

The nature

I'm sitting here on the wall in Sermugnano. The sun is shining and my skin is getting warmer. The wind is softly moving with my hair. With my eagle eyes I watch the deep valley under the hill I am on. Also, I glaze with my sight over the hills on the other side of the valley. The scenery is beautiful.

It makes me wonder. How did it look centuries ago? Were these hills bigger or hidden underneath the ground? I bet that hundreds years ago the whole hill was larger and as the time was passing by and the rain washed over it countless times the nature formed it to its will. That's how the mountains are moved.

Down in the valley there is a beautiful meadow. It's so wide and open. It may be here for thousands years. Welcoming all the animals to move, to run and to walk through the scenery. Discovering all the beautiful places the birds are singing all about in.

That is the reality here in a village far away. So beautiful, so peaceful, so left out village.

Such is a village named Sermugnano.

The nature

In the ages when the sky was green and the ground was red there were unimaginable creatures roaming the lands. Creatures of huge proportions with long necks, sharp thorns and big wings with membranes. They ruled over the green sky, red surface and also yellow water. They were the kings of everything and they were everywhere.

But nothing is forever...The sky during ages changes the color from green to blue, the ground from red to brown and the water was cleared from the yellow. And on the new brown ground new little creatures started living. Little beings with two legs and arms missing wings, long necks and fangs.

That was the time when the huge creatures decided to hand over this world to others. That it is time to go sleep for a long time and become a one with earth, become a history, part of mythology and stories. And so it become reality when one of the huge creatures lied to rest down here, on this piece of land, overspreading his wings around and fell to a deep slumber. And from his wings became grass; from his huge legs were crated hills, his big bones changes to rocks and his long thorns grew to be trees.

And his body became a part of the world...

The nature

The name of this place could be the same word like "peace" there are trees, flowers, birds and other animals, plants. If you want to be part of the nature, feel that you can fly, come to Sermugnano. Climb up to the top, search for a likeable place, sit down and enjoy. Enjoy the view, the nature, the silence... Bring with you something what you like, it can be chocolate, wine, gum bears, water, whatever. And just feel easy, feel the dolce vita.

The legend of the little doors

Once upon a time there was a house with such a little door. In that time there were some people who lived there. Once there came an entity. Nobody knows how it looked like or from where it came. The people in that house took the being behind this little door in a tiny room and locked the door. It became a bit slave, a bit a family member, a bit of so many social roles that nobody knows how that was possible but it happened.

After a long, long time when the entity was close to die, a bears came to the village. They were cool like the ones from the fairytales. They needed a house so they picked this one. They opened the door and let the entity go out to find a freedom. After so many years it was really shocked. Slowly, very slowly it went away. As slow as you go when you don't want to go but you should.

The bears used the room to keep there their honey. What a grey story in colorful life.

The legend of the little doors

Before lot of years there was a farmer, who was really cruel. With the farmer lived also his two daughters. They were both very nice but he was bad to all of them. He was so cruel that his wife died of misery and the girls were suffering a lot.

Not only he was cruel, he was also very greedy. He wanted to have everything, to own everything and everybody. He wanted to be rich so much, that he decided to write an agreement with the devil himself. He went behind the village to the rock and shouted a devil.

"I will give you my soul, if you give me wealth" he said to devil. But the devil didn't agree, "Your soul is so bad, it's mine already." But the farmer haggled again. "I have two daughters. They are mine, so take their souls. I will give you their souls." The devil agreed with this offer. They made deal that they will meet next morning on the same place, devil will bring the agreement and the farmer will sign. But there was a thing, what the farmer didn't know. The thing was that everything, what he and the devil said, was heard out by two shepherds, who were there with their sheep. The shepherds decided that they will help to farmer's daughters, because they were innocent and they made a plan, how to inhibit the farmer's meeting with devil.

They make deal with the farmer's daughters that they will give a strong wine to father in the evening to make his temple deep. When the midnight fell, the daughters unlocked the door and the shepherds started with their work. They brought big stones and mortar and in the moment brick in the big door and let only the new small one.

When the sun rose in the morning, the both daughters run away from the house through the little door. The farmer woke up full of expectations of big wealth, what he should to get this day, but he couldn't go out from the house through a little door. Useless was his requests about help, useless was his calls to devil.

