

1. The Royal Spring	2
Mikołaj Milewski, Primary School No. 3 in Goleniów	
2. The Blue Fountain.....	4
Patrycja Giec, Primary School No. 3 in Goleniów	
3. Gollsner	6
Zuzanna Sawicka, Primary School in Kliniska Wielkie	
4. Such could be the beginnings of Goleniów.....	8
Lena Wypchło, Primary School in Lubczyna	
5. The legend of the Golden Bibasian.....	10
Hanna Religa, Primary School No. 3 in Goleniów	
6. The stone of Goleniów.....	12
Hanna Wachowiak, Primary School No. 4 in Goleniów	
7. And the wall stands thanks to the dragon.....	13
Helena Traczyk, Primary School No. 3 in Goleniów	
8. Detectives from River Ina and the mystery of the White Granary.....	16
Students of class II b, Primary School No. 2 in Goleniów	
9. A legend for future generations.....	19
Liliana Dudzińska, Primary School in Kliniska Wielkie	
10. Legend of the heroic stork Eryk.....	22
Eliza Gabrych, Primary School No. 3 in Goleniów	
11. Legend of a brick-stealing dragon.....	24
Adrianna Sobczak, Primary School No. 3 in Goleniów	
12. A tale of Queen Ina and the Town of the Innocents.....	28
Szymon Niedzielski, Primary School in Kliniska Wielkie	
13. A wolf that had wings.....	30
Zuzanna Werschler, Primary School No. 3 in Goleniów	

The Royal Spring

It was a long time ago, although some say not that long... Those were the days when merchant ships visited the city of Goleniów often and moored densely along the banks of the river. Thanks to the river Ina, Goleniów prospered and thrived, and a wide variety of people and goods flowed in. In short, it was the city's golden age.

Meanwhile, in the subterranean kingdom of all things evil – demons, devils and fallen angels – one of the evil minion spirits serving Beelzebub, hell's gatekeeper, stopped before his master's chamber. He knocked on the door.

"Get in, you moron!" answered a booming, raspy voice.

Beelzebub was the absolute worst Master. As he entered the chamber he heard more foul words than should ever be repeated. He kneeled.

"You wanted to see me, Master," his voice gave away his insecurity. He was trembling with fear.

"What took you so long? Ah, never mind..." Beelzebub shook his frizzy mane.

"How can I serve you, Ma..."

"Did I give you permission to speak!?" Beelzebub snapped and, seeing the growing terror gripping his servant, he smirked. "Well then, let's get down to business. After your previous unsuccessful mission to widen the Ina River," he glanced menacingly in the servant's direction, "I was scolded by the mighty Lucifer, the Lord of All, himself. I think you know, what that means?"

"No, please..."

"Silence! I will be merciful this time and I will give you one more chance. Just remember – if you fail me again your punishment will be fourfold. I won't take no for an answer," he smiled. "You have access to many thoughtless creatures. Choose the most suitable and put it in the Ina, so that no ship can carry any cargo, and I mean ANY, even the tiniest of parcels. I can already picture the empty stalls and impoverished merchants, I can hear the people cry... This is going to be glorious," he fell into his fantasy and smiled blissfully, but shrieked in an instant, "Now be off! I have more important things to do." And once again he smiled at his ominous thoughts.

The servant stood up and left the chamber hurriedly. He couldn't stop shaking, cold sweat pearled on his forehead. His Master's voice still ranged in his ears.

"Of all demons, why did this have to happen to me?," he mumbled.

Without delay he went to hell's barracks in order to find an appropriate monster. A couple of minutes later he found the perfect vermin for this particular job. It was a demonic fish, or rather a sea demon. It resembled a huge, fat pike with sixteen big sharp spikes in its mouth. Its skin was covered with dark brown spines like a pufferfish and much like a pufferfish it could puff up into a spiky ball.

The next day, the sea demon was released and swimming in the Ina when two boys from Goleniów went fishing. Unaware of danger they set up their nets. After a

short while the nets started to twitch slightly and bubbles of air appeared on the water's surface, much like a broth simmering on the stove. The boys went knee-deep into the water to check the net, but found only one little ordinary fish. No sooner than one of the boys finished taking the nets out of the water, the sea demon appeared out of nowhere. It swallowed the fish and dragged the boy into the depths of the Ina river. Everything happened so fast that the other boy didn't even have time to scream.

No one believed the boy's story until a few days later when a sailor said he saw the exact same thorny monster which hit his ship while it was docked by the granary, causing some bags of valuable cargo to fall into the water. Still there remained three sceptics who eventually surrendered their disbelief when the blood-thirsty monster jumped out of the water and tried to eat a log driver. Luckily, the fish demon was late by a split second, it jumped with great impetus over the man who managed to wince just in time. Infuriated, the creature dove into the river with an enormous splash. Many of Goleniów's residents witnessed the event.

Upon learning about the monster, Prince Boguslaw, who at the time was in Goleniów mourning the loss of his brother Barnim, summoned the court wiseman and ordered him to find a way to get rid of the menace. The wiseman spent two sleepless days and nights thinking, when finally fatigue took over him. He had a strange dream. An angel appeared to him and said:

"Take some villagers with buckets and lead them far along the Ina into the forest. Have them remove the water there and in a week your troubles will be over."

The wiseman did as he was told. What else was he supposed to do? After two days the water level dropped, but the villagers pushed on with their work. They didn't stop until the entire seven days had passed. After a week, there was so little water in the Ina that the monster could not possibly survive. But oddly enough, there was no sign of the sea devil anywhere. It had most likely found its way into the Baltic Sea where it lies in wait for its next victims.

A few years later, in the spot where the villagers had taken the water out of the Ina a spring was discovered. People named it the Royal Spring, so they would never forget it was thanks to prince Boguslaw and his wisdom that they could live without fear. Unfortunately, the level of water in the Ina was so low that no ship could ever sail it again. Instead, it became safe for fish, ducks, and swans.

The Blue Fountain

It was a cloudy November day. A boy named Felix wandered about the streets of Goleniów. Cold wind ruffled his curly, fair hair. In his hand the teenager held an empty soda can. He sat on a nearby bench and tossed the can on the ground.

He sat and pondered. After a while he got hungry so he decided to have something to eat at his favorite café on Szczecińska street. It wasn't far away, so he arrived quickly. He ordered a piece of pie and sat at a table awaiting his meal. From his seat he could see the fountain that stood in front of the café.

