

Extract from "Alhambra" by Kirstin Boie

Translated by Yugen Hubert-Tulasi , 8b

Everything happened so fast, that Boston didn't have time to think. He heard a cry, a cry of pain, a cry of fear; felt a droning in his head, where he had hit his forehead with that of the other; he felt his fingers, which were clawing into his arm, his nails digging deep into his skin; and he heard a gasping breath, harassed by a hasty rise.

Unable to think, he listened. There was just one. No voices yelled; behind him no grinding steps ascended the mountain. Apart from the rattling breath on his face, there was silence.

He regained his ability to think. Suddenly it was as if, part of him was standing next to him, calmly, and was experiencing in slow motion, what was happening around him, with crystal clear vision. One of them was bad enough: he could at least try to oppose one of them. He'd never been strong in real life, they had mocked him; he had never fought anybody, he'd even quit his judo-course: That was all irrelevant now. His life had never been in danger, in the real world.

With a strength, which he had not known he possessed, Boston tried to pull away, silently: in the darkness Boston persistently tried to kick the shins of his invisible opponent, until he nearly lost his balance; during which he heard the rasping breath, ragged, and Boston was astounded to determine, panicked.

Extract from Sommer in Sommerby by Kirsten Boie

Translated by Audrey Watters, 5D

It is a little difficult to manoeuvre backwards out of the berth, without constantly bumping into something, but then they are finally free, and Martha keeps her starboard course and passes the harbour and the town on portside. As the approach buoy passes them by, it starts to rain.

"Bother!" mumbles Martha and tries to go faster. What's setting in all of a sudden, as if someone up in the clouds has turned on the tap, is not light summer rain. It is a downpour, so intense, the small town behind the rain curtain almost becomes invisible, whilst at the same time a foghorn's gruesome sound emerges from somewhere. Then she hears a dark rumbling sound. "Bother, Bother, Bother!"

How long did it take them before to reach the other side? Five minutes? Ten? Certainly no longer than that. They have to make it before the rumble turns into real thunder.

At that moment, a bright white flash cuts through the sky above the water, and for a splitsecond Martha sees in the chalky light the grandmother's house, the jetty, and the flowers on the shore, which lie almost horizontal in the storm. Then a thunder claps so loudly, you can no longer hear the rain or the boat's engine, and it sounds as if the storm is right above them.