

NUMBER 7 • BONUS STORY

Sabah beşte

One day in the life of Zeynep, from five in the morning to the evening: who calls her before dawn, why everybody in her café gets cake, and what happens when a customer says she isn't hungry.

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

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

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

L3) WHAT HAPPENED FIRST?: 1: 21435

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

Translation

Five in the morning. Number 7 is dark, except for one window above the café.

Five in the morning. Everybody in the house is asleep.

Ayşe is asleep, Tekir is asleep. Only Emre, upstairs, is still playing, very quietly.

But Zeynep is already up. She's already in the café.

- Good morning, my café! Time to make food.

Zeynep makes bread and cake. There are thirty eggs, plenty of milk and butter in the fridge.

In the oven: her cake. It's very good.

Six o'clock. The phone rings. Only one person calls at this hour.

At six in the morning the phone rings.

- Hello? Grandma! Good morning!

- Good morning, Zeynep! Are you baking already?

- Yes, I'm baking. And you? Aren't you asleep either?

- No. I'm baking too. We don't sleep, we bake!

Zeynep's grandmother lives in a village. She bakes bread every morning.

- Are you eating, Zeynep? Everybody eats your cake. And you?

- I'm not hungry, Grandma. And I don't have time.

- Not hungry? A hungry person is an unhappy person. You know that.

- I know, I know. That's why everybody in my café gets cake.

Seven o'clock. Zeynep opens the café. Outside, people are already waiting.

At seven Zeynep opens the door. People are already waiting there.

- Good morning! Come in, come in!

Emre comes in first. He plays all night, and he's very tired.

- ▲ Morning, Zeynep... Tea, please. Just tea.

- All right, Emre. You're not hungry, you're tired. Here's a big cup of tea.

Zeynep knows what everybody wants. Ayşe tells her everything.

Then Ayşe comes in, with Elif on her way to school.

- Good morning, Ayşe Hanım! Hi, Elif! What would you two like?

- Black tea for me, no sugar.

- And pancakes for me! Ten pancakes!

- Elif! Not ten. Two.

- Two pancakes with butter and a cup of milk. And one small pancake for Tekir.

Tekir is already sitting on a chair. He loves pancakes.

Eight o'clock. The café is full. A woman in a smart grey coat hurries in, her phone in her hand.

- △ A coffee, please! Quickly! I'm in a hurry.

■ Good morning! Coffee with milk? With sugar?

△ No milk. No sugar. And no cake! I'm not hungry.

"I'm not hungry." Zeynep doesn't like that at all.

■ You're not hungry? But you're very tired. Here's your coffee. And the cake is on me.

△ No, thank you! I don't have time. How much is the coffee?

■ Forty lira. The cake is free.

The woman looks at the cake. She takes one bite. Then another.

△ Mmm... I really like it! Can I have another one?

■ Of course! Sit down, please.

And she sits. And eats. And she isn't tired any more.

Evening. The last guest has gone. Zeynep counts the money, and Tekir sits in the café window.

Evening. The café is empty.

■ Eighty people today! And everybody gets cake.

The phone rings again. Zeynep already knows: it's Grandma.

○ Well, Zeynep? Are you eating?

■ Yes, Grandma! I'm eating now. Bread with cheese, and cake.

And Tekir? Tekir is eating too. Fish, of course.

- Good night, Tekir. Tomorrow, five in the morning again!