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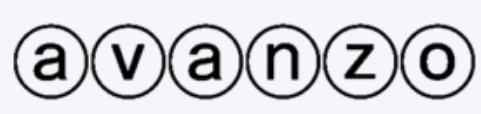


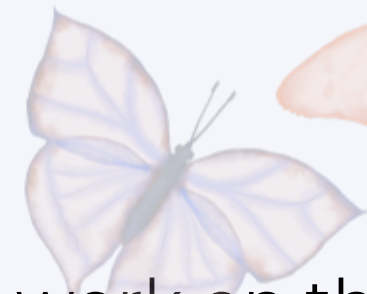
Stories 4 Wings

2024-1-ES01-KA220-ADU-000255317

Additional Stories

★ Self-Awareness





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

Self-awareness is the ability to understand one's thoughts, emotions and behaviour and their impact on oneself and others. In prison, it allows inmates to take responsibility for their past actions, and it helps build better relationships, even with education staff, allowing them to benefit fully from the opportunities available. This self-understanding also prepares them to face reintegration into society more successfully once they are released.

The stories selected are:

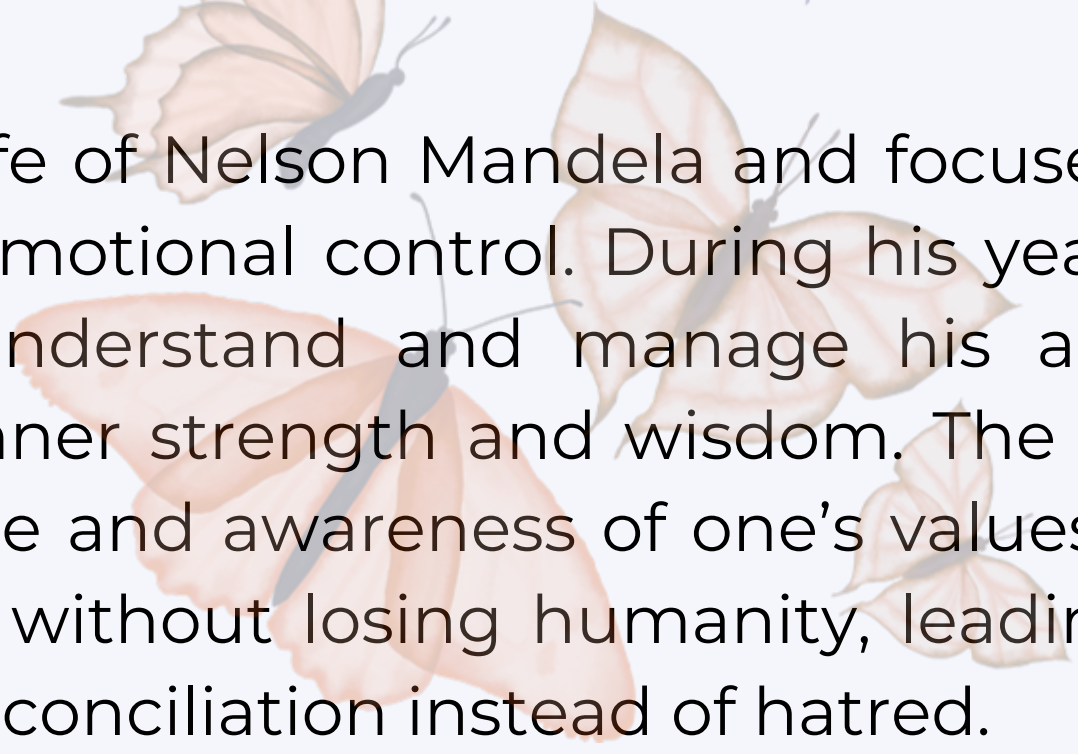
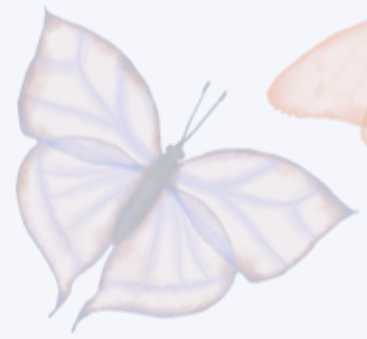
The Art of Healing

This story is inspired by the Mexican painter Frida Kahlo and reflects on self-awareness, resilience, and the transformative power of art. Through physical pain and isolation, Frida learns to understand herself deeply and uses painting to express her emotions and identity. The story highlights the importance of self-knowledge, perseverance, and turning suffering into creativity and personal strength.

