



Leverage from  
the EU  
2014–2020



## JANAKKALA

### Main story: Treasure

Oskari Jaakkola is more interested in history than the developments of the digital age. He has heard of a treasure hidden in Janakkala and sets out to search for it. He believes that it must be some sort of a prehistoric treasure, which would be real treasure for him. In a dream, he seeks help from the Janakkala Swordsman whose grave, dating to the 14th century, was found just a few years before.

"Yes, a treasure is awaiting you, if you just travel around the historic sites and listen to their stories. You will need both your mind and heart to find it, your eyes and ears alike!"

Oskari woke up and thought about the words of the Swordsman on his way to Janakkala. What did they mean?

Oskari starts his trip from the Spring of Lauri, an ancient sacrificial spring. There he meets Milja, a goth girl dressed in black. Milja tells him a story and they go on together.

### The municipality of Janakkala: "I will raise love"

Rauni was staring at the reflection of her face on the surface of the spring. Her startled eyes and chest were blazing with fire that was already tickling at her heels. She had seen her knight here yesterday and was sure that he would defend the Hakoinen Hill Fort without sparing his two fine swords.

Rauni was hiding behind a spruce tree but could not help but peek when the man dipped the tips of his swords into the spring and talked to the sprites in a calm voice.

"Drink the water, dip your head and put your feet into the spring!" An elderly lady told her and she had to obey, even though the fire was blazing higher and Rauni was terrified. She was both excited and happy over the violent beating of her heart. The old lady started to recite a spell, waving her arm after every line to signal Rauni to jump above the flames back and forth, like a bolting horse.

"I will raise love for this maiden, make the maiden glorious, let her be amorous, make her revered..."

Once the long spell ended, Rauni fell on her knees. The face of her knight was now reflected on the surface of the spring.

### Church of St Laurence: Ilmari returns

Hard work and long life were reflected in the deep furrows of the 61-year-old man's face. His movements were slow and difficult. Ilmari had wanted to come to the church once more on a Sunday.

He was sitting in the pew and thought back to 1520 when he, still a young man, had attended the consecration service of the church. Back then, he did not know that he would later receive baptism there and it would become such an important holy place for him.



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Ilmari saw the marks of his own hands in the arches of the ceiling. He had also been there to build the sacristy on the north side and the armoury on the south.

Ilmari still shivered when he thought of the fate of the church builder. He had been beheaded in Hämeenlinna even before the church had been consecrated. At a time, Ilmari had been intimidated when he entered the church, and the male figure nailed to the five-foot wooden cross, had looked peculiar.

Now he knew that it was Jesus Christ.

### **Municipality of Janakkala: Bertta's secret**

Bertta hastened her steps outside the Vähä-Kurki house, wishing that she would go unnoticed. It was her wedding day, a day when she would move to live with her dear Aatu for good. Both marriages had been fussed over for weeks, and Maija, her future mother-in-law, was pleased with her trousseau. The wedding would be quite a special event, because the daughter of the house was also getting married.

Bertta still had something to take care of before the ceremony. Her grandmother had taught her to take offerings to the cups on a big rock in the forest for good luck. Bertta was carrying a small bottle. She had decided to get water from the ancient spring and take it as her offering.

Not many people believed in these things anymore, and some were intimidated and called them pagan worship. Bertta was scared that her new mother-in-law could also have second thoughts if she found out about this.

As Bertta was leaning over the spring to fill her bottle, Maija, her future mother-in-law, looked at the girl from the edge of the forest, smiled and thought to herself, "Look at her, looks like we are on the same mission."

### **Municipality of Janakkala: Ill-fated inn**

Heikki was blinking his smoke-filled eyes and rinsed them with fresh water from the spring. The smell of smoke was floating in the air, coming from the inn that had burned down to its foundations. They had been the first ones to arrive and tried to put out the fire for hours, as the flames shot out of the windows on both floors.

The inn had stood there since the mid-1700s. It had got its name after the noises heard at the sacrificial spring and later kept it thanks to the rows at the inn and its colourful owners. One of them, who frequently appeared in court, had been sentenced to a whipping at the whipping pine on the church hill. Even in the 1950s, when Heikki was a child, these stories had been used to scare children.

According to another story, people at the inn were so proud and thought of themselves to be so fine that anyone looking too ragged was turned away. Once, a man travelling the country was turned away on the account of his shabby appearance. Perhaps he slept under a spruce tree, right here where Heikki now was. Later, everyone heard how Elias Lönnrot himself had been refused a place to sleep at Räikälä!



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### **Municipality of Janakkala: Calming love**

His eyes flew open. Was he asleep? Juhani was scared as he looked over the field to the direction of Räkälä bridge. Fortunately, everything seemed quiet. His troops had been ordered to the trenches to ensure that the Reds would keep possession of the bridge, no matter what. The Germans had been forced to retreat the night before. They thought they could just march right up to the church, when they were greeted with heavy gunfire.

Juhani rubbed his eyes at the sight of a figure appearing in the April morning mist. A knight on top of a horse, a vision reminiscent of another time. The knight was swinging two swords at his invisible enemies. Suddenly, the horse fell apart and the knight disappeared.

Ra ta ta ra ta ta! Juhani grabbed his rifle as he realised that the gunshots were not fired from the bridge, but from their rear. He began to retreat with haste together with the others, and kept stumbling and finally fell down on the wet ground near the spring. Before silence fell, he caught a glimpse of a young, beautiful woman on the surface of the water, surrounded by flames, radiating soothing love.

### **The main story continues...**

"Where did you hear all these stories?" Oskari asks Milja.

"I have researched the history of this place online and there was also information about books worth exploring and reading."

"I do not care for the web, I am a treasure hunter," Oskari comments somewhat arrogantly, and Milja says nothing. Then Oskari remembers the words of the Swordsman.

"I am sorry", Oskari says, "I meant no offense. I am sure we will need both, my tools and your computer. Maybe we will even find a treasure."

"Yes, that is what they say: you need both your mind and heart, eyes and ears to find the treasure!"

Oskari is confused. The Swordsman's words... He looks at Milja for a long time and suddenly he realised that the treasure is closer than he thought, right here next to him.

"Should we look for the treasure together?" he asks Milja, who nods.

They continue their journey together, but will they find the treasure? That is entirely up to them.