



This is the first part of a story.
Read it and then... recreate it!



Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

Your notes might be Mindmap, Table Drawing, etc.

Putty Club

„I understand that you boys have formed some sort of a club. I am told that it is called the Putty Club or something like that. The one who told me has also given me the membership list. You are the members. Am I right?”

No one replied. All hung their heads and stood in silence as a token of their admission.

The professor resumed his indictment: „But let’s go about this in the proper sequence. First of all I want to know who founded the club – because you know how explicitly I forbade the forming of any kind of a club. Now, then, who did it?”

Continued silence. Then a timid voice: „It was Weisz!”

Professor Rácz looked at Weisz sternly: „Weisz! Can’t you speak up for yourself?”

„Yes, sir, I can.”

„Then why didn’t you?” Poor Weisz did not know what to say. Professor Rácz lit a cigar and blew puffs of smoke in the air.

„Very well. Let us go on” he said. „Suppose you first tell me what putty is?” In reply Weisz produced from a pocket a big ball and placed it on the table. For a while he gazed at it, then in an almost inaudible tone he declared:

„That’s putty.”

„And what might that be?” the professor inquired

„That’s a sort of paste used by glaziers to fasten window panes. The glazier smears it on and we scrape it off with our fingernails.”

„And did you scrape this together?”

No, sir. This is club property.

The professor’s eyes grew wider: „How is that?”

Weisz became somewhat bolder as he explained: „This, you see, sir, was collected by all the members and the executive board appointed me official custodian. Before that it was in charge of Kolnay, who was also treasurer. But he let it dry up. He never chewed on it.

Is that what is done?”

Yes, sir. Otherwise it would become hard and then we couldn’t squeeze it any more. I used to chew it everyday.

Why you?”

Because it says in the bylaws that the president has to chew the club putty at least once a day, to keep it from drying up... Here Weisz burst into tears. Whimpering he added: „And I’m the president now...”

The atmosphere was tense. The professor sternly said: „Where did you all gather enough for this big ball?”

More silence. The professor looked at Kolnay: „Kolnay, where did you get it?”

Kolnay sputtered his reply, as if anxious to help matters by a frank confession: You see, sir, we’ve had this a month already. I did the chewing for a week, but it was smaller then. The first piece was got by Weisz.

THE PAUL STREET BOYS PUTTY CLUB



S3 T1
L2



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That's when we organized the club. One day he went riding with his father and scraped the putty off the carriage windows. It made his fingers bleed. Soon after that the window in the auditorium broke and I went there and waited all afternoon till the glazier came. I spoke to him - asked him for some putty, but he didn't answer. He couldn't answer because his beak was full of putty. „;The professor was shocked into wrinkling his eyebrows. What sort of talk is this? Only birds have beaks! „ Well, then, his mouth was full. He was chewing it, „ too. Then I asked him to let me watch him fix the window. He winked that it was all right with him. And so I watched until he finished the job and went away. After he was gone, I scraped the putty off and took it away. But I wasn't stealing it for myself. . .it was for the club. . .for the. . .cl-uh-uh-uh-b... He, too, was crying. Don't cry, said Professor Rác. Weisz was plucking at his lapels and, in his embarrassment, found it necessary to observe:

He bawls for the least little thing...

But Kolnay went on, sobbing heart-rendingly. Weisz whispered to him: Stop your bawling! And he, too, burst into tears.

This wholesale blubbering moved Professor Rác to sympathy. He puffed at his cigar uneasily.

Now Csele, dapper little Csele, stepped out of line and proudly walked up to the professor. He was resolved to prove himself as steadfastly Roman as Boka had been on the ground some days ago. He spoke resolutely: I brought the club some putty, too.

Proudly he met the professor's look. The latter ventured to ask: "Where from?"

"From home, „;Csele replied. „;I broke the bird's bath. Mother had it repaired and I picked off the putty right away. Of course, all the water leaked out when the canary was getting its bath. But why should these birds be given baths? Look at the sparrows. They never bathe, yet they're not dirty.

Professor Rác leaned forward in his chair. Ominously he said: "You're much too flippant today, but I'll take care of you! Kolnay, continue where you left off! „;

Kolnay was still whimpering and sniveling. He wiped his nose. What am I to continue?

Where did the rest of the putty come from?

Why, Csele just told you... And the club once gave me sixty krajcars to buy some.

This did not at all appeal to Professor Rác's sense of humour. So you bought some for money, eh?

No, sir, said Kolnay. My dad is a doctor and every morning rides by cab to call on his patients. One day he took me along and I scraped some putty off the cab windows. It was real soft putty. The club decided to give me six six-penny coins to ride around in the same cab. I did it that same afternoon. I rode to the end of the city and got all the putty from the four windows.