

Two German Gentlemen  
Written using only the words from a selection of  
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther*

There were two German gentlemen. I can't completely remember everything about them, but one was Mr. Body and the other was Mr. Soul. One, Mr. Body, was unattractive and clumsy, and the other, Mr. Soul, was valiant and honest. The two were astute, and my poor ideas about the two faded like lightning as they began to dance to the harmony of the music.

The two gentlemen danced, with me wholly absorbed by their dance. How excellent they danced! The two were wrapped in each other's arms, the two wound around each other and illuminated the ballroom—the moment was lost to the two German Gentleman. It was a pleasure to see, not a second was lost. An unattractive gentleman and a valiant gentleman... How they moved in harmony. It was glorious. The two could go on and on. It *went* on and on. I was happy. One could not *not* appreciate their dance! Surely such movements would move any soul! The dance of the two German gentlemen!

It was a pleasure! I had to ask to be assured that the moment was not a dream. The moment could go on for every second of my life. Stay, German gentlemen, stay! I was beside myself—I could not walk away, everything around me faded—everything but the two German gentlemen!

With what fashion the two moved—how the two managed I do not know. The gentlemen were not human—no! The Germans were above human! My breath, my heart—it was all hooked by Mr. Body and Mr. Soul.

It was as if the moment would never end, but the world faded when their dance came to an end. The music came to an end—it all came to an end. The two gentlemen

were so amiable, and promised another dance on request, but Mr. Wilhelm came by and escorted the two away. So, the two left, and I was left with a glorious moment in my heart.

I moved to the hall to catch my breath, after the demanding Mr. Wilhelm had escorted the two out. There were no words that could convey the meaning of the moment as I had felt it. It had truly illuminated my soul as it did the ballroom. The pavilion that day was filled with charm, I swear on my life. Everything was happy—to be left unaffected by the moment would claim one to not be human. But I am human! And I will always remember the Mr. Body and Mr. Soul that Mr. Wilhelm escorted away. I will always remember the dance of the two German gentlemen.