

Kif Ćikku sab in-numru sebgħa

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

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

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

L2) TRUE OR FALSE?: 1a, 2b, 3a, 4a, 5b

L3) PUT THE STORY IN ORDER: 1: 12435

L4) ANSWER THE QUESTIONS: 1a, 2b, 3c

Translation

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

- Good morning! Oh, number 7! You're here again.
- Good morning, Mr Salvu! I'd like some fish, please. For Ćikku.
- For Ćikku? Of course. His bill is very long already.

▲ Mr Salvu, how long have you known Ċikku?

■ I've known him for many years. Since he was a tiny little cat.

○ Tiny? Ċikku was little?

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

■ He was wet and hungry. And he was tiny: he sat in 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 him on the ear.

■ Since that day, Ċikku hasn't liked dogs.

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

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

● People gave him fish and milk, but nobody knew 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, from street to street.

● He looked at every house. Not this one. Not this one. Not this 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. Marija sits on her bench in the sun, and you tell her what you have heard.

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

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

□ I said to him: You're not my cat!

○ And what did he do?

□ He just walked into the house. Like the boss.

▲ And where did he sleep?

□ In your flat. That flat was empty then.

▲ In my flat?

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

○ Grandma, and who named him Ćikku?

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

□ And the next morning he took his first key.

○ Whose key?

□ The key to the empty flat. From my pocket.

▲ To my flat? So... my key!

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

Ċikku walks across the courtyard and jumps onto the bench, right between you and Marija.

○ 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 a cup of tea? I'll tell you more.

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

Ċikku says nothing. But he's already sitting at Marija's door.