



COMIC STRIP WORKSHOP BELGIUM



CHILDREN:

ZOLTAN WEINER - 6 YEARS OLD
STELLA DE LIEDEKERKE - 6 YEARS OLD
MISHA WEINER - 7 YEARS OLD
RACHEL ABOUTBOUL - 7 YEARS OLD
BABETTE DE LIEDEKERKE - 8 YEARS OLD
SASHA CRUYT - 9 YEARS OLD
MAYA WEINER - 9 YEARS OLD
JULIETTE SCHEYVEN - 10 YEARS OLD

EDUCATORS:

ALICE VAN DEN ABEELE
KATHLEEN LIPPENS

PARENTS:

ARIANE LIPPENS
STEPHANIE LIPPENS



Le Musée des Enfants
Het Kindermuseum

COMIC STRIP WORKSHOP - Children's Museum - 31-8-19

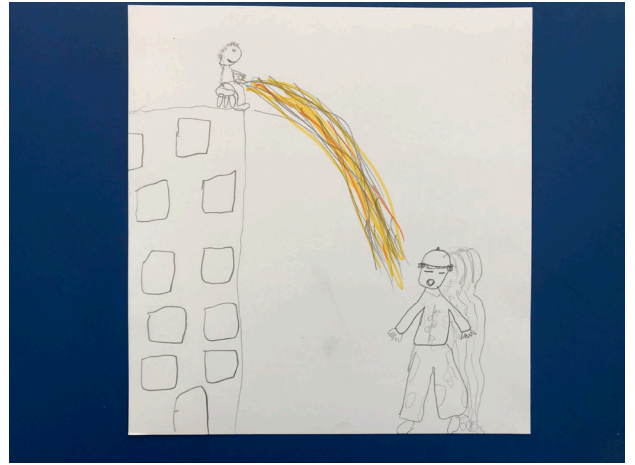


After reading the 7 legends about MannenkenPis, each child drew a picture about a scene they had particularly remembered. With all the drawings put together, we then tried to make up a story that could use most of them. We agreed to take 2 weeks to think about it before heading to the theater for a last exercise.

