

MASTER EDER AND HIS PUMUCKL



S20
T2
L2



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

MASTER EDER MEETS HIS FRIENDS

When Eder entered the inn, the locksmith Bernbacher, the plumber Schmitt and the mechanic Bierlein were already there.

“Well, are you finishing work yet?” they called out to him.

Eder sat down slowly. “No, I’m not finishing work yet, I still have work to do, but...” He didn’t finish the sentence, just shook his head to himself and ordered a beer. He sat there silently and looked thoughtfully ahead of him.

“Well, Eder, what’s wrong with you? What kind of face are you making?”

“I have every reason to make a face. There’s a goblin living with me.”

The men thought they had not heard correctly, but Eder repeated seriously: “Yes, a goblin. He lies in the wood shavings and sleeps.”

The craftsmen remained silent. Not because they believed in goblins, but because they all thought the same thing, that they should get a doctor. The locksmith patted the carpenter reassuringly on the shoulder:

“You were just dreaming.”

“Not a trace! You can go and look at him – if there wasn’t the goblin law, that says he’s only visible for me.”

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

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



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“Don’t tell fairy tales,” said the mechanic, “we’re past out of that age!”

“I know you’ll think I’m crazy, but I’m not. For some time now, my tools have been constantly disappearing and then ending up somewhere I never put them.”

“It’s the same for me, you just get distracted and forgetful,” said the plumber.

Eder shook his head again. “I was thinking the same thing. Until today he got stuck to my glue pot.”

“Who?”

“The goblin!” said Eder. “His name is Pumuckl.”

The mechanic leaned over to the plumber and whispered. “Poor Eder – he got it!”

The locksmith slammed his fist on the table. “Now stop it, Eder! You were dreaming!”

“No, I definitely wasn’t dreaming.”

“Watch out: I’ll prove to you razor-sharp that you were dreaming.”

The locksmith was determined to cure his friend of this madness. Strictly, as if under interrogation, he asked: “What did you do this afternoon?”

“I wanted to finish the closet for Mrs. Steinhauser. I just had to fit the lock.”

“And? – Have you finished it?”

“No.”

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“How long does it take to fix a lock?”

“Well, fifteen minutes.”

“That’s it: if you hadn’t slept, you could have easily fit in the lock this afternoon. It’s a small thing! But if you slept, you won’t be able to do it. You probably just sat down for a bit. Did you sit down, yes or no?”

“Yes, I sat down.”

“Well then – and then you dozed off. And then you dreamed it all.”

Everyone nodded.

“I also dream so vividly sometimes,” confirmed the mechanic.

“I once dreamed that someone ran into my car and that I was innocently convicted, and when I got up, I still had the feeling that I was summoned to court. This bothered me all day.

Eder looked from one to the other. All honest men who wanted him well. And everyone thought a goblin was a fantasy. Maybe they were right. Maybe – yes, maybe he really had been dreaming.

“I’m completely confused now,” he said. “I’ll go home and take another look.” He paid for his beer and stood up. “Goodbye.”

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