



English
Stories
about
life, love or crime

Writing a story 20.11.23

The doorbell rang. He was Saturday afternoon. He was late afternoon. Who could that be? He went to the door and opened the door. There was no one there. Some stupid kids had rung the bell. But he wanted to close the door, he noticed the paper on the floor. He picked it up and saw it was a piece of paper. On the paper, it said "I'm home". He had a moment and sent the text to his brother.

written by HSE students, advanced-level English, year 10





Preface

In the English advanced level course of year 10 at *Hauptschule Emsbüren*, students worked on the topic of "Writing Stories". The extraordinary results, which are summarized in this small book, show how much inventiveness and enthusiasm the students worked with. Criteria for a good story being developed and punctuation taught, the writing was done freely with a given beginning. Two lessons of silence. There were surprisingly few reasons for improvement in the first versions - probably also because some students read English books and watch a lot of English videos in their free time. A digital dictionary was permitted for help.

The students then had to type out the corrected and self-improved versions themselves. I then put all the stories together. The course decided on the layout together. Viktoria Wilde made the text decorations. Mr. Bitter kindly proofread it.

You can see some of the original first versions with the teacher's markings on the book cover. It's great that students enjoy writing in English.

Enjoy reading!





The necklace

written by Tanja Schröder

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon – late afternoon. “Who could that be?” Jacklyn wondered. She jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. “Just some stupid kids kidding me”, she thought. But as she wanted to close the door, she noticed the parcel on the floor.



The parcel was red with a black bow. Jacklyn looked around again. But again, she didn't see anybody there. She took the little black parcel and went back inside the apartment. She put it on the table in the kitchen and called her best friend Ryan. After two times “toot-toot, toot-toot” Ryan answered the phone. “Hey, ya! There was a parcel on the floor”, she breathed, “in front of my apartment door. I found it after my doorbell rang and I went looking who was

there. But there was nobody, only the parcel, black and small with a red bow. What should I do?” she demanded desperately. “Wow! Slow down, slow down! A black parcel with a red bow? Really? Have you opened it already?” he asked. I answered, “No, not yet. I didn't know what to do!” “Open it! I want to know what's inside.”

After he had told Jacky to do so she opened the parcel excitedly. But she was a bit scared. What if there was a bomb or a death threat inside? When the parcel was open, she took a look at it. There were lots of rose petals and there was a second smaller parcel in it. When she had told Ryan, he wanted her to open the second parcel too. In it was a really beautiful small box with a necklace inside. The necklace was coloured in rose gold and it had a rose pendant. Ryan asked, “Do you like that one or why did you stop talking?” She told him that she loved it!

The next Monday morning Jacky wore the necklace to school. When she arrived at school, she looked for Ryan. He was standing with his classmates. He was one year above. When Jacky wanted to go to him, Lissy, one of her classmates, stopped her. “Hey, cutey! Can you help me with the maths homework? I didn't understand it last Friday and I don't want to get into trouble with Mr Miller again.” “Yes, of course. I'll help you. Come on, we'll go into the classroom and have a look at it,” she told her. But she felt a bit angry because she couldn't go to Ryan now.

Finally school was over. Ryan asked Jacky if she wanted a lift. She agreed. But then she noticed, that they weren't driving to her house. So she asked him, “Ryan, that isn't the way to my home. Where are we going?” “Be patient. It's a surprise!” he told her.

Ten minutes later they arrived at Dawsin. It was beautiful. A lake with an island in the middle of it. Trees surrounded the lake. they

sat down on a little beach and looked at the lake. The weather was fine, no clouds and full sun. "How beautiful!" she said, looking at the lake. "Yeah, really beautiful...." Ryan said dreamily. She took a look at him and noticed that he wasn't looking at the lake. He was looking at her. Wow! Those icy blue eyes, that perfect nose, the mouth. She wanted to kiss him! Ryan was her childhood friend, but she had had a crush on him ever since the eighth year.