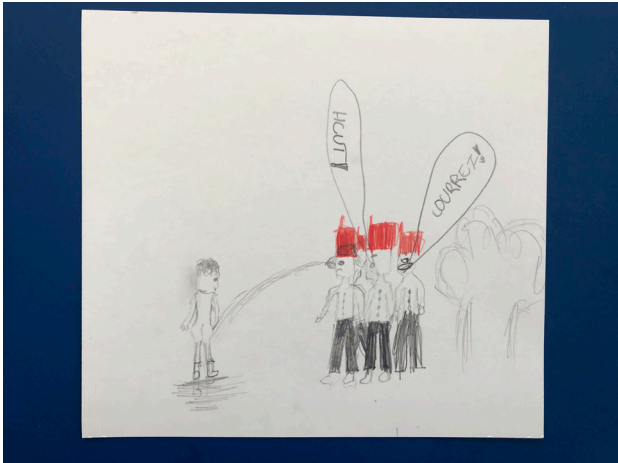




RACHEL ABOUTBOUL - 7 YEARS OLD



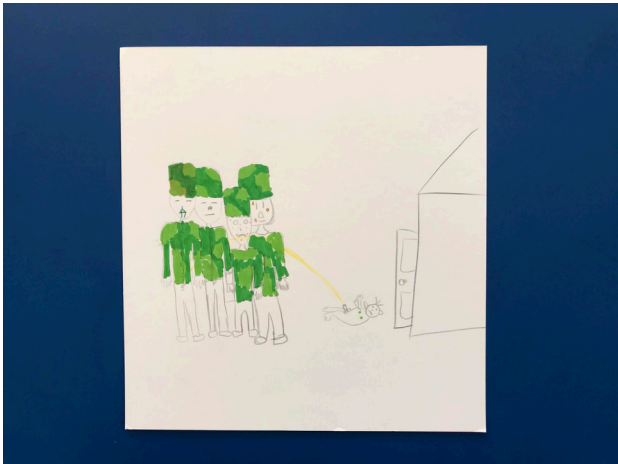
MAYA WEINER - 9 YEARS OLD



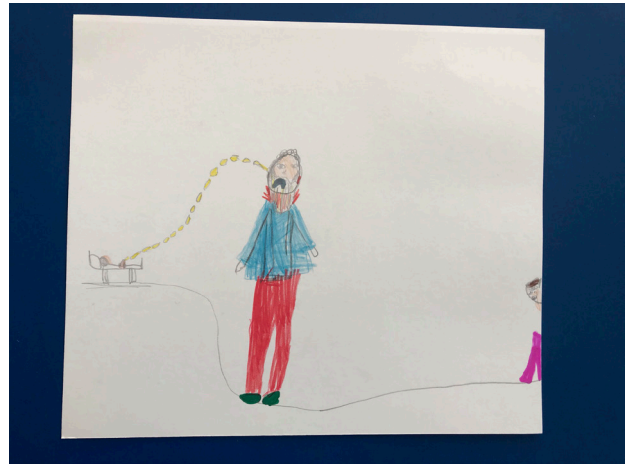
BABETTE DE LIEDEKERKE - 8 YEARS OLD



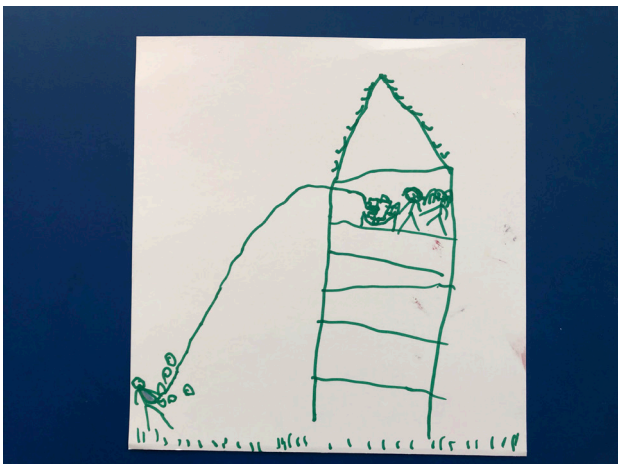
MISHA WEINER - 7 YEARS OLD



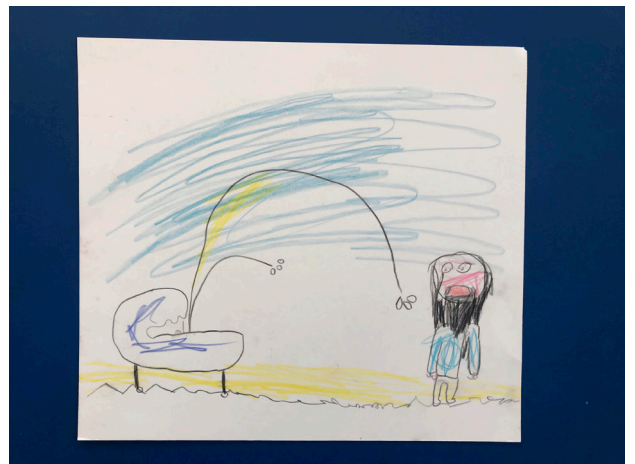
JULIETTE SCHEYVEN - 10 YEARS OLD



STELLA DE LIEDEKERKE - 6 YEARS OLD



ZOLTAN WEINER - 6 YEARS OLD



MISHA WEINER - 7 YEARS OLD



We then asked the children to make up an improvised play in the Theater of the Museum with the elements of the stories they liked. They were left alone in the theatre for 20 minutes to prepare a show. When they called the adults, we discovered a show that had not so much to do with the elements that they had drawn but one, a little boy (Manneken Pis?) who actually was a statue...