He walked out of the café an hour later, sat on a bench and watched jets of water spouting out of the fountain. *That's soothing*, he thought. Suddenly he heard an unfamiliar sound. He went over to the fountain to see where the sound was coming from. His eyes searched over the surface of the water but he didn't notice anything out of the ordinary. Felix thought he must have misheard, but then water started spouting with double force, wetting his light-blue jumper and black trousers. Out of the water a bizarre creature emerged, as if it was coming from another world. Terrified, the boy looked around for someone who would assure him it wasn't really happening, someone who could help him, but no one was there. He wanted to run, but some force held him in place. He stood motionless and watched the creature approach him. The creature resembled a toad, but it was bigger and its skin had a color unlike any other toad he had ever seen – purple-navy. The creature's head was immediately joined to the rest of its body and it had a large mouth with even larger lips. The creature's back and extremities were strewn with dozens of white dots, like craters or, more precisely, pimples and blemishes. The huge, bulging, green eyes of the creature filled the air with a glow, its skin was covered in strange slime. The paws of the creature were outspread, all four of them ending in crooked fingers with nails shaped like claws. It was moving slowly and lazily, leaving a trail of that strange slime behind it. It was abhorrent.

Felix stared at the animal in disbelief. *This must be a weird dream*, he thought. Then, out of nowhere, an empty can rolled towards him, the same one he had thrown on the ground earlier that day. The can was followed closely by a plastic bottle. Next the wind blew in a few crumpled tissues and some paper. The pile of garbage was growing by the second. Felix's brown eyes darted between the rising trash pile and the creature. He was absolutely sure that the strange creature was responsible for this invasion of waste. A couple of minutes later the pile stopped expanding. It had grown quite big. At that moment the boy realized that all those pieces of paper, bottles and cans belonged to him. He was the one who dumped them on sidewalks and lawns, left them in the forest, and even threw them into the Ina River that flowed through the city. He figured out that this was Mother Earth's revenge. He understood that his behavior was wrong. He cleaned up the pile and never littered again. What's

more, he learned how to segregate waste and he encouraged his friends to follow his good practices.

Later on Felix discovered he wasn't the only one who'd had an encounter with the creature from the fountain. It is said that the animal appears to everyone who pollutes the environment. People call the fountain the Blue Fountain, because in the evenings the water in it often turns bright blue. Despite the beautiful color those who don't care about the environment should be wary. If they don't change their ways, they will have to stand face to face with the Waste Toad.

Gollsner

A long, long time ago, in days before the phones, tablets and laptops, in a village by the Ina River, underneath the granaries lived an old mouse-man called Gollsner. He came from a family of mice, medieval creatures dwelling in the gates within the city walls. Gollsner was covered in brown fur, he had thick whiskers on both sides of his muzzle and, as befits a mouse, he boasted a handsome tail. He was roughly the size of a three-year old child, and he also had an ample stomach, which was not so much the result of his greediness but the unrestricted access to grain stored in the granaries. His stomach caused Gollsner a lot of trouble. Because of it he had to gnaw out a hole in his favorite overalls and widen the entrance to his burrow under the granary. Gollsner was friendly towards animals and he was especially fond of horses, but he was terrified of humans. He would typically spend his nights snooping around in the granaries, but sometimes he would venture outside. On one of such occasions, he sat on the bank of the Ina River and thought about his ancestors and the fact that he was the last of his kind. In the early hours of the morning, as soon as the humans started to come, he would return to his burrow. He led a peaceful life and he wanted for nothing. However, one day everything changed.

One evening in the autumn a young man from a faraway land stayed in the granary for the night. He made himself a comfortable sleeping place against one of the walls and, as he waited to fall asleep, he thought deeply. Meanwhile Gollsner bravely came out of his hole, just like he did every night, and began to load fresh grain into a metal bucket, which he used to lower the grain into his hole to munch on throughout the following day. He wasn't expecting company so he didn't care to be silent. Curious about the commotion, the young man snuck up on Gollsner, but when he saw a giant mouse with a hole in its pants, he ran away from the granary, screaming in terror. The young man's cries for help woke up all villagers. He told them about the strange creature that wanted to attack him. At first nobody believed him, but having seen his fear, people decided to investigate. Armed villagers began to search the granaries. They looked in every corner, recess, and hole. Finally, they found the entrance to Gollsner's burrow. They knew it was no ordinary mouse they were dealing with. They decided to capture the dangerous creature and remove it from the area. After a few hours they reached the creature's hole and explored it thoroughly. They were shocked to discover that most of the things inside looked like they could belong to a human rather than a mouse. Among Gollsner's belongings they found a white grosh, a drawing of something that looked like a church, and a stone from the city walls. Puzzled and frightened, they deemed Gollsner's presence to be the devil's doing. They resumed their search. They were angry and murderous. They looked for the scared creature, destroying everything in their way.

Meanwhile Gollsner got out of the granary through the tunnel and ran away along the Ina. He ran as fast as he could. He ran past numerous bends and backwaters, stopping frequently to rest behind the trees and listen. He was terrified, sad and heartbroken. He didn't know what to do next. When he thought his pursuers had giv-

en up, he sat in the shade of a tree and fell asleep. He dreamed about his family, about his mom baking whole-grain cookies and his dad reading him stories. Suddenly the barking of the dogs and the shouting of the humans tore him from his sleep. He was found... the chase was right behind him. He could almost feel the dogs' teeth on his tail. Having nowhere to hide, he jumped into the river. He swam towards the Odra river and vanished beneath the waves. He hasn't been heard of since...

To this day no one knows whether the peculiar creature survived. Some say it succumbed to the river, others claim it did make it and still lives among the roots of trees growing in the most remote and most impenetrable parts of the Goleniów Forest. Rumor has it that on early misty mornings mushroom pickers can spot its shadow running away in the distance. And what do you think – which ending is true?

Such could be the beginnings of Goleniów...

Once upon a time, long, long ago a poor highlander family lived in southern Poland. They lived only on what they had a small patch of stony, clay soil. Many people lived in this area but they had very little land and there was a lack of animals in the forests.

The head of this large family was the father. He was distinguished by his tall height and broad shoulders. His muscles were strong and thick, they grew in power and strength while working hard on the farm. He had long hair and a beard, like the rest of the adult men. His hair and beard were dark, with white highlights, his face heavily burned by the sun, destroyed by wind and hard work. As clothes, he wore a jacket and leather pants. At his side, he carried a wooden bow and arrows, a weapon he used to hunt and defend against wild animals. He was a wise and good man. He smiled often and said good words about everyone.

