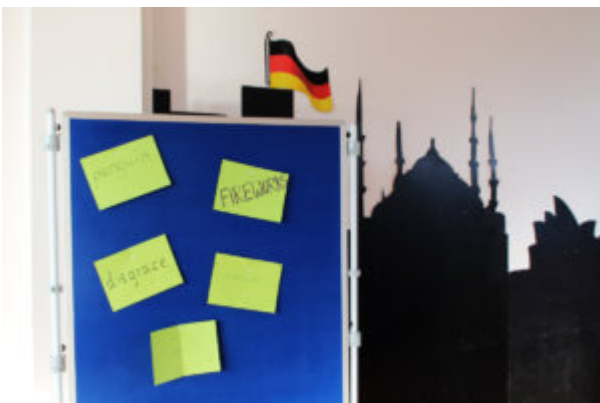


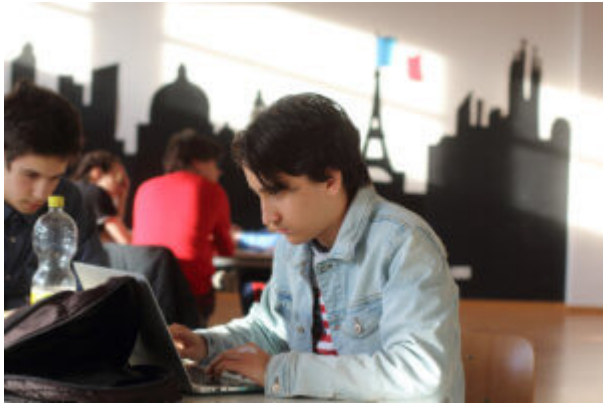
2nd Writing Night - great output!

On 22nd March 2019 we held our 2nd Writing Night which was attended by around 30 students eager to indulge in some creative writing for a few hours. Their “entrance fee” was to bring some food for sharing - which everybody did, including some adventurously healthy choices - and off they went on a creative writing journey with no limits nor restrictions ... The only condition being that they should integrate 5 randomly chosen words into their writing: penguin, fireworks, disgrace, confusing, sleepless.

Although some of the students never sent in their work in order for it to be published, we are quite sure that everyone enjoyed the evening - which is exactly what we had intended! So please enjoy reading this year’s creative writing produced by our students!

To be continued ...









Yet another ordinary day

Yet another ordinary day

by Vivien Theiß, Victor Munsch and Adam Völker

Even though the world changes, habits always stay the same. Despite all the struggles, needs are very alike. He needed to sleep, breathe or talk, even if he had no friend to talk to. But more importantly, he was hungry. So, just like a normal human being would have done, he went to the supermarket. He really preferred to eat at a nice restaurant but considering the circumstances he couldn't afford to go. He headed toward the supermarket, but the roads were filled with cars waiting for the one in front of them to move. This could take quite some time. He was right to walk to the store, the roads were really blocked. Some time ago, the journey would have taken him less time. Finally he reached his destination. He found the place somehow confusing, as if the layout had changed. He was not surprised when the staff disgracefully left him without a word of welcome. He roamed around the shop aisles until he finally found what he was looking for. The store didn't offer a large selection of food. In addition the shelves were unorganised: among the cans, there was pink underwear, a set of darts and a little cute plush penguin. Beside his bumped cans, he found other interesting things, like a new jacket, a replacement for his worn jacket. The colour of the new one was happier but it didn't change his gloomy mood. Even if the jacket wasn't that practical for him, what he found next was amazing enough to put a smile on his face: electric batteries! He didn't know if he would ever see another one of them again. As he picked up the pack of six tiny ingot-like treasures, he started walking to the cash register. Just as he arrived, he realised that paying was useless because there was no cashier, just like on so many other days. He got home with his treasures and finally had some time to relax. He really needed some rest after his sleepless nights. He stepped in one of the many apartments he lived in. People were kind enough to share their houses. He sat down on his mattress and started to remember the days when all was active, bustling, and alive. Before the world took the dust, before everything smelled like rust. Before the fireworks began, the sky was raining fire and the dark skylines were replaced by bright amber. At the end all was quiet. A dead silence with almost no one to hear it. No one to contemplate the blaze consuming the rest of rubbles, breathe in the ashes and feel the warmth of the deflagration. Except a few cursed miraculous survivors. The man who had forgotten his name watched the city through his wall-sized window and wondered if he was that lucky. And yet another ordinary day finished and let another day, just as vapid as the other ones, takes its place.

Private Fireworks

Private Fireworks

by David Donner

While I was sabotaging the fireworks, Jack watched me working, sitting on the floor, without lifting a finger.

"I don't want any trouble!" he said.

It was sure that if we got caught, this wouldn't have a good end for us. But what I didn't understand was why he had come with me. If he was anxious to be caught, I couldn't understand why he had come without helping me.

"The sun will go down soon!" Jack said, "Hurry up, John!"

"Why don't you help me? It would go twice as fast."

"I can't, be happy that I am here, I could have stayed at home."

"It wouldn't have changed anything", I grumbled at him.

"Then I can go."

He stood up and turned to go. I shouted:

"Now you are here. You can wait a minute."

Suddenly, we heard dogs barking in the distance.

"They are back. We have to go!" Jack said in panic.

"Yes, yes, I have nearly finished."

The barking was coming nearer and nearer. I was stressed, but I had to finish, I had worked for an hour approximately, and it would be a disgrace if I hadn't managed to finish my work. But finally, I cut the last cable. Jack had already reached the end of the garden and started scaling the wall. I ran in his direction while he was shouting:

"Run, John, run faster!"

I started to scale the wall. He was already on the other side.

"Don't shout or they'll hear us!"

I jumped off the wall and we ran as if the devil in person was behind us. Once we were far enough, we stopped running, out of breath. We looked at each other and then I said, grinning:

"Tonight, there will be a nice firework at the Murphys' house."

That night I was lying in my bed, thinking of this exciting evening. I had sabotaged the fireworks of the Murphy family. The Murphys had announced that they were going to organise a big party and they were very proud to announce to everyone that they were going to organise a big firework themselves in their garden. Personally, I hate this bourgeois family that is always boasting about everything. And then comes the fact that they are always dressed up in suits. I live in a poor family, but I am sure that we are happier than these people who always look like penguins. But that night, they were going to be in for a nasty surprise. If my plan went right, the firework wouldn't go off. There would just be some sparks and that would be all.

Suddenly, I heard a big explosion somewhere outside. I went to the window to see what had happened and saw a big column of smoke going up in the sky in the direction of the Murphys' house. I returned to my bed, nervous. What if I had committed an error? A few minutes later, I heard sirens in the street, and I saw flashing blue lights. This was all very confusing. What if the fireworks had exploded instead of some sparks? I felt that this was going to be a sleepless night. There was flashing blue lights, so there were the police, or the fire brigade, or the ambulance, or all of them. What if there were injured or if some people had even died? I wouldn't bear it.

