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Or, clearing the history of your visits to the site. I have other questions or need to report the error Please email the diagnostic information above to help2020 and pglaf.org (removing the gaps around g) and we will try to help. The software we use sometimes will cause false positives, i.e. blocks that shouldn't have happened. Apologies if this happened because human users outside Germany who use e-books or other site features should almost never be blocked. Last updated: January 28, 2020. Hermann Hesse, 1m 2. Juli 1877 in CalwWrttemberg als Sohn eines baltendeutschen Missionaries und der Tochter eines wrttembergischen Intologen geboren, 1946 ausgezeichnet mit demPreis ft Literatur, starb am 9. August 1962 in Montagnola de Lugano. Hay Reflections, reflections, political, literary and culturally critical writings have now been distributed and have 80 million copies around the world, made the most read European author of the 20th century in the United States and Japan. Max Broad: Kafka enthusiastically read Hesse. Alfred Doblin: With a certainty that is unparalleled, he touches the necessities. This 1903 story by Hermann Hesse, based in Kalva, shows the fate of a gifted boy to whom his father's ambitions and the local patriotism of his hometown impose a role that does not match him, which pushes him behind the wheel. Writing to the youths to give them the dignity they were deprived of in life, Peter Handke writes in his diary after reading this book, while Arthur Eloesser welcomed the first edition in 1906 with the words: "The novel contains roughly a guide for parents, guardians and teachers on how to destroy a gifted young man most appropriately... That's why Theodore Hoys answered the question: Work Trends? Yes, where warm words demand the right of youth to youth! in 1905. Stefan Tsewig wrote, I like this deep story told by such wonderful art in the name of its humanity. There are things in it that I myself felt in my boy's time and then lost again... And then two love scenes: they now stand like my own events in my life... Can a poet do more? in addition to Robert Musil's The Confusion of the Turks Apprentice, UnterRad was the most enduring indictment of the educational ritual of those years. A few weeks ago I discovered two young people in part of berlin's S-Bahn. Their faces were hung over the same book that one of them was holding. They read, they were fascinated, their attitude was almost a tangible aura of transformation, they didn't look, they were completely insensitive to the environment. I haven't seen people read like that before or since. They read UnterRad By Hermann Hesse. Only the reality of the right, Rolf Schneider Hermann Hesse UnterRad Narration Suhrkamp Cover motif by Elizabeth Howe scanned Tias 1 ba First edition 1972 Text follows the second volume of Hermann Hesse. Collected works © Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt am Main 1970 Suhrkamp Taschenbuch Verlag All rights reserved, in particular, the rights of public lectures, broadcasts on radio and television, as well as translation, as well as individual parts. No part of the work can be reproduced in any form (via photo, microfilm or other processes) without the publisher's written permission or processed, reprinted or distributed via electronic systems. Print: Ebner Ulm - Printed in Germany Envelope based on designs by Willie Fleckhaus and Rolf Staudt 40 41 42 - 03 02 01 00 UnterRad First head Mr. Joseph Giebenrath, mediator and agent, was not distinguished by any advantages or features in front of his fellow citizens. He had a similar a healthy figure, a painful commercial talent, combined with a sincere, heartfelt devotion to money, a small house with gardens, a family grave in the cemetery, a somewhat enlightened and unconvincing church, an appropriate respect for God and power, and a blind submission of the Echerian gebots of bourgeois decency. He drank pods, but he was never drunk. He also did some imperfect things, but he never took them beyond what was officially allowed. He scolded poor people, poor people scolded. He was a member of a civil association and every Friday took part in bowling in the Eagle, as well as on each baking day, as well as in the preparations and soups of mozel. He smoked cheap cigars at work, a thinner variety at the table and on Sundays. His inner life was the life of a philistine. What he possessed in temperament, for example, has long become dusty and consisted of nothing more than a traditional, naked feeling of family, pride in his own son and a casual gift mood against the poor. His mental abilities did not go beyond the innate, strictly defined cunning and arithmetic. His reading was limited to the newspaper, and in order to satisfy his need for artistic pleasures, the annual performance of the lover of the Civic Association and in the period between the visit to the circus was enough. He could swap names and apartments with any neighbor without anything else. He also shared the deepest depth of his soul, sleepless distrust of every supreme power and personality, and instinctive hostility grown out of envy against all the unreasonable, free, subtle, spiritual. Enough