Ryan bridged the final centimetres and kissed her! She closed her eyes. Oh, dear! It felt amazing. Then he stopped. "I'm really happy that you were wearing the necklace I gave you. Jacklyn, I love you! I want to spend the rest of my life at your side." And he kissed her again.



The triumph of the man

written by Angélique Jänsch

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon - late afternoon. "Who could that be?" Jack wondered. He jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. "Just some stupid kids kidding me", he thought. But as he wanted to close the door, he noticed the parcel on the floor. It was a little parcel.

Jack wondered how the parcel got there. He hadn't ordered anything. He decided to take a closer look at the parcel, it said: "FOR JACK" in big red letters. At that moment his

whole body shuddered. He took the parcel into the house and placed it on the table in the living-room.

Jack opened it carefully and that moment he was able to take a look into the parcel and see the contents, fear overcame him. There was a finger with a ring on it and there was a note covered in blood. The note said: "I KNOW WHAT YOU DID". At that moment Jack knew who the parcel came from. He was an FBI agent and had had a case a few weeks ago, where he had arrested a man because of robbery. He immediately called the FBI office and explained the situation. The man at the other end of the line said: "Don't touch anything anymore! An FBI unit is on the way". As the officers were tracking down, the FBI agents questioned Jack. He described the situation and told them about his assumptions. When they went on with their investigations they found out that the finger belonged to a man, and their database revealed a match. The ring finger was part of a body discovered just a few days ago.

The case took an unexpected turn as the connection between the arrested man and the deceased witness became clear. It appeared that the promise made by the now-dead witness had dire consequences to his own death. The small town now grappled with the aftermath of a crime that untied a web of secrets and dark connections. As the investigation continued, the FBI agents uncovered the full extent of the criminal network involved. It revealed a terrible plot of the crime. The brother of the arrested man had taken revenge and killed someone, and he answered: "Some crimes are punished, big ones celebrated in trump", he had replied with a grin.

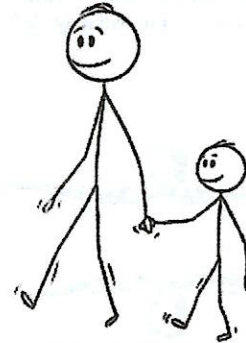


The lost child

written by Niklas Schwerdt

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon - late afternoon. "Who could that be?", Jack wondered. He jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But as he wanted to close the door, he noticed the parcel on the floor.... He picked it up and took it inside his house. As he got it on the table and he wanted to open it, he wondered if he should really open it. What could be inside? Who put it there in front of my door? He was so curious! When he opened the parcel there was nothing but a piece of paper. The paper said "I'm back...".

"What does that mean?" he asked himself. He thought for a moment. "Is this my son or



who could that be?" "That can't be possible. Is someone playing a prank on me?" Brad, his son would have been six now, but he died 4 years ago. Jack thought for a long time when the doorbell rang again. Jack said "Who is that now?" He opened the door and again nothing but a parcel. He took it in and opened it immediately. And there was it.

The blue jacket Brad had always worn. It could have been from everyone but it was the same one Brad had worn. After a moment Jack started crying. "What is going on here?" he screamed.

The next day,

Jack was at work. He worked at a supermarket, mostly at night. When he was alone for a moment, he heard a weird noise. "But I'm alone", he thought. He walked into the direction from which the sound came. "It sounds like Brad would play there with his toys". When he was at the spot there was nothing. He went back to his work but the noise came back. He looked immediately and the noise went away while customers entered the store. When the customer got out of the store the noise didn't come back. After his work he went back home.

A few days later,

Jack was at home and he wondered why nothing happened anymore. No more parcels, no more noises, absolutely nothing happened anymore, but he was happy about it. After some years Jack moved to a different country. He wanted to earn more money and to get away from this problem. He met a new woman and they started a new family. Two years later they had a wonderful girl named Stella and they were a nice and happy family.





Annabell

written by Adnan Al-Tameemi

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon. "Who could that be?" Jack wondered. He jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. "Just some stupid kids kidding me", he thought. But as he wanted to close the door, he noticed the parcel on the floor. "It's probably some kids pulling up a prank," he thought. Jack took the parcel inside and opened it. What was inside?