The Courage to Give Yourself Value

This story is based on the life of Rosa Parks and highlights the value of self-awareness through dignity, courage, and personal conviction. Rosa's refusal to give up her seat was not only an act of resistance against racism, but also a demonstration of her deep awareness of her own worth and rights. The story shows how self-respect and inner strength can inspire social change and encourage others to fight peacefully for justice and equality.





Awareness Does Not Bend

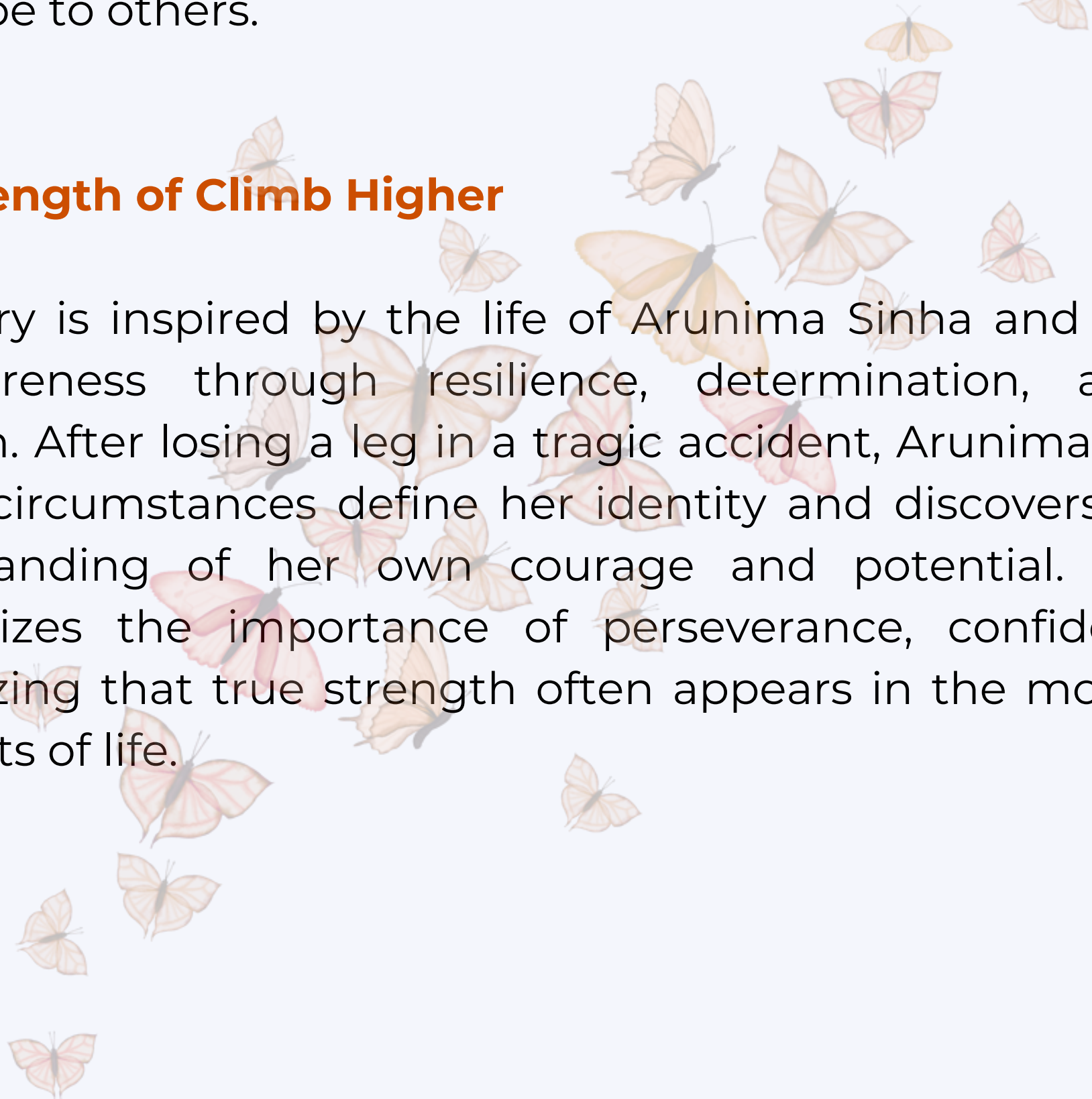
This story is inspired by the life of Nelson Mandela and focuses on self-awareness, dignity, and emotional control. During his years in prison, Mandela learns to understand and manage his anger, transforming suffering into inner strength and wisdom. The story highlights how self-knowledge and awareness of one's values can help a person resist injustice without losing humanity, leading to forgiveness, leadership, and reconciliation instead of hatred.

