



Co-funded by
the European Union

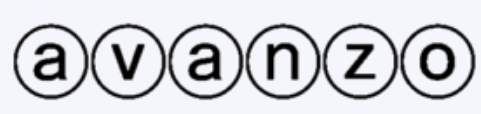


Stories 4 Wings

2024-1-ES01-KA220-ADU-000255317

Additional Stories

Team Working





This document offers a series of additional stories to work on the concept of **TEAMWORKING**.

Teamworking is the ability to manage differences to collaborate with others toward a shared goal. In prison, it helps inmates develop a wide range of social skills, transform isolation into connection, and practise empathy, active listening and cooperation. By working together, they learn to solve problems and manage conflicts while building confidence and making stronger relationships, and it creates a sense of belonging, giving them hope and preparing them for life after release.

The stories selected are:

My Grandmother Already Knows How to Read

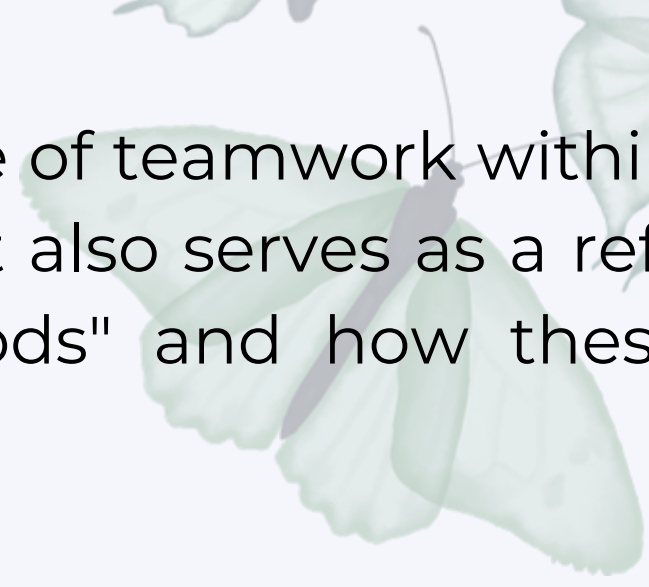
This story addresses several interesting cross-cutting themes for reflection, such as overcoming the loss of a loved one, illiteracy, and the fact that it's never too late (or too old) to learn and pursue a goal.

Regarding teamwork, it highlights how a shared goal, an objective, can unite a team, in this case, a family.

San Lorenzo Mission

This story highlights the importance of teamwork on a big scale in a task where many parties must be involved and committed: politicians, engineers and workers, family members, and the trapped miners themselves. Everyone is essential.

The story also invites reflection on certain types of work that are dangerous, on the importance of social mobilisation to achieve things, and on the relevance of hope for all those involved. It also emphasises how, in difficult times, the best of humanity comes to the surface (and perhaps the worst?).



Soccer in my Neighbourhood

This story highlights the value of teamwork within a community, in this case, a neighbourhood. It also serves as a reflection on the so-called "unsafe neighbourhoods" and how these are sometimes unfounded prejudices.

It also invites us to reconsider teamwork, having a common goal, as a way to connect with others and to live together.

The 47

This story highlights the value of teamwork in achieving social improvements; for this reason, it might also fit within the active citizenship module.

The story shows how, through teamwork, a shantytown is transformed into a neighborhood that gradually improves. Furthermore, the story presents the importance of the leader, someone capable of mobilizing an entire community.

The Wedding

Reflecting on teamwork also involves carrying out enjoyable tasks, such as a party, and how contributing to making others happy is a great incentive to come together. It also highlights the idea that we don't have to give up certain things for financial reasons, but rather that it's possible to adapt and, above all, to achieve it through a collective effort.





