Arthur and the little bat

A story about the right to inclusion



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A story about the right to inclusion

LE GOUVERNEMENT
DU GRAND-DUCHÉ DE LUXEMBOURG
Ministère de l'Éducation nationale,
de l'Enfance et de la Jeunesse



Have you met Arthur?

No? Well then, it's about time you did! Arthur is a forest owl. But listen up! He's no ordinary forest owl.

Arthur is the coolest, cleverest guy you could ever imagine.

Always joyful and full of energy, he is brimming with creative ideas and has a special talent for singing and dancing. Life is never boring with him around. Quite the opposite! Anyone who spends time with Arthur is bound to share his exciting adventures.

With his big heart, his empathy and his unwavering courage, Arthur stands up for justice and equal rights. And he does so in this story too, which begins on a warm summer evening.

The sun slowly disappears behind the trees, the sleepy flowers fold their petals, and a cool breeze whispers mysteriously through the leaves. The birds cheerfully chirp a few evening tunes before flying off to their nests after a long day.

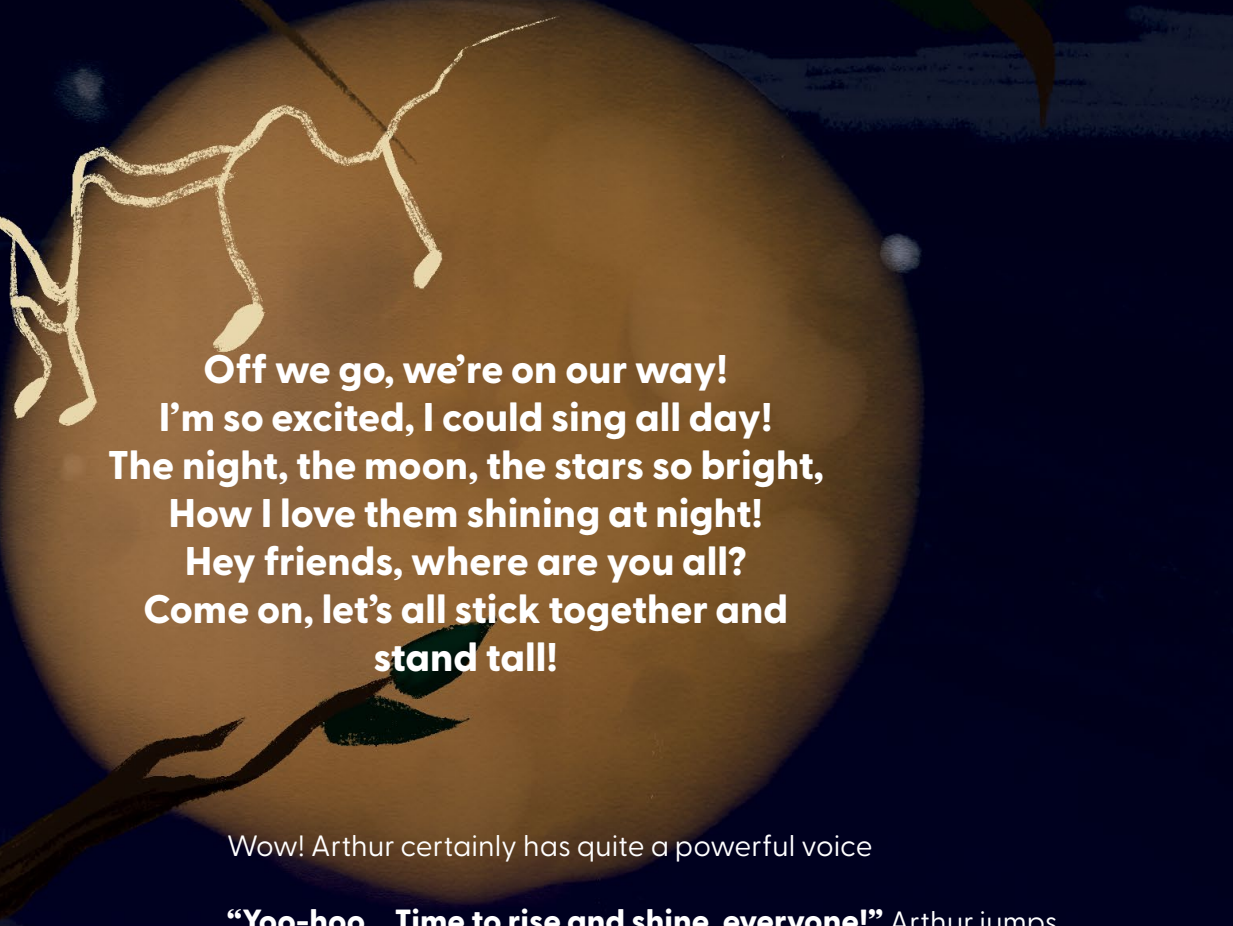
But… hang on a minute… can you hear that too? Another voice rings out, deeper and gentler, yet brimming with energy. Can you guess who it is?