of it. But this man had a lonely boy, and that's the way it is. Hans Gibenrat was, without a doubt, a gifted child; it was enough to see him as fine and separate he ran between others. The small nest of the Black Forest had no other such figures, he was never a man from there who would have a look and effect beyond the narrowest. God knows where the boy had serious eyes and washed his forehead and fine in the aisle. Maybe from my mother? She was dead for years, and nothing noticeable was seen about her in her life, except that she was eternally sick and distressed. My father wasn't considered. So, the mysterious spark really jumped from above into the old nest, which for eight to nine centuries has created so many capable citizens, but never had talent or genius. A day-by-day trained observer would take care of a weak mother and a state Remembering the family, we can talk about the hypertrophy of the intellect as a symptom of the onset of degeneration. But the city was so happy not to accept people of this kind, and only the younger and cunning among officials and school teachers had an uncertain customer of the existence of a modern man through magazine articles. It was still possible to live and get an education there without knowing the speeches of zaraturata, marriages were strong and often happy, and all life had a terminally old-fashioned habit. Warm, wealthy citizens, some of whom have become artisans in the last twenty years, took off their hats and searched for their business, but among themselves called them hunger strikers and scribes. Strangely enough, however, they had no great ambition but to let their sons learn and become civil servants. Unfortunately, this has almost always remained a beautiful, unrealized dream, because the offspring basically came through the Latin school with only great moans and repeated sitting. There was no doubt about Hans Gibenrat's talent. Teachers, rector, neighbors, parish priest, classmates and all admitted that the boy was a beautiful head and in general something special. Thus, its future has been determined and determined. For in the Swabian lands there is only one narrow way for gifted boys, their parents must be rich: through the country's examination of seminary, from there to the Abbey of Tubingen, and from there either to the pulpit or to the catechon. Year after year, three to four dozen sons of the country enter this calm, safe path, a thin, revised new affirmation to go through various areas of humanistic knowledge at the expense of the state and eight or nine years later take the second, usually more part of their life path, on which they must pay the state benefits. In a few weeks, Landexamen was to be held again. This is the name of the annual Hekatombe, in which the state chooses the spiritual flower of the country and for the duration of the sighs, prayers and wishes of numerous families is sent to the capital, on the lap of which the trial is held. Hans Gibenrat was the only candidate the city thought to send to an awkward contest. The honor was great, but it was by no means in vain. School hours, which lasted up to four hours each day, were accompanied by an additional lesson of The Greek language with the rector, at six years the priest was so kind as to give a re-lesson in Latin and religion, and twice a week after lunch there was an hour-long training with a math teacher. In Greek, irregular words of the time were followed mainly based on the variety of references of the sentences to be expressed in the particles. In Latin it was necessary to be clear and concise in style and to know, in particular, many pro-zodiac subtleties, in mathematics the main emphasis was on complex final calculations. The same, as the teacher has often pointed out, does not seem to have value for later studies and life, but only apparently. In fact, they were very important, even more important than some basic subjects, because they train logical abilities and are the basis of all clear, sober and successful thinking. However, in order to avoid any mental overload and thus not the mind was forgotten and withered through mind exercises, Hans was allowed to attend the Confirmation Class every morning, an hour before school began, where a refreshing touch of religious life permeated the youthful souls of the Brenzish Catechism and from stimulating memorization and recitation of questions and answers. Unfortunately, he withered this refreshing watch and deprived himself of their blessing. He secretly placed written notes in his catechism, Greek and Latin dictionary or practical works, and devoted almost the entire hour to these secular sciences. But his conscience was not so dulled that he would not feel an awkward insecurity and a quiet sense of fear. When the dean approached him or even called his name, he shrugged his shoulders shyly every time, and when he had to give an answer, he had sweat on his forehead and a rapid heartbeat. But the answers were impeccably correct, even in the debate, and the dean gave a lot to it. Tasks, writing or memorizing, repatriating and preparing, which accumulated from lesson to lesson during the day, can be completed late in the evening with the help of a trust lamplight at