From there, we decided to write a story on paper and yet again, new elements rose from their imagination and memory. We decided to keep a burning beard, a wasp the beautiful Gudule and a kid peeing a lot !

The difficult part was to try to make the story happen in a contemporary context as all the legends take place in the Middle Ages. Slowly but surely, a group of 3 elder children remained concentrated enough to make the story exist on paper while the adults took notes. But the legend taking place in a castle with a king made us all take the decision to remain in the past, making it all more magical.

COMIC STRIP WORKSHOP 2 - 14-9-19 - BRUSSELS



We met after 2 weeks the new story was read to 6 of children who participated in the workshop and they were asked to each draw one element of the new version of the legend. They really enjoyed listening to the story they all had participated to create and were very inspired to illustrate it.

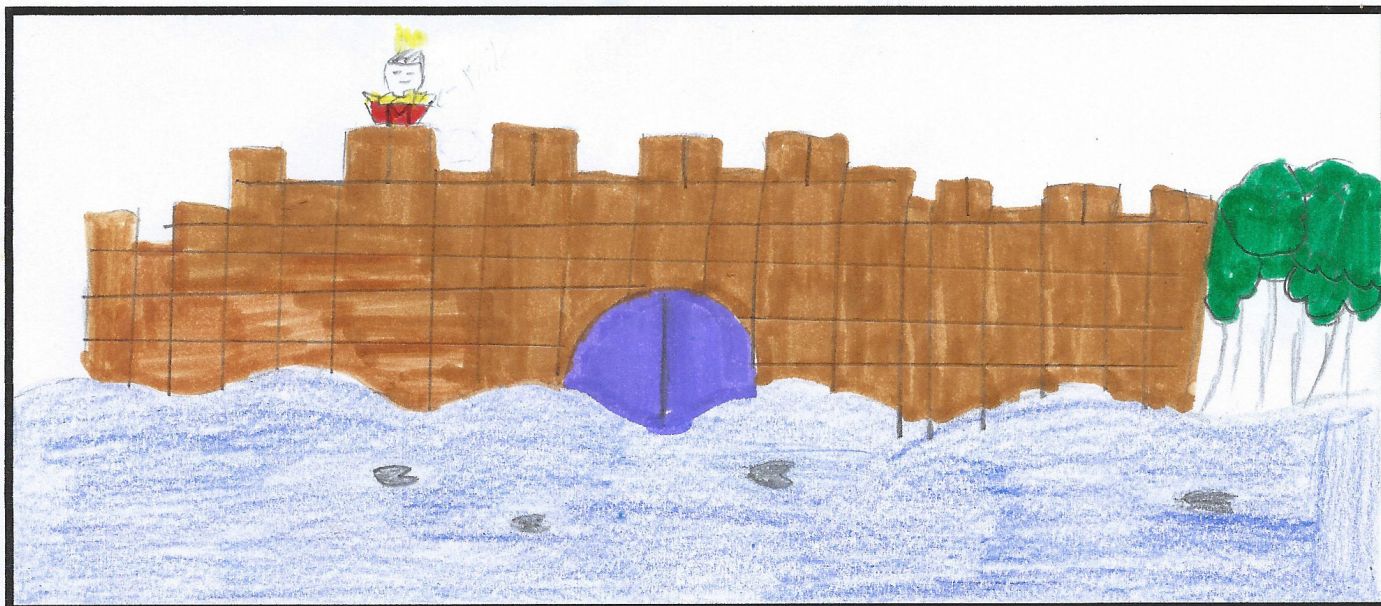
From there, we rewrote the legend and came up with this 8th version.

The 8th version of the MannekenPis Legend

Il était une fois un tout petit Royaume qui se situait à peine plus haut que le niveau de la mer, dans une belle région qui avait tout pour plaire: la mer, les vallées, le charbon, la forêt, les moules, les frites et le bon houblon pour brasser la meilleure des bières.

Le pays était gouverné par un Roi fort, juste et bon qui avait épousé l'amour de sa vie, la belle Gudule. Tout le monde les aimait et les respectaient.

