Liebe Eltern, liebe Leserinnen und Leser,

diese Sammlung an Märchen und Geschichten wurde am Ende des Schuljahres 23/24 von der Klasse 7e im Rahmen des Englischunterrichtes in Kleingruppen erarbeitet und verfasst.

Im Kern arbeiteten die Schülerinnen und Schüler mit einer Erzählung aus der britischen Welt, deren Handlungen und wichtigsten Inhalte auf kleinen Plakaten zusammengefasst wurden. Dieser Zusammenfassung folgt je ein Cover für die eigene Geschichte, die sich direkt anschließt. Eine der wenigen Vorgaben für diese Geschichten war es, dass die Charaktere oder Welten der originalen Erzählungen in irgendeiner Form verarbeitet werden sollten.

Während sprachliche und grammatikalische Fehler erst in einigen Durchläufen von den Kindern selbst und abschließend von mir korrigiert wurden, sind die kreativen Inhalte sowie die Wortwahl (!) gänzlich den Schülerinnen und Schülern zuzuschreiben.

Wir wünschen Ihnen viel Freude beim Lesen!

Mit freundlichen Grüßen

die Klasse 7e mit Lehrer, Johannes Lima Spielhofen.

British Legends and Stories Reimagined

A Project by Class 7e

and Mr. Spielhofen

2023/2024

E.T.A-Hoffmann-Gymnasium Bamberg

The children eating giant Bolster

Characters

- the giant
- his ex-wife Mrs. Bolster
- Agnes
- the people of the village
- the other giants

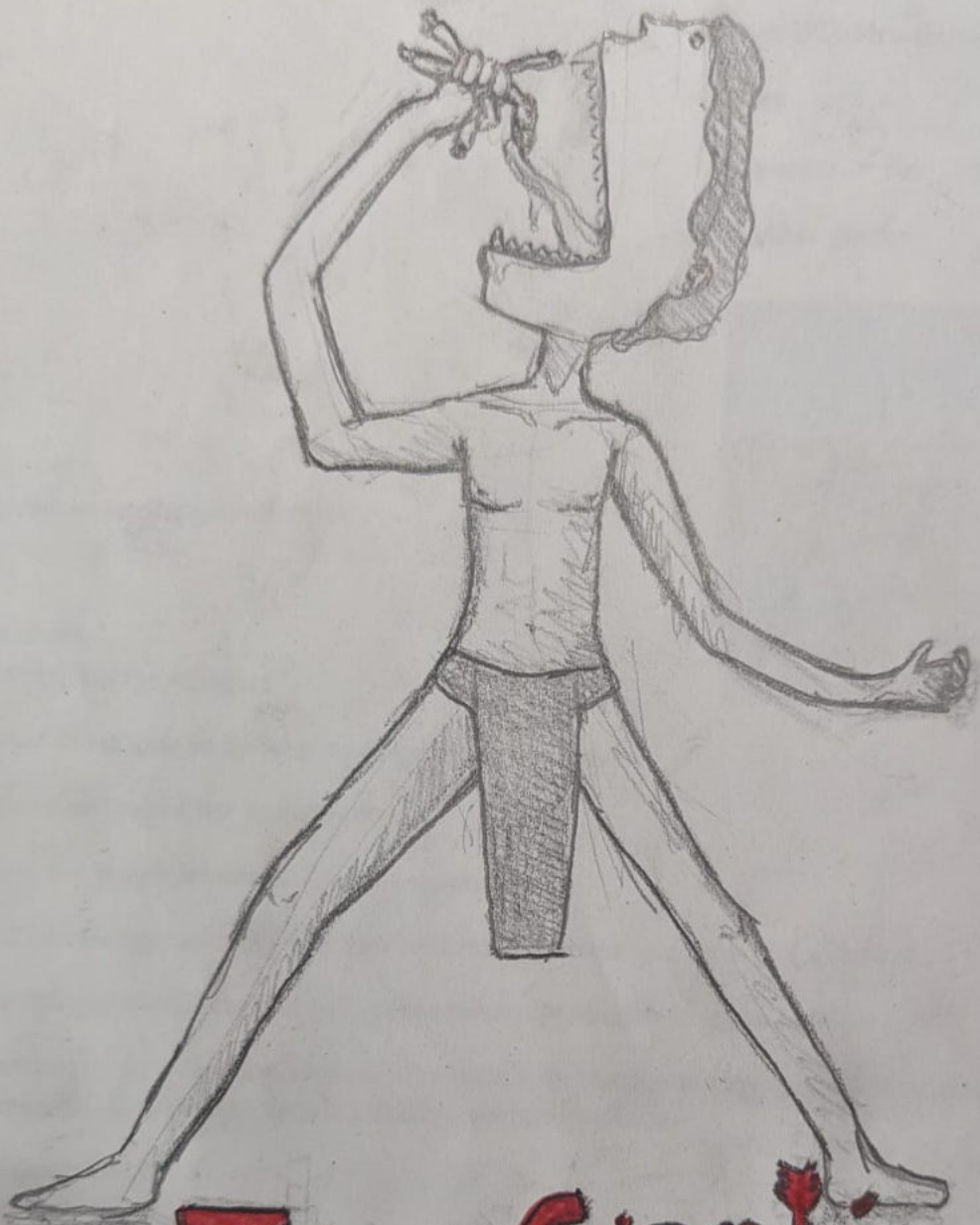
The story in short

- The giant terrified the villagers
- He got bored of his wife so he went to search for a new one
- He met Agnes and asked her to marry him
- She said yes but only if he would complete some tasks
- One day, he had enough and told her she could ask him to do just one last task.
- For the last task, he should make a cut in his wrist and pour his blood into a hole
- But Bolster didn't know that the hole wasn't a little hole, there was a crack in the hole that ran right down through the cliff before it finally opened into the sea
- He bled to death
- Everyone celebrated
- The village was named after Agnes

Extra information

- It's a local Cornish legend
- It's a special legend because he fell in love with one of the most beautiful women

The giant Bolster



The Giant's Misery

The Giant's Misery

Paul opened his eyes as the warm sunlight shone into his face. As he sat up, he realised that the dream about his parents, who had died two years ago when he was seven years old in a giant attack, wasn't real and that reality looked way different. Reality looked grey, full of sadness, a life in an orphanage. Paul didn't exactly know why he was being bullied but his theory was that they were bullying him because his parents were dead.