home. This quiet work, blessed with the inner world to which the class leader gave a particularly profound and supportive effect, usually lasted only about ten hours on Tuesdays and Saturdays, but otherwise to eleven, twelve, and sometimes even more over it. The father grumbled a little about excessive oil consumption, but looked at it with pleasant pride. For any free time and on Sundays that are the seventh part of our lives, reading some authors and repetitions of grammar that have not been read at school will be highly recommended. Of course, with measure, with measure! Walking once or twice a week is necessary and does wonders. In good weather you can also take a book outside - you'll see how easy and fun you can learn outdoors outside. Head up at all! So Hans held his head as much as possible, used walks to learn from now on and walked quietly and scared off with a night face and blue-rimmed, tired eyes. What! You Gibenrat: Will he pass? Said the class leader once rector - Will, will be, - shouted the rector. This is one of the most important events; just look at it, it looks directly spiritual. Over the past eight days, spiritualization has become egregious. In the boy's beautiful, tender face, deep, restless eyes were burning with muddy embers, subtle, ghostly wrinkles shrugged on a beautiful forehead, and his already thin and shaggy hands and hands hung with tired grace resembling Botticelli. The time has come. Tomorrow morning he was to go with his father to Stuttgart and show at the country exam whether he was worthy to enter through the narrow mosaic gates of the seminary. He just made a farewell visit to the rector. Tonight, said the terrible ruler with unusual softness, there is nothing else to work with. Promise me. You have to compete absolutely fresh tomorrow in Stuttgart. Go for another hour for a walk and then go to bed at times. Young people need to sleep. Hans was amazed to experience so much benevolence rather than a terrible amount of advice, and left school breathing ashled. The great Kirchberglingen shone bored in the hot sunlight of the afternoon, in the market square both large fountains blazed and flashed, over the irregular roof line to escape the nearby, blue-black mountain fir looked in. He had a headache, but today he didn't have to learn anything. Slowly he strolled through the market square, past the old town hall, through Marktgasse and past Messerschmeid to the old bridge. There he strolled up and down for a while and finally sat down on a wide parapet. For several weeks and months it passed here four times a day and had no view of the small chapel of the Gothic bridge, nor the river, nor the steelfall, the wind and the mill, not even the meadow for the bath and the marking banks, where the area of one tanner lay next to the other, where the river stood deep, green and still like a lake and where stard curved, the spiky branches of the willow hung in the water. Now he again came in to know how many half and whole days he spent here, how many times he swam and dove, paddled and fished here. Oh, fishing! He almost forgot and forgot about it, and last year he cried so bitterly when he was forbidden to do so, because of the exam work. Fishing! It was the most beautiful thing in all these long school years. Standing in a thin willow shadow, almost the noise of the mill defense, the deep, calm waters! And a game of lights on the river, a gentle swaying long rod, the excitement of biting and pulling, and Strange joy when you hold a cool, cheeky, swaying fish in your hand! He pulled juicy carp, white fish and thorns, also from the delicate veils and from the small, beautifully painted Elritzen. For a long time he looked at the water, and at the sight of the entire green corner of the river he became thoughtful and sad and felt the beautiful, free, wild joys of the boys so far behind. Mechanically, he pulled a piece of bread out of his pocket, made large and small balls out of it, threw them into the water, watched them drown and fish. First came the tiny golden traps and blacken, greedily devoured small pieces and pushed the big ones with hungry snouts in a zigzag. Then a large white fish came slowly and cautiously, whose dark, wide back stood loose from the bottom, swam thoughtfully around the bread ball, and then allowed it to disappear into a suddenly opened round mouth. From the sluggish water came a damp warm smell, a few bright clouds reflected fuzzily in the green zone, a circular saw groaning at the mill, and both groans rustled in cold blood and stuck deeply at each other. The boy was thinking about confirming Sunday, which was recently and on which he caught himself memorizing the Greek verb in the midst of solemnity and emotion. In other words, he has often been in the past, confusing his thoughts and always thinking about the previous or later rather than working before him at school. The exam can be good! Scattered, he got up from his seat and undecided where to go. He was horrified when a strong hand grabbed his shoulder and a friendly male voice turned to him. Welcome to God, Hans, come with me? It was a master cobbler Flyg, with whom he sometimes held an evening lesson, but now no longer. Hans went and