

1 Introduction

This document contains the annotations produced from following one annotation guideline. As each guideline has been applied three times, the same text is shown three times, possibly with diverging annotations.

How to read the annotations The begin and end of each annotated span is marked with an opening and closing bracket, highlighted in yellow. In addition, each span has a unique number (per document and annotator) that is marked as a super script after the bracket. A footnote with the same number shows the category first and all assigned features or attributes following, separated with a plus sign. For convenience, these markings are shown both on the page with the begin and end of the annotation.

2 Own

Theodor Storm The Rider of the White Horse ————— ^{[0} ^{[1} ^{[2} ^{[74} The story that I have to tell came to my knowl- edge more than half a century ago in the house of my great-grandmother, the wife of Senator Feddersen, when, sitting close up to her armchair one day, I was busy reading a number of some magazine bound in blue cardboard, either the Leipziger or Pappes Hamburger Lesefruchte, I have forgotten which. I still recall with a tremor how the old lady of more than eighty years would now and then pass her soft hand caressingly over her great-grandchild's hair. She herself, and that day, have long been buried and I have sought in vain for those old pages, so I can just as little vouch for the truth of the facts as defend them if anyone should question them. Only one thing I can affirm, that although no outward circumstance has since revived them in my mind they have never vanished from my memory. ^{[86} On an October afternoon, in the third decade of our century ^{[87} — thus the narrator began his tale — ^{]87} I was riding in very bad weather along a dike in northern Friesland. For more than an hour I had been passing, on the left, a bleak marsh from which all the cattle had already gone, and, on the right, uncomfortably near, the marsh of the North Sea. A traveler along the dike was supposed to be able to see islets and islands; I saw nothing however but the yellow-gray waves that dashed unceasingly against the dike with what seemed like roars of fury, sometimes splashing me and the horse with dirty foam ; in the background eerie twilight in which earth could not be distinguished from sky, for the moon, which had risen and was now in its second quarter, was covered most of the time by driving clouds. It was icy cold. My benumbed hands could scarcely hold the reins and I did not blame

⁰NARRATOR

¹VOICE_1

²FOC_INT

⁷⁴SCENE

⁸⁶NARRATOR

⁸⁷NARRATOR

⁸⁷NARRATOR

the crows and gulls that, cawing and shrieking, allowed themselves to be borne inland by the storm. Night had begun to fall and I could no longer distinguish my horse's hoofs with certainty; not a soul had met me ; I heard nothing but the screaming of the birds, as their long wings almost brushed against me or my faithful mare, and the raging of wind and water. I do not deny that at times I wished myself in some secure shelter.]⁸⁶

[⁸¹ It was the third day of the storm and I had allowed myself to be detained longer than I should have by a particularly dear relative at his farm in one of the northern parishes. But at last I had to leave. Business was calling me in the town which probably still lay a few hours' ride ahead of me, to the south, and in the afternoon I had ridden away in spite of all my cousin and his kind wife could do to persuade me, and in spite of the splendid home-grown Perinette and Grand Richard apples which were yet to be tried.]⁸²]⁸³]⁸⁴ "Just wait till you get out by the sea," he had called after me

]⁸⁵ from the door,]⁸⁵ "you will turn back then; we will keep your room ready for you!"

]⁸⁴]⁸³]⁸²]⁸¹]⁸⁰ And really, for a moment, as a dark layer of clouds made it grow black as pitch around me and at the same time a roaring gust threatened to sweep both me and my horse away, the thought did flash through my head: "Don't be a fool! Turn back and sit down in comfort with your friends." But then it occurred to me that the way back was longer than the one to my journey's end, and so, drawing the collar of my cloak closer about my ears, I trotted on.]⁸⁰]⁷⁹ But now something was coming along the dike towards me. I heard nothing, but I thought I could distinguish more and more clearly, as a glimmer fell from the young moon, a dark figure, and soon, when it came nearer, I saw that it was riding a long-legged, lean white horse. A dark cloak fluttered about the figure's shoulders and as it flew past two burning eyes looked at me from a pale countenance.]⁷⁹]⁷⁸ Who was it? Why was it here? And now I remembered that I had heard no sound of hoofs nor of the animal's breathing, and yet horse and rider had passed close beside me.]⁷⁸]⁷⁷ Wondering about this I rode on.

⁸⁶NARRATOR

⁸¹NARRATOR

⁸²CHARACTERS

⁸³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Farm people

⁸⁴TURN

⁸⁵NARRATOR

⁸⁵NARRATOR

⁸⁴TURN

⁸³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Farm people

⁸²CHARACTERS

⁸¹NARRATOR

⁸⁰NARRATOR

⁸⁰NARRATOR

⁷⁹NARRATOR

⁷⁹NARRATOR

⁷⁸NARRATOR

⁷⁸NARRATOR

⁷⁷NARRATOR

But I had not much time to wonder; it was already passing me again from behind. It seemed to me as if the flying cloak brushed against me and the apparition shot by as noiselessly as before. Then I saw it farther and farther ahead of me and suddenly it seemed to me as if its shadow was suddenly descending the land-side of the dike.]⁷⁷

[⁷⁶ With some hesitation I followed. When I reached the spot where the figure had disappeared I could see close to the dike, below it and on the land-side, the glistening of water in one of those water-holes which the high tides bore in the earth during a storm and which then usually remain as small but deep-bottomed pools.]⁷⁶ [⁷⁵ The water was remarkably still, even stiller than the protection of the dike would account for. The rider could not have disturbed it; I saw nothing more of him. But I did see something else that I greeted with joy; below me, on the reclaimed land, a number of scattered lights shone. They seemed to come from the long, narrow Friesian houses that stood singly on mounds of different heights; while close before me, halfway up the inside of the dike, stood a large house of the same sort. All its windows on the south side, to the right of the door, were illuminated; behind them I could see people and even thought I could hear them, in spite of the storm. [...]]⁷⁵]⁷⁴ [⁴⁵ [⁷³ Entering I saw about a dozen men sitting at a table which ran along under the windows ; on it stood a bowl of punch over which a particularly stately man seemed to preside.]⁷³ [⁶⁴ I bowed and asked [⁶⁵ [⁷¹ [⁷² to be allowed to sit down with them,]⁷²]⁷¹ [⁶⁹ [⁷⁰ which request was readily granted.]⁷⁰]⁶⁹ [⁶⁶ [⁶⁷ "You are keeping watch here, I suppose," I said, [⁶⁸ turning to the stately man;]⁶⁸ "it is dirty weather outside; the dikes will have all they can