When they began to suffer from hunger, the family decided to set out to look for a new place to live, where they might find more land suitable for cultivation and plenty of animals in the forests. Before setting off on a long journey, you need to have footwear. They didn't want to wander bare-foot because they would hurt their feet. There were no leather shoes back then, as there are today, so they made their shoes out of linden rind. They prepared to move to a distant world. On the road, they took with them several whole meal flour pies, baked on hot stone. The rest of the wheat grain was spilled and tied it into linen sheets so it would be possible to bake pancakes on their journey. They smashed the grain with a stone turning it into a thick flour, mixed with water and cooked it on hot coals. Other food, such as berries, mushrooms, they found in the woods and water they took from rivers. For many weeks they wandered west. They visited many empty places where they could settle, but they didn't like them or feel safe. Finally, they arrived at the place where the city of Goleniów is now. They were delighted by the large amount of land that could be cultivated with simple tools such as a stone hoe and a wooden plow. The ground was light and without stones. Simply pulling out the grass was enough to loosen the soil to make it suitable for cultivation. There was a huge forest and in it a wealth of animals, forest fruits, mushrooms, and a lot of wood. A river flowed through the center of this land. It was completely different from the mountain streams that were loud and quick because the water came from above. Those flowed quickly and loudly, because the water rushed down over stones. This river flowed lazily and the water in it was so crystal-clear that at night the moon and stars waved on its surface and during the day the blue sky made it appear blue. Ducks and swans basked on the banks of covered in lush vegetation. The river seemed really different to the newcomers, that's why they called it Ina. During their long journey, the wanderers from the south ripped their linden rind footwear, so they walked barefoot. Over time, other, poor people, who also liked this place began to join them and settle there. They were called the bare-legged. Together, they built a settlement. Primitive houses were made of beams cut with by stone hatchet. There were no windows or ovens. Meals were prepared

on the bonfire. These were mainly roasted meat and wheat pies. They started to sow grain in the fields, most often wheat. The grain grew beautifully and gave a large yield. Although the number of inhabitants was increasing, there was an excess of grain. They decided to store it. Thus came the idea to build a granary. At first it was a small wooden house. In following years a huge granary was built in its place, which has survived to this day.

The grain stored in the granary could not lie long, so the inhabitants of the settlement on the Ina river wondered what to do with it. They came up with the idea to exchange it for other products they need. Therefore, they began to build rafts on which they loaded barrels with grain. The rafts were made of thick fallen trees from which the center was picked. The inlet and outlet were plugged with a huge wooden peg. The loaded rafts flowed down the river into the sea. Traders would pick them up there, and exchange them for other goods. When the rafts returned to the settlement, people celebrated and sang songs. The traders shared the imported goods.

Years passed, people kept coming. The settlement grew until it became a city. Initially, it was called Gołonóg (bare leg), as its founders were called. Later the name was changed to Goleniów and it is so today

The legend of the Golden Bibasian

One warm June evening, in the first years of the 21st century, I was having fun with classmates. We were collecting pokemons in the park near the stadium. All of a sudden the sky brightened un-naturally and I noticed a huge spaceship flying towards us. We were shocked and surprised. At first we started to run, but curiosity got the best of me and from a distance I watched this crazy event. During the landing, sparks shot out of the rocket, as a result a dozen trees burst into flames. All my companions got scared and ran away but I felt an irresistible desire to see everything from up close. After a moment, the rocket's door opened and seven newcomers from outer space emerged. They were of medium height, had turquoise skin, a little navy blue hair on the top of their heads, and unnaturally large ears shaped like cabbage leaves. Their hands were also strange: they were short and each hand had only four fingers. Their eyes caught my attention because they were very large, penetrating and glowed like reflectors.

One of the newcomers was holding a large egg, which was white with pink dots. Next he carried out a stone that he laid in between the trees. Before I came to my senses, the aliens approached me (the rest of my scared friends watched this incident from behind the trees) and one of them, probably the leader, asked me to talk. It turned out that he had a synthesizer of earthly speech, and in conversation he assured me of the peaceful purpose of their coming. It was to conduct a series of scientific experiments, that would help them to maintain the continuity of life on their planet. Of course, for the safety of everyone, to not cause unnecessary panic, the whole mission had to re-main secret. Six months would be needed to gather the right amount of information, including ge-netic codes for some animals and plants, which the aliens planned to transport to their planet BIB-AS. During that time the newcomers in full camouflage (consisting of artificial human skin pulled over the entire body), would play the role of Goleniów residents and take on a number of profes-sional roles.

One of them, the green Bibasian played the role of a doctor who was considered a miracle worker with phenomenal surgical talent. After a dozen or so operations, some Goleniów residents stood up from their wheelchairs. During his time in Goleniow, the blue Bibasian, became the world champion of the 100m race. The yellow Bibasian proved to be the record holder in carrot cultiva-tion, the size of his carrots reached up to one meter. Legend has it that the yellow, blue and green Bibasians were actually one - the golden Bibasian, in the form of three people. All the good he did, of course, was thanks to the supernatural skills of this hero. The municipal news said that the golden Bibasian had the ability to teleport and clone. Our newcomer also turned out to be an ex-tremely good being, good like a human, because he intended to use his extraordinary talents solely for the good of the people of Goleniow.

The rest of the Bibasians - pink, red, white and purple, were helpers, and they were secretly in-volved in collecting and analyzing information. One of them kept an egg, brought from the planet BIBAS in his apartment. After a month a Bibasian dinosaur hatched, which escaped during one of his secret walks in the forest. After some time, mushroom hunters found a dead creature lying in the brushwood at Pilots Mountain. To this day, none of the inhabitants know what this creature was and how it got there.

None of these stories (thanks to the omnipotence of today's social media) escaped the attention of citizens across Poland. Crowds of sprinters and runners, including foreign ones, came to Golen-iów to train with the blue Bibasian, the newly crowned world champion. They came all the more because his amazing feats were accompanied by a magical phenomenon: with each subsequent training, the treadmill at the city stadium became more and more blue (only the insiders knew that the reason was because of the blue sweat of the inhabitant of the planet BIBAS).

During Bibasian's stay in Goleniów, the number of tourists visiting the town increased fivefold. After half a year, me and two of my closest friends were informed by the Golden Bibasian that they had already obtained the genotype codes of plants and animals of interest to them, and their mission was over, which would mean they would soon fly away to their planet.

After the departure of the strangers, the miracle doctor, the world champion runner and record holding farmer disappeared overnight from the town of Goleniów. It's hard to believe, but the newcomers from the planet BIBAS managed to create a story that all three died in a plane crash while on vacation and the town residents believed it.