Co-funded by
the European Union

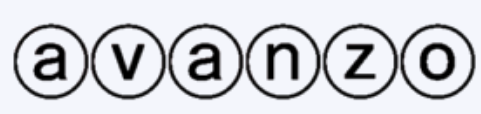


Stories 4 Wings

2024-1-ES01-KA220-ADU-000255317

Teamworking

My Grandmother Already Knows How to Read





I remember when I learnt to read at the age of five. I could understand shop signs, street names, information on food packages... My mother said I was dull, constantly reading aloud everything I saw. I was simply fascinated by the vast number of doors that opened to me, and all I wanted was to learn.

As I grew older, reading became my passion and, for a few years, also my obsession. I devoured books and wrote constantly. I couldn't stop putting into words everything that was on my mind, and I also couldn't stop reading what other people had to say. I felt enormous frustration at not having more time to read everything written over the centuries.

Fortunately, that obsession softened, and I was able to establish a less anxious relationship with reading and writing, starting to enjoy it and also making room to experience the normal things of a young woman. I finished high school, and without hesitation, I enrolled in language and literature studies. To help out at home, I gave some private lessons to local neighbours, and of course, I helped my sister and brothers with their homework.

When I was twenty, my grandmother came to live with us. I didn't have much contact with her before, as she and my grandfather had lived in the village their whole lives, and we only went there for a few days in the summer, during which I spent the days at the river playing with my cousins. When my grandfather died, my parents decided it wasn't a good idea for her to live there alone, so she moved into our house.

We had to rearrange the rooms, and I had to give up my room to my grandmother, thus losing the privilege of being the oldest child with a single room. I ended up sharing a room with my sister, while the two younger ones remained together in another room. This change bothered me a little, but since my sister and I got along well, my anger quickly subsided.

My grandmother was sad when she arrived home; she had just lost her lifelong companion. She felt out of place and awkward, didn't want to bother us, and missed her home, her town, and her neighbours a lot. The whole family felt lost; we didn't quite know how to cheer her up, how to behave, or how to make her feel welcome.



It took several months before she started feeling a little better, going out on her own to do some shopping in the neighbourhood, and talking about topics other than my grandfather. Little by little, she gained confidence, made a few jokes, and even scolded us on occasion. We, too, began to relax, and after a year and a half, she was already part of the family, as if she'd lived at home all her life.

One day, as I was about to go out to buy some fruit and vegetables near my house, I asked her if she could buy me some things I needed (something from the stationery store and the drugstore). She said yes, of course, that I should tell her what I wanted. Since they were very specific items, I gave her a list with precise instructions on what I needed (a checkered folio-sized notebook, a green highlighter, herbal hair conditioner from that brand...). She took the paper, looked at it for a moment, folded it, and very slowly put it in her purse, completely silent. Her expression had changed; she was somewhat uncomfortable, I might say sad. "What's wrong, Grandma? If it's not convenient, no problem; I'll come down later, truly."

Then, very slowly again, she opened her little purse, took out the paper, opened it, looked at it again, and handed it to me. Looking at the ground, she said, "I don't know what you put there. I can't read." I was stunned... How was it possible I hadn't noticed all these months? How was it possible that she couldn't read? It's so easy! All these thoughts and many more flashed through my head, and without knowing how, my mouth spoke and said, "Don't worry; I'll teach you." She looked at me and smiled very shyly; she looked like a little girl. "I could never go to school," she said. "We were very poor, and I had to work in the fields. Then I got married, had your father and your uncles, and then it was too late."

"Wait, Grandma, I'll go down with you to run the errands." I dressed quickly and went down to the street with her. I wanted her to tell me her story, a story I didn't know at all. Why had no one ever told me about what my grandparents went through when they were young? Why had my father, an engineer, never told me that his mother was illiterate? Was he ashamed of her? How had she managed all those years without knowing how to read? When I accompanied her, I watched her shopping, always in small stores, talking to the shopkeepers.





She knew how to read numbers and had learnt to add and subtract money since she was a child, so, with that part covered, she told me, she already had the most important thing to manage.