listened to the devout drinker without due attention. Fleig talked about the exam, wished the boy good luck and gave him courage, but the ultimate goal of his speech was to indicate that such an exam was only something external and random. Falling through it is not a shame, it can happen to the best, and if he is, let him remember that God has his own intentions with each soul and that he leads his own path. Hans has a very clear conscience towards man. He felt respect for him and his safe, impressive character, but he heard so many jokes about the Clock Brothers and laughed at them, often against his better knowledge; moreover, he had to be ashamed of his cowardice, and for some time he almost anxiously avoided the cobbler because of his acute questions. Since he was the pride of his teachers and himself Master Fleig often looked at him so funny and tried to humiliate him. The boy's soul gradually eluded the chiefs, for Hans was in the flower of the boy's deer and had beautiful scouts for every unpleasant touch of his self-awareness. Now he was walking next to the state seer, and he did not know how worried and kind he looked at him from above. In Kronengas, they met with a parish priest. The shoemaker was greeted in measured and cold blood and suddenly hurried, because the parish priest was a new-fashioned man and stood in a plea that he did not even believe in the resurrection. He took the boy with him. How are you? He asked. You'll be glad it's time. Yes, I'm right. Well, hold on well! You know we all have hope for you. In Latin, I expect you to make a special impact. But if I fail, Hans said sheepishly. Falling through? The clergyman stopped in shock. It's just not possible! Are these thoughts! I just think it might be... It can't, Hans, he can't, I'm quite reassured about that. Now say hello to me, your dad, and be brave. Hans took care of him; Then he looked back at the cobbler. What did he say? Latin is not so important if you only have your heart in the right place and fear God. He had a good conversation. And now the city pastor! Before that, he was never seen when he failed. Pressed, he crept home and into a small, sloping garden. Here stood a rotten, long-unused garden shed. In it he made the board stable and rabbits in it for three years. Last fall, he was taken away for examination. He's running out of time for distractions. He hasn't been to the garden in a while. The empty shed looked dilapidated, the stalactite group in the corner of the wall collapsed, a small wooden water wheel lying bent and broken next to a water pipe. He thought about the time when he built and cut it all and enjoyed it. That was two years ago - an eternity. He took the wheel, bent over it, broke it completely and threw it over the fence. Fort with stuff that has been all and over for a long time. His high school friend August came to mind. He helped him build a water wheel and patch up the hare's shed. In the afternoon they played here, shot from a slingshot, recreated cats, built tents and ate raw yellow beetroot for Vesper. But then the racks began, and August left school a year ago and became a mechanic's apprentice. Since then, he has shown himself only twice. Of course, even here he didn't have time. Cloud Shadows ran over the valley, the sun was already close to Berggrund. For a moment the boy felt that he needed to throw himself into the water, instead, he took a hand swipe out of the draw, swung it through the air with a thin intestine and cut the rabbit shed into a hundred pieces. Reiki scattered, nails bent, crunched, a little rotten rabbit foot, from last summer, came to light. He hit it all as if he could kill his homesickness after the rabbits and after August, and after all the old alien children. Na na na, what are these things? my father exclaimed from the window. What are you doing? Firewood. He also gave no answer, but threw away the bite, ran across the yard into the lane and then upstream on the shore. Outside, next to the brewery, two rafts were connected. With this, he often drove for hours, on a warm summer afternoon, from driving on water flapping between trunks at the same time aroused and euthanized. He jumped on loose, floating trunks, lay down on a pile of pastures and tried to imagine that the raft was already on its way, soon quickly, soon hesitantly driving past meadows, fields, villages and cool edges of the forest, under bridges and raised parking trays, and he lay on it, and everything would be as usual, as he was still bringing rabbit food in the leather. Tired and dissatisfied, he came home for dinner. The father was very excited about the upcoming exam trip to Stuttgart and asked dozens of times if the books were packed if he had put a black suit ready, if he didn't want to read grammar on the way if he felt comfortable. Hans gave short, biting answers, ate little and soon said good night. Good night, Hans. Sleep only good! So at six o'clock I'll wake you up tomorrow. Haven't you forgotten the lexicon? No, I haven't forgotten the lexicon. Good night! He sat for a long time without light on the stubble. Until now, it was the only blessing that the history of exams had brought him - his own little room, in which he was a master