But is this all true? Maybe someone told me this story, or maybe I dreamed it all? But wait ... The blue running track can be found in the stadium, the stone stands in the park, the dinosaur at ul. Szkolna 13 looks scary. Anyway, in honor of all these legendary events, the city authorities decided to create a monument for future generations. The rocket symbolizing their spacecraft can be found on the playground at Planty. The lights in the park near the stadium, symbolizing the moment of their landing, is an eloquent example which recalls the living legend of the Golden Bibasian, who had a positive impact on the lives of the people of Goleniow.

The stone of Goleniów

There was a small fishing settlement in the wimple of the Ina River. A very strong and tall giant named Golin lived there. One day, the fishermen noticed that they were getting less and less fish from the river. They didn't understand why there was less and less water. The river began to dry up. The fishermen could not feed their families. They had no money because they could not sell the fish they caught. Their lives were getting worse and worse. The settlement became emptier day by day. People moved to other nearby settlements.

The Giant Golin could not bear the thought that he would have to move out of the settlement with his family. He decided to try to find the reason for the shortage of fish in the river and the fact that there was less and less water in it. He went up the river towards Zabrodzie. Just behind the village he saw a large stone, which was blocking the current of the water. He immediately knew that it was because of the large stone that the Ina river was drying up.

He asked the inhabitants of Zabrodzie if they knew what happened and told him a story about an evil witch. One day, for fun, this witch decided to magically push the huge stone from Góra Lot-nika straight towards the village of Zabród. However, the stone got stuck in the riverbed and blocked the current of the water.

Golin was very strong giant and pulled the huge stone out of the river. He rolled it all night toward his home. He wanted to show the few remaining inhabitants of his settlement what had caused the river to dry up. Although he was very strong, Golin got tired after a few hours of rolling the stone. He decided to leave the stone in the middle of a park. He returned to his village and saw that its inhabitants could not believe that the river again flowed along the former riverbed and brought a lot of fish. The hero told them the story of the evil witch and stone.

Life in the settlement was reborn. People began to return to their homes and the town expanded. Over the years, the city of Goleniów grew from the small village and the stone left by the giant stands in Goleniów's park to this day.

And the wall stands thanks to the dragon

And the wall stands thanks to the dragon... Once upon a time, in the northern part of the coastal plain, in the basin of River Ina, there was a town called Golanów. The Golans lived peacefully. They made furniture, packaging for various types of preserves; they also tried to make large windmills but they took them abroad to nearby Germania, which lay across the great River Oder. Because the local soil was fertile, the Golans sowed grain, lots of grain, to make sure there was enough for their daily needs. Local bakers baked the best bread. The Golans lived in prosperity. So they started selling their grain products to the surrounding towns and villages. They became richer and their settlement grew bigger and bigger. News of their prosperity spread quickly. Other newcomers from near and far began to settle in the area.

Two families lived near the granary, by the river. Kasia lived in one hut and Jurek in the other. They had known each other for a long time and were friends. They spent their time playing games. They sang and walked by the river. Kasia was a bubbly little girl. She was 10 years old and had blue eyes. She had long red hair, which usually wore braided. She dressed in colourful dresses and leather sandals. Jurek was the same age as Kasia. He was two fingers taller than her. He had a thick bush of pitch-black hair on his head. He used to wear short trousers and a shirt. He didn't like wearing shoes so he had strong, healthy feet. They were both very helpful, eager to help with work both at home and to all the neighbours around.

One day, several ships from neighbouring Szczecin arrived in Golanów. They followed a route across the lake and then along the river. Then they reached the bridge at the granary. Kasia and Jurek noticed them immediately and ran to see the ships. The visitors wanted to buy grain and other things. They went to the market to find the goods they came for. The two children decided to accompany them from a distance. Obviously, they were curious about the new visitors. When the visitors made their purchases, they went to the inn to eat. The children decided to lurk under the window and overhear what they were talking about. They heard something terrible. The visitors plotted they would come to the village at night and plunder the entire supply of Golanów's grain, and then trick their way into taking possession of the local land.

The children, terrified, told their parents everything. Fear spread all over Golanów. "What will happen to us?," despaired the inhabitants. We need to think of something! They all debated what to do to avoid the tragedy. They had neither weapons nor army. Suddenly, Jurek yelled at Kasia:

"We need to build a big dam to prevent the bad guys from coming through!" And they told about their idea to everyone debating how to defend the village.

Golanów had two churches. One on each side of the river. The plan was to build a great wall, from one church to the other, so that even if the enemies came,

they would not get through to the other side and would have to sail away empty-handed. People thought it was a good idea. But what do they make the wall of? The oldest villager, the kind-hearted Maćko, said that legend had it there were great deposits of clay just outside the Golanów, near the village of Helenowo. However, people say a dragon, which almost burnt the village down, had been sunk there years ago. The large amount of clay that engulfed him extinguished the fire he was breathing. But that was a long time ago and it was not even known if the story was true.

Jurek and Kasia did not give up. They insisted on going there and looking for clay to make a big wall. "What do we have to lose?," asked the chief. "We have to defend ourselves." It was decided to send all the strongest and cleverest villagers to see if there was clay outside Golanów because time was pressing. They searched the entire area bit by bit. "Goooot it!," yelled Jurek. "I found it!"

Indeed, in the marshes behind a small stream, there were deposits of clay, sand, gravel... Simply put, plenty of materials for the construction of a large dam. Everyone hurried to grab their shovels and wheelbarrows and began hauling clay near the river. The others, including children, were forming bricks and stacked them on top of each other. The joy was short-lived though. The clay was still soft and observers reported that the enemy ships had already left Szczecin harbour and were heading for Golanów. The end was near. But Kasia and Jurek did not give up. They encouraged everyone to work even harder – Jurek took those on the left side of the river where the white church stood, and Kasia those on the right, with the red church. The wall was growing fast, but it was not hardened. It could collapse at any moment. Villagers watched in terror to see what would happen next.

Suddenly, a terrible scream broke the silence. "Everybody run!!! It's the dragon! The beast! It came out of the ground! We're doomed!!!" It was the dragon indeed. As people were digging for clay, they unearthed the dragon that had once been bogged down in these clay areas. Jurek and Kasia were the only ones who did not lose their cool. They gathered everyone in front of the huge wall made of clay. They told people to hold hands and wait for their cue. Half of the villagers were to run with Jurek and half with Kasia. People panicked for as the beast ran towards them, the ground trembled even more than the marsh and the terrified people. As the dragon inhaled to breathe the first round of fire, Jurek shouted:

"Now!"

The villagers dispersed as they had previously agreed. Jurek's group ran to the white church and Kasia's group ran to the red church. When the dragon breathed fire, the clay burned into bricks and the wall became hard and hot. At this point, enemy ships came in. When strangers wanted to cross the dam, they scorched their arms and legs. They began to flee in panic to their ships. But the enraged dragon fired a second round in their direction, burning them down. Some of the attackers saved themselves by jumping into the water, but it is not known whether any of them survived.

