

# SHORT STORY COLLECTION

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class 7b (Bf)



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## I. If I had left my home one minute earlier...

### The mysterious encounter

If I had left my house one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different...

It was a foggy Friday evening, and I was looking forward to watching one of Shakespeare's new plays in the Globe Theatre. As I wanted to leave my house, I met my neighbour. She asked me, whether I would be at home tomorrow, because she wanted to visit her parents and wondered if I could take care of her dog. After the conversation had been finished, I noticed that I had to hurry, in order to make it to the play in time. I was running down the street as fast as I could, as I suddenly bumped into a person. "Young man! What do you think you're doing?!", he shouted. It was an old man wearing a worn out coat and a black hat. As I looked at his face, I noticed a long white scar under his right eye and a strange looking hook nose. "Excuse me Sir... I didn't see you. I was in a hurry to catch the play at the Globe Theatre. Do you know the shortest way there?" "The shortest way is probably through Pine Alley, however I must warn you... They say that strange things happen there... people go missing and nobody can find them... If I were you, I would avoid taking this way", he replied and pointed to the direction where the alley was. I followed his finger with my eyes and then turned around to thank him, but there was nobody standing there anymore... the stranger had disappeared. I felt a bit uneasy and didn't know what to do next. Even though I didn't have much time left, I decided to take the longer way and follow the advice of the old man. Fortunately, I made it in time to the Globe and enjoyed the play. The next day I was reading the newspaper during the breakfast as usual. There was an article about a dead body which had been found in Pine Alley yesterday evening. There was also a photo of the murderer, who had been caught by the police at the scene. I stared at the photo and couldn't believe my eyes: The man had a long white scar under his right eye, a strange looking hook nose and he was grinning at me with a psychopathic glow in his eyes.

## **We are heroes**

If I had left my home one minute earlier, everything would have been different...

I left my home to visit my grandmother, therefore I had to use a narrow way through the woods. But soon I heard that somebody was screaming loudly. I looked around and saw the angry big Sheriff who wanted to have money from a poor old man. Suddenly, there was a voice behind me saying "That's not fair". I turned around and looked at Robin Hood. He had short brown hair, was wearing a green hat with a long feather on it and a bow and arrow. "Do you want to help me?", he asked with a grin. I was very surprised. "Of course", I answered excitedly. As fast as we could, we ran to Robin Hood's tree, which was very high, and climbed up in a hurry. We were waiting quietly until the Sheriff appeared and then we quickly jumped off the tree. When the Sheriff saw us, his eyes widened. He grabbed Robin Hood's arm, but our hero was faster and pushed the Sheriff easily off the horse. At the same time, I took the money out of the Sheriff's uniform. Together Robin Hood and I jumped on the Sheriff's horse and escaped happily. We rode back to the poor man and returned him his money. The poor man was delighted and for me it was a successful adventure. In the end, I thought: "If I hadn't helped Robin Hood, the poor man wouldn't have been happy."

## **If I hadn't gone, she would have lived...**

If I had arrived at my home one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different... It was in 1888; I wanted to buy some food at the market in a bigger part on London, so I started my short journey on Saturday evening to be back on Sunday morning. If I had known earlier what would happen, I would never have started this trip...

When I arrived at my bar in Whitechapel at 1 o'clock on Sunday, I heard a strange noise like a scream, which came from my house. I entered the room to make sure that everything was alright, but I couldn't see anything because of the darkness. So I took a match – and froze immediately. Somebody had just climbed out of the window and was running across my garden now to escape from me. I had been standing quietly there for nearly 30 seconds until I noticed something huge on the floor. I couldn't believe my eyes! A dead body lay next to me! After the first big shock, I identified the face of the person: It was Elizabeth Stride, one of my best clients! I knew straightaway who had killed this woman... nobody else would commit a cruel crime like this... Jack the Ripper was back... and Elizabeth wouldn't be his last victim.

## Charlotte's story

'If I could have left my house one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different'. Charlotte, a twelve-year-old girl, didn't know that she would have this thought this day. It was the 29th October 1602 and she was at home. Everything was as always until she heard a weird noise. First, she thought something had fallen down but then her mum screamed. Of course, she ran up the stairs right away and when she saw what had happened, she couldn't believe her eyes. Her parents were covered in blood and not alive anymore. Charlotte screamed and a moment later a man with black clothes and an axe in his hand came out of the wardrobe and grinned at her. "No... please no... please not me...", she repeated a few times and made steps backwards. Suddenly the murderer came up to her. Charlotte screamed again and ran down the stairs in panic. 'If I can leave the house, I can get help from the neighbours!', she thought and sprinted into the living room, but the murderer was right behind her. She touched the doorknob to open the door, but at this moment the man grabbed her. 'One minute', she thought, 'one minute and I would have been rescued...'. Later it became clear that Charlotte had been tortured cruelly for three hours and died of her injuries, but the murderer has never been found. The house hasn't been lived in again and there are still traces of Charlotte's blood and her scratch marks on the walls. Some neighbours said that they could hear her screams every 29th October... Can you hear them, too?