Both his daughters and the shepherds too run away from the village and the bad farmer stayed closed behind the small door forever...

The legend of the little doors

In middle Italy there is a small village what called Sermignano. This village many years ago had a mysterious secret. Between the narrow streets lived a small green being, a goblin. It was alone here, but the locals loved it so much. They were thankful because it took care of them, brought luck for them and helped a lot. It was a very unusual thing here. If the locals said things about it for other people, they never believed it. And when they said, okay come and see it with your own eyes, was also useless because the goblin was very scary and it never showed itself to anyone else. So the people just gave up and lived in piece in their happy life with the knowledge that they are special, 'cause they have their own goblin. Nowadays of course there is no more goblin and some people still think that it was never been there. But who knows...

City lights

Long, long time ago when this village became the village there was a church. In that church was a little boy who was helper there. One day or maybe we could say evening he wanted to be outside. It was such a beautiful evening and he had to help with some celebration in church and light up candles there. After that celebration he came out from the church to the dark. He was really sad. He wanted to enjoy whole evening outside.

In that moment he received an idea. It would be beautiful to have some candles outside on streets and make a celebration in streets. Next evening he didn't have to be in the church. In time of occasion in church – when everybody was in church – he decorated the village with candles and lighted them up. When people came out the church they were really surprised. It was so spiritual and happy atmosphere as never before.

From this day this little boy lighted up the candles every single evening he was able to do that.

City lights

Once upon a time there lived one carpenter and his wife and children in the small village. Their life was simple but happy and the carpenter never regretted that he didn't study as his older brother. The older brother became the typist for one lord in the big town. But this lord was very unpopular for other lords so there was a dangerous of some accident...

One day the carpenter got a letter from his brother:

"My dear brother,

My lord was poisoned yesterday evening and I'm in dangerous now too. I have to leave the town and I need your help. I need to stay in your house for few days and hide myself. I will come in the night and I can't remember, which house is yours, so please, let the burning candle before your house. See you soon."

The carpenter was very sad from because of the letter, because during his work, in the town his brother forgot the wind, what is in villages in the night. It will be easy for the night's wind to snuff the candle and without the candle his brother will not find his house. He will be lost in the village and someone will find him and catch him.

He told his fears to his wife and she invented the solution. She sent his husband for a piece of sheet metal and wire and she brought a glass from the chamber. After that she made her husband to make a little roof for glass and hang all of that before the door. When the darkness fell the wife gave a burning candle to the glass. The glass and the roof protected the candle before wind and the candle burned.

The carpenter's brother found the house of his brother and the glass with the candle is hanging before the door, till now...

City lights

Once upon a time there was a small-small village on the top of the mountain what called Sermugnano. The people from here had very strong connection with their environment. This connection was so strong. If someone gave a birth to a baby they gave fire the marker candle. It was on the wall very high at the side part of the place, in front of the dale. So with this sign-fire they let everyone know about the nice new in the dale.

The hole in the wall

Hello. Do you remember the 12th house? Right next to the 10th one? That's my house. Or it was. There is beautiful view from the windows.

You would, maybe, like to ask me about "the hole". Yeah. In my wall, there is a hole. Not such a big. But believe me, not such a little. See. It's really old wall. Close to say castle's wall. So that's really massive. I wanted to use my cellar more. To be honest it is a secret. The reason for why I wanted use it, so don't ask me please. But I really needed there more air. You may think there is a window next to it. But don't be blind. It's not so close so it's not so easy.

I get my tools and started to make a new window. But how you can see it wasn't as easy as I thought. I've worked on it for two months after work but it was still just a little hole. In this time I realized I am too high. So I decided to make the hole as a hole. To change the direction and let it be just in so small size. Long time after that I made it. I am proud of myself and what I've done.

So, I hope nowadays you will watch my hole less weird than before.

Yes. I've seen your faces when you watched it.

Piece of roof on the door

Once upon a time two brothers lived in the village and both were fallen in love with the same girl. The older one of them was pretty, tall and hardworking and all the people liked him. The younger one was lazy, slim and people didn't want to do something with him, because of his bad character.