Nobody saw the dragon anymore, either. Some said later that it flew south, towards Kraków. But who knows? The one in Golanów was somewhat similar to the one in Wawel, but it was thinner, with a rough ginger skin. It had bulging eyes, wrinkled paws with long claws, strangely small ears and irregular black dots on his body. The dragon's nose at the tip of its large snout was not large, but had an excellent sense of smell. Obviously, the beast also had wings similar to those of a bat. In any case, it was not a beauty at all. When the smoke cleared, villagers came out of the churches. When they made sure the danger had passed, they returned to their homes and began to restore order.

The old wall still stands in Goleniów today. It stretches along the river opposite the granary. And the churches, in honour of the heroic children, were named after them. Because, as they say, they were holy children, today we have St Catherine's Church – the big red one, and St George's Church – the smaller white one. Both are still standing today, and who knows, maybe one day they would again provide help and shelter to the villagers if need be.

Detectives from River Ina and the mystery of the White Granary

It was a November Monday. Late in the afternoon, Gabryś was going back home from school. He used to stop on the bridge to watch the ducks that lived on River Ina. He counted them and always made sure they were all there. He was already worried how they would cope in winter when the river starts to freeze. He stood like that for a while, or maybe longer... He got tired and sat down on a wall. Suddenly, he saw something strange in the river. He wasn't frightened though. He came closer and then closer still. A beaver came out of the river and asked the boy:

"Hi, who are you?"

"My name is Gabryś," answered the boy.

"And what is your name?"

"I am Bartek the beaver".

"And how old are you?", the beaver kept asking.

"I am eight. And you, Bartek?", asked Gabryś, who still couldn't believe that he was talking to a real beaver, the one he heard about many times from his teacher at school.

"I'm eight too, but my family is seven hundred and fifty-eight years old!" "How is that possible?", Gabryś asked Bartek the beaver.

The beaver climbed onto the bank of River Ina to be closer to Gabryś. The boy seemed nice and polite to him, and Bartek wanted to make friends with someone. His wet, thick fur and big tail glistened in the lamplight. And Gabryś opened his eyes in amazement.

"A long, long time ago my family came to River Ina," Bartek the beaver began his story, "and my family still lives here and builds dams. These dams are huge. You must know that River Ina is long and will hold thirty families such as mine. And my happy family lives by the dam behind the fourth bridge. There are five of us. And behind the fifth bridge, there live my grandmother, grandfather and grandmother's mother, or great-grandmother. They live far from the town because they don't like the noise. Much has changed here since their childhood. The oaks and pines have disappeared. Only in the evening, when the town falls asleep, do they swim up to sit on the bank of River Ina, next to the White Granary. What they like the most," continued Bartek the beaver, "is to tell us, their grandchildren, about a very old secret that the White Granary still hides today. When my grandmother was little, she heard this story from her grandmother, and her grandmother from her grandmother."

"That's very interesting," said Gabryś, "but what is this secret actually about?" "Will you help me open the granary door?", asked Bartek.

“Maybe we'll find out if there is a treasure hidden in the Granary as great-grandma says.”

“Oh, a treasure, that's amazing!”, said Gabryś surprised.

“Come on, let me help you get closer to the door. We will be like real detectives!”

And Gabryś helped Bartek. They found a place in the shade and Bartek started counting the distance with his tail.

“Seven tails to the right of the door there should be a hidden message,” he said.

Gabryś looked into every crack in the old walls and beams of the Granary. He found a roll of cloth stuck into a hole and covered with a white pebble. He bent down to Bartek and read what was written on it: “If you want to open the door, you need to crack the codes.

First, the number of the non-existent school, second, the parish churches, third, you will not manage to count before the song of life ends. If you add up the numbers correctly, knock on the door as many times, and the accountant who knocks on the gate will be listened to by the Granary, whether it wants to or not.”

Gabryś looked at his beaver friend. Bartek said in a sad voice:

“But I am not so good at counting. For our dams, I just cut what my dad tells me to.”

“Don' you worry, Bartek, this is easy. That's 72-100! There is no school number 7 in Goleniów, there are two parish churches and the song of life is “One Hundred Years” we sing for a happy birthday! When we add all the digits, we get ten! See how simple it is? So let us knock on the door ten times.”

And so they did. Beaver Bartek, delighted, slapped the huge door of the Granary ten times with his tail. The boy and his friend began thinking nothing would come of it, when after a while the Granary door creaked open and the rusty padlock let go of the lock. Gabryś and Bartek went inside. Though they were a little afraid as it was very dark inside, they overcame their fear because there was a secret waiting somewhere, or maybe a treasure? Gabryś took out a small torch from his backpack, which he carried with his keys along with a reflective key ring. He shone on the floor and walls of the Granary. In one corner, there were still two barrels and rotten sacks of grain, next to them lay the oars of the cog that Gabryś had seen in the Yellow House, and something that must have been an old sail. A single white penny lay on the floor among the stones. “I guess these are supposed to be the treasures,” thought Gabryś, a tad disappointed. Bartek also looked curiously around the dark interior, as neither he nor his relatives had ever been in such an unusual place. At the other end of the room, they both spotted a crate, which was slightly larger than a suitcase. It was locked, but Bartek quickly managed to open it. He removed four long nails with his

sharp teeth. Gabryś lifted the lid and took out a long roll of yellowed paper. He began to read. Although the words were a bit oddly spelled, he did quite well, as he got straight A's for reading at school: *My Grandchildren and Sons of Grandchildren, take care of this beautiful place located in a clearing, in the midst of the forest. Take care of the cleanliness of the beautiful river, which is navigated by boats, where fish live, at which fowl and game live, whose water gives life and quenches thirst. To which the roe deer, fumble, wild boar and wolf come at night, over which the eagle hunts and over which the beaver lives. Pass this precious treasure onto one another. Because nature can live without man, but man without nature – cannot. Your father and grandfather – Prince Barnim I.*

Gabryś already knew what treasure he had discovered thanks to his friend and detective from River Ina. What he did with the treasure is anyone's guess...

A legend for future generations

It was midday. River Ina flowed calmly and lazily as usual. The day was rather warm as it usually is in September. The monuments of Goleniów Legends simply stood in their places, by the wall. The primary school building stood where it usually does, among chestnut trees rustling in the wind. It seemed that nothing out of the ordinary would happen that day. And yet...