Of course, it's our friend Arthur, who's so full of joy and good cheer that he'd love nothing more than to sing and dance all day and all night!



“Woo-hoo! What a wonderful night under a sky sparkling with stars!”

Bursting with excitement, he twirls around so fast that a few of his feathers drift down to the ground. “Yayyy! And it’s a full moon too!” He waves his wings at the round moon.



Off we go, we're on our way!
I'm so excited, I could sing all day!
The night, the moon, the stars so bright,
How I love them shining at night!
Hey friends, where are you all?
Come on, let's all stick together and
stand tall!

Wow! Arthur certainly has quite a powerful voice

"Yoo-hoo... Time to rise and shine, everyone!" Arthur jumps down from the tree in one mighty leap. "Those lazybones just can't seem to drag themselves out of bed!"

Despite all the racket Arthur is making, there's not a sound in reply. There's not a peep to be heard from Jacqueline the squirrel's tree, Jeannie the mouse's hole or even from Mike the hedgehog's pile of leaves. Not a sound comes from Nello the worm, Pippa the raccoon or Gigi the wasp either. Even the wild boars, who are always starving, don't utter a single grunt. "What a bunch of sleepyheads..." Arthur grumbles, feeling a little less cheerful now. "Sigh... Who's going to join me through thick and thin now? The night's too short to stay snoring in bed..."

He folds his wings across his chest and grumbles. "It's so boring being all by myself."

I bet you know that feeling too. But guess what? Something always comes along when you least expect it. And that's exactly what happens to our friend Arthur.

All of a sudden, something emerges from deep within a towering fir tree:

A huge, dark shadow shoots towards Arthur at incredible speed, like a rocket.



It comes hurtling towards him so fast that Arthur doesn't even have time to think straight. Startled, he lets out a piercing shriek and drops to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

His eyes wide with fear, he looks up to find himself face to face with a dark snout, two bright yellow eyes as big as saucers and tiny sharp teeth gleaming back at him.

"Ahh... I'm... I'm being attacked by some kind of huge terrifying monster!"

Poor Arthur screams so loudly that the whole forest starts to tremble.

"Heeeelp... Somebody help me...!"

Startled awake by the commotion, Arthur's friends dash out of their holes and burrows, one by one.

"Arthur, what's going on?" gasps Mike the hedgehog, out of breath.

"Did you hurt yourself? Do you need a doctor?" squeaks Jeannie the mouse, her nightcap still covering half her face.

Arthur keeps screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Come on, tell us what's wrong!" orders Nello, who has got himself all tangled up in his rush. It takes our owl a little while to calm down enough to speak in a trembling voice.

"That... that awful monster wants to gobble me up!"

Arthur frantically points up at the shadow, which is still racing around at top speed. It darts up, down, left and right, throwing in a few loops along the way.

"It already came straight at me a few times!" Arthur whispers. Terrified, he covers his eyes with his wings.

"Don't be afraid, Arthur! We're right here with you!" his friends say, trying to reassure him. The trouble is, that frantic shadow makes them uneasy too.

"Erm... what is that thing?" Pippa asks hesitantly.

