

War of the pencils



ATHENS 2012

VOULA PAPAGIANNI

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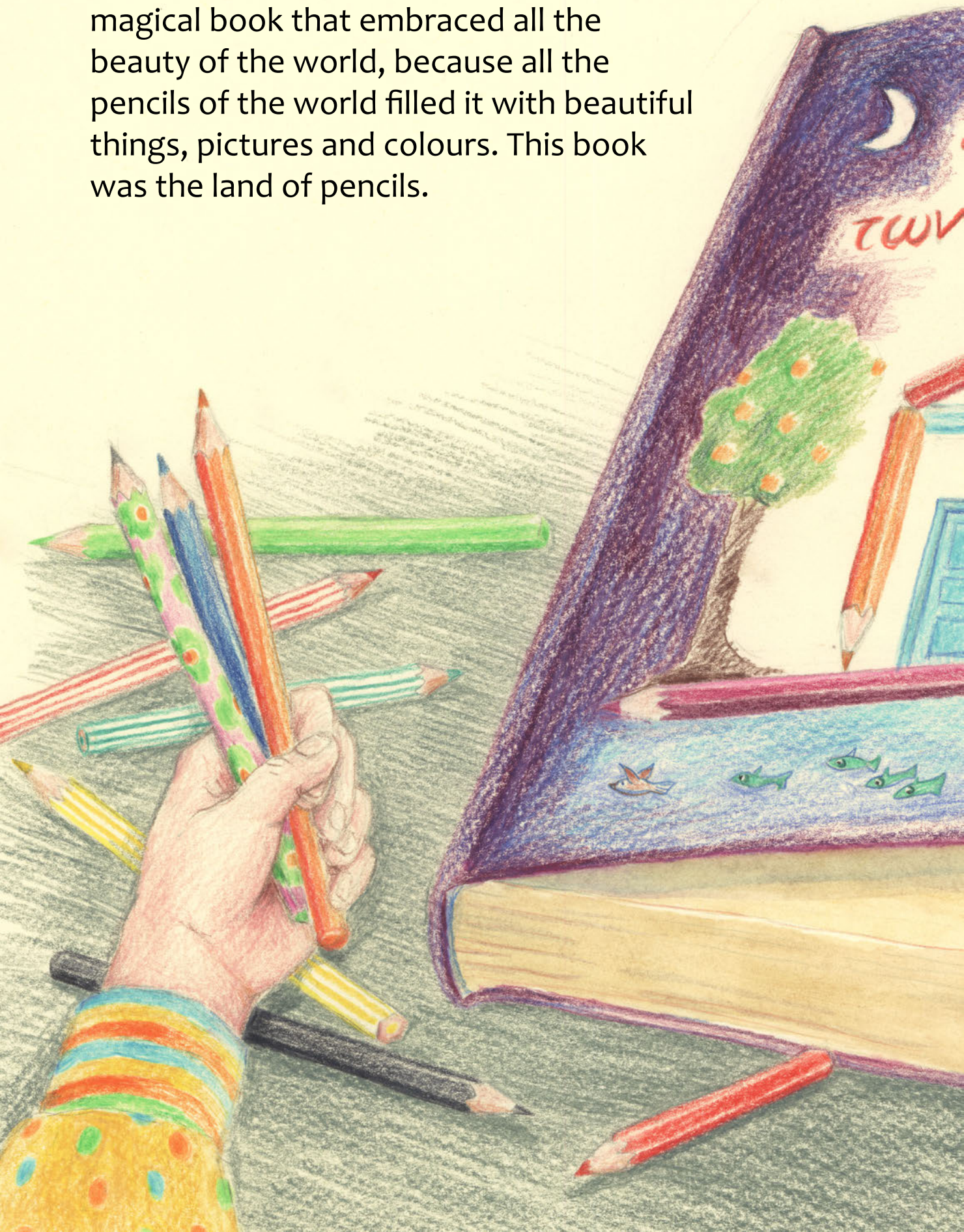
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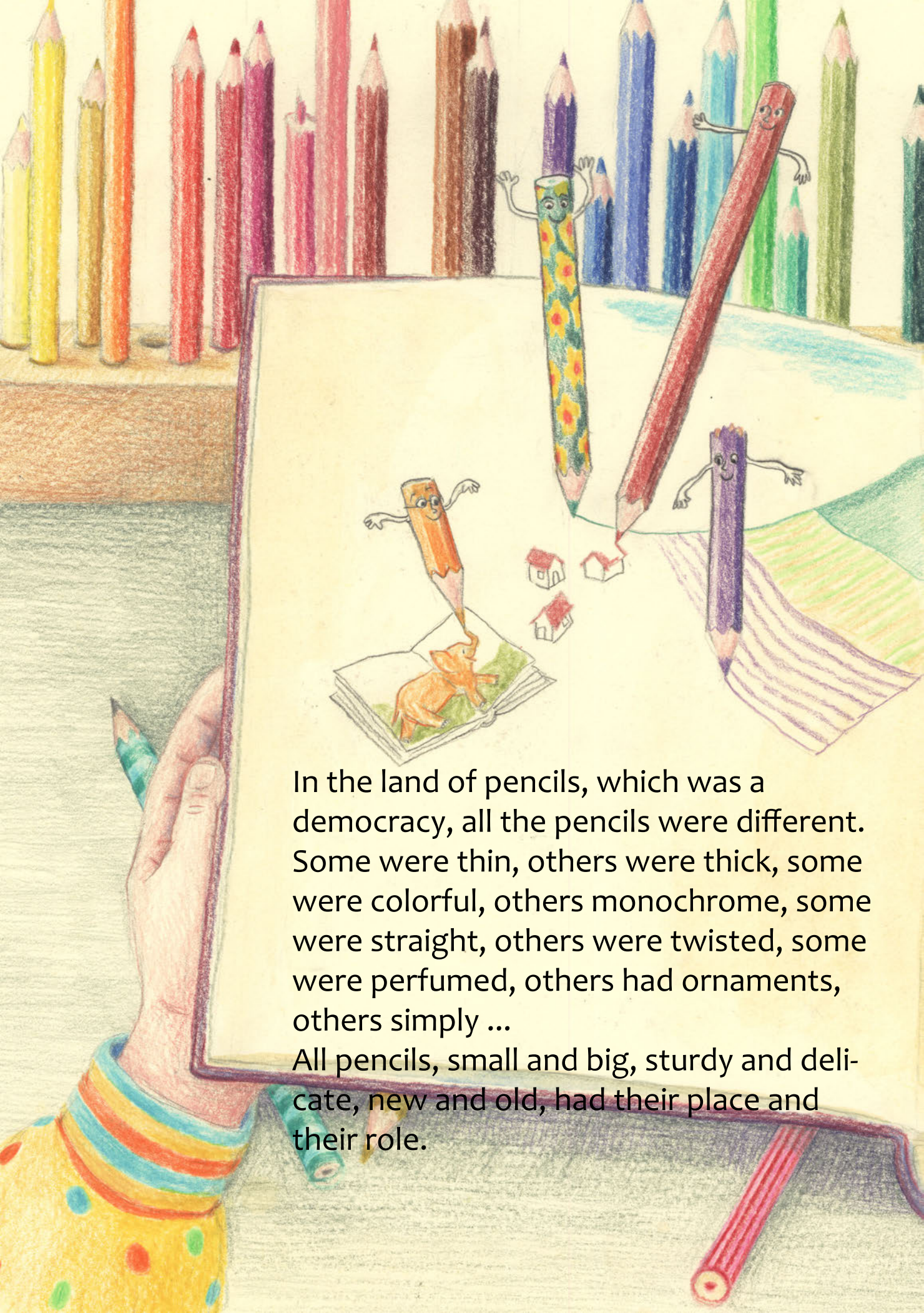


