



Fertigkeit	Lesen
Relevante(r) Deskriptor(en)	Deskriptor 6: Kann einfache literarische Texte (z.B. fiktionale Texte, Lieder und Gedichte) verstehen. (B1)
Themenbereich(e)	Erlebnisse und Phantasiewelt
Zeitbedarf	15 Minuten
Länge des Lesetextes	427 Wörter (483 inklusive Aufgabe)
Material- und Medienbedarf	Schreibmaterial
Besondere Bemerkungen, Hinweise zur Durchführung	---
Quelle	Gerngroß, Günter, et al. <i>Use Your English. Lehr- und Arbeitsbuch</i> . Wien: öbv & hpt, 2000. S. 82.

UNTERLAGE FÜR SCHÜLERINNEN



Read the text "Fresh Air". There are six gaps.


Then find out where the sentences below (1 – 6) should go.

Write the number of each sentence in the spaces in the text.

- (1) This thing was a shoe.
- (2) He liked to climb mountains and breathe the fresh air at the top.
- (3) No fresh air was entering the room through that window.
- (4) He could not forget the closed window.
- (5) A terrible sound of breaking glass filled the bedroom.
- (6) There was something to worry about.



Fresh Air

 Of all men who ever liked fresh air, not one liked it more than James Wilson. He took long walks in the fresh air. He ran long distances in the fresh air. He played football and other games in the fresh air. He always slept with his window wide open. If Wilson entered a room where the windows were shut, he immediately opened them.

One cold winter Wilson went to Finland on business. He stayed at a good hotel. When Wilson reached his room in the hotel, he found that the windows were closed to keep the icy air out. He did his best to open one, but it was absolutely impossible.

Wilson undressed and got into bed. He was very angry. There was no noise at all. The bed was really excellent, but Wilson could not sleep. No fresh air! It was terrible for him.

At about one o'clock in the morning he was still awake, worrying about the bad air in the room. He had turned over in bed two hundred and thirty six times. As he turned over again, one arm came out of the bedclothes and hung down beside the bed. It touched something on the floor.

Suddenly Wilson had an idea. Angry men act quickly, and the shoe was in his hand in less than a second. Where was the window? He could see something that looked like glass across the room. He threw the shoe through the darkness with all the force of his strong right arm. The shoe flew straight through the air, and hit the glass in the middle. To Wilson it seemed like the sound of sweet and beautiful music.

“Now I have some fresh air in the room,” he thought. “Now I need not die.” Five minutes later he was peacefully asleep. He did not move for many hours. When he awoke, he lay with his eyes closed. Where was he? Oh, yes! He was in Finland; but what was the matter? What was it? Oh, the broken window! Yes, he would have to pay for that. How much? Was it a big sheet of glass? He opened his eyes to look. Slowly he turned them towards the window, and then he sat up in bed. He was very surprised: the window was not broken at all.

He turned his eyes to the side, and saw a broken picture hanging on the wall. There was a lot of broken glass and a shoe on the floor below it.



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