

## **BROWNIES BRANCH**

### **Pouli/Bird (Age group: 7-11)**

Within small groups, "Poulia" (Brownies) find out about and enjoy the unique experiences of "unit" life. Through game, they learn to respect their friends; they discover the mysteries of nature and understand the environmental problems. "Lend a Hand" is their motto and they always try to put it into effect by actively taking part in community life, according to their standards.

### **Brownies' Uniform**

The girls wear white shirt and a blue short-sleeves dress and blue hat.

The boys wear white shirt and blue trousers and a hat.

The Bird's scarf is yellow with the Trefoil on it.



### **Bird Motto**

Lend a Hand.

### **Bird Promise**

I promise that I will try with all r  
To love God and my country,  
To help other people at all times, and  
To bring joy to those around me.



### **Bird Law**

A Brownie expresses her thoughts freely, respects other people, loves nature and protects it, does not think only of itself.

## **A delicious Greek snack "tzatziki"**

### Ingredients:

500gr. Strained yogurt

A big cucumber (pounded in a grater)

Three cloves of garlic (pounded in a mortar)

Olive oil

Some vinegar

Some salt

1. Mingle in a big bowl the yogurt, the garlic, some olive oil and some vinegar!
2. Then lace the cucumber and continue the mingling
3. Finally you start putting some salt, and then some more oil, probably some more vinegar, some oil...

Everything depends on the taste of the "tzatziki"! There is not a specific quantity in the ingredients! We understand it by tasting it! It should be a bit spicy!

*A secret: if it is very spicy put some more oil, or better some more yogurt!*

### **A game that our brownies love**

It's called: sheep, wolf and sheep-fold  
(provata, likos, stani)

Separate the brownies in small teams of three!

The two of them are the sheep-hold (they are holding their hands) and the third is the sheep (is standing inside the sheep-hold, in other words between the two brownies that they are the sheep-hold)

Except from the 5-7 sheep-holds that you have (15-21 brownies) there are also two other brownies that they don't belong in a sheep-hold!

The one is the sheep, and the other the wolf! The wolf is chasing the sheep and they are running all over the place! The sheep in order not to be caught it has to enter in a sheep-hold, but the other sheep that is already in the hold has to get out and be chased by the wolf!

If the wolf catches the sheep, the sheep becomes the wolf and the wolf becomes the sheep!

When they run a bit you change their places in order everybody to a sheep-hold and a sheep!

### **Have fun in...**

**sheep-hold and...**

**Be careful of the wolf!**

### **A great song!**

"Nei fili" (make new friends)

The music goes exactly like your song!

"NEI FILI INE SAN T'ASIMI  
MA HRISAFI EINAI I PALII"

"MAKE NEW FRIENDS BUT KEEP THE OLD  
THE ONE IS SILVER AND THE OTHER GOLD"

### **Why they call us birds**

(Our fairy-tail)

Once upon a time, in a dry mountainside, some small brown seeds came drifted from the air. They were very tired and dusty from their trip, so when the air set them free, they fell on the ground and stayed there.

"We will go farther", they thought, but they didn't make it, because in a meanwhile the rain came and got them drenched, and the strong wind and cover them.

Now they didn't have the same neighbors and their home had become dark. But they knew from their grandma's fairy-tails that they were going to stay some time there, so they made new friends and tried to have fun. They were talking with the neighboring roots, they were dreaming with the other seeds about how is going to be the world when they will open their eyes to see it and quite often some widely traveled moles were coming and telling them some great news.

...But one day a green sprout from each seed turned and saw the brown ground and it didn't like it any more.

It looked it with some disregard and then it gathered all its forces and started pushing with its head when suddenly, a miracle, one day tired and sweaty, it came in a view of a blue color above it and another gold which was dazzled its eyes. All around at the other side of the mountainside there were uncountable eyes of seeds looking the world in wonder. And as they were growing, they were

invented more things. When time arrived and they had bushy branches with needled leaves, the wind told them that their name is "pine-trees".

They had become such dense that their trunk was so thick and tall and their branches didn't leave the sun to reach the ground.

One day as the younger pine-tree bended to its root, it saw new plants smiling at it.

- Mushrooms, they introduced themselves.
- The pine-tree answered, welcome!