Once upon a time there was a lovely magical book that embraced all the beauty of the world, because all the pencils of the world filled it with beautiful things, pictures and colours. This book was the land of pencils.



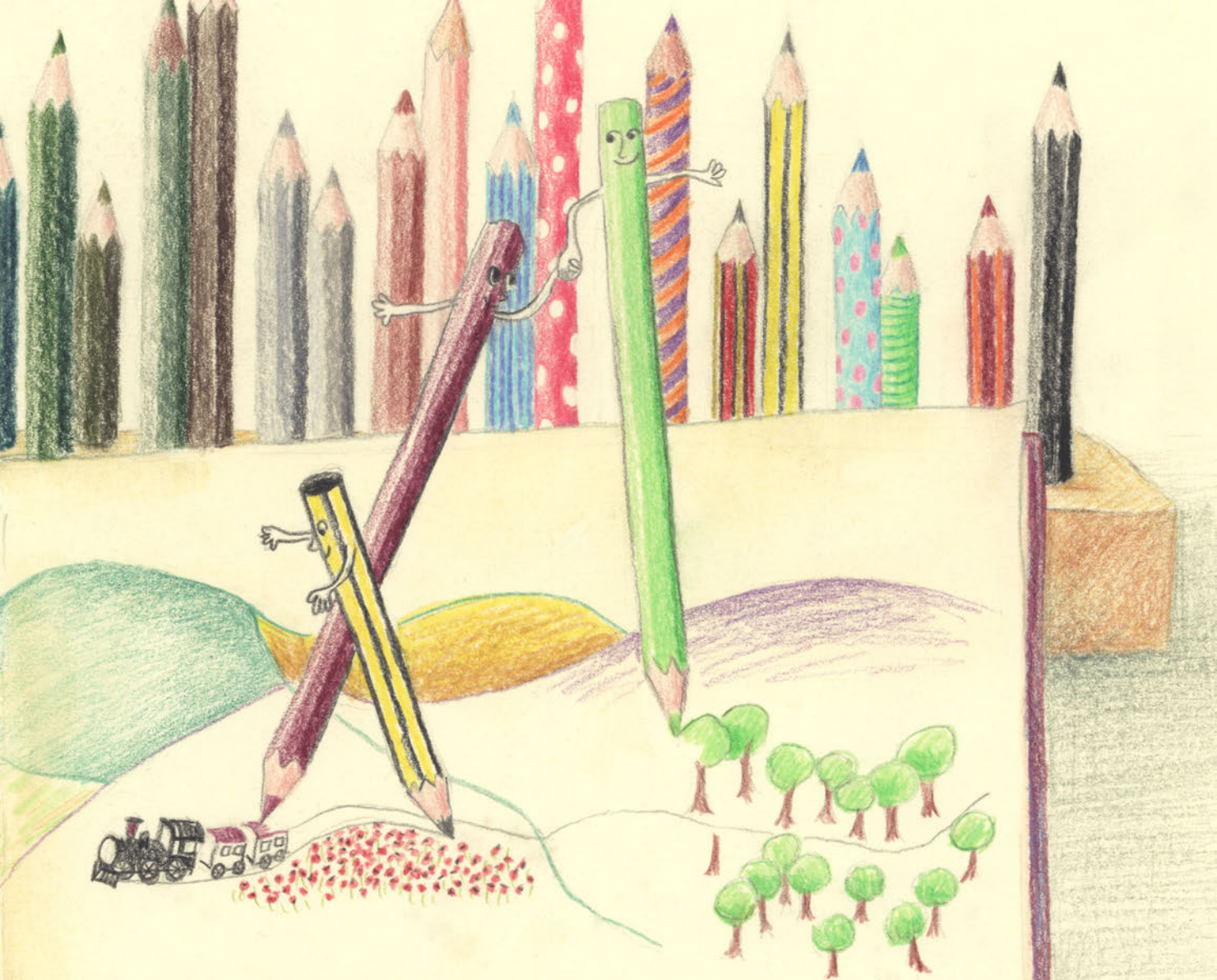
Η Χώρα Μολυβιών





In the land of pencils, which was a democracy, all the pencils were different. Some were thin, others were thick, some were colorful, others monochrome, some were straight, others were twisted, some were perfumed, others had ornaments, others simply ...

All pencils, small and big, sturdy and delicate, new and old, had their place and their role.



