

Short Story "Hannah" von Malachi Whitaker

Beitrag von „Meike.“ vom 9. Februar 2006 17:18

Du Schlamper... 😊

Hier kommt der grad gescannte Text (2. Seite in "Short stories for the creative language classroom, Joanne Collie), Scanfehler musste selbst rausfuddeln... wenn noch ein Textteil fehlt, sag Bescheid

Zitat

She loved him very much, admiring his forehead, for some reason, most of all. It was high and white. His blue-black hair, parted at the side, waved as beautifully as did hers. 'If we get married and have some children, they're sure to have curly hair,' she thought. She liked, too, his flecked hazel eyes and his long fingers with their triangular nails. He called her 'nice child', and always seemed glad to see her.

She took her entranced gaze from the cakes and went into the dairy. The house had once been a farm, and the cool, stone-shelved room was still called the dairy. One side of it was laden with food. There was a whole, crumb-browned ham on a dish by the side of a meat-plate on which stood a perfectly cooked sirloin of beef. Another dish held four or five pounds of plump, cooked sausages. The trifles were ready, so were the stewed fruits for those who liked plainer sweets, and there was more cream, Hannah felt, than could possibly be used.

She ran out of the room, smiling with delight, to look for her mother. 'Are you getting ready, mother?' she called.

'Yes.'

Her mother stood, bare-armed, in front of the oval mirror, a worried look in her eyes, her mouth filled with steel hairpins. She had her skirt on, but her black satin bodice was flung over the curved bedrail.

'Aren't you washed, child?' She seemed to speak harshly because of the hairpins. 'The company'll be here before we know where we are. We sh'll have a rush, you'll see.'

'Never mind, mother, everything looks lovely. I wish the party was beginning just now.'

She ran out of the room and changed her dress in a perfect fury of speed. Her face was clean enough, her hands white. What was the use of washing over and over and over again? Now she was in the summer pink dress that made her look older than ever before. The skirt was flounced, and she jumped round ballooning it, running a comb through her hair at the same time.

'He'll like me, he'll like me, he will,' she chanted. And she ran across to her mother's room and flung herself panting on the great bed.

'Hannah, Hannah, be a lady!' cried her mother, rebukingly.

Hanna seemed to have been asleep for a long time. She woke slowly, feeling the grey light on her eyelids. Her hands, gnarled and shrunken, lay outside the blue and white coverlet. A shadowed white plait straggled over her shoulder, thinning to a thread-tied end as it reached her breast.

She moved a little, opened her eyes, and moistened her lips. The morning was sunny and still. It felt warm, warm. She dozed a little and went on thinking of the party her mother had given when she was seventeen. On that day Ralph Wellings had kissed her for the first time. Unknowingly she smiled. The pink dress with its flounces, she remembered that, too. How lovely it had all been.

She looked up when the door opened and frowned a little, seeing an ugly middle aged woman with a paper book in her hand.

'Well, grandma' the woman said in a kind and cheerful voice, 'I've been up a few times, but you were asleep. George is just going to the Post Office in the doctor's car, so will you sign the pension form? He's a bit of in a hurry. I'll help you up.'

She put a soft wrap around the old woman's shoulders and supported her while she wrote. 'H-a-n-n-a-h' she mouthed, then her attention was attracted by something else for a moment. She stared at the completed form and gave a fretful cry. 'Oh, grandma, you've gone and done it again! We shall have no end of bother. You've signed Hannah Wellings - and your name is Smithson - Smithson- Smithson!'

Alles anzeigen

Klasse Geschichte übrigens.

Lieber Gruß

Meike