We spent the morning together, talking like we'd never talked before. She told me about how she experienced the war as a child, the postwar hunger, life in the village working in the fields, and how there was only one small school that her older sister was only able to attend for a couple of years before the war broke out... She told me how she had always been so ashamed of not knowing how to read and how she always tried to hide it. I realised that my grandmother was very intelligent and had developed many strategies to survive without it, to hide her inability. She told me that when she was young, they would listen to stories read on the radio and that it had been a long time since she had been able to enjoy that pleasure. Those movies were fine, but she liked just listening to the stories more so she could imagine the characters in her own way. I told her that was what reading a book was like and that you could also imagine their voices.

We walked home arm in arm. I suddenly felt strangely close to her. Her sadness at not knowing how to read touched me deeply. For me, it was one of the greatest pleasures in existence, so I couldn't imagine what it would be like not to understand those written words everywhere. I slept a little poorly that night, and the next morning, as we were heading off to college, I told my sister. "We have to do something," she said. "I've thought about it," I replied. We smiled at each other, and after lunch, we found our younger siblings and told them. They were even more surprised; those three or four years of age difference between us were noticeable. They had even less of an understanding of bygone eras, when access to education was a privilege for a select few.

"Let's get organised and teach her ourselves," I told them. "Are you okay with it? Are you in?" My sister didn't hesitate for a moment; she was very enthusiastic, and in fact, it had been her idea: "Yes, I am!" My two brothers were a bit hesitant, but they agreed to join after the exams. I, who wanted to be a language and literature teacher, would be in charge of organising the classes. We thought it was a good idea not to tell our parents; we would present it as a surprise. Now all that was left was to talk to my grandmother. It would be our gift for her seventieth birthday. She was still young; she had many years ahead of her.



That afternoon, taking advantage of the fact that my parents weren't home, we told my grandmother. We didn't know how she would react; in fact, we were afraid she would say no, that it was too late to start learning anything, that we shouldn't worry about her... However, we were surprised by her response: "Of course I will. I've always wanted to know how to read. I'm truly grateful for that. I only disagree with one thing: hiding it from your parents. I don't want to have to hide." We realised she was right, so that same night, we also told them about our intention and work plan. We also included them in the schedule: each day of the week, one of us would spend an hour with her teaching her to read. I would focus more on the theory, and the rest of us would practice reading with her. One day a week, we would rest.

That same Monday, we began teaching my grandmother to read and write. It was curious, as a special connection developed between us as we shared a common task, a shared goal. We still had our differences, like all families, but this common challenge brought us a little closer. My mother, who had been apathetic for a while, was excited about the mission and took charge of working with me on grammar, vocabulary, and spelling. My father confessed that he had always been embarrassed that his mother was illiterate, but at the same time, he appreciated the effort his parents had both made so he could study.

Within a few months, my intelligent and disciplined grandmother began to read more and more fluently. Writing took a little longer, but with the help of my father, who was the one in charge of that aspect, she very slowly began to write down some of her childhood memories. Over time, my grandmother was able to read and understand everything on her own, but we still sat with her for that hour each week to share our reading time. In the end, we each read our own books, and she only occasionally interrupted us to ask the meaning of a word or comment on a particularly moving passage.

Tonight, at the launch of my first novel, my grandmother will read an excerpt in front of more than a hundred people. The novel's story is about a woman who learnt to read at seventy, thanks to the teamwork of her family and her own perseverance and determination.



Co-funded by
the European Union



Stories 4 Wings

2024-1-ES01-KA220-ADU-000255317

Teamworking

San Lorenzo Mission



“San Lorenzo Mission” is the name of the largest rescue operation in the history of global mining. It took place at the San José de Atacama mine in Chile between August 5 and October 13, 2010.

On August 5 of that year, when thirty-three miners were working at a depth of 722 metres, a massive collapse blocked the mine's entrance ramp, trapping the men inside. A block of stone the size of a skyscraper crashed through several levels of the mine, blocking the exit.

Within a few hours, family and friends gathered in the area, although it wasn't until eight hours later that rescue efforts began, attempting to use the ventilation shaft to extract the miners. This task wasn't going to be easy, as a section of stairs was missing, which the company hadn't installed; however, there was some possibility of reaching it using other methods. Two days later, another collapse blocked the chimney, and with it, the hope of finding them alive.