The Song of Silence

This story is inspired by the life of Maya Angelou and explores self-awareness through silence, observation, and personal growth. After a traumatic experience leaves her unable to speak for years, Maya develops a deep understanding of herself and the world by listening carefully to others and discovering the power of literature. The story highlights values such as resilience, empathy, self-discovery, and the importance of finding one's voice to inspire and give hope to others.

The Strength of Climb Higher

This story is inspired by the life of Arunima Sinha and highlights self-awareness through resilience, determination, and inner strength. After losing a leg in a tragic accident, Arunima refuses to let her circumstances define her identity and discovers a deeper understanding of her own courage and potential. The story emphasizes the importance of perseverance, confidence, and recognizing that true strength often appears in the most difficult moments of life.





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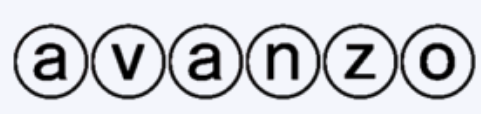


Stories 4 Wings

2024-1-ES01-KA220-ADU-000255317

Self Awareness

The Art of Healing





I didn't choose the pain. It chose me, like an unwelcome guest that insinuates itself into my body and never leaves. As a child, the disease had already knocked on my door: my right leg was getting thinner, my runs were interrupted mid-run, my games observed from afar. But it wasn't over yet: fate had decided to present me with a greater test. I still remember the crash, the clang of metal, my body reduced to a mosaic of broken bones. I remained immobile, a prisoner in a bed that became my universe. The doctors looked at me with pity, some shook their heads as if my youth were locked away in a drawer. I, on the other hand, stared at the ceiling and felt a rage growing inside me that wouldn't go away. I couldn't walk, I couldn't go out, but I could still dream. It was my mother who placed a mirror above the bed so she could see me. At first I hated it: it reflected my pale, lined face, my fresh scars. Then, day after day, that mirror became a silent companion. I began to truly observe myself, every wrinkle, every line, every shadow. It was as if I were saying to myself: "If the world can't come to you, you will be your world." That's why one day, half for fun, I picked up some paintbrushes.

They were old, forgotten in a drawer, but as soon as I picked them up, I felt a shiver. I trembled, a pain ran down my spine, but when the tip touched the canvas, something changed. There, in the silence of the room, I began to breathe again. I painted my face, because that's what I had. It wasn't vanity: it was necessity. Each self-portrait was a challenge to fate, a way of saying: "Look at me. Despite everything, I'm alive." With colors, I expressed what words couldn't. Red for pain, green for hope, blue for the endless nights. I wasn't fooled: the pain wouldn't go away.

In fact, it returned, stronger, with the operations, the iron corsets, the long hours spent unable to move. But when I painted, it wasn't in command. For a few hours, the pain lingered in the background, like a distant noise. I was the master of a small island of freedom. Painting became my alternative body. With canvases, I created worlds in which I walked, flew, laughed. I didn't need healthy legs to traverse universes: a brush was enough. Each painting was a door, and I walked through it with a confident step.



Over time, I understood that my art wasn't mine alone.

The people who looked at my paintings remained silent, moved. Some cried, others smiled. I understood that through those colors I could speak to everyone, share what was most intimate, my wound but also my strength. And so the pain was no longer just a prison, but became language, connection, possibility. I loved, I suffered, I lost, I started over. And at every step, painting was beside me. When life tried to bend me, I responded with a painting. When I thought I had nothing left, I took up the canvas and discovered I still had everything: the ability to create, to transform, to leave a mark.

Many asked me how I managed to resist. The truth is, it wasn't me: it was art that kept me standing. It taught me that even a broken body can generate beauty, that even a scarred life can become song. Today, when I look back, I see the scars, the operations, the tears. But I also see the paintings: dozens, hundreds of eyes looking at me from the canvases, ready to remind me that I have never been just pain. I have also been colors, shapes, passions.

And perhaps, ultimately, the secret is this: transforming what destroys you into what makes you reborn. If someone asks me today what it means to overcome your limits, I answer this way: it means looking at your wounds and choosing to transform them into art.

Story inspired by the life of the Mexican painter Frida Kahlo.





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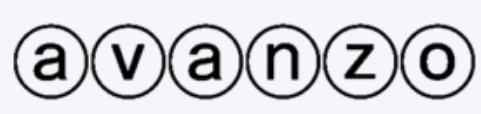


Stories 4 Wings

2024-1-ES01-KA220-ADU-000255317

Self Awareness

The Courage to Give Yourself Value





It was a cold December afternoon in 1955 in Montgomery, Alabama. The city streets were filled with slow-moving cars, shops closing their doors, and buses filled with tired workers, men and women returning home after a day spent serving in shops, factories, and other people's homes. On those buses, every day, the division between blacks and whites was clear and painful: the former in the front, the latter in the back.

