

# ODYSSEY



Comic developed as the final product of the Erasmus+ KA219 project: The Odyssey revisited, teaching European values in a divided continent.



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Erasmus+ Programme  
of the European Union

# ÍNDICE



On the 15th of March 2011, the Syrian Civil War began.  
Terrified, our hero Oddy and his family flee Syria.



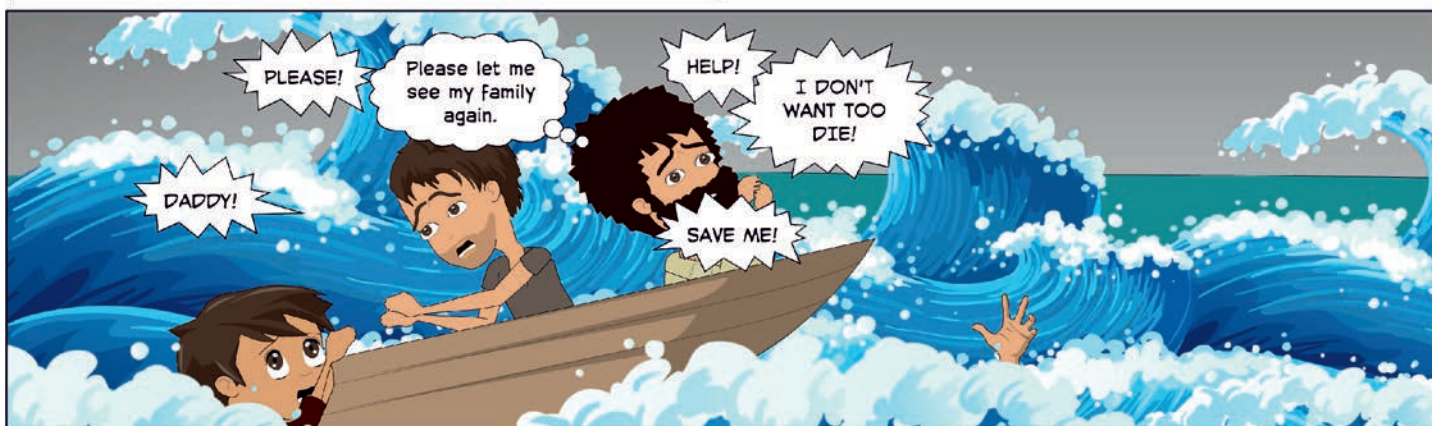
See you soon.

But little favour of morn and sun. Nor could i see a soil where'er i came, more sweet and wishful.

Women and their children where separated from traveling with the men.



As night came a storm violently stirred up, forcing Ody's boat off his course to Sweeden, separating him from his family, who are in another boat.



PLEASE!

Please let me see my family again.

HELP!

I DON'T WANT TOO DIE!

SAVE ME!

DADDY!



AHHHH!

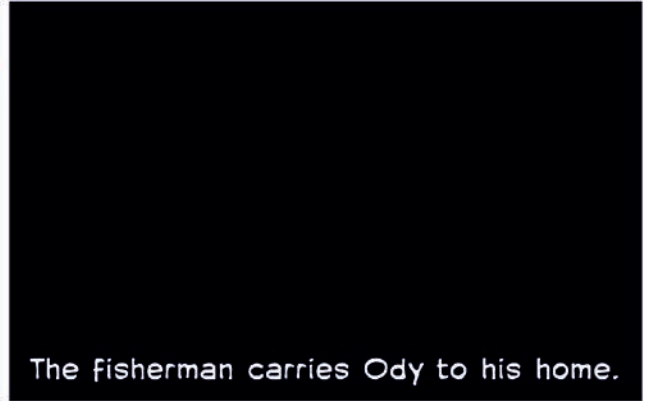
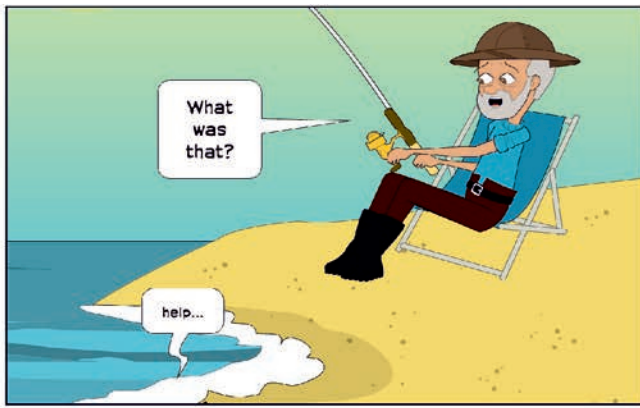


Cyprus, where Ody has washed up.

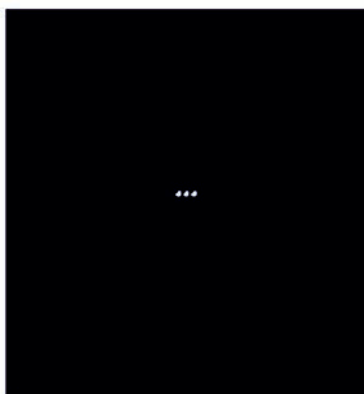
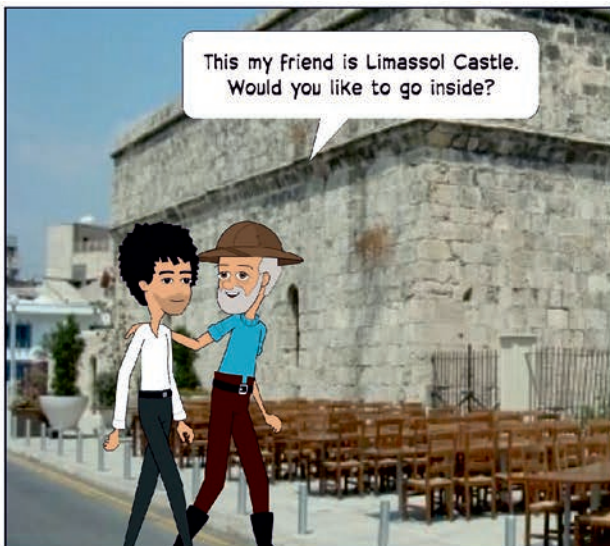
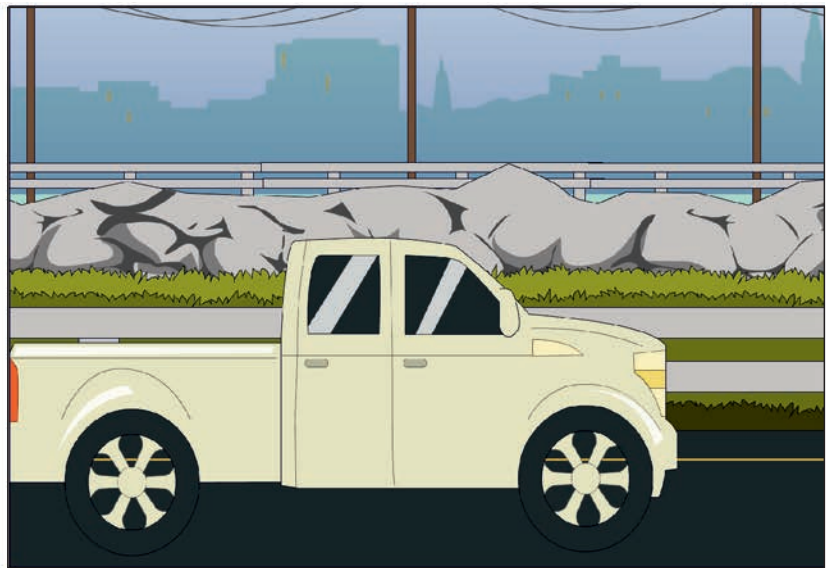
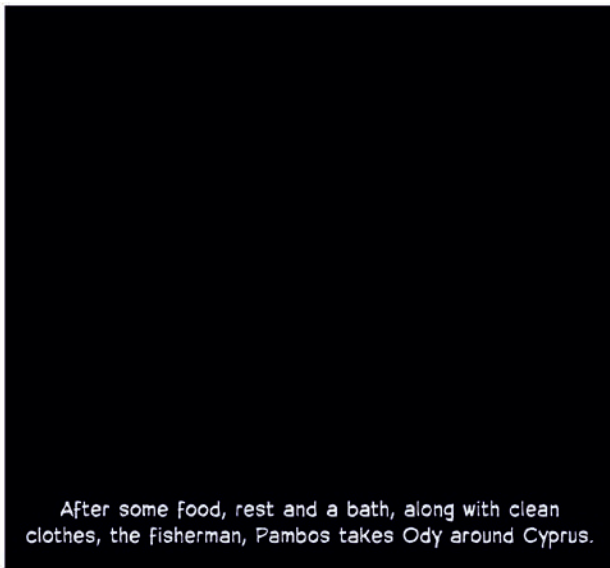


Help me....

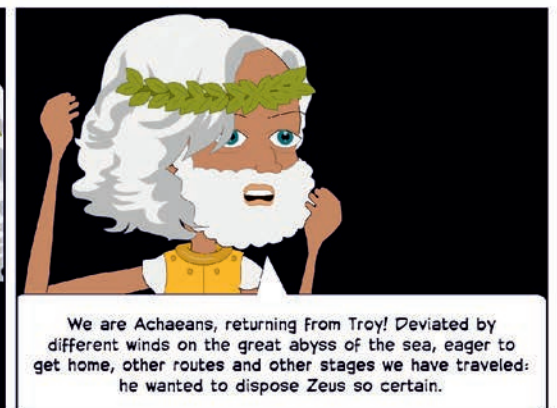
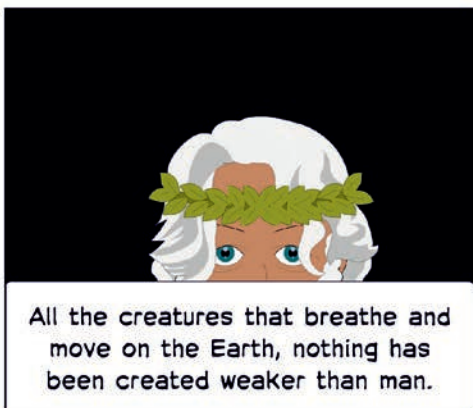
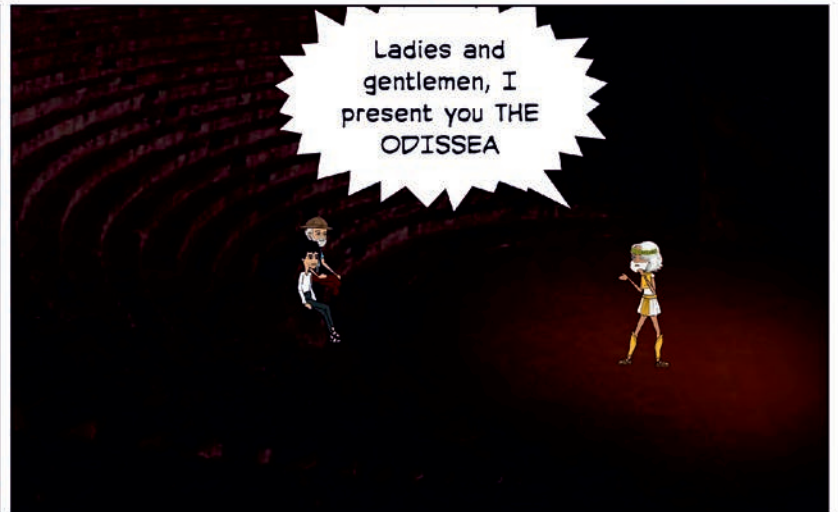
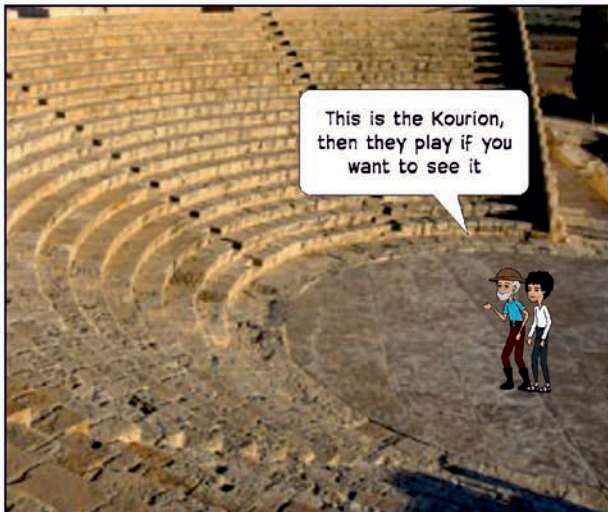
















The wind that carried west from Iliion brought me to Ismaros, on the far shore, a strongpoint on the coast of the Kikones. I stormed that place and killed the men who fought. Plunder we took, and we enslaved the women, to make division, equal shares to all.



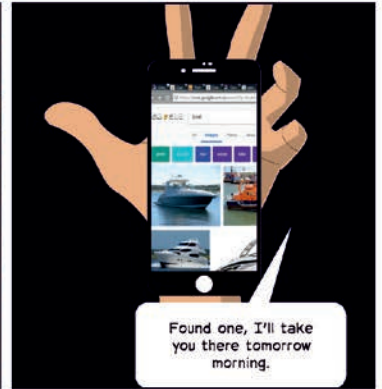
My dear friend, can you believe you eyes?— The murmuring hall, how luminous it is with bronze gold, amber, silver , and ivory! This is the way the court of Zeus must be, inside, upon Olympos. What wonder!



'Before the end my heart was broken down. I slumped on the trampled sand and cried aloud, caring no more for life or the light of day, and rolled there weeping, till my tears were spent.



Can you help me find a boat?



Found one, I'll take you there tomorrow morning.



Tomorrow morning I will take you to the boat, but for tonight you can sleep here.

Thank you



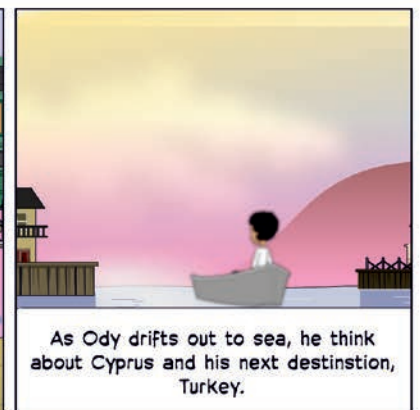
Good night my friend, i will see you tomorrow.



After a good night's sleep, Ody goes with Pambos to the boat.



Goodbye my friend. And good luck!



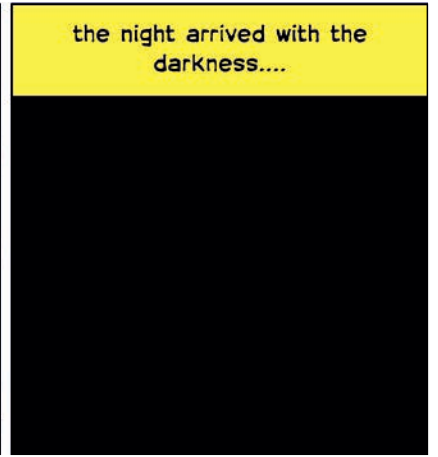
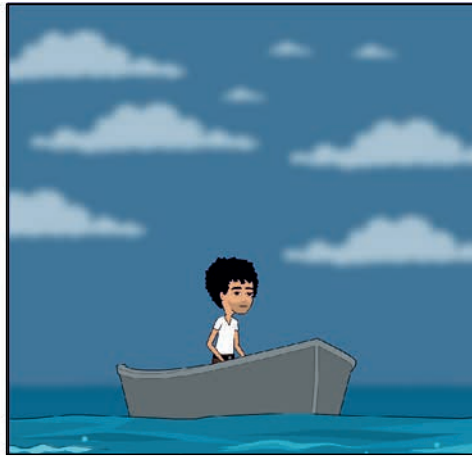
As Ody drifts out to sea, he think about Cyprus and his next destinstion, Turkey.



