

## Schreiben nach Geräuschen

Bei dieser Art des *Freien Schreibens* dienen Geräusche als Schreibimpuls. Diese werden den Schülern auf CD oder Kassette vorgespielt. Bei der Abfassung der Texte soll die Chronologie der Geräusche eingehalten werden.

Im Englischunterricht der 11. Klassen wurden den Schülern folgende sechs Geräusche präsentiert:

1. starker Regen
2. Kirchenglocke läutet zwölf Mal
3. Klopfen an einer Tür
4. Tür wird langsam geöffnet
5. leises Lachen
6. gellende Schreie

Die dazu verfassten Texte lauten wie folgt:

### **Once upon a time in a not too far away place**

It was a dark night, it was pouring down and only a thunderbolt lit up the darkness of the night for a second. Two young women were driving along the muddy streets in their small car. Suddenly, Kate, one of the women, who sat next to Amy, her best friend driving the car, tore the steering wheel to the right. The car got out of control and crashed into a tall, dead tree. The two girls, shocked by the impact, were sitting quietly next to each other in the damaged car. Kate was the first one to get a hold of herself. She was already expecting to be scolded by her friend, but when Amy remained silent next to her she began to stutter explanations. She explained that she had thought that suddenly a man had been standing in front of their car. She claimed that he hadn't been easy to see due to his black robe. She had been sure that he had been a farmer. He had had a scythe with him after all! Amy listened to all of her explanations calmly and started to believe that she simply hadn't seen the man. After all, it had been a rough night and they had just been driving back from a concert they had been to. Fortunately, they didn't get hurt. However, their car wasn't as lucky as they were. They argued for quite some time about what they were supposed to do now because they knew that as soon as they left their car they would get soaking wet from the rain. They got out of the car and followed the road since they didn't know what else they could do. A howling owl caught their attention for a second. It flew right above their heads.

All over a sudden, they heard a big clock strike twelve. With the help of the sound that the clock was making they were able to find a small village. They felt as if they had travelled back in time: The village didn't seem to have changed since the Middle Ages! None of the two girls had taken their mobile phones with them, so they intended to ask someone living there if they could call somebody.

They knocked on the door of a house. A light was shining through its window. They had been very calm the whole time, but when the door was opening slowly and squealingly a shiver was running down their back. They started to feel very uncomfortable when a pale, almost white-skinned, old man with long black hair opened the door. His tortoise shell glasses reflected the light of a candle that he was holding in his hand. The women started explaining their situation, but the old man didn't hesitate and made a gesture with his hand requesting them to come in. Amy was holding onto Kate's arm as they were walking into the house. They found themselves in an entrance hall bigger than the house seemed to be from the outside. The man closed the door and you could hear a key turning in a keyhole. The candle went out. It was all dark and the only light source left was the lamp of the other room shining through the gap of a door.

Amy looked up and barely saw Kate's face. She was scared. Kate looked around and wanted to start running towards the light. She was dragging Amy behind her when she bumped into the old man. She could only see his face. He was grinning and laughing loudly. She was stepping backwards when two sharp fangs caught her eye. The man growled and rushed forward but fell on his back due to Kate's hysterical punching. Freaked out by the whole situation, Kate took Amy and tore her towards the door which she kicked open in a fit of rage.

Their situation proved to be forlorn when they saw three old women looking up from a big kettle. The three old hags broke out in maniacal laughter and reached for the two.

With the bloodthirsty old man behind them and the three old hags in front of them the last thing to be heard was the screaming of two girls vanishing in silence...

A sudden noise had caused Kate to wake up. She realized that she was still sitting next to Amy in the car. Oh, how grateful she was to hear Amy saying: "Wake up. Kate! We're almost there."

*(Oliver Mirwald, Sarah Kirchberger, Ann-Katrin Focke, Tobias Mauerer, FIIT3)*

### **A dark and stormy night**

It was a dark and stormy night. The clash of thunder was so loud that you couldn't hear your own voice. But despite the weather three very attractive girls were on their way to a party.

On the way there they were crossing a graveyard. There they heard the bells of an old church ringing.

They wanted to go into the church because the weather was so bad. They saw a glittering light inside, so they thought it would be a good idea to knock on the big door of the church.

Since nobody answered, they decided to open it slowly.

Doing so, they heard awful, terrible, scary laughter. And shortly afterwards they saw a few nasty blood-blurred zombies with human body pieces in their mouths.

The girls started to scream in terror. When the zombies saw them, they limped straight towards them...

*(Ricardo Spangler, Simon Dinnes, Mathias Wypych, Sebastian Spohr, FIIT3)*