

Bilu's dream

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Bilu

KABA EDIZIONI

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Wow Earth is so beautiful!

With all those green lawns and
flowers of all colors.

I wish I could smell them.

And the mountains, covered with
that white sauce called snow.

Awesome!

And the lakes, waterfalls or those immense waterways with their myriads of details where stunning animals swim so gracefully!

How lucky human beings are!

thought Bilu as he was flipping through the worn-out pages of his big book *A thousand planets*. Xavor, his planet, was oh so different!



"Hey Bilu, Bilu run! Nana Farfa is about to tell a story" his brothers call to join them.

Bilu closed his book and rushed down from his hiding on the Peox tree. This was the time of the day he enjoyed most. Sure, he also loved the afternoon snack time and the soap bubble game time, but Nana's stories, with all their splendor, were always first on his list.





“Ouch Bilu, you’ve stepped on my hand” one of his brother complained.

“No, not there. I can’t see” shouted Maino.

“Bilu is always late, Bilu is always last...” his brothers mocked him.

“Quiet now or Nana Farfa will not tell the story” their mom warned them.

The children stared at their mom for a moment and then, after a push and a pulling on their antennas, they closed their mouths and sat quietly next to the each other, ready to listen.

Nana Farfa gently sipped on her Baomax herbal tea, cleared her throat with her usual loud coughing and, with her inviting smile, she addressed her listeners: “Well, well, where did we leave off yesterday?”

“The kid of the night, Nana” Pastis, the younger of the group, promptly answered unable to contain his enthusiasm.

“He is not the kid of the night, Pastis, he is a kid of African descent” said his mother while caressing his head.

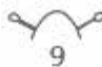
“Sure, I remember now” and after another sip of Baomax tea, Nana Farfa was finally ready to resume her story.

“Light years away from us Xavorians, in what is known as the Solar System, there is a planet called Earth placed trillion of miles away, among billions of other celestial bodies, asteroids, comets and meteors...”

“We already know that Nana Farfa”.

“We want to hear the story!”

Paxio, the impatient one, would sternly remind her, who loved to begin her story-telling with a myriad of details, both new and, which she considered important.





"Ok Paxio, let's go back to our story. Hamed gorgeous black curls covered his forehead just like Flaon feathers that would blend in with the amber color of his skin. He had grown up in the warm African lands and he did not know any other world but his own."

"Just like us Nana Farfa?" curiously asked Pastis

"Not really dear. We do know of other worlds thanks to the Biblos, the great book of truth. But Hamed didn't even have that. His family was very poor and for this reason one day his dad had decided to leave home in search of a job that would allow him to create a better future for his family.

"Did he leave in search of other worlds?" asked again Pastis.

"No, not that far. His dad went only as far as a country called Italy. He was away from his family for a long while and made many sacrifices as he endured loneliness and hard work.

Finally, he was able to reunite with his family who, filled with joy an hope, moved into their new home in Italy.

Unfortunately not everyone was completely happy about the move.

**For Hamed,
everythin seemed
quite strange**

His beloved village by the desert had been replaced by roads, buildings and large noisy cars scurrying all around him like ants gone crazy.

"Nana Farfa, are ants those animals with paws and long tails?" inquired Pastis "Come on Pastis, enough with all these questions. Open your dictionary and find the meaning of the answer for yourself!" Paxio intervened as he grew weary of so many interruptions. Nana Farfa smiled and continued "It was not easy to adapt to all the changes.

**Hamed was missing
terribly his country,
the heat,
running in the desert,
the sky full of stars at night and,
above all, he was missing
his friends**

even in spite of some of the benefits that were added to his life. In fact, the house where they had moved to was very nice and he had a room all to himself.