Usually, he would meet up with Agnes but today she was late - instead of her, his bullies came to the hill where he was sitting. One of them said: „Hey looser, who are you waiting for? Your friend? Oh, right, you don't have any friends." Another boy from the group who had blonde hair and bright blue eyes said: „Or are you waiting for your family? Oh well, you don't have that either." while laughing at him. Paul felt tears welling up in his eyes as he whispered quietly: „That's not true... I still have Agnes!" A small grin grew on the blonde boy's face as he said in a harsh tone: „And where is she now?" Paul didn't know what to respond so the first tear rolled down his cheek. He pushed two of the bullies out of his way and ran to the nearby forest.

The forest was spooky and dark, the trees were big and the branches looked like black long scary claws wanting to grab him. The forest was known for being very dangerous, a lot of strange and scary stories took place here. He was desperate and also very sad because of the mean things that the bullies had said to him so he just sat down under a spooky tree and started crying even more than before. The wind was getting very strong, even a tiny tornado of leaves was building up in front of him as suddenly a man appeared in an explosion of purple dust. The man was dressed in an elegant black coat, a pair of patent leather shoes and a bauta mask to cover his face. Paul was scared and couldn't look him in the eyes, as the mysterious man started talking in a Russian accent: „ hello there young boy, today is your lucky day - I can grant you any wish you have, the only condition is that you can't tell anybody about our deal otherwise you will die. But don't worry, the effect will only last for three days: if you manage to not tell anybody until the full moon of the third day you won't die." Paul was scared but also curious at the same time so he said: „my only wish is to be tall and stronger than my bullies...". The mysterious man answered with an evil

grin while taking a tiny bottle out of the inner pocket of his jacket: „if that is what you want, then I'll grant your wish. Just drink this potion and your wish will be granted." This was the last thing he told Paul before disappearing with the same explosion as before. The potion was now lying on the ground, he was still insecure if he should really drink the potion, but the temptation was just too strong so he took it and drank it all.

A weird feeling built up in his body. He started growing very fast and also his face was getting uglier and uglier; until he became one of the giants like those who had killed his parents. He was surprised with his sudden transformation but somehow, he liked it, now he was strong and tall. The first day, he got hungry and ate some sheep, cows and horses from the farms near the forest. The second day, he had the desire of eating more than just animals from the farm, so he attacked the village and ate all his bullies and some other kids. And at the last day, he was lying on a huge hill full of grass, as he heard someone singing like an angel. He couldn't resist, he had to investigate the origin of this beautiful melody. When he finally spotted the person who had been singing, he noticed it had been Agnes, his only friend. He walked up to her, totally forgetting that he was still in his giant form, and said: „Hello Agnes", with a big smile on his face. But Agnes couldn't recognize him in the state he was right now so she said with a scared and disgusted expression: „Go away you monster! You ate my best friend Paul, he was only a young orphan kid that lost his parents not a long time ago and you just ate him like it was nothing! You deserve to die!" Agnes said shouting at him. What Paul had ignored was that Agnes's singing had actually been a trap and he had totally fallen for it, so Agnes pulled out her bow and here magic arrow and shot it right at him. When the arrow touched his chest, one last tear dropped down his cheek just before he fell down a cliff and slowly started transforming back because the full moon appeared just as he was falling down. Agnes noticed and started crying as she realized she had just shot Paul to death. After that incident, some of the villagers who had seen everything that had happened to Paul, explained the whole story to Agnes. And since that day, she can't help but feel guilty for killing her best friend who had just wanted to be respected by the others.

By Amelie Löffler, Kalemi Piccolo, Luise Wirobal and Leonie Lewin

The Legend of Nessie

Characters:

-Robert Kenneth Wilson

-Some dead guy

-St. Columba

-The Monster of Loch Ness

-George Spicer

This is the "Surgeon's Photograph", more about it later.

Background information!

What is the monster of Loch Ness?

The monster of Loch Ness, a.k.a. Nessie, is a cryptid, a being whose existance is questionable at best, but there were enough people who "have seen it" to be not sure if it's fake.

An exact description of Nessie

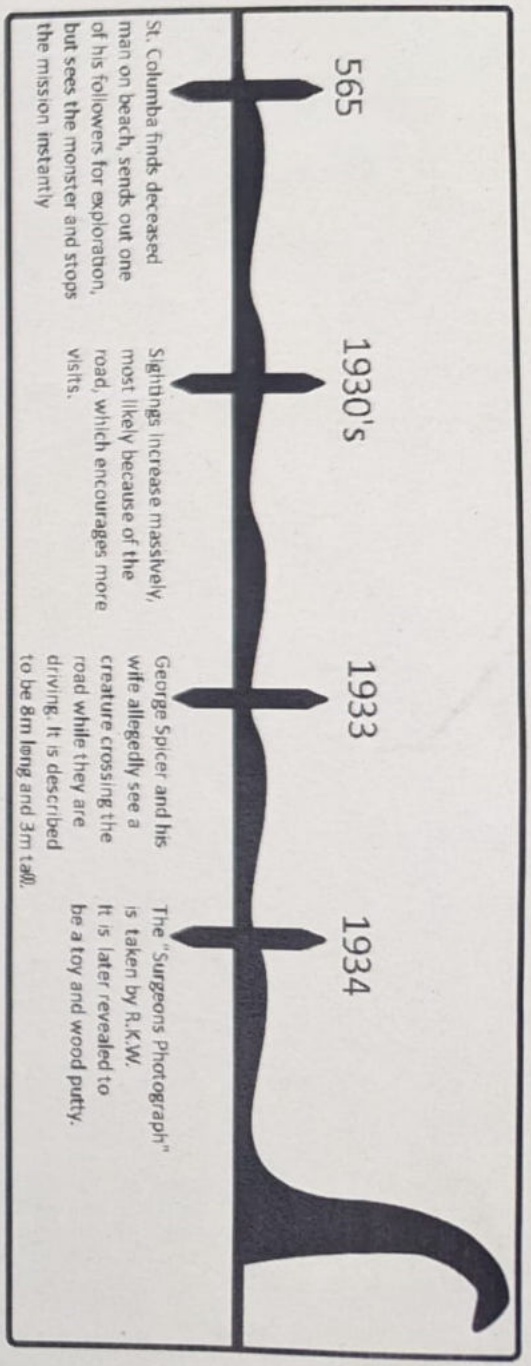
Nessie is described to look like a dinosaur, to be more specific, a plesiosaur. It's described to be up to 20 meters long and 3 meters tall, but since George Spicer's description, it changed to be 8 meters long and 3 meters tall.

