

THE ROBBER HOTZENPLOTZ



S12
T1
L2



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

THE MAN WITH SEVEN KNIVES

One day Kasperl's grandmother was sitting in the sun outside her house, grinding coffee. Kasperl and his friend Seppel had given her a new coffee mill for her birthday. It was a musical coffee mill; they had invented it themselves. When Grandmother turned the handle, it played „Nuts in May“. „Nuts in May“ was the tune Grandmother liked best.

Now that Grandmother had her new coffee mill she enjoyed grinding coffee beans so much, that she drank twice as much coffee as before. For the second time that day she had filled up the mill with coffee beans. She was just going to turn the handle again when suddenly she heard a rustling snapping noise in the bushes.

„Hand that thing over!“ said a rough voice.

Grandmother looked up in surprise. She settled her glasses on her nose.

A strange man was standing beside her. He had a bushy black beard and a terrible hooked nose. He wore a slouch hat with a crooked feather in it, and he held a pistol in his right hand. With his left hand he pointed at Grandmother's coffee mill.

„Hand it over, I tell you!“

But Grandmother was not afraid.

„I beg your pardon!“ she said indignantly. „How did you get in – and what do you mean by shouting at me like that? Who are you, anyway?“

The stranger laughed so much that the feather in his hat wagged to and fro.

„Don't you read the papers, Grandmother? I'll give you three guesses.“

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be
 Mindmap
 Table
 Drawing, etc.



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For the first time Grandmother noticed that the man had a sword and seven knives stuck in his broad leather belt. She turned pale.

„Are you – would you by any chance be the robber Hotzenplotz?“ she asked, her voice trembling.

„That’s me!“ said the man with the seven knives. „Don’t make a song and dance about it. I don’t like fuss. Give me that coffee mill at once.“

„But it doesn’t belong to you.“

„Fiddlesticks!“ said the robber Hotzenplotz. „Just do as I tell you. I’m going to count to three...“

And he raised his pistol.

„Please, don’t!“ said Grandmother. „You can’t take my coffee mill. I had it for my birthday. When I turn the handle it plays a lovely tune.“

„Exactly!“ growled the robber Hotzenplotz. „I would like a a musical coffee mill, too. Hand it over, now!“

Grandmother heaved a deep sigh, and gave him the coffee mill. What else could she do?

Every day the newspapers were full of stories about the wicked robber Hotzenplotz. All the people were terrified of him, even Sergeant Dimplemoser – and Sergeant Dimplemoser was a policeman.

„There now, that’s better!“

With a grunt of satisfaction, Hotzenplotz stowed Grandmother’s coffee mill away in his knapsack. Then he closed his left eye. He glared at Grandmother with his right eye.

„Now, you listen to me,“ he said. „You’re to stay sitting on the bench here. Don’t move an inch. Sit and count to nine hundred and ninety-nine under your breath.“

„What for?“ asked Grandmother.

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„I'll tell you what for,“ replied Hotzenplotz. „When you have finished counting nine hundred and ninety-nine you can call for help. But not a moment sooner, do you hear me? Or you'll be sorry for it. All right?“

„All right,“ whispered Grandmother.

„And no cheating.“

As a parting gesture the robber Hotzenplotz waved his pistol at her again. Then he swung himself over the garden fence and disappeared.

Kasperl's grandmother sat on the seat outside her cottage, white as a sheet and trembling. The robber was gone, and so was her coffee mill.

It was a long time before Grandmother could begin counting.

Obediently she counted to nine hundred and ninety-nine.

One, two, three, four ... not too fast, not too slow.

But she was so upset that she kept counting wrong. She had to go back to the beginning at least a dozen times.

When at last she got to nine hundred and ninety-nine she cried „Help!“ in a piercing voice.



Then she fell down in a faint



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