



Leverage from
the EU
2014–2020



HATTULA

Main story: A guarding lion

The ball under the paw of the Parola Lion, located on Parolannummi, has disappeared.

Many people think that magic was employed in the theft of the ball, or that it is at least a prophecy of something. What exactly happened? Everyone seems to have their own opinion about its disappearance and how it was removed. These questions are on everyone's lips, but no-one has the answers.

Laurikainen, a local police officer, and his assistants have combed the surrounding areas. A story is being told in the village pub that a dark brown monk's robe was found in the forest.

At the same time, people were swarming near the lion statue. Someone wishing to stay anonymous had promised one thousand euros if the ball was returned. People were trying out all sorts of balls underneath the lion's paw: some of them too big, some too small.

Then the news came: it was not a monk's robe, but an old military uniform, brown with mud. The search now focuses around the church where someone had been seen wearing a uniform and eating raspberries in the dark. A vagabond called Antero also told a story of eating raspberries and seeing strange visions and something about time travel. Police officer Laurikainen was perplexed.

The Armour Museum: Viktor's dream?

It is 1863. Viktor, a member of the Imperial Guard of Alexander II of Russia, is sitting on the Leiri Hill. He eats a handful of red berries and falls asleep. You can hear a cuckoo calling. Viktor wakes up to a loud voice: "Welcome to the 2018 Spring Fumes show at the Armour Museum!"

Viktor sees scary iron monsters all around him. They are silent, you can even touch them. Viktor is a brave man, so he steps inside one of the monsters. His bravery is gone when the monster sets off with a howl, making a banging noise as it goes. The monster is called a tank. Viktor calms down when he gets some coffee and a sweet pastry.

The monsters have peculiar houses as their nests. The indoor monsters are calm, because the people with them are calm. There are big cannons inside the building, and a couple of them are located on the hillside. After the older armoured vehicles, Viktor plucks up his courage and goes to see the angrier vehicles in the adjacent military camp. Viktor is familiar with the place, as it used to serve as the camp ground of the Imperial Guard. Near the stone lion, the raspberries taste sweet and a cuckoo calls. Viktor wakes up. Was it all a dream?

A figure that looks like Viktor has been seen at the museum.

Hattula parish: Competitive tendering for church builders



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It was just before Christmas in 1851. Erik was sitting at the inn in Mierola. He was weary after travelling from Tampere, and anxious. His bid had been carefully calculated, and 5,690 silver roubles would be a fair price for building the church. He would get some too, if he just got the deal.

Ten years had passed since the decision issued by the Senate of the Grand Duchy of Finland: a new stone church shall be built on Rahkoila Hill. The plot had been donated by Senior Lay Judge E. Puontila on the condition that he would be exempted from day work in the church building project. The design had been commissioned to Grandstedt.

After waiting for a few years, the news of his death was reported in the newspaper. The plans were finally completed by Intendant, E. B. Lohrmann. Some of the local people were against the building project. Erik thought everyone would be happy once the majestic church was completed.

The bidding on the construction project had been completed. Eric was selected. He was slightly irritated, because no-one knew him around here, and suspicions had arisen of his guarantors. Still, Erik believed that everything would fall into place, and he could start work next year.

Lepaa Winery: The Beautiful Anna of Lepaa

It was the time of the Kalmar Union. Lepaa Manor's daughter, the beautiful Anna, had come of age, and her parents had started to look for an appropriate husband for her.

They invited the castellan of the Häme Castle, Niilo, son of Olavi, for a visit at the Lepaa Manor. Niilo was a very quiet and shy young man, so he asked his friend Maunu Tawast to join him. Tawast came from a long line of clergymen and he was not even supposed to glance at the opposite sex.

The young men spent the summer in Lepaa, but the outcome was not the one the parents had hoped. Anna was attracted to Maunu and the feelings soon became mutual. The young men returned to Lepaa the following summer, and Maunu and Anna fell in love. Maunu was feeling wistful when he returned home, wondering what he should do. He was soon to become a bishop and after that could no longer marry. He had waited to become a bishop all his life, but he also wanted the beautiful Anna of Lepaa as his own.

In the end, he committed a cruel deed: he had Anna immured in the wall of an old basement. This way he could both become a bishop and have Anna's heart.

Mierola Bridge: Time travel at the bridge construction site

There were many men, and a great whirl of activity.

"What happened?" Antero inquired from an old man who was watching.

"The old bridge burned down, so they are making a new, better one", he explained and asked where Antero was headed.

Antero said nothing: he was not sure. He was in an unfamiliar place and time.

"Just resting. I was eating raspberries and dozed off on the side of the road", he explained and turned the conversation back to the bridge.

"How did the bridge burn down?"

"In battle. The retreating troops burnt it. They wanted to build a stone bridge, but it would take too long. With steel and concrete, this will be ready in no time at all, and the year 1919 will be recorded in history as the year of the new bridge being built. Would you like some raspberries? I am having some. My name is Jacob Judén".

"Are you from around here?" Antero asks. He does not know the man, even though he thinks he has heard the name.

"Yes, but from somewhere far away, just like you".

Antero turns his gaze as the men yell something. Only a moment later he realises that the old man is gone. Perhaps it is time for him, too, to go back. But where – he is not sure. The man did leave him some raspberries...

Juteini House: Respect for the Finns

"What would Jacob Judén, also known by his Finnish name Jaakko Juteini, say, if he was here now, at the inauguration of a building carrying his name?" asked the speaker. The house was full. People were dressed for the occasion and sitting gracefully.

"Well, you know me. I would say exactly what I used to say: "We Finns also deserve respect, in this mighty country." I always thought of Finland as mighty, because it is our native land. And so it still is: lying in bed does not get you bread and it is a blessing to be able to do a day's work", Jaakko Juteini thought to himself in the back row.

He was thinking that he really did not see this coming: such a fine building carrying his name! It had been nice to pop in and have a look. And to see that the Finnish language was thriving and that you could borrow books from the library for free. They also had the books he had written. And his picture. Although he looked old in it. They had also erected a statue for him, and that, at least, showed him in his dynamic youth.

Jaakko Juteini was smiling contentedly as he listened to the speaker explaining that this building would become an important place for the locals to get together.

The main story continues...

Antero stepped into to the Juteini House looking for locals willing to answer his questions.

He stopped a friendly-looking doorman.

"Could you help me? I stopped here in Hattula as I was passing by.

I found some nice raspberries and decided to rest. When I woke up, this ball was lying beside me. I wonder where it came from."

Everyone around him was suddenly silent.



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"You managed to build the church after all, even though you were so wary of Erik. And Viktor is still keeping guard at the garrison. Poor Anna, such a horrible fate. And Juteini is here, too. Great!" Antero rambled going through the things he had seen and heard on the way. The man slowly placed the ball on the floor. "I think I will continue on my way via the Mierola Bridge next, I am sure it will be peaceful there and the new, handsome bridge has been completed", Antero went on as no-one made any remarks about his stories. The man retreats to the door in silence and disappears into the night as dusk is falling. It was never discovered who took the ball, but everyone is happy that it had been found.