Just as the church clock was striking twelve o'clock, a strange figure emerged from River Ina. She had fin-like feet and similar hands, a face with large eyes and an eagle nose, and she had seaweed on her head instead of hair. She had long ears, pointed upwards, skinny arms and legs. After all, her whole body was lean and tall... or long, if you prefer. Her skin resembled human skin. Having emerged from the water, the creature came ashore and began to look around. She scratched her head as much as her fin-like hands made it possible. When her first surprise passed, she approached the historic walls and knocked on them. She spoke eventually:

"What on earth is this? Where is the old wooden stronghold? Where has the boundless forest gone?" She spoke in a resonant and gentle voice with surprise on her face. "Where is my home? That building there," she looked at the school, "stands on my beloved cottage house. I should probably go and ask if it could be taken off my property."

Suddenly, she heard the school bell ring. The children were going home after school. Three of them came up to her.

"Oh dear, what is that?", asked one of the pupils

"Is that some new statue?" "It looks like a real one," squealed the smallest girl of the three.

"I wonder what legend this figure is from? After all, every statue here represents some legendary hero," said the oldest boy.

"What is a statue?" asked the finned creature, who had been listening to the children without moving.

The children jumped away in fright.

"What is a statue?" the creature repeated the question, and the two children leaning against a railing by the river almost fell into it.

Only the smallest girl had the courage to answer: "A statue is a sculpture."

The creature nodded its head as a sign of understanding.

"And who are you?", the other girl wondered. "What is your name?"

“My name is Ihna, I am an underwater nymph and I have never met anyone like me. And on top of that I can see that I must have slept for a very long time, because nothing looks now like it used to.”

“Your name is the German name for River Ina,” the boy remarked. (...)

The nymph shrugged. You could see she was sad. She tried to understand how – when she entered the river to bathe – she suddenly found herself in completely different times.

“What about you? What are your names?”, she asked.

“My name is Piotr,” the oldest boy proudly puffed his chest.

“And I’m Agata,” the girl introduced herself.

“My name is Maja,” the petite blonde laughed cheerfully.

Ihna looked at them in wonder, bugging her amber eyes out, then burst out laughing.

“Oh, what funny names you have!” she struggled to hold back her laughter.

“I don’t see anything strange about my name,” said Agata offended, “It’s rather your name that is strange and funny. My name,” she proudly raised her chin, “comes from the Greek language and means good and noble person.”

“I’m sorry,” mumbled Ihna remorsefully, “in my world...”

“I’m sorry too,” Agata blushed and reached out her hand for a shake.

The nymph’s face lit up and she gripped the girl’s hand tightly. So tightly that the girl backflipped and hit a chestnut tree. After a while she stood up and... started to laugh, followed by others. When they finally stopped, Piotr frowned: “Oh no! It’s so late! We must rush home! And you, Ihna, wait for us!”

The nymph sat under a tree and none of the people passing through the square from time to time even noticed her. As dusk began to fall, she got up, walked to the riverbank and gazed into the water. She began to recall her former life. She lived in a tiny house made of reeds not far from the Wooden Stronghold – that’s what she called the surrounding structures in her mind. Every day, the children living in the stronghold would come to her to talk and play. There was more... Ihna tried with all her might to remember what else the children were doing with her... Aha! Little long-haired girls wove garlands of meadow flowers and put them on her head. They also made elaborate hairstyles from her seaweed hair. Those were her happy times. Ihna looked into the water once more, and she finally understood why the river was named after her. It was probably the children who called her that right after she disappeared. She sighed with regret. She thought that if she were human, her life would be easier, no one would look at her as a freak. The nymph tilted her head to the side, still watching her face mirrored in the water. The seaweed on the head was scarcer than

years ago. Her outfit, a worn linen shirt and worn trousers, looked pathetic. “It wouldn’t be so bad to take care of my appearance,” she thought. Maybe... she could ask the children to buy her new clothes? After all, she won’t go to the medicine woman herself to get some seaweed growing mixture or to the merchant for five cubits of cloth for a dress. First, she has nothing to pay with, and second, she could scare the new people away. Ihna yawned. It is not clear why she suddenly felt very sleepy. She jumped into River Ina with a splash and swam to the other bank where she found a clump of rushes to hide. She quickly fell asleep. She was awakened by children yelling.

“Hey! Agatka! Piotrek! Maja! I am here, on the other bank!” she exclaimed. Breathless, the children ran to the shore. She jumped into the water with a splash, swam across the river and came out ashore with their help.

“We got you new clothes” Piotr gasped, “Look!” Ihna let out a cry of delight. At the bottom of the bag she received from the boy were denim trousers, some underwear, socks and a white blouse. She took them out of the bag and started to look at the clothes one by one.

“Hmmm, they’re a bit different from my old outfit,” she smiled, “but I think it’s time for a change. They are wonderful! Thank you!”

The nymph stayed with them and did not return to the river...

She settled in Agata’s house. She quickly learned how to live in our times and soon stopped being surprised by everything. She found many friends at school. At first, she struggled to learn as nine hundred years is a very long gap in education. Eventually, she mastered all school subjects. And finally she has grown up like the others. Fins? Seaweed? An eagle nose? You can see many stranger things on the streets today. Very pretty and happy, she amazes people – not with her looks, but with her smile. And let it stay that way...

Legend of the heroic stork Eryk

In the green town of Goleniów there once lived a little girl called Klara, who had beautiful brown hair, always styled in two braids. Her eyes were blue. The girl liked to wear colourful dresses with frills. One day, Klara decided to sit on a bench by River Ina to take a breather, as she had a long way to go to school. Then she saw a lone stork falling down as if it could not fly. Klara stood up immediately and ran towards it. The stork fell into the bush. The girl asked, breathless:

“Is everything all right? Are you all right?”

“I don’t know, but my wing hurts terribly”, said the stork.

“You need to be taken to the vet immediately!” decided Klara.

“You can’t, you have to go to school. I will hide here and wait.

Klara ran to school, thinking: “I will keep it to myself, nobody must know about it because someone might get hurt. Besides, no one would believe that I met a stork that talks.” She decided to take advantage of the biology lesson and ask the teacher about the lifestyle of storks. During a break, she borrowed a book about storks from the library. After school, she found the injured bird.

“I’m back!” she called.

“I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long.”

“Thank you so much for everything. I have come from very far away. My name is Eryk. And what is your name?”

“My name is Klara. Are you feeling better? I have to take you to the vet.” “Let me tell you how it happened,” the stork continued.

“When I came back from Africa, someone wanted to hunt me down. It hurt me terribly. But I wanted to get to Goleniów because I live here, in the old granary by River Ina, look there!”

“Oh dear! I always go this way to school but I have never seen the nest before,” Klara was surprised.