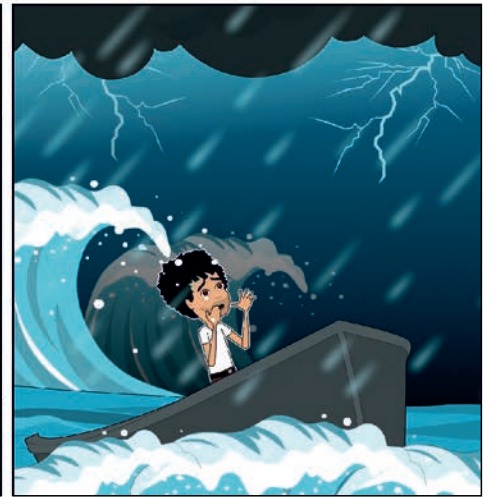
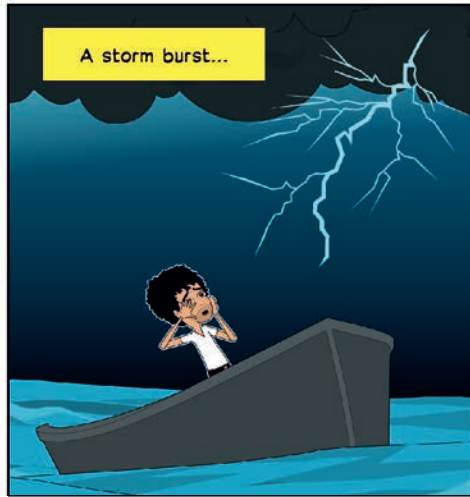
As he rowed the waves he brought hope to the future



the night arrived with the darkness....



A storm burst...



God. Help me!!



Help. here



Down! Get into the water!  
Don't be afraid  
You are our guests



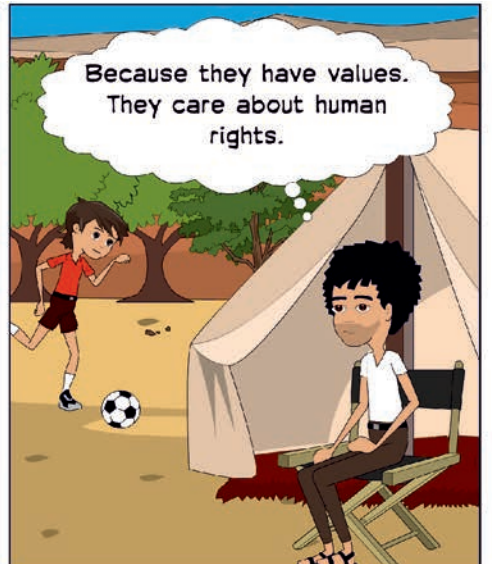
You'll be safe here!



Why do they bother? Why do they spend lots of money to help us?

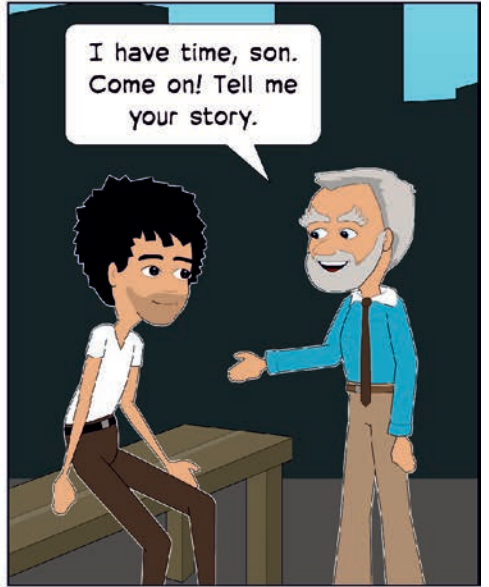
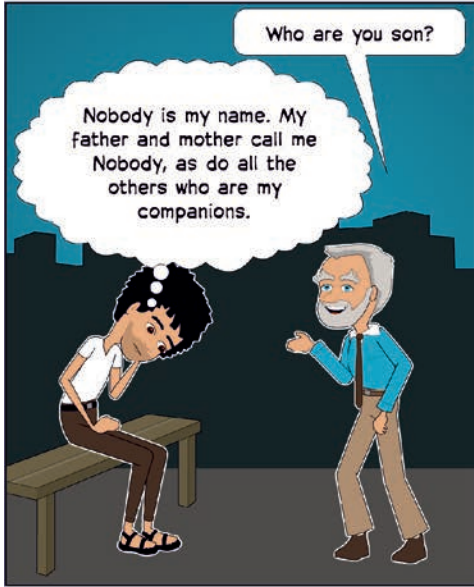


Because they have values.  
They care about human rights.

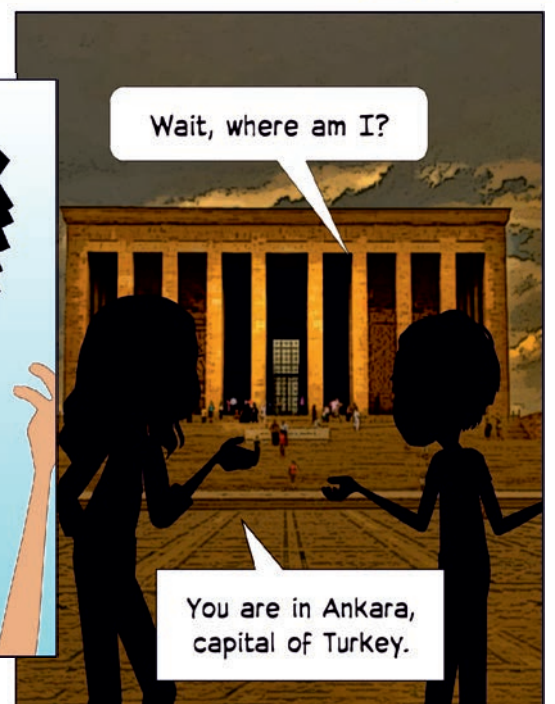
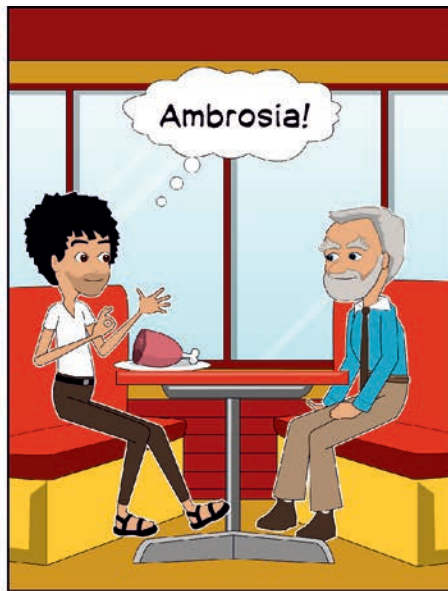




After staying a few days at a camp, Ody decides to leave the camp.







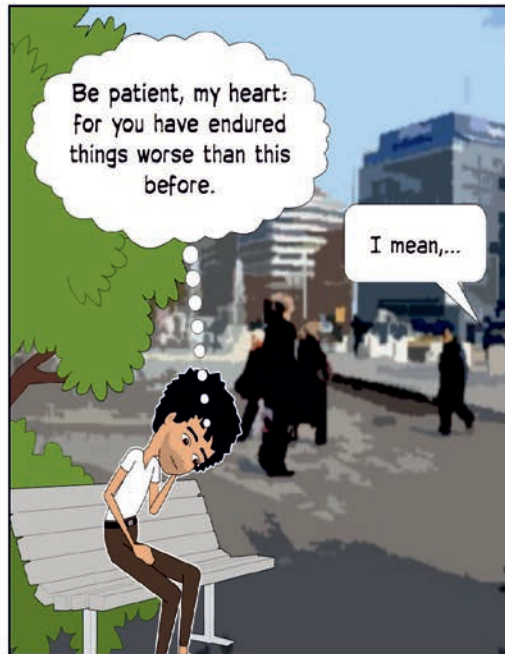


Ody finds out that he was deceived by the smuggler who was supposed to take him to Edirne.



Be patient, my heart:  
for you have endured  
things worse than this  
before.

I mean,...



... democracy is the  
most effective form  
of government.

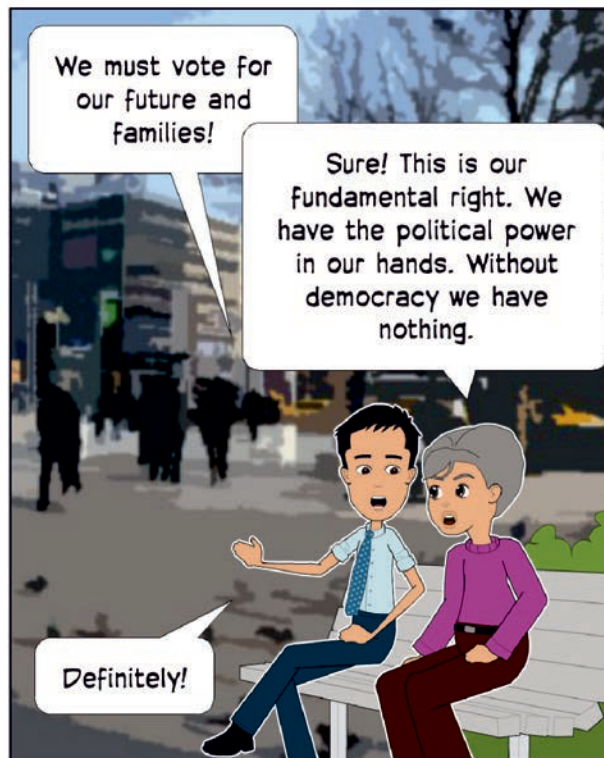
Oh, you are  
right!



We must vote for  
our future and  
families!

Sure! This is our  
fundamental right. We  
have the political power  
in our hands. Without  
democracy we have  
nothing.

Definitely!



Hello there, I'm  
Ody from the  
Syria.

...I heard some of your  
conversations about democracy

How lucky you are. I wish my country  
could be like that. There wouldn't be  
wars and I would be living happily  
with my family in my country.

You're right my friend.  
It's very important to  
have democratic  
rights.





Ody feels helpless.  
He tries to find a  
way to go to Edirne.

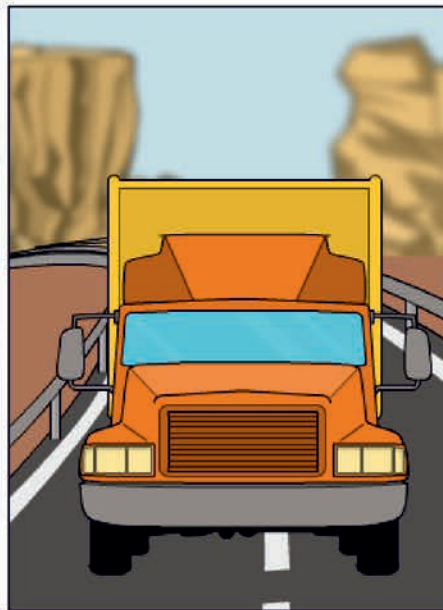


Are you ok? Do you need help?

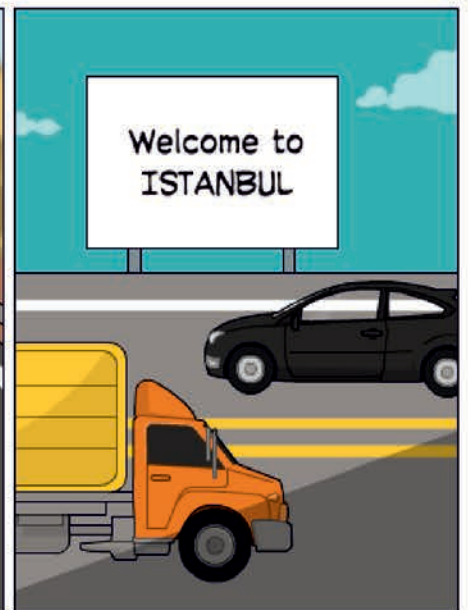
I'm ok. I'm a Syrian refugee.  
I need to go Edirne as soon  
as possible.



I'm heading to Istanbul. I can  
drop you off.



Welcome to  
ISTANBUL



WOW! What a great city!





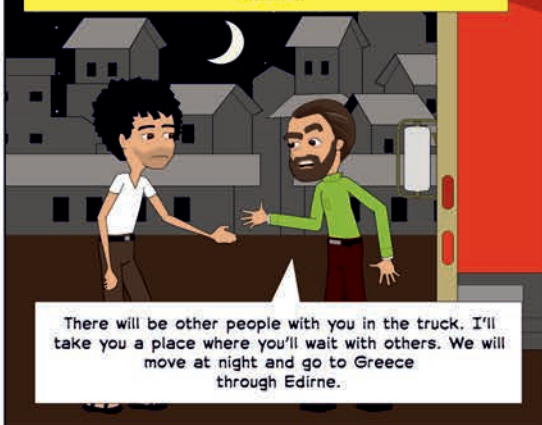
Ody is in Istanbul now. The city of history and dreams...

What a beautiful city!

Ody remembers good old days with his family while admiring the magnificent view of the city.



Ody finds another smuggler to cross the border.



Can one come home again, especially after years of bloody war?







IN THE MORNING HAZE, ODY REACHES THE BORDER.

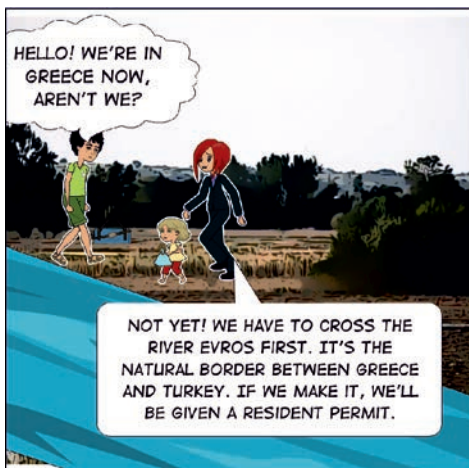
GREECE AT LAST!



ODY NOTICES THE OUTLINE OF OTHER REFUGEES WALKING. SOME OF THEM ARE CARRYING BABIES IN THEIR ARMS.



HE APPROACHES A WOMAN. HER LITTLE DAUGHTER IS CLUTCHING A DOLL IN HER HANDS. SHE IS CLOSING THE EYES OF HER DOLL. SHE DOESN'T WANT HER DOLL TO SEE WHAT SHE SAW.

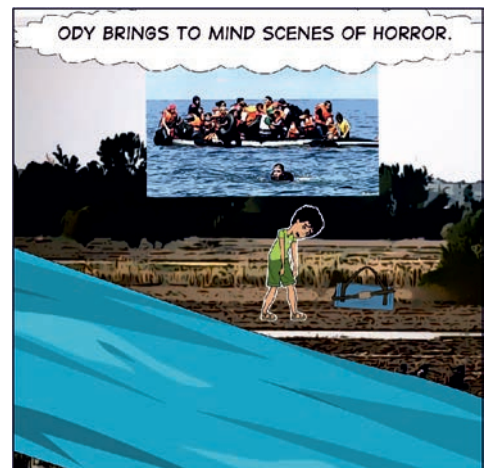


HELLO! WE'RE IN GREECE NOW, AREN'T WE?

