NUMBER 7 · BONUS STORY

Čia aš buvau jauna

The day after Elzė's birthday party, Ona takes you and Elzė along her photo wall: Ona at twenty-two, her husband, the old house, forty years of school, and Daiva as a little girl.

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

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

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

L3) PUT THE STORY IN ORDER: 1: 21345

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

Translation

The day after the party. Ona's living room smells of strong black tea.

Mrs Ona, Elzė and you are sitting in the living room. On the wall: Ona's whole family.

■ And where's Jonas's photo?

○ It's on the table now. Not facing the wall.

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Elzė points at an old black-and-white photo of a young woman in front of a green door.

▲ Grandma, who's that young woman?

○ That's me! I was young here. I was twenty-two.

▲ You? You were very beautiful!

○ I was. And I still am!

■ And who's that tall man?

○ My husband. Elzė, that's your grandfather.

▲ When I was born, Grandpa wasn't with us any more.

○ Yes. He was a very good, friendly man. Like you, Elzė.

■ Where were you here?

○ By the river. It was August. We were young and happy.

The next photo shows an old house with a green door and dark, empty windows.

○ And this is number 7. It was very old and empty.

■ Empty? Like my flat on the first day!

○ It was my husband's parents' house.

○ His parents were old, and the house was too big for them.

○ Not too big for us. Now it's mine. For fifty years now.

▲ Fifty years? Like my mum's brother!

On the next photo: a school yard full of children, and at the side, a young teacher.

■ And here? So many children!

○ This is my school. I was a teacher. For forty years!

■ So they're all your children?

○ Not mine, the school's children. But they were all mine. Half the town!

▲ And my mum?

○ Yes. I was her teacher. She was very good... and very loud.

A small colour photo: a girl of seven with long light-brown hair and a big smile.

○ And this is Daiva. She's seven here.

▲ Mum! She's so small! She has long hair and blue eyes.

○ Blue eyes, like me. She was born here, at number 7.

▲ And I was born on the twenty-eighth of March!

○ And this is my son. He's five here.

■ He's got a big cake!

○ Yes. He was always hungry. Like you!

■ Me? I'm not hungry!

Ona takes two small photos out of her cardigan pocket.

○ Elzė, this is for you. Your grandpa and me, by the river.

▲ For me? Thank you, Grandma!

○ And this is for you. Number 7, when it was empty.

○ And you? Where were you when you were ten?

■ In Hamburg. I was born in Hamburg, and my parents are still there.

Micius jumps onto the shelf and sits down in front of the wall, between the photos.

▲ Grandma, and where's Micius's photo?

○ Micius's? He's not my cat!

▲ But he's always here. He's family too!

○ Oh, all right. Elzė, could you draw Micius?

▲ I can! In my new sketchbook!

That evening, a bright yellow page hangs among the old photos.

Now Ona's whole family is on the wall. And Micius.