Miscellaneous

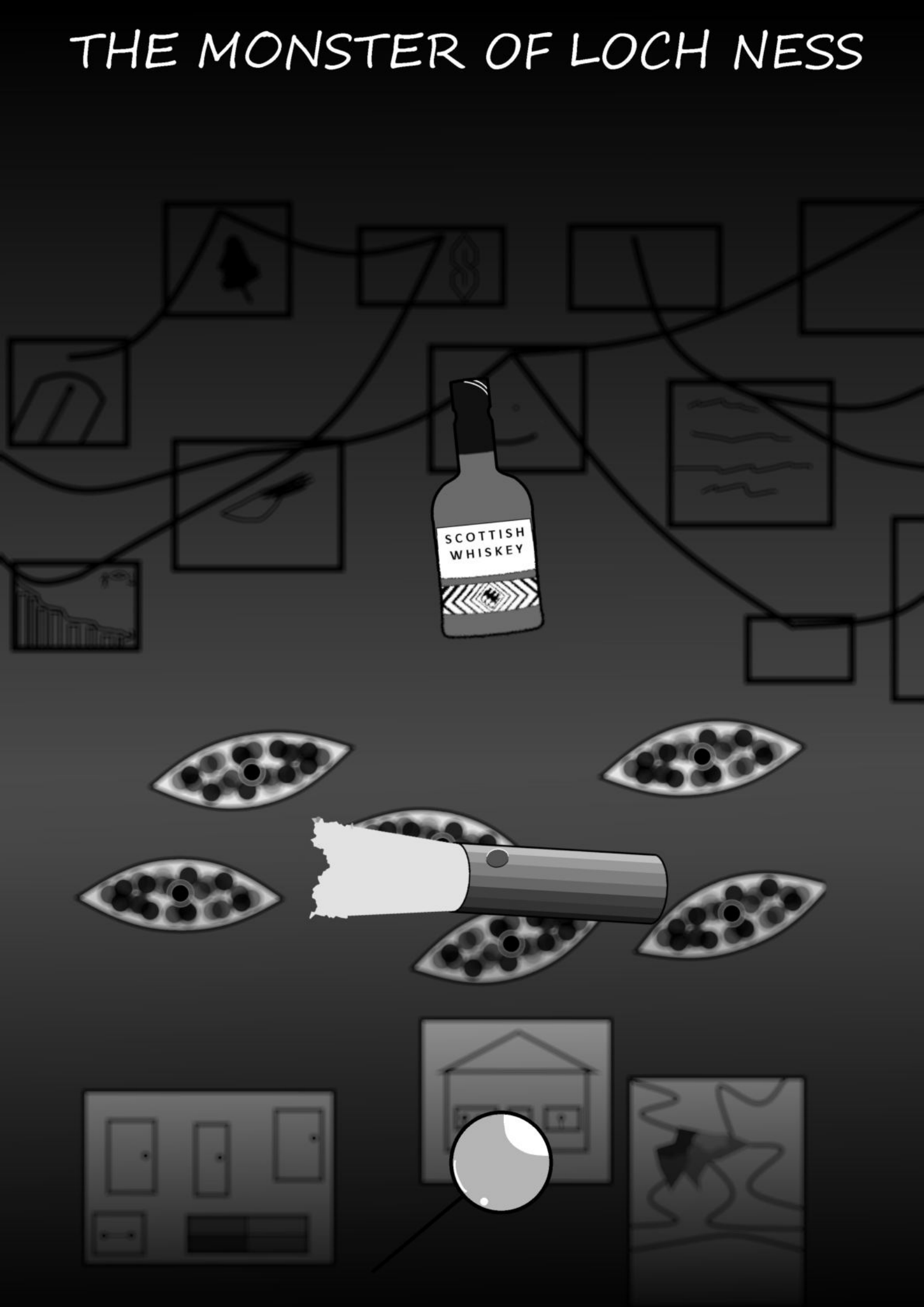
-The name "Loch Ness" comes from the latin word "lacus", which just means lake.

-People often get Loch Ness confused with Nessi, but one is the legend and the other the lake.

-Loch Ness is located in Scotland.



THE MONSTER OF LOCH NESS



The Monster of Loch Ness

I closed the newspaper. „That stupid Sherlock Holmes!“ Kicking my feet on the wooden table, I mumbled: “Why can’t I be such a great detective? His stories are so wonderful, almost as if they were written - but that’s dumb, he’s real! I just need to find a way to be better than him…“Flipping through the newspaper, looking after any cases I could solve, I finally found it:

„Murder Near Loch Ness! Mysterious claw marks next to body, police still puzzled over teeth-like pattern on the right side of the victim’s body.“ *Perfect! I can FINALLY be known, just as I deserve! Now, where do I start...* „Gathering the suspects, just like all detectives... oh right, and evidence. That’s right! I am such a smart person!“

As I walked through the streets of Dores, I looked after some suspects: Firstly, Fabian Graves. I saw him from the corner of my eye while he was retreating back into his house, the groceries in his hands indicating that he had been shopping. *Such a weird man...* Always in his home or garden, no friends and no connections to a known family, basically disconnected from society! I’d pity him if he couldn’t maybe be the murderer - he must be hiding something! Maybe an evil scheme, he kept himself hidden to slaughter the man from the news. Yeah, that’s probably it.