After the second collapse, the president of Chile ordered the mission to be abandoned, assuming the miners were dead. Pressure from family, friends, and the entire country forced him to back down, so they resumed the rescue efforts with a new engineer at the helm and more sophisticated technical means.

Down in the mine, the thirty-three trapped men realised their situation. The foreman realised they had to conserve the little they had if they didn't want to die of hunger, so they decided to ration their food. He distributed thirty-three glasses, into which he added a teaspoon of tuna and a little water to make a kind of soup, and told them, "Enjoy your meal." As for the water, it soon ran out, and they began to drink the water from the refrigeration machines, which, although mixed with oil, was all they had. They also had to ration it.

They survived for seventeen more days. Many could barely get up or were constantly trembling. They felt extremely discouraged. By August 22, they had gone several days without eating anything, and most had resigned themselves to dying. Then they heard a loud bang and saw the tip of a probe appear, breaking through the rock...





The emotion of not feeling abandoned flooded them. One of them took a hammer and rhythmically tapped the tip to communicate with the outside world. Another took a piece of paper and wrote, "The 33 of us are safe in the shelter," and placed it on the probe's bars. When up outside, they took it out and found the note; everyone erupted in cheers, applause, and tears of joy.

From that moment on, they began to slowly pass water and food through a 12- cm-wide hole so as not to collapse their weakened digestive systems. They were warned that it would still be a long time before they could be extracted, perhaps until Christmas. They enlarged the hole slightly, and conditions became a little more tolerable. They received letters from their families and even inserted a fibre optic cable, thanks to which they were able to watch a soccer match of the Chilean national team, which took to the field wearing a T-shirt that said "Strength 33 Miners". However, all those days locked up there were so hard that, at times, friction and tension arose between them.

After more than 30 days of drilling through the rock, they managed to reach the bottom. They proceeded to protect the tunnel, and in the early hours of October 13, they pulled out the first of the 33 trapped miners in the capsule called "Phoenix". One by one, they were rescued, while outside a monumental operation was mounted to broadcast the event, which was watched by millions of people around the world. The reunion with their families was extremely emotional.

The 33 miners, who had been trapped for 69 days at a depth of almost 700 meters, were rescued alive thanks to the determination of many people: family members and friends who never lost hope; engineers, technicians, and workers who worked day and night; and the miners themselves, who supported and cared for one another. Years later, the foreman recalled the first days of the experience when they still didn't know if they'd been abandoned to their fate: "What I remember most are the first 22 days because they were the days when I saw the best of humankind: teamwork, simplicity, and organisation. Those were the most beautiful moments we experienced there."



Co-funded by
the European Union



Stories 4 Wings

2024-1-ES01-KA220-ADU-000255317

Teamworking

Soccer in my Neighbourhood



It has been a year since I arrived in this city to start a better life, after I secured a teacher's job. It is a medium-sized city with limited social and cultural life, and there is not much to do. My wage is not so big, and I wanted to live near my high school, so I had to rent a little flat in the suburbs. There are two supermarkets, one fruit and vegetable shop, a haberdashery, four or five hairdressers, about the same number of nail artists, a stationery shop, a shop for towels and sheets, and a few mechanics, but not much more around. Well, there are also pubs and a social centre for the elders, where they dance, do gymnastics, and play games to train their memory.

I like this district because there are always people outside. In the squares, which are filled with benches and trees, groups often gather to sit, chat, eat snacks, drink beverages, and occasionally sing and dance. I see children playing games that are almost impossible to imagine, such as hide-and-seek or a game called "witch calls colour," and, as usual, I notice teenagers looking at their phones; however, at least they are together, commenting on what they see and laughing together. I like the general vibe, and I feel in my shoes here, even though it is one of the poorer districts of the city and is mainly considered insecure.