"Whoa... that looks like a giant moth..."
croak Kiki and Carlos, still groggy..

"And it's so terribly dark..."
whispers Jacqueline the squirrel.

Bravely, Mike the hedgehog pulls out his binoculars and does his best to focus on the mysterious visitor.

"Hmm... it's not a bird... Too fast... too erratic," he muses.

"Oh dear, I hope it's not in the mood for a little wormy snack..." Nello turns pale as a ghost.

"Hang on, I'll check my animal encyclopaedia!"

says Pippa, who dashes into her den and drags out a thick book a few seconds later. They all gather round and leaf through the book page by page, reading, studying, glancing up at the sky and then returning to the book.


“Could it be a pterodactyl?” Arthur squeaks.



"Well, it certainly has a very unusual way of flying..." the wild boars observe. "Maybe this thing is remote-controlled?"

"Do you think it's a robot?" Arthur asks, shaking. "And how do you switch it off...? Eeeek!"

"There's nothing robotic about it!" squeaks Jeannie a moment later. "Here it is, in black and white... I should have known! How could I have missed it!"

She shakes her head in embarrassment. "Even if it doesn't quite match the description... there's no doubt about it:

It's not a monster or a pterosaur. It's a BAT!"

For a brief moment, everything in the forest falls silent. And sure enough, the more closely the animals look, the more clearly they can make out the creature's outline. Everyone agrees: Jeannie is right.

"Wow, a bat? Seriously? THAT'S what ruined my beauty sleep!?" Gigi the wasp protests. "There go my curls!"

Lizzie, Arthur's best friend, is so worked up that she sneezes hard enough to do a few somersaults: "Achoo...! All this fuss about a... achoo... a flying mouse!?"

"A b... bat???" Arthur manages to croak, still in shock.

"Aaachoo! That's right! No monsters anywhere to be seen... by the looks of it... achoo!"

Could it really be true? Meanwhile, Arthur's heart is still racing like a wild horse. He blinks nervously, closing his eyes several times until he finally dares to look.

Sure enough: jagged wings, small round yellow eyes, long pointed ears and a tiny pink nose. Not a rocket. Not a monster. Not even an eagle. But a real live bat.

Beneath his feathers, Arthur turns as red as a tomato. He is sweating buckets. "Oh dear! How on earth could I have got it so wrong!" he mutters, feeling rather foolish.

"Oops... I'm sorry... I...

I thought..." The owl twists his beak in embarrassment. **"I really thought... the bat was a scary killer dinosaur robot..."**

When everyone bursts out laughing a moment later, Arthur wishes he could disappear into Jeannie's mouse hole. "Hey! That's not fair!" Nello the worm hops onto his friend's shoulder. "We didn't really know what that shadow was either! And haven't you ever been afraid of something that turned out not to be scary at all?" The laughter dies down.

"I'm scared of shadows in the dark too," squeaks Jeannie the mouse.

"Yes... remember when I thought Mike was a dangerous giant spike bomb?" croaks Carlos the frog.

"Ooh... And I once thought Nello was a starving, venomous snake that wanted to gobble me up whole... It was terrifying!" says Jacqueline with a shudder.

"Erm... I once mistook you for a vampire..." Pippa admits to Arthur.

"The thing is, I've always dreamed of meeting a bat..." Arthur murmurs sadly. "I hope she doesn't think I'm completely bonkers."



"I've got an idea!" cries Lizzie.

"Let's just introduce ourselves to the bat and ask if she wants to play with us!"



All the animals love the butterfly's idea. "Okay, Arthur, you're in charge of giving her the official welcome!" "You can easily do it from your tree."

The owl swoops straight onto a branch and waves timidly at the bat, who is still zigzagging through the air. Then Arthur takes a deep breath.

"Dear bat... on behalf of the whole forest community, we would like to extend a very warm welcome to you!" His voice is solemn, and he gives her a friendly smile. "Would you like to dance and sing with us...?"

