

Target group	Name/Gender/Age	Image	Characters	Narrative	Events	Genre
Art GR	Marineli Angeliki/F/26 neg / trans *	1	The participant as traveller.	Coming back from my hometown and just before arriving in Athens I close my eyes and ugly pictures come into my mind. Places that have nothing to tell, faceless, dry and full of cement. Why does this happen every time, I don't know. Why the ugly pictures remain and the beautiful ones fade? Perhaps I 'live' them.	The arrival of the character in the suburbs of Athens.	Autobiography
ART GB	Michele Witthaus/F/41 neg / narr *	1	The bulldozers	The new houses perched on the edge of the cliff...overlooking a wild patch of land. But one day the bulldozers made an astonishing find amongst the rubble being cleared for the next phase of development...	The astonishing finding, which is not revealed to the reader, by the bulldozers.	Mystery
ART GB	Stephanie Kappel GDR/F/37 pos? / desc	1	The two types of poor people living in these places. The ones who cultivate this land and the ones that work out of this land.	This image reminds me about parts of Africa I have seen where original houses (the wooden one in the middle) coexist with the expanding of the so-called civilization. The people who made it out of the poorer 'slum' regions live now next to the ones who didn't make it (yet or never) You have on the one hand the workers who go out to work and on the other the ones who still work their little lands to survive.	No events just observations based on the visual information of the image.	Autobiography? and social problem
ART GB	Poyan/F neg / trans *	1	No characters	Controversy for keeping the grassland or using it for buildings. Though some people will want to preserve the grassland, finally, it will be sacrificed for property construction. So, grassland will disappear at last.	The loss of grassland due to urbanization.	Social problem
ART GB	Ciara Chuquin/PER U/F/28 neg / trans*	1	No characters	This is a city in the tropics that is growing very fast deforesting the space creating a difficult situation for the ecosystem. There are slums at its borders.	The rapid growth of the city.	Social problem

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ART SW	Ari M/42 neg / trans*	1	No characters	Paradise on earth? A documentary. Where there used to be a forest only, mile after mile of green...we today see commercial constructions. Now its mile after mile with hotels, supermarkets etc. this used to be paradise on earth and once again commercial forces have exploited it and turned it into a, for them, profitable business...	No events	Documentary
LIT GB	Brian Mc Neil M/69 neg / narr*	1	A family of farmers and the life of the eldest son.	This is the modern view from a farmhouse in the southern Europe. The farm has been in the family for generations. The family were Jews who converted to Christianity in the late 16 <sup>th</sup> C but retain some of their old Jewish traditions. They have survived repression, wars and revolutions. They thought that the land was everything. After the end of the Franco era, well this is in Spain of course, they began to prosper. The market for their produce in the north began to expand. But the land could not support them all and the children began to move into the city. Some did well and others did not but they remained in the city and the city grew. The eldest son remained, worked in the farm, married and raised a family. However, when their parents died, the land was divided between the children. The eldest son fought to maintain the farm, the others wanted to sell. Eventually they agreed to maintain the farm but to sell the coastal frontage to property developers and to share the money gained. Thus the villas were built cutting the farm from the coast. Now the eldest son battles to keep the farm and to halt-or at least slow-the encroachment of the developers. He and his family feel that they are facing an army of alien forces bent of conquest, that they are defending not only the land but also a tradition and way of life. The youngest daughter has now reverted to Judaism and talks of going to Israel.	<p>-Jews converted to Christianity.</p> <p>-The children's migration to the city.</p> <p>-The life of eldest son who stayed back in the farm.</p> <p>-The partial selling of the farm</p> <p>-The derived alienation from the new situation.</p> <p>-The revert of the daughter from Christian to Judaism</p>	Biography
ART GB	A.Hefferman F/33 neg / trans *	1	No Characters	The first landscape indicates a Spanish holiday area where more development is required. The buildings are holiday apartments, and land below will be built upon in the future to cope with the increasing number of holidaymakers.	No events	Social problem