⁷⁷NARRATOR

⁷⁶NARRATOR

⁷⁶NARRATOR

⁷⁵NARRATOR

⁷⁵NARRATOR

⁷⁴SCENE

⁴⁵SCENE

⁷³NARRATOR

⁷³NARRATOR

⁶⁴NARRATOR

⁶⁵CHARACTERS

⁷¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=SEVERAL+Speaker=Narrator

⁷²TURN

⁷²TURN

⁷¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=SEVERAL+Speaker=Narrator

⁶⁹TURN

⁷⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=SEVERAL

⁷⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=SEVERAL

⁶⁹TURN

⁶⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=SEVERAL+Speaker=Narrator

⁶⁷TURN

⁶⁸NARRATOR

⁶⁸NARRATOR

do!"]⁶⁷]⁶⁶]⁶⁵ [...]]⁶⁴]⁵⁹ I soon learnt that my friendly neighbor was the dike- grave. We got into conversation and I began to tell him my singular experience on the dike. He grew attentive and I suddenly noticed that the conversation all around us had ceased.]⁶⁰]⁶²]⁶³ "The rider of the white horse!" exclaimed one of the company]⁶³]⁶²]⁶¹ and all the rest started.]⁶¹]⁶⁰]⁵⁹]⁵⁴ The dikegrave rose.]⁵⁵]⁵⁶]⁵⁷ "You need not be afraid," he said]⁵⁸ across the table ;]⁵⁸ "that does not concern us alone. In the year '17 too it was meant for those on the other side; we'll hope that they are prepared for anything!"]⁵⁷]⁵⁶]⁵⁵]⁵⁴]⁵⁰ Now the shudder ran through me that should properly have assailed me out on the dike.]⁵¹]⁵²]⁵³ "Pardon me," I said, "who and what is this rider of the white horse?"]⁵³]⁵²]⁵¹ [...]]⁵⁰]⁴⁶ The old man looked at me with a smile of understanding.]⁴⁷]⁴⁸]⁴⁹ "Well, then," he said, "in the middle of the last

⁶⁷TURN

⁶⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=SEVERAL+Speaker=Narrator

⁶⁵CHARACTERS

⁶⁴NARRATOR

⁵⁹NARRATOR

⁶⁰CHARACTERS

⁶²TURN

⁶³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=SEVERAL+Speaker=x_i in SEVERAL

⁶³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=SEVERAL+Speaker=x_i in SEVERAL

⁶²TURN

⁶¹NARRATOR

⁶¹NARRATOR

⁶⁰CHARACTERS

⁵⁹NARRATOR

⁵⁴NARRATOR

⁵⁵SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=SEVERAL+Speaker=Dikegrave

⁵⁶TURN

⁵⁷CHARACTERS

⁵⁸NARRATOR

⁵⁸NARRATOR

⁵⁷CHARACTERS

⁵⁶TURN

⁵⁵SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=SEVERAL+Speaker=Dikegrave

⁵⁴NARRATOR

⁵⁰NARRATOR

⁵¹CHARACTERS

⁵²TURN

⁵³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=SEVERAL+Speaker=Narrator

⁵³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=SEVERAL+Speaker=Narrator

⁵²TURN

⁵¹CHARACTERS

⁵⁰NARRATOR

⁴⁶NARRATOR

⁴⁷CHARACTERS

⁴⁸TURN

⁴⁹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Dikegrave

century, or rather, to be more exact, before and after the middle, there was a dikegrave here who understood more about dikes, drains and sluices than peasants and farmers usually do; yet even so it seems hardly to have been enough, for he had read but little of what learned experts have written about such things, and had only thought out his own knowledge for himself from the time he was a little child. You have probably heard, sir, that the Friesians are good at figures and undoubtedly you have heard some talk too about our Hans Mommsen of Fahretoft, who was a peasant and yet could make compasses and chronometers, telescopes and organs. Well, the father of this dikegrave was a bit like that too ; only a bit, to be sure. He had a few fields in the fens where he planted rape and beans, and where a cow grazed. Sometimes in autumn and spring he went out surveying, and in winter when the northwester came and shook his shutters, he sat at home sketching and engraving. His boy generally sat there with him and looked up from his reader or his Bible at his father measuring and calculating, and buried his hand in his blond hair. And one evening he asked his father why that which he had just written had to be just like that and not otherwise, and gave his own opinion about it. But his father, who did not know what answer to give, shook his head and said: "I can't tell you why, it is enough that it is so; and you yourself are mistaken. If you want to know more go up to the attic tomorrow and hunt for a book in the box up there. The man who wrote it was called Euclid ; you can find out from that book."]⁴⁹]⁴⁸]⁴⁷]⁴⁶]⁴⁵

[⁵]⁴⁴ The next day the boy did go up to the attic and soon found the book, for there were not many in the whole house; but his father laughed when the boy laid it down before him on the table. It was a Dutch Euclid, and Dutch, although after all it is half German, was beyond them both.]⁴⁴ [⁴¹]⁴² [⁴³ "Yes, yes," he said, "the book was my father's, he understood it. Isn't there a German one there?"]⁴³]⁴²]⁴¹ [...] [⁴⁰ [...] But wind and sea were not merciful [...]]⁴⁰ [³⁹ The moon looked down from above and illumined the scene ; but on the dike beneath there was no longer any life save that of the savage waters which soon had almost completely covered the old koog. But still

