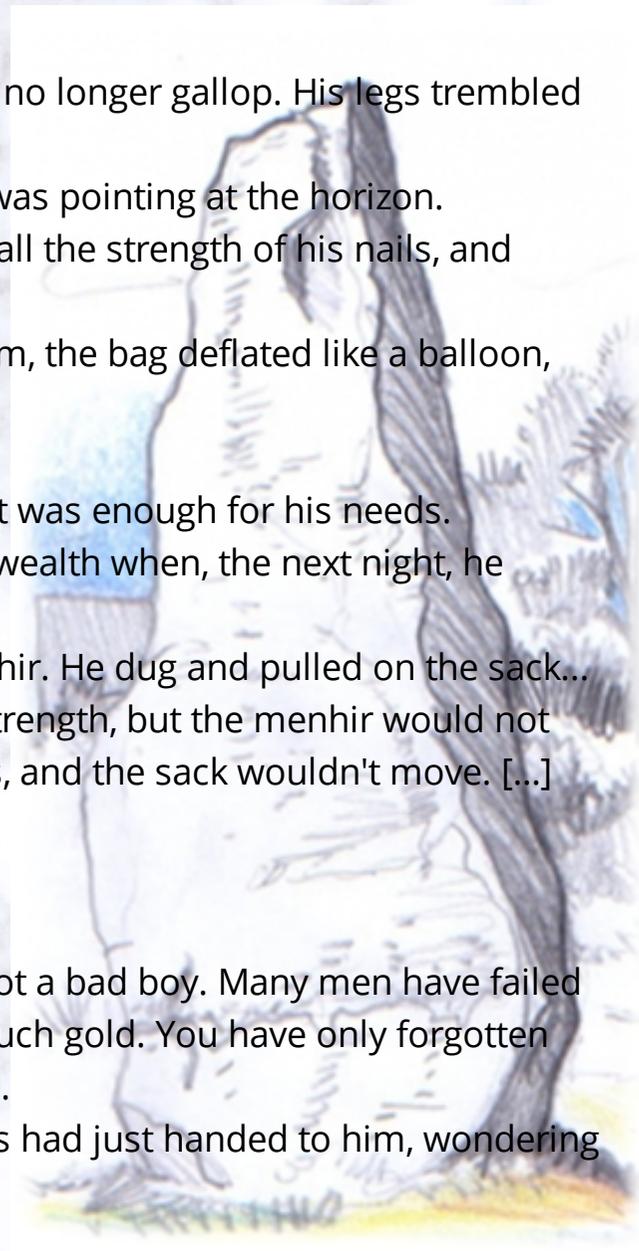
"-What are you doing ?" a voice asked...

Pierre-Marie sighed:

"-It's all my fault, completely my fault.

- You are right," said the queen, "it is your fault. Yet you are not a bad boy. Many men have failed before you because they wasted time trying to pick up too much gold. You have only forgotten the passing of time, so I give you this little gift to comfort you.

Pierre-Marie took the package that the queen of the Korrigans had just handed to him, wondering what it contained, and ran home to open it...



Alas! There was only a wooden dish.
He sighed. With all this story, he hadn't
taken the time to buy food, and hunger
was torturing him. Of course, he couldn't
get pheasant or lobster, fruit or cake, but
he had enough money to buy a piece of
bread...

Then Pierre Marie opened his eyes:
behold, in the wooden dish appeared
pheasants and lobsters, fruit and cakes,
and a piece of bread.

He thought: "Asparagus and a leg of
deer..."

They immediately overflowed the dish.
Pierre-Marie burst out laughing:
what good was the gold in the bag,
he had everything he needed there, for
himself,
for his wife, when he would get married,
for his children, for the whole village!
- Thank you! he shouted, laughing.
He hoped the Queen had heard him.
He never saw her again.
The bag? They say it's still under the
menhir.

If you want to go and see...