The rules were rigid, written and unwritten, but always ironclad: if a white passenger got on and there were no more available seats in their section, a black person was forced to get up and give up their seat. Rosa, that afternoon, was tired. But it wasn't just the physical tiredness of someone who's worked all day. It was a deeper tiredness, born of years of suffering injustice and humiliation, of living daily under the weight of a law that divides people into categories and decides who has the right to exist with dignity and who doesn't. She boarded the bus as usual, paid her fare, and sat in the "black" section, in the middle of the vehicle. She wasn't trying to attract attention, she didn't want to challenge anyone at that moment. She just wanted to get home and rest.

Time passed slowly, the stops came one after another. At a certain point, a group of white passengers boarded. The seats in front were already full. The driver turned to Rosa and the other black passengers sitting in the front rows of their section. In a harsh voice, he ordered them to stand up and make room. The others obeyed, one after the other, resigned, as always. But Rosa remained still. She didn't shout, she didn't make any theatrical gestures. She remained seated. When the driver looked at her angrily and said, "Get up, or I'll call the police," she replied calmly, in a firm voice that held years of pain and strength: "No. I won't get up." At that moment, the silence inside the bus was as heavy as stone. Some passengers held their breath. Everyone understood that it wasn't a simple refusal. It was an act of resistance. The driver stopped the vehicle and called the police.

A few minutes later, Rosa was arrested. They took her away amid incredulous looks, the silence of the Black people who knew they were witnessing something bigger than a simple routine scene, and the irritation of the white people who saw in that gesture an open defiance.



That night, Rosa didn't sleep. It wasn't the first time she'd thought about injustice, but it was the first time her "no" had taken on such explosive force. She'd done nothing but remain seated, yet that gesture had ignited a spark. News of her arrest spread rapidly through Montgomery's black neighborhood. It wasn't just the arrest of a woman, it was the arrest of a principle: the right to be treated with dignity. Men and women began to speak, to gather, to discuss. Why continue to suffer? Why climb on those buses every day to be humiliated? That was how the bus boycott movement was born.

For months, African-American citizens of Montgomery refused to take public transportation. They walked for miles, in all weathers, rather than bow to that injustice. The buses, once filled with black workers, ran empty. Companies lost money, and authorities understood that this was a silent but powerful protest. Rosa wasn't alone. Her gesture was embraced by an entire community, which rallied around that small woman who, with a single "no," had told an entire city that dignity is non-negotiable. It wasn't easy. There were threats, arrests, intimidation. But the protest didn't stop. And from that struggle, a larger movement was born, one that would change the history of the United States: the Civil Rights Movement. Young leaders spoke out, giving voice to that collective resistance.

Rosa Parks became the silent and tenacious symbol of a courage that doesn't need to shout. A small woman, who one day chose not to stand up, taught an entire people that true strength comes from the awareness of one's own dignity. And so, that small gesture, on a cold December afternoon, became the seed of a peaceful revolution that would break the chains of segregation.

Story inspired by the story of Rosa Parks.



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Self Awareness

Awareness Does
Not Bend



The ocean wind blew hard onto the island, sharp as a blade. Robben Island wasn't just a prison, it was a separate world, a sentence that took away time and space, leaving only walls, bars, and toil. When Nelson Mandela crossed the gates for the first time, in 1964, the sun was beating down. They handed him a uniform that was too short, frayed trousers, a rough shirt that scratched his skin. The message was clear: here you're not a man, you're a number. The cell he was assigned was little more than a two-by-two space, with a thin cot and a threadbare blanket. No bed, no table, no chair. Just a bucket of water and the silence that became deafening at night. Every day began the same way: the clank of keys, the guards' footsteps, the sharp order to leave and form a line. Then came the work: breaking rocks under the scorching sun or in the lime quarry, where the white dust seeped everywhere—into his eyes, his lungs, his thoughts.

Mandela knew that dust would gradually blind him. Yet, as he hammered into the rocks, he didn't let anger guide him. Deep down, he performed an act of awareness that would be his salvation: he understood that the guards could imprison his body, but not his mind. The insults were daily. "Terrorist!" the jailers shouted, laughing at him and the other political prisoners. When they gave them smaller portions of food, when they forced them to walk with their heads down, when they left them for hours in the sun without water, the intention was clear: to shatter their dignity. It was in those moments that Mandela began a silent exercise: he observed himself. He felt the anger rising, the desire to scream, to react violently. But instead of letting it overwhelm him, he breathed. He remembered who he was. He remembered his people, waiting outside. He told himself that his identity was not that of a humiliated prisoner, but of a free man, a leader, even if no one at that moment saw him as such. Every evening, in his cell, he relived the day. He analyzed his thoughts, his impulses. He asked himself: Did I respond as I wanted, or as they wanted? And slowly, day after day, he built a new space of freedom within himself.