For a split second, the bat freezes in mid-air, as though she were pinned in place. "Oh, and I'm Arthur, by the way!" Arthur adds. **But just as the words leave Arthur's mouth, the bat lets out a piercing squeak and darts away as fast as lightning.**



Frightened, Arthur lowers his wings.

“Did I... did I do something wrong!?”

Luckily, Gigi the wasp knows what to do. “The bat is probably just shy. Or maybe she’s never seen an owl before. Or, who knows, perhaps she’s just in a bad mood...”

“You’re right,” says Kiki the frog. “Maybe we should take our time getting to know her... Not everyone is as spontaneous as you, Arthur.”

“We’d better give her some time. How about bringing her a little treat to welcome her tomorrow? I know where she lives. Yesterday, I saw her settling down on a branch. Just two trees to my right.”

Everyone agrees. “I’ve got a brand-new recipe for a vegan insect cake!” Nello announces. “We wouldn’t want her to mistake Lizzie or me for a snack.”





The following evening, the friends meet up as planned, just after sunset. With their cake still warm from the oven, they set off towards the bat's tree. Even from a distance, they can spot the forest's newest resident: With her feet above her head, the little bat hangs at an angle from a branch. "Shh, we need to speak very softly," Carlos whispers. "You'd better do the talking, Jeannie. I'm sure she'll be less frightened by your little mouse squeak than by a loud owl hoot."

And so Jeannie begins to speak in the softest of whispers. **"Hello, little bat. How are you? Look, we've brought you some..." But before she can finish her sentence, a series of piercing shrieks rings out, so loud that everyone's ears hurt.** Everyone jumps in fright and stares in astonishment as the little bat opens her eyes wide, desperately tries to spread her wings but can't, then – oh dear! – flaps and wriggles until she tumbles headfirst into a huge pile of leaves beneath the tree. After managing to wriggle free, she flutters off, still squeaking, in a zigzag – first just above the ground, then, with great difficulty, between the trees.

"What's wrong with the bat?"

asks Arthur worriedly. "Isn't she feeling well?" "She clearly wants nothing to do with us!" grumbles Mike. "So I made that cake for nothing!"

"I can think of a very good use for it!" hisses Nello the worm. He promptly burrows into the middle of the cake, takes a big bite and pops his head back out. "We're not giving up that easily. We'll come back tomorrow!" But nothing changes on the third, fourth or even fifth night.

“What on earth could we do?” Arthur wonders, racking his brains. When the little bat suddenly stops appearing, Arthur’s usual optimism deserts him. “**We’ve scared her away!” Tears well up in Arthur’s eyes.**

“No, we haven’t!” says Jacqueline. “I saw her just half an hour ago. Relax, Arthur. It’ll be all right…”

“In any case, we need a new plan. And a committee!” adds Jeannie the mouse thoughtfully.

“That’s it: long live the Bat Committee!” cries Jacqueline.

“And I already know what its first mission will be!” Mike claps his paws.

“We’ll write the bat a letter.”



In no time, they find some paper and pens, then set about choosing the right words, putting sentences together and finding the perfect polite expressions. They write and rewrite, rephrase, compose poems and come up with rhymes. Their heads are hurting and their paws are aching. At five o'clock in the morning, the big moment finally arrives. With great ceremony, they slide the letter – a full three pages in Carlos's very best handwriting – into a golden envelope. Relieved, the writers high-five one another. "Mission accomplished!" They're all tired but happy.

"We need someone to deliver the letter," Pippa points out. "Someone who can't be spotted from above, or it's game over!" Kiki points out.

"Well, I suppose that rules me out..." Nello says with a grin. "If I drag the letter through my underground tunnels, it'll end up a soggy mess."

Arthur is quick to react.

" Lizzie and Gigi will deliver the letter by airmail!"

Although the envelope is rather large and heavy, the two new postwomen join forces to carry the letter over the treetops. They wobble a little but keep their destination firmly in sight until they reach the bat's tree, breathless. "Now we just need to aim right!" orders Gigi. Together, they count to three, then let the letter glide down between the third and fourth branches from the left, where it wedges at just the right angle.