⁴⁹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Dikegrave

⁴⁸TURN

⁴⁷CHARACTERS

⁴⁶NARRATOR

⁴⁵SCENE

⁵SCENE

⁴⁴NARRATOR

⁴⁴NARRATOR

⁴¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Boy

⁴²CHARACTERS

⁴³TURN

⁴³TURN

⁴²CHARACTERS

⁴¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Boy

⁴⁰NARRATOR

⁴⁰NARRATOR

³⁹NARRATOR

the mound where stood Hauke Haien's home rose up out of the swelling flood, the light still shone from there ; and from the upland where the houses gradually grew dark, the solitary light from the church steeple threw its wavering beams across the seething waves. ³⁹ ³⁸ The narrator ceased; I reached out for the filled glass that had long been standing before me ; but I did not put it to my mouth ; my hand remained lying on the table. ³⁸ ³⁵ "That is the story of Hauke Haien," my host began again, " as I had to tell it according to my best knowledge. Our dikegrave's housekeeper, of course, would have made another tale ; for this too people have to report : after the flood the white skeleton of the horse was to be seen again in the moonlight on Jevershallig as before ; everyone in the village believed he saw it. So much is certain: Hauke Haien with his wife and child went down in that flood; I have not been able to find even their graves up in the churchyard; the dead bodies were undoubtedly carried back through the breach by the receding water out to sea, at the bottom of which they gradually were dissolved into their original component parts — thus they had peace from men. But the Hauke Haien Dike still stands now after a hundred years, and tomorrow if you ride to town and don't mind going half an hour out of your way you will have it beneath your horse's hoofs. ³⁶ ³⁷ "The thanks Jewe Manners once promised the builder that the grandchildren should give have not come, as you have seen ; for thus it is, sir : they gave Socrates poison to drink and our Lord Jesus Christ they nailed to the cross ! It is not so easy to do such things as that any longer ; but to make a saint of a man of violence or a malicious bull-necked priest, or to make a ghost or a phantom of night of an able fellow just because he is a whole head above the rest of us – that can be done any day." ³⁷ ³⁶ ³⁵ ³⁰ When the earnest little man had said that he got up and listened at the window. ³¹ ³² ³³ "It is different out there now," he said, ³⁴ and drew the woolen curtain back; it was bright moonlight. ³⁴ "See," he continued, "there are the commissioners coming back, but they are separating, they are going home ; there must have been a break over

³⁹NARRATOR

³⁸NARRATOR

³⁸NARRATOR

³⁵CHARACTERS

³⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=???+Speaker=???

³⁷TURN

³⁷TURN

³⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=???+Speaker=???

³⁵CHARACTERS

³⁰NARRATOR

³¹TURN

³²CHARACTERS

³³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrtor+Speaker=Little man

³⁴NARRATOR

³⁴NARRATOR

on the other side ; the water has fallen.”]³³]³²]³¹]³⁰]²⁶ I looked out beside him; the windows upstairs, where we were, lay above the edge of the dike ; it was as he had said. I took my glass and finished it:]²⁷]²⁸]²⁹ ”I thank you for this evening,” I said; ”I think we can sleep in peace!”]²⁹]²⁸]²⁷]²⁶]²³]²⁴]²⁵ ”That we can,” replied the little man; ”I wish you a good night’s sleep from my heart!”]²⁵]²⁴]²³]¹⁹ In going down I met the dikegrave below in the hall; he wanted to take home with him a map that he had left in the tap-room.]²⁰]²¹]²² ”It’s all over,” he said. ”But our schoolmaster has told you a story of his own, I suppose; he belongs to the rationalists!”]²²]²¹]²⁰]¹⁹]¹⁷]¹⁸ ”He seems to be a sensible man.”]¹⁸]¹⁷]¹⁵]¹⁶ ”Oh yes, certainly; but you can’t mistrust your own eyes after all. And over on the other side, just as I said it would be, the

³³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Little man
³²CHARACTERS
³¹TURN
³⁰NARRATOR
²⁶NARRATOR
²⁷TURN
²⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Host+Speaker=Narrator
²⁹CHARACTERS
²⁹CHARACTERS
²⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Host+Speaker=Narrator
²⁷TURN
²⁶NARRATOR
²³CHARACTERS
²⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Host
²⁵TURN
²⁵TURN
²⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Host
²³CHARACTERS
¹⁹NARRATOR
²⁰TURN
²¹CHARACTERS
²²SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Dikegrave
²²SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Dikegrave
²¹CHARACTERS
²⁰TURN
¹⁹NARRATOR
¹⁷TURN
¹⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Dikegrave+Speaker=Narrator
¹⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Dikegrave+Speaker=Narrator
¹⁷TURN
¹⁵TURN
¹⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Dikegrave

dike is broken!"]¹⁶]¹⁵]¹⁰ I shrugged my shoulders:]¹¹]¹²]¹³]¹⁴ "We will have to take counsel with our pillows about that! Good night, dikegrave!"]¹⁴]¹³]¹²]¹¹]¹⁰]⁶ He laughed.]⁷]⁸]⁹ "Good night !"]⁹]⁸]⁷]⁶]⁵]³]⁴ The next morning, in the most golden of sunlights, which had risen on a wide devastation, I rode along the Hauke Haien Dike down to the town.]⁴]³]²]¹]⁰ ————— THE GERMAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, NEW YORK Copyright 1914. Translator: Mubiel Almon https://ia601409.us.archive.org/13/items/germanclassicsof11franuoft/germanclassicsof11franuoft_djvu.txt

3 Foreign

Theodor Storm The Rider of the White Horse —————]⁰]⁴⁴]⁴⁶ The story that I have to tell came to my knowl- edge more than half a century ago in the house of my great-grandmother, the wife of Senator Feddersen, when, sitting close up to her armchair one day, I was busy reading a number of some magazine bound in blue cardboard, either the Leipziger or Pappes Hamburger Lesefruchte, I have forgotten which. I still recall with a tremor how the old lady of more than eighty years would now and then pass her

¹⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Dikegrave

¹⁵TURN

¹⁰NARRATOR

¹¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Dikegrave+Speaker=Narrator

¹²SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

¹³TURN

¹⁴CHARACTERS

¹⁴CHARACTERS

¹³TURN

¹²SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

¹¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Dikegrave+Speaker=Narrator

