

PROJECT ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF ILLUSTRATED LEARNING MATERIALS ON
RAOUL WALLENBERG FOR CHILDREN FROM THE AGE OF 8 +

FINANCED BY

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Anna-Maria Andersen

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“Nanne’s Story”

Nanne Andersson

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1. Myself

It is January 2015.

My name is Nanne Andersson.

I wrote this story on my own.

My dream is to become a writer.

I am 11 years old.

I have a lot of freckles in my face.

Sometimes I think that I have more freckles than places without freckles.

My eyes are blue.

My glasses are black.

My hair grows in all directions.

My hair is grey.

I always wear black dresses and black shoes.

I am Swedish.

I live in Sweden in the town called Lund.

Lund is situated in the south of Sweden.

2. My parents

I have no parents.

I was 5 years old when my parents died.

They died in a car accident.

I remember my parents' funeral.

First the sky was blue and the sun was shining.

Then it started to rain.

I was happy about the rain because nobody could see my tears.

I remember the salty taste in my mouth.

I remember salt in my heart.

For me sadness has the taste of salt.

I woke up in the morning after the funeral and my hair had turned grey.

My grandpa said it looks beautiful because it makes me unique in the world.

3. My Cat

I have a cat.

Her name is Ronja.

Ronja has blue eyes.

Ronja is fluffy.

She is as big as three cats.

Some people, who meet Ronja, think she is a baby tiger.

Every morning Ronja walks with me to school.

When the school ends she waits for me in front of the school door.

We go back home together.

I do not think that many cats can do that.

Ronja can also climb up and down ladders.

I do not think that many cats can do that.

Ronja also likes when I read to her.

She always waits until the end of the story before she falls asleep.

I do not think that many cats can do that.

Ronja is a present from my grandpa.

My grandpa never told me where she comes from.

My grandpa says that it is a secret.

I think that Ronja is not a real cat.

I believe that she is an angel who is taking care of me.

4. My balcony

What I like the most in my life is reading.

I am always reading for Ronja.

And I am always reading on the balcony.

After school, I climb to my balcony.

I use a ladder.

Ronja and I use this way of coming in and out of my room.

It is funnier and quicker than the staircase.

There is a sofa and a lamp on my balcony.

I can sit there and read.

I read even when it is dark outside.

This is what I like the most: sitting in darkness with a little lamp.

Above the balcony there is a roof that protects from rain or snow.

My balcony looks almost like a small house where I can always hide.

5. My grandpa

My balcony belongs to my room and my room belongs to the small apartment.

The apartment is situated in the attic above the public library.

It is my grandpa's apartment.

After my parents' funeral Ronja and I moved to my grandpa.

My grandpa's name is Nathan.

He is a librarian.

I think that he is the tallest librarian in the world.

He is 2 meters and 10 centimeters tall.

Every evening I help my grandpa in the library.

I put all of the books back on the shelves.

Every book has its place on one of the shelves in the library.

My grandpa always puts the books on the top shelves back.

He is as tall as the bookshelves.

I borrow books from the library.

Then I read them on my balcony.

I like books about heroes the most.

I like when the heroes are saving the world.

I like when “the right” is fighting “the wrong”.

6. My Class

I wish I had a friend in my class.

It could be a girl or a boy.

It does not really matter.

I wish I could spend time with somebody who thinks a little bit like me and is of my age.

There is one girl in my class who is a child model.

She has shining, blond, long hair, long eyelashes and long legs.

She always has the best clothes and the best shoes.

Last week she was on the front page of the no. 1 Swedish fashion magazine.

She never talks to me and she never smiles to me.

I think that she thinks that I am boring.

Her name is Annika.

There is also one boy in my class who told me that his father earns one million Swedish krona per month.

He always has the newest computers, I-pads and mobile phones.

One day he said to me that money is more important than dreams.

Then I told him that I do not agree with him.

I said that dreams are more important than money.

He was very angry with me and he did not invite me to his birthday party.

I was the only girl from the whole class that he did not invite.

I think that he thinks that I am strange.

His name is Dominik.

There are 26 children in my class: 16 girls and 10 boys.

Every girl from my class wants to be like Annika and every boy in my class wants to be like Dominik.

I do not want to be like Annika or Dominik.

I want to be myself and not someone else.

I am Nanne and I want to be Nanne.

I feel lonely in my class.

7. My homework

One day the teacher gave us a homework task.

All the children were told to write a story about a hero and then read the story to the class.

I was happy about the task because I like reading about heroes.

This is what I wrote and read to the class:

“Raoul Wallenberg was born on a Sunday morning.

He was born 103 years ago.

Nobody knows if he is still alive or if he is dead.

He was born in Sweden, not far from the Baltic Sea.

When Raoul was small he liked to fly kites on the beach.