Their friends celebrate their successful mission with a round of enthusiastic applause.

"There we are! Now all we can do is wait and see!" exclaims Pippa.

"Wait and see? How about we skip straight to the seeing part?" Arthur rolls his eyes.



Lizzie winks at her friend. “Don’t be so impatient, Arthur! Some things simply can’t be rushed…”

And several more long nights pass without any sign of the bat.

“Is it going to take her a whole week to write back?!” complain the wild boars.

“I told you: All that effort for nothing!” groans Nello.

“You’re always complaining! Perhaps she simply doesn’t want anything to do with us and would rather be left alone…” grumbles Jeannie.

“She probably thinks she’s better than us,” mutters Jacqueline.

“Unless… unless she can’t read…” Lizzie says softly.

Arthur tilts his head to one side. “Hmm… I think I’ve got one last idea…” His friends look at him expectantly. “**How about sending an ambassador to visit the bat? Someone willing to take the time to get to know her… how shall I put this… in a diplomatic way…”**

“Someone who’ll listen to her, even if she screams.”
“Someone she can trust.”
“Who means her no harm…”
“Preferably someone who isn’t too big…”
“Someone with wings so they can talk to her face to face…”
“A little sense of humour wouldn’t hurt…”
“A gentle voice.”

“Lizzie!” they all cry in unison.

The little butterfly doesn’t need much persuading from the other animals. That very evening, the bat ambassador musters all her courage and packs plenty of provisions, along with her favourite book. **Before she sets off, everyone gives the little butterfly a hug, one by one.**

“And if you or the bat need anything: we’re here for you!”

Arthur places a walkie-talkie in his friend’s hand. “Just press ‘Bat Team’ and we’ll be connected!”

“Understanding, patience and empathy,” says Lizzie confidently. Then she turns around, flutters up into the air and vanishes into the bright moonlight.

Just a few metres from the bat’s tree, the little butterfly settles down inside a blue anemone.



To avoid startling the bat, Lizzie switches off her walkie-talkie. "I must be careful not to make any loud noises! No sneezing, no coughing, and preferably no falling asleep or, worse still, snoring," she tells herself.

And so Lizzie begins to wait. She waits all night, all day and all through the whole of the following night. Even though she knows bats sleep during the day, she doesn't dare close her eyes. No matter how badly her little eyes sting, how pale her wings have grown with tiredness or how weary her tiny feet have become, she does everything she can to stay awake. She tries to shake off her sleepiness and gulps down one honey boost after another. But eventually, even the honey can't keep her awake,

and poor little Lizzie simply nods off, exhausted.

Lizzie is fast asleep. So soundly that she doesn't notice the sun go down. She doesn't see the first stars beginning to twinkle or the moon rising behind the trees. She doesn't notice the birds returning to their nests above her head. Nor does she notice the forest slowly stirring to life, with the animals' voices mingling in the air.

She snores on as a little shadow emerges from the right side of the bat's tree and darts silently between the trees. It flits closer and closer, passing over her flower and then her head.

So close that, if Lizzie had been awake, she could have made out two bright yellow eyes and a little pink nose.

But Lizzie sleeps on and begins to dream a dream unlike any she's ever had before.


In her dream,
she hears a voice.
“I’m going to take you
on a journey,” it says.

"To a forest full of plants you won't find here. Flowers shimmering in colours brighter than you could ever imagine."

The next moment, Lizzie pokes her head out of a flower whose scent is so wonderful it makes her head spin.

"Where am I?" she wonders in amazement.

Lizzie looks around, intrigued. There's not a single animal or person in sight. A deep stillness settles over the unfamiliar, beautiful trees, exotic plants and a sea of flowers straight out of a fairy tale.

As she sleeps, a smile spreads across Lizzie's butterfly face.

As she sleeps, a smile spreads across Lizzie's butterfly face. Her smile grows wider and wider until it suddenly freezes. Without warning, there's a loud crack and a clatter, and Lizzie has to duck for cover. Big brown chestnuts and sharply pointed acorns hurtle straight at her from all directions.