It was a doll wrapped up in some weird wrap. „This doll looks so beautiful," he thought. It had bright blue eyes that sparkled, and her dress was a stunning shade of violet. Jack was immediately drawn to that doll, and without a second he kept it." Your name is going to be Annabell," he said with tears in his eyes.

Annabell reminded Jack of his 4-year-old daughter. She had the exact same eyes as his lost daughter. So, Jack washed his tears off, and took the doll to the old bedroom of his daughter and placed her on the bed.

When he came back downstairs and went to the living room, he noticed that Annabell was also in the living room. She was sitting on the sofa. "That's weird, I could've sworn I put her upstairs on the bed," he said with a little fright in his tone. So, he took her again and put her on the same bed and went back downstairs. Luckily, he didn't find her anywhere downstairs and thought that he had been imagining it.

Relieved, Jack went to the kitchen to get himself some food. He grabbed a fast-made sandwich and ate it. He then went to his daughter's room to see if Annabell was in the same place. She wasn't.

He then noticed something really unusual. The doll seemed to have a life of its own. It would move its eyes, change its position, and she whispered stuff in a different language he didn't know. Jack was frightened and he immediately left the house.



The letter bomb

written by Jayden Grob

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon – late afternoon. "Who could that be?" Jack wondered. He jumped down the

stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. "Just some stupid kids kidding me", he thought. But as he wanted to close the door, he noticed the parcel on the floor. He picked it up and laid it on the kitchen table. "What could it be?" he asked his wife. "I don't know, I didn't order anything." "Should we open it now?" "Let's wait until the kids are home and ask them if they have ordered anything on the internet," she said. As soon as the kids were home from football practice, Jack asked them if they knew what was inside the parcel and they both said that they didn't know. So, they decided to open it.

As soon as had Jack opened the package it exploded! "Jack! Nooo!" she was screaming. Jack's hand was torn apart and flew straight into his child's face. The kids had a panic attack and lost consciousness. The wife could see Jack's skull and one of his eyes fell out. His nose was gone completely. Then the floor caught fire. Jack's wife was able to call 911. The firefighters extinguished the fire and the ambulance tried to revive Jack. After 20 minutes they finally told Jack's wife, "I'm sorry Mrs. Miller, but we couldn't save him." "Noooo!" she shouted and burst into tears. Then she and her kids were taken to the hospital by ambulance to check the kids.

After a couple of hours, the younger child died of smoke inhalation. Mrs. Miller got a very deep depression and had to go to therapy. On Jack's funeral there were only Jack's wife, her kid and Jack's two friends. They all cried the whole time. Four weeks after the funeral, Mrs. Miller again had an appointment with her therapist to care her depression. But suddenly, as she walked across the street, two drunk drivers drove down the road at 127 km/h even though only 50 km/h were allowed. They didn't see the woman. She was thrown against the glass of a cafeteria. The glass shattered into

thousands of pieces and the woman died instantly. Jack's only left child couldn't handle the threat and three days later he committed suicide by jumping off a highway bridge and being run over by several cars. He died of grief as an 8-year-old child. There was nothing on his grave except a rose and a toy animal. No one ever came to visit him or tended his grave.



The scary box

written by Vanessa Koch

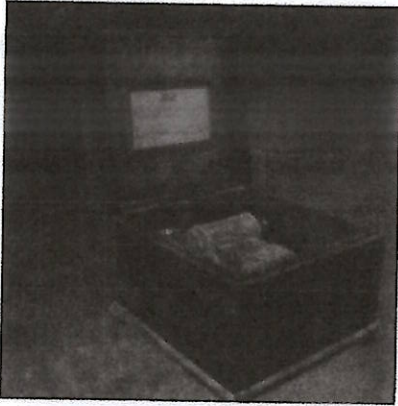
The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon – late afternoon. "Who could that be?" Jack wondered. He jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. "Just some stupid kids kidding me", he thought. But as he wanted to close the door, he noticed the parcel on the floor. He was a bit confused. He picked it up and put it on the kitchen table. A parcel, but no sender? Who has put it there? A bit curious and scared he got a knife to open this parcel. "What is in there?", he wondered as he started to unpack it. He was a little bit scared.