And then, some days later on, the highest pine-tree stretched its top and noticed something from far away. Clouds of dust were raised. Someone was coming. But who was it? Who?

"The animals" were arriving. That's how the wind introduced them who was their attendant:

-The bunnies, the deer, the roes, the squirrels, it said.

-Welcome, said the trees. Stay with us. So, nice nests were built on the trees roots and the animals were excited with their new houses. For quite some time nobody had come from the road or the ground. But one night, while miss-squirrel was ready to fall asleep and the wind had started to lull the trees, two eyes shined in the dark and a great length "tuitouou ou ou ou ou" was heard.

- I am the owl. High and bushy trees, would you like me to bring you happy inhabitants to your branches? They are going to create their nests and make their eggs. They will sing you and keep you company? You want them?

A silence was spread all over the place. The wind gathered everyone's opinion and brought it at the highest pine-tree.

They are welcomed, it said.

They are welcomed, they are welcomed, all the trees said in one voice.

That night nobody felt asleep and everyone was waiting in patience the bird's arrival. And when the sun appeared, the trees were woken up from thousands of songs coming from the sky. Countless birds with beautiful colors had already been hidden in their branches:

They started introducing themselves: goldfinches, linnets, nightingales, blackbirds, and skylarks.

- We are glad to be with you!

- You are welcomed! Finally the last that took possession to the biggest pine-tree was the owl. Since then the forest was living happily ever after. Songs on the branches, jaunty flutters, young birdies coming out of their shells, trips and returns.

But one day, when the forest woke up, new inhabitants had arrived. They were small and hairy and they started creeping towards the branches.

- We are the caterpillars, they said.

But the pine-trees didn't answer because they felt that this time the strangers weren't good. And this was true, because little by little the forest was being destroyed and everybody was complaining.

- I lost yesterday a whole bright green tuft, said a pine-tree.
- And I lost a whole branch, answered another one.
- My nest is getting wet with out a roof, shouted the goldfinch.
- My children are burned from the sun, was complaining miss-squirrel.
- These newcomers are destroying us.

What are we going to do? What are we going to do?

Gradually the animals were living; trying to find another forest. The birds didn't chirp and the flowers had wilted. Everything was gloomy and silent in the big dead forest. When one day the birds gathered at the owl's tree and said to her:

- The forest is devastated. Everybody has left. We are going to leave too. We are going to rebuild somewhere else our nests, in another forest more

green and bushy. The owl was listening without talking. When the complains finished, she said:

- Birds of the forest! Close your eyes and imagine all these things that we own to this forest from our arrival. We found shady branches and built our nests, we found love and good friends. You thing that we should abandon it now that is in danger?
- No, no shout with one voice. But what can we do?
- We have to stay and fight the enemy, said the owl decisively. If we eat the fat caterpillar that crept towards the branches and devastating them, we will save the forest and we will turn it alive again.

And from that moment the big war with the caterpillars had started. The birds didn't stop at all, neither to take care of their nests, nor to brush their feathers. And the time was passing and the enemy was falling off, when finally the day that the forest breathed in relief, had come. The pine-trees dried their white tears, the flowers rouse up their heads, and the birds were tweeting happily. And the wise bird, the owl, when the night arrived and the moon took its place, flied at the highest top of a pine-tree and shouted a loud "toutitou ou ou ou ou ou ou".

- Animals that you left! Our forest has been saved and is waiting for you to return... miss-echo, that is dawdling every night, took the voice and brought it at the squirrel's nest. She sent her oldest child to miss-Bunny and she sent word to the roes and slowly the news spread all over the place and with glad the animals were getting ready for their return, in the meanwhile the trees had made their best to become very green and bushy. The root sent their juices to the branches and the branches were full of leaves. The forest was more beautiful than in the past, as if it wanted with this way to please the birds for their offer.

So... if one day you come across under a pine-tree the moment that its top speaks to the wind, be quite and try to listen. It certainly telling him proudly that it's grandma's grandma was one of forest's trees that had been saved by the birds.

PS: As you know the "Brownies" here in Greece are called "Birds"!

The leader: " Wise Bird"

The deputy leader: " Swift Bird"

And The leader's aide: "Azure Bird"