¹⁰NARRATOR

⁶NARRATOR

⁷CHARACTERS

⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Dikegrave

⁹TURN

⁹TURN

⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Narrator+Speaker=Dikegrave

⁷CHARACTERS

⁶NARRATOR

⁵SCENE

³NARRATOR

⁴SCENE

⁴SCENE

³NARRATOR

²FOC_INT

¹VOICE_1

⁰NARRATOR

⁰FOC_INT

⁴⁴SCENE

⁴⁶VOICE_1

soft hand caressingly over her great-grandchild's hair. She herself, and that day, have long been buried and I have sought in vain for those old pages, so I can just as little vouch for the truth of the facts as defend them if anyone should question them. Only one thing I can affirm, ⁴⁶ ⁴⁵ that although no outward circumstance has since revived them in my mind they have never vanished from my memory. ⁴⁵ ⁴⁴ ³ ⁴⁰ On an October afternoon, in the third decade of our century — thus the narrator began his tale — I was riding in very bad weather along a dike in northern Friesland. For more than an hour I had been passing, on the left, a bleak marsh from which all the cattle had already gone, and, on the right, uncomfortably near, the marsh of the North Sea. A traveler along the dike was supposed to be able to see islets and islands; I saw nothing however but the yellow-gray waves that dashed unceasingly against the dike with what seemed like roars of fury, sometimes splashing me and the horse with dirty foam ; in the background eerie twilight in which earth could not be distinguished from sky, for the moon, which had risen and was now in its second quarter, was covered most of the time by driving clouds. It was icy cold. My benumbed hands could scarcely hold the reins and I did not blame the crows and gulls that, cawing and shrieking, allowed themselves to be borne inland by the storm. Night had begun to fall and I could no longer distinguish my horse's hoofs with certainty; not a soul had met me ; I heard nothing but the screaming of the birds, as their long wings almost brushed against me or my faithful mare, and the raging of wind and water. I do not deny that at times I wished myself in some secure shelter. It was the third day of the storm and I had allowed myself to be detained longer than I should have by a particularly dear relative at his farm in one of the northern parishes. But at last I had to leave. Business was calling me in the town which probably still lay a few hours' ride ahead of me, to the south, and in the afternoon I had ridden away in spite of all my cousin and his kind wife could do to persuade me, and in spite of the splendid home-grown Perinette and Grand Richard apples which were yet to be tried. ⁴² ⁴³ "Just wait till you get out by the sea," he had called after me from the door, "you will turn back then; we will keep your room ready for you!" ⁴³ ⁴² And really, for a moment, as a dark layer of clouds made it grow black as pitch around me and at the same time a roaring gust threatened to sweep both me and my horse away, the thought did flash through my head: ⁴¹ "Don't be a fool! Turn back and sit down in comfort

⁴⁶VOICE_1

⁴⁵VOICE_1

⁴⁵VOICE_1

⁴⁴SCENE

³VOICE_1

⁴⁰SCENE

⁴²CHARACTERS

⁴³TURN

⁴³TURN

⁴²CHARACTERS

⁴¹CHARACTERS

with your friends.”⁴¹ But then it occurred to me that the way back was longer than the one to my journey’s end, and so, drawing the collar of my cloak closer about my ears, I trotted on.⁴⁰ But now something was coming along the dike towards me. I heard nothing, but I thought I could distinguish more and more clearly, as a glimmer fell from the young moon, a dark figure, and soon, when it came nearer, I saw that it was riding a long-legged, lean white horse. A dark cloak fluttered about the figure’s shoulders and as it flew past two burning eyes looked at me from a pale countenance. Who was it? Why was it here? And now I remembered that I had heard no sound of hoofs nor of the animal’s breathing, and yet horse and rider had passed close beside me.³⁹

³⁸ Wondering about this I rode on. But I had not much time to wonder; it was already passing me again from behind. It seemed to me as if the flying cloak brushed against me and the apparition shot by as noiselessly as before. Then I saw it farther and farther ahead of me and suddenly it seemed to me as if its shadow was suddenly descending the land-side of the dike. With some hesitation I followed. When I reached the spot where the figure had disappeared I could see close to the dike, below it and on the land-side, the glistening of water in one of those water-holes which the high tides bore in the earth during a storm and which then usually remain as small but deep-bottomed pools.³⁸

³⁷ The water was remarkably still, even stiller than the protection of the dike would account for. The rider could not have disturbed it; I saw nothing more of him. But I did see something else that I greeted with joy; below me, on the reclaimed land, a number of scattered lights shone. They seemed to come from the long, narrow Friesian houses that stood singly on mounds of different heights; while close before me, halfway up the inside of the dike, stood a large house of the same sort. All its windows on the south side, to the right of the door, were illuminated; behind them I could see people and even thought I could hear them, in spite of the storm. [...] ³⁷ ³³ Entering I saw about a dozen men sitting at a table which ran along under the windows ; on it stood a bowl of punch over which a particularly stately man seemed to preside. I bowed and asked to be allowed to sit down with them, which request was readily granted. ³⁴ ³⁶ ”You are keeping watch here, I suppose,” ³⁶ I said, turning to the stately man; ³⁵ ”it is

⁴¹CHARACTERS

⁴⁰SCENE

³⁹SCENE

³⁹SCENE

³⁸SCENE

³⁸SCENE

³⁷SCENE

³⁷SCENE

³³SCENE

³⁴TURN

³⁶CHARACTERS

³⁶CHARACTERS

³⁵CHARACTERS

dirty weather outside; the dikes will have all they can do!"]³⁵ [...]]³⁴]³³]²⁶ I soon learnt that my friendly neighbor was the dike- grave. We got into conversation and I began to tell him my singular experience on the dike. He grew attentive and I suddenly noticed that the conversation all around us had ceased.]²⁹]³² "The rider of the white horse!"]³² exclaimed one of the company and all the rest started. The dikegrave rose.]³¹ "You need not be afraid,"]³¹ he said across the table ;]³⁰ "that does not concern us alone. In the year '17 too it was meant for those on the other side; we'll hope that they are prepared for anything!"]³⁰]²⁹ Now the shudder ran through me that should properly have assailed me out on the dike.]²⁸ "Pardon me,"]²⁸ I said,]²⁷ "who and what is this rider of the white horse?"]²⁷ [...]]²⁶]¹]²³ The old man looked at me with a smile of understanding.]²⁵ "Well, then,"]²⁵ he said,]²⁴ "in the middle of the last century, or rather, to be more exact, before and after the middle, there was a dikegrave here who understood more about dikes, drains and sluices than peasants and farmers usually do; yet even so it seems hardly to have been enough, for he had read but little of what learned experts have written about such things, and had only thought out his own knowl- edge for himself from the time he was a little child. You have probably heard, sir, that the Friesians are good at figures and undoubtedly you have heard some talk too about our Hans Mommsen of Fahretoft, who was a peasant and yet could make compasses and chronometers, telescopes and organs. Well, the father of this dikegrave was a bit like that too ; only a bit, to be sure. He had a few fields in the fens where he planted rape and beans, and where a cow grazed. Sometimes in autumn and spring he went out surveying, and in winter when the northwester came and shook his shutters, he sat at home sketching and engraving. His boy generally sat there with him and looked