and did not worry. Here, in the fight against fatigue, sleep and headaches, he scalded long evening hours about Caesar, Xenophon, grammar, dictionaries and math tasks, rigid, daring and ambitious, often close to despair. Here, however, he also had a few hours that cost him more than all the lost boylists, whose few dreaming strange hours full of pride and intoxication and courage to win, in which he dreamed and dreamed of himself outside school, exams and all in a circle of higher beings. Then the cheeky, blessed idea gripped him that he was really something different and better than the thick backed, good-natured companions and perhaps once out of it, height higher. Even now he breathed sin, as if there was a freer and cooler air in this stubble, sat on the bed and matured for several hours in his sleep, desires and hints. Slowly bright lids fell on his face, reworked eyes, opened again, blinked and fell again, the pale boy's head sank on his shaggy shoulder, his thin arms stretched tired. He fell asleep in his clothes, and the quiet, motherly hand of sleep leveled the waves in the heart of his restless children and erased the little wrinkles on his beautiful forehead. It was outrageous. The rector made his own efforts to get to the station, despite the early hour. Mr. Giebenrath haunted in a black dress and could not stand still with excitement, joy and pride; he nervously tripped over the rector in and around Hans, let himself wish the station board and all the railwayers a good journey and good luck for his son's exams and soon had his small, hard suitcase in his left hand, soon in his right hand. He held the umbrella once under his arm, then clamped it between his knees again, dropped it several times, and then dropped the suitcase each time to pick it up. I should have thought he was going to America, not Stuttgart with a return ticket. The son seemed calm, but the secret fear suffocated him in the throat. The train arrived and stopped, one got in, the rector waved his hand, his father lit a cigar, below in the valley the city and the river disappeared. The journey was a torment for both of them. In Stuttgart, his father suddenly lived and began to become cheerful, affable and worldly; he was inspired by the bliss of a small town that had come to the residence for a few days. But Hans became quieter and more anxious, a deep calmality at the sight of the city; strange faces, straining high, thundered houses, long, tedious paths, horse-drawn railroad tracks and street noise intimidated him and hurt him. They stayed with the aunt, and there were strange rooms, kindness and talk to the aunt, a long pointless sit and eternal applause to say the father pushed the boy completely to the ground. Stranger and lost, he squatted in the room, and when he looked at the unfamiliar surroundings, the aunt and her city toilet, the big wallpaper, the clock, the pictures on the wall or through the window on the noisy street, he seemed completely devoted, and it seemed to him that he was away from home for eternity and completely forgot everything he had learned at present. In the afternoon he wanted to take the Greek particles through again, but his aunt offered to walk. A moment before Hansen's inner gaze, something like a meadow green and forest broom appeared, and he happily agreed. Soon enough, he saw that walking here in the big city is also a different kind of fun than at home. He went alone with his aunt, as Dad was visiting the city. Already on the stairs began suffering. On the ground floor, one encountered a fat, hopeful-looking lady, before whom the aunt made a kink and immediately began to communicate with great eloquence. The stop lasted more than a quarter of an hour. Hans stood beside him, clung to the railings of the stairs, smelled and groped the lady's dog, and sturdily understood that he too was being talked about, because the foreign thickness looked at him repeatedly through the settings from top to bottom. As soon as one was then outside, the aunt entered the store and it took a while until she came back. Meanwhile, Hans stood shyly in the street, was pushed back by passers-by and mocked street boys. When my aunt returned from the store, she gave him a bar of chocolate, and he thanked him politely, even though he didn't like chocolate. On the next corner you climbed the horsemeil railroad and now we went through the streets and again the streets under constant ringing in a crowded carriage until one finally reached the great avenue and garden. There ran a fountain, flowering fenced ornamental beds and swam goldfish in a small artificial pond. They walked up and down, back and forth and in circles, between a swarm of other pedestrians, and saw many faces, elegant and nice, bicycles, ambulances and strollers, heard a tangle of voices and breathed warm, dusty air. Eventually, they sat on a bench next to other people. The aunt talked about it almost all the time, now she sighed, smiled lovingly at the boy and asked him to eat chocolate now. He didn't want to. Oh, my God, aren't you going to get annoyed? Not just eating, eating! Then he pulled out his plate, dragged it for a while on silver paper, and finally bit off a very small piece. He