NOT YET! WE HAVE TO CROSS THE RIVER EVROS FIRST. IT'S THE NATURAL BORDER BETWEEN GREECE AND TURKEY. IF WE MAKE IT, WE'LL BE GIVEN A RESIDENT PERMIT.



OH NO! I CAME THIS WAY TO AVOID THE SEA CROSSING FROM THE GREEK ISLANDS. SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE DROWNED!



ODY BRINGS TO MIND SCENES OF HORROR.



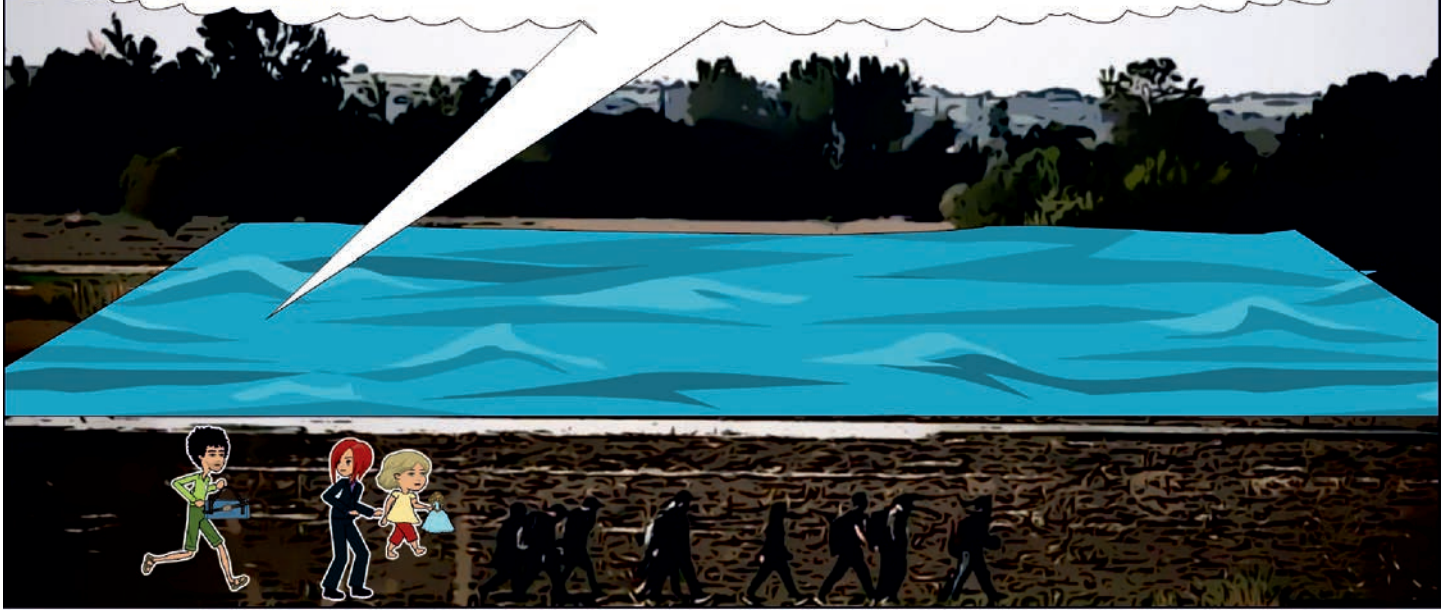
DON'T WORRY! IT TAKES MINUTES TO CROSS THE RIVER BY BOAT.



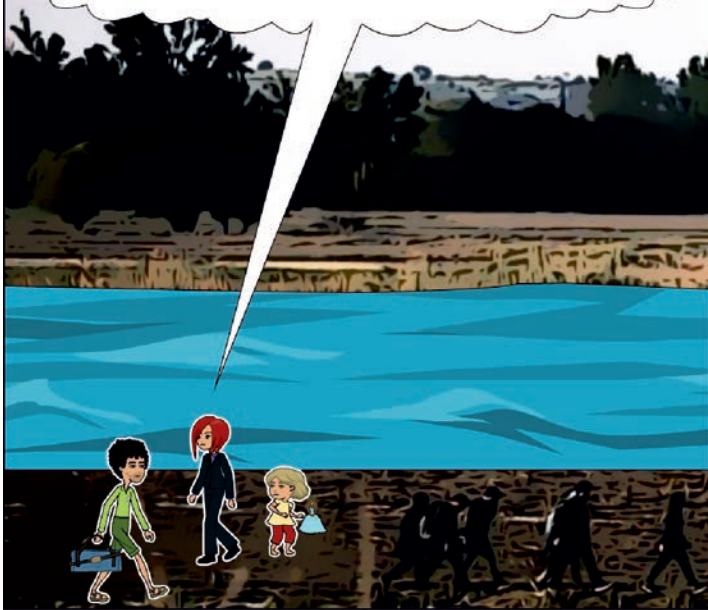
ODY LOOKS PUZZLED. HE REMEMBERS READING IN THE NEWS ABOUT A " RIVER OF DEATH" WHERE A WOMAN AND HER SON DROWNED TRYING TO FLEE FROM TURKEY.



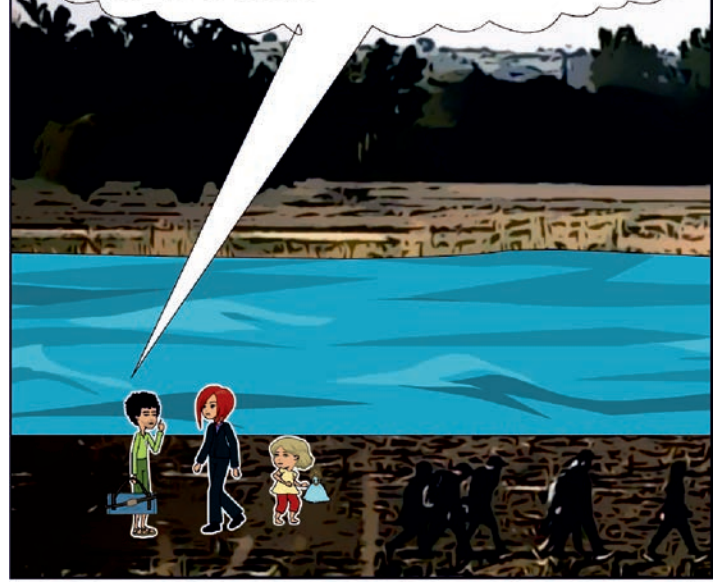
WE'LL DO IT! GOING BACK TO SYRIA IS NOT AN OPTION! WE'RE BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS BUT I'LL TAKE THE RISK.



MY NAME IS AMAL. I'M GOING TO GERMANY. MY HUSBAND IS WAITING FOR US THERE.

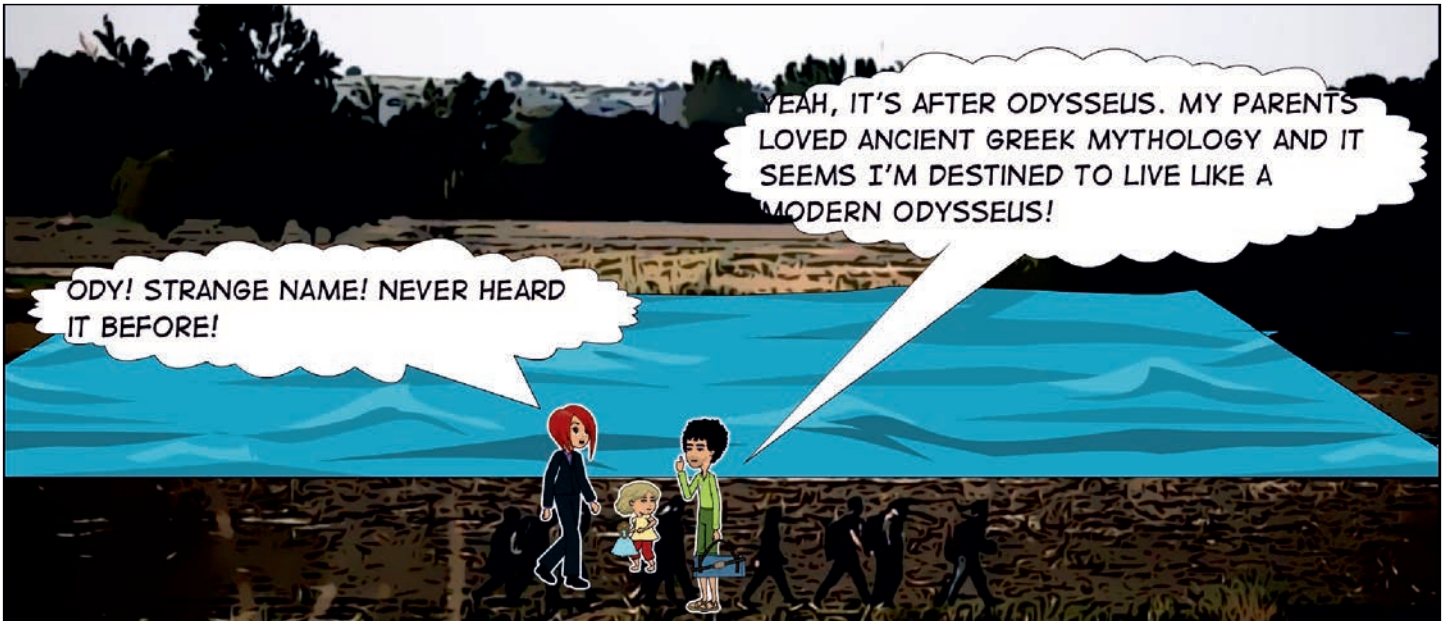


AND MY NAME IS ODY. I'M TRYING TO GET TO SWEDEN. MY WIFE AND BABY DAUGHTER HAVE SETTLED IN SKOVDE.



ODY! STRANGE NAME! NEVER HEARD IT BEFORE!

YEAH, IT'S AFTER ODYSSEUS. MY PARENTS LOVED ANCIENT GREEK MYTHOLOGY AND IT SEEMS I'M DESTINED TO LIVE LIKE A MODERN ODYSSEUS!



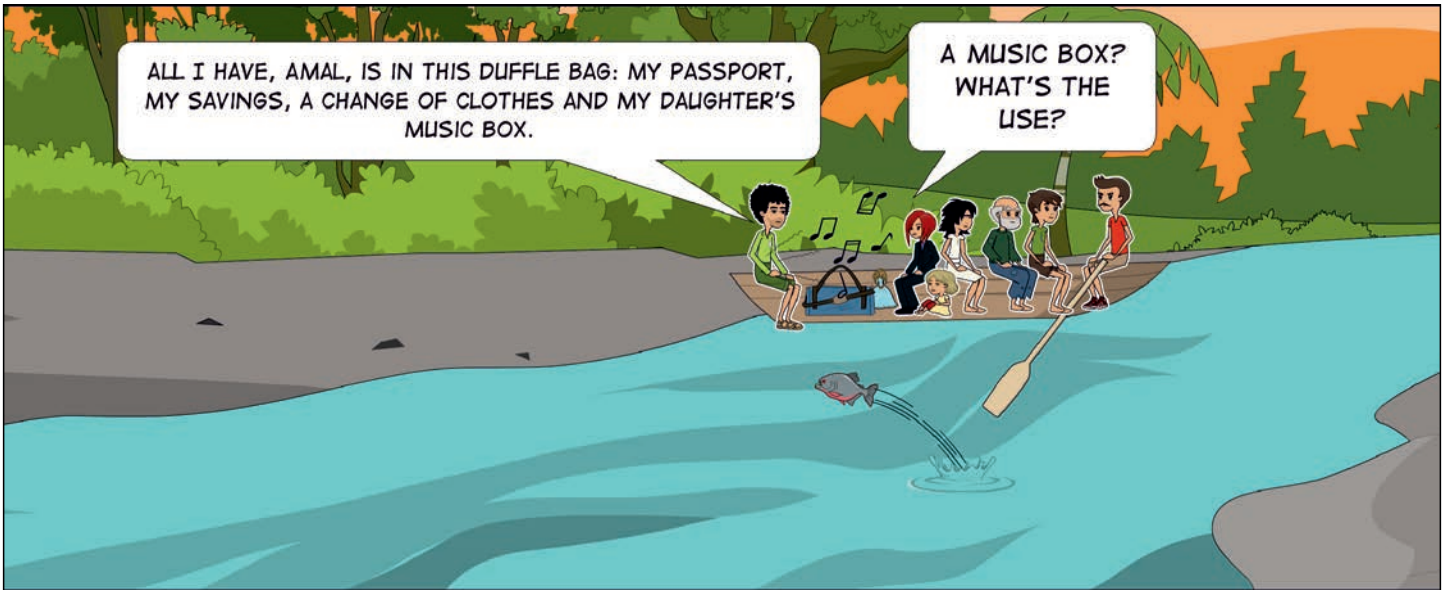




ODY JOINS THE LINE OF PEOPLE HEADING FOR THE BOAT THAT WILL TAKE THEM TO MAINLAND GREECE. HE IS FRIGHTENED.

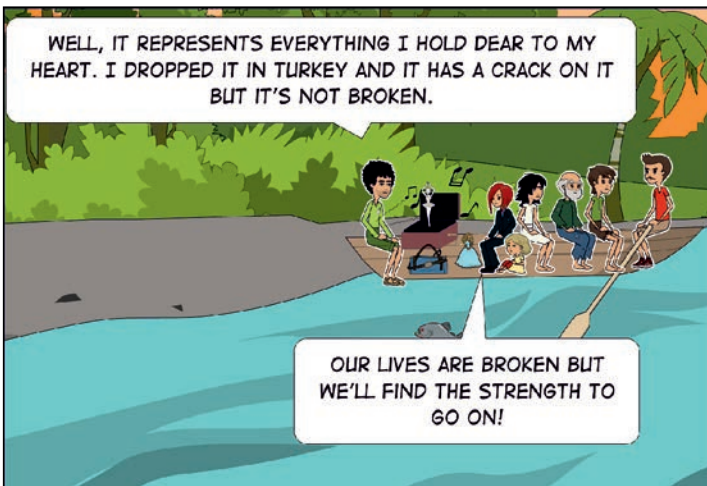


IMAGES OF HIS LAST DAYS IN SYRIA ARE FLOODING HIS MIND. HE REMEMBERS BEING ARRESTED, TORTURED, LOSING HIS HOME- THE PARANOIA OF WAR.



ALL I HAVE, AMAL, IS IN THIS DUFFLE BAG: MY PASSPORT, MY SAVINGS, A CHANGE OF CLOTHES AND MY DAUGHTER'S MUSIC BOX.

A MUSIC BOX? WHAT'S THE USE?



WELL, IT REPRESENTS EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR TO MY HEART. I DROPPED IT IN TURKEY AND IT HAS A CRACK ON IT BUT IT'S NOT BROKEN.

OUR LIVES ARE BROKEN BUT WE'LL FIND THE STRENGTH TO GO ON!



PUT ON LIFE JACKETS, ALL OF YOU! THE RIVER RAPIDS CAN BE TREACHEROUS!



EVERYONE IS COLD, TIRED AND FEELING LOST.

EVERYONE DO AS THE MAN SAYS. PUT ON YOUR LIFE JACKETS!



IT'S GETTING DARK. DON'T MAKE A SOUND! IF THEY FIND US, YOU'LL BE BACK IN TURKEY BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!







EVERYONE COMES OUT OF THE WATER SOAKING WET. THEY WALK PAST PILES OF CLOTHES LEFT BEHIND BY OTHER REFUGEES.