Quand la Reine lui annonça qu'elle attendait un enfant, le Roi organisa une fête de cinq jours pour tout le royaume qui se réjouissait également de l'arrivée du futur héritier du trône.

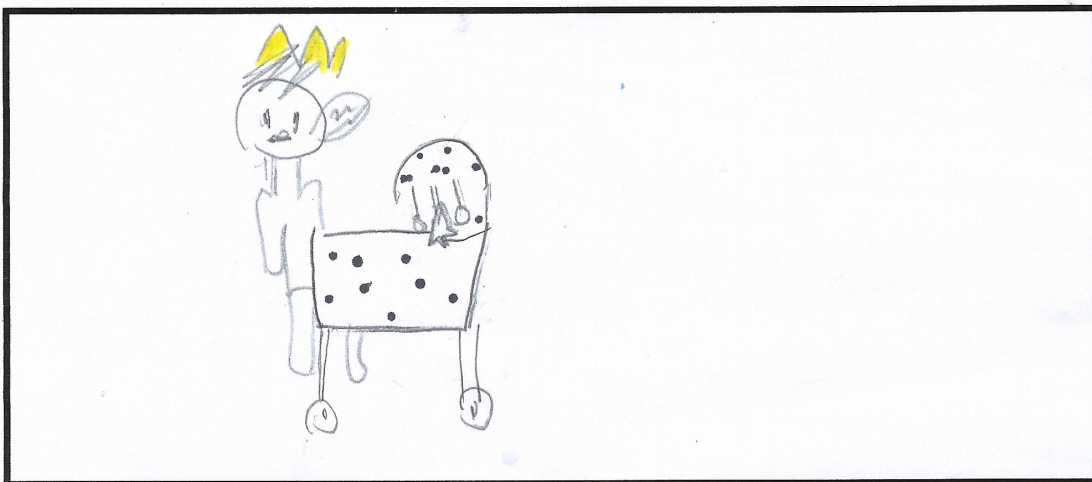
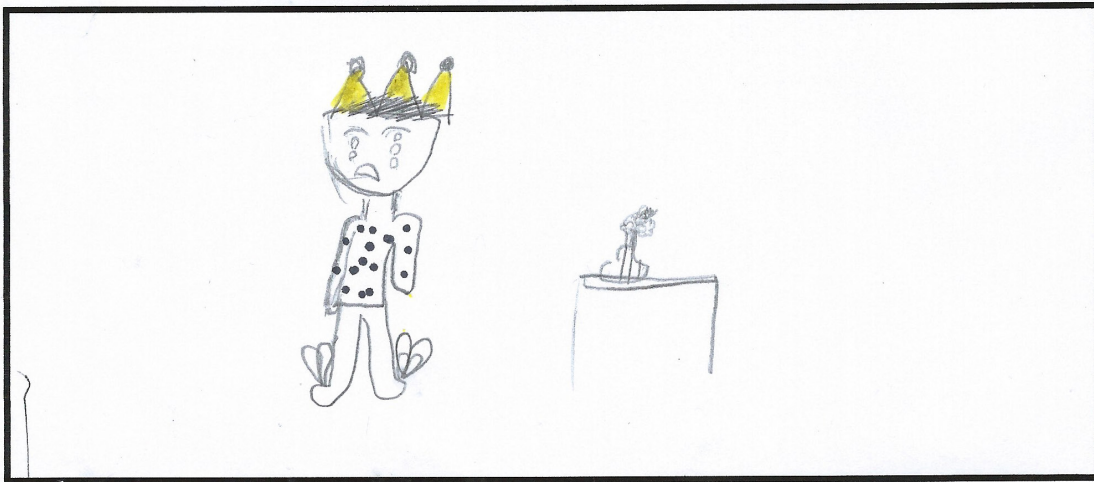
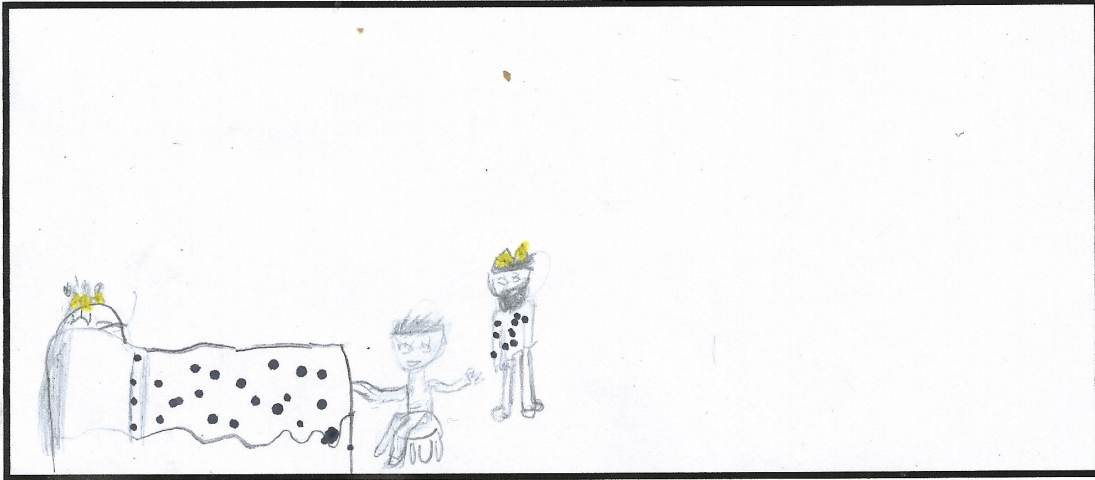