He had received wonderful toys and a pair of sneakers that he hated to take off even at bedtime. Almost every afternoon, he could spend time with his mom and little sister at a nearby park where they went to play and enjoy a refreshing treat called ice-cream. However, when Hamed found out that the time to enroll for school had arrived, he became anxious and a little nervous about what to expect in his new school"

Nana Farfa handed the empty tea cup to her daughter and paused for a few seconds while it was refilled.

"I would love to taste ice-cream" sighed Bilu.

"And I bet you would also want to go to school!" said Abelax, fully aware of Bilu's crazy desire to visit Earth, and swiftly taking advantage of the opportunity to tease his once again.

To avoid useless discussions and distractions, mother hurried up in refilling Nana Farfa's cup with hot Boamax. "Come on now, the story continues" calling on everyone's attention.

"Yes, we were talking about school.

Yes, at school Hamed would have had the chance to meet new children just like him, well, not quite.



At school, Hamed found out that the kids' skin color was lighter just like their hair. Some of their habits were different and many of them had never heard of the African country where Hamed had lived most his life. Moreover, poor Hamed couldn't quite understand most of what was being said. So, besides his height, he felt he had really nothing in common with his classmates."

"Just like us compared to Humans!" stressed Abelax, proud of his ability to clarify questionable details. "More or less" answered Nana Farfa. "But truthfully, Hamed was very much like them... with a few physical differences. And his teacher, who immediately recognized Hamed's sensitivity to this matters, welcomed him warmly and hastily added some specific homework to help him becoming acquainted with his new language. Hamed immediately showed himself to be a very bright student, with a strong desire to learn, always working well with other students.



His teacher often included him in various study groups, and soon enough Hamed had forged many new friendships. He was always very kind and respectful to everyone, and ready to help out. Gradually, those days when he felt "different" and lonely became a memory of the past." Nana Farfa sipped her tea, smiled, and continues: "Unfortunately in Hamed's new school, as in many others, there were several students who enjoyed mocking and playing tricks on other students. Their victims were often smaller children, or the shy ones, but above all foreigners, just like Hamed"

“Nana Farfa, why were they so mean?” Pastis interrupted as he could not be quiet for more than a few minutes.

“There are many reasons Pastis. At times some people, who tend to lack clear focus and confidence, look for ways to feel accepted and respected by choosing physical or verbal violence toward other. Sometimes these unhealthy behaviors are learned at home. Other times they may lack the ability to understand that the diversity among people, skin color, race, height, weight, beauty, character, and so forth, are not “defects” to be mocked. In fact these differences are merely details that often represent unexpected qualities”.

What really matters is who we are inside, not what we appear to be on the outside.

“Just like Bruzzoscotts?” asked Pastis and Abelax in unison.

“Yes, just like Bruzzoscotts cookies, whose shapes can be assorted and funny, yet on the inside they are surprisingly delicious. But let’s go back to our story before someone starts complaining.”

Nana Farfa glanced smiling at Paxio, who was on the verge of interrupting again.

“On a sunny day, while everyone was outside playing and enjoying school recess, Hamed became the focus of the day for the cruel group of bullies.”

“Hey little brown candy, what’s with that bracelet you have! You look like a “little girl!” bellowed the noisiest bully of the group.

But Hamed was unfazed by their comment. His grandfather had given him that bracelet right before he left to Italy and he had no intention to take it off.

"Give it to me!" threatened the head of the group.

"No!" Hamed answered assertively.

"Then you have to pay. Give me all the money you have and we'll let you keep the bracelet" continued the bully.

"No!" Hamed answered again staring him right in his eyes.

The bully grabbed Hamed by his shirt ready to punch him in his face to make him pay for the insult, while the other bullies closed in attempting to hide the scene from the curious eyes of the other students, but above all from the eyes of the teachers.

"Nana, nana , I am afraid..." shouted Pastis as he ran towards her hugging her tightly, "I am afraid!"

"The usual scary cat"

Paxio commented.

With his little nephew in her arms, Nana Farfa resumed her story.

