



This is the third part of a story.
Read it and then... Create it!

AN ADVENTURE IN THE DARK

Kasperl spent the rest of the day peeling potatoes in the kitchen of Zackleman's castle. The wicked magician just couldn't have enough of those potatoes – the first potatoes he had not had to peel for himself. At dinner time he devoured seven helpings of mashed potatoes, and for supper he ate six and a half dozen potato dumplings with onion sauce. No wonder he was in a very good mood that evening.

At last he got up from the table and clapped Kasperl on the shoulder in a friendly way.

„That will do for today,“ he said. „Now I'll show you where to sleep. Follow me, Seppel!“

Kasperl followed the great magician Petrosilius Zackleman across the hall into a small room where there was an empty bedstead and a washstand.

„This is your bedroom, Seppel,“ said the magician. „You will sleep here.“

„Here? On an empty bedstead?“ asked Kasperl.

„Just wait a minute!“ said Petrosilius Zackleman.

He snapped his fingers. A thick straw mattress appeared on the iron bedstead. How it had come there Kasperl couldn't say. Zackleman snapped his fingers a second time, a third time and a fourth time. Now the bed had a sheet, a pillow and a quilt, too.

„There, that will do,“ said the great magician. I'm going to bed now. Good night, Seppel!“

„Good night, Great Magician Eprosilius Dagglean.“

Zackleman went away. His bedroom was in the turret of the castle, five floors up. However, Kasperl's room, like the kitchen, was on the ground floor.

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be
 Mindmap
 Table
 Drawing, etc.



THE ROBBER HOTZENPLOTZ



S12
T3
L2



This is the third part of a story.
 Read it and then... Create it!

When he looked out of the window he could see the kitchen garden. Behind the kitchen garden lay the wood. And the window?

The window was not barred, and it opened from inside. „Not so bad!“ thought Kasperl. „It looks as though the great magician will be peeling his own potatoes again tomorrow.“

Kasperl waited until it was quite dark outside.

He wanted to set his friend Seppel free as soon as possible after his escape. He would soon think how. The first thing was to get away from the castle.

Was Petrosilius Zackleman asleep yet?

Kasperl crept cautiously out of the window into the kitchen garden. He looked up at the castle. There were no lights, nothing was stirring. Good!

The garden fence was not particularly high. Yet when Kasperl tried to climb it a surprising thing happened. Someone seized his coat and his collar from behind and flung him back. Kasperl landed on his bottom, rather hard.

Who had grabbed him? Was it the wicked magician Perosilius Zackleman in person? Kasperl looked anxiously around, but there was no one at all in the kitchen garden.

„It must have been a trick,“ thought Kasperl. „I’ll have another shot. I’ll try in a different place this time.“

No sooner said than done.

Kasperl picked himself up and walked a few paces backwards. Then he took a run at the garden fence. He meant to swing himself over – but he failed again! This time someone collared him and hurled him back so hard that he plumped down on the ground like a sack of flour.

For few minutes Kasperl lay where he had fallen – in the middle of Petrosilius Zackleman’s parsley bed. He strained his ears, but there was nothing moving.

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

*Your notes can be
 Mindmap
 Table
 Drawing, etc.*



THE ROBBER HOTZENPLOTZ



S12
T3
L2



This is the third part of a story.
Read it and then... Create it!

„Psst!“ said Kasperl. „Is there anybody there?“
No answer.

„If there's anybody there, speak up!“

Everything was perfectly quiet. There was no sound but the rustle of leaves on the other side of the fence.

„I must have imagined it,“ thought Kasperl. „I'll have a third try... I don't feel much like climbing over the fence now. I'll creep under it.“

Kasperl crawled along the fence on hands and knees, looking for a gap. There was a loose board here! He could push it aside. The gap was big enough to let him through.

„Good!“ thought Kasperl. He was going to crawl under the fence. But his luck was still out. Someone grabbed his feet and roughly dragged him away. There was more to come.

Suddenly there was a loud bang and Kasperl had his ears boxed so hard that he cried out in dismay.

His yell awakened the great magician Petrosilius Zackleman. Petrosilius Zackleman put the light on and peered out of his bedroom window on the fifth floor. He was wearing a nightcap.

„Oho,“ he cried, „what's this I hear? What's this I see? Seppel's trying to escape! Well, well, what a silly thing to do, Seppel! You'll never be able to escape from my enchanted castle.“

If you want to leave, either you need my permission – and I'll never give it to you – or you'll get exactly what you got just now. Go to bed, Seppel, and kindly don't disturb my beauty sleep any more – or else...”

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be
 Mindmap
 Table
 Drawing, etc.



THE ROBBER HOTZENPLOTZ



S12
T3
L2



This is the third part of a story.
Read it and then... Create it!

A flash of lightning sizzled down and darted into the ground, inches away from Kasperl's toes. Kasperl was horribly frightened. In the castle turret, five floors up, the great magician Petrosilius Zackleman slammed the window shut with a mocking laugh. What would you expect from a wicked magician like that?



Take notes of the most important
information from the text!

Your notes can be
Mindmap
Table
Drawing, etc.