I groaned: „Man, this is tiring, better get something to drink.“ Walking through the streets wasn’t that hard, as far as I knew there’s a bar in this village! It should be around 600 meters away from here… ten minutes at most.

Walking up to the bar, I could already smell the alcohol and hear the alcoholics, and - „Damn it!“, I audibly cursed. *I totally forgot about scouting out suspects!* I slammed the door to the bar open, my eyes piercing everyone who looked suspicious: Archibald? Nah, he’s basically the grandfather of all the residents in the village. Denny Colins? He had moved here from the US recently, I doubt he has any connection to the murder. Karen Barns? I can already see her draining another whisky, judging by the lengths of her incoherent ramblings definitely her third. All I could make out of her slurred voice was „Loch Ness- The- the- no going… because- as… danger! Monster!“ *Veeery suspicious. Maybe she tries to keep her victims away from the lake using fear so she can kill more people… then we’ve got a serial killer!* I just needed to get them both to

know that they're suspects. I thought out loud: „Fabian won't talk to me, I'll just write him a letter stating: *you are a suspect among the people I have picked that could have committed the murder near Loch Ness. Come see Charles Davis at 18:30 so we can talk.* And Karen is a direct person, I should just tell he-" „What 'chu talking about?" *Dangit! Karen's dreadful voice again.* „I think you could have-" Karen made some… rather interesting sounds. I think she's mimicking a tractor? I don't know. „May I talk? Okay, so, you probably know that there's been a murder near Loch Ness, right?" Karen answered: „YEAH! It's that - that damn, uh, monster, you get me? Because we- no, this one guy once-" I put my finger on her mouth: „Nononono, stop talking! I think you could've committed the murder!" Karen looks confused, but after around ten seconds her eyes light up, as if she has made a scientific breakthrough: „HA! HA! You think I, I-", she downs another whisky, „I did tha- THAT?! You're not, hehe, right. In the slightest! You're- you're, like, an absolute idiot! It… um, was,-" I had already gotten up. I don't care about others saying such things. *I'll prove her wrong, I'll show her!*

Back home, I thought about how to do that for a long time. I had already gotten the mail to Graves, I just needed some more evidence. It's not like I really *need* it, though, I'm always right with these things.

The sun is already setting, I don't think there's much time left to do anything… Wait! I could gather some evidence at the lake! It's not too far from here and the shoreline is long enough. I put my shoes on. *I just need to get to Loch Ness!*

When I finally arrived, I looked around the entire beach: Almost no signs of the murder, just those claw marks. „There!", I exclaimed, as I saw a footprint. I sneaked up close to it… *There has to be something there!* Suddenly, I heard a stick cracking behind me: „Who?!" But before I could talk, Someone hit me with a left hook. I couldn't quite make out the face of the person who had punched me. I tried to fight back, but they took a stone and slammed it on my head. My vision darkened, the last thing I felt was them picking me up and throwing me into the lake. Everything got blurry and I heard a splash, then… silence.

Ding Dong…

The doorbell rang: “Do I need to open the door? I was just at the climax of the story!“ I groaned as I put aside the book I had been reading, trotting towards the door. „Huh, new mail. Weird that it was thrown onto the ground, though.“ I picked it up: *For Fabian Graves.* Quickly closing my door, I plopped back onto the couch and opened the letter, reading it out loud to myself: „*Dear Fabian Graves, you probably know that there was a murder near Loch Ness, and I, Charles Davis, have been led to suspect you to be the murderer.* What?! Okay, just continue reading, It’ll be fine… *Meet me at 18:30 on the shoreline of the lake to talk about it, else, I will inform the police.*“ My confusion quickly turned into panic: „What am I gonna do? There’s a murderer creeping around Dores! I have to go there though, don’t want someone going after me legally. Maybe, I could come an hour earlier to check if it’s a trap - no, I’ll just mess everything up again. But… yeah, I need to.“ I put all my willpower towards getting myself off my couch: „Success! I did something for once!“ Taking a flashlight – just in case – I opened the door and made my way to the lake.

„Oh, hey Archie!“ Archibald was the only person in the village I felt comfortable talking to. There was a bucket full of fish in his left hand a fishing rod in his right one. „Oh, hello Fabian! What are you doing here so late? There’s a murderer in this village, you know?“ He tilted his head, his face looking concerned. „Well, there’s this detective, Charles Davis, I think. He’s making me go to the shoreline of Loch Ness, but I’m coming one hour early in case it’s a trap.“, I showed him my flashlight, „Here, I got this too, just in case.“ Archibald smiled warmly: „Oh, in that case, I wish you the best of luck. I’m surprised I’ve even had the courage to get my fishing equipment from my hut.“ He waved goodbye and continued walking towards his home.

Finally at the lake, I jumped into a bush to hide. *I need to stay hidden!* To my right, I heard some bubbling, so I instinctively turned towards it: the lifeless body of Charles Davis. My eyes widened: „Wha- I-“ Suddenly, I heard a sound from the shoreline. *Someone’s coming after me!* I had a way of defending myself using the flashlight, but what if they had a gun? What would happen then?

My mind went numb: *If there’s someone here, they must see the body, if they see the body, they should panic, but they aren’t panicking!*

My breathing became ragged: *If they don't express fear or shock, they know Charles has been killed, if they know he has been killed and the news isn't out yet, they must be the murderer!*

A knife, or something that looked like a knife, swung right past my face, barely avoiding my nose. I touched my cheek with my right hand: Definitely bleeding. Another swing, this time I was able to dodge it. I stood up and ran with all my might into the forest, feeling my heart pounding like crazy. *What can I do, what can I do?* I pulled out my flashlight: Not thinking clearly, I threw it into the general direction of the person pursuing me. Its light revealed their face for a fraction of a second: A man, I couldn't make out more. *Darkness, everywhere. Without my flashlight I can't see after all. Hello? Anyone?* Tears started streaming down my face, before I felt something tearing into my back. It tore right in my body and through my heart. A knife. The last thing I heard was an otherworldly voice, or how I perceived it, whispering: „Shush now, Graves. Sleep now. I'll carry you to the lake, where you can lie with the others, in a never-ending dream."

