

« Journey to the other world » and other productions from the English Writathon

With the help of five visual prompts, more than 30 students gathered for the annual **DFG-LFA writathon** (creative writing evening in English) on Thursday 16th February. The students were free to choose which genre of text they wanted to produce. Here is a selection of the resulting poetry and prose texts:

The Journey to the other world

The Journey to the other world

As the stars flew by, and the image of Earth started to fade from his mind, Edmund asked himself:



“Why did I even agree to this... I probably won't ever come back...” The man released a sigh.

“Well, I should at least start exploring...” having said these words, Edmund jumped... and he started floating! “I will never get used to it...” It was true; after all, Edmund was not one of those geniuses who could get used to 0-gravity in just a few minutes of training. He was just a normal civilian who signed a paper, not a trained professional. Nevertheless, Edmund still remembered the little he knew about gravity and this knowledge was sufficient for him to know that it would be inefficient to try to propel himself with his arms.

“Well, I better call the drones”, he thought before tapping on a visible red button found on his digital watch.

Just after he had tapped it, he heard a noise on his left, a small compartment had been opened and a busing sound was heard. Even though it wasn't the first time he had done it; the man was still surprised as the drones got out of the small room and attached themselves to the bottom of his shoes.

An engine sound was heard, and the propellers from the drones lit up. Edmund chuckled as the small flames of the drones started to push him to the door separating his room from the rest of the spaceship. “Huh, Moritz would have loved this, especially if it was allowed to use in tennis, man he

loved this sport, but it's a shame he was too short to participate in the world cup, I'm sure his enemies wouldn't have seen the tennis ball coming." He would miss all the people he had left behind. His mother, his father...

Having reached the door, Edmund pressed the button on its side, the door opened, and the man pushed himself out of his only private room on the rocket.

Edmund looked sideways and saw a sort of corridor, using the propulsion provided by the drones, Edmund repositioned himself to face the hallway and started levitating in the direction of the cockpit, positioned at the end of the corridor. He traversed the hallway while watching left and right, spotting the entrances to the rooms of his comrades, those who also wanted a new life away from Earth...

As he reached the entrance to the cockpit, the door opened automatically. Again, Edmund pushed himself inside.

"Hey, you, you're finally awake!" Edmund looked to his left and standing there was a man that Edmund recognized as the captain of the ship.

"I wasn't even sleeping..."

"All right, well you should get ready; we will start the freezing protocol in a few minutes."

Edmund nodded, approached his cryo-chamber, entered it, and waited for the countdown.

3

2

1

Edmund closed his eyes.

...

He awoke sweating, his mouth and throat were dry, and most importantly he was blind. Edward started panicking, why was he even blind?! This was never stated in the training he received!

'Puff' a loud sound was heard, and the door of the cryo-room opened. Pushing himself out of it, Ed fell to his knees, his vision started to become better, and his anxiety lessened but it was soon replaced by incredible pain coming from his mouth! It was unbearable and Edmund thought that his teeth might fall out! He was scared; he did not want to wear false teeth for the rest of his life!

The pain was just too unbearable, Edmund screamed.

"Calm down! It will be over soon." The voice was right, as after only a few seconds the pain dissipated.

Edmund huffed in exhaustion.

"Good job, soldier, and welcome to your new home planet, Endora."

by *Théodor Hass*

Nocta: Queen of Naxos

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I felt small grains of sand dancing down my hand. It was cold, leaving a freezing trail on my skin, shaping, forming into a hardened surface. The wind knocked strands of my hair onto my eyes. As the ocean embraced the shore and with that, my bare feet, I tried to breathe, even though the air I drew in was mixed with the taste of blood. I opened my eyes, grasping the sand, trying to pull myself up, trying to follow my path.



“Forward”, I told myself, “I have to keep going”

But my words seemed like prayers, ignored by something greater than me.