"Andy!" he shouted. He was Jack's older brother. Andy came down the stairs and went into the kitchen where Jack was waiting. Jack showed his brother the package and explained that it had been standing on the floor in front of the door. "Open it then," Andy said.

When they opened the parcel, they were a little shocked and afraid. It was a picture of their mother, who had passed away two years ago. Apart from that there was her diary. "Who sent this parcel? And why

should anybody have our mom's diary?" Andy had so many questions which he couldn't explain to himself. Then he remembered that they had a camera on the front door. "Wait a minute, Jack. I'll be right back." He went to his computer where he had the app for this security camera. He couldn't believe what he saw on the video.

He saw his mother! "But... I thought she was dead... Then whose funeral did we go to?"



Now Andy had even more questions. He went back to Jack to tell him who he had seen. But when he tried, his whole body started to tremble. Jack was worried. "What's wrong?" "Well..." he tried to say it. "It was mom who brought the parcel," he continued. "Isn't she dead?" Jack asked. His brother nodded. "I don't know, Jack, maybe we shouldn't open the diary. Let's wait for dad to come home."

The mysterious parcel

written by Jason Wagner

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon - late afternoon. "Who could that be?" Jack wondered. He jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. "Just some stupid kids kidding me", he thought. But as he wanted to close the door, he noticed a parcel on the floor. He picked it up and placed it slowly on the table.

Suddenly the parcel moved and strange noises came out. "What's that?" Jack was startled and he quickly ran upstairs. He slowly went down the stairs but suddenly he saw the parcel on the floor and it was open. He didn't know what to do anymore. He thought, "What do I do now?" His legs started to shake when he suddenly heard something from the kitchen. It sounded like an animal, but could it be that? Or was it just a mouse that had come in from outside?



He went into the kitchen, but there was no one there. Only the plate with the packet of nuts, which was somehow a little emptier. Jack couldn't really think, but he had an idea.

He took a few nuts from the plate and placed them on the floor in an old cage that he had found in the basement while cleaning up the other day. Jack laid a trail and waited behind the couch. He heard the rustling getting

louder and his breathing became faster and faster until finally there was a loud bang and the flap slammed shut. Jack ran to the cage and he saw a cute squirrel eating the delicious nuts.

Jack had ordered nuts because his son loved them so much. "But how could the squirrel have got into the parcel?" he wondered. "Maybe it was the smell of delicious nuts which made it creep into the parcel." Now everything made sense.



Case 157

written by Jamilia Jansch

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon - late afternoon. "Who could that be?" Jack wondered. He jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. "Just some stupid kids kidding me," he thought. But as he wanted to close the door, he noticed the parcel on the floor. The parcel was brown and had a red bow around it. "It looks very strange", Jack thought. Jack was very scared and called the police. It took ten minutes for the police to arrive. They immediately recognized the situation and they knew that this had to do with assassins. There had already been two more cases in the area. A woman and a child were killed.

So, the police carefully ordered Jack to get out of his house. They blocked the street. When a special policeman was about to secure the package, Jack suddenly shouted, "Stop, my cat is still in the house." Jack

forgot about everything and immediately ran into the house. The special policeman stopped his work right away. After five minutes, he came out with a small cat on his arm.

The policeman said seriously, "You just put your and our colleagues into great danger. You can be glad that nothing happened in this stupid action." The special policeman gave a signal that he wanted to go on working.

First, he looked at the bomb. The bomb was tied to a timer with two cables. The timer showed two minutes left. After a few seconds he decided that he had to cut the blue cable to secure the bomb. Everyone held their breath when the time was ticking and everyone was very tense. But he calmly cut the cable. When the timer showed three seconds left, the cable was cut.

Everyone started breathing again and everyone was happy that nothing had gone wrong. The police put the bomb in a safe box and cleared the street. They hoped that something like this would not happen again.