I slammed my fist against my wall, full of papers and dots, all connected to each other, but it made NO SENSE, **IT JUST DIDN'T**. „What connects all of this?" Taking another swig of my whisky, I tried to think: *So, Charles Davis has been found near Loch Ness, Fabian Graves, too…* I tried to connect the strings again, yet I failed. My eyes wandered over to the newspaper, reading it aloud again: „Two more bodies near Loch Ness! Serial killer in town, police investigating. Who is this ***Monster of Loch Ness****?*" *Monster of Loch Ness… wait! There was this story once, a story about a monster! Some legend, some sightings, but nothing more… Could it be that there's a creature unknown to science?!* I just needed to get the police to protect me! *But how? Maybe I'll call them and tell them I know who the murderer is!* That was a dumb idea in hindsight, but I just needed to get to the sea and be safe! While opening a new bottle, I quickly called the cops: „Heyyyyy, I know who the murderer near Loch Ness is, me, Karen Barns, you know?" *Please let that be enough…!* „Uh, you- I'll forward it to the sheriff…?" I hung up, before screaming aggressively: „GOD DAMN IT! ANOTHER FAILED CALL! WHY DON'T- WHY DON'T THEY BELIEVE ME?" I need

to get there! Pacing through my room, some switch in my head flipped on: I'll f*ake a call to the police where I say that I am in grave danger and in the woods near Loch Ness! Though, It'll be a race to the woods after a call, I don't want them to realise the call was fake, else I'll be arrested. Well, whatever!* I put on some shoes, a jacket and, of course, grabbed my sweet, sweet whiskey. Taking a deep breath, I got ready to run: *this was it, I'd reveal the truth!* 9…1…1… *Time to act!* „911, what is your emergency?" I quickly started faking to hyperventilate, although it really hurt: „There's someone chasing me in the woods! Near the lake where people got murdered! Help!" I hung up: *time to run!*

Bursting through my door, I sprinted to the right, my heart trying to keep me from collapsing with all of its might. Adrenaline pumping, sight blurry because of the alcohol, I ran. *There! The lake!* I slowed down instantly, almost falling into the water. Why there weren't any borders, I didn't know.

Okay, I'll wait for the police to come, now I just need to wait.

„Hello, you crazed alcoholic". I answered: „Wha- Nono, I'm not-" *Wait. Who said that?* I turned around: Someone, he had a mask, a knife in his left hand, looked towards me. I wanted to scream, but I couldn't. A knife swung towards my stomach. I braced for the impact of the blade, but… there was nothing. *What? My whiskey! Right!* He swung directly towards the place where I put my whiskey, breaking it! Before he could react, I put the sharp bottle into my hand and fought back. One stab into the chest, one stab into the leg, he fell. I ripped the mask off - an old man, he was completely knocked out.

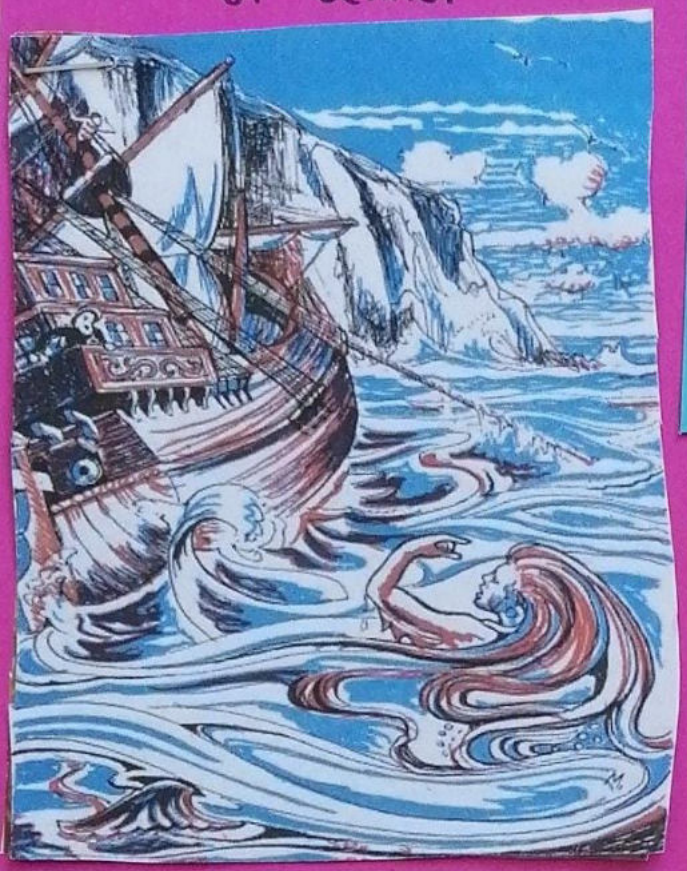
Archibald? He did that? I thought it was the monster! I already heard the police sirens, so I backed off. He was nice! *I thought- I thought- but-*

„**Why** would you do that?“, the judge’s voice echoed through the courtroom. It had been two days since Archibald had been arrested, the trial was already ending.
Archibald smiled, he grinned, he didn’t regret anything. It was visible, he didn’t even try to hide it. „Scotland doesn’t have many visitors, right? Why not murder a few people? That’ll get Scotland some attention. You see, my fishing business has been… suffering. No money, no life.“ The judge frowned: „I have never seen someone, no some**thing** like you. You’re, simply put, a monster. These crimes should be punished by public execution - unfortunately, that practice has been banned 81 years ago. Regardless, a life-long sentence will do.
Archibald’s smile darkened as soon as he heard the judge.
„You… don’t KNOW! What I’ve done for my village! I’VE BEEN THE BEST TO EVERYONE! I’M DOING GOOD, WHAT’S A FEW MURDERS, MANIPULATION AND THE LIKES WHEN YOU LOOK AT THE LARGER PICTURE?!“
The judge looked up: „Stop trying to hide behind pretense. We’ll need to cover everything up, maybe a road, maybe some photos, maybe create a legend. I don’t know. We just know that it’s over for you, Archibald.“