³⁵CHARACTERS

³⁴TURN

³³SCENE

²⁶SCENE

²⁹TURN

³²CHARACTERS

³²CHARACTERS

³¹CHARACTERS

³¹CHARACTERS

³⁰CHARACTERS

³⁰CHARACTERS

²⁹TURN

²⁸CHARACTERS

²⁸CHARACTERS

²⁷CHARACTERS

²⁷CHARACTERS

²⁶SCENE

¹SCENE

²³TURN

²⁵CHARACTERS

²⁵CHARACTERS

²⁴CHARACTERS

up from his reader or his Bible at his father measuring and calculating, and buried his hand in his blond hair. And one evening he asked his father why that which he had just written had to be just like that and not otherwise, and gave his own opinion about it. But his father, who did not know what answer to give, shook his head and said: "I can't tell you why, it is enough that it is so; and you yourself are mistaken. If you want to know more go up to the attic tomorrow and hunt for a book in the box up there. The man who wrote it was called Euclid ; you can find out from that book." The next day the boy did go up to the attic and soon found the book, for there were not many in the whole house; but his father laughed when the boy laid it down before him on the table. It was a Dutch Euclid, and Dutch, although after all it is half German, was beyond them both. "Yes, yes," he said, "the book was my father's, he understood it. Isn't there a German one there?" [...] [...] But wind and sea were not merciful [...] The moon looked down from above and illumined the scene ; but on the dike beneath there was no longer any life save that of the savage waters which soon had almost completely covered the old koog. But still the mound where stood Hauke Haien's home rose up out of the swelling flood, the light still shone from there ; and from the upland where the houses gradually grew dark, the solitary light from the church steeple threw its wavering beams across the seething waves.]²⁴]²³]²² The narrator ceased; I reached out for the filled glass that had long been standing before me ; but I did not put it to my mouth ; my hand remained lying on the table.]²²]¹⁹]²¹ "That is the story of Hauke Haien,"]²¹ my host began again,]²⁰ " as I had to tell it according to my best knowledge. Our dikegrave's housekeeper, of course, would have made another tale ; for this too people have to report : after the flood the white skeleton of the horse was to be seen again in the moonlight on Jevershallig as before ; everyone in the village believed he saw it. So much is certain: Hauke Haien with his wife and child went down in that flood; I have not been able to find even their graves up in the churchyard; the dead bodies were undoubtedly carried back through the breach by the receding water out to sea, at the bottom of which they gradually were dissolved into their original component parts — thus they had peace from men. But the Hauke Haien Dike still stands now after a hundred years, and tomorrow if you ride to town and don't mind going half an hour out of your way you will have it beneath your horse's hoofs. "The thanks Jewe Manners once promised the builder that the grandchildren should give have not come, as you have seen ; for thus it is, sir : they gave Socrates poison to drink and our Lord Jesus Christ they nailed to the cross ! It is not so easy to do such things as that any longer ; but to make a saint of a man of violence or a malicious bull-necked priest, or to make a ghost or a phantom of night of an able fellow just because he is a whole head above the rest of us — that can be done

²⁴CHARACTERS

²³TURN

²²TURN

²²TURN

¹⁹TURN

²¹CHARACTERS

²¹CHARACTERS

²⁰CHARACTERS

any day.”]²⁰]¹⁹]¹⁵ When the earnest little man had said that he got up and listened at the window.]¹⁸ ”It is different out there now,”]¹⁸ he said, and drew the woollen curtain back; it was bright moonlight.]¹⁷ ”See,”]¹⁷ he continued,]¹⁶ ”there are the commis- sioners coming back, but they are separating, they are going home ; there must have been a break over on the other side ; the water has fallen.”]¹⁶]¹⁵ I looked out beside him; the windows upstairs, where we were, lay above the edge of the dike ; it was as he had said. I took my glass and finished it:]¹⁴ ”I thank you for this evening,”]¹⁴ I said;]¹³ ”I think we can sleep in peace!”]¹³]¹² ”That we can,”]¹² replied the little man;]¹¹ ”I wish you a good night’s sleep from my heart!”]¹¹ In going down I met the dikegrave below in the hall; he wanted to take home with him a map that he had left in the tap-room.]¹⁰ ”It’s all over,”]¹⁰ he said.]⁹ ”But our schoolmaster has told you a story of his own, I suppose; he belongs to the rationalists!”]⁹]⁸ ”He seems to be a sensible man.”]⁸]⁶]⁷ ”Oh yes, certainly; but you can’t mistrust your own eyes after all. And over on the other side, just as I said it would be, the dike is broken!”]⁷]⁶ I shrugged my shoulders:]⁵ ”We will have to take counsel with our pillows about

²⁰CHARACTERS

¹⁹TURN

¹⁵TURN

¹⁸CHARACTERS

¹⁸CHARACTERS

¹⁷CHARACTERS

¹⁷CHARACTERS

¹⁶CHARACTERS

¹⁶CHARACTERS

¹⁵TURN

¹⁴CHARACTERS

¹⁴CHARACTERS

¹³CHARACTERS

¹³CHARACTERS

¹²CHARACTERS

¹²CHARACTERS

¹¹CHARACTERS

¹¹CHARACTERS

¹⁰CHARACTERS

¹⁰CHARACTERS

⁹CHARACTERS

⁹CHARACTERS

⁸CHARACTERS

⁸CHARACTERS

⁶TURN

⁷CHARACTERS

⁷CHARACTERS

⁶TURN

⁵CHARACTERS

that! Good night, dikegrave!”⁵ He laughed. ⁴”Good night !”⁴ ²The next morning, in the most golden of sunlights, which had risen on a wide devastation, I rode along the Hauke Haien Dike down to the town. ³ ² ¹ ⁰ ————— THE GERMAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, NEW YORK Copyright 1914. Translator: Mubiel Almon
https://ia601409.us.archive.org/13/items/germanclassicsof11franuoft/germanclassicsof11franuoft_djvu.txt