Truly, except for the pubs and parks, or some punctual activity at the social centre, there is not much to do here for youths; there are no libraries or cinemas. It appears that, a few years ago, a bar organized concerts, and a certain effervescence developed around that place that also displayed exhibitions and poetry recitals. But the institutional pressure, forged by enormous taxes and authorizations impossible to obtain, defeated the owner's patience, and the club closed.

Despite this lack of opportunities, for the little time I have been there, I understood that the one thing that kept the district alive was the several soccer teams, from which I learned their stories from several discussions with other inhabitants. Listening to them strengthened my intuition that it was worth living there. Even though I might confess, I had never taken an interest in soccer before.

It all started when, at the end of the nineties, a soccer player who had a certain success during his more or less stable career in second-ranked teams came back to the suburb.



Despite his relative success (at least compared to other neighbours), he did not think he was the cat's whiskers, and during those years, he saved a little so he could retire as comfortably as possible by coming back to his district.

He came back after his retirement in a period of general inactivity in the neighbourhood, a few months after the pub closed. Consequently, he did not struggle to find seven to eight kids, his nephew and their friends, to start training them in soccer. He made it clear their youthfulness was so full of opportunity that they could not stay unoccupied. They started training one evening per week on the old field near the high school, and a few months were enough to prove that the team was rather good and that the trainer was actually excelling way more 35 than when he was a player. He was happy they used his old balls, even though he was worried they might fail, as they were each time more out of shape.

A mother started bringing water bottles for after the training, and a neighbour sewed some training bibs. Before the end of the year, an old neighbour some of them knew became their referee, and his eyes shone when they welcomed him into the team. Bit after bit, what started as a basic team without pretensions became something that looked like an professional soccer team.

For the following season, they had a complete team, with deputies and all, and they registered in some local tournaments. Fathers, mothers, friends, and neighbours started collaborating to cover the team's needs: one printed the posters in his old printer at home, the electrician and his son took care of the field's lights, parents sewed new official soccer equipment (after a long debate, they settled on a dark yellow as the official colour), and two people who had delivery vans drove kids to their games.

After many months competing, they won their first trophy and became unstoppable. The first thing they did was organise a raffle to buy new balls and more professional equipment. Some teenagers even used this opportunity to go to the city to discover new places and sell tickets. The whole district was enthusiastic. After this first game, they won many others (and lost some), and this success raised new projects: a female team emerged, as well as one for the children, one for the fathers, and one for the mothers, with little to no sporting goals but the one-off having a good time.



After so many wins, the press gained interest in this little team that was created, trained, and maintained solely by the enthusiasm and participation of the neighborhood. After all this, the mayor felt constrained to improve the old field and build new sporting facilities. Local shops started sponsoring the teams, and two years later, a local furniture shop became the official sponsor of the team. All these improvements allowed the district to hire more trainers to train more and more children to fulfil the teams that would not stop creating.

Despite the improved conditions, the neighbourhood has remained involved and united, as there's always something missing, something to repair, or a job to fill. Raffles continue to be organized, and buses are rented to take people to many of the games outside the neighbourhood. Mothers and fathers organize to prepare sandwiches, and every time there's a game, especially if it's on the old, refurbished court, there's guaranteed to be a party (win or lose). Just a few weeks ago, a band began to form to liven up the games.

This is the story of my new neighbourhood. Tonight, at eight, and still without any interest in soccer, I will attend an amicable game between parents and children. Apparently, it will help to fund an homage for the old player that converted into a trainer and who, without a shadow of a doubt this time, will retire at the end of the season.





Co-funded by
the European Union



Stories 4 Wings

2024-1-ES01-KA220-ADU-000255317

Teamworking

The 47



"The 47" is the number of a bus line that goes up to the neighbourhood of Torre Baró, a suburb of Barcelona. It is also the title of a film based on true events that tells the story of that bus line, its driver, and the struggle of an entire quarter to live with dignity.

Manuel Vital, the protagonist of this story, was born in 1923 in a village in Extremadura, a poor region in western Spain. At just 23 years old, in 1947, he migrated to Catalonia, in the northeast of the peninsula, fleeing Franco's repression after his father was murdered and buried in a mass grave.

