

Produktion der Hypertexte von Deutschlernern – kanadische Lerner erzählen *Rotkäppchen*

Die verbreitete deutschsprachige Variante des Märchens Rotkäppchen weist eine detailreiche Auflistung der Phasen der Überlistung des Wolfes bis hin zu seinem Todessturz in den Brunnen auf. Deutschlerner, die dieses Märchen – oft mit eigener Kreativität – auf Deutsch erzählen, projizieren meist wesentliche Komponenten der ihnen bekannten, vom Deutschen abweichenden Version in den Hypertext. Das zeigen die folgenden Beispiele aus einem Deutschkurs in Kanada.

Beispiel 1:

Prescription
by Silvana Pagnotta

PATIENT: Little Red Riding Hood

BLOOD TYPE: 0

ALLERGIES: reactions to flowers – no contact with pollen permitted, will offset asthma

PATIENT HISTORY: admitted late Sunday afternoon – transferred from small community hospital in the big woods; suffering minor head wound and laceration on the right forearm; suffered asthma attack after picking flowers for grandmother – upon arrival at grandmother's attacked by wolf; suffering mental disturbances from wolf eating grandmother. One witness, Hunter, rescued both by cutting wolf's stomach open. Little Red suffered laceration during rescue.

MEDICATION: ventilan 2x daily

Beispiel 2:

Little Red Riding Hood in Freudian Terms
by Kristin Semmens

A letter to Sigmund Freud from a woman who is puzzled by a dream she often has:

Dear Dr. Freud,

I am in great confusion over a recurrent dream and was hoping you might be able to explain its significance.

In my dream I am a young girl again. The dream begins when my mother orders me to take a basket of goodies to my grandmother, who is very ill. My mother fills the basket with a sausage, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine. I then set off through the woods. On the way, I inevitably meet a wolf, who persuades me to pick a bouquet of flowers for my grandmother.

Upon entering my grandmother's house, I am shocked by her rather bestial appearance. I feel compelled to ask why she has such big eyes, big ears, and a big mouth. Suddenly I realize that it is the wolf in front of me. He then swallows me whole, as he had my grandmother.

Soon, however, a hunter enters the cottage. He opens the wolf's stomach with a long, long knife, thereby saving me and my grandmother. Then I wake up. Can you help?

Sincerely,

Mrs. R. Hood