

# THE VISITORS



CODE 291

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|--|--|
| Fertigkeit                                       | Lesen  |
| Relevante(r) Deskriptor(en)                      | <b>Deskriptor 6:</b><br>Kann einfache literarische Texte (z.B. fiktionale Texte, Lieder und Gedichte) verstehen. (B1)  |
| Themenbereich(e)                                 | Erlebnisse und Fantasiewelt  |
| Zeitbedarf                                       | 15 Minuten   |
| Länge des Lesetextes                             | 287 Wörter   |
| Material- und Medienbedarf                       | Schreibmaterial  |
| Besondere Bemerkungen, Hinweise zur Durchführung | ---  |
| Quelle   | Gerngroß, Günter, et al. <i>Use your English. Arbeitsbuch</i> . Wien: Österreichischer Bundesverlag, 1990. S. 161/162. |



## THE VISITORS

Read the story and number the paragraphs in their correct order.

The first paragraph has already been done for you.



**1** When John Rice had put his four-year-old son and daughter to bed, he decided to clean out the attic.

They had bought Hatfield Farm only a month ago. They didn't quite understand why it had been so cheap, and it was only later that they found out the reason. They had heard that nobody had wanted it, because one day the owner and his three dogs had been found dead. John Rice had even heard something he didn't tell his wife. People said that the blood had been sucked out of the man and the dogs.

"Mice," he thought and started to sort out the old things. Suddenly he froze, because he saw that a big cardboard box was moving. He started to tremble, but then he took a broom and slowly went closer. What could be in there?

"We are asking the questions," one spider said.  
"I won't say anything, unless you tell me about my children."  
"They are safe, they are still asleep," the other spider said.

Then the spider told John to stand up. It was getting dark and through a window he could see hundreds of spiders crawling along the road to the nearest village. When he saw the headlights of a car, he hoped everything would turn out to be alright. But the headlights suddenly stopped moving and then disappeared altogether.

"Come along," he heard a spider say, "The commander is waiting to talk to you."

He looked inside – eight eyes coldly stared back at him. He jumped back, but he could not take his eyes from the enormous spider the size of a cat that crawled out of the box and then moved slowly towards him. John wanted to turn and run, but his legs wouldn't move. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his left leg. Before he collapsed, he could see that another spider had cut his left leg with its enormous claws.

When he woke up, there were lots of spiders around him. He couldn't move, but he could understand what the spiders were saying. They had put a lot of wires round his forehead and there were two small things on the floor that looked like computers.

"He is awake," one of the spiders said.  
"What are you doing?" John shouted. "Where are my children?"

It was a large room full of old things. He switched on the light, and at once there was a sound as if someone were brushing the floor with hundreds of small brushes.

There was something else he didn't want to tell his wife. Five days ago he had looked out of the window late at night and had seen a big white light disappearing behind the hill next to their house. The next morning he had gone over, but he hadn't found anything. John climbed the stairs and opened the attic door.



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