

NUMBER 7 • BONUS STORY

Jak přišel Mourek

A Saturday in June. At the market and then in the courtyard, the people who were there tell you and Eliška how a tiny grey kitten found number 7, and whose key he took first.

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

L1) WHO SAID IT?: 1a, 2c, 3c

L2) RIGHT OR WRONG?: 1a, 2b, 3a, 4b, 5a

L3) WHAT HAPPENED FIRST?: 1: 12435

L4) UNDERSTAND THE STORY: 1b, 2a, 3b

Translation

*A Saturday morning in June. The market square is full of people.
You and Eliška stop at the fish stall.*

- Good morning! Oh, number 7! You're here again.
- Good morning, Mr Karel! I'd like some fish, please. For Mourek.
- For Mourek? Of course. His bill is very long already.
- ▲ Mr Karel, have you known Mourek long?

■ A very long time. I've known him since he was a tiny kitten.

○ Tiny? Mourek was tiny?

■ Yes. Many years ago, one cold morning, he came here, to the market.

■ He was wet and hungry. And as small as my hand.

▲ And what did you do?

■ I gave him some fish. And that's how his bill started!

○ And why is his ear like that?

■ There was a big dog at the market. The dog bit the kitten's ear.

■ Since then Mourek hasn't liked dogs.

Karim from the corner shop comes over with a box of apples.

● Good morning! Are you talking about Mourek? I was there too.

● People gave him fish and milk, but they didn't know whose he was.

○ And did he stay at the market?

● No. He liked us, but he was looking for a home. A real home.

● He followed me from the market, right across town.

● He looked at every house. Not that one. Not that one. Not that one.

● Then he saw a house with a green door.

○ Number 7!

● Yes. He sat down on the steps and waited.

That afternoon, in the courtyard of number 7. Marie sits on her bench in the sun, and you tell her what you have heard.

□ Yes, yes. I know everything. I was there.

□ That evening it was raining. I opened the door, and on the steps sat a little grey kitten.

□ I said to him: 'You're not my cat!'

○ And what did he do?

□ He just walked in. Like the boss.

▲ And where did he sleep?

□ In flat 3. That flat was empty then.

▲ Flat 3? My flat!

□ Yes. For a long time it was his flat.

○ Grandma, and who named him Mourek?

□ I did. He was so small and grey. I said: 'You'll be Mourek.'

□ And the next morning he took his first key.

○ Whose key?

□ The key to flat 3. From my pocket.

▲ Flat 3? So... my key!

□ Yes. That's why he took your key on the first evening. It was his key.

Mourek walks across the courtyard and jumps onto the bench, right between you and Marie.

○ He isn't bad. He just loves that key!

○ If you stay here for ten years, he'll take ten of your keys!

▲ All right. Then I'll need lots of keys.

□ Would you like some tea? I'll tell you more.

▲ I'd love some! And you, Mourek? Would you like some fish?

Mourek says nothing. But he's already sitting at Marie's door.