

THE CAT WHO CAME IN OFF THE ROOF



S19
T3
L2

Group:



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

MR. SMITH'S RECEPTION

They came to a table with all kinds of delicious snacks on it. Pieces of sliced sausage on toothpicks.

"Can you just help yourself?" Minou asked.

"Later," said Tibble.

Now a large man wearing glasses and a pin-striped suit came in.

The room fell silent. Everyone bowed their heads low and respectfully in greeting.

"Is that te mayor?" Minou whispered.

"No," Tibble whispered back. "It's the owner of the factory, Mr. Ellmore. He's really important. And he does a lot of good."

"What's he do that's good?" Minou asked.

"He gives money to all kinds of charities."

Minou had more questions, but people around them started to going "Shhhh."

"Mr. Ellmore's about to speak," they said. Everyone pushed forward to listen, and Minou and Tibble got separated in the crowd.

Tibble was pushed over to one side, while Minou was jostled all the way to the front, close to the small table behind which Mr. Ellmore was giving his speech.

"Mr. Smith," he began, "ladies and gentlemen..."

Everyone was quiet.

"I am delighted to see so many people here this afternoon..."

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

Your notes might be

Mindmap

Table

Drawing, etc.



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Mr. Ellmore was holding his car key in one hand and swung it gently back and forth over the table.

Tibble looked at Minou and saw to his shock, that her eyes were moving from side to side like at a tennis match. She wasn't listening at all; she was just staring intently at the swinging key, like a cat, that's seen something move.

She's about to cuff it, thought Tibble, and he coughed very loudly, but she didn't notice.

„Many among us were once taught by Mr. Smith...“, the speaker continued. „And we all - „
Whack.

Minou's gloved hand smacked the key and sent it clattering over the table.

Mr. Ellmore was dumbstruck and stared at Minou with astonishment. All the people around her glared.

Now she looked like a trapped cat searching for an escape route. Tibble tried to push forward, but all of a sudden she dived down and disappeared among the skirts and legs as she headed for the big table covered with snacks. She was gone.

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