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ART GR	Riga <i>neg / desc</i> Katerina/F/23*	2	A ragman	The life of a ragman, out of a village in the Greek province. Marginalized by the local inhabitants, alone, himself and his findings.	No enents	Social promblem, portrait
ART GR	Samothraki Katerina/F/24 <i>neg / desc*</i>	2	A deprived family	Poor family living in bivouac, unemployment, pain, annoyance and rough life with no happy end.	No enents	Social promblem, portrait
ART GR	Mastrogianni MariaF/24 <i>neg / desc*</i>	2	No characters	Image 2 shows the anarchic urban development, which takes place in the rural areas echo of the culture of people of the countryside. The western model of life and destroy the tradition.	No enents	Social promblem
ART GB	Michelle Gordon/USA/F /25 <i>pos / narr*</i>	2	A deprived family Henry the father No name for mother Thomas the boy Annie the girl	Once upon a time, in a crappy little suburb south of Miami, FL, lived a little boy named Thomas and his sister Annie. Thomas and Annie's parents worked all day. Their daddy, Henry, has been employed at the local steel mill for 3 long years. He doesn't like the job, but it pays the mortgage on their small 2-bedroom home, located just out of the view on the left hand side of the picture. Their mother works as a waitress at the local dinner, slinging bacon and eggs at smelly truckers all day. She's only been there for 2 weeks, and hopes that she can keep this job longer than she did the last one.  As for Thomas and Annie, they're good kids and decent students. Thomas, being the older one, makes sure that he and his little sister get home from school every day. After their 20-minute walk home he cuts them each half of an apple and smears some peanut butter on it; that usually keeps them full until dinner.  After their homework is done, they spend their time romping and playing in the front yard until it's time for diner. Most of the time they day dream in their dad's old red Chevy which hasn't run in 3 or 4 years, but it serves as the perfect fort and hiding place. They talk of life outside of their little town and make a promise to each other to one day leave and never look back.	Stills from the everyday routines of the family.	Social promblem, children's story
ART GB	Carolyn Ditson/F/57 <i>pos? / narr*</i>	2	A ragman	For two years he had lived in the detritus dumped by the occupants of the suburban dwellings he could see on his horizon. His shelter was adequate and firewood was plentiful. By walking towards the horizon he could scavenge for food and even pick up odd jobs, which provided his meagre existence. He liked this life. The solitude and freedom were that he craved. This was the reason he had opted out of community living. However, his way of life was now threatened. The sprawl was set to spread and developers were soon to move across his dwelling place. He was not duly alarmed though. There would always be unwanted consumables and a fresh dumping ground would arise. He just had to wait.	The everyday routines in the life of a ragman. The thread of urban development.	Portrait, social promblem

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<b>ART GB</b>	Evi Chamouratidou GR/F/31 ? / narr - not easy to categorise neg/narr*	2	A deprived family with three children (no names)	The path leads to a shed used as a house by a couple with 3 young kids who play all day long, climbing on trees, stealing bicycles & repairing them, finding all sorts of things in other people's garbage. They have no TV and no fireplace. They feed their chicken and harass their pigeons. They are training them to be messengers but most of them are stupid, unsuccessful breeds probably. The father drinks and his profession are unidentifiable. The mother is skinny, hyperactive, silent most of the time. Today is another day like all days, no school-this escape- no rain, the daughter dances to the radio while the boys play with a pair of broken binoculars they found earlier. No worries.	Stills from the everyday life of the family.	Social problem, partrait of the family.
<b>ART GB</b>	Tessa Oksanen FIN/F/29 neg – pos / desc – narr . . .? neg/narr*	2	Old man	I seem to be about 60-year old man, earning my living by breeding ferrets (which are located in back of my house) and through odd jobs here and there. I smoke a lot, dress in the same clothes I've worn for the last ten years, and live by myself. I've got three dogs and many cats running around the place. Many things don't bother me. Like my car, the red one in the picture. It broke down many years ago and never got fixed. Or removed. Why should it be removed? It gives shelter in my cats. I'm very isolated person. I hardly ever go to the town near by. I don't know much about my neighbours. Only my son comes to see me occasionally. Then we have a drink. I've never travelled anywhere. I got my house by my father, who died at age 89, many years after my mother. I never moved away from this place. Here's everything I need. This is my home, which one-day my son will heritage. Life is very peaceful.	stills from the everyday routines of the old man.	Portrait , social problem.
<b>ART SWE</b>	Malin * Gustafsson F/22 neg / desc	2	Deprived family	Here my family lives. We are very poor and we are hungry all the time. Some times we have to beg for money, we have to walk into the city.	No events	Social problem
<b>ART SWE</b>	Paul Friberg M/21 neg / narr*	2	Two characters suggesting outlaws. John and Eric	-What a hell, john said. This is not a golf course. Eric looked at the broken down car and said. -No wonder this trip was cheap to buy. They fooled us, let's go back and kill them. (John)- Yeah, they do deserve to die. John and Eric went back to their car and drove away...	The realization that the characters have been fooled and the return for a seveal revenge.	Action movie with outlaws.
<b>ART USA</b>	Mike M/30 neg ?/ narr*	2	Two people probably men the one is the respondant.	I waited there all night. Finally at around three in the morning, I heard the car engine and the crunch of gravel. He parked by the tree, but left his headlights on. I walked out from where I'd been hiding and met him behind the car, where he'd just opened the trunk. I looked inside and saw the wooden crates with their squirming wet contents, glistening in the flashlight.	The illegal exchange of a strange cargo	Mystery, sci-fi.

