

# THE PAUL STREET BOYS HECTOR GIVES SIGNAL



S3 T4  
L2



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

## Hector gives signal



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

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

At half past two that afternoon there was not yet a soul on the ground. Shortly after half past two, the Paul Street gate creaked on its hinges, admitting Nemecek. Out of his pocket he drew a large slice of bread, gazed about and, after convincing himself that there was no one present, fell to munching the crust of his bread.

For a while he continued to nibble at his bread then, feeling somewhat bored, went roaming among the woodpiles. Meandering about in this fashion, he suddenly came upon the watchman's dog.

„Here, Hector!” he called; but Hector manifested no inclination to return this amiable greeting. All that he deigned was a fleeting wag of the tail. With that he sprinted away, barking viciously. Nemecek dashed after him. Hector stopped at one of the wood stacks and continued to bark

vehemently. The stack was one of those on which were perched the boys' fortresses. On top of this stack was a citadel built of logs; on it was a slender stick, from the tip of which fluttered a tiny red-green bunting. Hector leapt about the fortress and barked incessantly.

„What's the trouble?” said the sandy lad to the dog, for there was a great friendship between them – perhaps because Hector was the only other private in their army.

Nemecek peered at the fortress above. He saw no one, but felt certain that someone was stumbling about up there. And so he began to clamber up, his legs braced against protruding logs. He was about midway when he clearly heard someone shifting pieces of wood directly overhead. His heart began to thump and suddenly he felt an urge to turn back. But looking down, he saw Hector below, and that gave him fresh courage.

„Don't be afraid, Nemecek” he said to himself and continued cautiously to climb upward. At every landing he thought it necessary to encourage himself. Over and over again he said: „Don't be scared Nemecek”.

And he reached the top of the woodpile. There he murmured a final „Don't be afraid, Nemecek”. He was about to step across the narrow fortress wall, but the foot he raised suddenly remained suspended in the air. So frightened was he that he merely exclaimed: „Jesus!”

Pell-mell he clambered back down along the parapets. Upon reaching the ground, his heart palpitated furiously. He looked up to the fortress. There he saw, standing beside the flag, his right foot resting on a rampart, Feri Áts – terrible Feri Áts – arch-foe of the Paul Street Boys and leader of their rival gang. His scarlet, baggy blouse fluttered in the wind. There was a smirk on his face.

Nemecek really was afraid, so much so that he ran away. By the time Nemecek ventured to look back, Feri Áts' crimson blouse was no longer in sight. Moreover, the banner atop the fortress had likewise vanished!

Chapter two (page 25–26)