4 Student

Theodor Storm The Rider of the White Horse ————— ¹⁰¹ ¹⁰² ¹⁰³ The story that I have to tell came to my knowl- edge more than half a century ago in the house of my great-grandmother, the wife of Senator Feddersen, when, sitting close up to her armchair one day, I was busy reading a number of some magazine bound in blue cardboard, either the Leipziger or Pappes Hamburger Lesefruchte, I have forgotten which. I still recall with a tremor how the old lady of more than eighty years would now and then pass her soft hand caressingly over her great-grandchild’s hair. She herself, and that day, have long been buried and I have sought in vain for those old pages, so I can just as little vouch for the truth of the facts as defend them if anyone should question them. Only one thing I can affirm, that although no outward circumstance has since revived them in my mind they have never vanished from my memory. ¹⁰³ ¹⁰² ¹⁰¹ ⁹⁸ ⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰ On an October afternoon, in the third decade of our century — thus the narrator began his tale — I was riding in very bad weather along a dike in northern Friesland. For more than an hour I had been passing, on the left, a bleak marsh from which all the cattle had already gone, and, on the right, uncomfortably near, the marsh of the North Sea. A traveler along the dike was supposed to be able to see islets and islands; I saw nothing however but the yellow-gray waves that dashed unceasingly against the dike with what seemed like roars of fury, sometimes splashing me and the horse with dirty foam ; in the background eerie twilight in which earth could not be distinguished from sky, for the moon, which had risen and was now in its second quarter, was covered most of the time

⁵CHARACTERS

⁴CHARACTERS

⁴CHARACTERS

²TURN

³VOICE_1

²TURN

¹SCENE

⁰FOC_INT

¹⁰¹NARRATOR

¹⁰²VOICE_1

¹⁰³FOC_INT

¹⁰³FOC_INT

¹⁰²VOICE_1

¹⁰¹NARRATOR

⁹⁸NARRATOR

⁹⁹VOICE_1

¹⁰⁰FOC_INT

by driving clouds. It was icy cold. My benumbed hands could scarcely hold the reins and I did not blame the crows and gulls that, cawing and shrieking, allowed themselves to be borne inland by the storm. Night had begun to fall and I could no longer distinguish my horse's hoofs with certainty; not a soul had met me ; I heard nothing but the screaming of the birds, as their long wings almost brushed against me or my faithful mare, and the raging of wind and water. I do not deny that at times I wished myself in some secure shelter.]¹⁰⁰]⁹⁹]⁹⁸ [⁹⁵ [⁹⁶ [⁹⁷ It was the third day of the storm and I had allowed myself to be detained longer than I should have by a particularly dear relative at his farm in one of the northern parishes. But at last I had to leave. Business was calling me in the town which probably still lay a few hours ' ride ahead of me, to the south, and in the afternoon I had ridden away in spite of all my cousin and his kind wife could do to persuade me, and in spite of the splendid home-grown Perinette and Grand Richard apples which were yet to be tried]⁹⁷ .]⁹⁶]⁹⁵ [⁹³ [⁹⁴ "Just wait till you get out by the sea,"]⁹⁴]⁹³ [⁹⁰ [⁹¹ [⁹² he had called after me from the door]⁹² ,]⁹¹]⁹⁰ [⁸⁸ [⁸⁹ "you will turn back then; we will keep your room ready for you!"]⁸⁹]⁸⁸ [⁸⁵ [⁸⁶ [⁸⁷ And really, for a moment, as a dark layer of clouds made it grow black as pitch around me and at the same time a roaring gust threatened to sweep both me and my horse away, the thought did flash through my head: "Don't be a fool! Turn back and sit down in comfort with your friends." But then it occurred to me that the way back was longer than the one to my journey's end, and so, drawing the collar of my cloak closer about my

¹⁰⁰FOC_INT
⁹⁹VOICE_1
⁹⁸NARRATOR
⁹⁵NARRATOR
⁹⁶FOC_INT
⁹⁷VOICE_1
⁹⁷VOICE_1
⁹⁶FOC_INT
⁹⁵NARRATOR
⁹³TURN
⁹⁴CHARACTERS
⁹⁴CHARACTERS
⁹³TURN
⁹⁰NARRATOR
⁹¹VOICE_1
⁹²FOC_INT
⁹²FOC_INT
⁹¹VOICE_1
⁹⁰NARRATOR
⁸⁸CHARACTERS
⁸⁹TURN
⁸⁹TURN
⁸⁸CHARACTERS
⁸⁵NARRATOR
⁸⁶FOC_INT
⁸⁷VOICE_1

ears, I trotted on]⁸⁷ .]⁸⁶]⁸⁵ [⁸² [⁸³ [⁸⁴ But now something was coming along the dike towards me. I heard nothing, but I thought I could distinguish more and more clearly, as a glimmer fell from the young moon, a dark figure, and soon, when it came nearer, I saw that it was riding a long-legged, lean white horse. A dark cloak fluttered about the figure's shoulders and as it flew past two burning eyes looked at me from a pale countenance. Who was it? Why was it here? And now I remembered that I had heard no sound of hoofs nor of the animal's breathing, and yet horse and rider had passed close beside me. Wondering about this I rode on. But I had not much time to wonder; it was already passing me again from behind. It seemed to me as if the flying cloak brushed against me and the apparition shot by as noiselessly as before. Then I saw it farther and farther ahead of me and suddenly it seemed to me as if its shadow was suddenly descending the land-side of the dike. With some hesitation I followed. When I reached the spot where the figure had disappeared I could see close to the dike, below it and on the land-side, the glistening of water in one of those water-holes which the high tides bore in the earth during a storm and which then usually remain as small but deep-bottomed pools. The water was remarkably still, even stiller than the protection of the dike would account for. The rider could not have disturbed it; I saw nothing more of him. But I did see something else that I greeted with joy; below me, on the reclaimed land, a number of scattered lights shone. They seemed to come from the long, narrow Friesian houses that stood singly on mounds of different heights; while close before me, halfway up the inside of the dike, stood a large house of the same sort. All its windows on the south side, to the right of the door, were illuminated; behind them I could see people and even thought I could hear them, in spite of the storm. [...]]⁸⁴]⁸³]⁸² [⁷⁹ [⁸⁰ [⁸¹ Entering I saw about a dozen men sitting at a table which ran along under the windows ; on it stood a bowl of punch over which a particularly stately man seemed to preside. I bowed and asked to be allowed to sit down with them, which request was readily granted]⁸¹]⁸⁰]⁷⁹ .