Once upon a time, there was a tiny kingdom just above sea level, in a beautiful region that had everything to please: the sea, the valleys, the coal, the forest, the mussels, the fries and good hops to brew the best beer.

The country was ruled by a strong, just and good king who had married the love of his life, the beautiful Gudule. Everyone loved and respected them. When the Queen told him that she was expecting his child, the King organized a five-day feast for the whole kingdom. Everybody was excited by the arrival of the future heir to the throne.

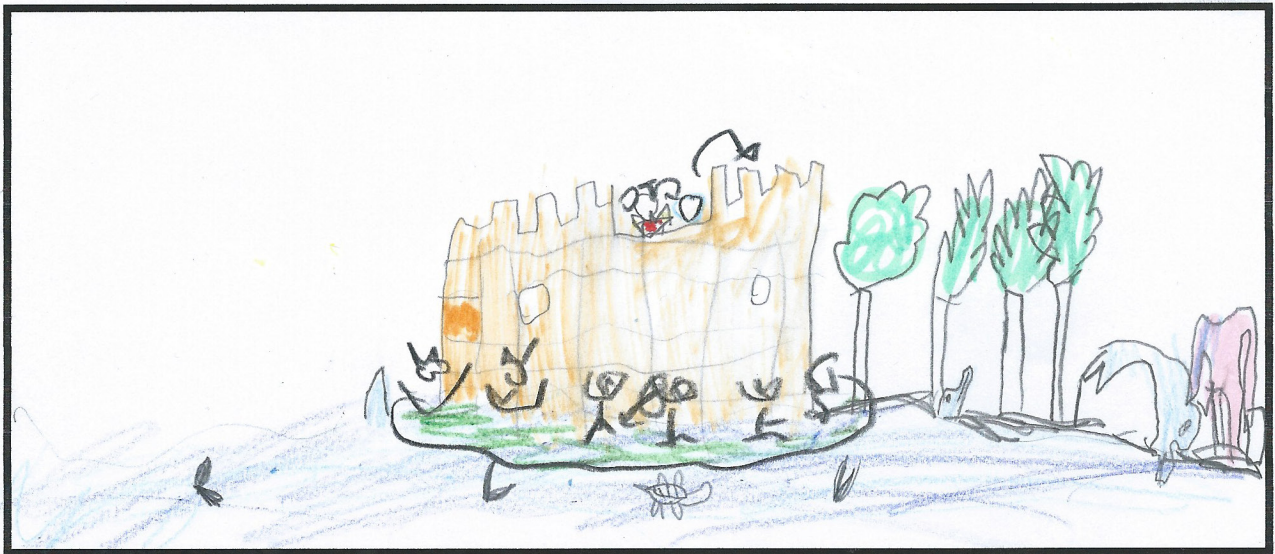


Malheureusement, la Reine mourut en donnant naissance à un fils et le Roi sombra dans une tristesse immense. Chacun savait que jamais il ne pourrait remplacer sa défunte Reine et que, dès lors, il n'aurait qu'un fils comme toute descendance. Le Roi passait des heures à caresser la tête du bébé en disant « Mon pauvre Manneke... Mon pauvre petit Manneke. »



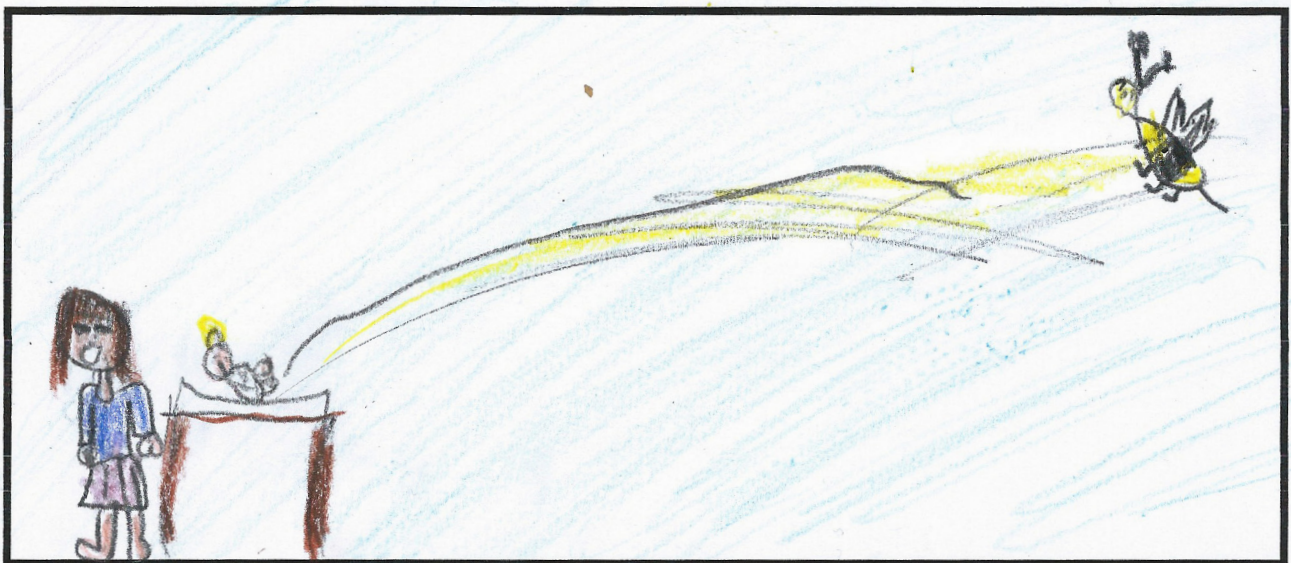
Unfortunately, the Queen died giving birth to a son and the King sank into an immense sadness. Everyone knew that he could never replace his deceased Queen, and that from then on he would have only one son, as unique descendants. The King spent hours caressing the baby's head, saying: «My poor Manneke ... My poor little Manneke.»

Quelques années plus tard, la Cour du Roi eut vent de conspirations pour renverser le Trône et ils décidèrent de bâtir une muraille immense autour du château, que tous les hommes du royaume gardaient de jour comme de nuit. Dans la tour du château, sous haute surveillance, vivaient le Roi, son fils, la nourrice, le valet et une cuisinière.