TAKE DOWN YOUR HANDS! THE BORDER POLICE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU. RELAX NOW!



ODY AND THE OTHERS ARE TAKEN TO FYLAKIO, THE RECEPTION AND IDENTIFICATION CENTRE IN EVROS.







CONDITIONS AT THE CAMP ARE FAR FROM IDEAL BUT THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO WANT TO HELP. HUMANITY HAS NO BORDERS.

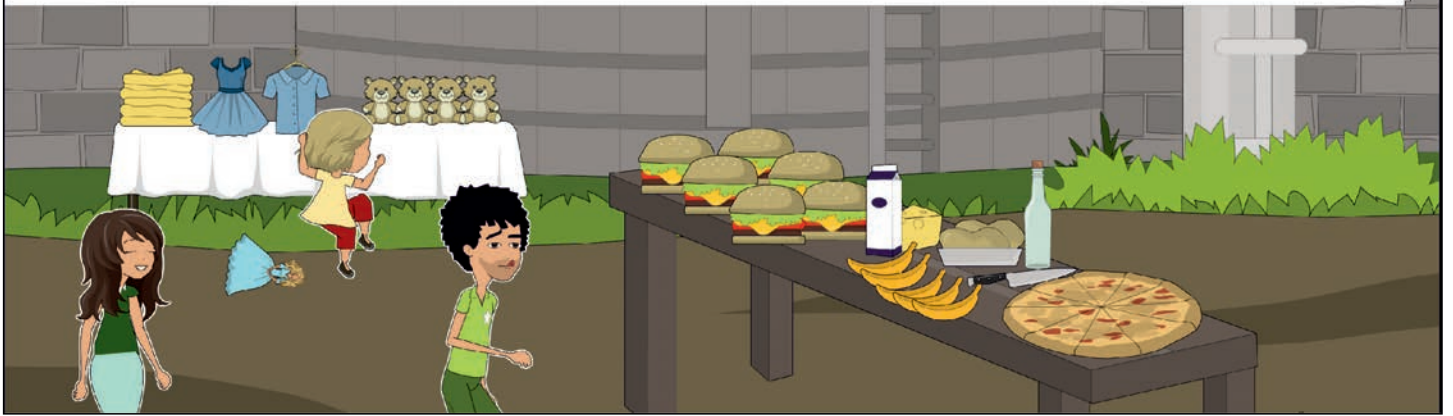


THE OFFICIAL ASKS AMAL FOR HER PASSPORT BUT SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE. SHE SEEMS TO BE PERPLEXED.

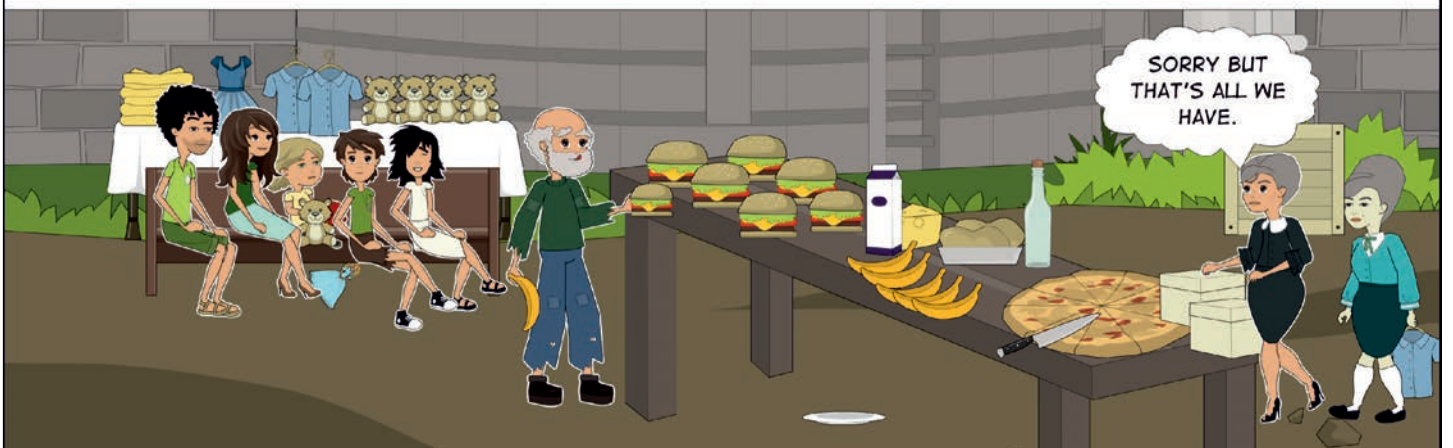




AFTER REGISTRATION, THEY ARE TAKEN TO THE CAMP WHERE THEY ARE GIVEN FOOD AND CLOTHES.



A GROUP OF ELDERLY WOMEN FROM THE NEIGHBOURHOOD ARRIVE HOLDING CLOTHES, FOOD AND MILK FOR THE BABIES.





I MUST LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. I HAVE TO SEEK A ROUTE TO ATHENS AND GET TO SWEDEN.



MY NAMESAKE ODYSSEUS WAS SO RESOURCEFUL!  
TELL ME, MUSE! MAKE ME THINK OF SOMETHING!

HEY ODY!  
GOOD  
MORNING!



IT'S DAWN. EVERYONE IS SLEEPING. ODY SECRETLY APPROACHES A MAN. HE KNOWS THIS MAN TRANSFERS REFUGEES TO ATHENS.



CAN YOU TAKE  
ME TO  
ATHENS?

I CAN HIDE YOU IN MY  
TRUCK FOR 500 EUROS!  
I'M DRIVING TO ATHENS  
IN ONE HOUR.



THAT'S DAYLIGHT ROBBERY!  
BUT I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU. I  
HAVE TO CONTINUE MY  
JOURNEY NO MATTER WHAT!





THE TRUCK HAS PULLED UP AT THE CAMP GATE.



ODY GETS ON THE TRUCK AND HIDES INSIDE THE CARDBOARD BOX. THE MAN STARTS THE CAR.



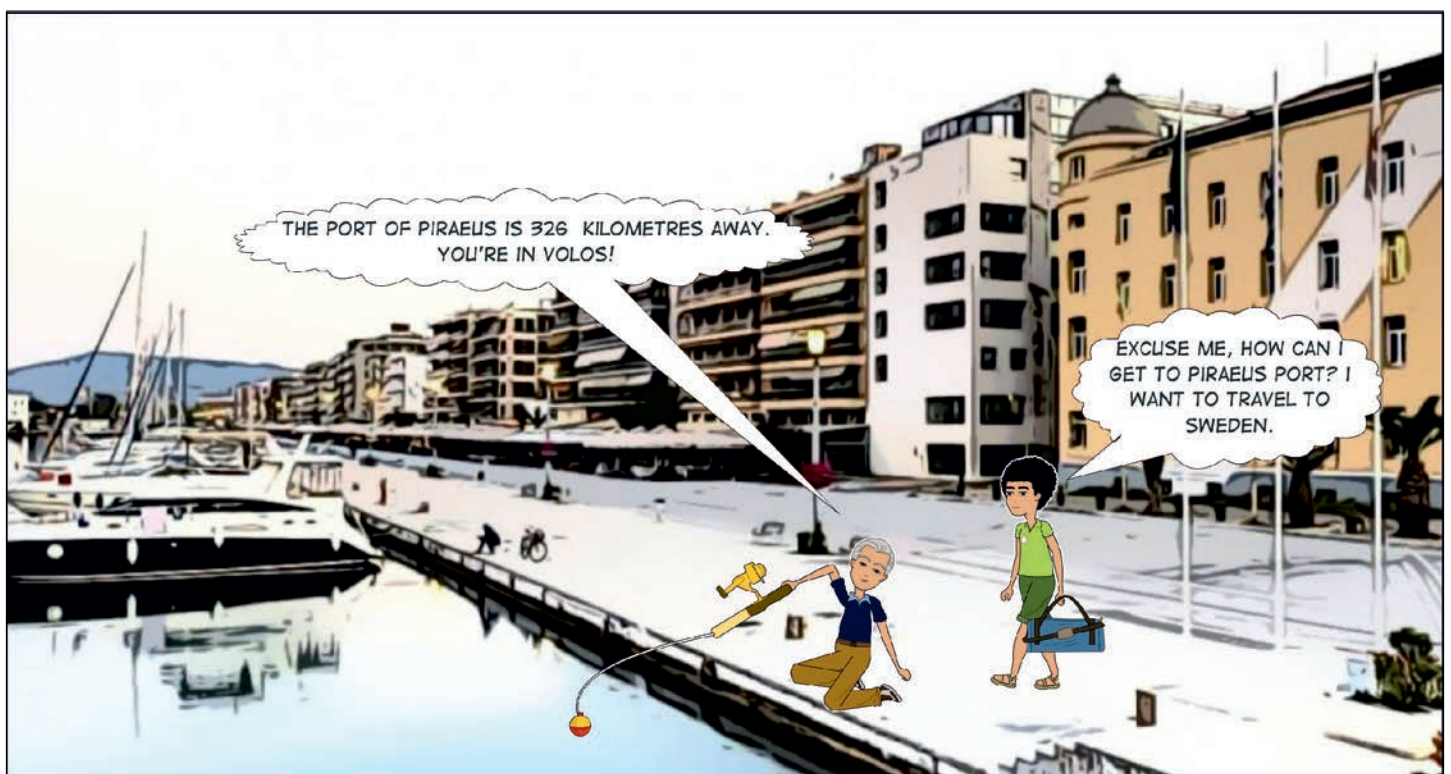
HE IS SO TIRED THAT HE FALLS ASLEEP. HE HAS A DREAM.



IN HIS DREAM, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN HIS HOMETOWN. THE STREETS ARE EMPTY.





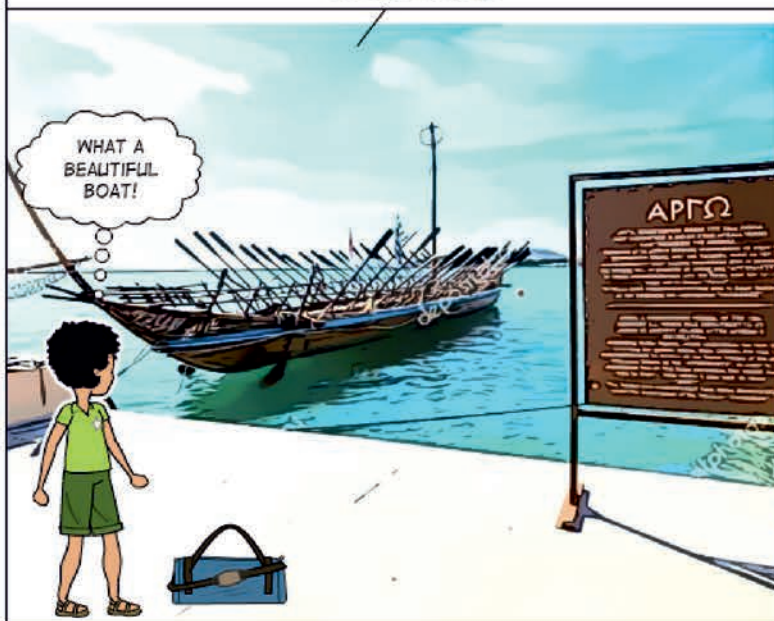




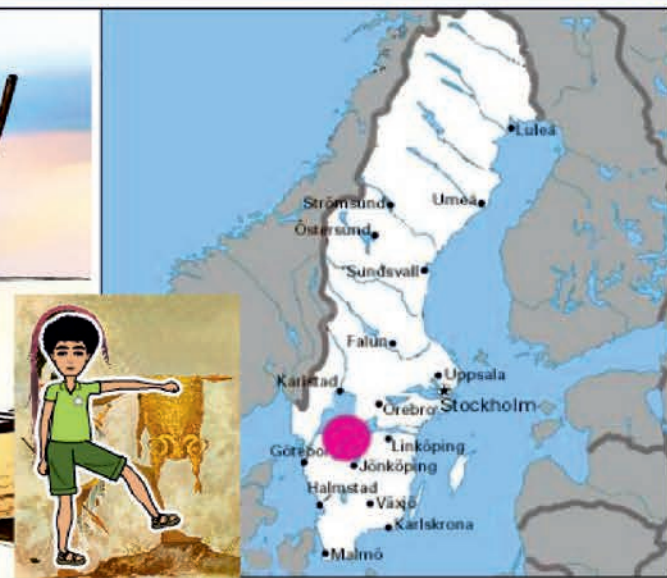
ODY WANDERS IN THE STREETS OF VOLOS WONDERING WHAT TO DO. HE KNOWS THAT IF HE GOES TO THE REFUGEE CENTRE, HE MAY BE STUCK IN VOLOS FOR A LONG TIME.



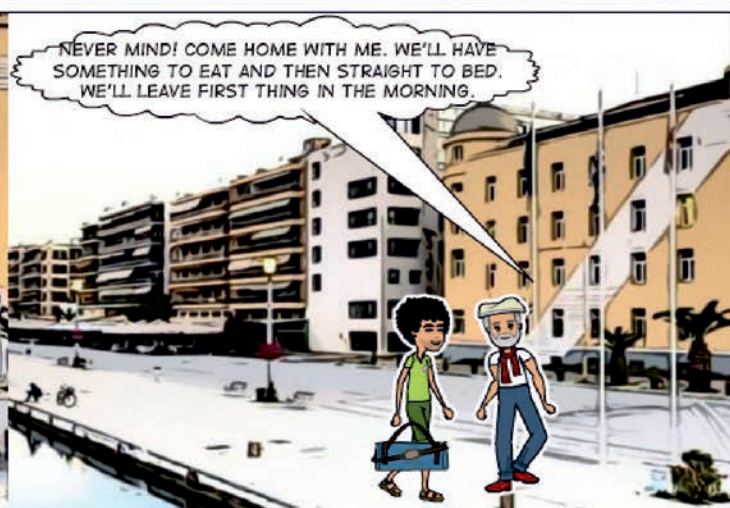
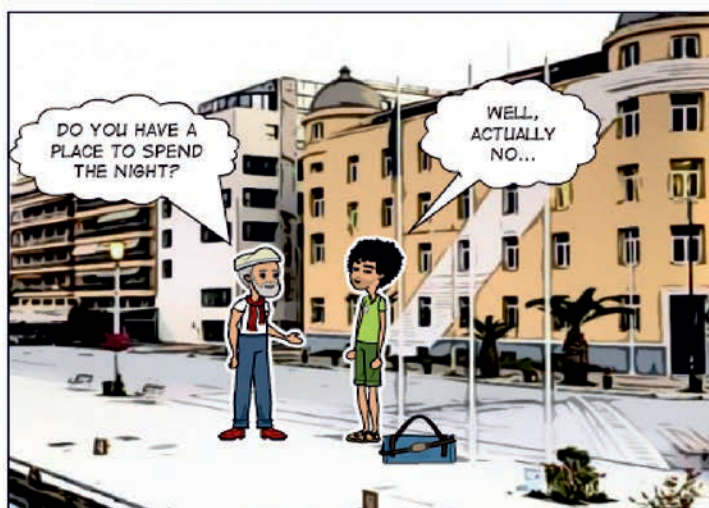
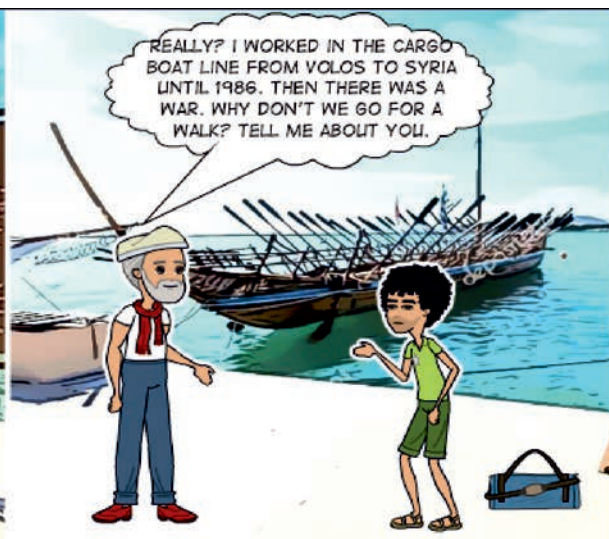
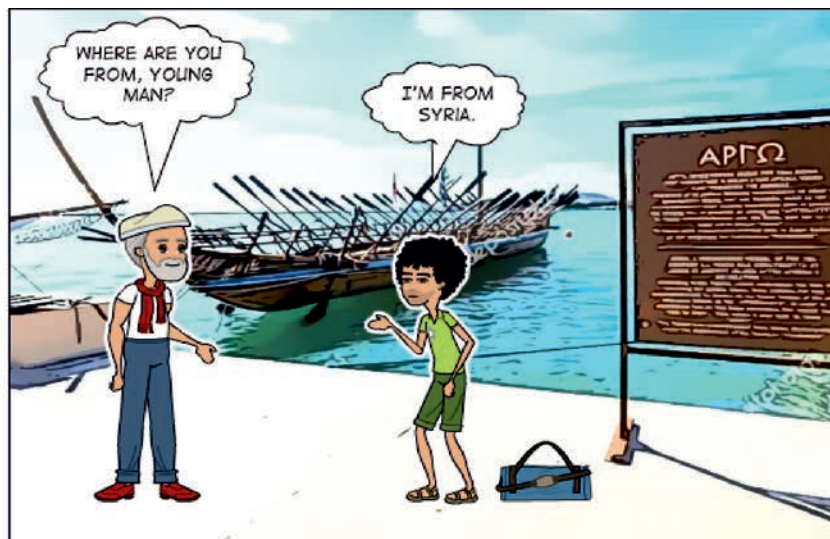
A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE LEGENDARY ARGO BOAT ANCHORED AT THE PORT CATCHES HIS EYE.