doesn't like chocolate, but he didn't dare tell his aunt. While he was still sowing and suffocating from the bite, his aunt found a friend among the crowd and ran away. Just sit here, I'm back. Hans took the opportunity to breathe and threw the chocolate away into the lawn. Then he shook his feet to the tact, stared at many people and seemed miserable. Eventually, he began to speak irregular again, but to his mortal horror he knew almost nothing. Forget about everything! And tomorrow was Landexamen! My aunt came back and learned by now that there were one hundred and eighteen candidates for the national exam this year. But only thirty-six survived. Then the boy's heart fell completely into his pants, and he did not say a word all the way home. He got headaches at home, didn't want to eat anything again, and was so desperate that his father turned it off, and that even his aunt found it unbearable. At night he slept soundly and deeply, haunted by horrific scenes of sleep. He found himself sitting on the exam with a hundred and seventeen companions, the examiner soon looked at the parish priest at home, soon like his aunt, and piled mountains of chocolate in front of him, which he was to eat, and as he ate in tears, he saw the others standing around the other, disappearing through a small door. Everyone ate his mountain, but under his eyes he was getting bigger and bigger, a coil over a table and a bench, and seemed eager to strangle him. The next morning, when Hans was drinking coffee and did not leave his watch out of sight, so as not to be late for the exam, he was remembered by many in his hometown. First from the cobbler Flyga; he said his prayer before the morning soup, the family, along with the apprentices and both disciples, stood in a circle around the table, and to his usual early prayer the Master added today the words: Lord, hold your hand and above the disciple Hans Gibenrat, who enters the exam today, blesses and strengthens him, and may he become the right and courageous preacher of your divine name! and said to his wife at breakfast, Now Gibenratle goes to the exam. It becomes something special, no one will know about it, and then it doesn't hurt that I joined him with Latin lessons. The class leader, before he started the lesson, told his students: Well, now the country exam starts in Stuttgart and we want to wish Giebenrath all the best. He doesn't need it, for such lazy lads as you, he puts his top ten in a bag. And students also thought almost all of them, especially many who made bets on getting through or falling among themselves. And since heartfelt intercession and intimate engagement seem to be easy at long distances into the distance, Hans also felt that one thought of him at home. Although he entered the examination room with a rapid heartbeat, accompanied by his father, he followed Famulus's instructions sheepishly and frightened and looked back in a large room filled with pale boys like a criminal in a torture chamber. But when the professor came, offered calmness and dictated the text in the Latin style of exercise, Hans found the same ridiculously easy. He quickly and almost hilariously made his concept and then wrote it thoughtfully and cleanly in the net and was one of the first to deliver his work. Although he then missed his way to his aunt's house and wandered the hot streets of the city for two hours, it did not seriously disturb his newly discovered balance; he was even glad The aunt and father escaped for a while, and wandering through the strange, noisy residential streets felt like a brave adventurer. When he finally had trouble asking for himself and found his way home, he was faced with questions. How was it all? What was it like? Have you managed to do your job? It was easy, he said proudly, I could translate that into fifth grade. And he ate with honest hunger. He had a second day. Dad was dragging him with family and friends. In one of them they found a shy boy in black clothes, who came from Goppingen to pass the national exam. The boys were left on their own devices and looked at each other sheepishly and curiously. How does The Latin Jo feel to you? Easy, isn't it? Hans asked. Huge light. But it is only casual, in light of the works you do most carvers. You're not watching. And the hidden trays will be there. Do you mean? Of course. The Lords aren't that stupid. Hans became a little frightened and became thoughtful. Then he pre-asked: Do you still have a text there? Another brought his brochure, and now they did all the work together, word for word. Goepinger seemed exquisite In Latin, at least he used grammar names twice, which Hans had never heard of before. What do you think will happen tomorrow? Greek and essays. Goepinger then asked how many exam Indians had come from Hansen's school. No, Hans said, just me. There are three of them, and they are expected to be among the first. Last year, Primus was also a Goepinger. - Do you go to the gymnasium if you fall to the end? There was never any talk of it. I do not know... No, I don't think so. So? I'm definitely learning, even if I fall now. Then my mother will let me go to Ulm. Hans was very unflappable about it. He was also frightened of the twelve