I woke up in a large room crowned with a ceiling of stars. I felt each one of them on my skin, sinking in, keeping me warm. They lit up the room and with that, my heart. This room seemed somehow connected to me. It felt so familiar, like it was mine, it was me. I ascended from the bed holding onto the red sheet, which covered my wounded body. Step after step I slowly made my way up to the window, in front of the bed. It opened a view to a city and there was no doubt in my mind that this was in fact the lost city of Naxos. Housing of the gods, city of the ever-glowing stars, kingdom of Queen Nocta. Given the view of the room, I assumed this was the room of some divinity. As I turned around, I saw a man standing at the door holding in his hand a golden crown. Large fangs spiked out to the top, getting bigger until they reached the middle, which held an eyeball. The eye of the all-seeing beast Argos and the monstrous fangs of the father of all night creatures, Typhon.

“You lost this, your majesty.” His voice filled the room and with that, he filled my heart. Aether, the god of air and the one and only having access to the gateway of the grand lift, which was named after him. In the old legends, it is known that it was the only way to this city.

“Where am I?” I asked.

“You´re in your home, the heart of your own city which you built out of your proper body.”

“I don´t understand... how could I have done so? I mean, I´m alive, am I not?”

“This is only your reborn form. I am afraid that you sealed away your original form.”

I frowned at his words. It was all a bit much for me.

“May I ask,” he added, “do you remember where you woke up for the first time? With your crown and my guidance, we may be able to get your body back. How about it, your majesty?”

“Yes please, help me understand.”

And with that, he led me down a silver hallway before I found myself in yet another room, but this one was dark and cold. I looked around and everything was pitch black. I could not make out the trail of

my own hands. I swung them forward, making sure not to hit everything in my path. When I stopped, I noticed that I had changed clothes. I felt hot as the furry coat closed around my neck and hid my body from the cold, streaming wind. The more I went forward, the brighter my surroundings became and with that, I started to hear everything. The sound of the waves rushing to the border awakened something inside of me. I started running towards the sound and I found myself before my own body. Still, the ocean stirred beside me, agitated by the force of the wind that streamed out of the lift of Aether. A large platform that he controlled at will, powered by four blades that spun faster than I could see, keeping it above the ground, the clouds, and with the power of frenzied flame, it could even fly above everything and lead to Naxos.

I leaned down to my body and touched my proper hand, somehow attempting to get back into myself, into my original form. But it seemed so absorbed by the roots, that I started thinking; *“What if my flesh powered this city? Without my body, wouldn't it crumble to the ground?”*

The seed of my life is the one giving life to a civilization. If I cannot take back my body, I must rule over the life I gave.

“Aether!” I shouted and to my surprise, he appeared instantly next to me, still holding on to the crown, my crown.

“May you become the rightful lord of your people, Queen Nocta, ruler of Naxos. You sacrificed your own flesh, may your word be the one that decides the fate of the city built upon your corpse.”

And with that, he laid the crown on my head. I was now Queen of Naxos, ruler of everything that lies behind the shadow of our earth.

authors: Anthony Jagielski, and Marine Cop-Reeb

Heroes

Heroes

There was an idea to bring together a group of remarkable people to see if we could become something more, so when they needed us, we could fight the battles that they never could. But when we really need them, they can't help us because even the heroes meet their limits one day. Hiding their somewhat secret identities becomes hard if every human is being monitored by the system.



With surveillance cameras at every corner, on every building as well as in little objects, you can't escape being caught on a video one day. Just recently someone found out that the system even placed little microphones in tennis balls along with micro cameras. While you may think that with these tennis balls, you can't play, that's not true. The tennis balls with microphones and cameras in them are just as playable as normal tennis balls. Even pro players won't notice the difference between a normal

tennis ball and a modified one.

Talking about pros: Some of the best hackers in this world and of all the other worlds existing in the multiverse, tried taking control of the surveillance system. They never succeeded. That can be easily explained: All the data collected in a day, which will get analysed by computers (lots of them), are saved on an external server, which is flown around in a gigantic rocket, outside the orbit.