Who won in the end, though? Both did, the people and the monster: Archibald died in prison - if anyone wants to know, his last words were: „I’M THE HERO HERE! I’LL COME BACK, IN ANY WAY, THIS IS NOT RIGHT“ Then he died. Archibald won, too, though; the Scottish government covered everything up by building a road and creating the story of the Monster of Loch Ness, Nessie.
The end

By Béla Bochmann, Tillmann Güntner, Simon Dorsch and Martin Schenk

the Mermaid of Zennor



In the picture you can see the Mermaid, talking to the captain of the ship

Mermaid: Moveren

long flowy hair; beautiful face and voice; daugther of the sea king → Llyr

Mathew Trewella:

beautiful voice

good looking young man

Villagers:

curious

Mathew:

if he sings softly and high → the sea will be good (calm)

if he sings deeply and low → the sea will be rough, wild and dangerous

Story

Every Sunday goes a young pretty lady to the church → because of the beatiful voice of Mathew

the villagers find her, really attractive

One day, Mathew is singing the most beautiful song he ever sang

→ Moveren: I've lost my heart to this man

She's scared → runs to the coast

she falls → the villigers see her fishtail

→ Mathew and Moveren goes into the sea

Background:

in a village, in Cornwall → Zennor

there near a cost is ~~the~~ a medival church

The Fight for Life and Death

~5 years after the events of 'The Mermaid of Zennor'~

Matthew came into the bedroom where Moveren was. She held a little baby in her arms: a girl named Lesedie. Moveren looked very relieved: "She is healthy", she said. But she wasn't really happy for long because, suddenly, the baby began to hover and said deep, rough words: "Find the shark tooth to unlock the gate, kill the crab, find the potion. Don't wait. Use the diamond to banish the sister, the murderer of the father. Hurry, for the sea is in great peril. Use the amulet to save the sea, be careful." Moveren looked shockedly at Matthew. There was sheer horror in his eyes. Soon after, Moveren set out to find her sister Eleyn. Moveren opened up her amulet and looked at the compass inside it. I was a present from her father. She still couldn't believe that he was dead. The first words of the prophecy were very logical. She had to find the tooth of a shark to unlock the gate of the sea castle. A Megalodon tooth. The compass showed her where she should go; and just a few hours later, she found the big shark. Well, maybe you think now that a mermaid has no chance against a shark. But Moveren was a smart mermaid. Within a few minutes, she lured him into a cave, rolled a stone towards him and broke off a tooth from the powerless shark's jaws. After that, she put the tooth into her magical seaweed bag. The next verse was more complicated but she remembered. She needed a crab arm for the most powerful magic wand. Not long after, she finally saw the giant crab. But then, she caught sight of a dolphin. It was injured. As fast as Moveren could, she swam to it to help. With her fin, she hit the head of the crab. The crab turned around angrily and snapped at it with its claws. But Moveren and the dolphin were together and the crab was alone - and so, they were able to kill it. Moveren ripped out the crab´s arm and put it into her bag. Then, she looked at the dolphin. "Thank you", the dolphin said. "You're welcome." "Bobby", he interrupted her. "And you are Moveren, aren't you? The daughter of the dead king. Eleyn brings ruin to sea. You are the hope of all sea creatures. I'd like to go with you so that I can help you fight against Eleyn."

Moveren nodded and explained to Bobby what he was to do. They needed a potion, but they didn't know what kind of potion or where to find it . But the amulet began to shine and spoke: "You need the blood of the ocean from the witch of Ireland", it said.

So, they swam to see her. Of course, Moveren know where she lived. She was a Mermaid! She could trust her magical skills..

~1 day later~

“Hello?” Moveren called into the little house of the witch. As soon as she spoke, the witch came out and smiled very insidiously. “I know why you are here“, she said. Moveren wasn't surprised. She saw into the future after all. “But everything has its price. I want to have your singing voice. You cannot sing any longer after you give it to me.”

Moveren knew what that meant. With her singing voice, she could save lives. What if a friend of hers had fatal injuries? But she had to do it. So she said okay. Back into the sea.

"Now, we need a diamond...", Bobby thought. Moveren had an idea. “Well, the blood of the ocean heart, of course - the heart of the ocean was a diamond. Together they make the most powerful magic in the sea.”

And so they had to dive deep into the sea. It was really dark down there. They passed a few creepy fish and then they saw the diamond. But the relief did not last long. There was a giant octopus. It protect the diamond. They didn't have a chance against the waves it made. But then, the amulet began to shine and chased the octopus away. "Well, that was easy", Bobby laughed. After that, they talked to the amulet and swam quickly to Eleyn. Then, in front of the palace’s gate, Moveren took the shark’s tooth and put it into the gate opening. Her new magic wand worked just fine. But Eleyn was powerful. She used her magic to attack them. Some curses hit Moveren and Bobby really hard so that they were painted in blood. But Moveren had the more powerful magic wand and with a last curse she banished Eleyn into the diamond. But Eleyn didn’t give up. She threw one last curse at Moveren. Bobby did the bravest thing you could do. He swam in front of Moveren so that the curse hit him instead. Suddenly, he sunk to the floor. “Bobby", Moveren cried. "Please don't die!"

"I hope that I was able to help you.", he answered in a dying voice. He smiled a last time but then he didn't move anymore. “I'm so sorry”, Moveren whispered. She felt very guilty because she gave the witch her power to save lives.

~1 Week later~

Moveren was in the palace hall. She was still sad but, because Matthew and her baby Lesedie were there, she felt a bit better. The coronation festivities began: many sea creatures came. And everyone cheered for her. As soon as she was officially queen, everyone went out of the palace towards the sea cemetery. “Bobby, I'll never forget you", she said; “Thanks for everything". And we all won't forget Bobby. Bobby will live in our hearts and Moveren will, too.
Because it doesn’t matter how hard things might be, you always have to do the right thing, as they did.