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<b>LIT GR</b>	Eirini Avramopoulou F/25 neg ?/ narr*	<b>2</b>	An old woman called Maria	It's time now that Maria lives alone in the old parents house. Her children married in town had left just like her husband but to a different destination. Quite frequently remembers how was the house before buzzing with life. She doesn't talk often for what she has lived but when she does it she always remembers the happy moments and the parties and always talks for the same space always her house. She is not interested anymore about her daily routines; the village and the people are not the same anymore. However she is adjusted and she is patient, she is familiar with this all right.	The memories of an old womans life	Portrait, biography.
<b>LIT GB</b>	Frosoula Kofterou F/21 pos / desc – trans  pos/trans	<b>2</b>	A car and an old man	Layers of red paint softly peel away from the abandoned car. Age has awarded it a distinct coat of rust, which it proudly wears like a uniform. It sits alone among the dying trees and tough weeds basking in memories past. A witness to a place that was once full of life and people. A witness to the growing trees and working hands and the gates attached to hindges. A witness to passengers with a destination. An old handsome man full of old fashion grace and failed brilliance, steps out from his crumbling home. With marble blue eyes and fatigued body he embraces his abandoned kingdom.	The stepping out of a man	Decadence
<b>LIT GB</b>	Aspasia Kavalogiou F/23 neg / trans*	<b>2</b>	No characters	The ruins apparent in this picture make evident a building process in reverse. When you see a finish building it doesn't reveal much of its materials, construction process, and structure, whereas the ruins reveal the actual materials, the secrets within the structure, things that are rarely exposed to the potential user. Moreover the ruins are the remains of an event /story. Evidence that something was or is happening there. What caused this structure-building to turn into ruins maybe a series of events, a demolition, an earthquake or time.	No events just speculations of events through signs	-