Each of them did its job. One drew train lines, another mapped out roads or plots, some painted trees, others painted signs. Still others did sketches for books and others for comics. They could not imagine that they had to protect their peaceful country. They did not know that this would cost them dearly.

It didn't suit the erasers at all. They became jealous and envied what the pencils had been able to create.

And then they gathered secretly and decided to harm the pencils.

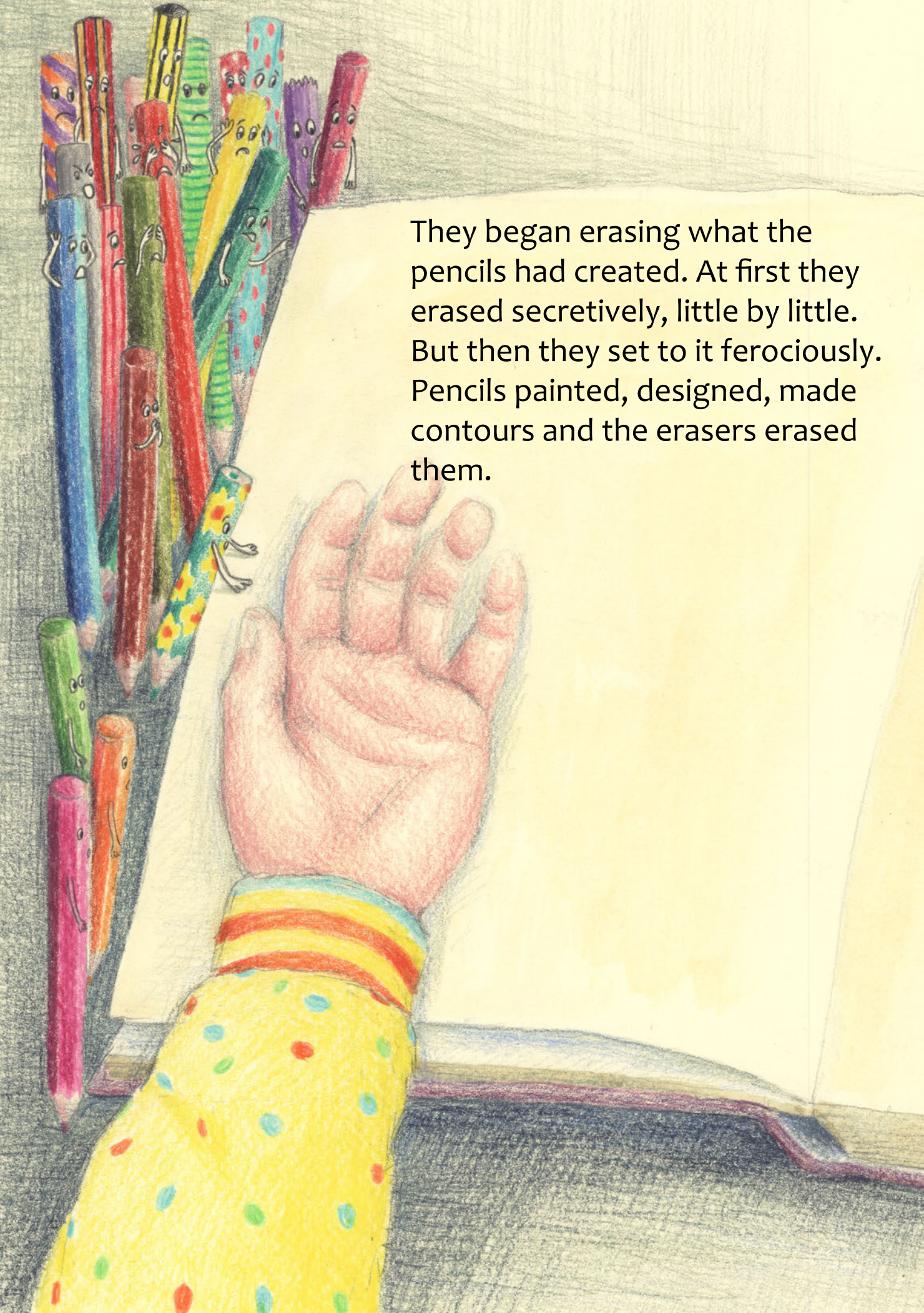






So they decided to sneak into the magical book to destroy the beautiful world of the pencils.



A colorful illustration of a hand holding a pencil, surrounded by many other colorful pencils with faces, standing on a desk next to an open book. The hand is pinkish-red and is holding a pencil with a yellow and red striped eraser. The pencils are various colors and patterns, including blue, red, green, yellow, purple, and pink, and they all have small faces with eyes and mouths. The background is a light-colored wall with a dark grey desk surface. The text is written in a simple, black, sans-serif font on the right side of the page.

They began erasing what the pencils had created. At first they erased secretly, little by little. But then they set to it ferociously. Pencils painted, designed, made contours and the erasers erased them.

Someone began to get seriously worried. She was a grandmother and a historian.
She had more knowledge of History than the others did.



Thus began the war between the pencils and the erasers. The erasers started the war and the pencils did nothing to provoke it. Soon, however, that didn't matter. The erasers continued erasing the culture of pencils.