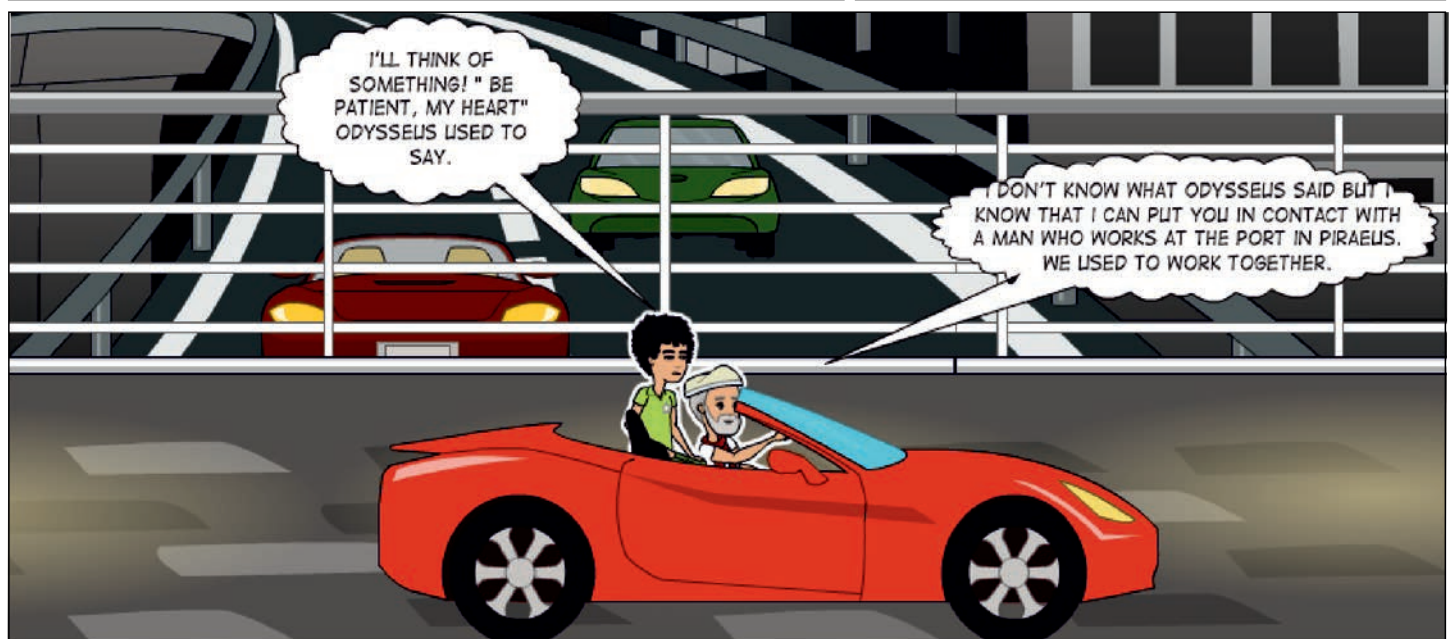
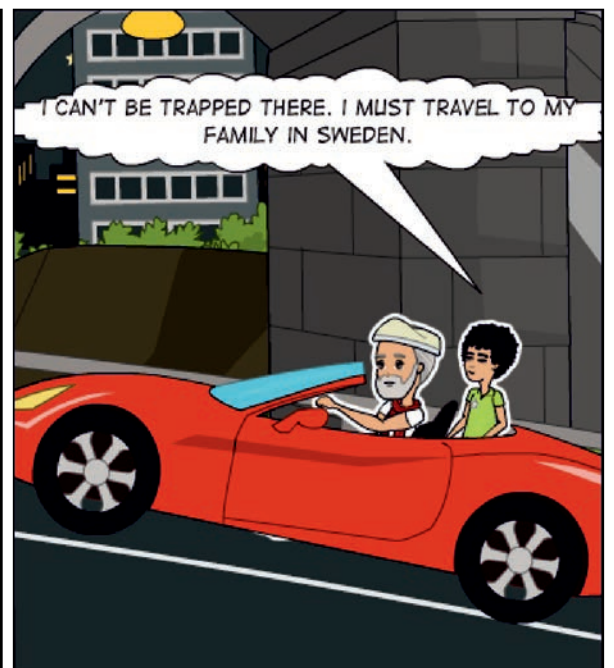
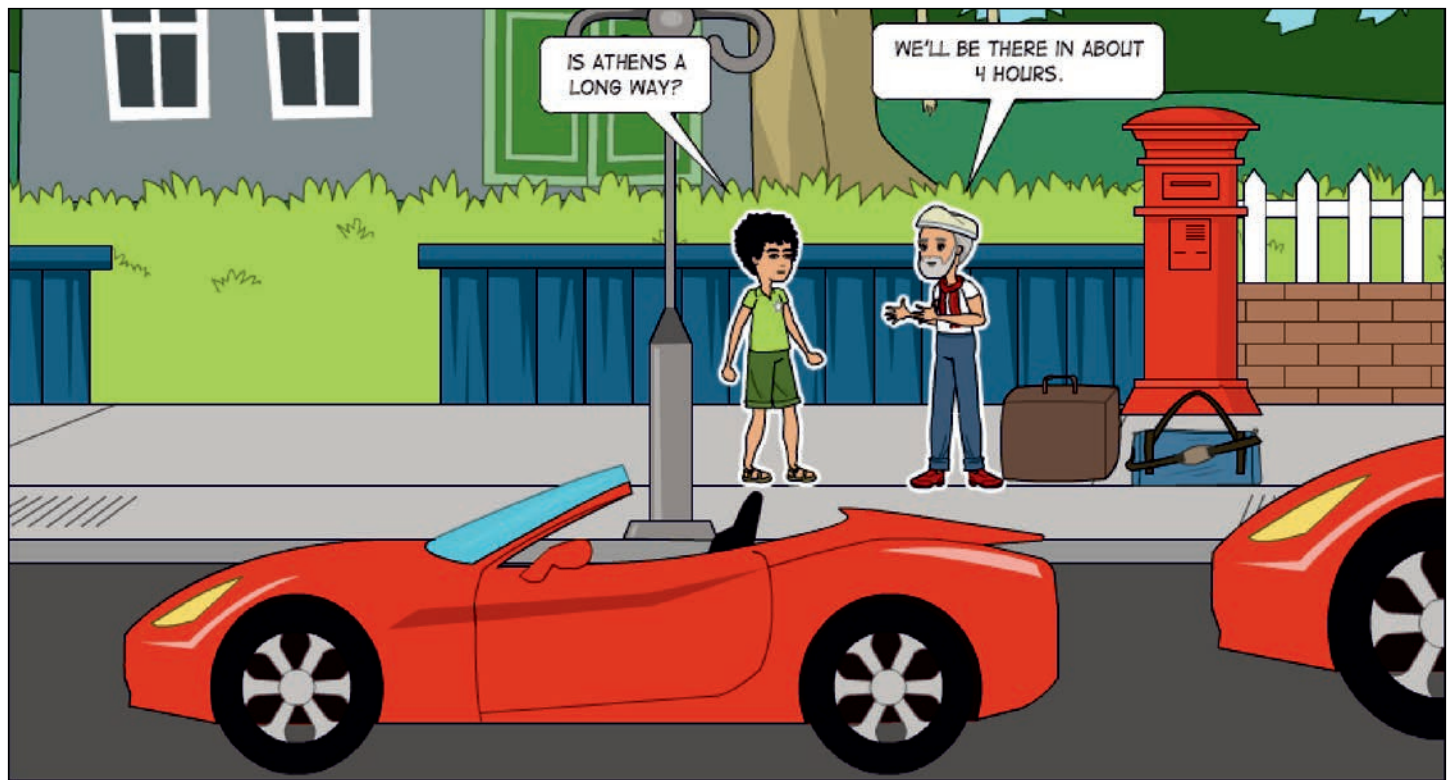
I WISH I WERE JASON SAILING TO THE DISTANT LAND OF COLCHIS TO FETCH THE GOLDEN FLEECE!



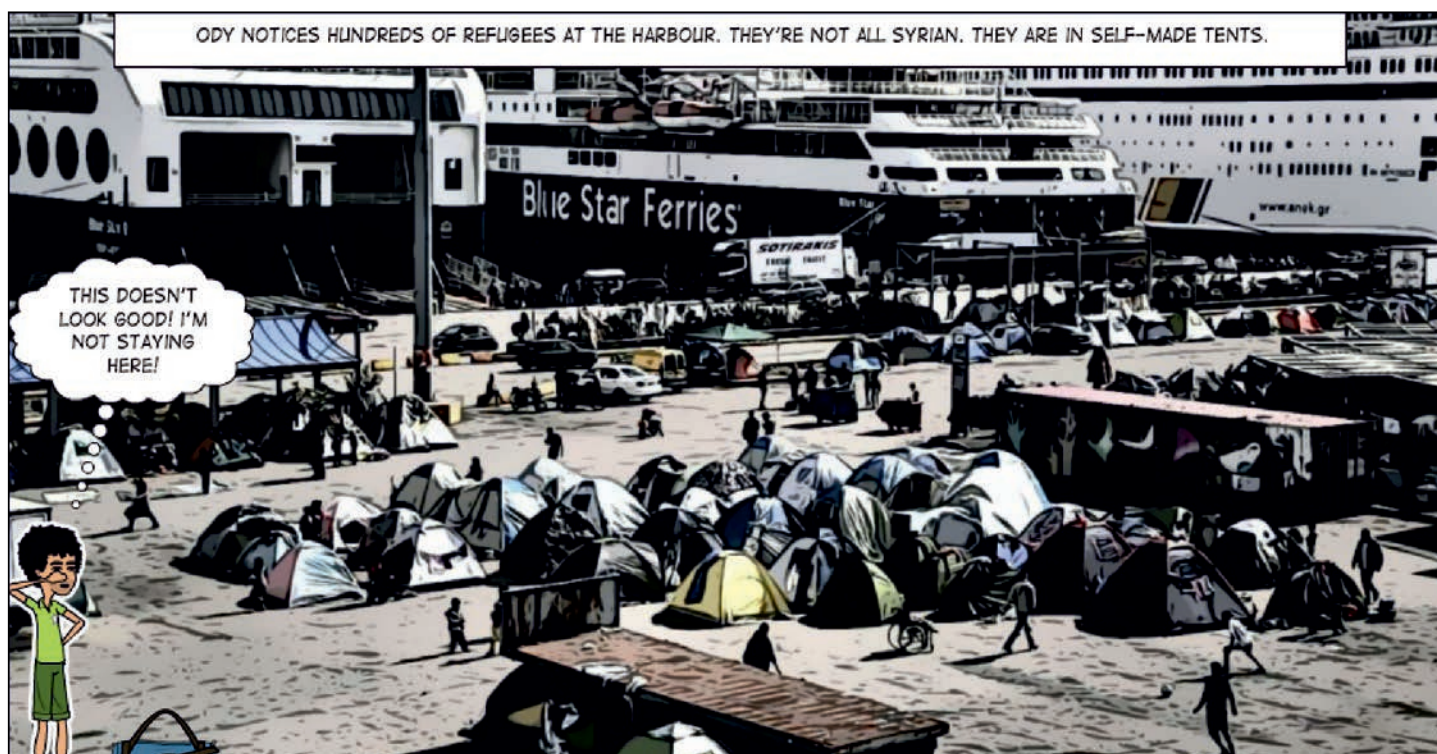
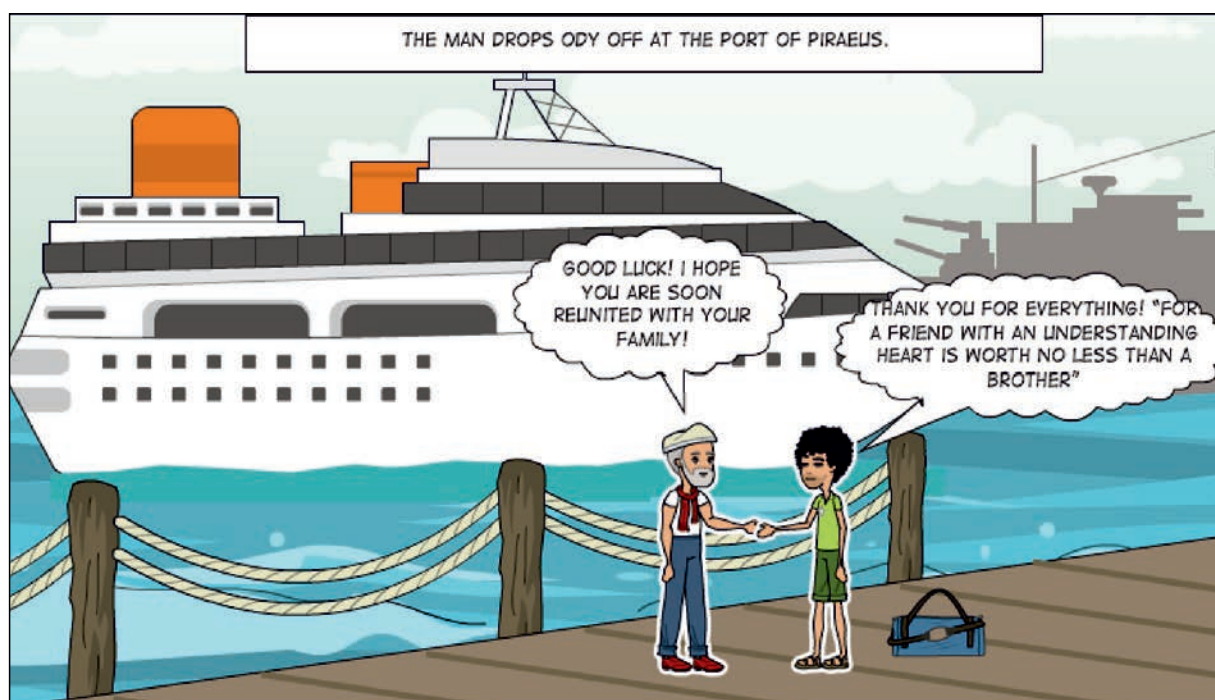
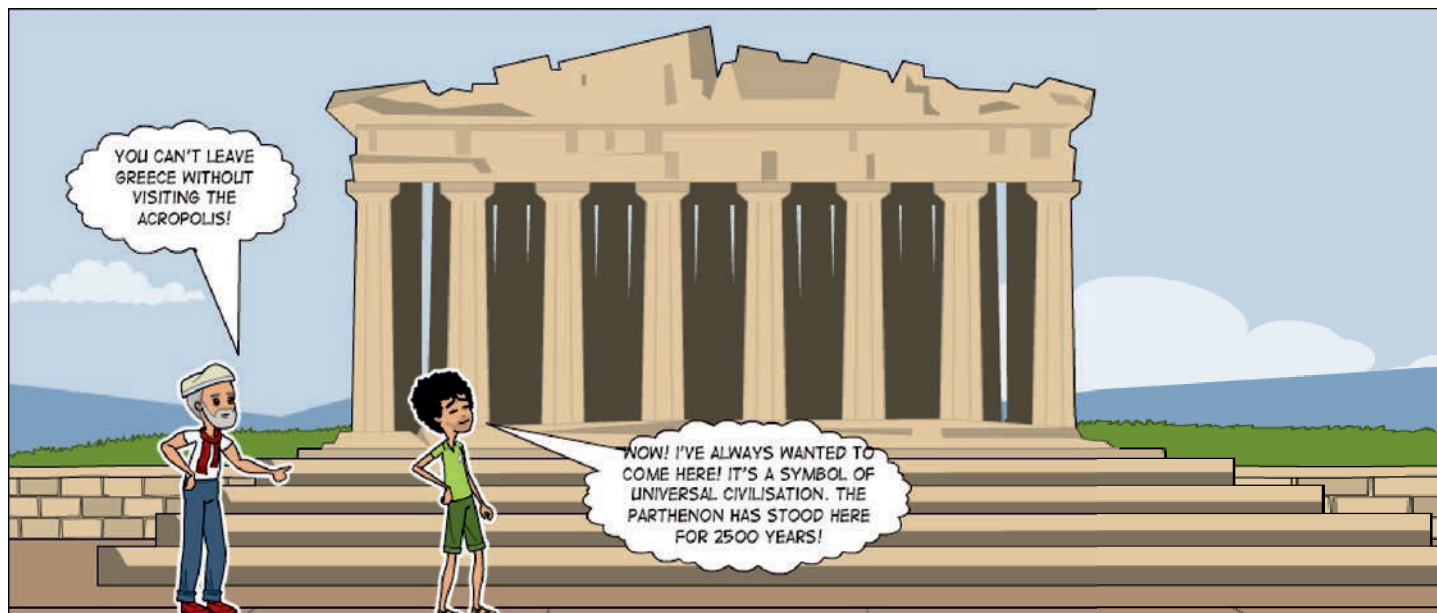