A few years later, the King's Court heard conspiracies to overthrow the throne and they decided to build a huge wall around the castle, which all the men of the kingdom kept day and night. In the tower of the castle, under strict surveillance, lived the King, his son, the nurse, the valet and a cook.

Un jour, une guêpe entra dans leur chambre alors que la nourrice changeait l'enfant. La nourrice tenta de la chasser de la main quand un jet puissant assomma la bestiole. L'enfant avait abattu la guêpe de son royal pipi ! Le Roi éclata d'un énorme rire ce qui enchantait son fils. C'était la première fois qu'il le voyait rire de la sorte. Il se donna dès lors pour mission de faire rire son père.



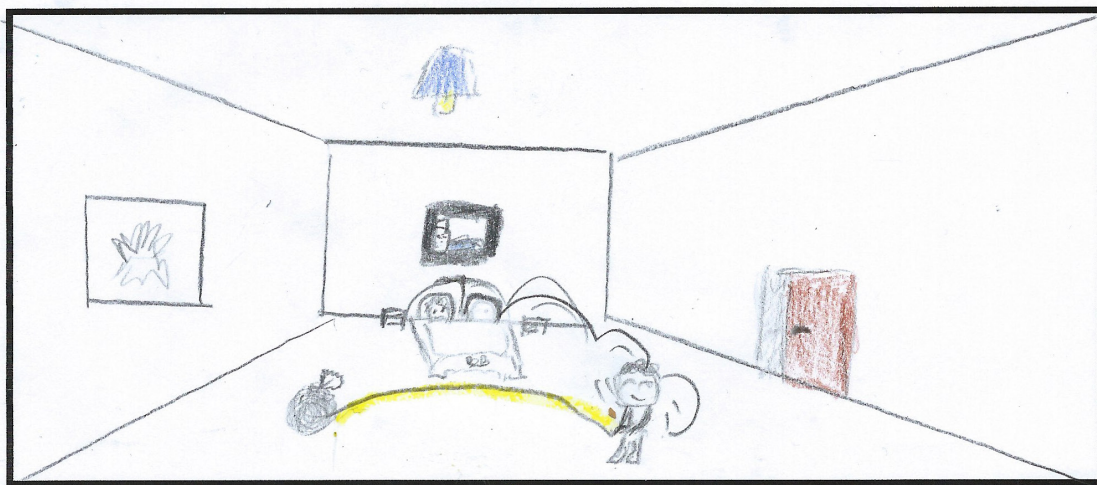
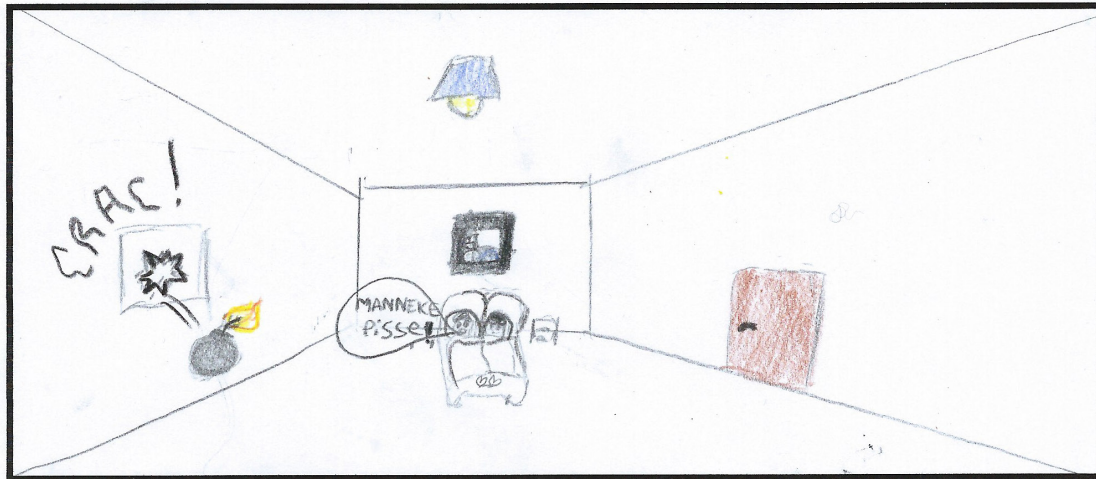
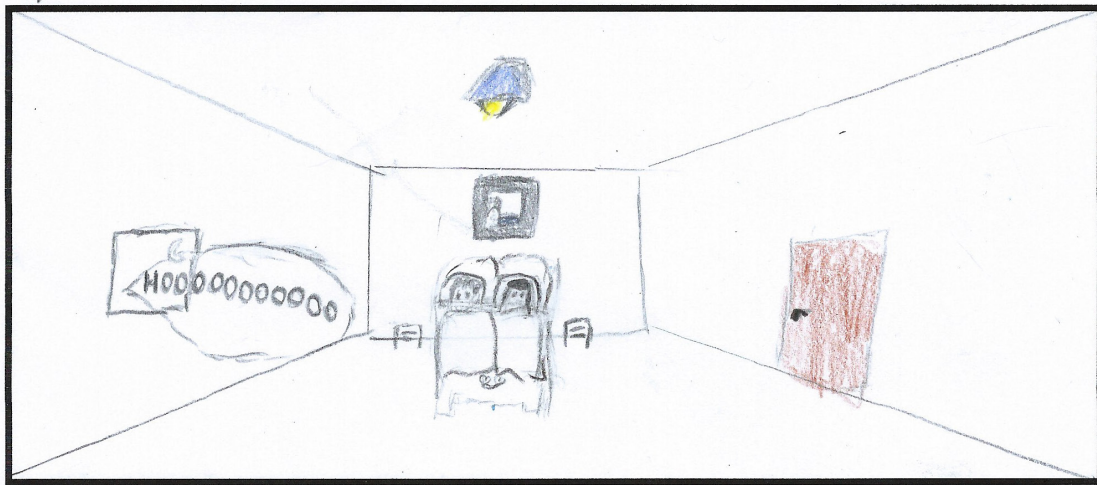
One day, a wasp flew into their room while the nurse was changing the child. The nurse was scared of wasps and froze... when a powerful squirt knocked out the beast. The child had slaughtered the wasp with his royal pee! The King burst into an enormous laugh which delighted his son. It was the first time he'd seen him laugh like that. He decided to make his father laugh.