Throughout the Spanish dictatorship, and even to this day, thousands of people from poor regions of the world have migrated to other, more industrialised and developed areas in search of a better future. They arrived as cheap labour and settled however and wherever they could, living in shantytowns that they built little by little with their own hands. Manuel Vital was one of these men, honest and hard-working, who only wanted to live with dignity.

The film begins by showing how, at night, these migrants, including women, children, and the elderly, try to build their homes in a hurry, as at that time there is a law that prohibits demolishing those with roofs at sunrise. We see how dawn approaches and how each family works desperately trying to put asbestos sheets over the weak walls they have managed to erect during the night before the Civil Guard arrives and tears them down.

After several days in which most of the houses are demolished with the sunrise, Manuel proposes joining forces to work on a single house each night, gradually building them through teamwork and collective effort. Thus, over the years, the houses around Torre Baró, 12 kilometres from the centre of Barcelona, have consolidated themselves as a neighbourhood inhabited by hundreds of people who have arrived from different parts of Spain and who, by joining forces, have managed to build a home for themselves.

But this neighbourhood lacks basic services such as running water, sewage, electricity, or a school, so its residents, organised into groups and associations, fight for these basic services and other rights, putting their freedom or even their lives at risk.



Little by little, they are achieving some improvements, but they continue to live isolated and are considered second-class citizens. They work long hours, and when they return home, they have to walk up, exhausted, because there is no transportation to take them home.

Several years after the end of the dictatorship, public transportation still did not reach the neighbourhood. Manuel Vital, who worked as a driver for bus line 47, used his free time to file requests and complaints with the city council requesting the long-awaited bus line. He gets no results, or even a commitment, as he is put off or the institution claims that it is not possible to access up there due to the poor quality of the only access to the neighbourhood, a dirt road riddled with potholes and holes.

Tired of this situation, Manuel Vital decided to show the authorities that it was possible to access the neighbourhood by bus. According to the urban transport website: “On May 7, 1978, Manuel Vital, a Barcelona Transport driver and union leader, in his dual role as a resident of a forgotten area, hijacked an articulated bus on line 47 to demonstrate that the public transport system Torre Baró was demanding could reach the neighbourhood through the only access point.”

The bus ride to Torre Baró turned into a march joined by dozens of people from the neighbourhood and civil rights groups. Manuel Vital was arrested by the police upon his return to the city and tried the next day on kidnapping charges, a charge he ultimately won. Six months later, line 47 reached Torre Baró, and over time, more lines were added, connecting the neighbourhood with other areas of the capital.

Manuel Vital was not a lone hero. He was brave, yes, but his strength came from a sense of belonging. He was part of groups that refused to give up, that believed in justice and the dignity of life. His achievement would not have been possible without the support and struggle side by side with those who had the same dreams. The improvements that transformed the neighbourhood didn't come from one person alone but from many hands, many voices, and a strong desire to change things together.





Co-funded by
the European Union



Stories 4 Wings

2024-1-ES01-KA220-ADU-000255317

Teamworking

The Wedding



They were 23 and 24 years old, but they just knew that they wanted to wed. They had been together for ten years and could not imagine life without the other. Their families were very traditional, and they would rather not distress them by living together without sanctifying their union in front of the altar. They would have liked living together before, but they did not mind marrying first, even if they were so young.

It was going to be the first wedding in many years, both of them being firstborn to their families; consequently, they were convinced everyone would be very happy with the announcement. Weddings are always a reason to rejoice, most of all if they are weddings for love, which could not be doubted here. They talked about how they would like to organize the event, about her dress, about the food, and fantasized about their honeymoon in any country with paradisiacal beaches.

They planned how they would reveal it to their families; hence, this one summer's day, when both families were joined with friends for a day in the countryside. Right before the revelation, they composed themselves with solemnity, though they could not really hide their youthful innocence, and announced it.