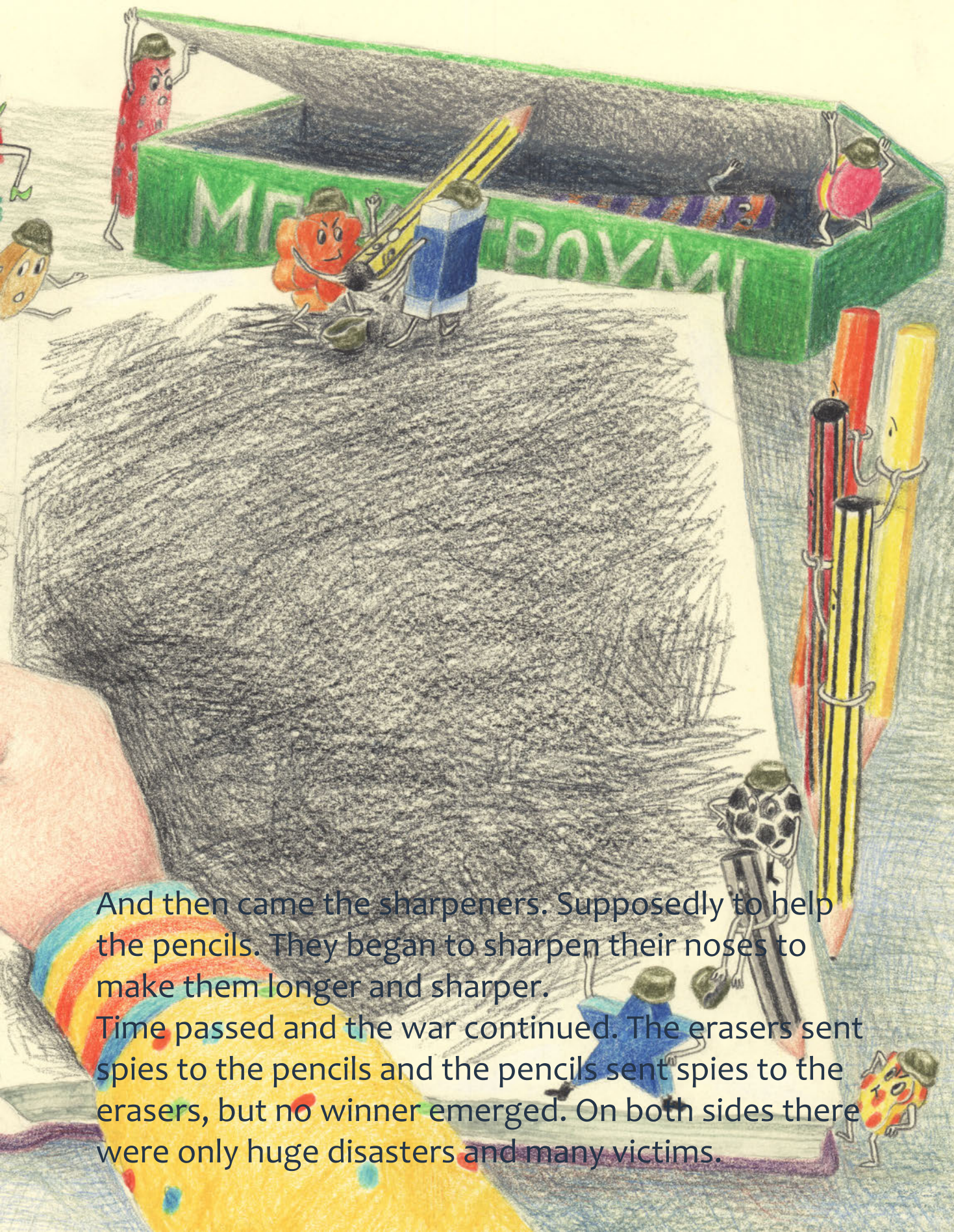
The pencils were making bridges, houses, schools, fields, trees, and the erasers simply made them disappear... The pencils had to defend themselves. They began to paint other things, war stuff. They painted devastating fires, volcanic eruptions, chemical solvents, earthquakes, landslides!





Meanwhile, the erasers caught some pencils and held them captive. These pencils were compelled by force to paint what the erasers told them to paint. So they painted minefields, traps, bombs, gorges, snowdrifts, floods ...

Those which refused to comply were thrown in the dungeon and never came out again. They stayed there, waiting for somebody to set them free. Some pencils left. They became refugees.



And then came the sharpeners. Supposedly to help the pencils. They began to sharpen their noses to make them longer and sharper. Time passed and the war continued. The erasers sent spies to the pencils and the pencils sent spies to the erasers, but no winner emerged. On both sides there were only huge disasters and many victims.

