



Die Kleine grinst nur müde. Da!
Aus ihrem roten Stretch-BH³
zieht sie 'ne Krarre und macht „Bum“
und legt den Menschenfresser um.
(Oft ließ sie auch nach Wrestlerart
ihr Kampfgewicht, mit Schwung gepaart,
auf ihre Gegner niederprallen –
und manchmal ihren Cocktail knallen!
Nicht den mit Krabben oder so –
nein! Den von Molotow⁴ und Co.!!)

Moral

Und die Moral von dem Gedicht
und was wir lernen, nun, ist schlicht
und einfach dies, ihr lieben Leute:
Ein zwölfjähriges Mädchen heute
ist nicht mehr das, das ist ganz klar,
was es vor fünfzig Jahr'n mal war.

³ Dehnbares Busenbehältnis für die moderne Frau von heute.

⁴ Schon die alten Römer kannten die zerstörerische Kraft der Ampel.

Little Red Biking Hood



Hoodie's mum:

I think I cannot stir from here.
My head is splitting, Hoodie dear,
You know, I have been endlessly
sitting in front of my PC.
I've typed no less than eighty-nine
full pages. Therefore, Hoodie mine,
I cannot go and visit Gran
myself ...

Hoodie:

No problem, mum – I can!
I've not been doing much today.
I've only washed my negligée
and cooked a ready-to-serve meal –
a pizza *Roma*, no big deal!

Narrator:

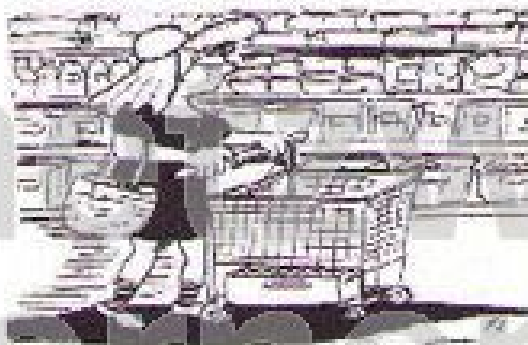
It was only a mini-hop
from Hoodie's to the mega-shop.
And so, soon after, Little Hood
was buying supermarket food.
As she was pushing down her trolley
and sucking a big *Kojak* lolly,
Wolf touched her shoulder and said

Wolf:
Who,
my little girl in red, are you?
I've never seen you here before.

Hoodie:
I live in Park Lane 6, 10th floor.
I'm Biking Hood, the chopper fan!
I have an old neurotic gran
whose caravan stands in the wood –
and I am bringing her her food ...

Narrator:
said Hoodie, silly as could be.
And Wolfie, right immediately,
he wasn't quite a gentleman,
dashed off and hatched a cruel plan,
as Hoodie filled three plastic bags
with wine and schnapps and beer and fags.
Her grandmamma, the silly goose,
was always getting drunk on booze
and she was constantly, you bet,
a-playing Russian lung roulette!

Okay, Young Hoodie filled three bags
with wine and schnapps and beer and fags
and BSE-free chops and steaks
and Igloo fish sticks, griddlecakes,
and she bought vinegar and rum
and pepper, salt and chewing gum
and cheese and butter and the like –
and hurried to her motor bike.



Red Hoodie's Granny Emily
lived in a second-hand RV,
I mentioned it a bow, that stood
right in the middle of the wood.
Being a woman old as hell,
she frequently felt quite unwell
and thus lay down on her chaise-longue
and launched into her patho-song:

Granny

(slurping wine and sarcastically singing to the tune of "I Am Sailing"):

I've been suffering
from arthritis
now for more than
twenty years,
from cold feet, bad
eyes, carditis
and from partial
deafness. *(Lifting her glass)* – Cheers!
For ten years now
or eleven
I've had half my
stomach out,
and I've owned since
'87
a new kidney
from a kraut.

Narrator:

No sooner did this sombre song
ebb off than Wolfie came along
the way which led to Hoodie's gran –
or rather to her caravan.

Wolf:

Oh, God, I'm starving!

Narrator:

he was yelping.

Wolf:

It's time I had a decent helping!
I'm dying for a piece of meat! –
If only I'd a steak to eat!
I wouldn't mind if it were tough.
I'm also a big pasta buff.
Oh God, I wish I knew where I
could get a juicy pizza pie!

I can't remember when I last
ate a good meal. – The die is cast:
I have decided not to die
of malnutrition – no, not!!
Red Hoodie told me that her gran
inhabited a caravan,
one made by WILK AND CO., that stood
right in the middle of the wood

netzwerk
lernen

www.netzwerk-lernen.de

netzwerk
lernen

www.netzwerk-lernen.de



netzwerk
lernen

Praxis-Schule 1

zur Vollversion