⁸⁷VOICE_1

⁸⁶FOC_INT

⁸⁵NARRATOR

⁸²NARRATOR

⁸³VOICE_1

⁸⁴FOC_INT

⁸⁴FOC_INT

⁸³VOICE_1

⁸²NARRATOR

⁷⁹NARRATOR

⁸⁰VOICE_1

⁸¹FOC_INT

⁸¹FOC_INT

⁸⁰VOICE_1

⁷⁹NARRATOR

[77 [78 "You are keeping watch here, I suppose," I said]78]77, [74 [75 [76 turning to the stately man]76]75]74; [72 [73 "it is dirty weather outside; the dikes will have all they can do!"]73]72 [...] [69 [70 [71 I soon learnt that my friendly neighbor was the dikegrave. We got into conversation and I began to tell him my singular experience on the dike. He grew attentive and I suddenly noticed that the conversation all around us had ceased]71]70.]69 [67 [68 "The rider of the white horse!"]68]67 [64 [65 [66 exclaimed one of the company and all the rest started. The dikegrave rose]66]65.]64 [62 [63 "You need not be afraid," he said across the table; "that does not concern us alone. In the year '17 too it was meant for those on the other side; we'll hope that they are prepared for anything!"]63]62 [59 [60 [61 Now the shudder ran through me that should prop-

77TURN
78CHARACTERS
78CHARACTERS
77TURN
74NARRATOR
75FOC_INT
76VOICE_1
76VOICE_1
75FOC_INT
74NARRATOR
72TURN
73CHARACTERS
73CHARACTERS
72TURN
69VOICE_1
70FOC_INT
71NARRATOR
71NARRATOR
70FOC_INT
69VOICE_1
67CHARACTERS
68TURN
68TURN
67CHARACTERS
64VOICE_1
65NARRATOR
66FOC_INT
66FOC_INT
65NARRATOR
64VOICE_1
62TURN
63CHARACTERS
63CHARACTERS
62TURN
59VOICE_1
60NARRATOR
61FOC_INT

erly have assailed me out on the dike]⁶¹ .]⁶⁰]⁵⁹]⁵⁷]⁵⁸ "Pardon me," I said, "who and what is this rider of the white horse?"]⁵⁸]⁵⁷ [...]]⁵⁴]⁵⁵]⁵⁶ The old man looked at me with a smile of understanding]⁵⁶ .]⁵⁵]⁵⁴]⁴⁸]⁴⁹ "Well, then," he said, "in the middle of the last century, or rather, to be more exact, before and after the middle, there was a dikegrave here who understood more about dikes, drains and sluices than peasants and farmers usually do; yet even so it seems hardly to have been enough, for he had read but little of what learned experts have written about such things, and had only thought out his own knowl- edge for himself from the time he was a little child. You have probably heard, sir, that the Friesians are good at figures and undoubtedly you have heard some talk too about our Hans Mommsen of Fahretoft, who was a peasant and yet could make compasses and chronometers, telescopes and organs. Well, the father of this dikegrave was a bit like that too ; only a bit, to be sure. He had a few fields in the fens where he planted rape and beans, and where a cow grazed. Sometimes in autumn and spring he went out surveying, and in winter when the northwester came and shook his shutters, he sat at home sketching and engraving. His boy generally sat there with him and looked up from his reader or his Bible at his father measuring and calcu- lating, and buried his hand in his blond hair. And one evening he asked his father why that which he had just written had to be just like that and not otherwise, and gave his own opinion about it. But his father, who did not know what answer to give, shook his head and said:]⁵²]⁵³ "I can't tell you why, it is enough that it is so; and you your- self are mistaken. If you want to know more go up to the attic tomorrow and hunt for a book in the box up there. The man who wrote it was called Euclid ; you can find out from that book."]⁵³]⁵² The next day the boy did go up to the attic and soon found the book, for there were not many in the whole house; but his father laughed when the boy laid it down before him on the table. It was a Dutch Euclid, and Dutch, although after

⁶¹FOC_INT
⁶⁰NARRATOR
⁵⁹VOICE_1
⁵⁷TURN
⁵⁸CHARACTERS
⁵⁸CHARACTERS
⁵⁷TURN
⁵⁴NARRATOR
⁵⁵FOC_INT
⁵⁶VOICE_1
⁵⁶VOICE_1
⁵⁵FOC_INT
⁵⁴NARRATOR
⁴⁸TURN
⁴⁹CHARACTERS
⁵²CHARACTERS
⁵³TURN
⁵³TURN
⁵²CHARACTERS