After some hours, I was overcome by tiredness. I fell asleep. The next morning, I woke up with a headache. I took downstairs to have my breakfast. Beside my bowl of porridge, I saw the newspaper. On the first page, I could read: "13 victims after a firework explosion", and later in the article, "The Murphys, who wanted to organise a private firework, saw a drama taking place in their garden."

After reading this, I knew that I didn't want to live anymore.

The feeling of being betrayed

The feeling of being betrayed

by Felicia Hilger

Five cheerleaders are meeting on first of January after spending New Years Eve together. They are now talking about the evening and the short night.

Caroline: "The party yesterday was great."

Charlotte: "Even if it wasn't a real party?"

Ally: "You are kidding, right? It was amazing!"

Charlotte: "I had just invited some friends."

Caroline: "Ally is right, you had good food, cool drinks, amazing music, and you even had fireworks."

Charlotte: "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

Liv: "Hey girls, what are you talking about?"

Charlotte: "We are talking about yesterday."

Ally: "It wasn't yesterday, it was today."

Caroline: "Oh yeah, I forgot about that."

Liv: "Me too, but what I know is that Charlotte looks like someone who didn't sleep the whole night."

Charlotte: "Yeah, you are right, I had a sleepless night. I couldn't sleep. I had the strange feeling that something bad was going on."

Liv: "Oh my dear, are you ok? Maybe it's because you live next to train station..."

Ally: "Yeah, you surely just heard the sound of a train passing by."

Charlotte: "No, I'm sure that wasn't it. It was something very confusing. I don't know, but we should concentrate on what we came here for, anyway. We should teach Pauline how to cheer because if we don't, she won't make it into the team. Her back handspring isn't on point."

Ally: "You're right, her double hook isn't that good either."

Pauline: "Hi girls, sorry I'm late. Did you hear about last night, there was a break-in at the supermarket. It was two streets from your house, Charlotte."

Charlotte: "See, I told you there was something to worry about."

Pauline: "But that wasn't even the worst thing that happened. The security cameras recorded everything. You are never going to guess who it was. The camera shows that it was our mascot: Jerry the Penguin!"

Caroline: "What?! This is impossible, it cannot be him, Jerry would never do this!"

Liv: "Maybe someone stole his costume or I don't know."

Ally: "What's sure is that it is a real disgrace for our school and especially for us, the cheerleaders."

Caroline: "It wasn't Jerry, it cannot be him!"

Charlotte: "How do you know?"

Pauline: "I always thought that guy was strange, I mean come on, no one really knows him."

Caroline: "I do, I really do. And I can tell he isn't a thief."

Pauline: "He isn't a thief anyway. There was nothing stolen."

Liv: "What?! Caroline, how can you know that guy?!"

Caroline: "You are all mean, you don't have any proof, and you're just accusing him!"

Pauline: "What is going on with you? You have been acting strange since we started talking about that guy."

Charlotte: "Tell me you don't like him?!"

Ally: "Oh my god, yes she does, look how she turned red."

Caroline: "So maybe, I like him a bit..."

Liv: "A bit?"

Caroline: "Ok, a lot..."

Ally: "A lot?"

Caroline: "Ok fine, he is my boyfriend; we have been going out for two months."

Charlotte: "Two months!? How come you didn't tell us?! I thought we were best friends!"

Caroline: "You four are my best friends! I just felt like telling nobody. I'm sorry, I really am. But girls, I need your help now. We need to find out who it was. Please help me."

Pauline: "Ok, we will forgive you one more time. But don't lie to us again."

Caroline: "I swear I won't. Thank you."

Liv: "I was in school this morning and the costume was there."

Ally: "Charlotte, as the leader of the cheer squad, you have the keys, right?"

Charlotte: "Yes! Let's go check the costume."

In the changing room, the five girls are looking for clues.

Liv: "I can't believe the thief washed the costume. How are we supposed to find out who it was?"

Ally: "I don't know."

Pauline: "Look, what I found! Here in the trash!"

Liv: "What is it?"

Charlotte: "It looks like a phone number."

Caroline: "I guess it is one, I bet it has something to do with the thief."

Liv: "Why don't we just call him and see who answers?"

Ally: "Yeah, ok. I'll call now."

After a few seconds someone answers the phone.

Stranger: "Hello? Is there someone? Hello, here is Evelyn, who am I talking to?"

Charlotte: "Yeah, hello here is Charlotte Watson."

Evelyn: "Who? Where did you get this number?"

Charlotte: "I'm a girl from Westside High School, we are looking for the someone who broke into the supermarket. Did you give your number to someone from this school?"

Evelyn: "Yeah, I gave it to a guy named Chuck. He plays football, I think."

Charlotte: "When did you give him the number?"

Evelyn: "It was two days ago. I think I shouldn't say more, goodbye."

Ally: "Ok, she hung up."

Caroline: "Chuck?! I can't believe it, he is Jerry's best friend."

Liv: "Wait, we cannot be sure it was him."

Pauline: "I'm afraid we can. Look what I found here in the pocket of the costume."

Liv: "Is it a box?"

Charlotte: "How is that supposed to help us?"

Pauline: "He wrote his name on it."

Ally: "Ok, it's pretty clear then."

Charlotte: "Caroline, are you going to tell Jerry?"

Caroline: "I think I should. I mean everyone thinks Jerry is the thief."

Liv: "I think we should talk to Chuck first. It's better if he tells Jerry the truth."

The five girls, Jerry and Chuck are meeting in a little café. The girls already talked to Chuck before.

Jerry: "Ok, why did you call me? Caroline?"

Caroline: "They know about us, but this is not what we..., especially Chuck wanted to

tell you."

Chuck: "It was me. I'm so sorry. I stole your costume and ..."

Jerry: "It was you!? Why did you do that to me?"

Chuck: "I don't know why. I was so dumb. I swear, I've never felt so uncomfortable, I'm really sorry. I'll confess to the police. I hope you will forgive me someday."

Jerry: "I don't know. I need to leave."

Caroline: "Jerry, wait."

Jerry leaves and Chuck looks like someone has died.

Ally: "I still don't understand why you did that."

Caroline: "Yeah, if your friendship means so much to you, how come you betrayed him?"

Chuck: "Fine, I'm going to tell you the truth. My parents are in lack of money and they think the only way to solve this is to move away. But I don't want to, I have my friends here, the school, football. I don't want to give up all this stuff. Breaking in somewhere was probably not the best idea, which is why I didn't steal anything."

Charlotte: "Ok that explains why you broke in, but not why you did it in your best friend's costume."

Chuck: "I came up with the idea two weeks ago after the football training. I was so focused on not getting caught that I didn't think even of who might get hurt."

Liv: "That is what you should tell Jerry. Maybe he will need time to forgive you. But you should at least be 100% honest with him."