**If he had left his home one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different...**

A little boy with short brown hair named Ben was so clumsy that his classmates always laughed at him. One day, it was Monday 19 July 1500, he was so angry that he ran very fast out of the house across a street into a dark small alley. While he was running, he looked back to see if anyone was chasing him. That's why Ben didn't see that someone was in front of him. It was the killer Henry. With his tattoos, muscles and bald head<sup>1</sup> he looked very dangerous. He wanted to shoot a famous actor, called Mike. The killer was just about to pull the trigger, when Ben bumped into him and fell to the ground. Luckily, the bullet too. Ben stopped running and wanted to apologize. But Mike rushed at Henry and tried to keep him on the ground. "Call the police!", he shouted. Ben didn't understand. Still he did what Mike had said. Two minutes later the police arrived and arrested Henry. Mike with his long blond hair came over to Ben and it was only then when he saw it: The man was the famous actor who took part in many plays of Shakespeare. "Thank you for saving my life. If you hadn't knocked him over, he would have shot me." Only now did Ben understand everything. "If you want, I'll teach you how to act." Of course, Ben agreed. A few months later, little Ben became a very famous actor.

<sup>1</sup> bald head = head without any hair

## **Murder with a happy ending**

If I had left my house one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different. I was at home, watching TV. It was late in the evening and nobody from my family was with me. Even though I was alone, I watched a horror film because I like this kind of films. I had already finished the film and wanted to go to bed. As I was in my bedroom, I heard a terrible noise. First, I thought I had just forgotten to turn off the TV, but then I realized it was a scream outside my house! I ran into the direction where the noise came from and didn't think about the danger. What I saw stunned me: A man with black clothes was ramming a large knife into a woman's heart. I screamed in horror and fear. The murderer turned to me with an angry expression on his face and came up to me with his knife raised. I tried to run away but I couldn't. My feet were heavy as lead<sup>1</sup>. The man was right in front of me and said with a dark voice: "You're dead..." At this moment I woke up, soaked with sweat and said to myself: "Never again horror films!" Because if I hadn't watched so many of them, I wouldn't have dreamed this nightmare.

<sup>1</sup> lead [led] = a kind of very heavy metal

## **The housebreaker<sup>1</sup>**

If I had left my home one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different. It was nine o'clock. My friend told me one hour before that I should step outside at ten to nine, so she could take me for a cinema evening. Late as always, I just started to get ready half an hour before. At nine o'clock I heard some noise. At first, I thought I had hallucinated, but then it was really loud. It sounded as if my door to the garden was opened. I got scared, so I took my glass bottle. Then I tried to go quietly out of my room, but suddenly there was a "crack" and a man with black clothes and a mask on his face was looking shocked at me. I got so scared that I started to scream. I saw this panic in his eyes, that's why I kept going. In that moment I heard the front door bell. It was my friend! She asked what was going on and I answered: "The door is open!" The housebreaker saw my friend coming in and ran away as fast as he could. We felt really weird and not safe anymore, that's why I asked her to stay and to watch movies at home. That's what we did; she slept in my house and we watched movies. So...if I had left my home one minute earlier, the housebreaker could have stolen something and everything would have been completely different.

<sup>1</sup> housebreaker = burglar

## **If I had left my home one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different**

If I had left my home one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different, but I left my home just one minute too late to meet a friend. On my way, I saw the fog coming up from the river. My sight wasn't exactly brilliant, anyway, I could see two people on the bridge shouting at each other. If I had known who they were, I would have taken my legs<sup>1</sup> and run away as fast as I could. But I stayed.

It was very scary. Suddenly, one of the two threw the other one down the bridge. He fell into the cold river where he drowned at once. This was the last chance when I could have run away. Suddenly, the man on the bridge noticed me. Our eyes met. I felt the cold creeping threw my body. I tried to run away but I couldn't. Next, I saw the knife in the man's hand when he stood in front of me. Then I felt the pain as he stabbed the knife at me. If the passing people hadn't found me some hours later, I would have died.