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<b>ART GR</b>	Katsoulis Konstantinos/ M/23 pos / narr*	<b>3</b>	Group of children Kidnapper The good and clever cop Poor but honest waitress	A group of children playing when a strange (suspicious) man makes his appearance with bad intentions. Kidnapping- ransom, the good and clever cop catches the kidnapper and a happy end. Somewhere in between the story the cop meet a poor but honest waitress that gives him clues about the kidnapper and the cop falls in love with her and in the last scene they go away together. (Hollywood!!!)	A kidnapping with happy end	Police story
<b>ART GR</b>	IoannidisAlexandros M/28 . . . . *	<b>3</b>		-		
<b>ART GB</b>	Maurela Graurial SW/F/39 neg / desc neg/narr	<b>3</b>	John	John was lying on the floor with his right hand he was holding out some grass, while he painfully scratched the dry earth with the other one. He was feeling hurt and alone. He turned to look at the city nearby in search of something or somebody to save him...	The aftermath of an unfortunate event that is not revealed.	Police story
<b>LIT TURK</b>	Mehmet Kucukozer M/ 32 neg / desc*	<b>3</b>		#3 is of a city in a developing country. Back in the 1970s it was a mid-sized city of 500,000 that began to grow dramatically in population size soon after due the changes in the world economic order. The declining prices of agricultural goods and the forced removal of subsistence economy peasants from the country side has forced mass waves of internal migration headed towards the cities searching for jobs. The rapid need for urban growth has meant haphazard planning. Land is continuously cleared for brush+forest without any concern for environmental impact. Over crowding, pollution, traffic, crime and the lack of open public space have become serious problems that city officials have yet to really consider.	The expansion of urban space in a developing country	Social problem
<b>LIT GR</b>	Angeliki Ignatiadou F/28 pos / narr*	<b>3</b>		Beside the city was the gypsy's camp. In this muddy place in one of the so-called "houses" a family was leaving. The children were dressed in rags, they have no shoes and they struggle to survive. At one point the city people looked at the mud and the dirty gypsies and they said that they have to "clean" the area. Some other remembered that gypsies are people with dignity and they have to protect them. Of course after they remember the 3 <sup>rd</sup> European community fund programme and thought to take advantage of it along with the gypsies. In the end	The 'clearing' of an area and the profitable choice of urban people	Social problem

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				everybody lived happily.		
<b>LIT GR</b>	Kakana Anastasia F/23 <i>pos / desc*</i>	<b>4</b>	Chidren	Yesterday in this place there were dozens of children playing, running and laughing. Their joy was big cause they are not often in such places were they could play free and without worrying.	Chidrens playing	Chilhood drama
<b>LIT GR</b>	Matiatou Anna F/22 <i>neg / narr</i>	<b>4</b> <b>*</b>	An illegal couple	It about an illegal couple was its relationship ends up in a wild crime situated in this landscape.	A wild crime	Drama
<b>ART GB</b>	Rosalind Schogger F/52 <i>neg / narr</i>	<b>4</b>	The protesters The respondant as photojournalist	By the time I got back all disappeared. Probably disbanded by the police, they left debris behind- passport application form; a wrapper from a throat pastille; a screened up note with the words of chanted hate. The mob had stood in this space, so attractive now. Even the birds were singing. They obviously relished their rediscovered peace. “Nook Tel Aviv! Nook Blair! Down down with the Zionist state! Allah Allah!” The voices pounded through my brain. My tears welled up, were denied expression, as I aimed my zoom lens at the aggressors. This is England. The England of “oh to be in England” the England of the romantic poets the war, poets the poets law late. Funny that! Poets Laureate-poets of praise! Ironic in the circumstances- words of loitered: Dragging their women their children with them, it looked like an outing on a lovely spring day- what had they told the children? – We’re going out for a picnic? Or we’re going to scream words of hated at the Jews? In buggies they come, unhorsed faces and worst smiles, soon to be turned into glowering furrows of aggression.	A political demostration	Political
<b>LIT TURK</b>	Meltem Paker F/31 <i>pos / narr</i>	<b>4</b> <b>*</b>	A couple	It’s the countryside in Mersh. My husband and I are exploring the surroundings. We’ll have a picnic here, and then go back to the mountain house.	Pic nic	Everyday drama
<b>LIT TURK</b>	Olgu Aytac F/28 <i>pos? / narr</i>	<b>4</b>	Herself	I have been waiting here for almost three hours. He told me to do so. Why such an awkward place? Couldn’t have we met somewhere easily found? For three hours. I have been distracted by the simplest noise, thinking there is someone approaching. But, no. No human presence whatsoever, other than my own. And even that seems to be fading out. More and more I spend time here, waiting becomes a thing in itself. First I saw the flowers. The many little red marks on the green. The green is bleeding. Everything is so still that, I have this urge to move. No this place	Thoughts during the waiting of a meeting	Mystery