Then the police drove away and Jack went into the house and sat down first. He turned on the news and it was said that the assassin was caught when he wanted to place another bomb. Jack was very happy that the danger was over and that no one got killed anymore.



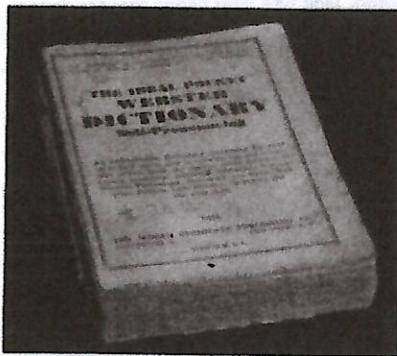
Farewell Letter

written by *Bianka Veerkamp*

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon-late afternoon. „Who could that be?“ Jack wondered. He jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. „Just some stupid kids kidding me,“ he thought. But as he wanted to close the door, he noticed the parcel on the floor.

„My parents aren't home for a few days so let me just put it on the table first. “As he placed it on the table he noticed he saw the recipient. „This weird parcel is for me?“ he wondered. It was green and red and reminded him of Christmas. It had a green bow too. „No sender? Wait... mom and dad are the senders? How weird.“ He was surprised. Why should his parents send him a little package?

He got a knife and opened it. „Well... a book? From where did they get the money for such a nice dictionary? Do they want me to learn how to write maybe? My father couldn't write either.“ He picked up the book and noticed it had to be a little bit older. He saw two letters too. He himself couldn't write nor read, but he recognised their handwriting. „Dang! I need someone to read the letters for me.“



He decided to straightly visit a rich friend of him who had learned how to write and read very early. When he arrived, he knocked on their big house's wooden door three times. Henry, his friend opened the door. As soon as he had explained everything, Henry looked at the first letter from Jack's mom and was shocked. „What's the matter?“ Jack asked. „Jack, bad news. It seems like it's a farewell letter...“ Henry said in surprise. „What's that supposed to mean? They're saying goodbye?!“ „Oh, Jack, I am so sorry to read this.“ Jack was nothing than puzzled. „Come on! Read aloud please.“ Jack demanded. „Well, okay. But don't be too sad. - Dear Jack, it's me, your mom, when you're reading this, me and dad will already be dead, I guess. We had a terrible accident with the vehicle. We asked an akora



(someone who writes letters for people who can't write or who are handicapped in some way) to write our last letters because we knew we would be too hurt to write. – and on, and on...“

Jack couldn't believe what he had just heard. Henry read the father's letter too. It was a farewell letter as well, only with what he wanted to say in it.

After Jack had said thanks to Henry, he went to all the family members nearby and told them about this tragic situation. A few days later his aunt and uncle offered him to live with them. He took the chance, even if he had to give up a lot.



Story without headline

written by *Matthis Heyen*

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon – late afternoon. „Who could that be?“ Jack wondered. He jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. „Just some stupid kids kidding me,“ he thought. But as he wanted to close the door he noticed the parcel on the floor. He took it in and looked inside and there was a letter that said the following "Give me money or I will never leave you alone again. Bring \$10,000 to the meeting point that I will send to you within the next few days." He was very shocked and afraid.

The next day there was another letter in his mailbox. Jack opened the letter again and it said when and where he had to be so that the handover could take place. Jack played with the thought to go to the police but he didn't dare.

The handover day was his birthday. Because of his birthday he didn't follow the blackmailer's demands and spent the whole day with family and friends, but he was still afraid of this person who sent him the letters. When the party was over and he wanted to go to sleep, there was a knocking

on his window again and again. He didn't dare go and look, but after about five minutes he just went there and there was another letter there, the next threat, where it said, "Where were you? I have waited and you left me hanging. From now on you will hear something from me every day...!" When Jack read this letter, he was scared to death, he didn't go out anymore, he didn't open his mailbox and he was trapped in his apartment all alone.

Then, suddenly, something appeared right in front of him. When Jack saw him, his eyes went black. He was unconscious....