"What on earth is that?! I'm scared!" she cries in panic, diving into a yellow flower. "No harm will come to you," the dream voice replies sadly. "For you, it's just a dream. For me, it was my life. Look, and you'll see."

It takes Lizzie a few minutes to pluck up the courage to peek out between the petals again. Above the treetops, she spots a little bat desperately trying to take cover from the flying chestnuts and acorns. She hides behind a branch, then tries to squeeze into a narrow crack. But to no avail.

Now Lizzie hears loud voices.

They're coming from above, and they sound anything but friendly.

"Get away from my tree! Only real bats are welcome here!" snarls an angry bat with eyes flashing.

"Go and find yourself another forest! You've been living off us for long enough!" yells another bat.

"Yes, it's all just an excuse to spend all day hanging around in the tree, doing nothing. But with your crooked foot and your odd wing, you can't even manage that!"



Lizzie sees the little bat trembling. Big tears trickle down her little snout.

"Get lost!" the bats yell in unison. Terrified, Lizzie covers her ears.

The little bat is frightened too. She tilts her head back, then does her best to spread her wings.

Lizzie notices that one of the bat's wings is larger than the other. "Oh dear, how can she possibly steer like that?" Lizzie wonders. "Wait, little bat!" she longs to call out, but it's already too late.

And anyway, it's only a dream, isn't it?


“Freeloader!”
“Lazybones!”
“Sponger!”
“Get lost!”

"Then I flew away. I flew so far and for so long that my wings began to ache. Over mountains, rivers and even a whole sea. Fighting my way through a storm, hail and snow. Until I couldn't fly any further and I finally landed here in your forest."

**Lizzie slowly opens her eyes.
The voice is coming from right beside her,
from a little black bat.**

"The other bats are far away now. But my fear is still with me. **And because I spent so much time looking at the sun during my journey, everything looks dark grey to me now… Which makes me even less of a real bat, on top of everything else that's wrong with me."**

The bat's right wing really is smaller than her left and she has a crooked foot. And instead of looking at Lizzie, the bat seems to be gazing past her.

"It's not my fault I'm different from the other bats. And it's not as if I deliberately avoid looking for food… Everything is just so tiring for me! And now that my eyesight has got worse, everything is even more exhausting…"

Lizzie is confused. Surprised. Frightened and a little overwhelmed too. All at once. Even so, she knows exactly what to do.

"I'm glad you trust me, little bat. **And even though I can't make your paw, your wing or your eyes better with a wave of a magic wand, I know some animals, some humans and a whole team of cloudies who can help you."**

The bat lowers her head. "You say that, but…"

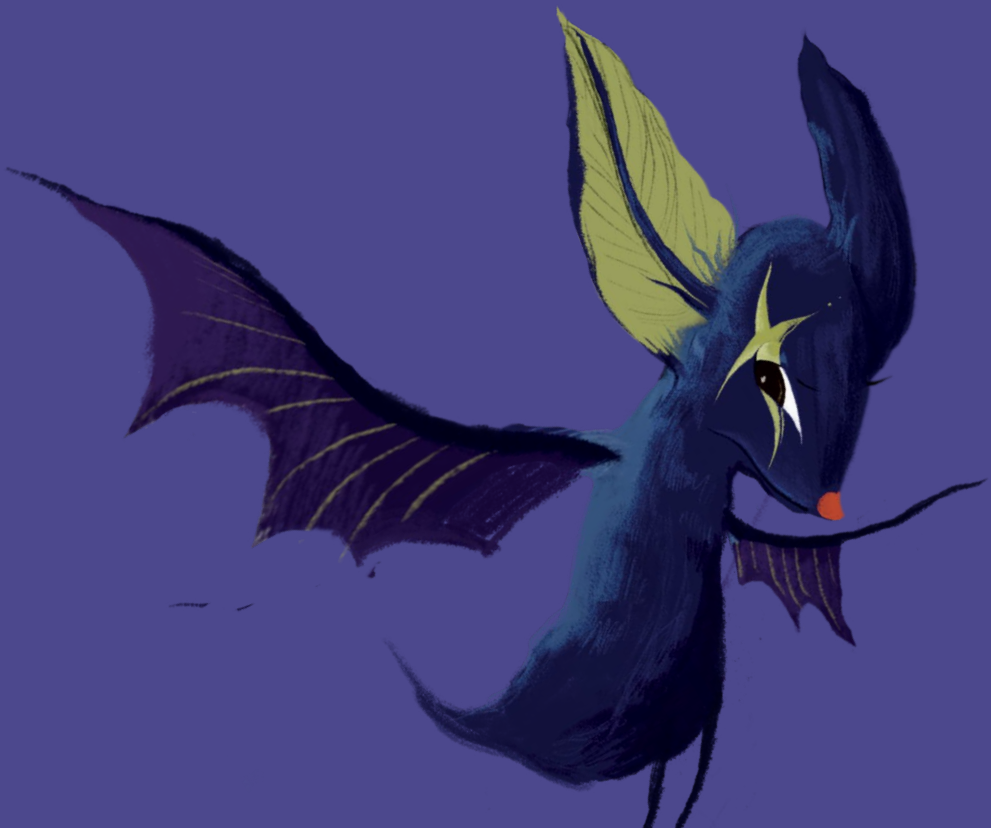
“No!” replies Lizzie. “We stick together here. That’s how it is and that’s how it always will be.”