				is not so comforting, why such an awkward spot to met, I keep ask myself. Am I afraid? Maybe when I first got here. But not anymore. I can't stop my mind from thinking. My mind floats. But it's been three hours and I realize I am not thinking about him anymore. Only 'this place'. I feel like I am merging in the landscape. The dry branches, so still, yet they perform the most beautiful dance. I lie down. I don't need to move around to fight the stillness. I wait, blending into the surrounding. A crowded solitude.		
<b>LIT TURK</b>	Zeynep Turan F/25 pos / desc *	4	Two girls 10 and 12 years old	This is the meeting place of the two girls whose ages are 10 and 12. They live in this small village. You can see their houses. When their moms do the housework, they bring their notebooks and crayolas to draw pictures a play games.	Children playing	Childhood drama
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<b>LIT GR</b>	Elia Haridi F/24 pos / narr*	4	No character	It is don of the 1 <sup>st</sup> of May and everybody had returned back home from an enjoyable day in the countryside. Of course everybody would had a better time if there were not these branches to scratch their legs.	Pic nic	Everyday drama
<b>LIT GR</b>	Evaggelia-Antonia Samara F/24 pos? / narr	4	Two teenage girls	Every summer the x family goes to their countryside house on the mountain. The house is at the edge of the village. The children of the family two teenage girls love Jane Austin and longing to a romantic adventure. They don't like the idea of family holidays they would prefer to stay in town with their friends. They despise the village and the country house therefore in the afternoons take the path behind the house and talk walking until the plain fields. They examine the plants, pick some of them and talk for hours for everything and everyone. Some other times they take with them a novel they split the roles and acting away from the eyes of people. The time flies. When it gets darker they start walking back home. They see their house from a distance. The kitchen light is open dinner is prepared. "Another day has come to an end" they think.	Activities of teenagers with the family on holidays in the countryside.	Childhood drama
<b>LIT GR</b>	Tsiliminga Maria F/23 pos / narr*	4	The insects	It the day after a bank holiday. Nothing can tell the fun and joy of yesterday in this space. It was only yesterday that dozens of kites were flying children running and laughing. However the picture is not melancholic! There are some who are celebrating today simply they are not visible! It is the microcosmos: The ants, the spiders, the butterflies and the rest of the insects celebrate under the poppies and the grass. There is plenty of food for everybody: crumbs, pieces of halva and seafood and spoons of taramosalata left overs from yesterday. When the celebrations finish they will transport the left overs of the leftovers in their nests and according to their accounts they will have plenty of food until the Easter!	The use, according to human behavior, of the left overs by insects.	Wild life docudrama
<b>LIT GR</b>	Batsiou-Vergina ?* ?Antonia F/23	4	No story	I don't have the talent to invent stories but surely the landscape that inspires for a story is 4. Probably due to the absence of buildings. The story would be related probably with the peasant life.	No event	?
<b>LIT GR</b>	Smaro Oikonomou F/28 pos? /	4	A woman	The nature... this connection with nature is what she was missing most. It was strange! She had so much time to go the countryside. So much she couldn't remember when. And now she was in front of a valley with poppies! No,	Characters presence in this space.	Autobiography