She knew this was the opportunity to teach him how to overcome his fear.



She continued: "The children in the playground were afraid too, Pastis. As a matter of fact many pretended not to see the situation at all, while others ran in their classroom, and some more stood by in anticipation of seeing a fight. But not Hamed's classmates!

They had grown tired of putting up and tolerating the abuse.

**Hamed was one of them,
a classmate,
but overall a friend.**

And with that thought in mind they took action: some ran towards Hamed and some ran to get the teachers
"Let him go!" they shouted together.
The group of bullies turned surprised. "What do you want?"
Nobody had ever dared challenge them.
"You're going to get a beaten too!"
Shouted the head of the group full of anger.
Hamed was pushed to the ground and his aggressors turned menacing towards his classmates who had no clue on how to defend themselves.
They had never beaten anyone. Things did not look good.
"That's enough!"
-Hamed heard his teacher yell while addressing the bullies- and all of you, come with me immediately to the Principal's office."



Hamed was quickly helped to his feet by one of his friends and found himself surrounded by his classmates who, hugging each other, were shouting

One for all and all for one!

“Hurray!” rejoiced all of Farfa’s listeners, hugging each other almost as participants in the classmates’ hug.

“See, my little ones...” continued Nana Farfa “we should never be afraid to ask grown-ups for help.



And, above all, together we can all make a positive difference when we allow race and cultural diversity to create unity instead of allowing it to foster opposition.

Abalax suddenly becoming serious, looked at his brothers and with his usual know-it-all look proclaimed: "Even Biblos teaches us that we are all the same in the eyes of the creator of all worlds. Right Nana?" and he then re-joined the others in their celebration dance.

"It's true love. That is the truth" Nana agreed.





"I wish I could go
to Earth and
get to know kids
like Hamed
and his friends"

commented Bilu with a longing
day-dreaming look in his eyes.



-“But there are also the bad kids”
cautioned Maino.

“Good and bad are everywhere
my dear, but each one of us
is always free to choose on which
side to stand”

added Nana Farfa

“and if Humans will make
the correct choice, maybe one day
Bilu, if he can ever travel to Earth,
will find the planet he is dreaming of!”.

And with that closing comment,
Nana Farfa concluded her story in
the midst of the general euphoria
and new found understanding that the children shared with one another.



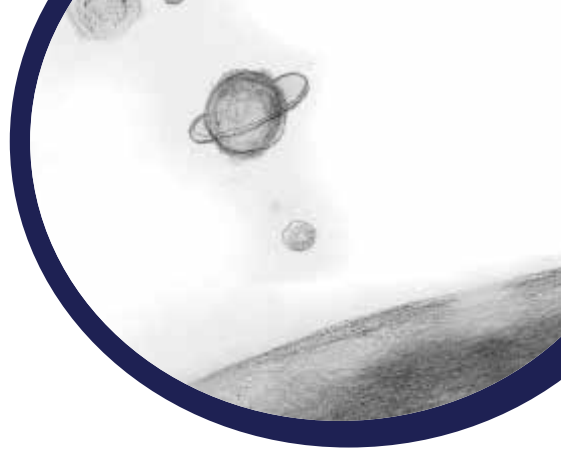


**Nana
Farfa**



Hamed

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Bilù

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Collana Bilù





Il sogno di Bilù

Storie di un simpatico e dolce alieno che sogna la Terra per parlare di: integrazione, collaborazione e bullismo.

Anche in inglese, francese e spagnolo!



Il cugino Roxio

Storie di un simpatico e dolce alieno che sogna la Terra per parlare di: ubbidienza e rispetto.



Color Bilù

Per colorare, divertendosi, Bilù e tutto il suo mondo.

**Collana Imparare è
un'avventura**





La luce dell'acqua

La fantastica avventura di quattro bambini, una ragazza e un gatto sconclusionato, per scoprire tutto ciò che c'è da sapere sull'equinozio.