Chuck: "You are right, but first I need to go to the police. Bye, girls, and thank you for not hating me."

Chuck leaves.

Pauline: "Boys can be so dumb, it's unbelievable."

Caroline: "I guess I should go find Jerry. Bye, girls."

Charlotte: "I think we shouldn't have cheerleading training today."

Ally: "Yeah, I don't feel like I could cheer right now, after all that happened."

Liv: "Me neither."

Ally: "I'm going to take off."

Charlotte: "Wait. I'll come with you. We have the same way, anyway. Bye, Liv, bye,

Pauline."

Liv: "See you tomorrow back at school."

Stowaway

Stowaway

by Zoé Morgenstern and Lydia Lauer

The water ran cold through my fingers. I already stood there, bent over the sink for a few minutes, maybe hours. Finally I forced myself to break away from this view, to look in the mirror. The same cheerless eyes as everyday looked back at me. The same wan complexion, framed by my uncombed dark hair. My five o'clock shadow gave me the homeless flair. I winced as my phone started ringing. The bright display, immersed the whole bathroom into a dimmed light. "Hi, your Uber's here!" said the notification on my smart-phone. I sighed, picked up my jacket lying on the floor beside the wardrobe, and left my apartment.

The silver Toyota already stood on the other side of the street. Even though the car was parked a few feet away from the building I came out of, it took me some time to get to it. When I arrived, the freezing weather had already transformed my breath into steam.

I opened the left backdoor of the car, and sat down. "It's freezing outside, isn't it?" asked the Uberdriver from the front seat with a kind smile. I nodded silently, hoping this disgusting happy person would follow my example. "I think it's really cold for New Year's Eve, don't you thi...?" I interrupted him. "Okay, listen man, I know you want your five star rating, but I don't want you to talk. I want to get to my destination as quickly, and silently as possible." He looked silently and offended through the rear mirror at me, took out some earphones and started the car. After a few seconds, the only sounds around me where the steady rhythm of the car and the traffic noises around us. I rested my head on the window, and closed my eyes. The car slowed down at a red traffic light, and I sat up straight again, watching my surroundings being drawn into a spooky red light.

Suddenly, the other backdoor of the car was torn open, letting a freezingly cold wind enter.

A dark shape slipped into the car, and sat down beside me. "Get out.." I started complaining, but stopped in the middle of my sentence, as the man, dressed in a black coat turned over and looked at me. He started moving his hand towards me, but stopped in the movement. He turned to the driver, and simply commanded "To the airport, please." The driver simply set the car in motion. The stranger turned again and fixed his gaze on me. I couldn't stop myself from having a weird feeling in the pit of my stomach that I was unable to identify.

"What are you doing here? This is a Uber, not a taxi. Get out of here." I said angrily, watching the driver out of the corner of my eyes, waiting for any reaction from him on this bold stowaway. Nothing happened. "But I have to go to the airport", he answered, confused. "No, get out of the car!" I shouted, and the driver once again looked through the rear mirror at me, taking one earphone out of his ear. "Calm down, you're at your destination. Now get out and have a nice evening." he said, and all trace of kindness had disappeared from his words.

I got out and closed the door behind me. I was instantly surrounded by a steam of cool air, letting me shiver uncontrollably as I walked down the empty street. The Uber-car passed me by, and for a second I was convinced that I could see the Stowaway sitting in the backseat, smiling at me. He lifted his arm and waved at me, and for a heartbeat I could have sworn that his hand was missing. I shivered and walked faster, with the intention to distract myself from this confusing man. The street was deserted when I turned into the small alley between two buildings. I turned around to check if I was alone, while I walked through the cold to the hatch at the end of the dark lane.

I could already hear the loud music from the underground coming out of the hatch. After looking around one more time, I opened it and climbed into the corridor under the hatch. The floor vibrated with the rhythm of the beat, and in the corridor and room behind it at least a hundred people moved to the nerve-racking techno music. A man detached himself from the wiggling mass, and stepped onto a small stage, with a microphone in the hand. "Welcome everybody to the hottest party in Edinburgh!" he shouted into the microphone "Are you ready to welcome the New Year with a big hello? Yes? Then make some noise!" The crowd yowled. He was wearing a leather-made nun costume and a pink feather boa. I couldn't help myself from thinking of a penguin that had escaped from the zoo. I turned around to get an overview of the location. Except for a few kissing couples in the corners I could only see the dancing crowd in the middle of the room. I decided to sit at one of the few free tables standing on the sloping walls. As I approached I first recognized the large graffiti on the poorly lit wall. I had to smile. Whoever sprayed that there knew how best to bring out these insignificant words. There was written in colorful letters: "This place belongs to the sleepless!"

The man in the nun costume started a countdown. "Nine!" he yelled into the microphone. The crowd began to count and rush to the exits. I was washed out by the crowd. Hardly out of the loud room, I was thrown into the next noise and I wondered why I had come here at all. The first fireworks rocket searched its way into the heaven and lit up the sky with its explosion. After a few seconds the firmament flickered in every imaginable color. I had to look down and turn around to stare at the row of houses behind me. The houses stood dark and sinister under the bright lighted sky. I let my eyes wander down them, as a further flash of light lit up the firmament and a revealed a dark shape. I froze.

The stowaway sat there, on the roof and truss and dangled with his legs. As if he had noticed that I had seen him, he waved at me and grinned broadly. I didn't think long, and ran to the house, stormed up the stairs and soon stood on the roof.

„Man, what are you doing? Get away from there! You're going to fall down, you imbecile!“ I yelled at him.

„Come here and sit down next to me“ he answered calmly and pointed to the place next to him. I don't know why, but something with these strange man's words calmed me. I took a first insecure step in his direction. "What is taking you so long?" he asked, and turned his head in my direction. I walked up to him, trying not to move too fast, with the intention not to frighten him. "You know you don't have to

jump, right? There's always a way out." I spoke with a low voice. I sat down very carefully next to him and together we stared silently at the fireworks.

„You don't remember, right?“ he asked with a sad tone of voice. I decided to play along.

„Of course, you stole my Uber.“ He let out a bloodcurdling yell, which got drowned by the sound of the exploding fireworks. I jumped up and took a few steps back. He followed me and grabbed me by the arm.

„You really don't remember. How could I be so dumb and think you would?“

Frustration resonated in his voice and tears welled up in his eyes. He packed my shoulder and started shaking me. "How can you not remember me?" he screamed.

I freed myself from his grip, but he grabbed my arm again and with a single unintentional movement ripped off a part of my sleeve. With it he uncovered the many needle marks I hid. I pushed him away.

With his eyes wide open, he looked first at my arm and then at my face. He turned red with anger.

„Look what you've become! You're such a disgrace!“ he shouted at me.

This rage seemed familiar to me, but I couldn't figure out on why. A distant memory, blown away by the wind.

Suddenly, I knew. It was as if scales fell from my eyes.

