

MASTER EDER AND HIS PUMUCKL



S20
T1
L2



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

THE HAUNTED WORKSHOP

All day long inexplicable things happened in the workshop: Eder was supposed to make a small cabinet for Mrs. Steinhauser in the house next door, but he couldn't and couldn't finish it. He had to search for every tool and every screw. Not because he was that sloppy, but because the things were simply never in the place, he had just put them. For example, he found the file, he had put on the planing bench, on a chair, the lock that he was supposed to install had disappeared without a trace. It was only by accident, that he discovered the hinge under the workbench when he bent down to pick up the screws which had rolled off the table – for no particular reason.

In short, it was worth running away from.

Master Eder began to think that he was getting too old, forgetful and unfit for any work. When he was desperately searching for the lock again, Mrs. Steinhauser came and asked for her closet.

"I would have finished it long ago, dear Mrs. Steinhauser," the master complained, "but I just can't find the lock. I've been misplacing so much lately – I don't know what's wrong with me!"

Ms. Steinhauser tried to comfort him: "Oh, Mr. Eder, everyone misplaces things sometimes. But the house doesn't lose anything, they say – the lock will surely be found again." She also looked around a bit – and indeed – in the middle of a pile of sawdust she saw something glittering.

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

Your notes can be: Mindmap , Table, Drawing, etc.



MASTER EDER AND HIS PUMUCKL



S20
T1
L2



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

“There’s the lock!” cried Mrs. Steinhauser, pulling it out of the wood waste.

Master Eder stared at the lock.

“If I’m at the point where I throw the stuff I urgently need on the trash heap, then... then...”

“Ouch!” Ms. Steinhauser exclaimed.

“What happened?”

“Something was pinching me here on my leg – and... and now there’s a stitch running up my stocking!”

“Pinched? It isn’t possible. You might have caught up in something. I am truly sorry. A carpenter’s shop is dangerous for fine stockings.”

“Yes, I’d better go – when will the closet be finished?”

Master Eder held the recovered lock tightly in his hand so that he wouldn’t be able to misplace it again.

“If nothing comes up, I’ll bring it to you tonight.”

But something came up. Something extremely strange. At first everything seemed to be going well: the lock fit exactly, and the screws were in place. Master Eder had definitely put the drill next to the closet and not on the pile of wood, but at least he found it straight away. So, he pre-drilled the first hole for the screws and was just about to screw in one of them, when a box full of nails flew in a high arc onto the floor. Eder startled.

He looked helplessly at the hundreds of nails that were scattered across the workshop floor. The box had been standing on a table a good two meters away from him. How was it possible that it hit the ground with such movement?

Sighing, Eder collected the nails and put the box back on the table.

Take notes of the most important
informations from the text!

Your notes can be: Mindmap , Table,
Drawing, etc.



MASTER EDER AND HIS PUMUCKL



S20
T1
L2



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

“If this goes on, I’ll never finish!” he grumbled and reached for the screwdriver. But he was only grasping for air. The screwdriver was gone! Eder searched on the planing bench, under the planing bench, in the toolbox, under the saw, on the stack of boards, and last but not least he even dug around and around in the wood shavings. Who knows, maybe he hadn’t thrown just the door lock in the trash? But he couldn’t find the screwdriver there either.

Eder searched the ground again. His eyes accidentally fell on the pot of glue. It just didn’t move? Eder wiped his eyes. But yes – the pot moved! Not much, but very clearly: as if someone was shaking it. Eder stared at the glue pot.

Then he heard a beeping sound.

“A mouse!”, thought Eder, “it can be only a mouse!” He tolerated all sorts of things, but he detested mice in the workshop. He crept toward the glue pot and picked up a log to throw against the mouse. He was only two steps away when the glue pot fell over on its own. Eder startled and threw the log onto the pot in shock. At the same moment a shrill scream was heard.

The master’s heart almost stopped. What was that? That sounded like the glue pot had screamed.

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

*Your notes can be: Mindmap , Table,
Drawing, etc.*



MASTER EDER AND HIS PUMUCKL



S20
T1
L2



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

Eder took a step towards the pot, quietly and cautiously, as if he were a hunting cat. Then he saw – yes, he clearly saw something red appear over the edge of the pot, as if someone had conjured a stain of paint in the air, it could be seen more and more clearly – but it was not paint, not even blood, a messy red head! Two large ears protruded from the mop of hair, and two angry eyes glittered out from under it, and a clear voice shouted: “Surprise!”

“I’m going crazy!” Eder muttered, holding on to the vice-bench. The red-haired creature also had two arms and two legs which it waved frantically!



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

*Your notes can be: Mindmap , Table,
Drawing, etc.*