And since the bat still isn’t entirely convinced, the butterfly tells her all about the adventures Arthur and his friends have already shared. And how much they have achieved together.

“You know what, little bat? If you like, you can be part of our team from now on. On one condition, though: You have to tell me your name.”

“Kelly. My name is Kelly.”

The bat smiles shyly. “I’m Lizzie!” the butterfly replies cheerfully.



“So, Lizzie… do you think Arthur and your friends could help me make my biggest dream come true?” Kelly asks shyly.

Lizzie looks at her, intrigued. “Go on, tell me! What’s your dream?” Kelly looks serious.

“Well, I’d really love to be able to fly better again.

You see, I’ve tried several times to make a new wing for myself. I tried using branches, large leaves, and even an old umbrella once. I even made detailed sketches and plans. But no matter what I tried, nothing ever worked.”

Lizzie doesn’t hesitate for a second. “Well… I’m sure that together we can build you something that will help you fly!”

“That would be amazing!” Kelly says dreamily.

From then on, things move quickly. Lizzie switches the walkie-talkie back on. Everyone is delighted to finally hear from her, and even happier that the bat is willing to meet the forest team.

“But Arthur, Kelly has an idea and she really needs our help to bring it to life!” Lizzie says, speaking into the handset.

“Call the cloudies, Nora and her aunt. The more of us there are, the better.”

When Lizzie and Kelly return to the other forest animals, the bat feels happy, excited and a little frightened all at once. As you know, you cannot simply blow fear away like a candle flame. Everyone makes an effort to speak slowly and, most importantly, to listen carefully. **The cloudies, who land in Arthur's tree that very night, understand particularly well what Kelly has been through.**

"Because we're different, we were bullied so badly that we all moved away to live on a cloud," explains Flitsqueak, a cross between a hummingbird and a mouse.

"Why don't you come and live with us, Kelly?" suggests Fly the fish.

"Yeees!" the cloudies cheer.

"Hang on!" says Arthur. "That's for Kelly to decide. **But first, let's help her make a support for her wing!"**





Shy and soft-spoken at first, Kelly grows more and more confident as she sketches her ideas and draws up an exciting design on a large flip chart.



"My new wing needs to be aerodynamic and lightweight, but also comfortable. And ideally..." She gives a little grin. "...it should look good too." "Maybe like Arthur's colourful feather dress?" Lizzie suggests, and Kelly immediately nods enthusiastically.

"That's it!" Arthur shouts, bursting with excitement. "Kelly, could you picture yourself with a wing made of feathers?" "Absolutely! That would be really cool!" the little bat exclaims joyfully. And no sooner has she finished speaking than the mission begins.