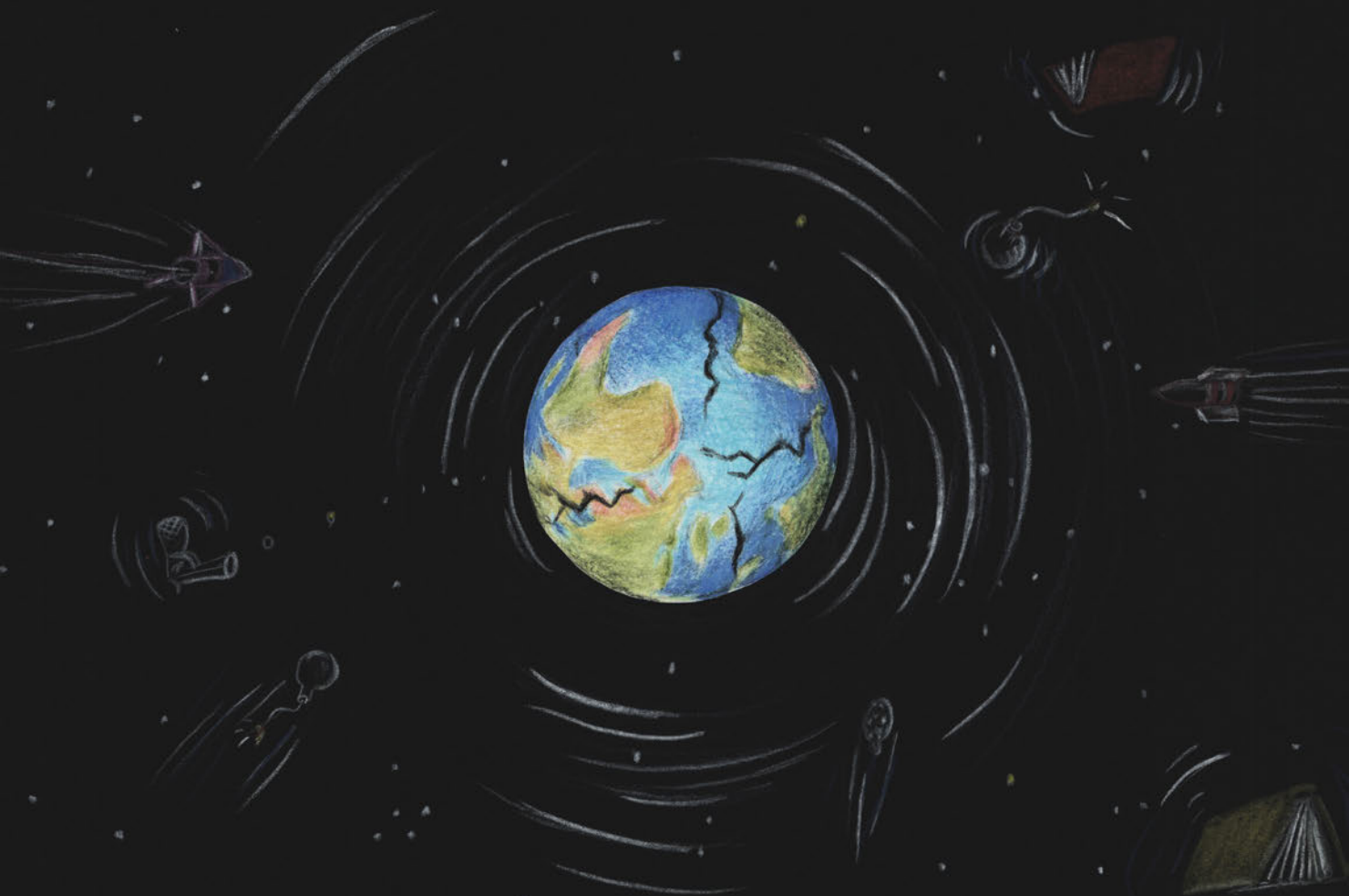


And then came aid. Great powers came and they too became involved in this war. The markers allied themselves with the pencils and began to fight on their side. On the other side, special aid came for the erasers. A new type of erasers that could erase anything, even markers.



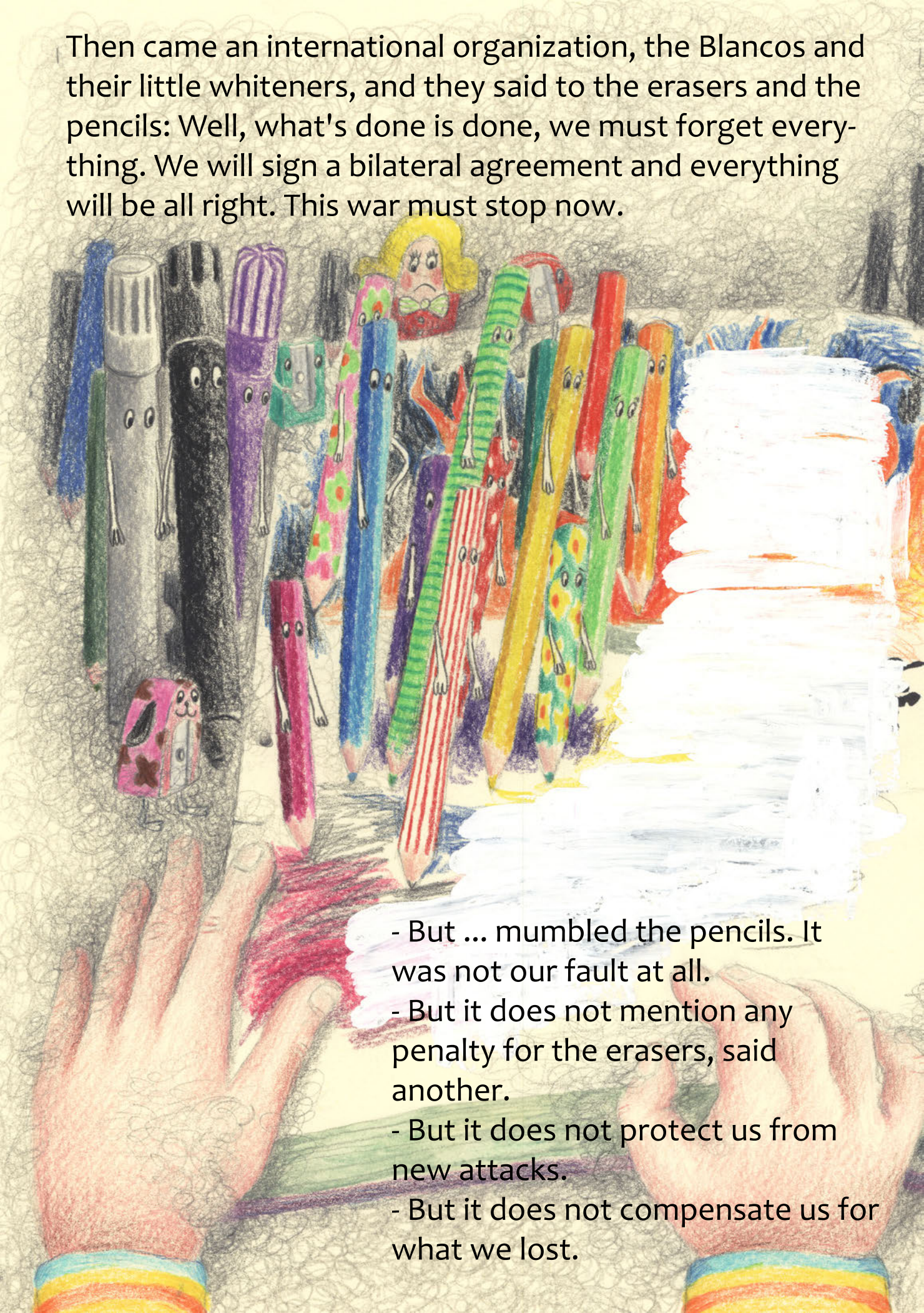
But all this drawing and erasing destroyed not only the world of the pencils and the environment. The whole earth suffered. The rivers were polluted, the seas as well, forests were diminished, the animals that lived in the forests disappeared.

And the war continued. And so did the disasters. Almost the whole world was being destroyed by this war that began in a magical book.