	<b>desc</b>			you couldn't call it a valley but it was too "real"! So "real" that she felt uncomfortable, as if she didn't know were to stand...it wasn't like this postcard landscapes but she look to her so strange and beautiful at the same time. Beautiful because it was a genuine Greek landscape! She had saw much better landscapes, from a distance of course- from the car-train window, but this has something... "Yes that's it," she thought. It had many poppies... red red poppies, gently dancing by the wind. "That was too poetic" she thought. "I don't do it usually" she replied to herself. The end		
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<b>LIT GR</b>	Stefanos Petropoulos M/39 <b>neg? / desc – narr</b>	<b>4</b>	Old man and his grandson <b>pos/narr</b>	There is a field beside the forest producing vegetables for the farmers use. There are for sale. An old man, who lives in the village, goes in this small field everyday and in summer his grandson follows him when he comes in the village. The grandson is bored with the agricultural work and runs all around the field. He plays near in thorns, which hooked in his skirt. They picnic in the field under the trees.	The visit of an old man and his grandson in the fields and their pic nic	Portrait, family drama
<b>LIT GR</b>	Eleni Vletsi F/23 <b>pos / narr*</b>	<b>4</b>	Teenagers	Description of summer holidays in a place in the countryside. The children's company is mixed boys and girls age between 13 and 16 years old. The specific image is were they gather every afternoon. Its not far from the habituated area hence it secures that they can't be seen, something that they were long for. Here is place for games, fights were the first love sparks born; here is the place were the endless conversations for the future begins.	Stills from teenage activities: games, fights, kisses discussions	Childhood drama
<b>LIT GR</b>	Petridis Petros M/25 <b>neg / narr*</b>	<b>4</b>	Young people	A bunch of young children have spotted this place, which is quite far by the nearest houses, and they decide to have an open-air party. They rent all the equipment and start all the necessary preparations to start the party. The party starts around 10 pm. The children are having a great time dancing and they enjoy it amazingly. When the sun it starts rising the sound of music gets mixed with the sirens of the police cars. The policemen shut down the music and arrest those that don't have ids. Finally perhaps there is no place in the world anymore were you can do whatever you like without interruptions.	Open-air party and the unhappy end by the police.	Teenage drama

<b>ART GB</b>	Unknown person neg / narr*	<b>4</b>	The detective or cop The murdered body of a woman	<p>This is a murder site. It shows the place where the woman's body had lain for three weeks, undiscovered until children found her as they played with their dog. I did not know her, and did not love her, and it seemed at the time that no-one else did either. I came to know differently, but it was many weeks before I knew her, that is I knew her name, and very many more before I found that she was loved.</p> <p>It was my job to look, time after time, at places like this, though apparently different-alleys, hotel rooms, smart flats, scrubby parks- they were all the same, a place where a life had gone out, a space made different forever by the trace of what had happened there. To everyone that trace is invisible, but to me it is as bright and scarlet as the poppies that bloomed in the wasteland on the day I first saw her.</p>	The murder	Noir
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<b>ART GR</b>	Broumerioti Evangelia/F/ 24	<b>NONE</b> <b>1</b>		None of them but if I have to choose it would be the first.		
<b>ART GR</b>	VlihasApostolis/M	-		-		
<b>ART GB</b>	Chantal Gervais/CAN/ F/37	<b>NONE</b>		All of these pictures remind me of the kind of photographs we see in family albums from different holiday trips. None of them seem to contain enough information to trigger a narrative- or more information is needed, in terms of the context or the picture to wake a narrative out of it (family album, exhibit in a gallery, put n newspaper etc)		
<b>ART GB</b>	Chatrin Carlsson SWE F/25	-		I don't like the setting and that is important if you have to base a story on location only. I don't have a story for any of these. I don't like contemporary buildings and that kind of ruins it for me.		
<b>ART SWE</b>	Aron Wahigren M/22	-		All the pictures make me remember Vitorio De Sica's "Bicycle thieves"... so it would be that story.		
<b>ART SWE</b>	Belinda Hakansson F/26	-		-		

<b>LIT ITA</b>	Laura Travagin F/28	-		-		
<b>LIT GR</b>	Haralambos Kontarais M/24	-		No story		
<b>ART GR</b>	Stathopoulos Georgios/M/43	-		-		
<b>ART BG</b>	Roberto Antillon/ELSAL V/M/27	-		-		

