

# SCHOOL-SCOUT.DE

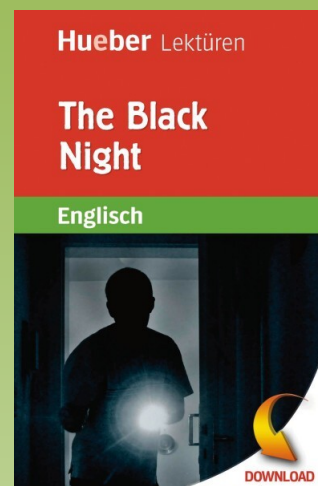
Unterrichtsmaterialien in digitaler und in gedruckter Form

## Auszug aus:

*The Black Night (Niveau: A1), 2. Lernjahr*

Das komplette Material finden Sie hier:

[School-Scout.de](http://School-Scout.de)



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## The Black Night

The pencil in Archie's hand moved quickly across the page. Archie looked up at the picture on the wall in front of him. Then he looked down again at his sketchbook and tried to copy the picture. He drew quickly. He took another pencil from behind his ear and drew some darker, shorter lines. He stopped, looked at his work and smiled.

Archie loved to draw. And he was good at it. The work at school was hard for him. And he hated games. He always dropped the ball or fell over. But he loved to draw.

Archie put his pencil down. His hand was tired. He really needed to go to the toilet too but he didn't want to stop drawing.

He was at the Tateson Art Gallery, in front of his favourite painting – *The Black Night*. He held up his sketchbook and looked at both pictures – his copy and the real one on the wall.

A security guard came into the room. 'The Gallery is closing now, son,' he said. 'It's time for you to go.'

Archie looked up at the guard. Then he looked at the high window at the end of the room. It was dark outside.

'It's raining,' said the guard. 'There's a storm coming.'

'Oh, no,' said Archie. He quickly closed his sketchbook and stood up. 'I have to walk home. I don't want to walk through a storm.'

He grabbed his heavy backpack from the floor and opened it. It was very full and two books fell out. Archie tried to pick them up but he already had three pencils, his sketchbook and the backpack in his hands. He tried to hold

the pencils in his mouth but one of them dropped on the floor.

The security guard tried not to laugh. 'Can I help?' he asked.

'Oh, thanks,' smiled Archie. He gave the guard his sketchbook and took the other books and put them in his backpack.

The security guard opened the sketchbook and looked at Archie's pictures. He looked up at *The Black Night*. Then he looked back at the sketchbook.

'Not bad,' he said. He looked at Archie. 'How old are you?'

'Fourteen.'

The guard looked back at the sketchbook. 'Not bad.'

'Emmett Blake is my favourite artist,' said Archie. He went to the picture on the wall. 'He painted *The Black Night*, you know.'

'Oh, yes?' said the guard. He didn't really know a lot about art.

'Blake is the best,' said Archie. 'He's really good. I want to be a good artist too.'

'You're young,' said the guard. 'You have lots of time to learn.'

'But my mother doesn't have the money for lessons,' said Archie.

'So, you come here and copy the paintings?'

'Yes.'

The security guard looked at *The Black Night*. 'That painting's new,' he said.

'Yes,' said Archie, 'the Gallery only bought it three weeks ago. But it's not a new Blake. He painted it in 1967. He was twenty-eight.'

pulled it. He pushed and pulled and pushed and pulled, but it didn't open. It was stuck. He looked at the bottom of the door. It was only fifteen or twenty centimetres from the floor. He couldn't get out under it. So *he* was stuck too.

'Um...hello?' he called. His voice was very loud in the small room. 'Hello? Can you hear me? I'm stuck in the toilet. The door won't open. I can't get out. Hello?...Night guards, can you hear me?...Hello?'

There was no answer.

Archie called again. 'Hello? I'm in here...I can't get out. Hello?'

Again, there was no answer.

Archie tried the door again but it didn't open. He was stuck in there.

And suddenly all the lights went out.

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