Un jour, que le petit garçon dansait tout nu sur la table devant le Roi, chantant une mélodie paillarde qui faisait rougir la nourrice et glousser le Roi, il renversa du pied un chandelier dont une des bougies mit feu à la barbe de son père. Cette fois encore, l'enfant éteignit l'incendie de la royale barbe d'un jet des plus précis.



One day when the little boy danced naked on the table in front of the King, singing a bawdy melody that made the nurse blush and the King chuckle, the kid knocked a candlestick down, one of whose candles set fire to his father's beard. Again, the child extinguished the fire of the royal burning beard with his most precise jet of pee.

Un soir alors qu'ils étaient tous couchés et allaient s'endormir, un bruit terrible les fit tous sursauter. Une bombe cassa la fenêtre et roula sur le sol.
Le Roi cria à son fils : « Manneke... Pisse ! ». L'enfant sauta de son lit et de son légendaire jet, il éteignit la mèche.
Il devint alors connu comme Manneken Pis et une statue fut érigée en son honneur.



**One night when they were all in bed and going to sleep, a terrible noise made them all jump. A bomb broke the window and rolled into the room.
The King shouted to his son, «Manneke ... Piss!». The child jumped from his bed and with his now legendary jet, extinguished the bomb.
He became known as Manneken Pis and a statue was erected in his honor.**