<sup>1</sup> to take one's legs = to run away quickly

## **A murderous story**

If I had arrived at my home one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different. When I arrived at our house, I could see that the front door was open. I was really scared about that. I thought there was a murderer in our house.

Ten minutes later I went inside. I was looking in our living room. I went also into the kitchen, but I couldn't find anything or anyone. But suddenly there was a loud noise. I thought it came from the cellar. So I went downstairs to have a look. But again, I couldn't see anything. I was absolutely sure that the murderer was upstairs. Luckily, I thought .... But then a thought came to my mind: My sister was in the loft<sup>1</sup>. Oh my dear! I had to do something - but what? Then I had a good idea: I wrote a message to her and prayed to God that she would read it. Yes!!! She did. And she even wrote another message back. It said: "Hey Sis. I'm seeing somebody, but I don't know who it is. I have a good idea: I'll throw a ball into mum's room. Now. See you later." I quickly ran upstairs to my sister.

She had just thrown the ball into my mum's room. Wow! There was the murderer and he was entering the room. We closed the door behind him and locked it. The murderer in the room was screaming and shouting.

Twenty minutes later, our mum came home. She asked what we were doing there. We said we had just locked up a murderer in the room. My mum thought that we were lying to her. She opened the door and said "Hello Dad". And to us: "This is your grandpa. He isn't a murderer." We were all happy and had dinner together with my funny grandpa who just wanted to surprise us.

<sup>1</sup> loft = attic

**If I had left my home one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different...**

Hey I'm Lisa and that's the story of my life!

My day started like a normal day at 6:45 am. At first I brushed my teeth. After that I made a coffee. Next, I changed my outfit and put on a bit of make-up. My train usually arrives at 7.30 am and the train station is 10 minutes away, so I left my home at 7:20 am as always. At 7:30 am usually I would have been sitting in the train and reading the newspaper. If I had been on this train, I would have realized that after the train had passed the third station everyone was screaming. The wagon of the train had crashed and people were everywhere. They were injured and blood was everywhere, too. It was extremely loud because everyone was screaming because of the pain.

But I wasn't on the train because I had forgotten my worksheets, that's why I had to go back home and fetch them.

**If I had left my home one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different...**

If I had left my home on this Wednesday morning one minute earlier, everything would have been completely different...

This Wednesday there was an English exam in the first lesson. I had already been worried on Tuesday about what could go wrong in this exam and on top of it, I didn't study well. I stayed up until about two o'clock because I just didn't want to wake up on Wednesday. When I woke up, I looked at the clock and I was shocked! I was about ten minutes late! I put on my clothes, took my schoolbag and rushed to the bus stop! But I could only see the backlights of the bus disappearing in the fog...

## II. Other short stories

### The Murderer

“It was a cold week in Queen Victoria’s times and the city was in panic. A man had killed people every night to steal their jewellery. One Friday night, a man named Jack wanted to capture the murderer. Jack had black clothes and a gun. He was walking along the streets with his gun, when he heard a loud cry. He ran to the place where the noise came from and found the murderer with his gun and a bag full of jewellery. His clothes were covered in blood but he was moving. The murderer reacted fast and killed Jack. If poor Jack had reacted faster, he would have captured the murderer... After that, the murderer ran away and nobody had seen him anymore. Since then the ghost of Jack has been flying along the streets every night to look for the murderer”, says the tour guide. “Nobody believes in these stories, but many people say that they have seen Jack’s ghost.”

### A time travel to the past

It was a sunny day in London. While I was going to work, I was eating a sandwich. I went to the train station and looked for a free bench, then I unpacked my newspaper and started reading. Suddenly a man came closer and sat down on the bench next to me. As I was reading the newspaper, I didn’t really notice his strange looks. But when the train arrived, I realized that the man was wearing clothes from a completely different time! He wore a jacket, a white wig<sup>1</sup>, tight pants and knee-high boots. He also had a pipe in his mouth. Moreover, he had a large nose, a small mouth, tired eyes and thick eyebrows. The scar that went through his eye was very scary. His face, however, seemed really familiar to me, but I could not make out who it was. I thought about pursuing the man, but suddenly something very special happened: The man looked at his watch and I ended up in the past! I found myself in an alley, wearing completely different clothes. The houses were old and partially destroyed. In front of me a stagecoach<sup>2</sup> was driving past and the church bells were ringing. It was ten o'clock in the evening. A few people were walking around with lanterns. After that, I heard someone calling my name. I woke up, lying on my bed. It had been just a dream! If my mum hadn't woken me up, I might have had great adventures in my dream...