all it is half German, was beyond them both. ^[50] ^[51] "Yes, yes," he said, "the book was my father's, he understood it. Isn't there a German one there?" ^{]51} ^{]50} ^{]49} ^{]48} [...] ^[45] ^[44] ^[47] But wind and sea were not merciful ^{]47} [...] ^[46] The moon looked down from above and illumined the scene ; but on the dike beneath there was no longer any life save that of the savage waters which soon had almost completely covered the old koog. But still the mound where stood Hauke Haien's home rose up out of the swelling flood, the light still shone from there ; and from the upland where the houses gradually grew dark, the solitary light from the church steeple threw its wavering beams across the seething waves. ^{]46} ^{]45} ^{]44} ^[41] ^[42] ^[43] The narrator ceased; I reached out for the filled glass that had long been standing before me ; but I did not put it to my mouth ; my hand remained lying on the table. ^{]43} ^{]42} ^{]41} ^[39] " ^[40] That is the story of Hauke Haien," my host began again, " as I had to tell it according to my best knowledge. Our dikegrave's housekeeper, of course, would have made another tale ; for this too people have to report : after the flood the white skeleton of the horse was to be seen again in the moonlight on Jevershallig as before ; everyone in the village believed he saw it. So much is certain: Hauke Haien with his wife and child went down in that flood; I have not been able to find even their graves up in the churchyard; the dead bodies were undoubtedly carried back through the breach by the receding water out to sea, at the bottom of which they gradually were dissolved into their original component parts — thus they had peace from men. But the Hauke Haien Dike still stands now after a hundred years, and tomorrow if you ride to town and don't mind going half an hour out of your way you will have it beneath your horse's hoofs. "The thanks Jewe Manners once promised the builder that the grandchildren should give have not come, as you have seen ; for thus it is, sir : they gave Socrates poison to drink and our Lord Jesus Christ they nailed to the

⁵⁰TURN

⁵¹CHARACTERS

⁵¹CHARACTERS

⁵⁰TURN

⁴⁹CHARACTERS

⁴⁸TURN

⁴⁵VOICE_3

⁴⁴FOC_UNR

⁴⁷NARRATOR

⁴⁷NARRATOR

⁴⁶NARRATOR

⁴⁶NARRATOR

⁴⁵VOICE_3

⁴⁴FOC_UNR

⁴¹NARRATOR

⁴²FOC_INT

⁴³VOICE_1

⁴³VOICE_1

⁴²FOC_INT

⁴¹NARRATOR

³⁹TURN

⁴⁰CHARACTERS

cross ! It is not so easy to do such things as that any longer ; but to make a saint of a man of violence or a malicious bull-necked priest, or to make a ghost or a phantom of night of an able fellow just because he is a whole head above the rest of us – that can be done any day.”]⁴⁰]³⁹ [³⁶ [³⁷ [³⁸ When the earnest little man had said that he got up and listened at the window.]³⁸]³⁷]³⁶ [³⁴ ” [³⁵ It is different out there now,”]³⁵]³⁴ [³¹ [³² [³³ he said, and drew the woollen curtain back; it was bright moonlight]³³]³² .]³¹ [²⁹ [³⁰ ”See,” he continued, ”there are the commis- sioners coming back, but they are separating, they are going home ; there must have been a break over on the other side ; the water has fallen.”]³⁰]²⁹ [²⁶ [²⁷ [²⁸ I looked out beside him; the windows upstairs, where we were, lay above the edge of the dike ; it was as he had said. I took my glass and finished it:]²⁸]²⁷]²⁶ [²⁴ [²⁵ ”I thank you for this evening,” I said; ”I think we can sleep in peace!”]²⁵]²⁴ [²² [²³ ”That we can,” replied the little man; ”I

⁴⁰CHARACTERS
³⁹TURN
³⁶NARRATOR
³⁷FOC_INT
³⁸VOICE_1
³⁸VOICE_1
³⁷FOC_INT
³⁶NARRATOR
³⁴CHARACTERS
³⁵TURN
³⁵TURN
³⁴CHARACTERS
³¹NARRATOR
³²FOC_INT
³³VOICE_1
³³VOICE_1
³²FOC_INT
³¹NARRATOR
²⁹CHARACTERS
³⁰TURN
³⁰TURN
²⁹CHARACTERS
²⁶FOC_INT
²⁷VOICE_1
²⁸NARRATOR
²⁸NARRATOR
²⁷VOICE_1
²⁶FOC_INT
²⁴CHARACTERS
²⁵TURN
²⁵TURN
²⁴CHARACTERS
²²CHARACTERS
²³TURN

wish you a good night's sleep from my heart!"]²³]²² [¹⁹]²⁰]²¹ In going down I met the dikegrave below in the hall; he wanted to take home with him a map that he had left in the tap-room]²¹]²⁰]¹⁹ . [¹⁸]¹⁷ "It's all over," he said. "But our schoolmaster has told you a story of his own, I suppose; he belongs to the rationalists!"]¹⁸]¹⁷ [¹⁵]¹⁶ "He seems to be a sensible man."]¹⁶]¹⁵ [¹³]¹⁴ "Oh yes, certainly; but you can't mistrust your own eyes after all. And over on the other side, just as I said it would be, the dike is broken!"]¹⁴]¹³ [¹⁰]¹¹]¹² I shrugged my shoulders]¹²]¹¹]¹⁰ : [⁹ " [⁸ We will have to take counsel with our pillows about that! Good night, dikegrave!"]⁹]⁸

²³TURN
²²CHARACTERS
¹⁹NARRATOR
²⁰FOC_INT
²¹VOICE_1
²¹VOICE_1
²⁰FOC_INT
¹⁹NARRATOR
¹⁸TURN
¹⁷CHARACTERS
¹⁸TURN
¹⁷CHARACTERS
¹⁵TURN
¹⁶CHARACTERS
¹⁶CHARACTERS
¹⁵TURN
¹³CHARACTERS
¹⁴TURN
¹⁴TURN
¹³CHARACTERS
¹⁰FOC_INT
¹¹NARRATOR
¹²VOICE_1
¹²VOICE_1
¹¹NARRATOR
¹⁰FOC_INT
⁹TURN
⁸CHARACTERS
⁹TURN
⁸CHARACTERS

[⁵ [⁶ [⁷ He laughed]⁷]⁶ .]⁵ [³ [⁴ "Good night !"]⁴]³ [⁰ [¹ [² The next morning, in the most golden of sunlights, which had risen on a wide devastation, I rode along the Hauke Haien Dike down to the town]²]¹ .]⁰ ————— THE GERMAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, NEW YORK Copyright 1914. Translator: Mubiel Almon
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⁵FOC_INT
⁶NARRATOR
⁷VOICE_1
⁷VOICE_1
⁶NARRATOR
⁵FOC_INT
³CHARACTERS
⁴TURN
⁴TURN
³CHARACTERS
⁰NARRATOR
¹FOC_INT
²VOICE_1
²VOICE_1
¹FOC_INT
⁰NARRATOR