“My friend I was flying with said I was crippled. And that’s exactly my story. I hope to recover quickly so I can return to Africa for the winter.

When Eryk and Klara arrived at the veterinary clinic, they went in straight away, without waiting in line, because everyone agreed that dogs and cats could give way to the stork. The beautiful white bird had red legs and a slightly strange plumage, as its right wing was adorned with a large black star, and it had funny three ruffled

cornflower-coloured feathers on his head that made the children waiting with their pets smile.

“Good morning, what a beautiful stork! What happened to it?” asked the doctor.

“This is Eryk. I don't know what happened to him, I think there is something wrong with his wing,” said Klara. “Please, put him here and I'll scan his wing right away.”

After a few minutes, while Eryk was still resting on the recliner, the doctor invited Klara for a talk by the desk.

“There was a serious fracture of the wing. He won't be able to fly until spring.”

“Oh dear! So Eryk can't go back to Africa?”

“I'm afraid he has to stay with someone in a barn or house. How about you, Klara?”

“I'll take care of him! I swear Eryk will feel better than before he broke his wing!” said Klara confidently.

She still had to tell Eryk about the diagnosis.

“What am I supposed to do now! Where will I live?” cried the stork.

“You don't have to worry about that, you will sleep in my house.”

Klara took Eryk in her arms and they walked towards her house. When they reached the house, they stood in front of the door, took a long calming breath, only then did they knock. Klara's mother opened the door, very surprised by the sight she saw.

“Hi mum, I've brought the stork so that we can help it. The poor thing has broken its wing, the vet permitted me to keep it until spring,” she exclaimed in one breath.

“What? A stork is supposed to live here?” mum was terrified.

“Yes, mum, please let him stay, I promise I'll take good care of him.”

“Alright, but I won't help you with anything.”

“Thank you, I promise you won't hear or see him.”

The girl made a warm bed for Eryk in the barn. The stork couldn't believe that Klara's mother agreed for him to live with them. He knew he would have to repay Klara somehow.

After a cold winter, the long awaited spring came and the stork felt much better. A new member of the family has arrived in Klara's home, her little brother Patryk. Obviously, people thought it was Eryk who brought this little miracle. The entire family

often went for walks along River Ina, and the stork watched them from the barn roof, as he was feeling better and could try to fly again. One day, Klara's little brother was lying peacefully in the garden where the girl was playing. Suddenly, the stork saw with its watchful eyes that a pack of wolves living in the Goleniów Forest, was approaching Klara's house. Little Patryk wept when the wolves got through the low fence of the house. Suddenly Eryk flew down and, despite the pain in his wing, took little Patryk to his nest. Klara screamed, her parents came running and the pack of wolves dashed off into the woods. The parents understood how much danger Patryk was in and who had saved him. The stork flew down from the roof and handed Patryk over to his mum. Eryk's help was appreciated by the entire family, and the stork stayed with Klara for the whole summer.

When Eryk the stork returned to his Goleniów nest in the following year, he was no longer alone. He arrived with his lady stork. That summer they had a baby chick. The friendship between the stork family and Klara's family lasted for decades. Now grown up, Patryk always said that he owed his life to the fearless stork Eryk.

Legend of a brick-stealing dragon

Once upon a time, when kings in other cities were robbed of their treasures and jewels, the rich were robbed of their gold and farmers of their grain, people in Goleniów were robbed of their bricks. Sometimes people went to bed in the evening only to wake up in the morning without walls or roofs. No one could explain why it was only bricks that were disappearing from the houses rather than valuables. They searched for the thief all over Goleniów, and when they could not find him, they continued their pursuit in surrounding villages. When they didn't find the thief there, they decided not to look any further because after all, what kind of a thief would manage to come to Goleniów in one night, dismantle a house and then take all the heavy bricks far away? More and more houses were losing their walls, even the Mill Gate went missing. This made Goleniów an easy target to attack. The town quickly needed to catch the villain as soon as possible and recover its lost bricks to start rebuilding the lost structures.

The town's rulers devised a plan: "Tonight no one is allowed to sleep, everyone is to listen for where the thief is coming from." People were forbidden to look out of the windows because it was feared that if a thief spotted someone in the window, he could harm them. When the sun went down and the streets finally quieted down, everyone listened for the robbers' footsteps. But these were not footsteps – more like the sound of wings fluttering! When they flapped, the town trembled. Then, everything became quiet again and only a few scared people could hear the bricks being removed quietly one by one. Nobody, however, could hear the bricks being put back in a cart, and it was impossible to tell where the thief was holding them. The dawn was coming, people could hear the wings flutter again, plus a couple of loud thumps. Falling debris made the ground beneath Goleniów shake. Who could be so strong as to bring down a wall so quickly? When daylight came, both the thief and the gate disappeared.

The robber gone, it was time to assess losses. This time, the thief stole the Szczecin Gate. And the wall around it was demolished. The facts were difficult to connect. Since no wheels rattling could be heard, the villain did not arrive in a carriage. Although he made terrible noise, he was able to precisely pull the bricks out. Why did he knock down walls if he didn't take bricks from them? What was very mysterious was the sound of fluttering wings and how the thief was able to dismantle entire towers in such a short time. Inhabitants of Goleniów had to act quickly. That night two groups of the bravest people in town were sent to defend the remaining Stargard and Wolin Gates. Their job was to spot the thief and then teach him a lesson. They were to capture the villain, too, if possible at all. That night none of the town inhabitants could sleep, not because they were ordered to stay awake but because everyone was so excited.

The daredevils who guarded the gates were ready for the arrival of the villain but when they saw him, their hearts sunk. The thief turned out to be a large brown dragon with huge green eyes. Its gaze was deep and petrifying, which is why the guards preferred not to look it in the eyes. Besides, they weren't sure if the dragon could turn them into stone, or worse – into a brick. It had huge wings, which explained the noise when it flew. The dragon's tail was characteristic, massive and long. The strangest thing about the dragon were its hands. They resembled a woman's hands with long and slender fingers, ended with black nails. This was why it was able to pull the bricks out of the walls efficiently. The town guardians did not want to take any chances. For the dragon could breathe fire and burn both them and the entire Goleniów down to the ground. They decided to watch the monster from the shadows.

The dragon dismantled the Stargard Gate and hid the bricks it had taken out in its wings, which had something like a pocket on the inside. When it took all of them, it was about to fly away. Since the bricks were heavy, it was hard for the dragon to take to the sky and move efficiently. Its big tail was hitting the walls all around. The mace at the end of the tail caused additional damage. When it was finally able to take off the ground, the daredevils jumped out of hiding. They warned the dragon that if it moved the last remaining Wolin Gate, they would cut its wings off. The dragon laughed but did not breathe fire. Then it flew to where he came from.