<sup>1</sup> wig = fake hair

<sup>2</sup> stagecoach = Postkutsche

## The original writer

In 1575, I lived with my aunt Mary, my uncle John and my Cousin William in Stratford-upon-Avon because my father was away on the Queen's behalf<sup>1</sup>. I was very happy because I was allowed to learn to read and write as a girl. I helped my aunt a lot in the household and in my free time I acted out stories with William. We also performed them for his parents. I wrote and William was the better actor. Later we performed the play on the street. In my time, there were only male actors, so I focused on writing the plays. Ten years later, we were both married, had families and lived in different places. One day, there was a knock on my door early in the morning. My husband and children were still sleeping. I quickly put on my dress and ran to the door. But nobody was there! A month later I found out in a letter that it had been my cousin William who wanted to invite me to the Globe Theatre in London. William had become famous with my plays and I continued to write under his name. If I had been at the door one minute earlier, I could have seen my own play, "Romeo and Juliet", in the Globe.

<sup>1</sup>on the Queen's behalf = he was away because he worked for the Queen

## A murderous story

Long time ago, there was a small village in England and the poor people earned money from farming and trading. But the village was far away from other villages and that's why it was difficult to deal with others. When many of the inhabitants died because there wasn't enough to eat, two boys decided to rob someone to get food. As soon as it got dark, John and Thomas were hiding on the edge of a small path behind a big tree. Suddenly, a woman named Elizabeth came along the path with a huge basket full of fruits, tasty food and drinks. The two friends came out of their hiding and tried to snatch<sup>1</sup> the basket, but the woman was scared, that's why she fought back. John panicked, took out his knife and stabbed her. Then the boys ran away quickly with the prey<sup>2</sup>. They have never been seen again. The next day, the woman's body was found by other people and since that day villagers have seen a dark shadow walking on the path at night. Sometimes the villagers even have heard a scary scream from a woman crying for help...

<sup>1</sup>to snatch = to grab quickly

<sup>2</sup>prey = the things a thief has stolen



## The white shadow

When Maria was eight years old, she went to her aunt Natja with her brother Tobias. Her aunt lived in a castle in an abandoned city. Maria and her brother went to visit her for five days. After a long drive they arrived and were pulled into a big hug. "Ahhhhh, I missed you", called out Natja. They just smiled and she asked them in. Maria was amazed on how huge the castle was. Her brother Tobias was no different. Both stood there with their mouths open, watching the gigantic castle. After a while, Natja decided that she should show the castle to the children because otherwise they could get lost in it. "Follow me. On the first floor is Maria's room on the right and Tobias's on the left. Everyone has their own bathroom in the room. Downstairs is the living room directly at the entrance and if you keep on walking, there is a door on the right side which leads to the kitchen. Alright, and here on the left is the dining room; we will eat here every evening. I will call you when it is time to eat. But if you are hungry, just tell my cook and she will prepare something delicious." Tobias and Maria just nodded and the tour went on. "If you go into the kitchen and walk right through it, you will find a back door on the right side which leads into the garden, there you can play. These were the most important things - but please: Stay down here or on the first floor. I don't want you to get lost; this means that the second floor, the attic and the basement are taboo for you", explained Aunt Natja. "Alright, we got it ", answered Maria. "Great! You are definitely hungry from the long drive. Let's eat something first." "Yeah, I'm really hungry!", responded Tobias happily. After dinner, Maria went to her room. She unpacked her suitcase and filled her closet. When she had finished, she went down to eat and play with her aunt and brother. Later she went to bed and snuggled into her pillow and tried to sleep. But suddenly she heard a stomp and that made her curious. Slowly she got up and

tiptoed outside her room. The sound got louder the closer she got to the attic. But then the floor cracked and everything fell silent. "Oh no, what if a monster grabs me now!", Maria thought. She panicked and quickly ran back to her room. She jumped into her bed and trembled with fear. After a while, she fell asleep. The next morning, she was woken up by her brother. He jumped on top of her and shouted: "Get up sleepyhead!" Maria opened her eyes sleepily. "Breakfast is ready!" "Yes, yes, I'm coming", mumbled Maria. Tobias ran down to the kitchen to eat. When Maria arrived, she first drank her cocoa and then told her aunt what had happened. "Oh child, that was definitely just the weather", Natja laughed. Maria tried to calm down and nodded. After a long day, she went back to sleep. But it happened exactly the same as last night, there were noises from above. Maria went upstairs again. She opened the door of the attic a little and looked inside. There was something like a white shadow. She didn't see exactly what it was because it was so dark. Suddenly the white shadow turned round and looked into Maria's eyes. It wasn't a white shadow, no! It was a ghost ....