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LITSWE	Uknown/F/23 neg / narr	4	A company and a family with no further clues.	The “company” told the family that they had to leave their house because they should use the land to cultivate soya beans. But they never did, so the land where left to come be nothing.	The uprootation of a family by a company.	Social problem
LITSWE	Ch.Brink/F/48 pos/ narr	2	The story of a peasant family from 1850’s until today as seen by the descendants of women emanating from the farm-house.	The story could start in the 1850’s and tell about a peasant family living in the new ruined farmhouse to the left in the picture. The novel could go on telling about the next generations development of conditions, felling the social cultural, technical growth through time until now, as it is seen by the descendants of women emanating from the farm-house. At the end of the story, which takes place in the 1990’s the then living representative of the original farmer’s family returns to her landscape origin to create an esoteric centre, where her kin formerly lived, originally unaware of where the actually is.	The return of a representative of the farmer’s family to her landscape origin.	Family biography
LITSWE	Malin Soderberg /F/28 neg/ narr	2	Pablo a young boy from a poor family in Mexico.	Pablo! Come inside! Pablo sighed heavily and coifed the sweat off his sandy brow. The sun was string down at him, relentlessly. He quickly finished feeding the chickens, and then run in to his mother. The aluminium shed, which was his home, gave little relief from the heat. His mother, large, brown and caring, pointed silently to the table. A metal bowl with maize porridge was waiting for him. -Eat up gently, she ordered. Your uncle will be here soon, and he will expect you to be ready. Pablo didn’t want to move to the city, but he knew that his family needed him to earn some money, if they should survive. Begging on the streets of Mexico city was all he was qualified	Fragments of life of young Mexican boy and his future as a beggar in the streets of Mexico city.	Childhood drama-social problem-portrait

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LITSWE	<b>Monica Bjorndahl</b> F/43 neg/ narr	2	The participant as sniper in the Kosovo war.	Here I am a sniper in the war. I just lay here waiting for someone to shoot. It is not a good way of living but I can't see it like that, can I? I only know that I am still alive. I remember when we all were a country in place when everything was as it is supposed to be. That can never be again. We've lost too much.	Thoughts of a sniper as he/she is waiting to shoot.	War drama/documentary/ portrait
LITSWE	<b>Lisa Nybergh</b> F/ 46 pos/ narr	1	An old woman	From the kitchen window she could see how the town came closer. Just a few years earlier her kitchen window view had confronted her with its light green field and hill. But now that was almost gone! The sugar cube like houses was invading her paradise. She was getting older and too weak to fight and she realised also that every fight would be in vain. The only thing she could do was to turn her back to the window and remember what it used to be like out there. That was her comfort now.	The expanding of cities.	Social problem
LITGB	<b>Hellen Fuller</b> F/24 pos/ narr	2	The partisipant as the protagonist in the story.	I remember the spot well from when I was a kid, it hadn't changed much since then, same overgrown paths and piles of junk building up by the sides of them, someone had even dumped a car here now, it sat half hidden and rusted among the bushes. The shed had gone though, the shed where we'd spent so many evenings hiding from the watchful eyes of the adults in the town, learning to smoke and drinking cheap cans of cider, before riding our bikes. Whooping and hollering and far too fast, over the fields to the back of the town. Crossing to the other side of the path and pushing aside the bushes and pieces of junk, I found it. The stone which had marked the beginning of 'our' territory, unmarked and unmoved through the years, worn flat and smooth both by the weather and by the years of our feet standing on its curved surface. It had a drawing pin pushed into it, and perhaps as children this was what had attracted us to it-that somebody had once had the strength to push a pin into the solid rock. It was almost sacred to us once, and standing on the rock when speaking meant that the rest of the gang had to be silent and listen. I stood on it now, it did seem smaller than it had, and looking around I was disappointed to find that the world looked much the same.	A visit to an childhood playground and the recalling of memories	Autobiography-childhood drama

Target group	Name/Gender/Age	Image	Character	Narrative	Events	Genre
LIT GB	Yen-Chun Chen F 25	-	-	No Narrative	-	-
LIT GB	UNKNOWN F 41 neg/ narr	2	The participant and his brother as fugitives after trying to sell the family secret recipe.	My home is the car you can see to the right. It's a wreck, but it does, as the nights are warm. My brother hides in the run-down shack opportunity, as he too has been kicked out. We're hiding this time, waiting for the family to come around. A week ago we added pepper to the sauce and anchovy, we tempered with our herbage; we tried to improve upon tradition, is set out in response. My brother said he'd sell the recipe, he got so angry. That was it a father, makes, and grandfather grabbed him and showed him out the door. I followed; I had to. We have to sit it out. Sauce is family.	The extrication of two brothers after their threat to sell the family secret recipe.	Autobiography

## SYNTAGMATIC TABLE