The first step is to organise a **huge feather collection**. Ducks, geese, owls and birds of all kinds, including a parrot who's just passing through, gladly donate a few feathers. Then it's time for measuring, gluing and sewing. The animals attach feathers of every size and shape onto the little wooden frame that Nello and Mike have put together in record time.

"Voluplex maximus finito!" Arthur proudly announces after several hours of work. "Wow!" Kelly gasps, out of breath. "That was quite a lot of work. But..." She gives Lizzie a kiss on the cheek. "... **you were right: together, we're the best bat team I could ever wish for."**

She gives all her new friends a hug. Then Kelly carefully fits the new support onto her right wing and takes a deep breath.

"Now it's time to put our invention to the test," the little bat announces solemnly.

Slowly and steadily, Kelly begins to flap her wings. Gently at first, then faster and faster, until the air begins to hum and Kelly suddenly lifts off the ground. Not straight, not lopsided, and certainly not perfect. But she's flying in her own way, that feels right for her.

For the first time in a long while, Kelly laughs. And the others laugh too. Not at her, but with her.

Want to know what happened next? Kelly is now living happily with Jacqueline in the tree they share. Nora's aunt has ordered Kelly some special glasses to help her see her surroundings more clearly and find her way around more easily.

Even so, Kelly still finds it difficult to find food or fly. **That's why she is so happy to be part of a caring community. She's relieved that no one judges her when her wings grow tired or her paw starts to hurt. And that everyone accepts her as she is, instead of defining her by her disabilities.**

Since then, something else has come to light: **Kelly is a true genius when it comes to inventing things**. In no time at all, almost every animal in the forest owns one of Kelly's clever inventions: a bedtime bonnet to keep Gigi's curls looking fabulous, a mini parachute for Ginette, a blender for Lizzie to make honey shots, ultra-soft earmuffs with built-in music for Arthur, a grunt amplifier for the wild boars, an automatic sorter for supercharged nuts for Jacqueline, and a turbo-filter to banish the smell of stinkhorn mushrooms!

With so many orders pouring in, the waiting list is now six months long...


Kelly Creations
Oh, and by the way, Flitsqueak and Kelly have recently started dating.
Could wedding bells be ringing soon...?

This book was created in collaboration with Anja Di Bartolomeo, Giulia Helminger and Joé Wiltgen's class at the primary school in Wincrange.

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In this adventure, Arthur the owl meets a bat who cannot fly like the others. After being bullied by the other bats, she seeks shelter in the forest. She is frightened though, and is afraid of being rejected again. With a lot of patience, understanding and kindness, Arthur and his friends earn her trust. Together, they look for a solution and build a device to help her fly. It gives the little bat a chance to discover her own abilities and find her place in the forest community.

Arthur's story shows that each of us is unique and that being different is no reason to leave someone out. It also shows how much we can achieve together when we listen to one another, support each other and look for solutions that help everyone. Sometimes we need a different kind of help to discover our strengths and show what we can do.

Just like the bat, you have the right to be treated with respect, to belong and to be protected from bullying and exclusion. You also have the right to the help and support you need to learn, play, grow and become as independent as possible. Everyone deserves the chance to discover their talents and fly in their own way.

All people have rights – including you!
You even have special children's rights!

Children's rights are defined in the UN Convention on the Rights of the Child. Almost every country in the world has promised to uphold these rights. Including Luxembourg! These rights include the right to education, protection, leisure, the right to express one's opinion and the right to a clean and safe environment.

In order to be able to exercise your rights, you must of course first know them. Take a look here with your parents:

Luxembourg has an action plan with more than 60 measures to protect your rights:

Some children experience situations in which their rights are not respected or protected, or find themselves in a situation where someone wants to harm them. If you or someone you know is in such a situation, make sure to talk to someone you trust.

You can also ask for help from the following services that are specially for children:

Kanner- a Jugendtelefon: www.kjt.lu / Phone: 116 111

Ombudsman fir Kanner a Jugendlecher: www.okaju.lu / Phone: 26 12 31 24

Office national de l'enfance: www.officenationalenfance.lu / Phone: 8002-9393

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