

The Cave of Treasures
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Before starting to tell you this exciting story, we'll introduce the characters to you. First, let's meet the members of the "Miklós Zrínyi" pioneer troop's "Butterfly" patrol: Imre Pál, the whistler, smart Ákos Zaránd, lazy Pista Kövér, and plump Laci Máté.

The rest of the patrol members are: tousled-haired Misi Péter, tall Laci Bodza, snub-nosed Gyuri Remete and freckled Miklós Veres.
– The patrol was named "Butterfly" because last year they gave a beautiful butterfly collection to the school's biology lab.

And finally, two other important characters: the resourceful Tibi Gazsó, leader of the "Butterflies" and András Perczel, captain of the Miklós Zrínyi pioneer troop. And now let the story begin!

The Zrínyi pioneers were marching toward their summer camp through beautiful scenery in a merry mood.

After putting up the tents, Imre Pál and Laci Bodza listened attentively to Ákos Zaránd. "I have an idea.", says Zaránd, who is known for his sharp mind. "Let's give the school an insect collection!"

In the evening he told everyone in the Butterfly patrol about his plan. They liked it! They decided that on their first free day they would form three groups and go off to collect insects.

And the first Sunday came! Zaránd, Bodza and Pál set out on their hunting trip. “Just wait until we get you, snails and bugs!”

The three eager hunters moved farther and farther away. Their endeavors were not in vain: they swooped down on valuable prey, one bug after another.

But before they noticed, the landscape had changed. The adventurous Zaránd had led his expedition down untrodden paths and up dangerous slopes. Their hunger reminded them that it was already lunchtime.

They started eating their meal with real pioneer relish, and they were even in the mood to grill bacon.

Bodza immediately went off to get some wood. He is an expert at grilling bacon. When he does it no fat will be wasted!

“Help! Help!” they unexpectedly heard Bodza’s voice, who just left. Zaránd and Pál started running towards the sound, fully equipped for all events.

“I’m fine!” They heard his yell again. “Come, quickly, quickly! I fell in through the entrance of a cave!”

In the next moment the three friends were together again. Zaránd at once established that the cave was not indicated on the map, and therefore the glory of discovery could be theirs. They decided to walk through the unknown cave.

After just a half-hour walk, they came upon a beautiful fairy-tale land. It was a stalactite cave, doubled by its own reflection in the still water of a pond.

But the deeper they advanced, the scarier the fairy-tale land became. It seemed like the mountain sighed every once in a while, as if spirits had sped past inside.

“Oh my God, a ghost!” Bodza cried out. The two other boys laughed at him, and continued stumbling on.

“Let’s turn back! I’m scared,” Bodza whimpered again. This time Zaránd and Pál heeded his words, and decided to leave the spooky place.

It was easy to decide that they would go back up; but actually doing so was much harder. They were unable to find the way they had come. They had been wandering around for hours when they finally realized that they were lost.

Hour after hour passed, and the boys grew more and more exhausted. Lost hope. They took turns sleeping. Zaránd was so nervous that he forgot to rewind his watch, so now they didn’t even know if it was day or night.

“Guys, I hear something rumbling here!” Bodza, now on guard, said gravely. Indeed, a monotonous, muffled murmur filtered in from across the wall, as if giants were banging on the mountain with a huge hammer.

They started walking toward the mysterious noise. The higher they climbed, the louder it got. What could it be?

After a few hundred paces, they stared at the wonder of nature with awe. “Guys” Zaránd’s face brightened up, “I’m sure this water feeds into a river. Let’s follow it and we’ll find our way out!”

“Look, there’s light”, he said as he pointed up...

There was light, real sunlight, shining into the cave, giving the exhausted boys hope of escape.

The three boys crawled toward the light on a ledge of rock hardly wider than their body. One bad move, and they would fall to their deaths..

They managed to get up, but suddenly their path ended in an abyss. It took Zaránd some minutes before he continued walking, but...

In a second he lost his balance and fell!

The two boys fixed a rope to a rock. Bodza was the first to descend to help Zaránd...

... he was followed by Pál, who came down falling, because the rope which was tied to the rock came undone! How will they ever climb back up?

Their horror was forgotten as they got an unexpected surprise: the flashlight directed in a corner of the cave revealed lavish old treasures!

Zaránd “the scholar” was exalted to conclude that they had found some wonderful objects from the Bronze Age. Bodza, however, insisted that everything was made of pure gold.

But their joy soon vanished when Pál made a terse, objective remark: “Who cares what we found, if we can’t get out of this hole!”

The sudden disappearance of the boys stirred up the camp. András Perczel, the camp leader, carefully studied the map of the vicinity, and ...