He liked to run against the wind with his kite.

He also liked reading.

Before he was 10 years old he had read the Nordic Encyclopedia (Nordiska Encyklopedin).

The Nordic Encyclopedia is a book with a lot of information about all of the Nordic countries and they are: Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Island.

Raoul had a younger brother and a younger sister.

He liked to play home theater for them.

When playing he imitated different animals.

He had a unique ability to mimic the sounds of animals.

Like for example the roar of a lion.

Raoul wanted to travel.

Raoul wanted to understand the world.

Raoul wanted to do something special for the world.

Raoul wanted to save the world and become a hero.

Raoul studied languages.

He learned how to speak, read and write in five foreign languages and that is: English, German, French, Hungarian and Russian.

He also spoke Swedish because he was Swedish.

He was good at listening to others.

He was good at speaking to others.

He was brave.

But what was the most important was that he always had a sense of telling right from wrong.

When he was an adult he became a Swedish diplomat.

When he was 32 years old he went to Hungary on a special diplomatic mission.

That was in June 1944.

It was the last year of the Second World War.

Raoul's mission was to save as many Jewish people as possible from being sent to the gas chambers by the Nazis.

In 1944 many Jewish people were walking from Hungary to Poland escorted by Nazis.

There were thousands of them walking.

There were children and adults and whole families among them.

They were walking for many days and nights.

They were thirsty and hungry.

They were sick.

Those who could not walk were shot by the Nazis and left on the road.

There was no hope for them.

In Poland death was waiting for them.

In Poland the Nazis wanted to kill all Jews in gas chambers.

During the Second World War the Germans were killing everybody who was Jewish.

But if you were a Swedish citizen and you had a Swedish passport the Germans would not kill you, even if you were Jewish.

Raoul chased the walking caravan of Jewish people and the German escort with his car.

He jumped out of his car.

He shouted in a very loud voice so that as many as possible of the Jewish people could hear him:

“My name is Raoul Wallenberg. I come from Sweden. I am a Swedish diplomat. I know that many of you are Swedish. I know that many of you lost your Swedish passports. I have a special list of Swedish people and I will find your names on that list. I promise. I also promise that I will make a Swedish passport for you. I will do it now. I have a typewriter in my car. I will take all of you back to Hungary. I will take care of you until the end of the war. I will take care of you until you are safe.”

None of the Jewish people were Swedish.

They were not Swedish.

They had never even been to Sweden.

But Raoul decided to lie to the Germans and say that they are Swedish.

By doing that he saved their lives.

Raoul succeeded.

The Germans believed his lies.

Almost all of the People came back with Raoul to Hungary.

They were holding their Swedish passports in their hands.

The Swedish passports saved their lives.

Today I cannot save my life by showing my Swedish passport.

But it was possible during the Second World War.

Raoul gave all of the thousands of Jewish people with false Swedish passports shelter in special houses.

They were called "Swedish Houses".

The "Swedish Houses" were situated in Budapest.

There was a Swedish flag hanging on every "Swedish House".

The Swedish flag is blue with a golden cross.

Nothing was written on the flag.

But the flag was manifesting something important and that is:

"Do not come closer, here lives Jewish people. They are protected by the Swedish government because they are Swedish. They will be staying in this house until the end of the war. Until right will take over wrong!"

Raoul organized food and water for the Jewish people.

Many Jewish people who were living in the "Swedish Houses" were sick.

That is why Raoul organized a hospital inside one of the houses.

One day the Germans cut off the electricity for the house with the hospital.

It was cold and dark in the hospital.

It was difficult to conduct surgery on people and save their lives.

Raoul did not give up.

He bought paraffin.

They made thousands of candles together.

This gave light to the Jewish people.

That light was also a light of hope.

It was 1945.

The Germans lost the war.

Then Raoul Wallenberg disappeared.

He was never found, alive or dead.

For me Raoul Wallenberg is a hero because he was a boy running with his kite against the wind.

Because he was a boy who read the whole Nordic Encyclopedia.

Because he was a boy who could mimic a lion.

Because he was a boy who wanted to save the world.

Because he was a man who won over the Germans without using violence.

Because he saved 100 thousand people with 100 thousand dreams or perhaps more.”

That was the end of my story about a hero.

I stopped reading and took a deep breath.

Everybody was silent.

All of the sudden Annika stood up and started clapping her hands.

Then the other girls did the same.

Dominik also stood up and did the same together with the other boys.

Then Annika said: “Could you please read it again Nanne? Please.”

Then she smiled like never before to me.

I smiled back and started reading again.

One month later Dominik had his birthday party and I was the first girl he sent his invitation to.

On the invitation there was a kite that he had drawn himself.

During the party he told me that he is dreaming of becoming a kite constructor.

Dominik also said that he now agrees with me that dreams are the most important.