Despite the warning given to the villain, everyone in the town feared that the monster would destroy Goleniów with fire. Dragons are vicious. This time the location of the robbery was unknown – it could be the Wolin Gate, the granary, the local church or the town hall.

As expected, the dragon headed to the town hall at night. It started disassembly from the top and carefully tucked the bricks into its wings. The town inhabitants came asking it to leave Goleniów alone. Suddenly, the dragon opened its mouth with several sharp teeth inside. The citizens of Goleniów thought this was the end but to their surprise, the monster did not do anything to them. No matter how hard it tried, it could not breathe fire. It flew away humiliated, threatening it would come back.

Days passed by and the dragon wasn't visiting the city. Everyone knew perfectly well that it would return one day but they feared it much less, knowing it could not burn Goleniów. Night after night the inhabitants kept watch over important buildings, but it was not until a month after the events at the town hall that the thief appeared again over St. Catherine's Church and sat on its tower. The monster got down to business quickly because it knew someone might attack at any moment. Its deft hands took out brick after brick at an express pace, so that half the tower was already gone before the inhabitants arrived. The attack on the dragon started. People were shooting bows and throwing stones. The creature found it very difficult to fly away. The only way to get out was to get rid of the loot. When it threw the bricks away, they fell to the ground from an enormous height, many of them getting shattered. Fortunately, the monster was chased away forever.

It was hard for the townspeople to reconstruct the church tower as the bricks were broken. The tower was rebuilt eventually though not as tall and beautiful as the original one. The inhabitants finally found peace but Goleniów suffered. Only the Wolin Gate and fragments of the defensive walls remained. The town hall was never brought back.

People wondered why the dragon needed their bricks. Perhaps it wanted to build its own castle? No one knows whether it ever succeeded. Maybe the castle still stands today but no one remembers that it was built by a dragon? Or perhaps it took the bricks to another town or threw them over the tops of mountains to make them even taller? The inhabitants of Goleniów never learned the truth about the dragon's intentions or ever recovered the bricks that were taken from them.

A tale of Queen Ina and the Town of the Innocents

About a thousand years ago, a witch lived in the area of today's Goleniów. She lived in a large hut on the riverbank. The witch's name was Ina. Ina was 46 years old, over one and a half metres tall and had a slim figure. Her main assets were red hair, blue eyes, red lips and a shapely nose. She usually dressed in white or purple. The witch's parents had died a few years earlier. According to an ancient tradition, they taught their daughter many useful things, including magic. At that time, very few people in the world knew real magic. There were only a few witches who practiced spells, and none of them dealt with black magic or harmed others.

Ina's dream was to create her own town, fair and tolerant to all inhabitants. She firmly believed in the fulfilment of her dream and prayed to God every day. One day, she noticed three men walking with sad faces. They were dressed in rags and looked poor. As she was hospitable, she invited the strangers for tea. After eating a hearty meal, one of the guests, the tallest one, started a conversation.

"Hello, thank you for this refreshment. My name is Gol, the little one is Eni, and the one with the sword is Juw," explained the man.

"I welcome you to my humble abode. My name is Ina. What are you doing here?" the witch asked. "Nobody visits these lands."

"You know, dear lady, how it is in this unfair world. We have been wrongly accused of theft! But we managed to run away before they hanged us and we are looking for a place where we can settle down," said Juw in a sad voice.

"And in your town, do you often get punished for something you didn't do, for your appearance or your views?"

"You don't even know how often!" lamented Juw.

"All right, I'll help you to settle down here. But you have to let me know of any wrongful penalties, okay?"

"Of course!" the newcomers agreed unanimously.

Since then, the men have been going to neighbouring towns at nights and finding out about planned executions. This is when Ina started to act. The witch was able to wield magic so well that she would enter the town, penetrate walls, prison walls and take innocents by the hand. After a few years, the village expanded. The woman was pleased with her success. She built a pharmacy next to her house, which she supplied with her products, and provided a fountain with healing water in front of it. The town was growing. The inhabitants did business and became more and more wealthy. Ina built a granary where she often spent time watching the children who played in the area. As a queen, she knew to whom she should be grateful, and want-

ed the inhabitants to see the power of God in what happened. She built a large church to express her gratitude.

However, the good times did not last long, other towns began to depopulate and people fled from them.

During one of his hunts, a knight from a neighbouring town spotted a settlement whose size and power amazed him. He he could not locate it on any maps though. He immediately alerted the ruler of the state, who sent his spies. The king learned from his spies that this was where all the prisoners and unjustly incarcerated people went. Knowing what had happened, the witch felt anxious. As she foresaw the king's plans, she ordered her subjects to build walls and start arming themselves. The king attacked the town only two weeks later and the inhabitants were no match for his well-trained army. The siege lasted four days. Only one of the three gates, the Wolin Gate, defended by Juw and Gol, survived. When the soldiers broke through the walls, they began slaughtering the inhabitants. After only a few hours, the warriors destroyed most of the settlement. They found Ina, who they took to be a witch, and killed her and threw her body into the river. The river waters turned gold for many months. The peasants were killed in the same way as Ina.

After many centuries, the town revived and rebuilt itself again. The town was named after the three travellers who visited Ina centuries ago. The name of the witch survived in the name of the river. The woman wanders at night along the shores and in places she particularly remembered. She is happy because she has fulfilled her dream.

A wolf that had wings

Once upon a time, across River Ina, a lone woman went every morning to Goleniów to help an old lady with her household chores.

One warm autumn evening, while walking along the bank of River Ina, the woman came across large paw prints. Though she was a little surprised, she went on preoccupied with her thoughts. The situation repeated a few days later. The woman got frightened and stopped walking along that path. One evening, the elderly lady she was helping called her and asked her to come and see her quickly. The woman put on her shoes and left the house quickly. She took the old path since it was the shortest. As she hurried, she paid no attention to the rough waters of River Ina. Or to the dark forest on the other side of the river. Then she suddenly stopped in terror! She saw two tiny sparks that begun to approach her. The sparks were getting bigger and bigger! Until she finally saw a Wolf... It was black, had huge fluffy wings, sharp claws, bright white fangs and eyes glistening like diamonds. The woman was stunned. The wolf walked by and as it was about to fly away, it looked at the woman and growled quietly. Then it finally flew away and disappeared into the darkness. The woman never saw the mysterious Wolf again. But he believes would will still return. Legends say the Wolf still flies over River Ina and if you see it, it would let you get on its back and fly away with you.