When he woke up again, his whole apartment had been searched and a lot of things were missing, including the things he had inherited from his grandmother.

That was the day he went to the police but the police station was burned down. Was that coincidence? He was not sure... He thought to myself, "Well, then I'll just go back home and meet up with a friend."

They went to a café and drank some coffee and talked. His friend noticed he was very nervous then she asked him, "Hey, sweetie, what's bothering you?" I didn't answer and just left. She wrote to him that same evening and asked him, "What was going on? I'm worried about you?"

He didn't answer again because he was just afraid that this person who was sending him letters would know this again, so he blocked her and broke off contact. He didn't tell his parents, too, because he was afraid that something would happen to them too.

Jack was finally tired of always having to be afraid. He took all his courage and wrote the blackmailer a letter. "Hello, I don't know who you are or where you come from, or how old you are or what you look like. You must understand - I live alone and don't have anyone anymore. Please tell me what

you want and I'll get it for you. Whatever it is."

The blackmailer replied very quickly, only an hour later the answer was there. He wrote, "Okay, I want the following: I want you to kill your old best friend and cut her body into small parts and put the body parts in a box and then send it to me. I'll leave you alone then and move on."

When I read that I got really cold and started sweating



Stranger Danger

written by Ewa Janouli

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon – late afternoon. "Who could that be?" Jack wondered. He jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. "Just some stupid kids kidding me," he thought. But as he wanted to close the door he noticed the parcel on the floor.

He picked it up and thought nothing of it. But he was curious though. So he rushed to the kitchen to get a knife. "Damn! This parcel is really tightly packed!" he said as he struggled to open it.

When he finally opened the mysterious parcel he was shocked and traumatized by what he saw. He felt his knees go weak and started shivering like crazy. "What the hell is that?!" He knew it wasn't normal to send something like that away to some random stranger.

Jack called his girlfriend Lily, because he didn't want to be alone with it. "Hey, babe, can you please come home?" His girlfriend drove home as fast as she could. When she

got home, Jack showed Lily what was in the parcel. Lily's expression was scary. "Jack What the flip is that?" "I don't know. Some random guy sent it to me."

They both still couldn't get over what had happened, so they just stood silent. Then they thought about sending it back but some strange feeling didn't let them and they knew this wasn't good. But they kept the parcel anyway.

Jack and Lily noticed that it was getting late, so they went in to their bedroom and slept. It was 3am when they suddenly heard a loud weird noise. It woke Lily up. She got scared and tried to wake up Jack, "Jack! Wake up, did you also hear that creepy noise?" Lily asked. Jack answered,

"No, I didn't actually ... what do you mean?" "I heard something coming from downstairs, we should take a look." They sneaked downstairs. When they reached the kitchen, Jack saw a scary-looking creature, "Lily, you have to run. NOW!" Jack demanded. Lily did as he said. She ran away and called the police.

When the cops finally arrived at their house, they found Jack lying dead on the ground while blood was dripping from all his body parts. The police saw something suspicious in Jack's hand. It was a weird doll with a little note, which said "You are next...hahaha..." The police searched the whole house, hoping they could find something that would make sense until they found the parcel... They opened it and were disgusted.

Because in that parcel was something no one would ever come up with to put it in there. In that parcel was Jack's bloody torso. Everyone was so creeped out and started questioning themselves why and how this was happening. But the real question was, what had been in the parcel before Jack died? Guess no one will ever find out...

Three years later. Lily finally decided to move out of her old house where she used to live with Jack. The old memories were destroying her and she thought she would never get over it if she wouldn't move out.