THE END

By Amira Borrat, Elisa Palatzky, Leonie Lewin and Magdalena Kalb

Queen Boudica

Characters:

- Queen Boudica
- King Prasutagus
- Maeve and Fiadh (Boudica‘s daughters)
- The Romans

Back story

There isn’t really a single back story for the warrior queen. She fought many important wars in her life and she was a harsh and resistant person.

Story in short

- Boudica ruled the Iceni tribe of East Anglia alongside her husband king Prasutagus
- The Romans seized lands, flogged Boudica, raped her daughters
- The Iceni and allies destroyed Colchester, London, St. Albans
- Suetonius defeated the Britons; 80.000 Britons were killed
- Boudica took poison to avoid capture
- Symbol of resistance: statue in London (1902)

Which characters did we take from the legend for our own story?

- Maeve and Fiadh
- The Romans
- Boudica

Boudica's Daughters

Maeve sat down. The bars were cold. Her hands grabbed them, while she was losing hope. She had been locked in this cell for a long time now, too long a time. There was no noise, just silence, except from her own breathing. But then, a squeaky noise cut the silence. The heavy door in front of the dungeons was opened. A man slowly came in. Black hair, dark blue eyes, young. A wicked grin on his pale, shadow-contoured face. Danger. Maeve backed away into a corner of the cell, trying to make herself as small as possible. The man spoke up: „Hello. I am Raven, your new cell attendant." Maeve closed her eyes and tried to block it all out. No, no, NO, NO! She felt how Raven slowly approached her, heard his steps on the dirty stone ground. Raven knelt down beside her. Raven: „You look scared." Maeve laughed bitterly. „I *am* scared" she said with a voice that was shakier than she wanted it to be. „I won't hurt you like the others did, you know?" Maeve looked up at him. He could only be around 2 years older than her. Maybe 20. Maeve stayed quiet. Raven sighed and spoke up again: „I know you don't trust me. I can't force you to do so. But I hope I can gain your trust with my actions." He grabbed the keys from his belt and unlocked her chains. The chains that held her hostage for so long. Maeve rubbed her bruised wrists. „I bet you want to get outside", Raven said with a luring tone. Maeve looked at him, surprised and a bit shocked. „W-what?!" „Come with me!" Raven pulled her up onto her feet. Maeve didn't really understand more than before, but she got up. „What are you doing?" She asked with a slightly irritated tone in her voice. „I am here to free you. The only thing you have to do is fight on our side. The side of the Romans." „What? But-" Maeve didn't get the time to finish her sentence. Raven took her hand and pulled her out of the cell. He dragged her through the dirty halls with dim light. And then, only a few moments later, they stood outside. Maeve looked up. Wow. There were thousands of stars in the sky, the sky she hadn't seen in such a long time. It was already the time of dawn. Maeve looked at him. Raven was beautiful. She spoke up, her voice strong and certain: „I'll fight with you."

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Fiadh looked at Kirk. „What?!“ Kirk nodded, confessing it again: „Yeah. I am sorry, Fiadh. But Maeve fights on the Romans' side.“ In this moment, Fiadh hated him. She knew that the old friend of her mother, who saved her from the Romans years ago and was now her, Fiadh's, lover, couldn't do anything about it. But she couldn't bear hearing it from him. Fiadh looked at Kirk. A single tear ran down her cheek. Her vision was blurred. She couldn't stop herself anymore. The tears just began to flow out of her eyes, like an unstoppable waterfall. „Hey…“ Kirk whispered, „Everything's gonna be alright.“ He hugged her. „How do you know this?“ Fiadh asked in a hoarse voice. Kirk placed a little, gentle kiss onto her salty lips. Fiadh sighed quietly and pulled away, to look at him. Kirk looked at her, too, concern in his eyes. „I have even more bad news“, he admitted with a quiet voice. „What is it?“ Nothing could be more hurtful than hearing that her own sister, the girl she fought on her mother's side with, was on the Romans' side. The Romans, the people who abused her and her sister, forced her mother to kill herself, ruined their lives. Kirk spoke up: „The Romans are going to attack us.“

Two days later, it was time. While Maeve put on her armor, she thought about what Raven had said earlier. *You have to kill her, only then we'll be able to live in peace…* Maeve was sure. Raven was right, he always was. She finished changing her clothes just as Raven opened the door. „Ready?“ he asked, his own silver armor sparkling in the dim light of the room. „Ready.“ Maeve said, certain.

The fight was raging on with full force. Everywhere around Maeve laid corpses and the air smelled like smoke and death. And then, she saw her. Fiadh. She stood beside a man, his hair was brown and reached to his shoulders, his eyes were blue and bright. Maeve didn't know him. She didn't care. She began to run towards her sister, the handle of her dagger in Maeve's strong hand. But as she stood right in front of Fiadh, she couldn't. She just couldn't kill her. She let her dagger drop and hugged Fiadh tight, tears beginning to stream down her face. Fiadh hugged her back. Maeve saw Raven behind Fiadh's back, his sword raised. He was going to kill her. But before he could

do so, he fell to the ground, stabbed in his back. Kirk. He saved Fiadh. Maeve pulled away from the hug, rushed to Raven and crouched down beside him, taking his hand. She somehow still loved him. Even with what he had tried to do to her sister. Raven coughed up blood. He muttered with a rough voice and half closed eyes: „I've never liked you. I just used you. You naive and weak girl. You are-" Maeve stabbed him with her knife. Right into his chest. She had had enough, she felt betrayed, hurt. Raven coughed a last time, before his eyes went black. Maeve wasn't even a bit sorry.

Fiadh looked at her sister. It was now almost 2 months after the battle; but Maeve was still upset and hurt. She tried to drown those feelings with training and keeping herself busy all the time. Fiadh could see the pain in her eyes in the moments where she wasn't busy, though. Regardless, she was going to heal. Cause time heals all wounds.

By Nina Ebralidze, Tamay Kücükhüseyin, Lucia Reichel Silva and Mathilda Schlüter

The Green Knight

Place: Camelot
Who: the Green Knight (main Charakter)
When: Christmas time

The Green Knight is called the Green Knight because of his green klothes and skin.
The ~~Green~~ name of the Green Knight is Sir Bertilak.
The Green Knight is more than seven feet tall.