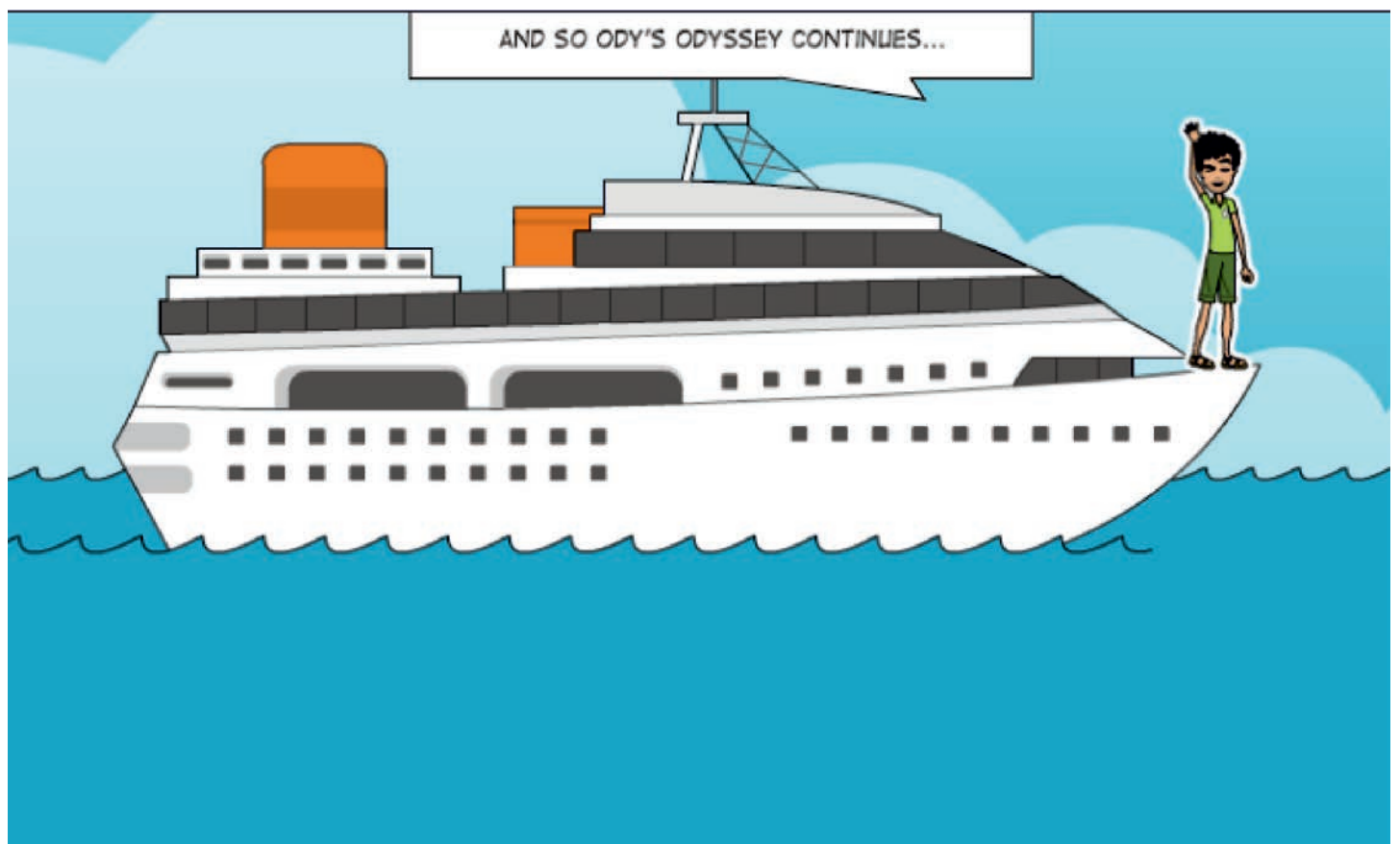
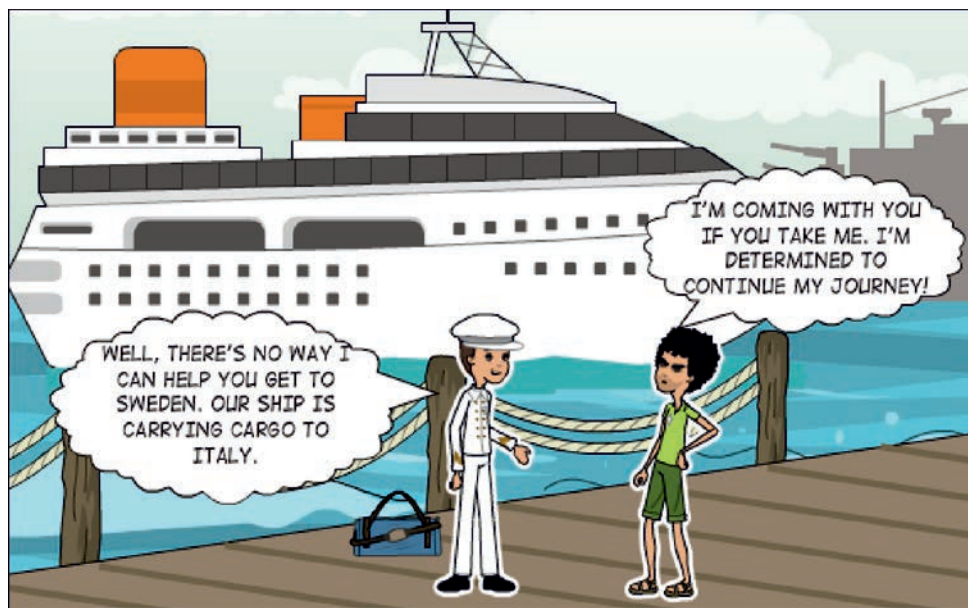
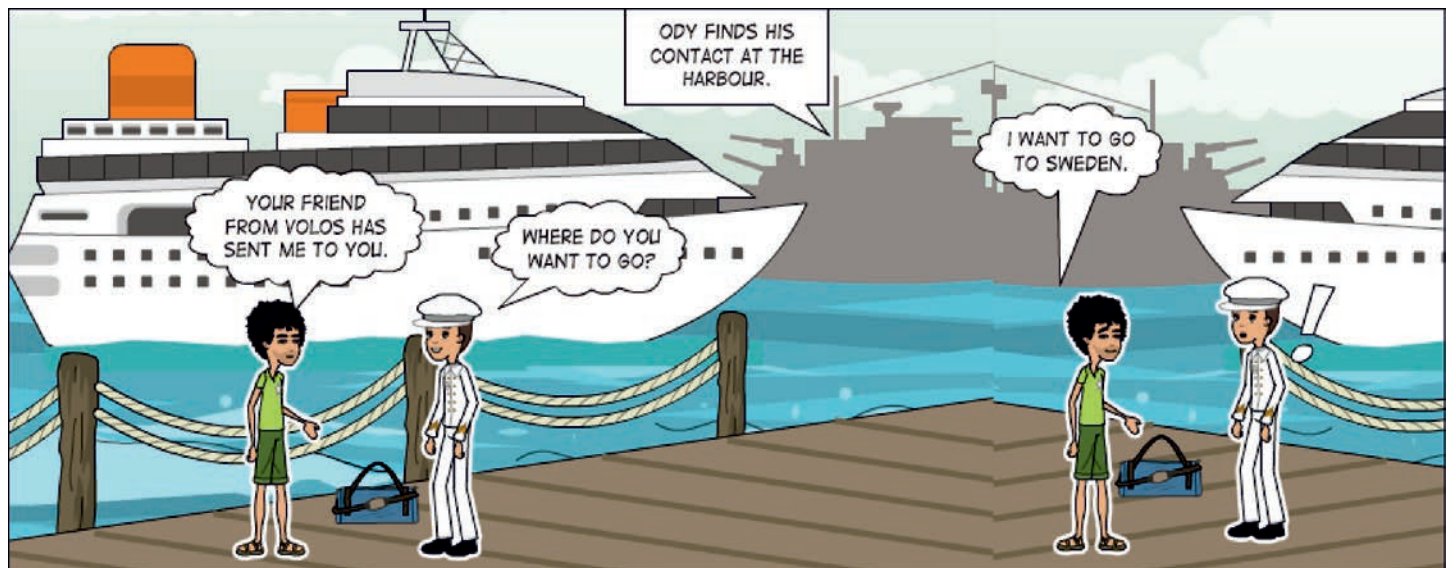




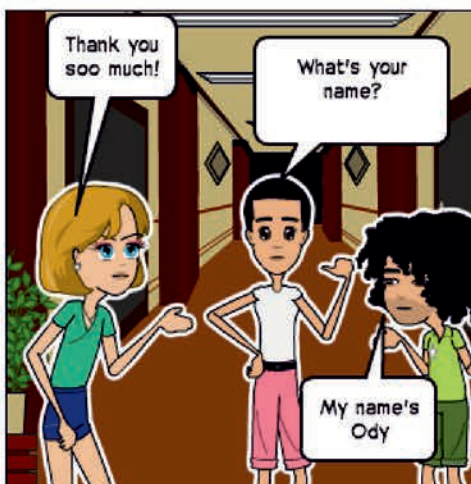
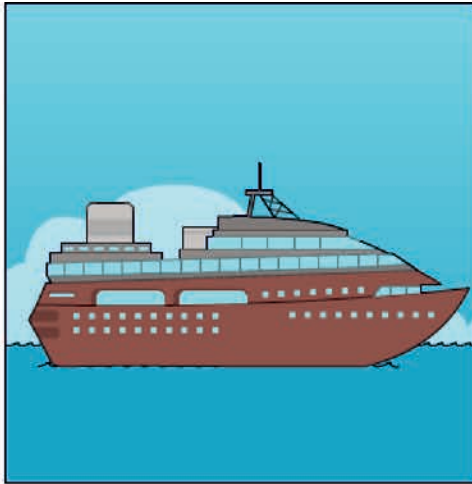




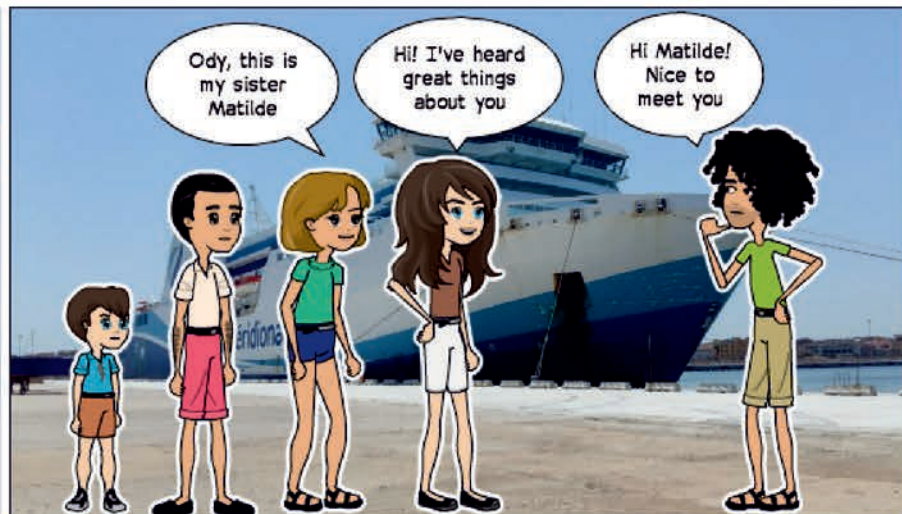
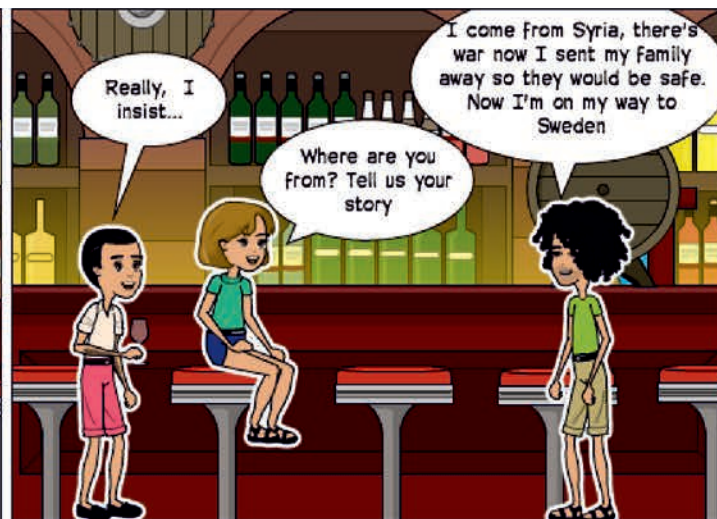
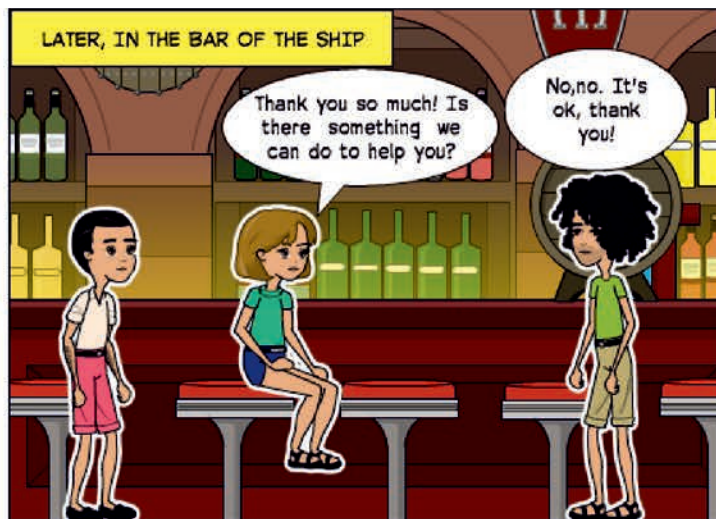






