

Die Regentrude

Nach einem Märchen von Theodor Storm



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Programm für lebenslanges Lernen

Ein Projekt der Klasse 4a zusammen mit Frau Koster-Männl und Frau Brenner



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There was a
great
drought in
the country





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A boy called Andrees
and a girl called
Maren fell in love.
But only if there was
rain they were
allowed to marry.





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In this country was the
„Fireman“ responsible for the
drought and
„Regentrude“ responsible for
the rain.

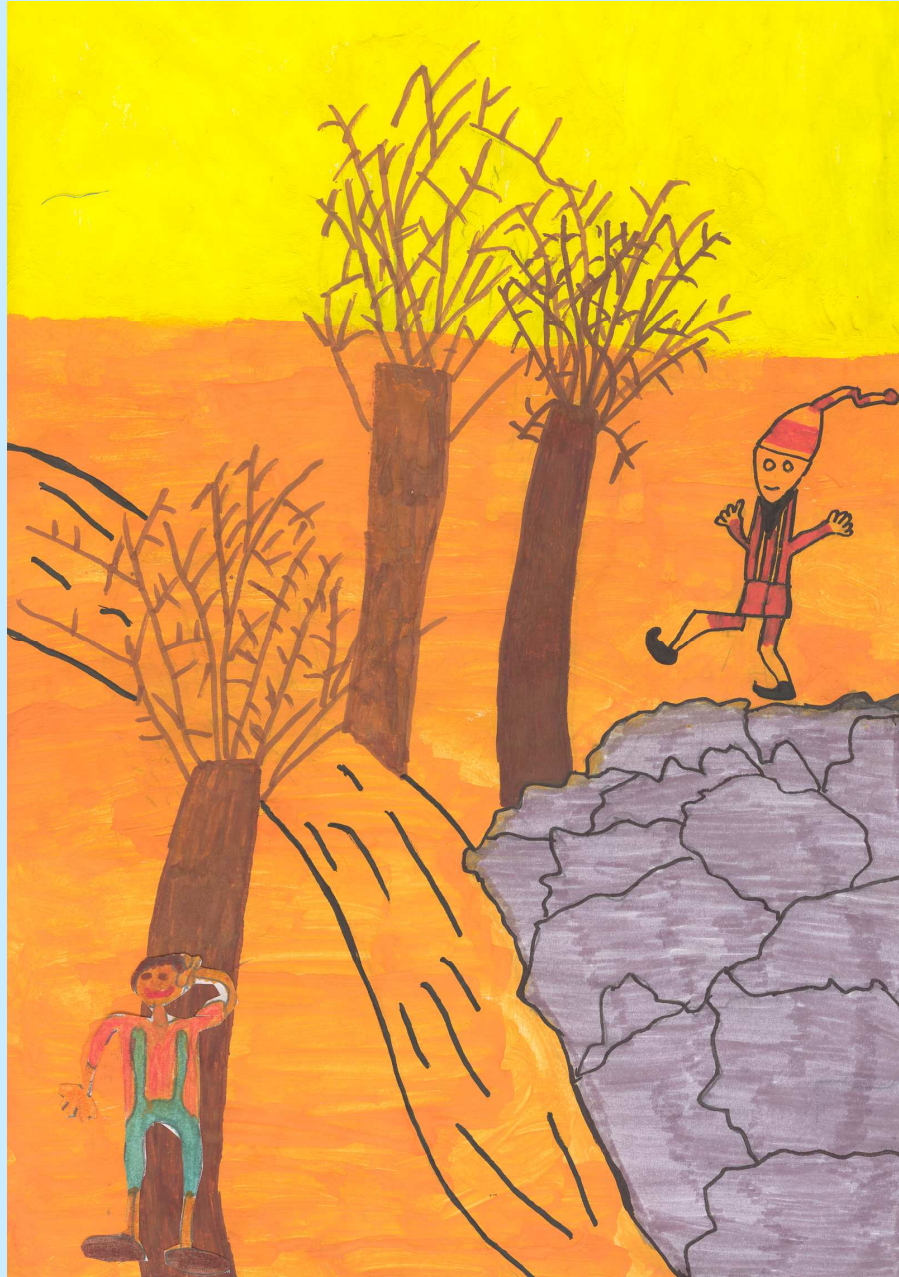




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By chance Andrees noticed the „Fireman“ in the wood and so he heart the spell to wake up „Regentrude“.





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Both were looking
to find the
„Regentrude“.





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They
found her
and Maren
entered
the magic
world
and woke
her up.





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Maren und
„Regentrude“ went to
the magic well.





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It began to
rain and
Maren left
the magic
world.





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Finally Maren and
Andrees got
married.