It is a fairytale

Charakters

- The Green Knight
- King Arthur
- Sir Gawain
- The Lord
- The Lady

Story in Bullet Points

- Christmas party at Chamelot
- Green Knight comes
- Gawain cuts off Green Knights head, but he survives
- He tells Gawain to come to „the Green Chapel" and if Gawain has honor he would come so that the Green Knight can cut off Gawain's head - then, the Green Knight dissapears.
- While seeking the Chapel, Gawain finds a mysterious castle
- the Lord and Lady who live there, offer him to live there for a short thime
- The Lady of the castle tries to kiss Gawain everyday, but he doesn't.
- Time to meet the Green Knight
- When the Green Knight is about to cut his head off, he stopps and starts to Laugh
- In the end it was just a test of the bravery of Arthur's knights
- The green knight was the mysterious Lord of the castle; real name = Sir Bertilak

One day and one year

There was once a beautiful spring evening in Camelot. Arthur was hosting a ball and everyone was there. Some princesses, lords, ladies and , of course, Arthur's knights of the Round Table. The nephew of Arthur, Sir Gawain, was there, too. He was a tall, handsome, strong man with black hair, diamond blue eyes and a pretty face. He wore a white dress shirt and wide, black trousers. Sir Gawain was very interested in a beautiful mysterious woman named Daphne. The problem: she was married to a man whose name was Sir Bartilak. It was a busy party. Everyone was dancing to loud music and the mood was amazing. When it got late and the guests were about to go home, they gave thanks to Arthur and said goodbye to their friends and the other guests. Sir Gawain was still looking at Daphne. She was a beautiful young lady with her yellow dress and the brown shiny hair which was falling smoothly over her shoulders. Her face was young and looked very happy. Her laugh had something magical, so he couldn't stop listening to it. When all guests were gone, Arthur asked Sir Gawain: „Could you help me tidy up the room? I am so tired." „For sure, Arthur." After a short time, Arthur went to clean the kitchen and said good night to Gawain. When Gawain went to clean up the big hall, he saw a little, golden bag lying in the corner of the room. When he was about to grab it, someone knocked on the front door. Carefully, he went to the door and opened it. He could not believe his eyes when he saw the woman with the yellow dress. „Uhm, hello? I think I forgot my bag. May I look for it?" Then her eyes went over to Gawain's hand and she saw the bag in it. His eyes followed hers he saw the bag and was so shocked that his hands began to shake and the bag fell on the ground. „I am sorry!" he said. „Oh, no problem." She answered. And when both tried to grab the bag, their hands touched. Both of them blushed and looked at each other. They were stuttering when they said sorry at the same time. „I have to go now" she said; and when both stood up, she turned around. Quickly, he grabbed her hand: „Wait, your bag!" She turned to him and their faces came closer to each other slowly. She looked into his deep, crystal clear eyes and then their lips touched. They kissed. „Take the bag as a memory." She whispered and, after a short time, she looked at him sadly then finally ran to her horse and rode away.

He closed the big wooden door quietly and suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder. And than a deep voice boomed: “Hello my little knight!“

He turned around quickly and saw a 7 feet tall green skinned and clothed knight standing directly behind him. „Who are you?!“ Gawain screamed. „I am the green knight; and I am here to test your bravery. In exactly one year and one day I will wait for you at the green chapel. If you have not spoken until that day, I will not do anything. But if you have, I will cut off your head with that sword.“ After the man had explained , he disappeared.

This same night, Gawain prepared for the big trip and early in the morning, he rode away without a word to anyone. And while he rode, he turned around in his saddle and looked for his most important item. The little golden bag. After 362 days of seeking the green chapel, he saw a mysterious pearl white castle standing lonelily in the dark woods. Because he was hungry, dirty and tired, he knocked on the door. It took a long time until the door was opened. And there she was: the beautiful woman, Daphne, the love of his life. „Oh hello“, she said. But he knew he could not answer, so he tried to grab her hand, but she pulled back her hand and she was shocked. That was the moment he realized, that he looked completely different. In these 362 days a long beard had grown, his hair had gotten long and his clothes had become dirty. He was very sad as he thought of something he could do so that she might remember him. Suddenly, he had an idea. He pulled out the bag and showed her. At this moment, she began to cry. „Finally! I almost thought you would never find me! Oh god, I’ve waited for so long! Come in, wash up; I will give you some clothes.“ She cried. After his bath, he was the young handsome man from the ball again. He went to her and they began kissing each other, but suddenly there was a knock on the door. He looked at her with an asking look and she began to explain: „That has to be my husband coming home from the hunt! His name is Sir Bartilak.“ After it knocked again, she ran to the door quickly and opened it. Behind it was -Gawain was shocked- the green knight. As he saw Gawain, his face went crazy and very angry. „You again, with my wife? Who do you think you are - her lover? „No, he is just a friend! Please, can he live here just for a few days?“ “I don’t know…“ „Oh please…“ „Okay but just for a few days, okay?“ „Alright“. Later that day, Daphne visited Gawain who was just going to

sleep in the guest room. When she came in, he was standing in the middle of the room. When they saw each other, they could not stop destiny and began to kiss. That was the moment Sir Bartilak, the green knight came in. „I knew it …. that was it, goodbye.“ And with one stroke, Sir Bartilak cut off Gawain’s head. „No! What have you done!“ Daphne screamed. And just as Sir Bartilak was about to kill Daphne, too, one of the big windows broke and a mysterious woman jumped in. „I am too late… he is dead - my poor son!“ She began to choke Bartilak with her bare hands. After he was dead, too, she fell to the ground and began to cry. „I’m sorry“, Daphne said and the mysterious woman named Edwina looked at her. It was love at first sight. Daphne looked around the room and began to cry, realizing that everything was full of blood. She fell to the ground. And then, painted in blood of husband and son, with tears in their eyes, Daphne and Edwina shared a long kiss.

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