

SCENE 36 • NUMBER 7

Vandaag ben ik ziek

Monday of festival week. Your head hurts, your throat hurts, you are hot and cold at once. You call Thomas. He has a list for this: "1. Tea. 2. Bed. 3. No cats in the bed. 4. Call the doctor."

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

L1) WHO SAYS IT: 1b, 2b

L2) WHAT DOES IT MEAN: 1c, 2c

L3) HOW DO YOU SAY IT: 1c, 2b

L4) PUT THE WORDS IN ORDER: U moet thuisblijven. Ik heb een lijst., Thomas zegt: geen katten in bed.

L5) WHAT HAPPENS FIRST: 1: 53421

Words: Vandaag ben ik ziek

VOCABULARY & WRITING

W1) WHAT DOES IT MEAN?: 1c, 2a, 3c, 4b, 5c, 6a

W2) COMPLETE THE CONVERSATION: 1: hoofd, 1: heb, 1: Waar, 1: Goedemorgen, 1: voor

W3) HI! HOW ARE YOU FEELING?: 1: voel, 2: keel, 3: soep, 4: jou

W4) COMPLETE THE CONVERSATION: 1: hoofd, 1: heb, 1: Waar, 1: Goedemorgen, 1: voor

Grammar: Mijn hoofd doet pijn

GRAMMAR

G1) NOTICE THE USEFUL PATTERN: 1) doet, 2) doen, 3) heb, 4) me

G2) CHOOSE THE FORM: 1c, 2b, 3c, 4a, 5a, 6a, 7b, 8b

G3) COMPLETE THE MESSAGES: 1: heb, 1: me, 1: zich, 1: ons, 1: sinds, 1: al

G4) BUILD A SENTENCE: Mijn hoofd doet pijn., Mijn hoofd en keel doen pijn., Ik heb het koud., Ik voel me slecht., U voelt zich slecht., Wij voelen ons beter.

G5) WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?: 1b, 2b, 3b, 4a

G6) CONNECT MESSAGES AND MEANINGS: 1e, 2g, 3h, 4f, 5a, 6c, 7d, 8b

Translation

Monday morning, festival week. You wake up and can hardly lift your head.

■ Oh... My head hurts. And my throat.

■ I'm hot. No, I'm cold. I feel terrible.

■ Where's my phone?

You call Thomas.

■ Good morning, Thomas. It's Lena.

○ It's 8:45. Why aren't you at the office?

■ I'm ill. I can't come in today.

○ You're ill? How do you feel?

■ Bad. My head and throat hurt. And I'm hot.

○ You must stay at home. I have a list.

○ One: tea. Two: bed. Three: no cats in the bed.

■ No cats? Why?

○ Because cat hair is bad for the throat.

○ Four: call the doctor. Today.

- Thank you, Thomas. And work?
- No work, no email. Today I'm working for you.
- Call me tomorrow morning. At nine sharp.
- At nine sharp. All right, Thomas.

You look at your feet. Max is lying on them, warm and heavy.

- Max? What are you doing here?
- Thomas says: no cats in the bed.
- But you're so warm...

Max doesn't move.

- All right. You can stay. But only today.

You look at your feet: Max is lying on them. He can stay, but only today. You close your eyes, and you feel a little better.