NUMBER 7 · BONUS STORY

A1

La giornata della dottoressa

Monday of festival week, the day you fall ill, seen from the other side of the desk: forty patients for Elena, the town doctor, no lunch, three calls from her mother, and a daughter who is waiting.

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

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

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

L3) WHAT HAPPENED FIRST?: 1: 32514

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

Translation

Monday of festival week, half past seven in the morning. The waiting room of the Valbosco practice is already full.

Monday, the thirteenth of April. Doctor Elena is already at the practice. She always comes in early.

■ Good morning, doctor! Forty patients today.

○ Forty? Well, we work until seven. First patient, please!

An old man with a walking stick comes in very slowly and sits down with a happy sigh.

▲ Good day, doctor! It's me again.

○ Oh, Mr Antanas! You're here twice a week. How do you feel?

▲ Bad. My back hurts. And my leg. And my head.

○ Your head too? All right. Breathe in deeply... Once more.

▲ Doctor, my children are far away. At home I'm very bored.

○ You aren't ill. You're just bored.

○ Here's my prescription: every morning, Chiara's café. Coffee, cake and people.

▲ Cake as medicine? I like this prescription very much!

He goes off, smiling. The receptionist shakes her head.

○ Laura, he doesn't need medicine. He needs people.

More patients: a cough, a cut finger, a baby who will not stop crying. At eleven, a student comes in with a heavy rucksack.

● Good day. I have a headache. Every day.

○ How many hours do you sleep?

● Four. I have an exam on Friday, so I study at night.

○ Four? Too little. A tired head learns nothing.

○ Sleep eight hours a night and drink a lot of water.

One o'clock. The waiting room is still full. The receptionist puts her head round the door.

■ Doctor, you're not having lunch again!

○ I haven't got time, Laura. Maybe later.

■ Your mother is on the phone. The third time today. What shall I tell her?

The doctor sighs, smiles and picks up the phone.

□ Elena, you're not eating again. I know: Laura tells me everything.

□ And at four my new neighbour is coming to see you. They're ill.

○ I know, Mum. I know everything too.

□ And this evening? Sofia is asking when you're coming.

○ At seven, Mum. To your place.

□ You always say seven. And you come at nine.

Afternoon: more patients, more tea, still no lunch. At four, the new neighbour from number 7 comes in, with a sore throat and a story about a trumpet. At half past seven, the last patient goes home.

Eight o'clock, in Maria Rossi's living room at number 7. Sofia sits at the table with her yellow sketchbook. A plate of pancakes is waiting.

△ Mum! You said seven!

○ Sorry, Sofia. There were forty patients today.

△ Forty patients! And me you only see in the evening.

□ Sit down, my girl. Eat. A doctor has to eat too.

○ Mum, I'm not a child. I'm forty-four!

□ You're my child, and you need to eat.

△ Mum, why are you a doctor?

○ When I was little, like you, Grandma was a teacher. She was at school all day.

○ In the evening she was very tired, and I was sad.

○ So I was the doctor. Grandma was my patient, and my doll was the nurse.

□ Yes. And the prescription was always the same: tea and bed.

○ I like it when people feel better. That's why I'm a doctor.

△ And on Saturday, the eighteenth of April, I'm singing with the children! Are you coming?

○ On Saturday? On Saturday I work until...

△ Mum! You're always working!

Elena looks at her daughter, then at her mother. For once, Maria says nothing.

○ All right. On Saturday I'm not working. We're all coming to the festival: you, me, Dad and your brother.

□ And me? I'm always at the festival. I see everything and I know everything.

□ And now eat, both of you! You're too thin.

All three of them eat pancakes. Elena is already on her third.