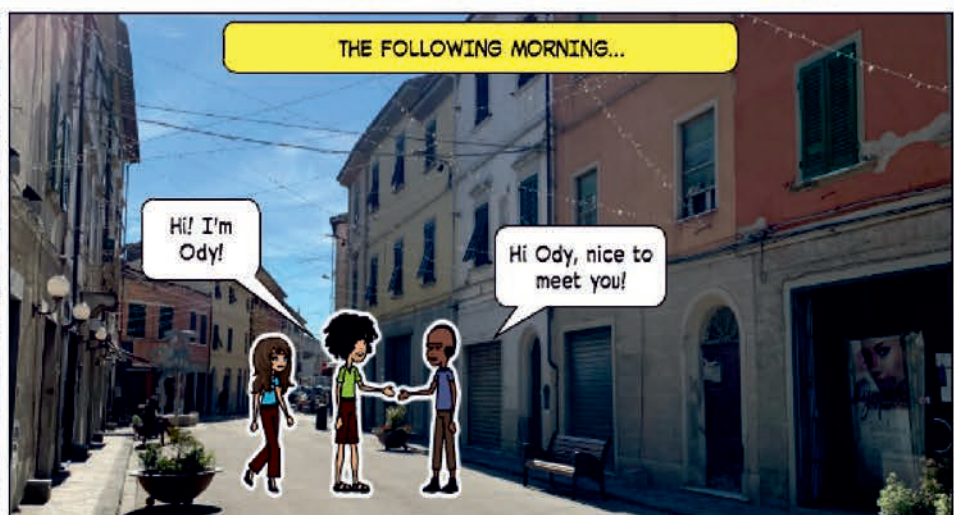
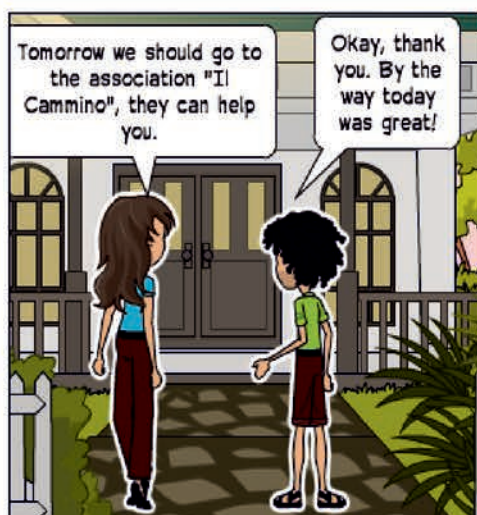
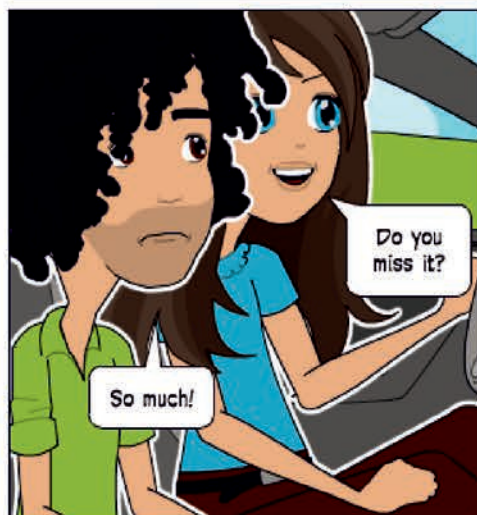




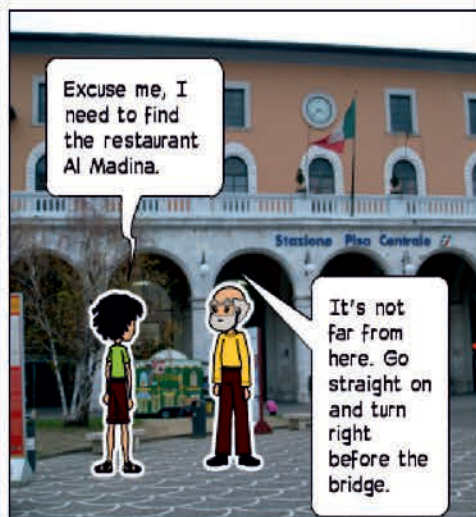
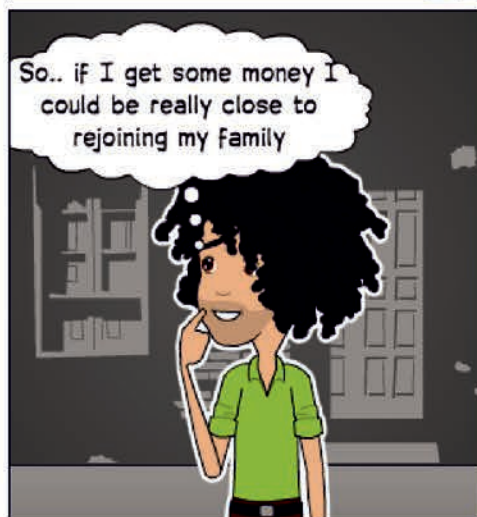
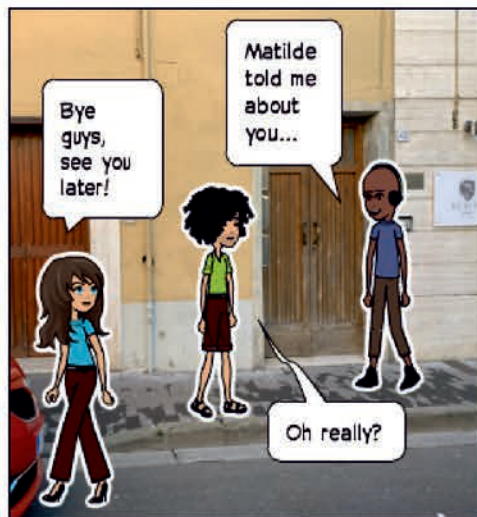


" SHE SMILED AT HIM, HER EYES BLUE AS THE SEA AND HER HAND BRUSHED HIS CHEEK. SHE WAS A TALL BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ".

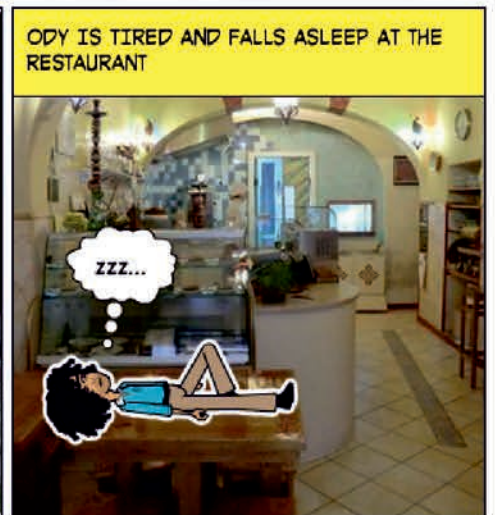
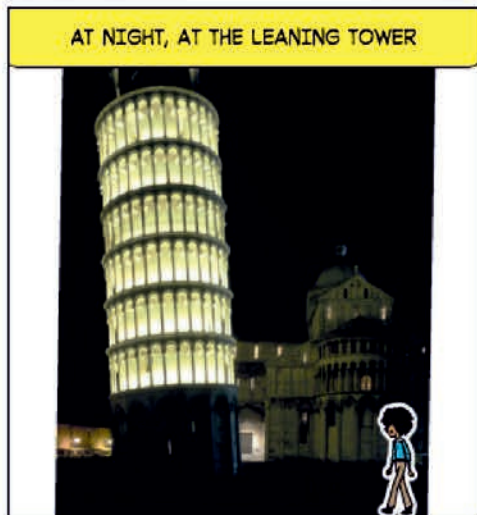














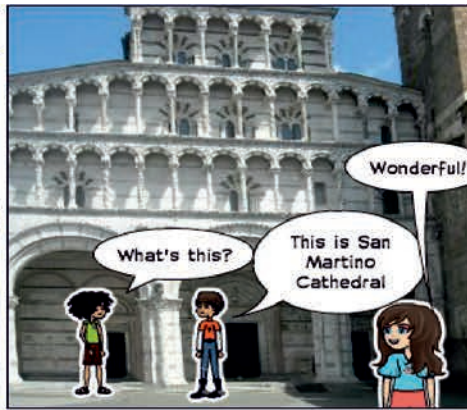
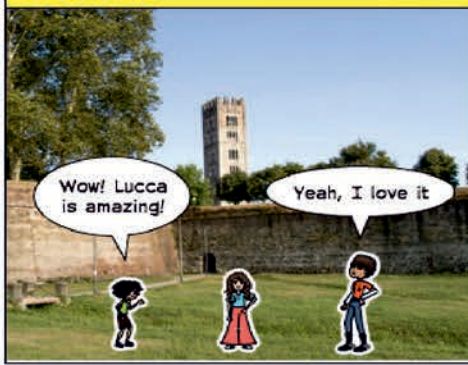




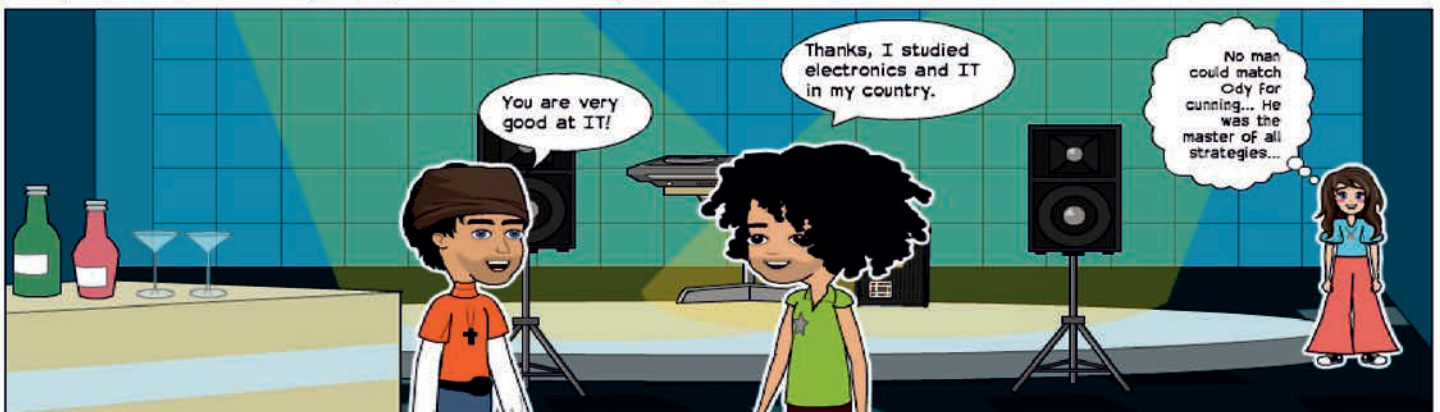
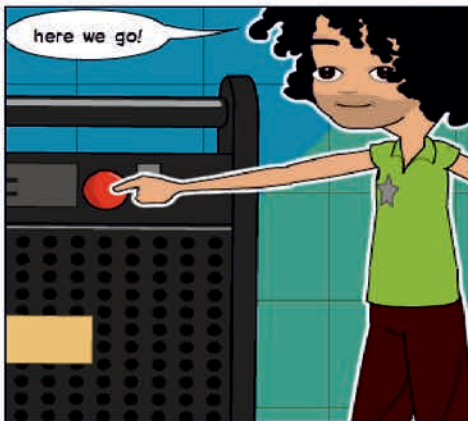




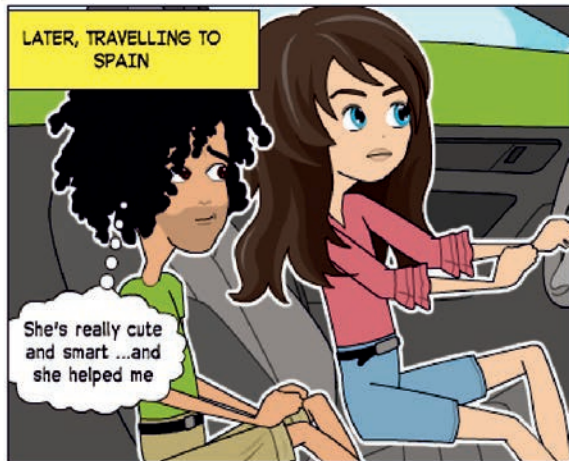
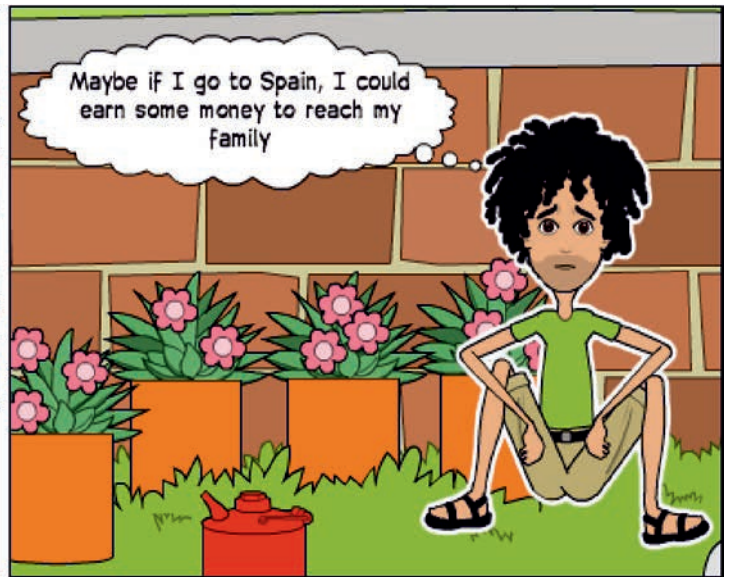
BEFORE THE CONCERT, IN LUCCA