„That's impossible.“ I whispered. "That's impossible. That's simply impossible." My throat felt suddenly dry. I couldn't get my brain to think of something else than how impossible it was to have him standing in front of me. My knees became weak, and I simply lost my balance. He came up to me, and put a hand on my shoulder.

„Do you remember me?“ he asked looking down at me.

I couldn't open my mouth, so I simply nodded.

"It wasn't your fault" he said, still resting his cold hand on my shoulder. "I don't want you to think it was." He knelt beside me on the cold roof, in the middle of the colourful sky.

„How could you leave me?“ I sighed and looked up at him.

"I had too. But now, I won't leave anymore. Come with me." He stood up.

"I'm sorry I had to leave." He offered his hand with a comforting smile.

Smiling and with a loud beating heart, I took his hand. Now everything would be all right. I didn't have to be afraid anymore. Here it was lonely and cold without him. I would go with him, to place warm and full of joy and love.

He held both of my hands, hugged me and started to walk back.

So, I didn't feel it when I lost footing. I didn't feel the cold wind whooshing along my falling body. And I didn't feel, how I finally hit the ground. I only felt finally warm, and loved. I finally arrived where I

belonged.

They found my smashed body the next morning. I was still smiling.

Non-Euclidian Geometry

Non-Euclidian Geometry

by Kian Dier

The mornings of an alcoholic are never a lot of fun. Waking up, only to find everything to be as usual. As it always was. The pain, the cold, the nausea, and the dread. But this morning was especially unpleasant. Not only was the numbing shroud of the whiskey gone, with only a hangover to take its place, but the environment I found myself on that morning was even worse than what I'm used to. My nasty habit of drinking away my sleepless nights has brought me into several confusing situations, but this might be the nastiest spot I ever stumbled into. I took a few steps in the darkness surrounding me and started to look around, as my eyes adapted to the poor lighting and I now had a better understanding of my situation. I was on the ground of some kind of cave, the rock under my feet was wet with seawater and some other, sticky liquid I couldn't really identify. The only thing I was certain about was the stench coming from it.

After a brief moment of disorientation, I heard a sound, coming from one side of the cave. I followed it along a sort of crude path on the stone ground that led me to a narrow gateway. The sound of I had been following grew louder and I could recognise it as voices mumbling from a distance. After an undefinable time of walking in their general direction I reached an opening from which I perceived a dim light. I peeked into the room the voices came from, and discovered a group of people standing something that vaguely resembled an altar. The apparent leader of the group stood on a large stone in front of me and looked at the thing that was located above the altar. That "thing", for lack of a better term, was nothing alike anything I could have imagined. It looked like a pitch black sphere "floating" in the air, although it almost looked like it was surrounded by a vacuum, and the air was sucked into it and blown out at the same time.

Inside the ebony coloured darkness, small lightning faded in and out of existence, and the longer I focused on it, the less sense these lights made to me. I started to perceive colours in the void in front of me, blooming up spontaneously like strangely twisted fireworks. Swirling maelstroms of glowing fumes appeared, changing their colouration from a dirty green, to a bloody red, a deep blue and light purple. The voices of the men had faded and I now heard many whispers from the thing in front of me, I now identified subconsciously as some kind of rift or hole in another place I could not comprehend. The voices grew louder and they now seemed to come from inside my head, while I still gazed upon the radiating nothingness. I tried to focus on the words spoken to me, but I soon lost my perception of time and location. The voices sounded like they came from over dozen entities and they varied from incomprehensible gibberish, to threats to my life, unarticulated screaming, offers to make some kind of deal, melodic singing in the distance, and the persistently echoing accusation that my very attempt to understand this "thing" was a disgrace to its chaotic nature.

After an eternity that apparently only passed in a few seconds, I finally managed to look away from

this immaterial madness of incomprehensible forms, resembling a kaleidoscopic nightmare of sensations. Now, at last, I was able to truly see what happened around me. The men that were standing around the rift, now looked at me. Their scar covered skin was grey and many of them had strange symbols tattooed on their faces. One resembling a stylised skull, or a weirdly adapted version of the spear of mars. The cult leader also revealed his face to me, showing a green grey mask of coldness with a violet shining third eye on his forehead. This eye seemed to house a small version of the surreal space within the rift. Around this third eye he had a tattoo of an eight pointed star that was burning with a cold, and dirty yellow fire. The man started to walk towards me and pushed the files of bloody fish intestines away and took a step over a dead penguin that was seemingly sacrificed on the altar. The third eye of the cult leader glowed even brighter as he started to chant a prayer in a language I could not understand.

Meanwhile the rift started to grow larger, and the gravitation around it shifted between different degrees of intensity. Finally a humanoid figure appeared in the rift, slowly forming, preparing to enter our world.

For a brief moment I thought about running away, but fear held me in place. The figure stepped out of the void, and fully materialised in this reality. It stood about two meters tall, had a reddish skin, covered with black and sharp horn-like extensions. Its animalistic face was a horrible mask of sickening pleasure and disgusting bloodlust. It had a large bladed weapon fused to its right arm and large claw on its left side. As soon as it looked at me, I could tell from its cruel eyes that my life was over. The last thing I ever saw was this, unnatural thing charging towards me, with the most terrifying scream I could imagine. After that came only darkness. And pain. As my body and my mind were consumed by this demonic beast, and my consciousness drifted into the burning, agonising madness that I watched before.

The adventures of Azot

The adventures of Azot

by Simon Schmitt

First part out of four

The vast emptiness of space. So calm that you wouldn't even hear your own voice because you would die in a matter of seconds. In the far you could see a big blue planet. But then suddenly it disappeared! But that planets can't disappear all off a sudden. Or could it? That's also what the crew of the 787-Rentaprise thought when Reppert-01j vanished.

The crew flipped out when they heard the news. At first they thought it was a bad joke that the guys at Mapmaking had made but then as more and more people looked through the gigascope it became clearer that it wasn't a practical joke, but that there was a huge problem.

Meanwhile the sleepless captain Azot ran onto the control bridge.

„What's going on? What happened? Why the hell have I been waken up? You know I need my 1800 microhours of sleep.“ screamed Azot

„Well if we knew we would tell you captain. We only know that it's gone now“ said Dr.Dr Iridyen, the

head of research on the 787-Rentaprise. He was Azot's best employee, so he had never disgraced him like the rest of the staff.

„Do we have clues as to what happened?“ asked Azot, this time in a more panicky voice.

„We believe that it got destroyed by the Vector-Alliance“ thought the chief of analysis, Kolalski.

„But how?“ asked everyone on the big bridge, even the pilots that were busy on their monitors.

The discussion was interrupted as the Pemperor called the Rentaprise directly on monitor. Normally he would send a SEMS (SemiEncryptedMesSage) but not today. The situation got even more intense than it already was. With some trepidation Azot accepted the call.