One day the girl engaged with the older brother and they started to make plans of the wedding. First important thing was to repair a chimney because the girl needed to bake cakes for the wedding. That was the moment when the younger brother saw his opportunity. He knew that the older brother will have to go to the roof for repairing the chimney, so he went to the roof first and unclog a piece of roof. He hoped that the older brother will step to this piece, fall down from the roof and kill himself and he will marry the girl. When the older brother climbed up to the roof, nothing happened. He simply repaired the chimney and climbed down safely. The piece of roof was like glued.

When the younger brother saw that, he was red of angry. He climbed up to the roof and the piece, what was in the moment before like glued, suddenly it unclog and leaved the place on the roof. And the younger brother fell down from the roof and killed himself. The piece of the roof fell down next to the younger brother without the crashing and till now it's hanged on the door.

The half window

The half-window So many years before a lovely family lived in that house in peace and love. Everything was nice, they had 3 sweet children. The father was a hewer and he was the only who earned money. One day when he went into the forest he didn't come back at the evening. And also the next day his family waited for him so much but it was vainly. He never came back. They had to learn how to live without him. Their life changed a lot. For example the women started sale handmade products on the market. Next to it this window is one of the outcomes. They had to build up the half of the window to keep inside the warmth in the winter time.

Security and reassurance

I was just one youth among the other youths around the circle. As the other guys I didn't receive a special education, but differently from them, in these particular moments, I was using my time and not simply let it pass. I was the owner of my time because I was using it while the others were mere passive spectators in front of the passing of time. And I want to invite you to do the same, try to open and use your mind while reading this story and not let it just be deteriorated by the passing of time.

As all the days the wise man started to tell a story to the youths sit in the circle. But that time he was not telling about Sermugnano as an enchanted place of fairies and gnomes. That time the story was different; he was speaking about us, human beings with human behaviors and sometimes irrational fears.

"A people that forget its past will never have a future" argued the wise man; he was speaking about Sermugnano and its inhabitants. At the beginning of the history, Sermugnano was not a town and it neither had a name, it was just a place in the world as many others. Until the moment in which some families had to set there. "Yes, they had to" he insisted. "They were fleeing from their previous town because it was not safe anymore" was his explanation. He didn't enter deeper in it, that was all that we needed to know about: they escaped because they were forced to land in search of security. So they found this place in the top of a mountain. They built a new city brick by brick, new houses, farms and gardens. As they come from a disastrous situation they were really obsessed by the "security", or what they pretended to be such.

Because of that, in order to prevent offences during the dark of the night, they disposed many tiny candles in all the city to bright it. "But they didn't really need it" argued the wise man: "there was no one out of his/her house during the night and they neither realized that no one was turning the candles on during the night." They were just feeling security when they watched the off-candles during the day.

They also built a prison. Its entrance was characterized by a small door: that was not just a detail, it was the intrinsic essence of the prison. When they had to imprison someone, he/she had to bow down with all his/her body in order to enter in a such small-scale door. It was both a sign of submission and of a pretended coercive power. "But they didn't really need it" argued again the wise

man: "there was an equal distribution of natural resources, there were unlimited lands available so anyone could extend its property according to the growing needs."

Last but not least they wrote down in a papyrus some laws. "But this time laws are important to guarantee security!" Screamed out a youth in the circle. "Sure they are" -argued the wise man- "But again they didn't really need to write it in a papyrus attached in a wall. The majority of the community was not able to read, but in all of them there were already some social and moral rules that were part of the society and ruled inwardly the actions of the people. Furthermore, the community had neither a coercive power to implement and let respect the laws." They were useless in the form and impractical in the reality.

They mistook security for reassurance. "They were living in a safe place but not thanks to the candles that they have never switch on, nor thanks to the prison and the small door that they have never opened, and nor because of the written laws that no one could read." Strongly argued the wise man. "They were living in a safe place because they have previously lived in the chaos, insecurity, disorder where the natural law of self-perpetuation of human species was not enforced. For them these were not just abstract words belonging to fancy dictionaries; these were ordinary life feelings." "So why they created the candles, the prison and the written laws?" Someone asked in a really spontaneous way. "These were only the consequences that their previous life in the town had to their psyche. But we must be able -concluded the wise man- to understand it and try to solve the problems that nowadays entangle our security, without invoking measures that bring just reassurance without facing with the problems and their roots"

Reassurance alone has always brought consent but never security. Safe and security are not the result of repression and suppression as they were not the result of the prison, the candle and the written laws.