A place that no chain could reach. That realization changed him. He was no longer the angry young man who years before had chosen armed struggle. He had become a man capable of looking within himself, of acknowledging his own pain and transforming it into strength.

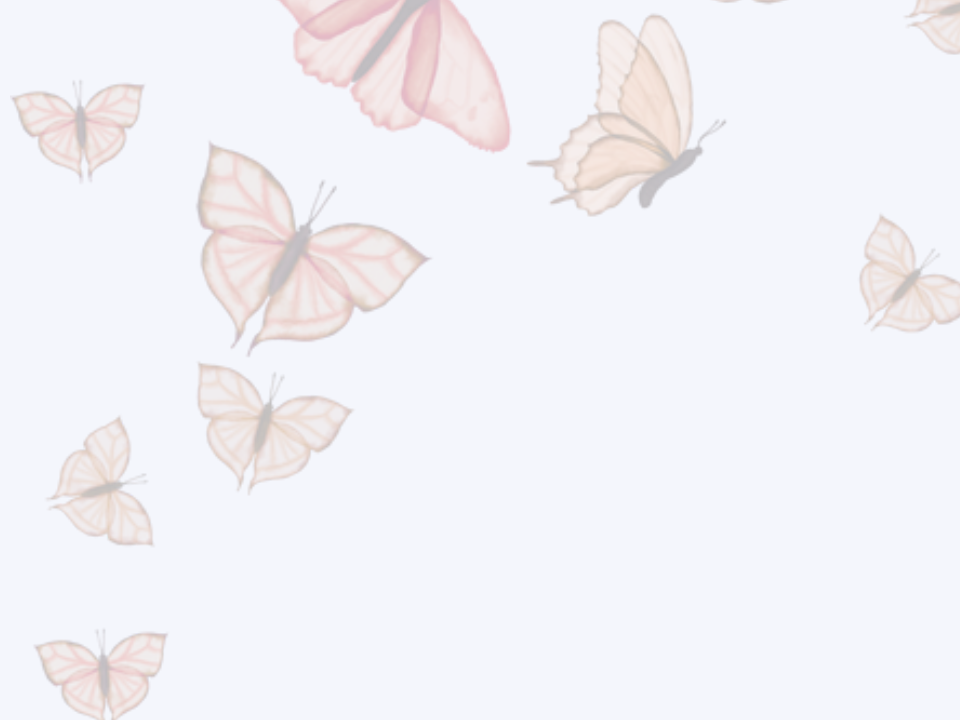


One episode remained forever etched in the memory of those who knew him. One day, while working in the quarry, a guard swore insults at one of Mandela's companions and struck him with the butt of his rifle. All the prisoners remained motionless, their eyes downcast: the unwritten rule was not to react, otherwise the punishments would be worse. Mandela, however, took a step forward. He didn't shout, he didn't raise his hands. He looked the guard straight in the eye and, in a calm voice, said: "You are a man too. We are too. No force can erase that." The guard was taken aback. He wasn't used to being spoken to that way: firmly, but without hatred. He didn't answer, turned around, and walked away.

That day, Mandela's comrades understood something fundamental: dignity isn't defended with violence, but with the awareness of who you are. The years passed. Twenty, thirty. Mandela grew old behind those bars, but he didn't give in. He continued to study, reading every book he could get his hands on. He taught the other inmates, transforming the prison into a classroom, Robben Island into a "university of resistance." Every time a young man entered the cell in despair, Mandela spoke to him softly: "In here, they can take everything from you, except who you are. Remember that." When the gates finally opened in 1990 and Mandela was freed, he walked out with the calm step of one who had not lost himself. He was not a man consumed by resentment, but someone who had learned to know himself deeply.

His self-awareness, developed over years of imprisonment, allowed him to seek not revenge, but reconciliation.

Story inspired by the life of Nelson Mandela.





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Self Awareness

The Song of Silence



She was only eight years old when a sudden trauma shattered her faith in the world.

From that moment on, she could no longer speak: her voice, once lively and cheerful, suddenly faded. No one could convince her to utter even a single syllable or word. The adults around her thought it was stubbornness or shyness. She knew, however, that if she spoke, her voice could cause harm, or so she believed. So she chose silence. For five years, she didn't say a word.