„Hello there! I was doing a small vacation but then I heard THAT A FRICKING PLANET HAD DISAPPEARED. YOU BUFOONS SHOULD HAVE PROTECTED OUR ALLY, NOT JUST WATCH THEM TURN INTO NOTHING!!!“ shouted the Pemperor. This attitude was normal for the choleric Pemperor.

Azot replied: „My pemperor, it came out of nothing. We didnt even have a Vectorian ship on our sensors and you know that our sensors are calibrated to 1.21 GigaWhat“

„THAT DOESN'T CHANGE ANYTHING, YOU MORONS!!! YOU HAVE 80000 MICROHOURS TO FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO REPPERT-01J. TRANSMISSION FINI-“

„Ok, so let's work out how that happened to Repp-thingie“ said the tired captain.

Everyone on the ship was observing their sensors even more precisely after the ultimatum by the Pemperor. But for 3000 Microhours nothing happened. The beep sensors were beeping, the bluuu sensors were bluuuing and the silent sensors, well they stayed silent.

After around 5000 Microhours the chief of sensory had an interesting idea: recalibrate the sensors until they found something. He was granted permission by Azot to play around with the master button of the sensors. He began to turn it to the left. Everyone was looking at the monitors, hoping to discover a strange reading. As he began to turn it to the right, one puny sensor in the corner of the bridge began to activate itself. The whole crew gathered around the Galpha-ray detector, an old piece of tech that was just on the bridge so that the cleaning crew didn't have to clean the corners. Somehow it detected an anormal amount of Galpha-radiation around the original position of Reppert-01j.

„Nice job! Let's warp to these coordinates and investigate!“ said Azot, now motivated by the beeping of the apparatus.

500 Microhours later the ship was ready for Giga-warp (impressive time!) And Azot said: „Engage the engines. We're gonna find the pigs that removed Repp-thingie there“ as they warped silently away into the cosmos...

Second part out of four

The Rentaprise warped out of warp, silently of course, to find ... nothing? The crew couldn't believe it. This was clearly the source of the Galpha-radiation, the machine in the corner began to smoke because the Galpha-radiation was very stong and the machine wasn't one of the most recent models.

„That's impossible.“ said the chief of sensory and Dr.Dr Iridyen. „Galpha-radiation only appears when-“

He was interrupted because the ship was beginning to drag to the right, by itself.

„What's that?“ screamed Azot in panic as the Rentaprise began to accelerate mysteriously. He tried his best to manoeuvre the ship out of the drag:

„Engage Super-collidant reversant thrusters in an 197.54 angle NOW!“

„We seem to be stuck in some sort of gravity field!“ explained Kolalski.

And then surprisingly Reppert-01j appeared in front of them. Even very close. Too close.

„PULL UP!“ were the Azot's last words before the collision.

Of course the Rentaprise managed to crash-land near the capital of the planet, Mesureprancipale. The Rentaprise, a bit damaged, deployed their little cruisers after the captain had regained consciousness. A part of the crew stayed by the ship and began to repair it, the chiefs and the captain began their way towards the capital to contact the Pemperor to tell him the news.

Reppert-01j had an interesting landscape: mountains, deep abysses and sometimes completely flat terrain. There were interesting animals, like Earth-penguins but thrice the size and way greener.

In the palace of the capital, Lord Mous was walking around in an epic way with his cape and his oversized hat. For one day in his life he really felt like a real king. He had invaded Reppert-01j because it had lots of resources in the abysses and in order to show the Pemperor the force of the Vector-alliance, but mostly because of the resources.

Lord Mous was looking out of the huge window onto the cilvyr-mines. He began to utter a monologue: „That’s going to make us a fortune.“ Unexpectedly a lieutenant interrupted his speech to tell him that 3 enemy cruisers were approaching the city.

The 3 cruisers were obviously approaching the city not very quietly, which is why the capital began to shoot at the cruisers.

„What?“ screamed Azot and ordered the cruisers to turn around and retreat.

„Okay, so somehow the Vector-alliance is here and has captured Reppert-01j.“ said Dr.Dr Iridyen.

„Um guys, have you ever looked up?“ asked Kolalski.

In orbit there was a huge object emitting some sort of white light onto the planet.

„That’s not just a moon, it’s a Galpha-radiation emitting moon!“ said one chief.

„No, you idiot, it’s a space ship of the vector-alliance!“ said Azot. „We need to sneak into that thing to destroy it, so that it stops hiding the planet. Then the Pemperonian fleet will arrive in 200 Microhours and eliminate the Vectorians“

Azot already had an elaborate plan after 400 Microhours (again impressive time!). The crew was going to split up, one group was going to infiltrate the Galpha-ship, the other was going to activate the Reppert-01j shield so that the derbis of the exploding Galpha-ship wouldn’t squash the planet.

Azot and his group began preparing to sneak onto a cilvyr supply ship that was delivering cilvyr to the Galpha-Ship. They cracked into the mainframe of the capital and told the pilot of the cilvyr-express #79 that troop reinforcements (Azots team) were also going to board his express.

The difficult part was to actually get to the hangar bay outside the city because it was super secured. Lord Mous didn’t want anyone to steal the cilvyr, so he had created a barrier around the hangar.

Azot and his team had to drop onto the hangar from a high altitude. During the whole operation the pilot of the cruiser was very stressed because he could have been shot down. However, Azot stayed calm and when he was jumping, and he didn’t have a bad feeling about this plan.

Third part out of four

Azot and his team successfully landed on top of the hangar and were now drilling a hole into the roof of the hangar. Luckily no one noticed the intruders, because Mous and his crew thought that no one could penetrate his Super-barrier around the hangar.

Of course the specially trained Azot and his team managed to break in and board the express. Now they needed to convince the pilot.

„Hello. We’re the reinforcements that you were told about.“ said Azot with a deep voice.

„Okay, take a seat.“ replied the gentle pilot.

Lord Mous had suspicions. When Lord Mous has suspicions, he is right all the time. He thought that the crew inside the cruisers was planning to destroy the Galphinator. And he was right (of course). He ordered a ship to immediately bring him onto the Galphinator.

Luckily for Azot, he wasn't planning to board the ship that was also transporting him to the Galph-ship. What Azot didn't know is that he only had a lead of 500 Microhours over Mous.

The second group, consisting of Dr.Dr Iridyen and his crew began their own infiltration into the shielding centre of Reppert-01j to activate the shield on time just before the Galph-ship explodes. The catch was that if the shield was activated when the Galph-ray was still active it would turn the planet into a super-black hole. So to avoid that, Azot needed to disable the Galph-ray first, activate the shield and then let the Galph-ship explode.

The second group was on their way towards the shielding centre through the canals of the city. Meanwhile Azot was leaving the express onto the Galph-ship. The employees looked at the team in confusion, because they weren't expecting troops to join the Galph-ship from that express. Azot and his team decided to split up and look for the power module of the Galph-ship.

