



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 Putty Club. Now, then, who did it?”

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

„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 him, 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: The first piece was got by Weisz. That’s when we organized the club. One day he went riding with his father and scraped the putty off the carriage windows. Soon after that the window in the auditorium broke and I went there and waited all afternoon till the glazier came, and 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.

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.