Then came an international organization, the Blancos and their little whiteners, and they said to the erasers and the pencils: Well, what's done is done, we must forget everything. We will sign a bilateral agreement and everything will be all right. This war must stop now.

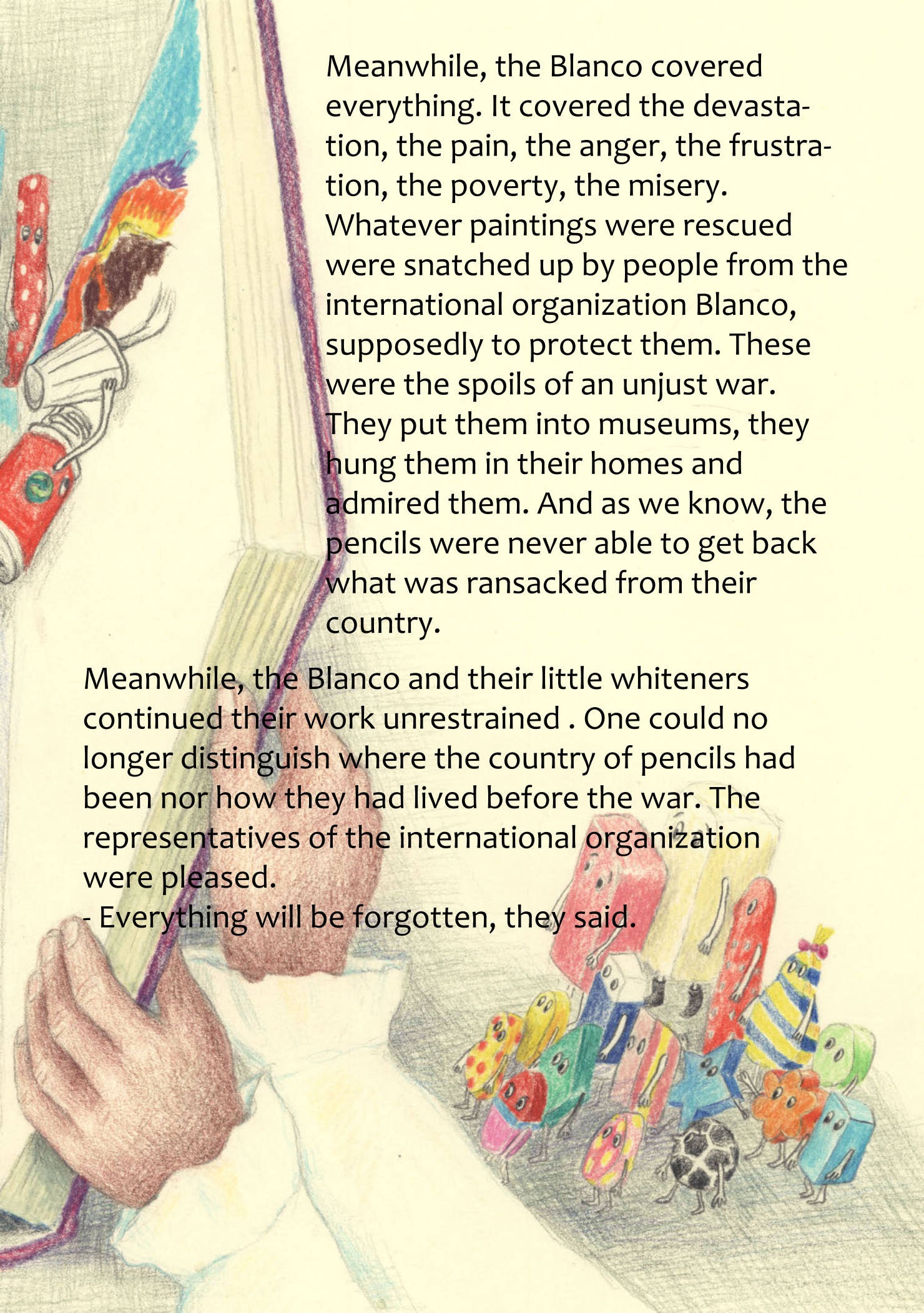
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- But ... mumbled the pencils. It was not our fault at all.
 - But it does not mention any penalty for the erasers, said another.
 - But it does not protect us from new attacks.
 - But it does not compensate us for what we lost.

But pencils were tired of the war and their hearts longed for peace. They could not find any sense in this war, nor had they caused it

They longed to paint seas with fairies and dolphins, snowy mountains and ancient trees full of bears and deer, skies full of birds, smiling clouds and a bright and happy sun. And so they accepted the agreement even if it was unjust. Anyway, no one was interested in their opinions.