Lord Mous arrived on the Galphinator (that was the official vectorian name) and some troops were arranged to welcome Mous. He didn't care and was only focussed on finding the intruders.

„Initiate master-alert for all security level areas above 3.141. Now!“

„But milord...“ said some random guy in the control centre.

„ORDERS ARE ORDERS!!!“ he shouted at the guy.

Azot could hear the alarm going off behind him. He needed to find some sort of map or navigator that would lead him to the power module.

Mous suspected that the intruders were going to go to the power module, so he decided to also go there and guard it by himself. He also felt the presence of a certain old friend...

Azot's crew communicated over an Intercom to stay connected, but no one had found the power module. Suddenly Azot had an intuition. Weird. Azot never had intuitions. He also didn't have the intuition that this might have been a trap or something so he followed his intuition.

Dr.Dr Iridyen had infiltrated the shielding centre (the guards had surrendered) but now he had to wait for Azot to give him the countdown for the finishing blow. But one of the guards freed himself and decided to be a hero. Bad idea, but he managed to stun the entire team of Dr.Dr Iridyen except Dr.Dr Iridyen (the guns in this universe were always on stun mode). But nonetheless Dr.Dr Iridyen was a bit paralysed because the shot was poorly aimed onto his absorbent chest plate but he was still holding his consciousness

Azot found the power module, without any barriers to stop him. Out of a sudden Mous jumped into the big room of the power module with his amazing JetBoots.

„So Frank Azot, we meet again...“

„You've kept yourself in a good shape for someone your age“

„Aren't you proud of my achievement? The Galphinator is the best Battle station in the universe, designed by me, of course“

„Wow, so I leave you for what? 1000 Microhours and it all goes to shit.“

Mous didn't reply and simply ignited his Plasma blade. Azot did the same.

„I decided to give up the plasma-fighting, but I guess I need to break my promise.“

„So it seems, old friend“ and they began fighting.

Fourth part out of four

Dr.Dr Iridyen crawled his way towards the shield control panel and decided to hold the shield on stand-by for the big blow. He activated the device, but the evil machine decided to start by warming up.

„What, warm up phase? You gotta be kidding be. Hopefully Azot is waiting with the countdown“

Luckily for Dr.Dr Iridyen, Azot was in the middle of a fight with Mous so he couldn't activate the 1000 Microhour countdown in the near future.

„You should have killed me.“ screamed Mous

„Nobody's perfect.“ replied Azot

Azot knew Mous' fighting techniques, so he had the upper hand for most of the time, but he needed the fight to end soon, so that he could destroy the Galphinator. He thought of ways to knock Mous into the abyss that was all around the room. Then he had an idea:

„Hey, Mous, watch out!“

„What?“ Mous looked around, and that was the moment Azot needed to push him into the void. Mous, of course, survived because of his JetBoots that allowed him to land on a bridge that was crossing the abyss coincidentally. He decided to flee (his best tactic) before the finishing blow.

Azot placed the bomb that would fry the power module so that the Galph-ray would stop firing and then just some Microhours later it would explode due to underpowering. (don't question the science of power modules, your brain may explode)

The 1000 Microhour countdown was running down and Azot and his team needed to flee too. In the Galphinator the bomb alarm went off, and all 50 Microhours a voice would say: „Evacuate the Galphinator! Bomb may go off in t-900 Microhours. Hurry!“

Dr.Dr Iridyen still struggled to put the shield in stand-by mode and the countdown was still running on his timer.

„Evacuate the Galphinator! Bomb may go off in t-500 Microhours. Hurry!“

Meanwhile Azot and his team had already boarded a random express and were flying off. But then, Mous intercepted the express with his own TI-1 Fighter and so Azot decided to fly in zigzags to evade Mous' shots. To intimidate Azot he activated his microphones to release some threatening paroles, but he forgot that space is silent (he should know) so he monologued in an awkward way to his fighter: „Give up, Azot!“ or „We won Azot, stop running away“.

„Evacuate the Galphinator! Bomb may go off in t-200 Microhours. Hurry!“ The evil shield apparatus decided to still be evil and warm up. Dr.Dr Iridyen was losing his patience and began pushing the activate button, just in case.

Azot couldn't actually flee from Mous so he needed a surprise, and this surprise came in form of the Rentaprise, fully repaired and armed, that fired everything they got at Mous. Mous dedided to use his beloved tactic and warped away. Azot and the Rentaprise also began to make some distance between the Galphinator and them.

„Evacuate the Galphinator! Bomb may go off in t-50 Microhours. Hurry!“ Dr.Dr Iridyen now began hammering the activate button, but the machine was still in warm up.

But then the machine was ready and Dr.Dr Iridyen used all his remaining force to hit the button and activate the shield...

The shield activated 1 Microhour after the power module had been fried and the Galphinator exploded in a beautiful firework of deadly derbis. The shield prevented all the parts from hitting the planet. Azot, Dr.Dr Iridyen and the rest of the Rentaprise team celebrated this epic moment. Azot felt relieved as he began to call the Pemperor.

Lord Mous came out of warp and he wasn't looking happy. He forgot that he still had his microphones on and screamed loudly into them, but (of course) no one could hear him, not even space itself...

To be continued... (of course)

Is there a way to find hope?

Is there a way to find hope?

by Samira El Balq

Chapter 1

The world problems are poverty, penguins and polar bear that die because of global warming, wars,... My problem is trying not to kill myself. It's pathetic, really. There are people out there with more problems than I have, and yet, I feel like my life is ending.

As I walk, the cool breeze of the bridge touches my skin. The cars pass around me, oblivious to the internal struggle of my mind. The water below is calm underneath the waves. To everyone else, this situation would seem sort of relaxing in a way, but my mind is travelling a million times a minute.

Deciding to stop at this specific section of the bridge, I take a moment to graze my hand over the rusting metal, a salted tear runs down my cheek and falls on the ground. I desperately want to believe that nobody is alone but I know the truth.

I'm all alone with my confusing life.

Thoughts keep racing in my head, making me ponder what would happen if I just took the big leap, it will be all over, my pain, my suffering, my existence, my life...

At the moment, I am at Golden Gate Bridge; the second-most used suicide bridge in the world. Thousands of people jump off the 67 meters high bridge to escape from their lives and I, I would be one of them.

Taking steps backwards, I don't realize that I have been tackled to the ground when I see a boy on top of me. I push him off me and breathe, my chest is hurting from the sudden pressure. He looks frantic.

« You were going to jump! »

My surprise overwhelms me for a second and I am speechless.

« No, I wasn't. Do you always tackle people when you see them? »

I stand up from my current position and look at his eyes. He is breathing heavily, probably to control his adrenaline.

« But you were crying, » he says.

I halt, unconsciously wiping the remaining tears from my cheeks and turn around to slowly start walking back home. He doesn't stop me.

