



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

## The Grund—the sawmill

The grund. . . You handsome, robust country lads of the wide open spaces, who need only step outside your doors to be close to limitless meadows, under a marvellous vast canopy of blue; you, whose eyes have grown accustomed to great distances; you, who are not trapped in tenements— you cannot possibly know what a vacant lot means to a city-bred child. To the child of Budapest, it is his open country, his grassland, his plains. To him it spells freedom and boundlessness, this plot of ground that is hedged about by a rickety fence on one side, and by rearing walls stabbing skyward. By now even this grund on Paul Street has its mournful many-storied apartment house, none of whose tenants is aware that this morsel of ground once was the play-ground of school boys. At the time of our story, the grund itself was empty —which may be expected of a vacant lot. Its fence ran along the Paul Street side. Two tall buildings bordered it left and right, and in the rear... yes, it was the rear section which rendered this grund most attractive, magnificent. Here, it should be noted, it was adjoined by another spacious site. This was under lease to a saw mill concern, and the lot was thickly strewn with piles of lumber. Here stacks of firewood formed symmetrical blocks, and among these huge blocks ran little alleys. It was a veritable labyrinth. Some three-score narrow little streets intersecting each other among mute and dark stacks of wood. It was no easy matter to find your way in this maze. But he who did manage to struggle through found himself within a small clearing in the middle of which stood a tiny hut. Within it was housed the steam-saw. It was a strange, eerie little house. It was completely covered by wild grapevines. Its graceful black chimney puffed through green foliage; at regular intervals and with clock-like regularity its clear white vapours issued forth. At such times one listening from a distance might have inferred it to be a locomotive, somewhere among the wood piles, in the throes of getting started.



*Take notes of the most important informations from the text!*

*Your notes might be Mindmap, Table Drawing, etc.*

# THE PAUL STREET BOYS THE GRUND THE SAWMILL



S3 T3  
L2



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All about the hut stood big, clumsy vans. From time to time one of these vans would back toward the eaves, producing a creaking sound. Directly under the eaves was a small window and out of this window extended a wooden trough. As the van stopped near the window, out of the trough there suddenly began to dribble a mass of kindling wood; it fairly poured into the big van. And as the van was filled to the top, the driver gave a shout. Thereupon the little chimney ceased its puffing, within the hut immediate silence ensued and, at the bidding of their master, the horses started off with their load. Another van - hungry and empty - rolled up to the little window and the black iron chimney resumed its vomiting, the dribbling of kindling wood was heard again.

Thus it went on, year in year out. Whatever wood had been cut into bits by the buzz-saw within the hut was invariably replaced by fresh loads hauled by those big vans. In that way the vast yard was never without its wood stacks and the buzz-saw never ceased to shriek. In front of the hut stood a number of stunted mulberry trees; at the foot of one of these a rough wooden shack. In it lived the night watchman, a Slovakian, who was held responsible for possible thefts and fires in the yard.

Chapter two (page 22-25)