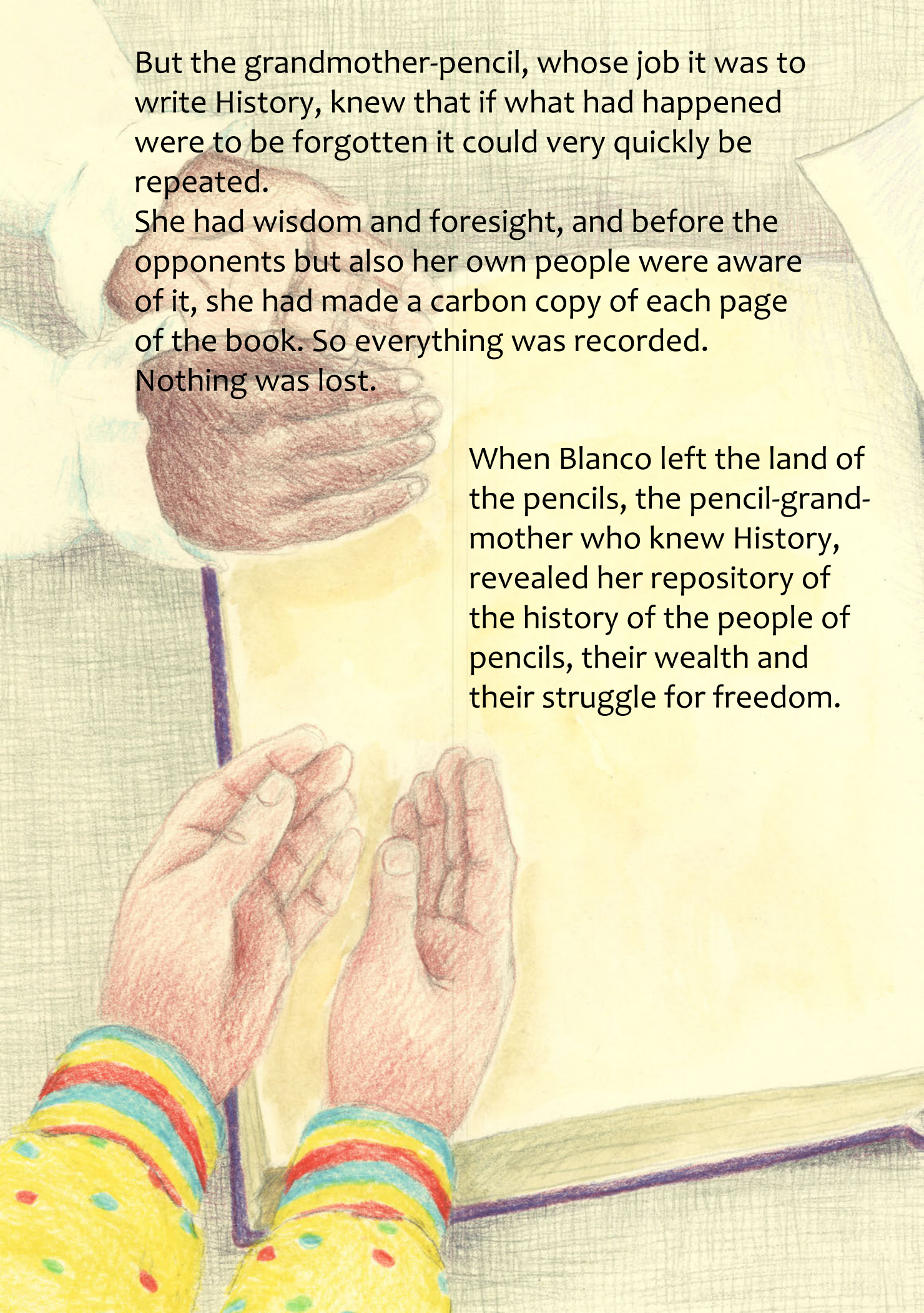
A hand holding a pencil with a face and arms, and a group of colorful pencil characters. The hand is holding a pencil with a face and arms, and the pencil is holding a smaller pencil. The group of pencil characters is diverse in color and shape, including a red one with a face, a yellow one, a blue one, a green one, a pink one, a black and white one, and a blue one with a face. They are all looking towards the hand holding the pencil.

Meanwhile, the Blanco covered everything. It covered the devastation, the pain, the anger, the frustration, the poverty, the misery.

Whatever paintings were rescued were snatched up by people from the international organization Blanco, supposedly to protect them. These were the spoils of an unjust war. They put them into museums, they hung them in their homes and admired them. And as we know, the pencils were never able to get back what was ransacked from their country.

Meanwhile, the Blanco and their little whiteners continued their work unrestrained. One could no longer distinguish where the country of pencils had been nor how they had lived before the war. The representatives of the international organization were pleased.

- Everything will be forgotten, they said.



But the grandmother-pencil, whose job it was to write History, knew that if what had happened were to be forgotten it could very quickly be repeated.

She had wisdom and foresight, and before the opponents but also her own people were aware of it, she had made a carbon copy of each page of the book. So everything was recorded. Nothing was lost.

When Blanco left the land of the pencils, the pencil-grandmother who knew History, revealed her repository of the history of the people of pencils, their wealth and their struggle for freedom.