Five years that for her represented a long apprenticeship in the art of listening. Sitting at her school desk or in the shade of a tree, she learned to notice every detail: the rustle of skirts brushing the floor, the rhythm of children's laughter, the hidden nuances in adults' conversations. Every sound was a world to explore, every unspoken word, a universe taking shape within her. When she discovered the Library, the silence was filled with new voices. She leafed through books with trembling fingers, and each page spoke to her like a secret friend.

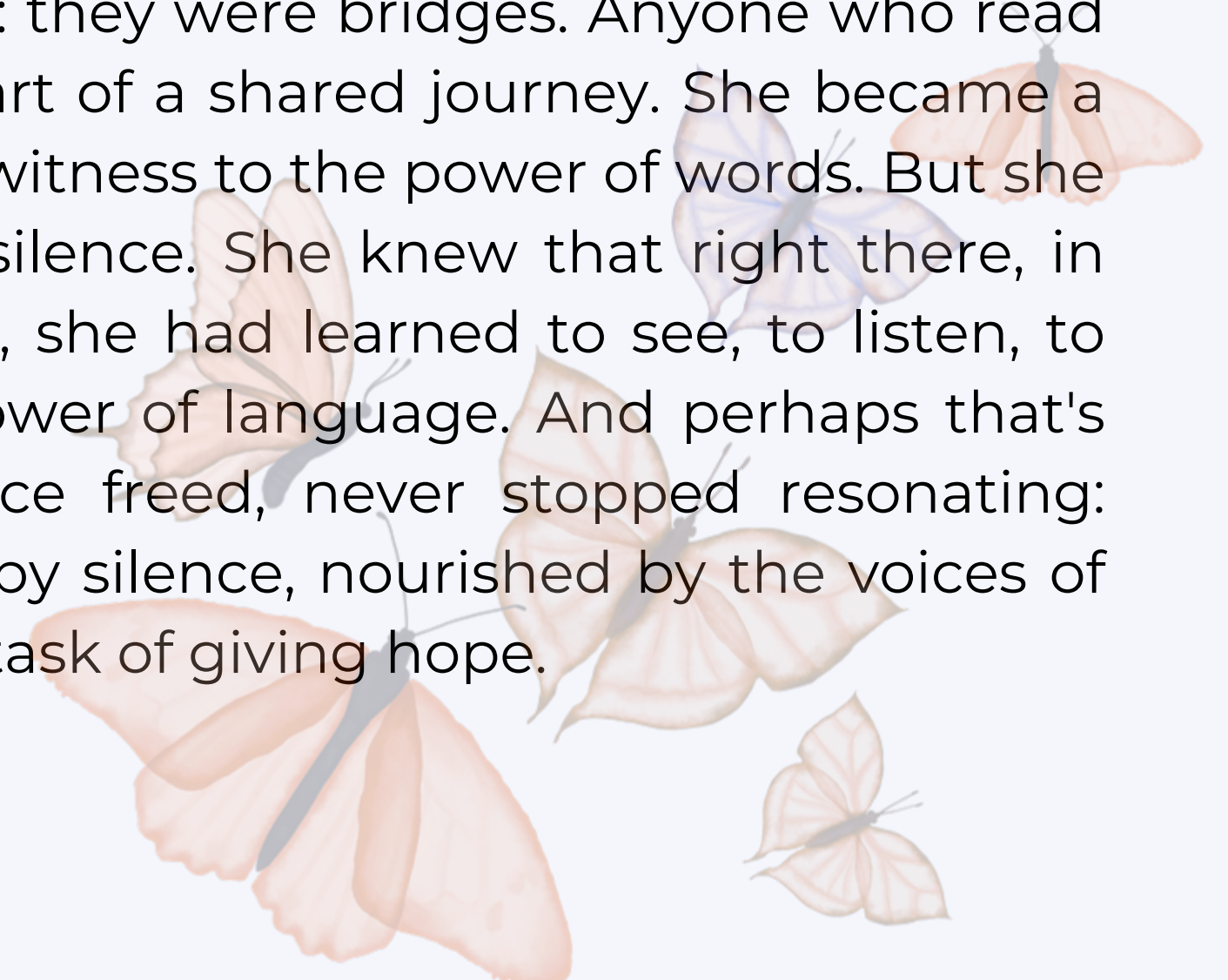
Shakespeare, Dickens, black American poets, forgotten women writers: they all left seeds in her that grew slowly but tenaciously. The words, unspoken, took root in her heart with more strength than she could ever have imagined. Yet it wasn't just literature that nourished her. She looked at the women of her community, strong and gentle, bent by toil but never broken.