Chapter 2

Standing in front of my house, I notice the dying flowers and the rotting wood. The house hasn't been repaired in years and the grass is obviously overgrown. It's only my mom and I who live here but it seems like more with all the men that she brings in. Breathing in and out, I turn the broken knob of the door and step inside, my mom is already in front of the television with a man I don't recognize. They are covered with my blanket with their feet lying on the table. I try to slowly make my way to my room to not make my presence known to them, but both of them turn around when I accidentally walk on the cracking wooden floor.

« Charly, come here! »

Mentally blaming myself for not being quiet enough, I bring myself to the middle of the living room. I watch as my mom is slowly trying to fix her messy blonde hair - to no avail. She then smiles at me, but it isn't one of those warm smiles that will let you know that everything is alright, it's one of those cold

smiles that make you feel inferior, that there is nothing you can do to escape.

« I want you to meet Kyle. He is going to be staying with us for some time. »

I look over at the man my mom introduced me to. I give a small smile and he returns it with another one, only this one is more malicious and I know immediately that I cannot trust him. Not that I can trust anyone.

« Honey, can you get us something to drink? We are thirsty. »

Internally sighing I make my way over to the kitchen where there are already a couple of empty beer bottles and several more bottles of alcohol stored in the cabinets.

As I'm setting the glasses I feel a rough hand on my arm. Looking up slightly, I can see Kyle giving me a wink before leaning back to the couch again. Not again. I knew, it would be better to leave... Hiding my disgust, I quietly make my way over to my room.

After locking the door, I go to bed and slowly put the covers up to my shoulders. I cry silently, not wanting to disrupt them again.

I can never be safe...

Chapter 3

After a sleepless night, the sky is bright and I can hear birds chirping. I put on a dark maroon hoodie, a simple pair of jeans and hope that nothing bad might happen.

Taking my bag, I slowly step out of my locked room forgetting the memories of yesterday, like I always do and walked out the door. My mother doesn't have enough to pay for a bus ticket since all the government checks we get, are used up to buy alcohol and so the only option I have is to walk to school every day.

I don't rush to go to school, and slow down my steps in the attempt to prolong my delay to the second-most dangerous place, high school. The place where I get punched, threatened, and verbally insulted. It isn't everyone, but it might as well be based on the fact that nobody wants to help me.

Sighing, I enter the school to be greeted with stares from my classmates. I have learned to ignore them, but it does not really help. When the first bell rings, I get up from my uncomfortable chair and head for my locker.

As I'm walking, I notice a familiar figure in my peripheral vision. Glancing to my side, I see the person who was on bridge yesterday. He's the one who tried to save me from my suicide attempt even though I was not going to jump. Or not just yet. I am about to walk over to class when I feel myself being pushed against my locker. Everyone suddenly stops talking to their friends and stares at me. It's always the same, everyone who is watching gives me the hope that maybe someone would help me by stepping in, but no one does.

Drake loves messing around with me and making my life a living hell. Little does he know that my life was already hell before he came. Drake wickedly smiles at me and I know instantly that the punches are going to hurt more than usual.

« Are you going to dance tonight? », he whispers in my ear and I try to push him away, but his grip is strong. With my jaw locked I utter the word „No“.

Chapter 4

He pretends to be sad, but I know that he is happy. Happy about the fact that the freak without a father won't be there to be a disgrace for the school and to ruin everyone's day.

« That's sad. It would have been really nice to mess with you there, but since you don't want to go, I will have my fun here! »

Everyone stays still, desperately trying to block out the noise that I'm making when he punches or kicks my stomach. I close my eyes, waiting for the next impact that doesn't come. The boy from yesterday has his hand around Drake's and is preventing him from punching me once more. Slowly backing away, I watch as the boy punches Drake away and tells everyone to leave. The bell rings.

After everyone has left, the boy walks up to me and offers me his hand. I am too shocked to think about something else than the fact that someone has helped me, so I don't know whether I should be grateful or annoyed that he could possibly have made things worse.

I take his hand and stand up. The moment I touch him, it feels like fireworks in my stomach.

« Thanks. »

He blushes before giving me a small smile and saying: « No problem. You are not alone from now on. I will be there to protect you from Drake and his friends. By the way, I am Jacob and you are Charly, right? »

I confirm it and he accompanies me to my room and says that he will wait here, so we can have lunch together.

After two periods of dull maths, Jacob and I are going to have lunch together.

It's the first time that I go to the cafeteria, I used to go to the library instead. For the first time in my life I'm happy and not alone.

Epilogue

I stand in front of the house I used to live in, observing the place I thought was home. Nothing has changed about the house, the grass is still overgrown and the wood is still rotting. The small staircase still squeaks when you step on it. Even though everything is still exactly the same, I can't help but see it in a different light. I don't know what is different, but for some reasons I feel freer than I was before, Jacob is standing to my right. I'm so thankful that I got a second chance. If I had jumped, Jacob and I wouldn't have met, we wouldn't have become friends in nearly a day and I would not have found hope. Everybody can find their own hope in a specific person, in a soul mate. Jacob was and is my guardian angel.

The guardian angel who saved my life and brought me hope.

Hostile civilization

Hostile civilization

by Nikita Kiselev

Professor Scandium stands up early on a hot winter day. He's preparing for his daily routine as an explorer on the new planet very far away from the Earth. Meanwhile the second sun is rising behind the mountains. Professor Scandium is one of a couple of people who escaped the third world war on a spaceship trying to find a planet with an inhabitable environment. The refugees from the Earth leave the ship. Of course after several tests of the air and of the ground. All people, they are ten of them, are staring at the two suns forgetting the security.

Suddenly they hear footsteps and strange sound behind the spaceship Rotaletor-1. Professor Dän wakes the first one, draws his plasma gun, then the others except Johannata and her boyfriend

Johannes. They are focused on, but they hear nothing more. Slowly they go with their guns pointed straight forward to the ship and Yttrier, the soldier, peeps around the edge the ship, but there is nothing at all. Aurora, the pathfinder, looks for footprints but she finds nothing. False alarm, however the recording system of the ship has bugs at this moment. Rotaletor-1 passengers are confused by what had happening. Professor Seabergerd examines the strange green water drops that Aurora has found. While Prof. Seaberger is busy, Prof. Scandium and Prof. Dän are exploring the surrounding area with drawn guns. They find nothing and for further researches of the ground they take some soil samples.

A dozen days of investigations and everyday life passe without further accidents. But on a walk Sir Arthur hears again the same sound as the first time. Sir Arthur tries to alarm his friends, but his walkie-talkie doesn't work. Since his camera is working he takes a picture of the coast in the direction where he heard the very strange sound. He hurries back to the ship straight away. There he finds the company sitting cheerfully in a circle. He shows them the photo. In the photo the sea has ripples.

The sample of the soil and the air are still acceptable to live. During a meeting they all, except Sir Arthur to stay on this planet and not to search for another planet, but they agree to not go far away from the ship.

