

Do you remember the stories of „Räuber Hotzenplotz“ by Otfried Preußler? Here is a translation into English, from „The Robber Hotzenplotz“, Thienemann-Verlag

...*One day*..... (eines Tages) Kasperl's grandmother was sitting in the sun outside her house, grinding coffee. Kasperl and his friend Seppel had given (ihr) a new coffee mill for her birthday. It was a musical coffee mill; they had invented it (selber). When Grandmother turned the handle, it played "Nuts in May". "Nuts in May" was the (Melodie) Grandmother liked best. Now that Grandmother had her new coffee mill she enjoyed grinding coffee beans (so sehr) that she drank twice as much coffee as before. (zum zweiten Mal) that day she had filled up the mill with coffee beans. She was just going to turn the handle (nochmals) when (plötzlich) she heard a rustling, snapping noise in the bushes.



"Hand that thing over!" said a rough (Stimme). "Please don't!" said Grandmother. "You can't take my coffee mill. I had it (zu meinem Geburtstag). When I turn the handle it plays a lovely tune." "Exactly!" growled the robber Hotzenplotz. "I would like a musical coffee mill, (auch). Hand it over, now."

Grandmother heaved a deep sigh and (gab ihm) the coffee mill. (was sonst) could she do? Every day the newspapers were (voll von Geschichten) about the wicked robber Hotzenplotz. All the people were terrified of him, even Sergeant Dimplemoser - and Sergeant Dimplemoser was a policeman.

"There now, that's better!" With a grunt of satisfaction, Hotzenplotz stowed Grandmother's coffee mill away in his knapsack. Then he closed (sein linkes Auge). He glared at Grandmother with his right eye. "Now, you (hören mir zu)", he said. "You're to stay sitting on the bench here. Don't move an inch. Sit and count nine hundred and ninety-nine under your breath." "What for?" asked Grandmother. "..... (ich werde Ihnen sagen) what for", replied Hotzenplotz. "When you've finished counting nine hundred and ninety-nine you can (um Hilfe rufen). I don't mind. But not a moment sooner, do you hear me? Or you'll be sorry for it. All right?" "All right", whispered Grandmother. "And no cheating." As a parting gesture the robber Hotzenplotz waved his pistol at her again. Then he swung himself (über den Gartenzaun) and disappeared. Kasperl's grandmother sat on the seat outside her cottage, (weiß wie) a sheet and trembling. The robber was gone, and so was her coffee mill! It was a long time before Grandmother could begin counting. Obediently she (zählte) nine hundred and ninety-nine. One, two, three, four (nicht zu schnell, nicht zu langsam). But she was so upset that she kept counting wrong. She had to go back to the beginning at least (ein Dutzend Mal). At last she got to nine hundred and ninety-nine. She cried ".....!" (Hilfe) in a piercing voice. Then she fell down in a faint.