Goppingers with three fully gushes. He was never seen again. At home he sat down and took the verb again on mi. In Latin, he was not afraid at all, he felt safe. But with the Greek, he was peculiar. He liked it, he almost raved about it, but only for reading. Especially Xenophon was so beautiful and nimble and freshly written, everything sounded fun, beautiful and strong and had a lively, free spirit, also everything was easy to understand. But as soon as he converted to grammar or was to be translated from German to Greek, he felt lost in a labyrinth of contradictory rules and forms and felt almost as terrible shy as in the first lesson, when he did not even use the Greek alphabet. Could. On the day of the change came really Greek in turn and then a German essay. The Greek work was quite long and not at all easy, the subject of the essay was delicate and may be misunderstood. From ten o'clock in the hall became hot and hot. Hans was not a good pen and spoiled two sheets of paper until the Greek work was written in its purest form. On the essay, he was in the greatest trouble of the brazen lateral, who shoved a sheet of paper with a question and pushed him to answer through the ribs of shards. Traffic with neighbors on the bank was strictly prohibited and relentlessly led to exclusion from the exam. Trembling with fear, he wrote on the note: Leave me alone and turned your back to the questionnaire. It was so hot, too. Even the professor of supervision, who was walking out of the room persistently and evenly and did not rest for a minute, several times cornered his face with a bagged cloth. Hans sweated in his thick confirmation suit, got headaches and finally gave the bows rather unfortunate, with the feeling that they were full of mistakes, and that the exam was now probably over. At the table he did not say a word, but shrugged his shoulders at all the questions and made the face like a criminal. The aunt was comforted, but her father became upset and became uncomfortable. After the meal he unslinked the boy into the next room and tried to ask him again. It all went bad, Hans said. Why don't you take the snake? You can also come together, devil! Hans was silent, and when his father began to scold, he blushed and said: You do not understand anything about Greek! The worst part was that he had to go orally at two o'clock. Before that, he was most afraid. On the way along the hot city road he became quite unhappy, and he could hardly see out of sight from grief and fear and dizziness. For ten minutes he sat in front of three gentlemen at a large green table, translated several Latin sentences, and answered the questions asked. For ten minutes he sat in front of three other gentlemen, translated Greek and asked for all kinds of things again. In the end, the irregularly educated aarrist wanted to know about him, but he did not give an answer. You can go, there, the door on the right. He went, but the artist came to his head at the door. He stopped. Go, he shouted. Go! Or are you uncomfortable? No, but the artist has come to mind now. He called him into the room, saw one of the gentlemen laughing and falling off his burning head. Then he tried to remember the questions and his answers, but everything mixed up for him. He saw only again and again the large, green surface of the table, three old, serious masters in skirts, an open book and his trembling hand placed on it. God, what answers could he give! As he walked through the streets, he came as if he had been here for a few weeks and could never leave. The image of his father's garden, tan-blue mountains, fishing places on the river seemed to him something very distant, once noticed a long time ago. Oh, if he's going to go home today! It didn't matter on the left, the exam was unsuccessful anyway. He bought himself a wake-up milk and drove around all a battered day, only not to talk to his father. When he finally got home, they were worried about him, and because he looked exhausted and miserable, they gave him egg soup and sent him to sleep. Tomorrow came arithmetic and religion, after which he could leave again. Everything went pretty well the next morning. Hans felt it was a bitter irony that he excelled today after being so unlucky in the main themes yesterday. One thing now is just gone, home! The exam is over, now we can go home! he told his aunt. His father still wanted to stay there today. They wanted to go to Cannstatt and have a coffee in the spa. But Hans pleaded so much pleading that his father let him leave alone today. He was taken on a train, picked up, kissed and had something to eat from his aunt, and now drove home exhausted and thoughtless lyrics through the green hills. It was only when the blue-black spruce mountains appeared that the boy received a sense of joy and redemption. He was looking forward to the old maid, his baby, the rector, the usual lower school rooms and all that. Fortunately, there were no curious acquaintances at the station, and he was able to sneak home with his parcel. Is it beautiful to the west in Stuttgart? Old Anna asked. Beautiful! Do you think the exam is something beautiful? I'm just glad I'm back. My father will come only tomorrow. He drank a bowl of fresh