She observed the men marked by work and discrimination, who nevertheless found the strength to laugh out loud. Those daily gestures were stories. She collected them all, silently, like a vase filling drop by drop. The day she found her voice again, it was like witnessing a spring resurfacing after years underground. Hesitant at first, then gradually more confident, she began to speak. But it wasn't the same voice as before: now it carried with it a weight, a rhythm, an echo that came from the silence.

Each word was more deliberate, each sentence sculpted by the long wait. As an adult, that voice transformed into song, poetry, and testimony. She recounted the suffering of slavery and the resilience of her people; she spoke and wrote about herself, about freedom, dignity, and universal love.



Her works weren't just books: they were bridges. Anyone who read them felt less alone, more part of a shared journey. She became a globally recognized figure, a witness to the power of words. But she never forgot those years of silence. She knew that right there, in that apparent imprisonment, she had learned to see, to listen, to understand the immense power of language. And perhaps that's precisely why her voice, once freed, never stopped resonating: because it had been forged by silence, nourished by the voices of others, and dedicated to the task of giving hope.



Story inspired by the life of Maya Angelou, American poet, actress, and dancer.





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Self Awareness

The Strength to Climb Higher



Arunima had grown up running. For her, sport wasn't just a pastime, but the very breath of her life. She loved feeling the wind on her face as she accelerated, she loved the sensation of her muscles burning after training, the tiredness that was never fatigue but victory. As a girl, she had dreamed of becoming a great athlete, of carrying the name of her country high, of running as if the earth beneath her feet was made only to support her. She was a young woman full of energy and dreams. Every morning she woke with the enthusiasm of someone who knows the future is a field still wide open, bright, ready to be conquered. Her life flowed between training, competitions, laughter with friends, and a sense of confidence that seemed indestructible. But fate often chooses unpredictable paths.

One day, she boarded a train as she had done so many times before. The rickety seats, the voices of the passengers, the long whistle of the locomotive: everything was familiar, everything seemed ordinary. But that ordinary ride would become the fracture of her life. Halfway through the journey, some men boarded. They were no ordinary passengers: they were thieves, ready to rob anyone in sight. The screams soon began, confusion filled the carriages. When they reached her, Arunima didn't hesitate. She wasn't used to bending, she wasn't used to lowering her gaze. She tried to defend her belongings, to resist this sudden injustice. But her strength wasn't enough against the blind violence of those who had nothing to lose. A sudden and ferocious shove threw her from the moving train.

The world turned upside down in a vortex of iron, wind, and darkness. The blow was devastating. When she opened her eyes, she was no longer the same. She had lost a leg. The days that followed were the hardest of her life. The physical pain was excruciating, but the internal pain was even more unbearable. As an athlete, she had built her entire being on her body, on running, on the ability to push herself beyond her limits. And now, someone told her she would never be able to run again, never train again, never live as before. Around her, the words were often pity or resignation: "Your life will be different from now on. You have to accept it. You won't be able to play sports anymore."