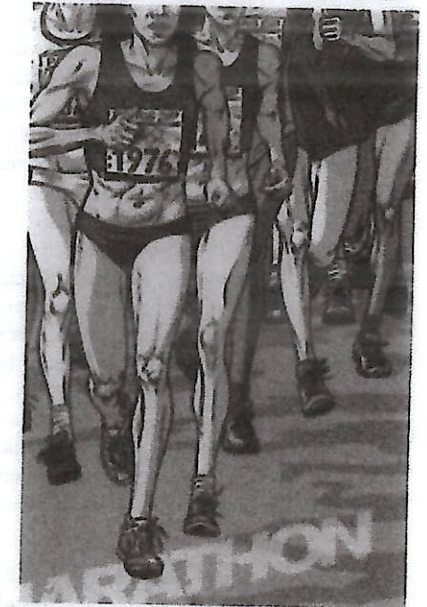
Everything started with a parcel

written by Viktoria Wilde

The doorbell rang. It was Saturday afternoon – late afternoon. "Who could that be?" I wondered. I jumped down the stairs and opened the door. But there was nobody. "Just some stupid kids kidding me." I thought. But when I wanted to close the door, I noticed the parcel on the floor. The parcel was white with an orange Nike logo on it. On the parcel was the name: Serena Miller. She had moved into the house next to me three weeks before. I often saw her walking her dog. So I decided to bring her the parcel.

When I arrived, I rang the bell and a beautiful, sporty woman opened the door.

"Hey, my name is Jack. I'm your new neighbour. The postman left your package in front of my door." I said. She looked at me scared and screamed, "Why do you



know where I live again?" "Errr...I didn't want to bother you," I answered confused. But before I could answer she slammed the door shut. "That's strange. I have not done anything wrong," I thought on my way home.

The sun had set and I went to sleep because in my village a marathon was starting in two days and I still had a lot of training to do. But suddenly I heard a loud voice shouting, "John Brown, open the door!" I stumbled to the door in my pyjamas and opened it quickly. Two police officers were at my door and shouted, "Hand up!" I put my hands up and stuttered, "I...I'm not John B...Brown. I'm Ja...Jack Evans." They didn't trust me and handcuffed me. "We will take you to the police station," one of the policemen told me.

When we arrived at the police station they did tests on me and the police officers explained, "We are so sorry, but you look exactly like John Brown. He is a stalker who stalked women and one of the women is Serena Miller. Do you know John Brown?" and he showed me a picture. On the picture was a man with blond, thinning hair. He had an evil look on his face. "I don't know him. I am very confused. Can I get home, please," I said. "Of course you can!"

They took me home and explained Serena everything. I went to bed because I was very deadly tired. The next morning I got ready and rang at Serena's house. She opened the door and I apologized, "I am really sorry. I didn't mean to scare you!" She replied, "Thanks, I'm sorry that I yelled at you like that. I really thought he again knew, where I live. Please come in and we can have coffee!"

When I came in she made some coffee for us and we sat in her living room. "I hadn't known John Brown before. But one day, he stood at my door and told me how beautiful I was and wanted to marry me. I said no, of course but he didn't accept it and wanted to force me. But luckily the police came very fast and I'm really scared to see him again. I've lived in Manhattan before and he followed me everywhere and wanted to force me to marry him and give him money. But after some time, he was arrested but only got a suspended sentence so I moved away. "Enough about me, let's talk about you." I told her some things about me. After a long time talking I was shocked, "It's 4pm! I have to go to my training. I'm taking part in a marathon tomorrow.", "Me too! Maybe we can run the marathon together," she said very excitedly. I agreed and went to

my training. When I was back home I had to think about Serena the whole time. We had talked a lot and she had been very friendly.

The next morning, I put on my sports clothes and went to the start of the marathon. Serena was already there and we hugged each other. After some time the marathon started and we competed and wanted to see who was faster. I ran through a group of people. When I looked behind me, Serena was gone. I heard her voice scream my name. So I followed the screaming and after fifteen minutes I saw Serena bound to a tree in a forest. I ran to her but she shouted, "Call the police! He is here! Don't come closer to me!" But I didn't listen to her and untied her from the tree.

Then suddenly I felt a pain in the back of my head and I heard a voice say, "Don't come any closer to Serena, she is my wife, you idiot!" Serena ran away and I couldn't move because my head hurt a lot. I didn't know how much time later some paramedics were caring for me. "Where is Serena? She is in danger!" I shouted and I got unconscious.

Three weeks later: John had to go to prison and Serena and I had fallen in love with each other.

