

**Abiturprüfung 2004**  
**Gymnasium Haus Overbach, 52428 Jülich**  
**Grundkurs Englisch/ Brodeck**

**Vorschlag I**

**Aufgabe für das 3. Abiturfach**

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**Aufgabe**

literarischer Text, Aufgabenart A 1/A 2

**Fundstelle des Textes**

Excerpt from Ray Bradbury: *Night Call*, *Collect* in: I Sing the Body Electric (1969)

**Wortzahl:** 552 Wörter

**Text:** siehe unten

**Annotations:**

Introductory remark: Young technician Emil Barton has used his skills (and his unlimited time) to build a telephone system that enables him to communicate with himself.

**47** relay – piece of electrical equipment that receives signals and sends them on

**Arbeitsanweisungen:**

- 1) Outline the futuristic setting and plot elements of the text. [Orientation/Context]
- 2) How are the protagonist's reactions to the unusual situation he has to face reflected in the language and the literary means used by the author? [Analysis]
- 3) You have a choice here:
  - a) What are the options for Bradbury to continue his short story? Make suggestions that are in line with the overall message that the story is supposed to have. [Evaluation]
  - b) Imagine being Bradbury's ghost writer. Write a continuation of the story that indicates what could eventually happen to Barton. [Creative writing]

**Hilfsmittel:** Einsprachiges Wörterbuch

" . . Barton. "

Someone called his name.

No. Some thing buzzed and made a noise of crickets and cicadas in far desertlands.

Barton? he thought. Why . . . why that's *me!*

5 He hadn't heard anyone say his name in so long he had quite forgot. He was not one for  
ambling about calling himself by name. He had never-

"Barton," said the phone. "Barton. Barton. Barton."

"Shut up!!" he cried.

And kicked the receiver and bent sweating, panting, to put the phone back on its cradle.

10 No sooner did he do this than the damned thing rang again.

This time he made a fist around it, squeezed it, as if to throttle the sound, but at last,  
seeing his knuckles burn color away to whiteness, let go and picked up the receiver.

"Barton," said a far voice, a billion miles away.

He waited until his heart had beat another three times and then said:

15 "Barton here," he said.

"Well, well," said the voice, only a million miles away now. "Do you know who this is?"

"Christ," said the old man. "The first call I've had in half a lifetime, and we play games."

"Sorry. How stupid of me. Of course you wouldn't recognize your own voice on the  
telephone. No one ever does. We are accustomed, all of us, to hearing our voice conducted  
20 through the bones of our head. Barton, this is Barton."

"What?"

"Who did you think it was?" said the voice. "A rocket captain? Did you think someone  
had come to rescue you?"

"No."

25 "What's the date?"

"July 20, 2097."

"Good Lord. Fifty years! Have you been sitting there *that* long waiting for a rocket to  
come from Earth?"

The old man nodded.

30 "Now, old man, do you know who I am?"

"Yes." He trembled. "I remember. We are one. I am Emil Barton and you are Emil  
Barton."

"With one difference. You're eighty, I'm only twenty. All of life before me!"

35 The old man began to laugh and then to cry. He sat holding the phone like a lost and silly  
child in his fingers. The conversation was impossible, and should not be continued, yet he  
went on with it. When he got hold of himself he held the phone close and said, "You there!  
Listen, oh God, if I could warn you! How can I? You're only a voice. If I could show you  
how lonely the years are. End it, kill yourself! Don't wait! If you knew what it is to change  
from the thing you are to the thing that is me, today, here, now, at *this* end."

40 "Impossible!" The voice of the young Barton laughed, far away. "I've no way to tell if  
you ever get this call. This is all mechanical. You're talking to a transcription, no more.  
This is 2037. Sixty years in your past. Today, the atom war started on Earth. All colonials  
were called home from Mars, by rocket. I got left behind!"

"I remember," whispered the old man.

45 "Alone on Mars," laughed the young voice. "A month, a year, who cares? There are  
foods and books. In my spare time I've made transcription libraries of ten thousand words,  
responses, my voice, connected to phone relays. In later months I'll call, have someone to  
talk with."