

THE PAUL STREET BOYS PLAYING WITH MARBLES EINSTAND



S3 T2
L2



This is the second 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.*

Einstand

“Yesterday in the museum, they did EINSTAND again!”

„Who did it?”

„Why, those Pásztor boys.”

„How did it all happen?”

„The einstand, you mean?”

„Yes. When and where?”

„Yesterday afternoon in the museum.”

By „museum” was meant the lawn surrounding that public institution.

„Well then, suppose you tell us the whole story, exactly how everything happened. We must know the truth, if we are to do anything about it.”

Nemecsek became excited at the thought of being the central character in an incident of great importance. Such distinction was rarely his lot. To most people, little Nemecsek was thin air. No one ever paid much attention to him. He was an insignificant, lean and weak-kneed youngster. It was probably this very inferiority which made him an ideal victim. Now he began to tell his tale, and the rest of the boys put their heads together.

„It was like this” he said. „After luncheon we went out to the museum. I mean Weisz, Richter, Kolnay, Barabás and myself. And all of us did play marbles against the wall. Everyone had a chance to roll a marble and the fellow whose ball struck one already rolled took the whole pot.

The game had gone around several times. There must have been at least fifteen marbles at the wall. I think two of them were glassies. Suddenly we heard Richter yell: ‘That finishes it, here come the Pásztor boys!’ The Pásztor boys were just coming around the corner, with hands stuck in their pockets and their heads down low. They came so slowly that all of us got scared. What difference did it make that we were five against the two of them? They are strong enough to lick ten of us.

So, as I say, they kept coming nearer and nearer and had their eyes on the marbles all the time. Said I to Kolnay: ‘They seem to have taken a liking to our marbles.’ Weisz was the smartest of us because he had said right away: ‘They’re coming, all right. There, einstand in the air!’ Honestly, I didn’t think they would hurt us, because we had never bothered them.

And at first they really didn’t do anything to us. They only watched the game. Then Kolnay whispered to me: ‘Let’s stop now.’ And I said: ‘I should say not, not right after you’ve rolled a blank! It’s my turn. If I win, we’ll stop.’ Meanwhile, Richter had to roll, but I saw his hand tremble with fear. He kept one eye on the Pásztors and, of course, he missed. But the Pásztors did not budge. They only stood there with hands stuck into their pockets.

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Then I rolled. It was a strike. That made me the winner of all the marbles. I was about to go over to gather them up. There must have been about thirty in all. Just then one of the Pásztor boys jumped in front of me. It was the younger one, and he cried 'EINSTAND!' I turned my head and saw Kolnay and Barabas beating it away. Weisz stood near the wall. He was very pale. Richter was deliberating what to do. I tried to reason with them. I remember saying: 'Excuse me, but you have no right to this.' By this time, the older Pásztor had nearly finished picking up the marbles and putting them in his pocket. The younger one grabbed the front of my jacket and shouted: 'Didn't you hear me say EINSTAND?' After that, of course, I didn't say another word. Weisz began to bawl. Kolnay and Kende peeped back from around the corner of the museum to see what was happening. And the Pásztor boys picked up all the marbles. Then, without another murmur, they went away. That's all."

„It's unheard of!" said Geréb in indignation.

Chapter 1 (page 16–19)