

Mr. Duffy’s workshop

Done by: Gina qumsieh

Class:7B

school: national orthodox school

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Grandfather wanted George to go to Mr. Duffy’s house to collect a

present. The present was for George’s little cousin, sally.” Mr. Duffy phoned this morning,” grandfather told George. “He’s finished. Would you mind going now? “George didn’t mind going at all. He loved to go to Mr. Duffy’s house at any time. He loved talking to Mr. Duffy about his work. Most of all, he was fascinated by Mr. Duffy’s tools.

A few minutes’ walk brought George to a tall house. He knocked on the old wooden door. After a few moments, Mrs. Duffy opened it.” come along in George, “she said. “Mr. Duffy is in the workshop. “she walked ahead of George along a short passageway and stopped at the open kitchen door. George caught a glimpse of bowl of plums and peaches on the kitchen table. A delicious smell of simmering fruit wafted past his nose. Mrs. Duffy’s pointed to an open doorway, where bright sunlight fell across the single step. “you know your way, don’t you, George? “George nodded “thank you Mrs. Duffy, “he said.

George stepped into the courtyard, brilliant with flowers cascading in steams of white, pink and crimson form pots on then window sills. In one corner a peach tree drooped its branches, laden with golden fruit. Near the tree, a door stood open. George crossed the country and stepped inside Mr. Duffy’s workshop. This was one of George favorite place in the world and Mr. Duffy was one of his favorite people.

Mr. Duffy was leaning over his workbench. On the wall beside him, clean but well-used screwdrivers, chisels and pliers of varying were ranged in neat racks alongside hammers and saws. Rows of tiny paint pots and varnish stood on narrow shelves with fine, delicate brushes in long plastic boxes and pots of screws and nails. Mr. Duff’s glasses were perched on the end of his nose and he was looking carefully at a thick piece of wood. He ran his long fingers gently over the surface.he were frowning a little with an air of concentration. He scrutinized the wood for a few seconds then he stood up with an expression of satisfaction. At that moment, he noticed George and trued towards him with a welcoming smile.

The most sticking thing about Mr. Duffy was that he was extremely tall. The second most sticking thing was that he was extremely thin. This always surprised George as he never came to the house without smelling something delicious cooking on the stove. He wondered how Mr. Duffy’s stayed so thin when so much food was produced from Mrs. Duffy’s kitchen. Me Duffy peered at geoge over the rims of his glasses. He had a large nose above a pointed chin and a broad forehead with thick dark eyebrows. His short, graying hair stood straight up from his head. He seemed to George like a wise old bird, sharp-eyed and thoughtful. He always wore a long blue apron which made him look even taller and thinner. In the pocket was a short pencil, which he sharpened from time to time with a tiny penknife.

“Hello, geoge,”said Mr. Duffy.

“Hello, Mr Duffy,”repied George.

Mr. Duffy beckoned George to a table against one wall.

This was the table where Mr. Duffy’s put finished pieces of work. There was a large, polished box made of gold-coloured wood and a small round table with intricately carved legs.

Beside the table sally’s present. It was a small wooden boat. Across the middle of the boat were three little benches and each bench had three holes in. in each hole was a small round wooden sailor with a blue body, around head and tiny sailor hat. They looked as though they were sitting on the benches. Mr. Duffy lifted out one of the sailors and showed it to George. The sailor had dark hair, rosy cheeks and curly moustache. He was winking in a very cheeky fashion. George laughed. He looked at the other sailors. All the faces were different. Some were old and some were young, but they all looked friendly and cheerful.

George grinned at Mr Duffy.”Sally’s really going to love this,” he said.