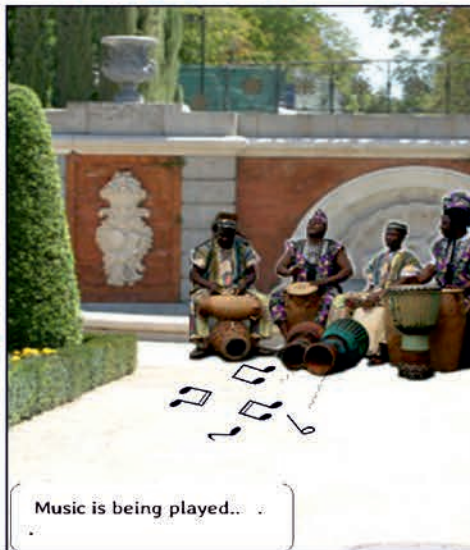
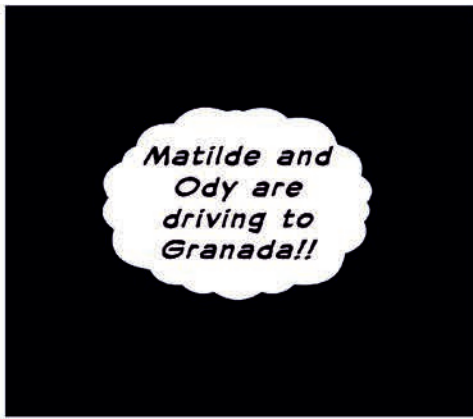
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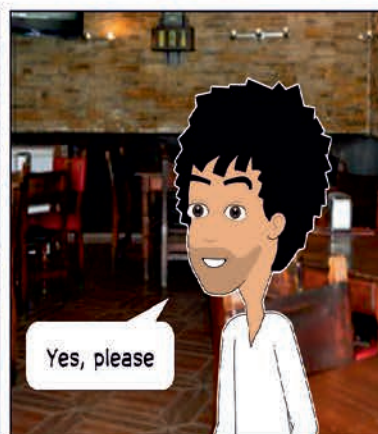






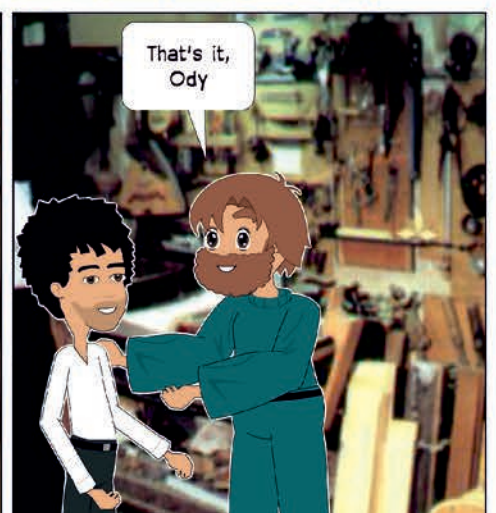
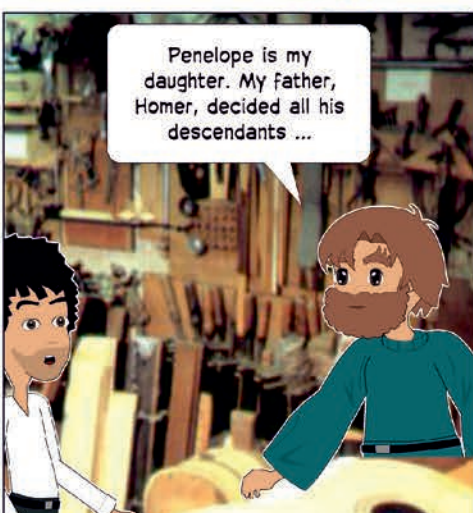


Many hours later

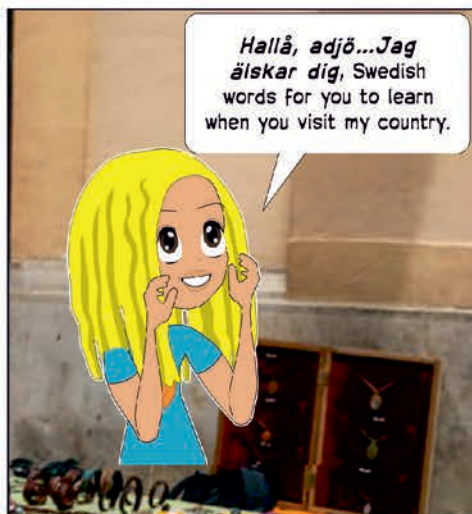




Next morning, Matilde invited Ody to know her hometown, Orgiva and Alpujarras.

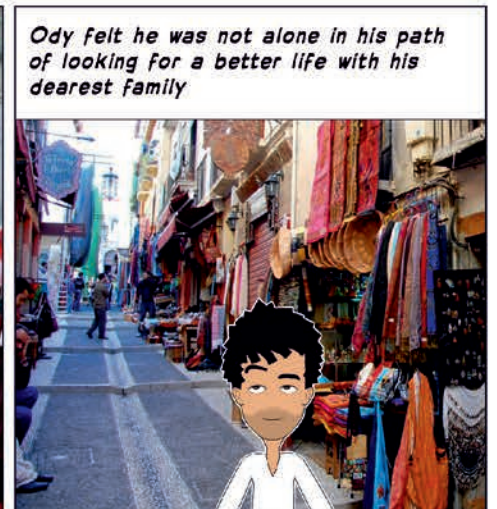
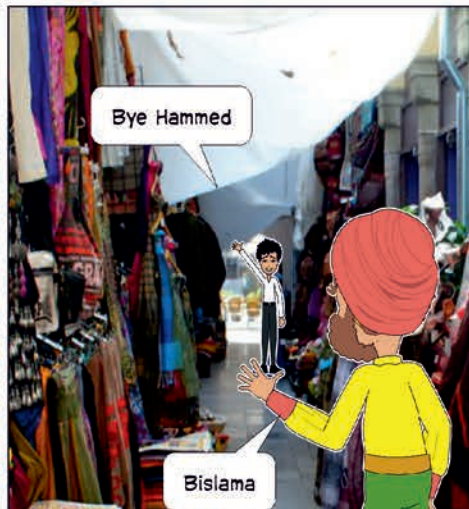
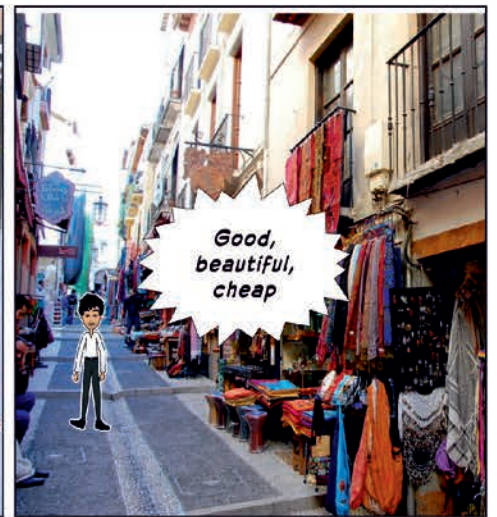






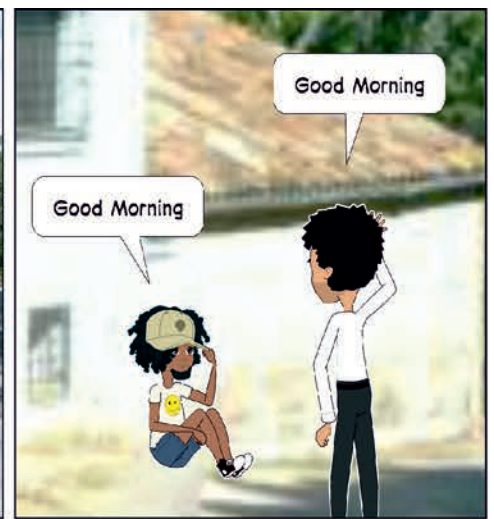


On Thursday, Ody went to the famous street market of Orgiva during his resting time

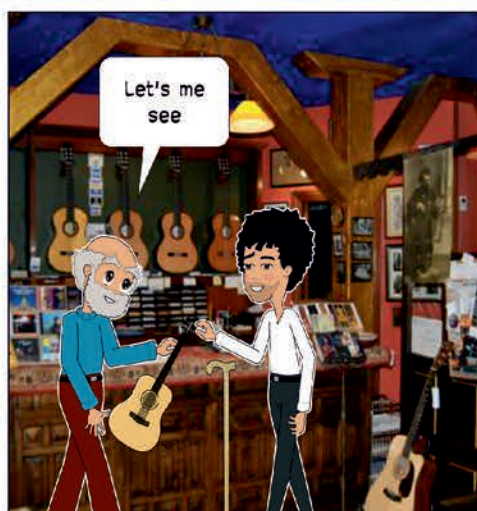
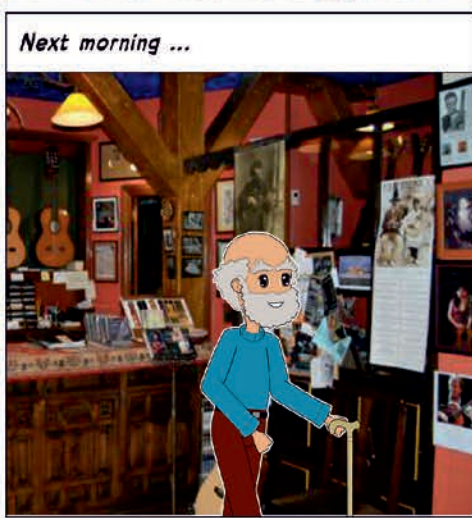




That Sunday, Ody was walking through the countryside ...









The expert hands of the old craftsman breathed life into the guitar with a melody



Sound



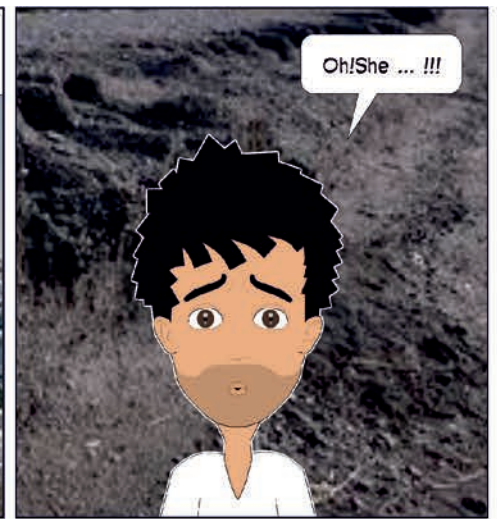
Those notes had the power to bring back the memories of his wife



Nestor comes back to the guitar shop ...









After riding in the fruit truck from Spain to Denmark, he gets on a boat and finally manages to arrive to Gothenburg's port.



Finally, I am in Gothenburg!

Ody follows other refugees to a refugee centre that offers temporary accommodation.



Uncle! Is it really you?

He sees a familiar face.

Ody?

Ody cries with joy after after the immense journey, feeling somewhat at home.



I have to find my family, do you know where they are?

Take me to them!

I think they are in Skövde.

Have patience, there are things that must be done first.

His uncle asks Ody if he has his identification and papers. They are essential if Ody wants asylum in Sweden.



I do not have any. But I do not care, I have to get to my family.

The uncle calms him down again.



The Swedish migration board is getting stricter, there is no reason to go to Skövde without them.

His uncle tells him he can stay in his apartment until his papers arrive.



I have never seen this much snow!

They head to his home.

The uncle explains there is a tradition called Lucia taking place in Sweden right now.



What is going on here?

People dress up in white dresses, sing about worldpeace and eat saffron buns.



Ody doesn't understand a word, but he starts thinking of his family when he hears the beautiful songs.

A woman offers him mulled wine, a popular drink in Sweden during christmas time.



Here you have something to to keep you warm! Happy Lucia!

Some days later Ody's papers arrive and his uncle helps him book tickets to Skövde.



See you soon!

Goodbye!

He arrives to Skövde train station.



I am so close to my family but still so alone.



He asks a lot of people where the address he got from his uncle is situated.



Finally a woman knows where the address is.



He is dropped outside of an apartment complex in a part of Skövde called Ryd.



Ody knocks on the door but no one opens.



No one is home. He sits down for a few hours and waits for someone to come home. He starts wondering if she moved somewhere else, if she even loves him anymore?



A neighbour walks by and he asks if his family still lives here.



Ody doubts himself even more and leaves the complex.



He walks around clueless until he sees a woman walking with a young girl.



It reminds him of them, his beloved family. Then he sees it, it is them.



He shouts their names but they do no reply.



They light up as they finally see it is their precious Ody and they throw themselves in each other's arms.



Come with us home, we have a lot to talk about.

Can one come home again, especially after years of bloody war?

Yes, we are your home.





They get home and invite over every family member and friend they know.



They eat *fika* with some cinnamon buns and talk about the time they spent away from each other.

The next day it is time to go to Mariestad to seek asylum.



At the Swedish Migration Board, in Mariestad, they get to meet someone who works there. They have a *fika* and she explains Ody's situation.



Ody tells the lady that his wife and daughter already have got asylum. Unfortunately it is going to take a long time for Ody to get it anyway.



Ody and his wife thank the lady for the help and thereafter go back to Skövde to wait for the answer.

After all the time they spent apart, they moved in together.



By time they created a really good home in Sweden.



10 years later Ody has learned Swedish and works at Våsterhöjd. He received asylum 2,5 years after he came to Sweden.



His wife who already had asylum, works as a dentist.



Their daughter is about to graduate, she dreams of becoming a politician fighting for human rights and refugees.



They celebrated life together and eventually the war in Syria ended as well.





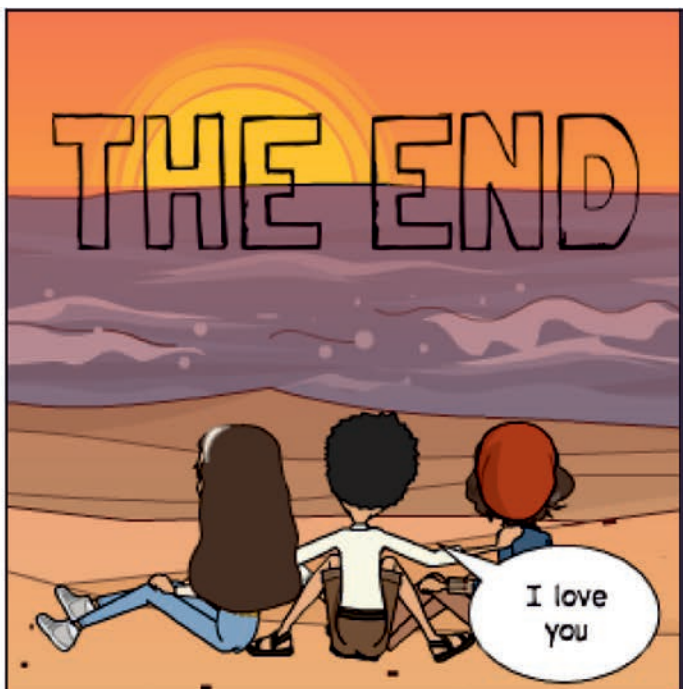
After a while they decided to buy a summer house back in Syria.



The land, finally being rid of war and embracing of democracy, was pleasurable. The family was finally able to experience the country they love again.



They aided in efforts to finally rebuild what had been destroyed by the war throughout the years.





# ODYSS

T H E O D Y S S E Y O F A S Y R I A N R E F U G E E A C R O S S E U R O P E



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