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A project made
by the class 4a
together with
Mrs. Koster-
Männl and
Mrs. Brenner





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The Raintrude

nach Theodor Storm

A hot summer like this had not happened in the last one hundred years. Close to no greeneries were visible, corn and hay were withering away and many animals on the field lay sweating. Only the chubby farmer Wiesenbauer did not experience hardship.

His meadows, which he had acquired for a pittance, were slummy and still green. Content, he smoked his sea foam pipe and watched his farmhand, who drove cartload after cartload of hay into his shed.

As he stood there, an elderly woman stepped towards him. She looked pale and to be suffering and her face had a worrying expression. "Good day, neighbour", she said tiredly. "What's on your mind, Mother Stine?" farmer Wiesenbauer replied. "You know that it is Johanni soon; you lent me 50 Taler, which I am supposed to pay back until then, and the date is slowly approaching..."

The chubby man suddenly became condescending: "Do not worry yourself! I don't need the money at the moment. If you can give me your property as a deposit, I will be satisfied for now."

The woman gave a sigh of relief. "It will create new costs, but I thank you."

As he stood there, an elderly woman stepped towards him. She looked pale and to be suffering and her face had a worrying expression. "Good day, neighbour", she said tiredly. "What's on your mind, Mother Stine?" farmer Wiesenbauer replied. "You know that it is Johanni soon; you lent me 50 Taler, which I am supposed to pay back until then, and the date is slowly approaching..."

The chubby man suddenly became condescending: "Do not worry yourself! I don't need the money at the moment. If you can give me your property as a deposit, I will be satisfied for now."

The woman gave a sigh of relief. "It will create new costs, but I thank you." In this moment, a pretty, girl with brown eyes opened the gate and stepped out. "Well Father, the bet is official!"

she called out.



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Shortly afterwards, Maren stepped into Mother Stine's living room. "But child, don't you know the chant for the Rainwoman?"

"No Mother Stine, I just had this feeling, and I thought that maybe you would manage if contemplated a little." Mother Stine shook her head. "Our ancestor dies very young. But when we had a great drought like now, she used to say: 'The Fire Man is doing this as a practical joke because I woke the Rainwoman!'"

"The Fire Man? Who is he again?"

Andrees, the young farmer, entered the room. He was carrying a very sheep, which had died of thirst, on his back. "There you have it," he said without a sound and lay the dead animal on the floor. "Another one has died of thirst."

"Don't take it to heart, Andrees!" said Maren, "everything will be fine if we wake the Rainwoman!" – "Oh Maren, who can wake her!" – But listen to what happened to me outside:

I wanted to see if our sheep had enough water. But someone must have turned over the tank of water, so that many of the sheep died of thirst! Then I heard some mumbling, and saw a small, ugly man with a blazing red frock and a red jelly bag cap. The tiny man was jumping around on his skinny legs and was tearing grass out with his spindly fingers and was laughing. "If only the stupid farmers knew!" he was yelling. And then he sang a very strange song in a mischievous voice:

"Vapour is the wave,
Dust is the source,
The woods are silent,
The Fire Man dances across the fields!
Take care!
Before he awakes,
Your mother will fetch you
Into the night!"

"That is the chant of the Regentrude!" Mother Stine called out. "Maren, remember it well, so that it won't get lost!"



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The three the agreed that Andrees should go out again during the afternoon. Maybe he could also find out from the Fire Mann where the Regentrude was.

And as a matter of fact: The goblin was already waiting for the young man. He was playing dumb and pretended like he knew nothing. The Fire Man was mocking Andrees. "Even if I told you that there was a hollow willow behind the forest, you would not know that in the tree there are stairs that lead down into the garden of the Rainwoman! But even if you knew this, you won't know that she can only be awoken by a kind-hearted virgin!" And then he rolled down the mountain laughing. "That fool doesn't know the right chant! Nobody but Eckeneckepenn knows it, and that is me!"

But Andrees thought to himself: "If YOU only knew! Tomorrow morning I will accompany Maren to the Raintrude. She will definitely wake her!"

The next day, the two made their journey at daybreak. Mother Stine gave her son a flask filled with honeywine: "This is from our ancestor; it will help you in this heat."

The two then started their journey across the moor until they reached a large forest. Meanwhile they repeated the chant:

"Vapour is the wave,
Dust is the source,
The woods are silent,
The Fire Man dances across the fields..."

Finally they exited from the forest. And there, only a few feet away from them, stood the old willow. Its mighty stem was hollow. The darkness in it seemed to go deep into the abyss of the Earth. Andrees climbed in first in order to look for the way. After a while he came back up. He took Maren on his broad shoulders, she put her arms tightly around his neck and he carefully climbed down.