... he divided the boys in three groups. “Peter will lead on the right, Veres on the left, and I will direct the center section...” The command was given, and the pioneers started out to find their missing friends.

Péter’s group soon found an old, decrepit well. “Get the rope! Someone will scuba dive and search the bottom of the water,” he ordered.

While they were diving in the well, the other group lead by Miklós Veres made an interesting discovery.

“I gave this piece of paper to Bodza, so he could wrap his bacon in it!”, Máté cried out, excited. “We have to report immediately that we have found their tracks!”

The news made a great stir among the pioneers. Following Andras Perczel’s instructions, they now limited their search to that area.

“Comrades, there’s a cave here!”, Gaszó suddenly shouted. The expedition immediately decided to explore it.

They were met by the same beautiful site as Zaránd’s group was, but they had no time to rejoice in it: all they cared about was the fate of their missing comrades.

“We’ll conduct our search in four directions. Don’t forget to mark your routes with chalk. The mark of the Perczel group is +, the Veres group’s is x, Gaszó’s and mine is the perpendicular line. Make a sign at every ten paces! And now, let’s go!”

The resourceful Gzásó blew his trumpet: if Zaránd and his friends are nearby, they'll be sure to hear the sound, which was a hundred-fold multiplied in volume as it echoed through the zigzags of the cave tunnels.

As chance would have it, Veres's group went the same way as Zaránd did. Little did Péter know that Bodza also mistook the very same rock for a ghost the night before...

In the meantime, Zaránd and his friends huddled together in the cave, hopeless and downhearted. They were losing strength. In vain was Gzásó blowing his trumpet loud: its sound did not reach them.

The leaders of the groups sadly report that they have found no trace of the lost boys. Perczel issues his order: "We must continue the search!" So they start out again.

"Look, a pioneer cap!" The resourceful Gzásó cries out. "This must be theirs!" The newly found cap gave new strength to the members of the expedition. They had a feeling that they were on the right track. Forward! Let's go on!

And the boys, worrying about the lives of their comrades, crawled along the same low corridor that Zaránd and his companions scrambled through just a day ago.

“Careful, and hold the rope tight! One missed step, and they will have to start looking for us, too!” Gázsó said, and grabbed his trumpet again. He blew it and blew it, without stopping.

“Wake up, boys! I hear a trumpet! This must be Gázsó! Wake up! We’re saved! Here! Here!” Bodza jumped up.

“Hurray! They’re alive! They’re alive!” The joyous clamor of the reunited boys traveled through the cave, louder than the rumble of the waterfall.

The love of the pioneer comrades for one another, their valor and loyalty overcome all obstacles.

Their joy grew even greater when the three rescued boys proudly showed their friends the treasures which they had been fortunate to stumble upon.

After the great adventure the pioneers lined up in front of András Perczel, whose hard words crackled: “Because they carelessly endangered themselves, I reprimand the pioneer comrades Ákos Zaránd, Imre Pál and László Bodza.” But then, his strict face seemed to lighten up. “Hoist the flag!”

Because they are giving the valuable items they found to the museum, I give pioneers comrades Ákos Zaránd, Imre Pál and Lászlo Bodza the Captain's Commendation.

The next day, the three boys were delighted to receive compliments from the Museum's representative, too. They promised, however, that next time they would be more careful.

The end

What You Need To Know About Alcohol...

Text by Dr. Istvan Balint

Drawings by Balazs Piri-Balazs

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Beer: 4 - 12 % Wine: 10 - 15% Liquor / Spirits: 40 - 70 % alcohol content

The damaging effects of alcohol

Alcohol primarily damages the liver, the stomach and the heart

Alcohol penetrates the brain and upsets the balance of the nervous system

It causes delusions

Why do people still drink?

Family affairs?

Many people think it's what makes them adults

Some people expect success from it

Even a wedding is a chance to get drunk

Social obligations?

In company, there's no stopping.

A little drop of comfort before work?

On payday...

A little encouragement

Alcohol never helps sickness!

She was alone with her sorrow...

The consequences of drinking alcoholic beverages

Drinking before or during work may lead to an accident

The driver loses control over his vehicle

The drunkard is often rude at work

He ruins the life of his family

Often elders are the ones who start it

The drunkard leaves his family for a passing fancy

Inebriation seems to make life easy

After drinking

From Drinking to Being a Drunkard

Glass after glass

He becomes a migrating bird

The family breaks up

He sinks deeper and deeper

The road leads to prison

The drunkard will get seriously ill

A way out of alcoholism

It's difficult to get rid of this obsession

With strong will, you can break the spell of the bottle

Medical treatment helps

The family's help is needed to get better

Society and the workplace also lend a helping hand

A sober, moderate life can save you from troubles, but even an addict can help!

The end