**Thursday 14th January 2021**

**LO: to make inferences on the basis of what is happening in the text**

Context – Clockwork

1. Where is this story set? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. What was the air filled with? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
3. Circle the correct statements:

Putzi is a cat. Gretl owns the tavern.

The landlord is called Karl. The story opens in the evening.

1. What time of year do you think it is? Provide a reason for your answer.
2. How do you know it is warm inside the tavern? Give **three** reasons:



1. Explain what impression you get about Karl from the way he behaves.

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1. What can you infer about the relationship between Karl and the Burgomaster?

Once upon a time (when time ran by clockwork), a strange event took place in a little German town. Actually, it was a series of events, all fitting together like the parts of a clock, and although each person saw a different part, no-one saw the whole of it; but here it is, as well as I can tell it.

It began on a dark evening, when the townsfolk were gathering in the White Horse Tavern. The snow was blowing down from the mountains, the wind was making the bells shift restlessly in the church tower. The windows were steamed up, the stove was blazing brightly, Putzi the old black cat was snoozing on the hearth; and the air was full of rich smells of sausage and sauerkraut, of tobacco and beer. Gretl the little barmaid, the landlord's daughter, was hurrying to and fro with foaming mugs and steaming plates.

The door opened, and fat white flakes of snow swirled in, to faint away into water as they met the heat of the parlour.

The incomers, Herr Ringelmann the clockmaker and his apprentice Karl, stamped their boots and shook the snow off their greatcoats.

"It's Herr Ringelmann!" said the Burgomaster. "Well, old friend, come and drink some beer with me! And a mug for young what's his name, your apprentice."

Karl the apprentice nodded his thanks and went to sit by himself in a corner. His expression was dark and gloomy.

"What's the matter with young thingamajig?" said the Burgomaster. "He looks as if he's swallowed a thundercloud."

"Oh I shouldn't worry," said the old clockmaker, sitting down at the table with his friends. "He's anxious about tomorrow. His apprenticeship is coming to an end, you see."