When they had reached an open space, a sudden gust of heat beat them down and they found themselves in a completely unknown area. They followed an avenue of old willows, on a dam made up of stone. The avenue led through a waste land, which consisted out of dried up river- and streambeds. A suffocating vapour filled the air; scorching ember was lying in the trees. Sometimes it appeared to them as though they were seeing white flames and as if they heard skinny legs jumping around. But nothing was to be seen... Finally their strength left their bodies. They drank from the flask. Instantly new strength flowed through them.

At sometime they reached a large park full of strong trees and wonderful flowers; they had become flaccid from the heat. "You must stay here, Andrees, and wait until I return," said Maren.

"Of course, but remember the chant and don't muddle up the words!"

So the young girl went alone over the spacious grassland. Once she saw a large, strange bird which looked like a heron and seemed to be sleeping.

Soon she came to a gigantic boulder, and when she climbed up, she discovered a beautiful sleeping woman. Her long hair was full of dust and dried up leaves. Maren walked towards her and said loudly:

"Vapour is the wave,

Dust is the source,

The woods are silent,

The Fire Man dances across the fields"

A sound came out of the pale mouth of the sleeping woman. Louder and clearer Maren continued:

"Take care!

Before he awakes,

Your mother will fetch you

Into the night!"

When Maren looked up, she saw the erect shape of the Raintrude in front of her. "What do you want?" she asked. Then Maren told her of the great drought and hardship. "Well!" whimpered the Rainwoman, "so it is high time. Come and follow me. You must unlock the well. But don't forget the jug at your feet!"



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Together they climbed upwards, until they reached a castle made of boulder, which was surrounded by a stream. This stream was however nearly empty. "Walk through it!" said the Trude. "But don't forget to scoop from the water. You will need it soon enough!" Maren obeyed. Fearlessly she stepped over the scorching floor to the river, filled the jug with water and entered the castle.

There she saw a locked well. On it laid a golden key. She noticed just in time that, it was scorching hot and she quickly spilled the water from the jug over it, which quickly evaporated. A fresh smell escaped and filled the whole room with a moist dust, which ascended between the pillars like fine clouds.

Everything began to sprout and bloom underneath Marens feet; dragonflies floated by and the Raintrude let Maren clap her hands. A small cloud floated out of a small window into the outside world.

Now Maren had to tell how she had reached the place. "People came in past times a lot and brought fruits as a thank you," said the Regentrude. "But they have forgotten me know. I fell asleep out of utter boredom an the Fire Man nearly won."

And while she was saying this, an almighty rain fell outside...

Maren kissed her white hand and said: "I thank you, dear Miss Trude, from me and all the people in my village. But now I have to return because my darling is waiting for me. He will probably have been drenched by the rain!" – "Then you must go, my child. And when you arrive home, tell the people of me so that they won't forget me again. Come, let me accompany you!"

When they reached the riverbed, it was so full of water and the Raintrude put Maren in a rowing boat. Nightingales were singing. "Listen," said the Regentrude, "it is still nightingale time. It is not too late yet!"

They walked along the river, underneath high trees. When they had reached the open spaces, Maren saw the large bird circle high around lake. "Thanks to you, Miss Trude! But I know the way from here!" – "Because all the springs have sprung again you can take a shorter way," answered the Raintrude. Right at the willow dam is a small boat. You can take it; it will quickly take you to your home! And now, good-bye!" She put her arm around the neck of the young girl and gave it a kiss. Then she turned around and disappeared under the falling drops in between the trees.



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Andrees was waiting for her at the entrance of the garden. "And Maren," he said, "you have managed to wake up the Regentrude! I don't think the rain has ever been this wet! Come now, we want to go home and remind my father of our deal."

And so the glided into the night. Slowly, the area around them became familiar and they realised that they were riding along on the stream of their village. The pastures along the waters were already flooded but Andrees rye belt was growing well. "My dear God!" Maren called out, "those are my father's meadows! Look at all the beautiful hay, everything is swimming!" But Andrees replied:" Let it be, the price is, I think, not high enough yet!" They docked the small boat at the village lime tree. As they walked down the streets hand-in-hand, the people nodded their heads in a friendly fashion.

Wiesenbauer was already awaiting the two at the entrance of his noble home. "Enter, you two. I will be true to my word. Andrees is in all ways a good boy. That is why you must go to Mother Stine so we can take care of everything!"

And when the harvest coaches, loaded with ringlets and fluttering bands were driven into the barns, a large wedding procession went, in the most beautiful sunshine, towards the church.

Just when the wedding couple had reached the church door and the church organ was playing the choral, a small white cloud floated along the blue heaven, and a few raindrops fell into the ringlet of the bride. "That's good luck!" yelled the people. "That was the Regentrude!" whispered Andrees into Maren's ear and they both held their hands tightly

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