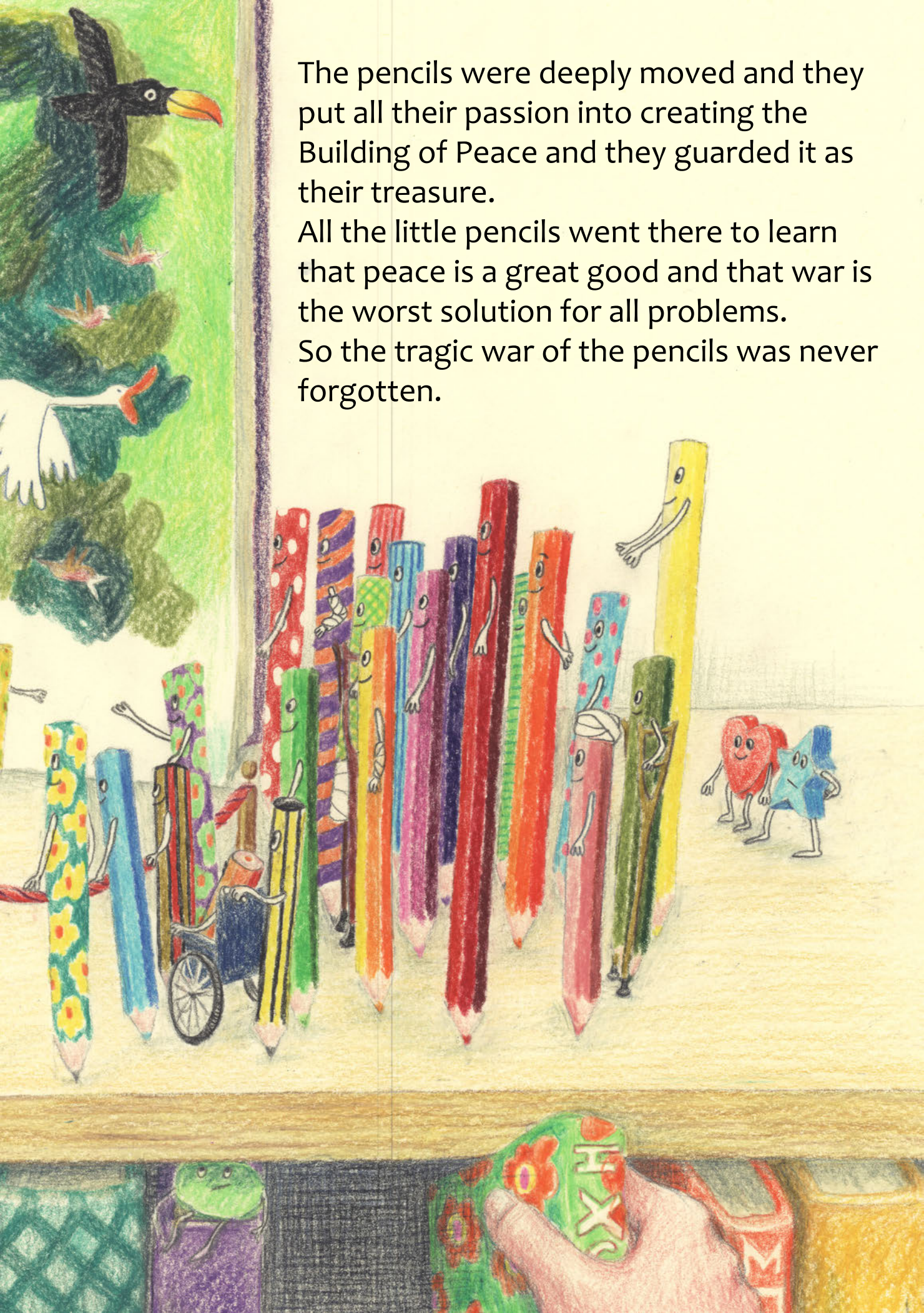




The pencils were deeply moved and they put all their passion into creating the Building of Peace and they guarded it as their treasure.

All the little pencils went there to learn that peace is a great good and that war is the worst solution for all problems.

So the tragic war of the pencils was never forgotten.

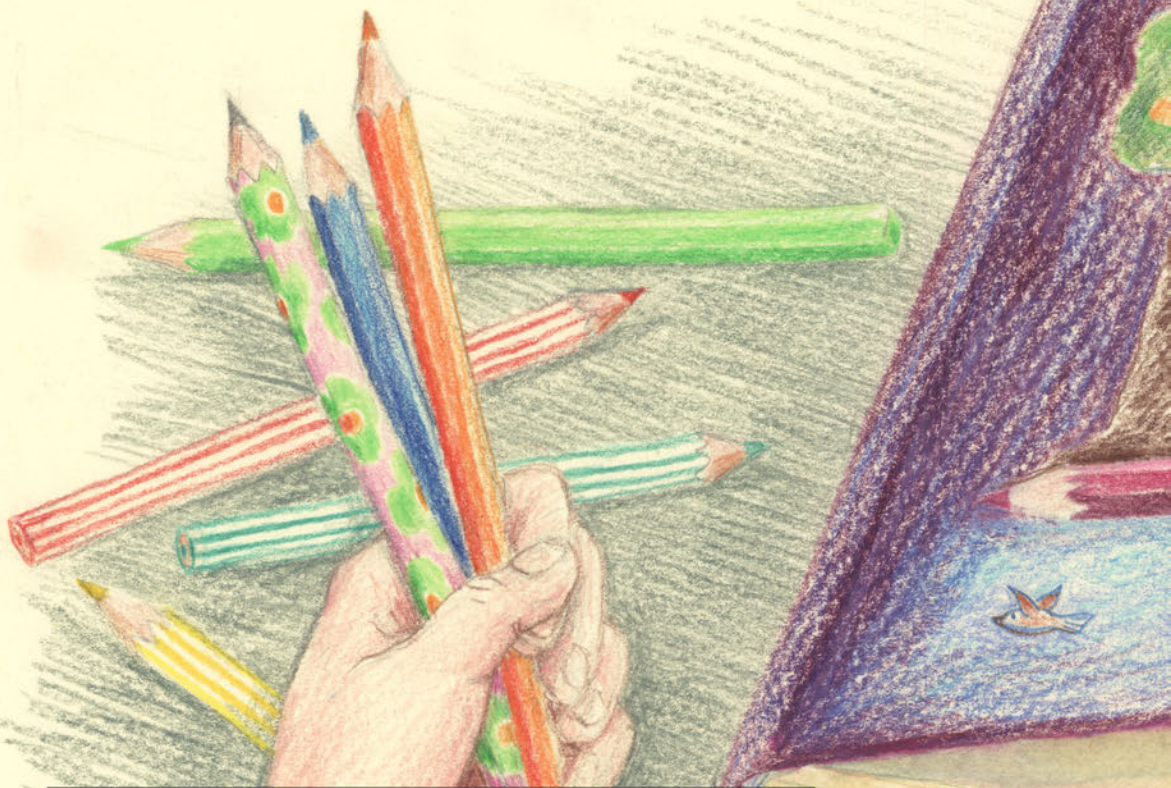






But peace needs to be protected. Therefore, since then the country of pencils has had peace keepers whose job is to safeguard the peace.





Ευρωπαϊκή Ένωση
Ευρωπαϊκό Κοινωνικό Ταμείο



ΕΠΙΧΕΙΡΗΣΙΑΚΟ ΠΡΟΓΡΑΜΜΑ
ΕΚΠΑΙΔΕΥΣΗ ΚΑΙ ΔΙΑ ΒΙΟΥ ΜΑΘΗΣΗ
επένδυση στην μοναδικά της γνώσης

ΥΠΟΥΡΓΕΙΟ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ & ΘΡΗΣΚΕΥΜΑΤΩΝ, ΠΟΛΙΤΙΣΜΟΥ & ΑΘΛΗΤΙΣΜΟΥ
ΕΙΔΙΚΗ ΥΠΗΡΕΣΙΑ ΔΙΑΧΕΙΡΙΣΗΣ

Με τη συγχρηματοδότηση της Ελλάδας και της Ευρωπαϊκής Ένωσης



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2007-2013
Πρόγραμμα για την ανάπτυξη
ΕΥΡΩΠΑΙΚΟ ΚΟΙΝΩΝΙΚΟ ΤΑΜΕΙΟ