milk, brought in both pants hanging in front of the window and ran away, but not to the meadow where everyone else had their bathrooms. He went far from the city to the Libra, where water flows deep and slowly between the tall bushes. There he undressed, put his hand down and groped his foot in the cool water, shuddered a little, and then rushed into the river with a rapid fall. Slowly floating against the weak current, he felt sweat and fear of those last days, gliding away from himself, and while his slender body cooled the river, his soul took possession of a beautiful homeland with new lust. He swam faster, rested, swam again and felt the tension from the pleasant coolness and fatigue. Lying on his back, he allowed himself to drift again downstream, listened to the subtle rumble of evening flies, swarmed in golden circles, saw later the sky, cut by small, fast swallows and sparkled from the already disappearing sun behind the mountains. When he in clothes and strolling home dreamily, the valley was already full of shadows. He walked past the garden of the merchant Sackman, where he once stole an immature plum with several other immature plums, like a very small boy. And in Kirchner's Room Square, where there were

forests, and several times ripe light fell. The lyrical Hermann Heilner sought in vain to acquire a favorable friend, now he wandered through the woods alone every day at the hour of beginning and preferred, in particular, Waldsee, a melancholic brown pond covered by Ruhricht and hung over old withering deciduous crowns. The sadly beautiful corner of the forest drew a swarm powerfully. Here he could draw circles with dreamy barley in the quiet water, read Lena's cane songs and, lying in the lower beach bunkers, contemplate the autumn theme of dying and death, while the fall of leaves and the sound of bald apples gave melancholic chords. He then often pulled a little black booklet out of his pocket to write a verse or two in pencil. He did so at a semi-bright lunch hour in late October when Hans Giebenrath, walking alone, entered the same place. He saw a young poet sitting on a board of a small parking trap, his booklet on his knees and a pointed pencil thoughtfully inserted into his mouth. Next to him lay a book. Slowly he approached him. Welcome to God, healer! What are you doing? Homer read. And you, Gibenretchen? I don't think so. I already know what you're doing. So? Of course. You have poems. Do you mean? Of course. Sit down so! Gibenrat sat next to the healers on the board, let his feet dangle over the water and watched as there and there a brown leaf and again one turned down through the quiet cool air and sank unheard of at brownish water level. It's dreary here, Hans said. Yes, yes. Both lay along at their backs, so hardly a few overhanging apples remained visible to them from the autumn wednesday and instead a light blue sky with calmly floating cloud islands appeared. Yes, Gibenretchen, Heilner sighed, if you were such a cloud! What then? Then we will sail there, over forests and villages and away from the upper offices and countries like beautiful ships. Have you ever seen a ship? No, healer. But you? Oh yes. But my God, you don't understand anything like that. If you can only learn and strive and buffalo! So you think of me as a camel? I didn't say. I'm not as stupid as you think. But keep talking about the ships. Heilner turned around, falling into the water behind his hair. Now he was lying belly, his chin drilled in both hands, with his elbows supported. On the Rhine, he continued, I saw such ships during the holidays. On Sundays, there was music on the ship, at night, and colored lanterns. The lights were reflected in the water and we drove downstream with the music. They drank Rhine wine, and the girls were dressed in white. Hans listened and answered nothing, but he closed his eyes and saw the ship pass through a summer night, with music and red lights and girls in white clothes. Another continued: Yes, it was different than it is now. Who knows what about such things? Loud bore, loud duck mice! It gets rid of itself and sits down and knows nothing higher than the Hebrew alphabet. You are no different. Hans was silent. This healer was a strange man. Reuter, poet, Heilner, as everyone knew, worked very little, and yet he knew a lot, knew how to give good answers, and once again despised this knowledge. We read Homer, he continued, as if Odysseus was a cookbook. Two verses per hour, then word by word re-cleaned and examined until it becomes disgusting. But at the end of the hour every time they say: you see how subtly the poet turned it upside down, you will look here in the mystery of the poetic work! Just like the sauce around the particles and aoriste, so you don't suffocate completely. So the whole Homer could be stolen from me. What old Greek things actually do with us? If any of us ever want to try to live a little Greek, he'd be kicked out. Our number is called Elias! Pure sneer! Why it's not called a gt'ht or a gtj cage or a pipe unterm rad pdf download. hesse unterm rad pdf. unterm rad english pdf. unterm rad buch pdf. unterm rad konigs erlauterungen pdf

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