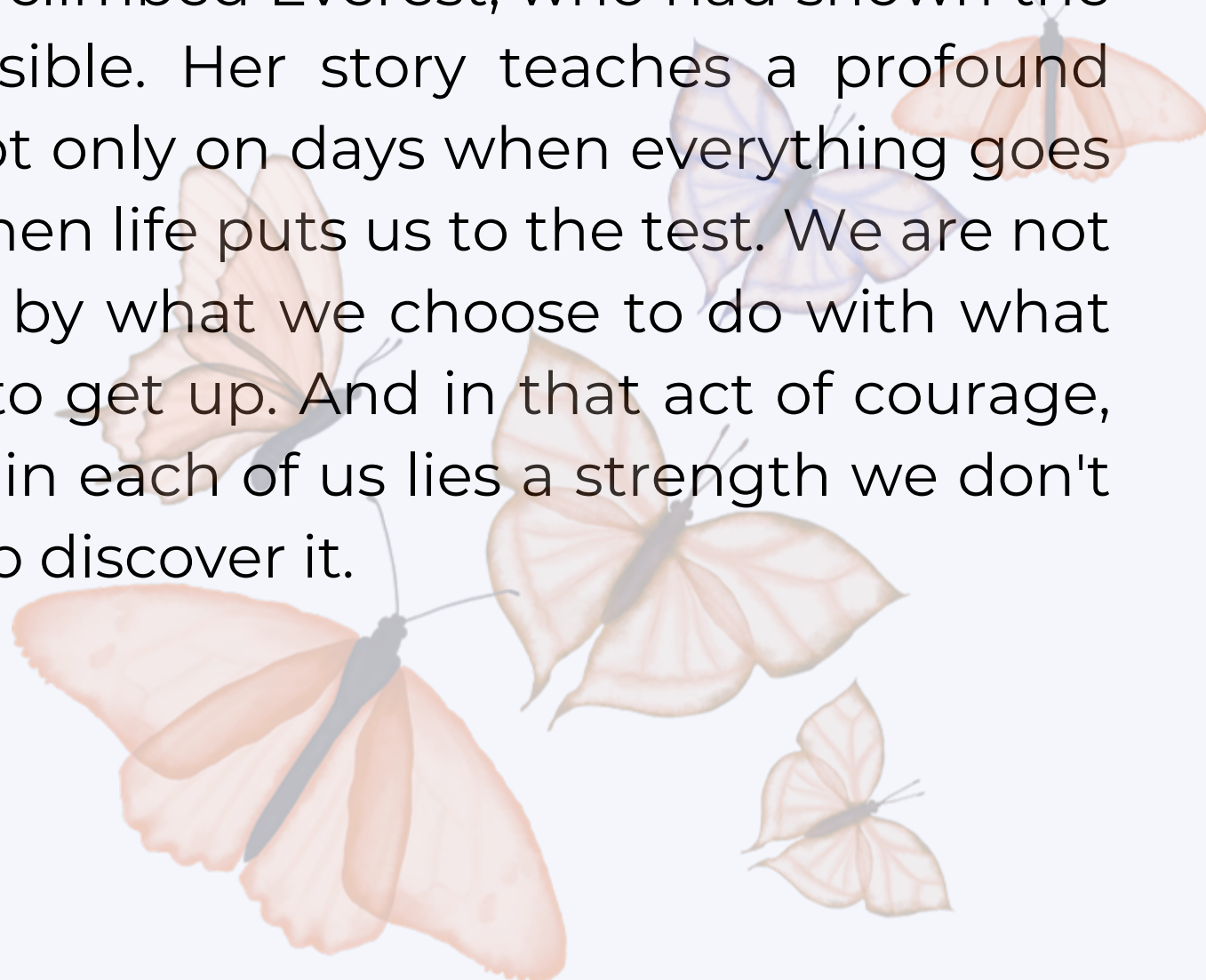
Arunima listened, but inside she heard a stronger voice, a voice that wouldn't bend. It was the voice of her will. She refused to give up. She chose to look beyond the wound, beyond the loss. If life had tried to stop her, she would prove that no pain, no mutilation could extinguish her flame. With an artificial limb, she began to walk again. At first, it was an almost impossible feat. Every step was uncertain, her body didn't respond as before, her mind was filled with fear. But Arunima didn't give up. With patience, determination, and iron discipline, she started moving again. She walked, she fell, she got up again.

Every meter she walked was a victory. Then, one day, she decided that walking wasn't enough for her. She wanted to run. And she began training again, one step after another, defying the pain, challenging her limits. Feeling the wind on her face again was like being reborn. But her heart wanted to go further. It wasn't enough to prove she could run again: she wanted to prove that no obstacle, not even the greatest, could prevent a dream from coming true. So she chose a goal that seemed impossible: climbing Everest, the highest mountain in the world. The news made many smile, others shook their heads. "It's crazy," they said. "How can a woman with an artificial leg think of climbing Everest?" But Arunima didn't let the judgment stop her. She began training for the mountains as she had for running: with absolute dedication. Whole days exercising her muscles, getting used to the weight of the equipment, preparing for the fatigue, the cold, the fear. Every training session was a step toward the summit, not just of rock and ice, but of her life itself. And then the day came. The climb was brutal: the cold seared her skin, the thin air took her breath away, the endless nights in the windswept tents. There were moments when exhaustion seemed to prevail, when her body gave way and her mind wavered. But she resisted, always.

Finally, after days of struggle, the summit appeared before her. And with a final effort, Arunima reached the summit. She stopped, looked around: the entire world stretched out at her feet, and she was at the summit, despite everything. In that moment, with an artificial leg and a life shattered but rebuilt with courage, Arunima was no longer just a former athlete, she was no longer a victim.



She was the woman who had climbed Everest, who had shown the world that nothing is impossible. Her story teaches a profound truth: self-awareness arises not only on days when everything goes well, but above all on those when life puts us to the test. We are not defined by what we lose, but by what we choose to do with what we have left. Arunima chose to get up. And in that act of courage, she left us all a message: within each of us lies a strength we don't know until life challenges us to discover it.



Story inspired by the true story of Arunima Sinha.





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