The first reaction, obviously, was one of general joy. What emotion. There was no reason to oppose this wedding. A friend of one of the fathers tried to approach the matter of their youthfulness and explain that maybe they should wait a bit more... but they were sure enough. Afterwards, they talked about their future life, assuring everyone they would follow up on their studies thanks to their scholarships (both of them were great students), and that they couldn't wait until the next course to live together.

They were going on, sitting covered by the shadow of a fig tree, imagining the ceremony and fantasizing about every detail. But, at some point, the grandma raised her voice, "Great, great, everything is great, but... how will you pay for all of that?" The intervention imposed silence. It seemed absurd that no one had asked before, even the fiancée's mother, who was probably the most pragmatic one there.

The question was left without an answer at first: the engaged couple just realized how pricey a wedding was, and both families lived without ostentation.



They worked, but just enough to satisfy day-to-day needs with a little extra. That was the reason why both of the fiancés were very serious students, to avoid losing their scholarships at their city's university. Quickly, and to avoid the discomfort of disappointment, the discussion focused on a movie that was projected that evening at the municipal summer cinema.

Therefore, the grandma, who could not care less about the movie, raised her voice a second time and said, "This wedding will be celebrated, without a doubt, and for everyone here. We just need to organize ourselves and support each other." She said that and then gently held the hand of her silent first-born granddaughter, who was thinking whether she should study for many more years before paying for this wedding or just accept a simple picnic with her family.

Accordingly, they started planning, under the experienced grandma's supervision, how they could celebrate this wedding in the best way possible.

They started out by requesting the church's basement to celebrate, as they could not refuse. Three of the best cooks among the acquaintances offered to make the food, which should be simple yet delicious, and moreover, in such quantities that no one would be left hungry. Others offered their hands to help with cooking. The youngest aunt offered her wedding dress to her niece because she had never and would never wear it (long story short) and insisted it would fit, as she was convinced they were the same size. However, a friend who was a tailor still offered to adjust it and even give it a more modern touch. The youngest uncle of the groom offered him his suit, which had only been worn once and hence was almost brand new. It fitted him perfectly.

Right there that day, the little cousins pledged to pick flowers, dry them, and decorate the church and hall. The baker, along with her husband and some old friends of the groom's family, offered to make a chocolate, walnut, and cream wedding cake, their specialty. And the groom's father's older brother, who didn't live in the village and was there on vacation, pledged to provide music for the party. Small tasks continued to arise, distributed among those present (and absent) to ensure every detail was met:



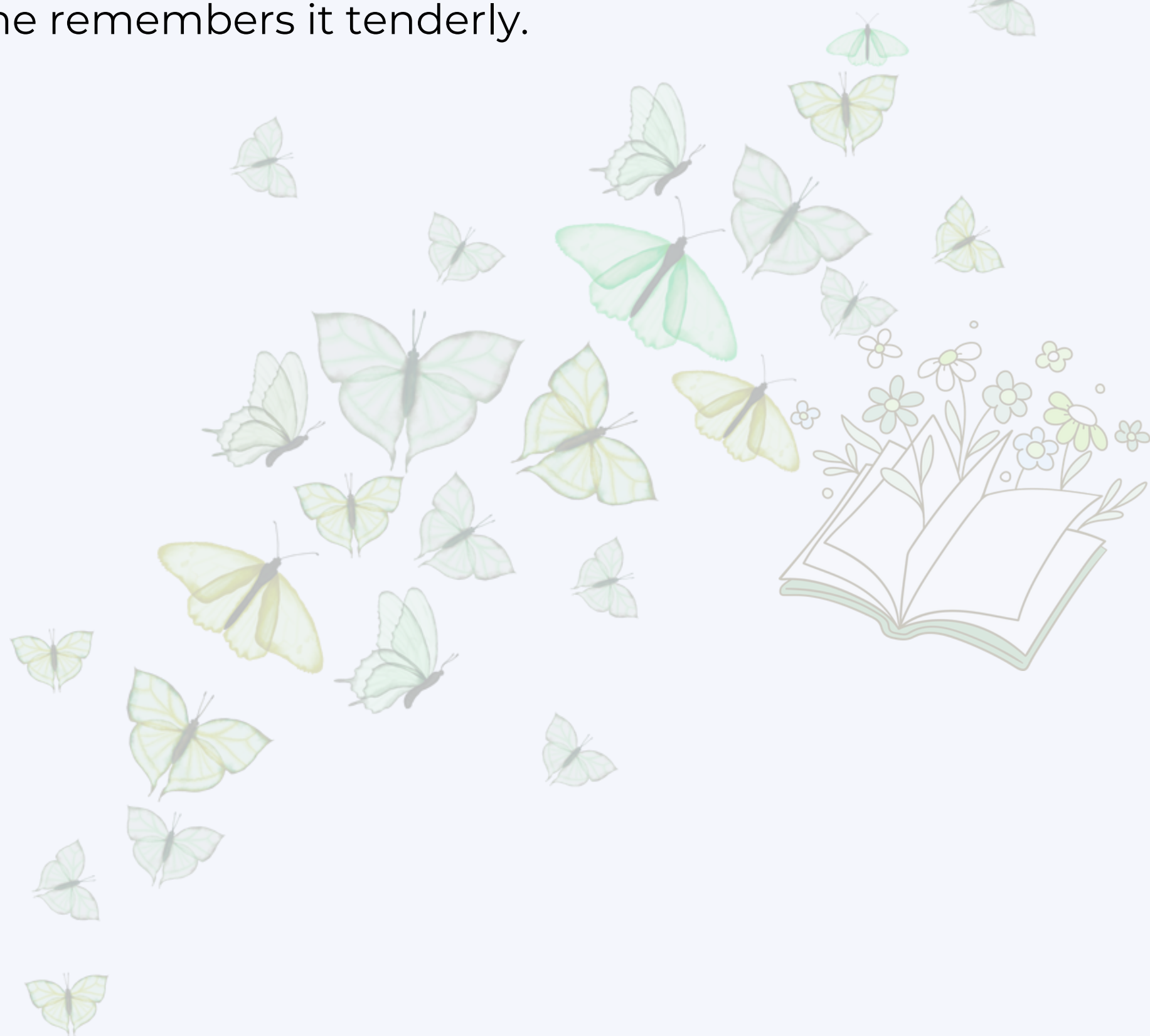


from handmade gifts for the guests to the bridesmaids' dresses (reserved for the best friends), who would read the service in the church, and where they would get the rings (they would probably ask the grandparents for them).

Everyone was enthusiastic, involved, and did their part to ensure this young couple began their adventure together in the best possible way. The joy of being part of something and contributing to the happiness of others was so contagious that they also organized to donate some money and give them a trip to the beach, not to a faraway country, but to a beach with crystal clear waters 300 kilometers from town.

And the wedding day arrived, a party to which everyone who was invited had contributed something. They brought tables and chairs from home because there weren't enough in the church hall, and those who hadn't been assigned a task showed up with a plate of food. Aside from the mini-orchestra brought by the uncle, friends of the couple took care of the music afterward, as well as organizing games, jokes, and surprises. The party lasted until dawn, and after resting a bit, they gathered again at night to eat leftovers.

And that is the story of how this wedding was celebrated because the people contributed. It was very simple, but so joyful, and everyone remembers it tenderly.





The European Commission's support for the production of this publication does not constitute an endorsement of the contents, which reflect the views only of the authors, and the Commission cannot be held responsible for any use which may be made of the information contained therein

The publication obtains the Creative Commons Licence CC BY- NC SA.



This license allows you to distribute, remix, improve and build on the work, but only non-commercially. When using the work as well as extracts from this must

1. Be mentioned the source and a link to the license must be given and possible changes have to be mentioned. The copyrights remain with the authors of the documents.
 2. The work may not be used for commercial purposes.
 3. If you recompose, convert or build upon the work, your contributions must be published under the same license as the original.
- 