After one month of comfortable life, they all hear it again, this strange sound but then for a long time nothing special happen, they almost forget their fear.

Exactly two years after the landing on this planet, they call it Vandium one night they hear this sound again and the following morning Fynn and Jossica have vanished. Aurora, she sleep in a room near Fynns and Jossicas ones, say: "This night I was sleepless but I heard nothing strange in the room next to mine room where Fynn and Jossica were sleeping." Like the last time the cameras stopped working at this moment and it becomes for the remaining very awkward. The rest of the crew decide to not leave this planet before they at least will try to find and rescue the lost team members. All the day they search together will all the possible instruments, they own, like a DNA parts finder and use dogs to find the path they vanished on. They set the time when they all will come back to the ship.

At sundown they set video, sound and movement traps, close the spaceship door very accurate. Also they turn all the cameras and hidden cameras on. Aurora wakes up the dogs to secure their ship and then they go to sleep in one big room with laser movement capture. The crew fall asleep quick after the long, difficult and full of dangers journey. Most probably, they don't hear the strange voice this night because they are very tired. Anyway, the next morning only six people are in the room and again no traces of Johannata and Johannes.

First of all Professor Scandium, Prof. Seaberger and Prof. Dän controlled each camera and each trap but all the electronic instruments works fine. Meanwhile Aurora, the last woman on the ship, is looking for footsteps without any success.

After the early lunch, they play back the video records. On each camera record there are the same 20 minutes that are missed but on one camera that was facing the sea, before the skip, there was a little creature going out of the sea like a bird or a penguin. They have now really enough and they install automatic plasma guns before sundown. They swear each other not to sleep. Exactly when the cameras weren't working last time, at one o'clock, the security alarm mechanism are triggered and the six humans left hear six shoots of the plasma guns. Then silence of death. Immediately all lights go

on and fully equipped they leave the ship. They recognize the dead bodies of five penguins. Sir Arthur says: "Fast, go in to the ship, pick the bodies up and wait till the morning!" Professor Scandium closes the door and they go back in to the common room.

Neither Sir Arthur nor Professor Scandium intend to sleep. The four other crew members fall asleep. Till the morning the sound was repeated a few times but no one vanished. In the morning Prof. Dän says: "I have inspected the dead penguins and they have some strange modules like what I have never seen before. They are extremely complicated and I don't have no clue how they work. Furthermore these modules are located in the head and I conclude, that they are controlled by a very advanced society whose enemies are we now, unfortunately." Prof. Scandium thinks a little bit and says: "These very modern and developed creatures must probably live in the sea because the penguins escaped on your photo in the sea and the camera pointing at the sea also captured these penguins going out of the water. In the conclusion, it's a dangerous planet." Prof. Seaberger says in an excited tone: "We can explore the sea, I've wanted it since we landed!" Aurora exclaims shocked: "Are you stupid? There are very dangerous creatures as you have seen!"

In this debate, the time is passing fast.

This night Prof. Seaberger vanishes. Aurora remarks ironically: "Now he can explore the sea as long as he wants." Prof. Scandium notices that he forgot to reactivate the plasma canons: "It's a disgrace, I forgot to reactivate the security mechanisms!" Yttier suggests: "We must double our protection."

It's the fifth night after the loss of the two crew members, they install ten guns around the ship, and one big plasma canon aimed at the sea.

This morning Yttier discovers a dead tiger with micro modules too. "I think they have evolved so fast from penguins to tigers.", states Aurora. After a long discussion about whatever they must keep the security weapons or abandon them, they decide to keep it for one more night.

After some sleepless nights all wants to sleep and they have not suspected that they will see their lost crew members the next day. Before the second sun sets, an earthquake happens and only the weapons are destroyed. The question of the day is solved because no one wants to go out and reinstall the guns. Despite the fact that they are tired, they can't sleep.

At one a.m., to their surprise, they hear English outside the spaceship. Yttier tries to stop the others: "Wait, please equip yourselves, don't forget security!" But it's too late. The door is opened and strange beings enter the ship and destroy only cameras. Then the leader speaks in a clear English: "My name is Tunger, I'm from planet Earth." Aurora shouts: "Really, so are we!!". "How did you get here? We were the first and the last ship that escaped the third world war!", asks Prof. Dän. Drawing his guns Scandium adds: "You are lying!" Tunger replies coldly: "Put your gun in your pocket back. YOU can't hurt us! Let's keep in the peace. It will be better for you and your five friends. But drink this, it will relax you.", he draws a little bottle of a red liquid, "And please don't try to escape with your friend. Let us live in peace and trust!".

This red mixture relaxes the five remaining passengers on the Rotaletor-1 and they forget all their fear, anxiety and unhappiness also the five lost passengers: Johannata and Johannes, Fynn and Jossica and Professor Seaberger.

It was two years to the day since the first day after meeting of Tunger. They have always been

controlled and some kinds of behavior of the inhabitants were not like humans. Moreover the five passengers can't speak with the captives but they are informed, that the other are treated well. All hopes that they can escape but they have no idea how to do it.

Only after years off cohabitation, Tunger removes the non-stop surveillance and allows the whole group to speak to each other, of course under the surveillance two inhabitants. Prof. Seaberger tells them all about the fauna on the sea: "There were a lot of interesting animals and fishes in the sea. Tunger kindly gave me a drink so that I can breathe under water and explore the water life. It was the best underwater experience I have ever had!"

Johannata and Johannes agree with Fynn and Jossica that they had the best time together. Johannata tells: "We had forgotten everything that we knew about each other except that we love each other very much", and she takes Johannes' hand. "We had the same experience and we could speak the whole day and walk across green fields!", say Fynn and Jossica. Prof. Scandium asks Prof. Seaberger: "Did you also forget everything after the respiration drink?". "Yes, of course! But it was nice anyway!", replies Prof. Seaberger. "I see, you all had a good time here and we also had a good time on this Planet.", adds Prof. Scandium exchanges looks with Yttrier and Aurora and nods. He looks at the two inhabitants, pushes his remote control out of his pocket and presses the green button. The ship immediately starts and accelerate very fast into the darkening evening sky. When all twelve passengers are lying on the ground, Yttrier gets out his camera and takes a picture of the two strangers. They vanish.

Twelve minutes later, Prof. Scandium turns the autopilot on and after helping his friends to stand up he announces: "Since they controlled us I worked on the possibility to start the spaceship instantly. Like we saw, it luckily works. Also, this creations can't survive in front of the camera and that is why the two inhabitants vanished after Yttrier tried to make a photo of them.

After on more month of flight, Rotaletor-1 reaches a nice small planet with an inhabitable environment and without other dangerous animals and beings. After a party with cakes, fruits and fireworks Prof. Scandium gives a speech: "There we were not free and were not obligated to work. Here, we must work a little bit, but we are finally FREE at the

END".