While you may think that there won't exist any cameras in the little cities lying in the mountains, I've got to tell you that the system found a solution for that: Drones.

You can look up and instead of a beautiful sky in all kinds of colours, which will fascinate you over and over again, you're going to see drones, lots of them. And they see you. It is rumoured that every human has its own drone flying around near them. But we won't ever know.

The system was originally created to have a better eye on criminals. While that was approved of by all the people asked, the system lied about their real intentions. The real goal was to control all human beings and know about their entire life.

That was discovered only a couple of month ago, when the system had already been existing for a couple of years.

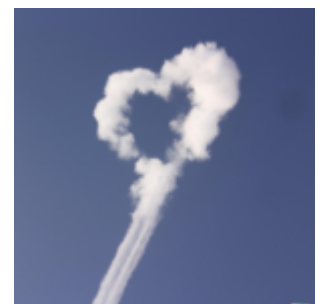
Remember when I said that the identities of the heroes are only somewhat secret? The system got pretty close to discovering their identities. They got photos of the heroes without their masks on, but the photos had been of poor quality. Fate really favoured the heroes!

Luckily the heroes noticed before the system could take new photos of better quality. Since that day, the heroes had disappeared. They can't protect us anymore. The people in our country aren't angry about them disappearing, in fact we are happy they got to save themselves. We just hope that all the people against this system are one day powerful enough to destroy this system. Till then we must lay low and endure it, hopefully just a little longer.

by Mathilde Kopper

She's always watching me

She's always watching me



She's observing me like a drone

She's always calling me on my phone

She wishes that I had a clone

And that is breaking my skull bone

The relationship is bouncing like a tennis ball

We first meet in fall

Then, she makes a call

Oh... our love was so tall

We took off like a rocket

Your heart was always in my pocket

And your love remained in my jacket

And then, we broke up in a little market

Now, we see each other in a crowd

And I have to think about

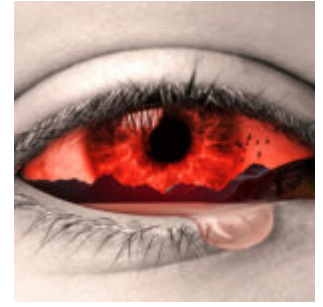
My feelings that are loud

And my heart that likes to pound.

The realisation

The realisation

Suddenly it hits me
It hits me like a real tennis ball banging on my head
A bang on my head as loud as a rocket starting



I see my friends, my family
I remember all the good times, the times we laughed
I recall my grandma

The times I was lying in her bed, crying
Crying away the pain
The pain of my parents forgetting to pick me up

I remember a glass with her dentures in it
I was terrified of them
I felt disgusted, just looking at them

My grandma's laugh, I recall
Her toothless smile, I remember
But suddenly it hits me, this is the last time

I realise, this is the last time I'm gonna see her
In this split second of emptiness
I feel more than I ever felt my entire life

My eyes start to open
At least I believe so
They are heavy, heavy like a rock

I see a crowd - a blurry, staring crowd
I spot my grandma - oh my lovely grandma
I witness my mom - did she ever care ?

On my right, a paramedic
He has brown hair with a touch of red
Blue eyes, just like ice

I have never seen such a beautiful human being
I lose myself in those sky-blue eyes
I'm throwing myself into the wild ocean

The feeling of my arm
getting tighter and tighter wakes me up
My body is on its own now

I hear this agitating, ringing noise

I catch my ear, now ringing too
I sense the crowd getting flustered

16 years that I've been here
The same environment
But never the same home
Those 16 years of feeling happiness, disgust, pain and fear
Physical pain, mental pain

The pain when it all suddenly hit me
Those years are gone
I have no more control - just letting time pass

Promise me - you have to remember me
Remember me, even if it hurts
Remember me, until you're in my arms again

by PauJa-Elisa